FABLES,

OF

ÆSOP

And Other Eminent

MYTHOLOGISTS:

WITH

Morals and Reflections.

PART I

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The Third Edition Corrected and Amended.

LONDON,

THE PREFACE.

We have had the History of Æsop so many times over and over, and dress'd up so many several Ways; that it would be but Labour, left to Multiply Unprofitable Conjectures upon a Tradition of so Great Uncertainty. Writers are divided about him, almost to all manner of purposes: And particularly concerning the Authority, even of the greatest part of those Compositions that pass the World in his Name: For, the Story is come down so so Dark and Doubtful, that it is Impossibly to Distinguish the Original from the Copy: And to say, which of the Fables are Æsop's, and which not; which are Genuine, and which Spurious: Besides, that there are divers Inconsistencies upon the Point of Chronology, in the Account of his Life, (as Maximus Planius, and Others have Divers'd it) which the whole Earth can never Reconcile. Vavasor the Jewitt, on a Treatise of his, de Ludicra Historia, takes Notice of some such as were Crimes in this Kind. [Planius (may be) brings Æsop to Babylon, in the Reign of Lycurgus; where there never was such a Prince heard of, from Nebuchadnezzar (the first King of Babylon) to Alexander the Great. He tells us of his going into Egypt in the Days of King Necho; which Necho came not into the World till well nigh Two Hundred Years after him. And so he makes him Geoethris his Servant upon his first Entrance into his Master's House; with a bitter Sentence against Women out of Euripides; (as he pretends) when yet Æsop had been Dead, a matter of Fourscore Years before he was Born. And once again, He brings him in, Telling of the Pyramus Port, in his Fable of the Ape and the Dolphin: A Port, that the very Name on't was never thought of, till about the Sixty Sixth Olympiad: And Æsop was Murder'd, in the Four and fifty.] This is enough in All Conscience, to Excuse any Man from laying much Stress upon the Historical Credit of a Relation, that comes so Blindly, and so Vainly Transferred to us: Over
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...and above, it is not our duty to our Business (further than to Gratify an Idle Curiosity) whether the Fact be True or False; whether the Man was Straight, or Crooked; and his Name, Ripon, or (as some will have it) Lockman: In all which Cases, the Reader is left at Liberty to believe his Pleasure. We are not here upon the Name, the Person, or the Adventures of this Great Man; but upon the Subject of his Apologies and Morals; and not of Himself, but of several other Eminent Men that have Written after his Copy; and abundantly Contributed to those Labours, to the Delight, Benefit, and Instruction of Those that were come after them.

There are, 1st. True, a certain Set of Morals and Unrestrainable Spirits in the World, that look upon Precepts in Embroidery, as they do upon Gays and Embroidery, that are only far from Women and Children, and look upon them as no better than the Fables of so many Old wives Tales. Those are a sort of People that are resolved to be pleased with nothing that is not Unfailingly Sour, Ill Nature, and Troublesome: Men that make it the Mark as well as the Prerogative of a Philosopher, to be Magnificent, and Churchful; As if a Man could not be Wise and Honest, without being Inhuman; or a Nation bear fast, without putting an Affront upon Christian Charity, Civic Society, Decency and Good Manners: But they are not aware, All this while, that the Foundations of Knowledge and Virtue are hid in our Childhood; when Nothing does Kindly agree with us, that is not Seasoned, and Adapts itself to the Ease and Capacity of those Tender Years. To in the very Nature of us, first, to Inagination, and Bawling after New and New Sights and Stories; And, next, No Left Sufficient to Learn and Understand the Truth and Meaning of what we See and Hear: So that between the Indulging an Inculcating of The Disposition, or Inclination, on the One hand, and the Acting of a Profile Moral to the Figures, or the Fables, on the Other, here’s the Sense of All that can be done upon the Point of a Timely Discipline and Injunction, toward the Forming of an Electorate, and a Virtuous Life. Most Certain it is, that without this Early Care and Attention, upon the Main, we are as good as Lost in our Early Cradle; for the Principles that we Inhabit in our Youth, we carry commonly to our Grave; and it is the Education, in short, that makes the Man. To speak All, in a few Words, Children are but Blank Paper; really Indifferently for any Impress, Good or Bad (for they take All upon Credit) and it is much in the Power of the first Care, to Write Saints, or Devil equal, which of the Two He pleases. Wherefore let the Method of Communication be never so Natural and Agreeable; the

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The Better, the Worse still, if the Matter be not Saited to the Prudence, the Piety, and the Tenderness that is Required in the Exercise of such a Function. Now this is a Nicety that depends, in a Great Measure, upon the Care, Providence, Sobriety, Conduct and Good Example of Parents, Guardians, Tutors, etc. Nay it depends to the very Choice of such Nurses, Servants, and Familiar Companions, as will apply themselves Diligently to the Discharge of their Office. As it is beyond All Dispute, I suppose, that the Delight and Genius of Children, lies much towards the Hearing, Learning, and Telling of Little Stories; So this Collection holds forth to us a kind of Natural Direction to begin our Approaches upon that Quarter, towards the Initiating of them into some sort of Sense, and Understanding of their Duty. And this may most properly be done in a way of History and Morals; and in such a manner, that the Truth and Realities of Things, may be Artificially and Effectually Instructed, under the Cover, either of a Real Fact, or of a Supposed One: But then these very Lessons Themselves may be Gild and Sweeted, as we Order Pils and Potions; so as to take off the Difficult of the Remedy; for if it holds, both in Verity, and in Health, that we love to be Instructed, as well as Physick’d, with Pleasure. This is an Article that would have been and Require a Volum: But without Draining any longer upon it, I shall content myself with some short General Touches, and so Proceed.

It may be laid down in the First Place, for an Universal Rule, never to suffer Children to Learn any thing, (now seeing, and Hearing, with Them, is Learning) but what they may be the Better for All their Lives after. And it is not sufficient enough, to keep them clear of any Vices, Words or Dead, that’s Foul, Scandalous, and Dihonest: But there are Ten or Ten principal Stents, and Witticisms, that look, as if they had no Harm in them; and yet the Wanting of us to the Eye and Likin of These Leavies, Leads, and Inures us to a Misunderstanding of Things, which is no less Dangerous than a Corruption of Manners. Before that there’s not one of Entertaining store with these Poperies, having so much Choice of Useful Matter at Hand, and as Good Cheep. Briefly, in the Case of This Method of Instructing and Instructing, he but the Fancy or the Figure be Clear and Particular, and the Doctrine in the Direction of it can never fail of being so too. But without this Guard and Caution upon the Conduct of the Affairs. This Nature of Mythology may turn to a Pension instead of Nourishment: And under the Pretense of a Lecture of Good Government, Degenerate into an Encouragement to Vanity and Debauch.
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while the Memory is Firm, and the Judgment Weak, it is the Director's Part to Judge for the Pupil, and it is the Disciples to Remember for Himself; And we are also to take This along with us, that when a Child has once Contradicted an Ill Train or Habit, it will Cost as much time to blot out what he is to Forget, as to Poffefs his of what he is to Retain in his Memory.

Let it not be Understood, nor, as the Thing it self were Childish, because of the Application of it; or as if Boys and Men were not Inoffensively of the Same Make, and Accountable more or less for the same Follies and Duties. So that the Force and Dignity of This way of Operation, holds good in all Cases alike; for there's Nothing makes a Deeper Imprint upon the Minds of Men, or causes Lively to their Understanding, than Those Instructive Notes that are Convey'd to them by Glances, Incitations, and Surprizes; and under the Cover of some Allegory or Riddle. But, what can be fitt more to the Embarass of this Symbolical Way of Moralizing upon Tales and Fables, than that the Wisdom of the Ancients has been still Vast up in Veils and Figures; and their Precepts, Counsels and Iusitie Monuments for the Ordering of our Lives and Manners, Hand'd down to us from all Antiquity under Immortal and Allusions? For what are the Egyptian Hieroglyphics, and the whole History of the Pagan Gods, The Hints, and Fictions of the Wise Men of Old, but in Effect, a kind of Philosophical Mythology: Which is, in truth, no other, than a more Aesseal Vehicle found out for Conveying to us the Truth and Reason of Things, through the Medium of Images and Shadows. But what needs any thing more be said for the Reputation and Authority of This Practice and Invention, considering the Frequent and the Extensive Use of Apologies in Holy Writ: And that all Bless'd Servants of God, has not only Recommended, but Calculated, This way of Teaching by Parable, both in his Deinole and Example, as the Means that Divine Providence made use of for Gaining the Idolaters and Idolaters over to the Christian Faith? What was it that brought even David himself to a Sight and Perfection of his Sin in the Matter of Uriah and to a Sense of his Duty, by the Prophet Nathan's telling him a Story at a Distance? and by God's Own Direction too? of a Rich Man that had a World of Sheep himself, and forced away a Poor Man's Only Lamb from him, that he Laid as his Own Soul? How did David take Fire at this Iniquity in Another Man, till upon a Forward Conscience brought it Home to his Own Cife, and for'd him to take Judgment upon Himself? Now this is just according to the Natural Bane of Human Fainess, for every Man to be Partial to his own Blind-side, and to Exculpate against the very Counter-part of his Own Daily Practice. As what's more Ordinary for Example, than to have the most Arbitrary of Tyrants, give up for the Advocates and Patrons of Common Liberty; or for the most Profligate of Scorners and Atheists, Value themselves upon a Zeal for the Power, and Purity of the Gospel? In short, What's more Familiar than to see Men Fighting the Lord's Battles (as they call it) against Blasphemy and Profaneness, with One hand; and at the same Time offering Violence to his Holy Altars, Church and Ministers with the Other? Now These People are not to be dealt withal but by a Train of Mystery and Circumlocution; A Downright Admonition looks like the Reproach of an Enemy, then the Advice of a Friend; or at the Best, it is but the Good Office of a Man that has an Ill Opinion of us; And we do not Naturally Love to be Told of our Faults, by the Witnesses of our Failings. Some People are too Proud, too Scurvy, too Impatient, too Incurbable, either to Bear, or to Mend upon the Liberty of Plain Dealing. Others are too Big again, too Powerful, too Vindictive, and Dangerous, for either Reproof or Counsel, in Direct Terms. They Hate any Man that's but Confessious of their Weaknesses, and their Mistakes like the Stone in the Blacker; There are Many Things Good for't, but there's no coming at it; and neither the Pulpit, the Stage, our the Pros, Does so much as Touch upon't. How much are we Oblig'd then, to th' Life, Good Man, that have furnished the World with so Fine, and so Pleasant an Expedition, for the Removing of All These Difficulties! And to Dwell in the First Place, as the Founder, and Original Author, or Inventor of This Art of Schooling Mankind into Better Manners; by Making Men of their Errors without Wounding them for what's Amiss, and by that Means Filling the Light of their Own Convenues in their Own Faces. We are brought Naturally enough, by the Judgment we pass upon the Vices and Failures of our Neighbours, the Sights and Sense of our own; and Especially, when we are led to the Knowledge of the Truth of Matters by Significant Types, and Proper Remembrances; for we are much more Afflicted with the Images of things than with the True Reason of them. Men that are Shot-off against the Atrocity of Honour, Conscience, Shame, Good Faith, Humanity, or Common Justice, have yet some Weak-side or other, like Achilles's Heel, that was never Dipped; and This Conveniency of Application, by Hints and Glances, is the Only way under the Heavens to Hit it. Who shall say to a King, What doth this? Comes up to the very Ends of this Topik. There's no Medalling with Princes, or otherwise, either by Text or Argument.
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Morality is not the Province of a Cabinet-Council: And Godly Fathers Signify no more than Spiritual Bug-bears, in the Cage of an Unaccountable Privilege. Tell the Horrid Fable of their Sins, and the Horrid Fable of their Transgressions; was a Guide, Undoubtedly, like an Old Almanack, for the Year rents Writ in; but Change of Times and Humours, calls for New Measures and Manners; and what cannot be done by the Diet of Authority, or Persuasion, in the Chapel, or in the Cloister, must be brought about by the Side-Wind of a Lecture from the Fields, and the Forreaths. As the Fable of the Raging Lion Proves Caution, and Moderation to the Extravagancies of Cruel and Ambitious Rulers, by showing them that Tyranny is the Scourge of Humane Nature, in Opposition to All the Blessings of a Well-Order'd Government; and that they do but Plague other People, to their Own Infinity, and Ruin. The Old Lion in Diffiance, Reads a Lesson to us of the Improvidence, and the Desperat Consequences of a Riotous, and a Careless Youth. The Fox in the Well, holds forth to us upon the Chapter of a Late Repentance. The Fogs Petitioning for a King, bids People have a Care of Struggling with Heaven for they know not what. It is Certainly True, that the most Innocent Disspirations of this Quality are open to a Thousand Abuses and Mistakes, by a Diforted Misapplication of them to Political, or Personal Meanings; but Thof Capricious Fault-Finders, may as well pick a Quarrel with the Decalogue itself, upon the Same Pretence; if they shall come on to Apply to This or That Particular Wicked Man, the General Rules that are Delivered for the Government of Mankind, under such and such Prohibitions; as if the Commandments that Require Obedience, and Forbid Murder, Uncleanliness, Theft, Calumnny, and the like, were to be Stuck out of the Office, and Inscribed, for a Libellous Insinuation all the Great Men that came to be Consider'd in the Pains and Forgivenss therein Contain'd. In fine, the Confidence of the Guilty, in All These Cafer, that makes the Satyr. Here is enough said, as to the Dignity, and Unfailing of This way of Informing the Understanding what we Ought to do, and of Dissuading the Will to All in a Conformity to that Preception of Things; having in Clear an Evidence of Divine Authority, as well as the Practice of the Best of Men, and of Times, together with the Current of Common Consent, Agreeing all in favour of it. I shall now wind up what I have to say, as to the Fables Themselves, the Choice, the Intent, and the Order of them, in a very few Words.

When I First put Pen to Paper upon This Design, I had in my Eye

Eye only the Common School-Book, as it stands in the Cambridge and Oxford Editions of it, under the Title of [E]pi Phrygii Fabulae; et cum Nonnullis Variorum Autorum Fabulis Adiectis; I Propounding to my Self at that Time, to follow the very Course and Series of that Collection; and in One Word, to Try what might be done, by making the Bell of the Wholes, and Adapting Proper and Useful Direcions to the several parts of it, toward the turning of an Excellent Latin Manuall of Morals and Good Conducts, into a Tolerable English One. But upon Subdividing Matters and Thoughts together, and trying One thing by Another; the very State and Condition of the Book before me, together with the Nature and the Reason of the Thing gave me to understand, that this Way of Proceeding would never Answer my End. In short, that upon this Consideration, I Conceived other Virtues of the same Tablet, and made my Bell of the Choice. Some that were Twice or Thrice over, and only the first Thing in other Words; These I struck out, and made One Specimen force for the rest. To say Nothing of here and there a Trivial, or a Loose Conjecture in the Medley, more than I think; but such as they are, I was under some sort of Obligation to take them in for Company; and in short, Good, Bad, and Indifferent, One with Another, to the Number in the Total, of 358 Fables. To these, I have likewise subjects a Considerable Addition of other Select Apologies, out of the most Celebrated Authors that are Extant upon that Subject, towards the Filling of the Work. As Phaedrus, Camerarius, Avianus, Nevelotto, Athlomnatis, Gabrias, or Babylon, La Fontaine, Aloe, en Belle Hamure, Audin, &c.

Another Man in my Place now, would perhaps take it for a Notable Stroke of Art, Good Breeding, to Complement the Reader with Twenty Follies of Apology, and Excuse, for such an Undertaking: As if the Fables, and the most Necessary Part of a Man's Life, and Business, were a thing to be Advised of. Now All that I have to say upon this Common Place, is in Three Words, that I meant well in what I have done; and be the Performance be what it will, I Conform my Self yet in the Confidence of a Good Intention. I shall not Charge any of My Failings upon the Impatience of my Friends, though I have not wanted Earnest and Powerful Influences and Encouragements to proceed upon This Work; over and above the Entreaty of a Natural Curiosity and Inclination that led me to it. But these were Tempatations that I could Easily have Refused, or put by, in favour of a Caractar's that is in a manner, vast Labour; if it had not been for Another Motive, that I shall now tell the Reader in Confidence, and so Conclude.

This
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This Rhapsody of Fables is a Book Universally Read, and Taught in All our Schools; but almost at such a Rate as we Teach Pyses and Parrots, that Prounounce the Words without so much as Glancing at the Meaning of them: Or to take it another way, the Boys break their Teeth upon the Shell, without ever coming near the Kernel. They Learn the Fables by Lessons, and the Moral is the least part of our Care in a Child's Institution: So that take Both together, and the One is stark Nonsense, without the Application of the Other; before that the Doctrine is self, as we have it, even at the Best, falls Infinitely short of the Vigor and Spirit of the Fable. To Supply this Defect now, we have had several English Paraphrases and Essays upon it, and divers of his Followers, both in Prose and Verse: the Latter have perseverance Ven, e'd a little too far from the Precise Sense of the Author upon the Privilege of a Poetical License: And for the Other of Ancient Date, the Morals are so Simple and Plain, and the Style and Diction of the Fables, so Coarse and Uncouth, that they are rather Dangerous, then Profitable, as to the Purpose they were Principally Intended for; and likely to do Forty times more Mischief by the One than Good by the Other. An Emblem without a Key to it, is no more than a Tale of a Tub; and that Tale skillfully told, is but One Folly Grafted upon Another. Children are to be Taught in the first Place, what they Ought to do. Also, The Manner of Doing it: and in the third Place, they are to be Inured by the Force of Instructive and Good Example, to the Love and Practice of Doing their Duty; whereas on the Contrary, One Step out of the way in the Institution, is enough to Poison the Peace, and the Reputation of a whole Life. Whether I have, in this Attempt, Contributed or not, to the Improvement of these Fables, either in the Wording, or the Meaning of them, the Book must stand or Fall to it self: But this I shall Adventure to Pronounce upon the whole Matter, that the Text is English, and the Morals, in Some Part, Accommodate to the Allegory; which could hardly be said of All the Translations, or Reflections before-mentioned, which have Passed in Truth, (or at least some of them) rather to Teach us what we should Not do, than what we should. So that in the Publishing of these Papers, I have done my best to Obviate a Common Inconvenience, or, to speak Plainly, the Mortal Error of pretending to Erect a Building upon a Falls Foundation: Leaving the whole World to take the same Freedom with Me, that I have done with Others: Provided that they do not Impute the Faults, and the Mis-Capturing of the Proofs, to the Author, and that they Con teal the Errors for other Misakes.

THE
THE LIFE OF AESOP.

CHAP. I.

OF AESOP'S COUNTRY, CONDITION, AND PERSON.

AESOP (according to Plutarch, Camerarius and Others) was by birth, of Aenonius, a Town in the Greater Phrygia; (though some will have him to be a Thraticus, others a Samian) of a mean Condition, and in his Person deformed, to the highest degree: Flat-Nosed, Hunch-Back'd, Blobber-Lipp'd; a Long Milk-Topped Head; His Body Crooked all over, Big-Belly'd, Baker-Leg'd, and his Complexion so swarthy, that he took his very Name from't; for Esop is the same with Esopus. And he was not only Unhappy in the most scandalous Figure of a Man, that ever was heard of; but he was in a manner Tongue-Ty'd too, by such an Impediment in his Speech, that People could very hardly understand what he said. This Imperfection is said, to have been the most sensible part of his Misfortune; for the Excellency of his Mind might otherwise have Atton'd in some Measure, for the Uncouth Appearance of his Person (at least if that Part of his History may pass for Current.) There goes a Tradition, that he had the good Hap to Relieve certain Priests that were Hungry, and out of their way, and to fix them Right again; and that for that good Office, he was upon their Prayers brought to the Life of his Tongue: But Camerarius, whom I shall Principally follow, has no Faith in the Miracle, And to He begins his History with the
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tracing of him to Samos, and from thence Procles cut it through the most Remarkable Passages of his Life, to the last Barbarous Violence upon him at Delphi. As to his Impediment in his speech, whether there were any such thing or not, or how he came to be cured of it, the Reader is at Liberty what to believe and what not. And so likewise for Twenty Other Passages up and down this History; some of them too Trivial, and others too Grovè to be taken Notice of. Upon this Argument and Occasion: Let it suffice, that (according to the Common Tradition) he had been already Twice Bought and Sold; and so we shall Date the Story of his Adventures; from his Entrance into the Service of at least a Third Master.

As to the Age he liv’d in, it is Agreed upon among the Antients, that it was when Creusus Govern’d Lydia; as also that Xanthus, a Samian, was his Master. Hesiodus will have it to be one Japhet, a Samian too; but still according to the Current of most Writers, Xanthus was the Man.

C H A P. II.

Æsop and his Fellow-Slaves Upon their Journey to Ephesus.

It was Æsop’s Fortune to be first to Ephesus, in Company with other Slaves to be sold. His Master had a great many Burdens to Carry, and Æsop begg’d of his Companions not to over Charge him. They found him a Weakling, and bad him please himself. The Parcel that he Pitch’d upon was a Panier of Bread; and twice as heavy as any of the rest. They called him a thousand Fools for his pains, and took up their Luggage, and away they Trudg’d together. About Noon, they had their Dinner deliver’d out of Æsop’s Basket, which made his Burden Lighter by one half in the Afternoon, then it had been in the Morning. And after the next Meal he had Nothing left him to Carry, but an Empty Basket. His Fellow-Slaves began Next to Underland, that Æsop was not so Arrant a Fool as they took him for; and that they themselv’d had not half the Wit they thought they had.

C H A P.

Æsop is accus’d by False Witnesses for Stealing his Master’s Figs; and brings himself off by his Wit, to the Confusion of his Accusers.

ÆSOP was not of a Make to do his Master much Credit in the Quality of a Household Servant: So that he rather sent him abroad into the Fields a Digging, and to take care of his Husbandry. By the time he had been there a While, his Master went out after him to see how he went on with his Work; and found Every thing done much to his Satisfaction. In this Interm comes a Countryman to him with a present of most Delicious Figs; which he was so Wonderfully delighted with, that he gave them in Charge to his Boy Agathopus to fee them carefully laid up till he came back again from the Bath, whither he was then a going. Æsop, it seems, was now gone home upon some Particular Business, and Agathopus laid hold of this Occasion to tell One of his Companions, of a Defeit he had, both upon the Figs, and upon their Fellow-Slave. What have we more to do says he, than to Staff our Guts with These Figs our fellows, and then lay the Roguery upon Æsop, who is at this Instant in the House where they are? And then, when our Master comes to Examine the Matter, we are Two Witnesses to One against him, which will make it so clear a Case, that the Silly Car will not have the Face to Deny the Fact. The Plot, in short, was agreed upon; and to work they went, upon the Figs, making themselves Merry upon Every Bit they Swallow’d, to consider how Æsop’s Careful was to pay for All.

The Master, upon his coming from the Bath, call’d immediately for his Figs, and hearing that Æsop had been beforehand with him, he sent for him in a Rage, and Raffled him with a Thousand Traps and Villains, for Robbing his House, and Devouring the Fruit that he had set apart for his own Palate. This Miserable Wretch, heard, and understood All that was said; but by Restor’d an Imperfection in his Speech, he was not able to speak One Word in his Own Defence. His Enemies in the mean time Insulting over him, and Calling for Justice upon so Inoffent a Cheat. They were now advancing from Reproofs to Blows, when Æsop call’d himself at his Master’s Feet, and begg’d his Patience only till he might go out, and come in again. He
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Went his way immediately, and fetched a Vessel of Warm Water; took a Large Draught of it, in his Masters Presence, and with his Finger in his Throat brought it all Clear up again without any Other Mixture. After this Experiment upon Himself, he gave his Master to understand, that if he would be pleased to put his Æsop to the Same Test, he should quickly see what was become of his Figs. The Propodium, I mean, so Reasonable, that he ordered Agathonop and his Fellow to do the Like. They made some Difficulty at first of following Æsop's Example; but in the end, upon taking a Soup of the same Liquor, their Stomachs Wambled, and up came the Water, Figs and all. Upon This Evidence of the Treachery and Falsehood of Agathonop and his Companion, the Master ordered them to Soundly Lash'd, and made good the Old Saying, Harm Watch, Harm Catch.

CHAP. IV.

The Sale of Æsop to Xanthus.

Upon the Merchants Arrival at Ephesos, he made a quick Riddance of all his Slaves but Three. That is to say, a Magician, an Orator, and Æsop. He dree'd up the Two Former in Habits answerable to their Profession, and Carry'd them to Samos, as the Likeliest Place for a Chapman. He throw'd them there in the open Market, with Æsop for a Fool betwixt them; which some People took much offence at. While they were attending upon the Place, there came among other Samians, one Xanthus an Eminent Philosopher of that City, with a Train of his disciples at his Heels. The Philosopher was mightily pleased with the Two Youths, and ask'd them one after another about their Profession, and what they could do. The one told him he could do any thing, the other that he could do every thing; this set Æsop a laughing at 'em. The Philosopher's Pupils would Needs know what it was that made Æsop so merry. Why says he, if the Question had been put by your Master, I should have told him the reason of it. Xanthus in the mean time was beating the Price of the Two other Slaves, but the Terms were too high, that he was jut upon turning about to go his way, Only the Pupils would needs have him put the same Questions first to the ill favour'd Fellow, that he had done to the other Two; and so Xanthus, for the Humour fake, Interrogated Æsop what He could do. Nothing at all, says he. How comes this fals the Philosopher? My Companions, says the Other, Undertake every thing, and there's Nothing left for me to do. This gave them to understand, that the Man knew well enough what he said, and what he laugh'd at. Well! says Xanthus, but if I should give Money for you Now, would you be Good and Honest? I'll be That, says Æsop, whether you Buy me or No. Ay, but tell me again says the Philosopher, Won't you run away? Pray says Æsop, did you ever hear of a Bird in a Cage that told his Master he intended to make his Escape; Xanthus was well enough pleased with the Turn and Quickness of his Wit; but says he, That Unlucky Shape of yours will set People a Hooting and Gaping at you wherever you go. A Philosopher says Æsop should value man for his Mind, Not for his Body. This Presence of Thought gave Xanthus a High Opinion of the Wisdom of the Man; and so he bid the Merchant set him his Lowest Price of That miserable Creature. Why says he, you had as good Cheaps a Daugh'ter; but if you'll bid me like a Chapman for either of the Other Two, you shall have this Phantome into the Bargain. Very good says the Philosopher; and without any more a do what's your selling Price? The Merchant speaks the Word, The Philosopher pays the Money, and takes Æsop away with him.

CHAP. V.

Xanthus Presents Æsop to his Wife.

Xanthus had no sooner made his Purchase, and carry'd his Jewel home with him, but, having a kind of a Nice Froward Piece to his Wife, the Great Difficulty was how to put her humour for the Entertainment of this Moniter, without throwing the Home out at the Window. My Dear, says he, You have been often complaining of Careless Servants; and have bought you one. Now that I am Confident will fit your Turn. He shall Go and Come, and Wait, and do Every thing as you would have him; Oh, your Servant Sweet heart says he, but what did he Cost you? Why truly very Reasonable; but at Present He's a Little Tard'd, and out of Cafe you must know, with his Journey, says the Husband, and so he order'd him to be call'd in. The Cunning Gipsy finish'd the Matter prettily. Some Moniter
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Morser says the, I'll be Hanged else. Wife, Wife, says Xanthus, if you are a good Woman, That that Pleases Me Must Pleases You too. While Thee Words were between his Lips, up comes Æsop towards them; he gave him a Fierce Look, and Immediately diarch'd her Choler upon her Husband. Is this a Man, or a Beast? says the, and what Clearest Proof in the World Could You have given me Now, of an Infallible Hatred and Contempt; Æsop laid not one Word all This While; 'till Xanthus roared him with a Reproof. Oh Villain! says he; to have a Tongue and Wit at Will upon all other Occasions, and not one diverting syllable now at a Pinch, to pacify your Mistres! Æsop, after a short Pause, and then a old Greek Saying, which is in English a diverting Effect, From Lying at the Mercy of Fire, Water, and a Wicked Woman, Good Lord deliver us. But the Wife was hearty angry before. This Scorn made her Stark Mad, and the Reproach was so cutting too, that Xanthus himself did not Well know how to take it. But Æsop brought himself off again from the Malice of any ill Intention, by a Passage out of Euripides to this Purpose. The Raging of a Tempestuous Sea; the Fury of a Devouring Fire, and the Pinching Want of Necessities for Life, are Three Dreadful Things, and a Body might reckon up a Thousand more; but all this is Nothing to the Terrible Violences of an Impetuous Woman, and there fore says he, you may make your selfs as glorious on the other side, in the Rank of Good Women. Vassal for the Jefuit, in his De Ludica Diatriba, takes Notice of a Blunder here in the Chronology of the Story. For Æsop was Murder'd at least Fourscore Years before Euripides was born. But to follow the Third of the Relation; Upon this Oblique Ammonition, the Woman came to her Self again. And took Æsop into her good Graces, who render'd his Master and Mistress All the Offices of a Faithfull Servant.

Chap. VI.

Æsop's Answer to a Gardener.

Some Two or Three Days after the Encounter above mentioned, Xanthus took Æsop along with him to a Garden to buy some Herbs, and the Gardiner leading him in a Habit of a Philosopher, told him the Admiration he was in, to find how much fater Thoé Plants shut up that Grow of their own Accord, than Thoé that he fict Himself, though he took never so much Care about them. Now yourbats are a Philosopher. Pray will you tell me the meaning of This? Xanthus had no better answer at hand, than to tell him, That Providence would have it so. Whereupon Æsop brake out into a Great Laughter. Why how now Ye flaye You, says Xanthus, what do you laugh at? Æsop took him aside and told him, Sire, I laugh at your Master, that Taught You no better; for what signifies a General Answer to a Particular Question? And 'tis no News Neither that Providence orders All Things; But if you'll turn him over to me, You shall see I'll give him another sort of Reafon. Xanthus told the Gardiner, that it was a few days before a Philosopher to buy his head about such Trifles; but says he, If you have a Curiosity to be better Informed, you shall do well to ask my Slave here, and see what he'll say to you. Upon this, the Gardiner put the Question to Æsop, Who gave him this Answer. The Earth is in the Nature of a Mater to what She brings forth of her Self, out of her own Bowels; Whereas She is only a kind of a Sip-Dame, in the Production of Plants that are Cultivated and Affixed by The Help and Industry of Another; so that it's Natural for her to Withdraw her Nourishment from the One, towards The Relief of the Other. The Gardiner, upon this, was so well satisfied, That he would take no Money for his Herbs, and defied Æsop to make Use of his Garden for the future, as if it were his own.

There are several Stories in Plinuds, that I shall pass over in this Place (says Commarios) as not worth the while: Particularly The Fables of the Lontils, the Bath, the Son's Feet, and several little Tales and Jets that I take to be neither well Laid, nor Well put together; Neither is it any matter, in Relations of this Nature, Whether they be True or False, but if they be Proper and Ingenious; and so contriv'd, that the Reader or the Hearer may be the better for them, That's as much as is required: Wherefore I shall now Commit to Writing Two Fables or Stories, One about the bringing his Mitre Place home again, when she had left her Husband; Which is drawn from the Model of a Greek History let out by Pausanias in his Description of Borsia; The Other, upon the Subject of a Treat of New Tongues, which was taken from Esias, as we have it from Plutarch in his

Convivum Septem Sapientium.
Chapter VII

The Life of AESOP

Some days after the Rabbit's hackney
One morning the Cat, to get the Fish, went in
And in a glass of water
She was done very ill, and could not eat the fish

She was done very ill, and could not eat the fish

She was done very ill, and could not eat the fish

She was done very ill, and could not eat the fish

She was done very ill, and could not eat the fish

She was done very ill, and could not eat the fish

She was done very ill, and could not eat the fish

She was done very ill, and could not eat the fish

She was done very ill, and could not eat the fish

She was done very ill, and could not eat the fish
fons, and if the Tongue be the Key that Leads Us into All Knowledge, what could be more proper and suitable than a Feast for Tongues for a Philosophical Banquet?

When Xanthus found the Sense of the Table to be on Æsop's side; Well my Friends says he; Pray will You Eat with me to Morrow, and I'll try if I can mend your Chear; and Mr. Major Domo, says he to Æsop, let it be the Care of your Gravity and Wisdom to provide us a Supper to Morrow, of the very worst Things You can Think of.

CHAP. IX.

A Second Treat of Tongues.

XANTHUS'S Guests met again The Next day according to The Appointment; and Æsop had provided them the very same Services of Tongues and Tongues over and over, as they had the night before. Sirrah (says Xanthus to his Servant) what's the Meaning of This; That Tongues should be the Bell of Meats One Day, and the Want the Other? Why Sir says he, There is not any Wickedness under the Sun, That the Tongue has not a part in. As Murders, Treasons, Violence, Injustice, Frauds, and All Manner of Lewdness: for Counsels must be first Agitated, The Matter in Question Debated, Refus'd upon, and Communicated by Words, before the Malice comes to be executed in Fact. Tongue Whither wilt Thou! (says the Old Proverb) I go to Build (says the Tongue,) and I go to pull down.

This Petulant Liberty of Æsop, Galled his Master to the very Soul of him, and one of the Guests, to Help forward his Evil Humour; Cry'd out, This Fellow is enough to make a Body Mad. Sir (says Æsop) you have very Little Balms to do of your own I perceive, by the Leisure you have to Intermeddle in Other People's Matters; You would find some other Employment else, then to Irritate a Master against his Servant.

CHAP. X.

Æsop brings his Master a Guest That bad no sort of Curiosity in him.

XANTHUS laid hold of the Present Occasion, and was willing enough to be furnished with a Staff to beat a Dog. Well Sirrah, says he, since this Learned Gentleman is too Curious; go you your ways and find me out a Man that has no Curiosity at all, or I'll Take your Coat for ye. Æsop the next day, Walked the whole Town over on This Errand; and at last, found out a Slowly Lazy Fellow, Lolling at his Ease, as if he had Nothing to do, or to take care for; and so up to him he went in a Familiar Way; and Invited him to his Master's Supper. The Clown made no Ceremony of promising, but fell Prentice to asking what kind of Man his Master was? And what, says he, are we going just now? (for this Poor Devil look'd upon a Meal's Meat Gratuos, as a Blesting Dropt into his Mouth out of the Skies.) Come (says Æsop) we are going this very Moment; and Wonderfully Glad he was to find by the Booby's Discord, That he had met with a Man so fit for his Purpose. Away they went together, and so thru into the Parlour, where the Blockhead throws Himself down Dirty and Beawly as he was, upon a Rich Couch. After a very little While, in comes Xanthus to Supper, and asks Æsop who That Man was? Why This is the Man, says Æsop, that you pent me for; that is to say, a Man that has no Curiosity in him at all. Oh that's very well, says Xanthus, and then told his Wife in her ear, That if the would be but a Loving and Obedient Wife to him, and do as he bad her, he would now fave her Longing for, says he, I have been a Great while seeking for an Occasion to pick a Quarrel with Æsop, and I have found it at last. After this Whispher, Xanthus takes a Turn in the Parlour, and calls aloud to his Wife. Hark ye Sweet Heart, says he, go fetch some Water, and Wash the Feet of my Guest here. Away he goes, brings a Baton to the side of the Couch, where the Clown was laid at his Length, and bad him put his Feet for her to Wash them. Xanthus little thought he would have done it. But the Clown, after a little Stumble within himself, that was fitter for the Maid to do, then the Maid; Well says he, If it be the Custom of the Family, 'tis not for me to be against it: and So he stretch'd forth his Foot to the Washing.

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The Life of ÆSOP.

So soon as ever the Company had taken off the Edge of their Stomachs; Xanthus calls for a Bumper, and puts it into the hands of the Clown, making No doubt but he would have allow’d his Holf the Honor of being his Taster. The Fellow, without any Scruple, Whips up the Drink, and gives Xanthus the Pot again Empty, who was now the Second Time Disappointed upon the Matter of Curiosity, or No Curiosity At all. He had a Mind full to be upon Poor Æsop’s Bones, and made another Tryal of the Humour of his Guest. There was a particular Diath that the Clown fed very Heartily upon: Xanthus fell into a Rage against the Cook for the Ill-Dressing of it, and Threatned to have him brought and Laff’d in the very Parlour. The Hypoep took no Notice of it at All, but without speaking one Word on the Cooks Behalf; It was Nothing to him he thought, what other People did with their Servants.

They were come Now to their Cakes and Pyes, and the Clown Guttled upon them without Mercy. Xanthus Resolves then upon Another Tryal; Calls for his Fishy-Cook and tells him, Sirrah, says he, you (poll every thing that goes through your hands. There’s neither Spice, nor any other Seasoning here. The Cook told him, That if they were either Over or Under-Baked, it was his Fault; But for the Spice and Seasoning, it was his Mistresses, for it was All put in that he Deliver’d. Nay Wife, says Xanthus, if it ficks there, By All that’s Sacred, I’ll Treat you no better then if you were a Slave bought with my Money. Wherefore Strip Immediately and Prepare for a Dog-Whip. Xanthus thought with himself there. If anything in the World could move this Barbarous Brute, he would have put in a Word at Last to save a Woman’s Honour from so Scandalous an Indignity, But says this Iogerhead to himself; There’s an old saying, What have We to do to Quench other People’s Fires? And I’ll even keep my self Clear of Other People’s Matters; Only he took Xanthus by the Hand indeed, and told him if he would but Stay a Little, he’d go fetch his own Wife too, and fo they might take the Lahf by Turns. In one word, Xanthus mislaid his Aim at last; and though he was troubled at the MiCarriage, he could not but Laugh yet at the Simplicity of the Man, and Confid, that Æsop was in the Right, in bringing a Petition to him that had no Curiosity at all.

The Life of ÆSOP.

Chap. XI.

Æsop’s Answer to a Magistrate.

It happened some few days after the Last Raffage above, that Xanthus, having some Butiners at the Publick Hall, sent Æsop to see if there were any Great Thorng of Men there; A Magistrate meets him Upon the Way, and asks him whether he was going? Why truly, says Æsop, I am going, I know not whither. The Magistrate took it the he Banter’d him, and bid an Officer take him into Custody and Carry him to Prison. Well, says Æsop, to the Magistrate; Is it not, says Now, that I did not know Whither I was going? Can you Imagine, that when I came out of the House this Morning, I had any thoughts of going to Prison? The Magistrate was well enough pleas’d at the fancy, and Ditch’d him Upon it, and so he went forward to the Hall; Where among a world of People, he saw one Man arrest another upon an Action of Debt. The Debtor Pleadeth Poverty; But if he would Compound for half, it should go no farther but he’d make a Shift to Pick it up, he said. Well with all my Heart, says the Creditor, Lay down the Money upon the Nail, and the Business is done: for a man had better Content himself with Half, then Lose All, And I reckon that Men are no good as long, that a Man must go to Law for; Æsop upon this, went back and told his Master, that he had been at the Hall, and saw but one Man there; This was a Riddle to Xanthus: Infemuch that he went himself to Learn the Truth of the Matter. When he came to the Place, he found the Court extremely Thronged, and turning short upon Æsop, in great Indignation, Sirrah, says he, are all these People come since you told me there was but one Man here? 'Tis very true, says Æsop, There was a Houde Crowd, and yet but one Man that I could see in That vast Multitude. This seems to be taken out of the Life of Diogenes.

Chap. XII.

Xanthus undertakes to Drink the Sea dry.

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Chap.

T H E R E happened not Long after This, to be a Merry Meeting of Philosophers; and Xanthus, one of the Company. Xanthus had already gotten a Cup too much; and Æsop finding
finding they were like to let out his hand; Sir, says he, 'tis the Humour of Bacchus, they say, first to make men Chearful, and then when they are past That, to make em Drunk, and in the Conclu-
sion, to make them Mad. Xanthus took Office at Æsop; and told him, That was a Lecture for Children. (Luctius makes this to be the laying of Æsopus') The Cops went round, and Xanthus by this Time had taken his Load, who was mighty given to talk in his Drink; and whatever was uppermost, out it came, without either Fear or Wit. One of the Company observing the weak side of the Man, took the Opportunity of Punning him with several Quotations. Xanthus (says he) I have read somewhere, that it is possible for a Man to Drink the Sea Dry; but I can hardly believe it. Why says Xanthus, I'll venture my Hoote and Land upon it, that I do myself. They agreed upon the Wager, and presently off went their Rings to Seal the Conditions. But early the next Morning, Xanthus mulling his Ring, thought it might be flip off his Finger, and asked Æsop about it. Why truly says Æsop, I can say Nothing to the Loring of your Ring; but I can tell you that you Lost your Hoote and Land last Night; and fo Æsop told him the Story on't, which his Master it seems had utterly forgotten. Xanthus began now to Chew upon the Matter, and it went to the Heart of him to consider. That he could neither do the thing, nor yet get quit of his Bonds. In this trouble of Thoughts he Confults Æsop, (whole advice before he had rejected) what was to be done in the Cafe. I think not forget, says Xanthus, how much I owe you for your Faithful Services; and I do with fair Words Æsop was prevailed upon to Undertake the bringing of him off. 'Tis Impossible to do the thing, (says he) but if I can find a way to Difolve the Obligation, and to gain you Credit by it or above, That's the Point I suppose that will do your Hubs. The Time appointed, says Æsop, is now at hand, Wherefore do you fret a bold face upon it, and go to the Sea-side with all your Servants and your Trinks about you, and put on a Countenance, that you are just Now about to make good your Undertaking. You'll have Thousand of Spectators there, and When they are got together, let the Form of the Agreement and the Conditions be read, Which runs to this Effect. That you are to Drink up the Sea by such a Certain Time, or to forfeit your Hoote and Land, upon Such or Such a Consideration. When this is done, call for a Great Glass, and let it be filled with Sea-Water, in the Sight of the Whole Multitude: Hold it up then in your Hand, and say as Follows. You have heard Good People, what I have Undertaken to do, and upon what Penalty if I do not go Through with it. I confyss the Agreement, and the Matter of Fante as you have heard it; and I am now about to drink up the Sea; out the Rivers that run into 't. And therefore let All the Inlets be Stepp'd, that there be Nothing but pure Sea left me to drink. And I am now ready to perform my part of the Agreement. But for any drinking of the Rivers, There is nothing of that in the Contract. The People found it so clear a Cafe', That they did not only agree to the Reason and Justice of Xanthus's Cafe', but hissed his Adver-
flammatory out of the Field; Who in the Conclusion made a Pub-
lick Acknowledgment, that Xanthus was the Wiser and Better Man of the Two; But declared the Contract might be made void, and offer'd to Submit Himself further to such Arbitrators as Xanthus Himself should direct. Xanthus was so well pleased with the Character his Adversary given him, of a Wife Man, That All was Patsed over, And a small End made of the Dispute. Plutarch makes this to have been the Invention of Bias.

CHAP. XIII.

Æsop Baffles the Superstition of Angury.

In the days of Æsop, The World was mightily addicted to Angury; that is to say, to the Gathering of Owes from the Cry and Flight of Birds. Upon this Account it was, that Xanthus one Day sent Æsop into the Yard, and had him look well about him. If you see Two Crows (says he) you'll have good Luck after it, but if you should Chance to spy One Crow Single, 'tis a Bad Omens, and some ill will betide you. Æsop kept out and came Immediately back again, and told his Master that he had seen Two Crows. Hereupon Xanthus went out himself, and finding but One (for the Other was flown away,) he fell Outrageously upon Æsop for making Sport with him, And order'd him to be found-
ly Lath'd in', but just as they were whipping him for the Exe-
cution, In comes One to Invite Xanthus abroad to Supper. Well Master, says Æsop, and where's the Credit of your Angury Now? When I, that saw Two Crows, am to be beaten like a Dog, and You, that saw but One, are going to make merry with your Friends? The Reason and Chickiness of this Reflection, Packed the Matter for the Pethint, and saved the Poor Fellow a sound Whipping.
The Life of Aesop

Chapter XIV.

Aesop finds hidden Treasure.

As Xanthus was Walking once among certain Monuments, with Aesop at his Heels; and Plodding upon several Epitaphs, there was one Inscription in Greek Letters, that Xanthus with all the Skill he had, could not tell what to make of. Well, says Aesop, let me see a Little if I can Unscry the Word. And so after laying Things and Things together a While, Matter, says he, What will you give me. If I find you out a Pot of Hidden Treasure now? One Half of it, says Xanthus, and your Liberty. So Aesop fell to Digging, a Matter of a few Yards from the Stone that had the Inscription; and there found a Pot of Gold which he took up and Deliver’d to his Matter; and Claim’d his Promise. Well, says Xanthus, I’ll be as good as my Word; but you must first throw me how you came to know there was a Treasure, by the Inscription: for I had rather be Matter of that Secret, than of the very Gold it held. Aesop innocently open’d the whole Matter to him. Look you Sir, says he, Here are these Letters: α δ λ τ η ζ ζ ζ; which are to be thus Interpreted, α stands for Κριτίτις; δ for Δίονυσί; η for Έρμη; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας. In English, Dig four Places from this Place, and you shall find Gold. Now says Xanthus, if you are so good at finding out Gold, you and I must not part yet. Come Sir, says Aesop, (perceiving that his Matter play’d Safe and Loose with him) to deal freely with you, this Treasure belongs to King Dionysus. How do you know that? says Xanthus. Why by the very Inscription, says Aesop: for in that Sense α stands for Κριτίτις; δ for Δίονυσί; η for Έρμη; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας. In English, Give Dionysian the Gold you have found. Xanthus began to be afraid when he heard it was The King’s Mony, and Charged Aesop to make no Words on’t; and he should have the One Half for it. ’Tis well, says Aesop; but this is no so much your own Bounty yet, as The Intention of Him that Buried it; for the very Name Letters direct the Dividing of it. As for Example once again now. α stands for Αθήνας; δ for Διός; η for Εύς; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας; ζ for Ζέας. In English, Divide the Gold that you have found. Why then, says Xanthus, let us go home and share it. No sooner were they got Home, but Aesop was presently laid by the Heels, for fear of Blabbing, crying out as Loud as he could.

Chapter XV.

Aesop Expounds upon an Angyly, and is made Free.

Aesop had thus far brought all the Indignities of a Tedious Slavery, with the Contancy of a Wise Man; and without either Vanity or Absolution of Mind. He was not ignorant however of his own Value; Neither did he Neglect any honest Way or Occasion of Advancing his Name and his Credit in the World; as in One Particular Instance among the Samians, on a Strange Thing that happen’d There upon a Very Solemn Day. The King, it seems, that had the Town-Seat upon’t was laid somewhere in Sight, Where an Eagle could come at it; She took it up in the Air, and dropt it into the Bottom of a Slave. The Samian took this for a Foreboding, that Threatned some disfial Calamity to the State, and in a general Conformation they presently called a Council of their Wise Men; and Xanthus in the first Place, to give their Opinions upon this Mysterious Accident. They were All at a Loss, what to Think on’t; only Xanthus defined some few Days time for further Consideration. Upon This, he betook himself to his Study, and the More he beat his Brains about it, the further he found himself from any hope of Expounding the Secret. This put him into a deep Melancholy; which made Aesop very Important, and Impatient, to know the Cause of it; with Affurances, That he would Fore his Matter in the Affair, Whatever it was, to the Uttermost of his Power. Xanthus hereupon laid the Whole Matter before him, and told him in Conclusion, that he was not only lost in his Reputation, but in Danger to be Turn to Pieces by the Rabble. When Aesop found how the Cafe-load, Never trouble your Head any further, says he, Do but follow my Advice, and I’ll bring you off as well now as ever I did before. When you appear to Morrow to give in your Answer, I would have you Speak to the People after this Manner.

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I need not tell your Wisdom, That so many Heads so many Minds, and so many several Men, so many several Conceptions of Things; Nay and further, that every several Art, or Profession requires a Distinct Faculty or Disposition, that is more or less Peculiar to it itself. It is the Censure of the World for People in All Cities where They are either Ignorant or Destructive, to Reprove Men that have the Reputation of Philosophers, for Counsel and Satisfaction. But this, under favour, is a Great Mistake, for it is with Philosophers, as it is, I say, with other Arts and Professions that have their Equations apart from the One from the Other. Wisdom's true, may be call'd properly enough the Knowledge of Things Divine and Humane, but will you therefore expel that a Philosopher should do the Office of a Shoemaker or a Barber, because the Trades are conversant about Humane Things? No: Go Gentleman, a Man may be a Great Philosopher without any Skill at All in the Handling of the Anvil, or the Razor. But if the Questions were Concerning the Government of Life and Manners, the Nature of Things Celestial or Terrestrial; The Duties that we owe to God or Man; you could not do better then repair to Philosophers for Satisfaction. But for Reading upon Prodigies; or Commentary upon the Flight of Birds, or the Entrantries of Beasts, these are Things quite beside the Philosophers Business. If there be anything you doubt of that falls under the Sovereignty of Philosophy, I am ready to serve you in't; But your present Pain being Augury, I shall take leave to Acquaint you that a Servant have at home, is as likely to make a Right Judgment that may as any Man can. I should not Presume to name a Servant; Neither Perchance would you think fit to make use of one; If the Necessity of your present Difficulties were not a very Cure-mint and Reasonable Excuse.

Here's your Speech, says Æsop; and your Credit fav'd whether They'll hear me or Not. If they fend for me, The Honour will be yours, in Cafe I Deliver my self to their Liking, and the Diffic Peace will be Mine then if I Milcarr. His Matter was pleased beyond Measure with the Advice, but he did not as yet Understand Whither it Tended.

Xanthus Preferr'd himself Early the next Morning before the Council, Where he Dilated Upon The Matter according to his Instructions, and fo refer'd Them to his Servant for the Clearing of the Difficulty. The People with one Voice cry'd out Where is he? Why does not he Appear? Why has not his Master brought him along with him? In short, Æsop was Immediately fetch'd into the Court, and at the very First Sight of him, They All burst out a Laughing by Content. This Fellow, says one, may have Skill perhaps in Divining, but he has Nothing that is Humane about him. Another asked Where he was Born, and whether or no Blocks had the Faculty of Speech in his Country. Æsop, upon This, address'd himself to the Council.

I have here before ye, (says Æsop) an Ungracious Figure of a Man, which in truth is not a Subject for your Contemplation, but it is a Reasonable Ground for your Dispair, upon the Matter in Question. One Wise Man values Another for his Understanding, not for his Beauty; Belief that the Deformity of his Person is no Inconvertibility: All as to your Business. Did you never taste Delicious drink out of an Ill Look'd Vessel? or did you never drink Wine that was Vapid, or Eager, out of a Vessel of Gold? This Sagacity and Strength of Reason that you have Occasion for, not the force of Robust Limbs, nor the Delicacies of Colour and Proportion. Wherefore I must beseech you not to Judge of My Mind by my Body, nor to Condemn me Unheard. Upon this, they All cry'd out to him. If he had any thing to say for the Common Good, That he would speak it. With your favour, says he, It is for that End I presume, that ye have call'd me hither, and it is with a Great Zeal for your Service, that I stand now before ye: But when I consider the Weight of the Matter in hand, and the Office that I am now to Perform, it will as little stand with your Honours Perhaps, to take the Opinion of a Slave into your Councils and Debates, as it will with my Condition to offer it. Beside the Apostle I run of my Master's Diffidence upon the Event. But All this may yet be Ovated, my Fears focused, my Modesty grateful, and your own Diligence preferred, only by making me a Freeman before hand, to Qualify me for the Function. They All said it was a Most Reasonable Thing, and presently treated about the Price of his Liberty, and order'd the Quaestors to pay down the Money. When Xanthus fav'd that the thing must be done, He could not Decently stand Higgling about the Price; But making a Virtue of Necessity, he chose rather to Preferr Æsop to the Common Wealth, then to Sell him. The Samians took it very kindly, An Æsop was Preferr'd Meumiz'd and made a Citizen in Form, Proclaim'd a Freeman; and after this Ceremony, he Discourag'd upon the Subject of the Portent as follows.

I shall not need to tell so many Wise and knowing Men, that the Eagle is a Royal Bird, and signifies a Great King; that the Dropping of the King in the Body of a Slave that has no Power over himself, person is the Lot of your Liberties, if you do not look at your sires in Time; And that some Pretent Prince has a Disgust upon ye. This put the Samians all a-fire to hear the Ulterior of the Prediction. In some short time after, there came Ambassadors from Cyrus the King of Lydia, to Demand a Tribute on the Behalf of their Master, and Threatened the Samians with a War in the Cafe of a Refulgent. This Affair came to be Debated in the Council, where the Majority
The Life of ÆSOP.

was rather for Peace with Slavery, then for running the Risque of a Dispute; but they would not come to a Resolution yet, without first Consulting Æsop. What they had best to do; Who gave Them his Thought upon it in Word to this Effect,

Every Man in this World has Two Ways before him, That is to say, First, The Way of Liberty, that’s Narrow and Rugged at the Entrance, but Plainer and Smoother still the further you go. Secondly, The Way of Servitude or Slavery, that seems to be Æsop at first, but you’ll find it afterwards to be full of Inconceivable Difficulties. The Samians, upon These Words, Declared themselves Unanimously for Liberty, and that since they were at present Free, They would never make Themselves Slaves by their own Consent: So The Ambassadors Departed, and there was a War Denounced.

When Æsop came to Understand the Resolution the Samians had taken, and how Inclined they were to a Compliance, till Æsop, by the Power only of a few words, Diverted them from it, he, Resolved to fend for and Discourse with Æsop. So He made an Offer to the Samians, upon their sending Æsop to him, to put a Stop at present to the course of his Arms. When Æsop came to hear of his Proposition, he told them That he was not against their sending of him, Provided only that he might tell them One Story before he left them.

In Old Time, (says he) when some Beasts talked better Sense than many Men do now a days, there happened to be a fierce War between the Wolves and the Sheeps. And the Sheeps, by the help of the Dogs, had rather the Better on’t. The Wolves, upon this, offered the Sheeps a Peace, on Condition only, that they might have their Dogs for Hymnages, the Silly, credulous Sheeps agreed to it, and as soon as ever they had parted with the Dogs, the Wolves brake in upon them, and Devoured them at pleasure. See Fab. 45.

The Samians quickly find out the Moral of this Fable, and cry’d out. Once and All, that they would not part with Æsop: But this did not hinder Æsop however from putting himself aboard, and taking a Passage for Lydia with the Ambassadors.

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CHAP. XVI.

Æsop Presents himself before the King of Lydia.

Immediately Upon Æsop’s Arrival in Lydia, he Present’d himself before the King, who looking upon him with Contempt, Hatred, and Indignation; If this be a Man says he, to hinder the King of Lydia from being Master of Samos? Æsop then with a Reverence after the Lydian Fashion, deliver’d what he had to say.

I am not here (says he, Great King) in the Quality of a Man that’s Given up by his Country, or under the Compulsion of any force; But it is of my own Accord that I am now come to lay my self at your Majesty’s Feet, and with the only Request, that you will vouchsafe me the Honour of your Royal Ear, and Patience but for a few words.

‘There was a Boy hunting of Locusts, and he had the Fortune to take a Graffshopper. She found he was about to kill her, and Pleaded after this Manner for her Life. Alas (says he) I never did any Body an Injury, and never had it either in my Will or in my Power to do it. All my Business is my Song; and what will you be the Better for my Death? The Youth’s Heart re-lented and he set the Simple Graffshopper at Liberty. Your Majesty has now that Innocent Creature before you: There’s Nothing that I can pretend to but my Peace, which I have ever employ’d as far as in me lay, to the Service of Mankind. The King was so Tenderly moved with the Modesty and Prudence of the Man, That he did not only give him his Life, but bid him ask any thing further that he had a Mind to, and it should be Granted him. Why then, says Æsop, with that Veneration, Gratitude and Respect that the Café required.) I do humbly implore your Majesty’s favour for my Country-Men the Samians. The King Granted him his Request, and Confirmed it under his Seal; Beside that the Piety of making that Petition his Choice, was a further Recommendation of him to his Royal Kindness and Esteem.

Æsop, soon after this, returned to Samos with the News of the Peace, where he was Welcomed with All the Instances of Joy and Thankfulness Imaginable; Insomuch that they Erected a Statue for him, with an Inscription upon it, in Honour of his Memory. From Samos he return’d afterwards to Æsop, for whose fake he Compos’d several of those Apologies that puts in the World to This Day under his Name. His Fancy lay extremly to Tran-

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...telling; but above all other places, he had the greatest mind to see Babylon: To which End he got Letters of Recommendation from Croesus to the King there; who, according to Herodotus, was a Friend, and an Ally of Croesus's, and his Name, Labyrinthus; not Lycurus, and Plutarch has Handled it down to us upon a great mistake. But his Curiosity led him first to pass through Greece, for the sake of the Seven Wise Men, whose Reputation was at that time famous all over the world. He had the good hap in his Travels to find them at Crotyle, together with Suchares, and several of their Followers and Disciples, where they were all treated by Periander at a Villa of his not far from the Town. This encounter was to the common satisfaction of the whole company; the Entertainment Philosophical, and agreeable, and among other discourses, they had some controversy upon the subject of government, and which was the most excellent form; Aesop being first for Monarchy, and the rest for a commonwealth. He travelled thence, a while after into Asia, and so to Babylon, according to his first Intention.

Chap. XVII.


It was the fashion in those days for Princes to Exercise Trials of Skill in the Putting and Resolving of Riddles, and intricate Questions; and he that was the best at the clearing or unravelling of knotty difficulties carry'd the prize. Aesop's faculty lay not only in that way, and render'd him so serviceable to the king, that it brought him both reputation and reward. It was his unhappiness to have no children, for the comfort and support of his old age; so that with the king's content, he adopted a young man, who was well born, and ingenuous enough, but poor; his name was Ennus. Aesop took as much care of his instruction as if he had been his own child, and train'd him up in the principles of virtue and knowledge that might most probably render him great and happy. But there's no working upon a flagitious and perverse nature, by kindness and discipline, and 'tis time lost to think of mending so incurable an evil: So that Ennus, after the manner of other wicked Men, heaping one villany upon another, counterfeits his father's name and hand to certain letters, wherein he promises his assistance to the neighbour princes against Labyrinthus. These letters Ennus carry's to the king, and charges his father with treason, though in appearance, with all the trouble and unwillingness that was possible. Only a sense of his duty to his king and his country would not all other respects of reverence and modesty that a son owes to his father. The king took all the calumnies for infinities of Ennus's affections to him, without the least suspicion of any fraud in the matter: So that without any further enquiry, he order'd Aesop to be put to death. The persons to whom the care of his execution was committed, being well affered of his innocence and of the king's ungodly passions, took him out of the way, and gave it out that he was dead. Some few days after this, there came letters to Labyrinthus from Amasis the king of Egypt, wherein Labyrinthus was defrayed by Amasis to send him a certain architect that could make a tower that should hang in the air, and likewise resolve all questions. Labyrinthus was at a great loss what answer to return, and the fierce and his displeasure against Aesop being by this time somewhat abated, he began to enquire after him with great patience, and would often patience, that if the parting with one half of his kingdom could bring him to life again, he would give it. Heraclitus and others that had kept him out of the way, told the king upon the hearing of this, that Aesop was yet alive; so they were commanded to bring him forth; which they did, in all the brilliancy he had contrived in the prison. He did no longer appear, but he made his innocence so manifest, that Labyrinthus in extreme displeasure and indignation, commanded the false accuser to be put to death with most exquisite torments; but Aesop, after all this, interceded for him, and obtained his pardon, upon a charitable pretension, that the sense of so great a goodness and obligation would yet work upon him. Heraclitus tells the story of Cymbis, the son of Cyrus, and Croesus, and with what joy Carthage received Croesus again, after he was supposed to be put to death by his own order; but Then it vary's in this, that he caused Tholet to be put to death, that were to have been the execution done, for not observing his commands.

Chap.
The LIFE of AESOP.

The LIFE of AESOP.

CHAP. XVIII.

AESOP's LETTERS OF MORALITY TO HIS SON ERNUS.

Upon AESOP's coming again into Favour, he had the King of Egypt's Letter given him to Confer of, and Advised Labyrinth to send him for Answer. That Early the next Spring he should have the Satisfaction he Deired. Things being in this State, AESOP took Ernus Home to him again, and so order'd the Matter, that he wanted neither Councils nor Instructions, nor any other Helps or Lights that might Divert him to the Leading of a Virtuous Life, as will Appear by the Following Precepts.

My Son (says he) Worshipp God with Care and Reverence, and with a Sincerity of Heart said of All Hypocrisie or Offentation: Not as if that Divine Name and Power were only an Invention, to Fright Women and Children, but how that God is Omnipoerfet, True and Almighty.

Have a Care even of your Most Private Actions and Thoughts, for God sees Through you, and your Confidence will bear Witness against you.

It is according to Prudence, as well as Nature, to pay that Honour to your Parents that you Expect your Children should pay to you.

Do All the Good you can to All Men, but in the First Place to your Nearest Relations, and do no Hurt however, where you can do no Good.

Keep a Guard upon your Words as well as upon your Actions, that there be no Impropriety in Either.

Follow the Directs of your Reason, and you are Safe; and have a Care of Important Affections.

Apply your self to Learn More, so long as there's any Thing Left that you do not know, and Value Good Counsell before Money.

Our Minds must be Cultivated as well as our Plants: The Improvement of our Reason makes us like Angels, whereas the Neglect of it turns us into Brutes.

There's no Permanent and Avoidable Good, but Wisdom and Virtues, though the Study of it Signifies Little without the Practice.

Do not think it impossible to be a Wise Man, without looking Sour upon. Wisdom makes Men Severe, but not Isham>

It is Virtue not to be Vicious.

Keep Faith with All Men: Have a Care of a Lye, as you would of Service. Great Balsters have No Regard either to Honesty or Truth;

Take Delight in, and frequent the Company of Good Men, for it will give you a Tincture of their Manners too.

Take heed of that Vulgar Error, of thinking that there is any Good in Evil. It is a Mistake when Men talk of Profitable Knavery, or of Staving Honesty; for Virtue and Justice carry All that is Good and Profitable along with them.

Let Every Man mind his own Business, for Curiosity is Reflex.

Speak ill of No body, and you are no more to hear Calumnies than to Report them: Believe that, they that Practice the One, Commonly Love the Other.

Propose Honest Things, Follow Wholesome Counsels, and Leave the Event to God.

Let no Man despair in Adversity, nor Presume in Prosperity, for All Things are Changeable.

Rise Early to your Business, Learn Good Things, and Oblige Good Men; There are three Things you shall never Renounce of.

Have a Care of Luxury and Gluttony; but of Drunkenness especially; for Wine as well as Age makes a Man a Child.

Watch for the Opportunities of doing things, for there's Nothing Well done but what's done in Sotien.

Love and Honor King's Princes, and Magistrates, for they are the Bank's of Society, in Puniishing of the Guilty, and Protecting the Innocent.

Thee, or such as thee, were the Lestons that AESOP read daily to his Son; but so far was he from mending upon Them, that he grew Every Day worse and worse, showing that it is not in the power of Art or Discipline to rectify a Pervert Nature, or (as Euripides says) to make a Man Wise that has no Soul. But however, according to Nebookrates, he came soon after to be Touched in Confidence for his Barbarous Ingratitude, and Dyed in a Raging Remorse for what he had done.

The Spring was now at Hand, and AESOP was preparing for the Task he had Undertaken About the Building of a Tower in the Air, and Revolving All Manner of Question: But I shall say no more of That Romantick part of the History, then that he went into Egypt, and Acquired himself of his Commitment to Amasis with Great Reputation. From thence back again to Labyrinth, Laden with Honours and Rewards; from whom he got leave to Return into Greece; but upon Condition of Returning to Babylon by the First Opportunity.

CHAP.
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Chap. XIX.

ÆSOP's Voyage to Delphos; his Barbarous Usage There, and his Death.

When ÆSOP had almost taken the whole Tour of Greece, he went to Delphos, either for the Oracles fake, or for the fake of the Wise Men that Frequent that Place. But when he came thither, he found Matters to be quite otherwise than he expected, and so far from deferring the Reputations they had in the World for Piety and Wisdom, that he found them Proud, and Avaricious, and Hereupon Delivered his Opinion of Them under this Fable.

I saw (says he) the Carriery that brought me Hither, to be much the Cape of People at the Sea side, that see something come Hailing towards them, a great way off at Sea, and take it at first, to be some Mighty Matter, but upon Driving Near and Neater the Shore, it proves at last to be only a heap of Weeds and Rubbish. See Fab. 189.

The Magistrates of the Place took Immediate Offence at this Liberty and presently entered into a Conspiracy against him to take away his Life, for fear he should Give them the same Character elsewhere in his Travels, that he had done there upon the Place. It was not safe they thought, nor safe Effectual a Revenge to make him away in private; but if they could contrive it, as to bring him to a shameful End, under a Form of Justice, it would better answer their Befinds and Designs. To Which Purpose they cau'd a Golden Cup to be secretly convey'd into his Baggage, when he was packing up to Depart. He was no sooner out of the Town upon his Journey, But Immediately purr'd and taken upon the way by the Officers charged with Secrecy. ÆSOP dey'd the Matter, and Laugh'd at them All for a Company of Mad Men; But upon the Searching of his Boxes, they took the Cup and shew'd it to the People, Hurrying him away to Prison in the Middle of his Defence. They brought him the Next Day into the Court, Where Notwithstanding the Proof of his Innocence, as clear as the Day, he was Condemned to Dye; and his Sentence was to be Thrown Head-long from a Rock, Down a Deep Precipice. After his Doom was past, he Prevailed upon Them,

There was an Old Fellow (says he) that had spent his Whole Life in the Country without ever seeing the Town, he found himself Weak and Dying, and Nothing would serve, but his Friends must needs throw him the Town once before he Dyed. Their Affer were very well Acquainted with the Way, and they caused them to be made ready, and turned the Old Man and the Affer Loose, without a Guide to try their Fortune. They were overtaken upon the Road by a Terrible Storm, so that what with the Darkness, and the Violence of the Storm, the Affer were beaten out of their Way, and Tumbled with the Old Man into a Pit, where he had only time to Deliver his Last Breath with This Exclamation: Miserable Wretch that I am, to be Deprived, since Dye I must, by the Beast of Death; by Affer. And that is my Fate now in suffering by the Hands of a Barbarous, Satti'd People, that Understand Nothing either of Humanity or Honour, and All Contrary to the Tyre of Hospitality and Justice. But the Gods will not suffer my Blood to be Unrequited, and I doubt not but that in Time the Judgment of Heaven will give you to Understand your Wickedness by your Punishment. He was speaking on, but they Rushed him Off Headlong from the Rock, and he was Dashed to Pieces with the Fall.

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The Dolphins, soon after this, were visited with Famine and Pestilence, to such a Degree, that they went to Consult the Oracle of Apollo to know what Wickedness it was had brought these Calamities upon them. The Oracle gave them this Answer, that they were to Expiate for the Death of Æsop. In the Consequence of their Barbarity, they Erected a Pyramis to his Honour, and it is upon Tradition, that a Great Many of the Most Eminent Men among the Greeks of that Nation, went afterwards to Delphi upon the News of the Tragical End of Æsop, to Learn the Truth of the History, and found upon Enquiry, That the Principal of the Conspirators had laid Violent hands upon Themselves.

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### E.

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This document contains an alphabetical table with various entries and their associated page numbers. The entries cover a wide range of topics, from animals and their actions to more specific phrases and phrases related to various characters and events. The table format helps organize the information in an easily accessible manner.

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THE
THE FABLES OF AESOP, &c.

FABLE I.

A Cock and a Diamond.

As a Cock was turning up a Dung-hill, he spy'd a Diamond. Well, says he to himself, this sparkling Jewel will have been the Making of him; but as to any Use or Purpose of mine, a Barley-Corn had been worth Forty of it.

The Moral.

He that is Indolent in an Honest Calling, shall never fail of a Blessing. Viz. the part of a Wise Man to Prefer Things Necessities before Matters of Curiosity, Ornament, or Finesse.

Reflection.

The Moralists will have Wisdom and Virtue to be meant by the Diamond; the World and the Pleasures of it, by the Dung-hill; and by the Cock, a Thoughtless Man, that Abandons himself to his Lusts, without any regard, either to the Study, the Practice, or the Excellency of better Things.

Now, with favour of the Ancients, this Fable seems to me, rather to hold forth an Emblem of Industry and Moderation. The Cock lives by his honest Labour, and maintains his Family out of it; His Scraping upon the Dung-hill is but Working in his Calling. The precious Stone is only a gaudy Temptation that Fortune throws in his way to divert him from his Business and his Duty. He would have been glad, he says, of a Barley-Corn instead of it; and so calls it Aide as a thing not worth the seeking. What is all this now, but the puffing of a true Philosopher upon the Matter in question, in preferring that which Providence has made and pronounced to be the Staff of Life, before a glittering Jewel, that has no other Value, than what Vanity, Pride and Luxury have for upon? The Price of the Market to a Tradesman in his Trade, is one thing, but the unprofitable Worth of a thing to a Man of Sense, and Judgment, is another. Nay, that very Lapidary himself, who a coming Stomach, and in the Cock's place, would have made the Cock's Choice. The Doctor, in short, may be this, That we are to prefer things necessary, before things superfluous; the Comforts and the Blessings of Providence, before the dazzling and the frittered Curiosities of
Aesop's FABLES.

Mode and Imagination: And finally, we are not to govern our Lives by Fancy, but by Reason.

FAI. II.
A Cat and a Cock.

IT was the hard Fortune once of a Cock, to fall into the Clutches of a Cat. Puffs had a Months Mind to be upon the Bones of him; but was not willing to pick a Quarrel however, without some plausible Color for't. Sirrah (says he) what do you keep such a bawling and screaming a Nights for, that no body can sleep near you? Alas says the Cock, I never wake any body, but when 'tis time for People to rise, and go about their Business. Nay, says the Cat, and then there was never such an incectuous Rascal: Why, you make no more Confidence of Lying with your own Mother, and your Sisters—In truth, says the Cock again, that's only to provide Eggs for my Mother and Milk for. Come come, says Puffs, without any more ado, 'tis time for me to go to Breakfast, and Cats don't live upon Dialogues; at which word the gave him a Pinch, and so made an end, both of the Cock, and of the Story.

FAI. III.
A Wolf and a Lamb.

A Wolf was lapping at the Head of a Fountain, he spy'd a Lamb, paddling at the same time, a good way off down the Stream. The Wolf had no sooner Prey in his Eye, but away he runs open-mouth'd. Villain! (says he) how dare you eye me muddling the Water that I am drinking? Indeed, says the poor Lamb, I did not think that my drinking there below could have foud'd your Water so far above. Nay, says't other, you'll never leave your chopping of Logick, till your Skin's turn'd over your Ears, as your Fathers was, a matter of fix Months ago, for prating at this facey rate; you remember it full well, Sirrah. If you'll believe me, Sir, (quoth the innocent Lamb, with fear and trembling) I was not come into the World then. Why then Impudence, cries the Wolf, haft thou neither Shame, nor Confidence? But it runs in the Blood of your whole Race, Sirrah, to hate our Family; and therefore since Fortune has brought us together so conveniently, you shall e'en pay some of your Fore-Fathers Scores before you and I part; and so without any more ado, he leapt at the Throat of the miserable helpless Lamb, and tore him immediately to pieces.

The Moral of the Two Fables above.

'Tis an easy Matter to find a Staff to beat a Dog, Innocence is no Protection against the Arroary Cruelty of a Tyrannical Power: But Reason and Confidence are yet so Sacred, that the Greatest Villains are still Convinced under that Gild and Colour.

REFLEXION.

Prides and Cruelties never want a Pretence to do Mischiefe. The Plea of No Guilty goes for Nothing against Power: For Accusing is Proving, where Malice and Force are Join'd in the Prosecution.

When Innuence is to be opprest by Might, Arguments are foolish things; nay the very Merits, Virtues, and good Offices of the Perfon accused, are Emprized with his Contraction: As the Industry and Watchfulness of the Cock here, in the calling of People out of their Beds to work when 'tis time to rise, is turn'd upon him as a Crime. Nay, such is the Confidence of a Spiteful Cruelty, that People shall be charg'd (rather than fail) with things utterly impertinent, and wholly foreign to the Matter in question. The Lamb is tell'd shall be made malicious. And what is this now, but the lively Image of a perverse Reason of State, set up in opposition to Truth and Justice; but under the August Name and Pretence, however of Both? As Loyalty, for the purpose, shall be call'd Rebellion, and the Exercise of the most Necessary Powers of Government, shall put for Tyranny and Oppression. Decency of Religious Worship shall be made Superstition; Tenderness of Confidence shall be call'd Pharaonic, Sanguinary and Faction; and the very Articles of the Christian Faith shall be condemn'd for Heretical. Villains have not the same Countenance, when there are Great Interests, Potent Meditations, Prefets, Friends, Advocates, Plausible Colours, and Plurality of Ways, and Retorique, Interpol'd between the Sides and the Object. There are ways of Distracting the Eyes, as well as of Blandishing them; so that the Cause of the Innocent must be Re- mitted at last to this Great and Final Decision, where there is no longer any Place for Paffion, Partiality, Corruption, or Error. But as to the Business of this World, when the Cats and the Lambs lie at the Mercy of Cats and Wolves, they must never expect better Quarter; especially where the Hearts Blood of the One, is the Nourishment and Entertaiment of the Other.

FAI. IV.
A Frog and a Snake.

There fell out a Bloody Quarrel once betwixt the Frogs and the Mice, about the Sovereignty of the Pests; and whilfe Two of their Companions were Disputing it at Swords Point, Down comes a Kite Powdering upon them in the Interval, and Gobbles up both together, to Part the Fray.

B 2 F 3
Æsop's FABLES.

FA. V.

A Lion and a Bear.

There was a Lion and a Bear who had gotten a Fawn betwixt them, and there were they at it Tooth and Nail, which of the Two should carry it off. They fought it out, till they were e'en glad to lie down, and take Breath. In which Instant, a Fox puffing that way, and finding how the calf stood with the Two Combatants, feiz'd upon the Fawn for his Own Use, and so very fairly slipper'd away with him. The Lion, and the Bear saw the Whole Action, but not being in condition to Rife and Hinder it, they paid'd this Reflexion upon the whole matter; Here have we been Worrying one another, who should have the Booty, till this Curfid Fox has bob'd us both on't.

The Moral of the Two Fables above.

"To the Eye of all Gotham Quarrels, when Fool go together by the Ear, to have Knives run away with the Sicks.

REFLEXION.

This is no more then what we see Dayly in Popular Fashions, where Pragmatical Fools commonly begin the Squabble, and Crafty Knives reap the Benefit of it. There is very rarely any Quarrel, either publique, or private, whether between Perfun, or Parties, but a Third Parties, and hopes to be the Better for it.

And all is but according to the Old Proverb, While Two Dogs are Fighting for a Bone, a Third runs away with it. Divide and Conquer, is a Rule of State, that we see Confirmed and supported by Dayly Practice and Experience: So that 'tis reason the Slightest Arguments for the Necessity of a Common Peace, that the Littigant Tier one another to pieces for the Benefit of some Third Interell, that makes Advantage of their Disagreement. This is no more then what we find upon Experience through the whole History of the World in All Notable Causes, and Revolution; that is to say, the Contendents have been still made a Frey to a Third Party. And this has not been only the Fate and the Event of Popular Quarrels, but the Punishment of them; for the Judgment still tends upon the Head of the Wickedness. People may talk of Liberty, Property, Concurrence, Right of Trade, &c. but the main Business and Earnest of the World, is Money, Dominion, and Power; and how to Complete Thosc Ends; and not a Really matter at all, whether it be by Force, or by Conning. Might and Right are Indispensable, in the Opinion of the World; and he that has the Longer Swool, shall never want, either Lawyers, or Divines to Defend his Claim. But then comes the Aegis, or the Fox, in the Conclusion; that is to say, some Third Party, that either by Strength, or by Craft, Masters both Plotters and Defendents, and carries away the Booty.

Æsop's FABLES.

FA. VI.

A Dog and a Shadow.

As a Dog was crossing a River, with a Morcel of Good Fleish in his Mouth, he saw (as he thought) another Dog under the Water, upon the very same Adventure. He never consider'd that the one was only the Image of the Other; but out of a Greediness to get both, he Chops at the Shadow, and Loses the Substance.

The Moral.

All Cover, All Lose; which may serve for a Reproof to Thoso that Govern their Lives by Fancy and Appetite, without confounding the Honour, and the Justice of the Cause.

REFLEXION.

This is the Case of unreasonable, and Infitiable Desires; as in Love, Ambition, and the Like; where People are still reaching at More and More, till they lose all in the Conclusion.

There are more Meanings of Subsience and Shadow; of Mischaking One for Tother, and Losing All by Chopping at More; then the bare Sente and Letter of the Dog, the影子, and the Image here in the Fable. Under these Heads are comprehended all Insolent Deceits, Van Hopes, and Miserable Disappointments. What shall we say of thoso that spend their Days in Gaping after Court-Favours and Preferments; Serve Flatterers, and Sulphvh Attencances? That Live and Entertain themselves upon Blends in Vision? (For Fair Words and Promises, are no more than Empty Appearances.) What is all this, but Sacrificing a Man Honour, Integrity, Liberty, Resolu, Body, Soul, Fortune, and All, for Shadow? We place our Trust in Things that have no Being; Disorder our Minds, Distract our Thoughts, Entangle our Ethics, and Sell our selves, as One Word, for Bobbles. How wrecket is the Man that does not know when he's Well, but pulls away the Peace and Comfort of his Life, for the Gratifying of a Fantastical Appetite, or Honour! Nay, and he Makes his Aim, even in That too, while he Squanders away his Interell, and Forgets his Discours, in the Pursuit of One Vanity after Another. Ambition is a Ladys that reaches from Earth to Heaven; and the First Round is but for many Inches in a Mere Way towards the Mowing of All the Rest. He's never well till he's at the Top, and when he can go no Higher, he must either Hang in the Air, or Fall; For in this Case, he has nothing above him to Aspire to, nor any Force held him to come down by. Every Man has what's Sufficient, as Hand, and in Catching at more than he can carry away, he loses what he Had. Now there's Infranudledge, as well as Disappointment, in all these Rumbling and Extravagant Morsels: Besides, that Avarice is always Bellerly; for He that Wants, has as good as Nothing. The Desire of More and More, rises by a Natural Gradation to Moll, and after that, to All; Till in the Conclusion we find our selves Sick and Weary of All that's possible to be had; solicitous for something else, and then when we have spent our Days in the Quest of the Meanest Things, and at
Aesop's FABLES.

The Moral.

There's no Enticing into League or Partnerships, with Ships that are either too Powerful, or too Crafty for us. He that has the Staff in his Hand will be his Own Career. Boys Wit is Best.

REFLEXION.

Saving the Incongruity of making the Aij a Beast of Prey, we are to learn from hence the Danger of Unequal Alliances; where the Poor and the Weak lies at the Mercy of the Rich and the Strong; and no Remedy but Patience and Resignation. People should have a care how they engage themselves in Partnerships with Men that are too Mighty for them, whether it be in Mony, Pleasure, or Business. Find out something, says a Court Minion, and then upon the Discovery, he lays hands out for himself. So says, and Do the Lion here to the Aij and his Companions. Now this is only a State-way of Fishing with Currants. Men in Power, Puts their Gleaners into the Mud, with a Ring about their Necks; So that let them bring up what they will, nothing goes down with them that they shall be ever the Better for. And when they come in Consolations to Call up the Profits and Loss of the Purchase, or the Proceed; who bewitch Force, Interest, and Good Manners, the Adventurer is as well if he can but get off at last with his Labour for his Pain.

Aesop's FABLES.

Support the Inhabitants of this Mony, Greatness, and Glory, know no other Bounds of Justice or Conscience, then the Measures of a Corrupt Apparition. Services are paid with Snakes and Fair Words; and there goes a World of Unprofitable Ceremony to the Mortifying of an Honest Man. Promises and Pretensions are only Fagades of Courteous and Mean Exploits; that in the Confusion of Civility, and Good Breeding, Signify no more than [Your Humble Servant, &c.] All, in short, that the Lion says and does, in this Instance, is but according to the Practice of Men in Power in a Thousand other Cases.

FAB. VII.

A Lion, an Aij, &c. a Hunting.

A Lion, an Aij, and some other of their Fellow-Forresters, went a Hunting one day; and every one to go fast and far as like in what they took. They pluck'd down a stag, and cut him up into so many Parts; but as they were entering upon the Dividend, Stands off says the Lion: This part is mine by the Privilege of my Quality: This, because I'll have it in spite of your Teeth: This again, because I took most Pain for't: and if you Dispute the Fourth, we must e'en Pluck a Crow about it. So the Confederates Mouths were all fasto, and they went away as mute as Fishes.

FAB. VIII.

A Wolf and a Crane.

A Wolf had got a Bone in his Throat, and could think of no better Instrument to Ease him of it, than the Bill of a Crane; so he went and Treated with a Crane to help him out with it, upon Condition of a very considerable Reward for his pains. The Crane did him the Good Office, and then claim'd his Promiss. Why how now Impudence! (says the other) Do you put your Head into the Mouth of a Wolf, and then, when you've brought it out again safe and sound, do you talk of a Reward? Why Sirrah, you have your Head again, and is not that a Sufficient Remonstrance.

The
Aesop's FABLES.

The Moral.
One Good Turn they say is requites another: But yet he that has to do with
Wild Beasts (as Sow Men are No Better) and comes off with a Whole
Skin, let him Expect No Other Reward.

Reflection.
This Fable will show Divine Morals: As First, that it is but Due Gratitude
to be Thankful to our Benefactors. Secondly, the Crane’s Good
Fortune can hardly Excite his Industry. And then the Crane did Ill again,
to Inflict upon a Reward; for a Good Office pays it full, neither was he rationably to Expect that to Perfidious Creatures should keep Touch with him.
Thirdly, Though the Wolf was to blame for not Making Good his
Promise, there is yet in Equity, a Kind of Reward, in not Chopping off
his Head when he is but at Mercy.

The Crane here, is a Crane of Charity; for ‘tis a Nice Business to Determine, how for Wicked Men in their Distresses May be
Relied on; How far they Ought to be Relied on; and to what Degree of
Laws, Labor, and Difficulty, a Sober, a Wise, and a Good Man may
Interpose to their Redress. He may Grow, he may Lend, he may Venture, so
far as Generosity and Good Nature shall prompt him; provided always
that he go no farther than the Confidence of the Crane, or of the Action
will Warrant him. A Man is at Liberty, its true, to do many Kind and
Brave Offices, which he is not Bound to do; And if the Largeness of his
Heart shall carry him beyond the Line of Necessary Prudence, we may
only reckon upon it as a more Illustrious Weakness.

Here is a Fiction of One Crane that Exp’d, that there might not want
One Instance of an Encouragement to a Dangerous Act of Charity: But
this One Instance is not yet sufficient to infuse the making a Common
Prudence of it, upon the same Terms. ‘Tis possible for One Biscuit not to be Hit; or to be Over-seen perhaps. And so ‘tis as possible for One Ill
Man, other not to think of the Mischief he could do, or to slip the Occa-
sion of it; but for a Deliverance however, is a Thing to Thank Pro-
vidence for, without awarding upon a Reward for the Service. The Bone in
the Throat of the Wolf, may be Understood of any Sort of Pinch, or Cala-
mity either in Body, Liberty, or Fortune. How many do we see Daily,
Gaping and Struggling with Roos in their Throats, that when they have
got them drawn out, have Attempted the Ruin of their Deliverers! The
World, in short, is full of Princely Example and Answers the Intent of
this Fable; and there are Thousands of Confidences that will be Touch’d
with the Reading of it, whose Names are not written in their Foreheads.

A Countryman and a Sow.

A Countryman happened in a Hard Winter to spy a Sow under
a Hedge, that was half Frozen to Death. The Man
was Good Natured and Took it up, and kept it in his Bottom,
till Warmth brought it to Life again; and so soon as ever it
was

Aesop’s FABLES.

was in Condition to do Mischief, it bit the very Man that
faw’d the Life on’t. Ah those Ungrateful Wretch! Says he, Is
that Venemous Ill Nature of thine to be Satisf’d with nothing
less then the Ruine of thy Preferer?

The Moral.
There are Some Men like Some Sows: ‘Tis Natural to them to do doing
Mischief, and the Greater the Benefit on the One side, the More implicat-
ed is the Malice on the other.

Reflection.
He that takes an Ungrateful Man into his Boiton, is well nigh sure to be
Betray’d; and it is no longer Charity, but Folly, to think of Obliquing
the Commend Enemies of Mankind. But ’tis no New thing for good
Natur’d Men to meet with Ungrateful Returns. Wherefore Friendships,
Charities, and Kindness, should be well Weight’d and Examined, as to
the Circumstances of Time, Place, Manner, Perfon, and Proportion, be-
fore we Sign and Seal. A Man had much better take a Tiger into his
Grounds, than a Sow into his Bottom. How many Examples have we
seen with our own Eyes, of Men that have been trick’d, and Reliev’d
out of Starving Necelties, without either Spirit, or Strength to do Mit-
chief, who in quipal have afterwards conf’d against the Life, Honour,
and Fortune of their Patrons and Refectors. Did ever any of these Huma-
nian Sows lose their Venom for lving under some Temporary Incapacity of
Using? Will they be ever the less Dangerous and Malicious, when
Warmth had bring them to themselves again; because they were once
Frozen and Blemish’d with Cold? The very Credulity Encourages an
Absurd, where the Will to do Mischief only waits for the Power, and Op-
portunity of putting it in Execution. Facility makes the Innocent a Prey
to the Crafty: The Sow, after his Recovery, is the very Same Sow tall,
that he was at first. How many People have we read of so Sturdy, that
after a Paradox for One Rebellion, have been taken in Another with that
very Pardon in their Pockets, and the loft Scarce Dry upon the Parch-
ment? Now all this is no more then the Proverb in a Fable: Save a Thinf
from the Galleon, and he’ll Cut your Throat.

FAB. IX.

A Lion and an Ass.

A Lion was so Hardy once, as to fall a Mopping and
Braying at a Lion. The Lion began at first to fling his
Teeth, and to Stomack the Affront; but upon Second
Thoughts; Well! (says he) for on, and be of the Ass still. Take
notice only by the way, that ’tis the Blemishes of your Character
that has faw’d your Carcares.

C The
Æsop's FABLES.

The Moral

It is below the Dignity of a Great Mind to Entertain Contests with People that have neither Quality nor Courage; before the Folly of Contending with a Miserable Wretch, where the very Competition is a Scandal.

REFLEXION.

Scurvies are apt to be Indulgent toward their Superiors; but it does not yet become a Man of Honour and Wisdom, to Contend with Mean Radicals; and to Answer Every Fool in his Folly. One Indignity is not to be Respneded by Another.

The very Contest les the Matter and the Man upon the Same Level; and the Lion was in the Right, not to Cast away his Displeasure upon an Ape, where there was only Reputations to be Lost, and None to be Gained. The very Beasts of the Forest will Rise up in Judgment against such men. Contemn in such a Case as This, is the only Honourable Revenge.

FAB. XI.

A City House and a Country House.

There goes an Old Story of a Country Mouse that Invited a City Sinner to a Country Collation, where the Food was Nothing that the Place afforded; as Mouldy Crabs, Cheese-Parings, Musty Oatmeal, Rusty Bacon, and the like. Now the City-Dame was so well bred, as Seemingly to take All in Good Part: But yet at last, Sinner (says he, after the Civilised Fashion) why will you be Miserable when you may be Happy? Why will you lie Pining, and Pinching your self in such a Lonehome Starving Course of Life? This is; when 'tis but going to Town along with Me; to Enjoy all the Pleasures, and Plenty that your Heart and Will? This was a Temptation the Country Mouse was not able to Resist; so that away they Traded together, and about Midnight got to their Journeys End. The City-Mouse shewed her Friend the Larder, the Pantry, the Kitchen, and Other Offices where she laid her Stores; and after This, curry'd her into the ParLOUR, where they found, yet upon the Table, the Reliques of a Mighty Entertainment of That very Night. The City-Mouse Car'd her Companion of what the like'd Beth, and fo to their fell upon a Velvet Couch together: The Poor Bumkin that had never seen, nor heard of such Doings before, Blew'd her at the Change of her Condition, when (as ill Luck would have it) all on a sudden, the Doors flew open, and in comes a Crew of Roaring Bullies, with their Wenchess, their Dogs and their Bottles, and put the Poor Mice to their Wits End.

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End, how to save their skins. The Stranger Especcially, that had never been at This Sport before; but he made a Shift however for the present, to link into a Corner, where the Laying Trembling and Pouting till the Company went their Way. So soon as ever the House was quiet again, Well: My Court Sinner, says he, If This be the Way of Your Town-Gambolles, I'll en back to my Cottage, and my Mouldy Cheese again; for I had much rather lie Knabbing of Crafts, without either Fear or Danger, in my Own Little Hole, then be Miftrios of the Whole World with Perpetual Cares and Alarums.

The Moral.

The Difference between a Court and a Country Life. The Joys, Iollities, and Security of the One, Compar'd with the Miseries, the Labours, and the Hazards of the Other.

REFLEXION.

The Design of this Fable is to set forth the Advantages of a Private Life, above those of a Publick; which are certainly very Great, if the Blessings of Innocence, Security, Meditations, Good Air, Health, and sound Sleeps, without the Rugs of Wine, and Luft, or the Contagion of Idle Examples, can make them so: For every Thing there is, in Natural and Gracious.

There's the Devotion of All Healty Exercises for the Body; The Entertainment of the Place, and of the Rivers, without any lust of Interest to Corrupt, either the Virtue, or the Peace of our Lives. He's that's Slave in the Town is a kind of a Penny Prince in the Country. He loves his Neighbours, without Pride, and lives in Charity with the Whole World. All that he fears is his Own, as to the Delight of it, without Envying the Prosperity. His Doors are not Troubled with either duties, or Fools, and he has the Sages of All Times in his Cabinet for his Companions. He lives to Himself, as well as to the World, without Oneness or Quarters, of any sort whatsoever. He is on Bloody Murderers: he hears No Alarming Executions: He lives Free from the Plagues of Jealousy and Envy: And This is the Life in short, that the Gentlmen, and the Wise Men in the World have; or would have made Choice of, if Cities and Business had not hindered them from it. Great Blessing.

'Tis against Common Justice to pull Sentence without hearing both Sides. And the only Way to come to a True Elimation upon the Odds between a Publick and a Private Life, is to Try Both. Virtue is only Glorious in the Native Simplicity of it, and while it holds no Communication with Interest, Pansy, Senor, or Ornament: Wherefore Abuse has done Wido to call the Issue of the Quitation upon the Experiment, Far from Jupiter (says the Man) Far from the Thunder. What signifies the Splendor, and the Luxury of Courts, considering the Slaveish Attitudes, the Vicious Competitions, and the Moral Disappointments that go along with it. The Frowns of Princes, and the Envy of those that Judge by Earlay, or Appearance; without either Reason, or Truth! To try nothing of the Innumerable Temperations, Vices, and Excesses, of a Life of Pomp, and Pleasure. Let a man but let the Pleasing of his Palace against the Surfeits of Gluttony and Excels. The Staving of his Mind against a Famber'd Casket. The Rebuke Importance of
Æsop's FABLES.

Tale-bearers and Back Friends against Fair Words and Professions only from the Teeth onward; let him, for the One in Balance against the Other, and he shall find himself miserable, even in the very midst of his Delights. To lay All in a Word; let him but set the Comforts of a Life spent in Noise, Formality, and Turmoil, against the Blessings of a Retreat with Competency and Freedom, and then Cast up his Account. What Man then, that is not flush Mad, will Voluntarily Expose himself to the Imperious Brown-browns and Scorns of Great Men; to have a Dagger thrown to his Heart in an Embrace; to be torn to pieces by Calumny, say to be a Knave in his own Defence! for the Honester the World, in a Vicious Age, and where Man is to be like the Company. Men of that Character are not to be Read, and Understood by their Words, but by their Intentions; their Promises and Pretensions are no longer Binding, then while they are Profitable. But Blandish has done to well up to the Fable, that there needs no more to be told to't.

Fable XIII.

A Crow and a Ruffian.

There was one of Your Ruffian-Crows, that lay Battering upon a Mollusc, and could not for his Blood break the Shell to come at the Fish. A Certain Crow, in this Interval, comes up, and tells him, that what he could not do by Force, he might do by Stratagem. Take this Mollusc up in the Air, says the Crow, as High as you can carry it, and then let him fall upon that Rock there; His Own Weight, You shall see, shall break him. The Ruffian Crow took his Advice, and it was executed accordingly; but while the One was upon Wing, the Other stood Lurching upon the Ground, and flew away with the Fish.

The Moral.

Charity begins at Home; they say; and most People are kind to their Neighbours for their Own sake.

REFLEXION.

It is no longer an Amity of Virtue, but of Deceit, when we seek our Own Interest, under Colour of obliging Others; and men of Franklin and Simplicity, are the most only Intruders upon, where they have Craft and Treachery to deal withal. The Imposture, can hardly Miss-carry where there is a full Confidence on the One side, and a Fisible Ad- dressee and Disposition on the Other; whereas to be good to be Very, but to as not to be Inexcusable, where there is but any place for Charity it felt to hope for better Things; Not that a Simple and Inoffensive Folly exposes a man to be both a Prey, and a Laughing-stock; at, once. Those are often to judge of the good Fals of men Inexcusable, but by the Light we receive from their Words. We may set up this for a Rule however; that where the Ad- viser is to be evidently the Better for the Council, and the Advised, in Man.

Æsop's FABLES.

Fable XIV.

A Fox and a Rabbit.

A Certain Fox spy'd out a Rabbit upon a Tree with a Morcel in his mouth, that set his Chops a watereting; but how to come at it was the Question. Oh thou Blessed Bird! (says he) the Delight of Gods and Men! and he lays himself forth upon the Gracefulness of the Rabbit, Perfon, and the Beauty of his Plumage; his Admiral Gift of Agility, &c. And now, says the Fox, if thou hast but a Voice answerable to the rest of thy Excellent Qualities, the Sun in the Firmament could not have the World such another Creature. This Naive Flattery sets the Rabbit immediately a Gaping as wide as ever he could stretch, to give the Fox a taste of his Pipe; but upon the Opening of his Mouth he drops his Breakfast, which the Fox presently Chops up, and then had him remember, that whatever he had laid of his Beauty, he had spoken nothing yet of his Brains.

The Moral.

There's hardly any Man living that may not be made up of more or less by Flattery: For we do all of us, Naturally Overweening in our Own Behaviour: But when it comes to be Applied to a Vain Fool, it makes him forty times an Absurder than he was before.

REFLEXION.

This Fable shews us the Danger and the Nature of Flattery. It calls Good Things by Ill Names, and Ill by Good; but it will never be out of Credit, so long as there are Knaves to give it, and Poofs to take it. It is never more Perinious than in the Courts of Great Princes, because a good deal of it looks like Duty; as in private Cases, it carries a face of Friendship. The way to Rule is to Please, and whatever is gotten by, comes by Treachery. 'Tis a Delight that endangers both Body, Soul and Estate; and not One Man of a Million that's Proof against it. But Great and Good Men will rather look for their Character in the Writings and Precepts of the Philosophers, than in the Hyperbolcs of their Flatterers. For they know very well that Wife Books are the Only True Friends.

There's a Fawning, Crafty Knave, and a Vain Eeie Fool, well met, in this Fable of the Fox and the Rabbit, which is no more in the, then one sort of Raffic Capping Another; And then to show us, both that Impudence will thrive at nothing and that a self-Conceited Fop will swallow Anything, the Rabbit's Beauty forsooth, and his Voice are the Hypocrites, that Reynard has made choice of to Dilate upon. The two main Ends of Flattery are Profit, or Safety, though there are many others too that are less Principal, but in some respect or other, Reducible to their Heads. The One is too Merce-


Fables

Aesop’s FABLES.

The Moral

A Prince that does not fear his Friends to Himself while he is in Power and Condition to oblige them, may never expect to find Friends, when he is Old and Impotent, and no longer able to do them any Good. If he be by Tyranny in his Youth, he will be sure to be Treated Contemptuously in his Age; and the Baits for Enemies are, the most Infamous, and Insolentable will be the Affront.

REFLEXION.

This may serve for a Lesson to men in Power, that they Treasure up Friends in their Prosperity, against a time of Need; for he that does not secure himself of a stock of Reputation in his Greatness, shall most Certainly fall Unpityed in his Adversity: And the Baits his Enemies are, the more inoffensive is the Inoffence, and the forwardest will he be to Trample upon him.

The Cafe of his Miserable Old Lion may serve to put Great Men in mind, that the Wheel of Time, and of Fortune is still Rolling, and that they themselves are to be down at last in the Grave with Common Dust: And without any thing to support them in their Age, but their Reputation, Virtue, and Confidence of a well spent Youth. Nay Age itself, is well nigh sufficient to Decorate every Letter and Action in the History of a Meritorious Life. For Old Services are Buried under the Ruins of an Old Carcass: But there are None yet that fall so Unpitied; so just, so Necessary, and so Graceful a Sacrifice to the Rage and Scorn of common People, as those that have raised themselves upon the Spoils of the Publick: Especially when that Oppression is Aggravated with a Wanton Cruelty, and with Blood and Rapine, for the very love of Wickednefs. It is a kind of Arrogance, in such a Cafe, to be honest; where to be both a Favourite, and a Credit to the contrary.

The Lion is here upon his Death Bed; Not a Friend left him, nor so much as an Enemy, with either Fangs or Claws, that does not stand Gaping and Waiting for a Collap of him. Here he lies, the Judge of Divine Vengeance, and the Animadversion of Humane Justice, both at once; stung in his own Thoughts with the Guilty Remembrance of the Pride and Rize of his Youth, Abandoned and Defeated, by the Righteous Retaliation of Heaven it self: All his Sins, as well as all his Adversities, his Fruits, and Cruelties; Broken Vows, Promises and Contracts; his Tyranny and Hypocrisy, and the Iniquity, in fine, of all his Counsel, and Practices, for the Ruine of the Guilds flying in the Face of him.

A Gentleman had got a Favourite, Spaniel, that would be full Toyling, and Leaping upon him, Licking his Cheeks, and playing a Thouand pretty Gambols, which the Master was well enough pleased withal. This Wanton Humour succeeded so well to the Pugly, that an Affe in the House would

Fable XIV.

An Old Lion.

A Lion that in the Days of his Youth and Strength, had been very Outrageous and Cruel, came in the end to be Reduced by Old Age, and Infirmity, to the last Degree of Miserly and Contempt: Informed that All the Beasts of the Forest; some out of Injolence, others in Revenge, some in fine, upon One Pretence, some upon another, fell upon him by Conjecture. He was a Miserable Creature to all Intents and Purposes; but Nothing went so near the Heart of him in his Distress, as to find himself Batter’d by the Heel of an Affe.

The

Fable XV.

An Affe and a Spaniel.

A Gentleman had got a Favourite, Spaniel, that would be full Toyling, and Leaping upon him, Licking his Cheeks, and playing a Thouand pretty Gambols, which the Master was well enough pleased withal. This Wanton Humour succeeded so well to the Pugly, that an Affe in the House would

The
needs go th' same Gameforme Way to Work, to Carry favour
for Himself too; but he was quickly given to understand,
with a Good Cudgel, the Difference betwixt the One Play-
Fellow and the Other.

The Moral.
People that live by Example, should do well to look very Narrowly into the
Force and Authority of the President, without saying, or Doing Things to a
Feature: for that may Become One Man, which would be Absolutely Intoler-
able in Another, under Different Circumstances.

REFLEXION.

Under the Allegory of the Aes, is Intimated the Licence of a Bawler.
There's Mischief and Scandal in the very Sport, and Humour of it. There
are some men that seem to have Brutal Minds wrapp'd up in Humane Shapes,
Their very Careles are Rude and Imperious, and with Aes's Aes here,
their very Compliments derive a Corroboration, rather than an Encourage-
ment, or a Reward.
All Creatures have somewhat in them peculiar to their Several Species;
and that Practice is fill the Bell which is most Consonant to the Nature of
them, by a Common Instinct. The Earnings of an Aes are as Unnatural as
the Bravery would be of a Dog, and a man would as soon Chace him for his
Red-fellow as for his Play-fellow. He that follows Nature is never cut of
his Way; and that which is Bell for every Man, is Fittest for him too. He
does it with Ease and Success, whereas all Imitation is Painful, and Service.

FAB. XVI.
A Lion and a Mouse.

Upon the Roaring of a Beast in the Wood, a Mouse ran pre-
rently out to see what News: and what was it, but a
Lion Hampered in a Net! This accident brought to her mind,
how that she felt, but some few Days before, had fall'n
under the Paw of a Certain Generous Lion, that let her go
again. Upon a Strict Enquiry into the Matter, she found This
be That very Lion; and so set her self presently to Work
upon the Couplings of the Net; Gnaw'd the Threds to pieces,
and in Gratitude Delivered her Preferer.

The Moral.

Without Good Nature, and Gratitude, Men had as good live in a Wilderness
as in a Society. There is no Subject so Inconspicuous, but his Princes, at
some time or Other, may have Occasion for him, and it holds through the
Whole Scale of the Creation, that the Great and the Little have Need of
Another.
REFLEXION.

The King's Death-bed Devotion and Repentance works like the Charity and Forty of a great many Penitents we meet with in the World; that after the Robbing of Temples, the proflaing of Alms, and other Violences of Rape and Oppression, Build an Hospital perhaps, or some little Alm-houses, out of the Ruins of the Church, and the Spoils of Widows and Orphans; put up a Bill for the Prayers of the Congregation; Wipe their Mouths, and All's well again. But 'tis not for a Wicked Life to turn to the Hazards of an Uncertain State, and Disposition at the Foot of Death. When Men come to that Last Extremity once, by Language, Plan, or Sichroa, and to Lie Apogeting between Heaven and Hell, under the Sin/either of a Divine Judgment, or of Human Folly, they are commonly too fateful of their Wickedness, or to Effectually touch with the remembrance of a true Repentance, as they are Disturbed with the terrors of Death, and the Dark Visionary Apprehensions of what's to come. People in that Condition do but discharge themselves of Careless Reflections, as they do at the Cargo of a Ship in Sea that has struck a Leak; Every thing is done in a Hurry, and men only part with their Sins in the one Cafe, as they do with their Goods in the other; to Fit them up again, to form as the Storm is over. Grace must be very strong in that Land, wholly to Vaasaphi the weak-willed of Disturbed Nature. That certainly is none of the time to make Choice of for the Great Work of reconciling our Souls to Heaven, when we are divided, and confused between an Auguish of Body, and of Mind: And the Man is worse than Mad that Ventures his Salvation upon that Desperate like. We have abundance of these Sick Kings in the World, that after a Sacktious Life, from in the Robbing of the Church, would willingly be thought to Die in the Bedoom of it.

FA X, XVIII.

A Satyra and other Echoes.

There was a Country Fellow at work a Sowing his Grounds, and a Swallow (being a Bird famous for Providence and Forgivness) call'd a company of Little Birds about her, and had 'em take Good Notice what that Fellow was about. You must know (says the Swallow) that all the Fowlers Nets and Snares are made of Hemp, or Flax; and that's the Seed that he is now a Sowing. Pick it up in time for fear of what may come on't. In short, they put it off, till it took Root; and then again, till it was fupung up into the Blade. Upon this, the Swallow told 'em once for All, that it was not yet too Late to prevent the Mitchell, if they would but bettir themselves, and set Heartily about it; but finding that no heed was given to what the Bird; She 'em had adieu to her old Companions in the Woods, and so betook her self to a City Life, and to the Conversat-
Certain Equitable Rules and Methods of Reward and Punishment. *Jupiter,* that knew the Vanity of their Hearts, threw them down a Log for their Governor; which upon the First Fall, frighted the whole Multitude of them into the Mud for the very fear on it. This Panic Terror kept them in Awe for a while, till in good time one Frog, Bolder then the Rest, put up his Head, and look’d about him, to see how squires went with their New King. Upon This, he calls his Fellow-Subjects together; Opens the truth of the Case; and Nothing would serve them then, but Riding a-top of him: Infomuch that the Dread they were in before, was now turn’d into Influence, and Tyranny. *This King,* they said, was too Taste for them, and Jupiter must needs be entreated to lend ’em Another: He did so, but Authors are divided upon it, whether ’twas a Stork, or a Serpent; though whether of the Two, that was he, he left them neither Liberty, nor Property, but made a Prey of his Subjects. Such was their Condition at first, that they sent Mercury to Jupiter yet once again for Another King, whole Answer was This: They that will not be Contented when they are Well, must be Patient when Things are Amis with them: and People had better Rest where they are, then go further, and fare Worse.

The Moral.

The Multitude are unwise without a Ruler: They are at Rest with one; and the oftner they shift, the Worse they Are; So that Government, or No Government; a King of God’s Making, or of the Peoples, or none at all; the Multitude are never to be satisfied.

Reflection.

This Fable, under the Emblem of the Frogs, sets forth the Murmuring, and the Unfriendliness of the Common People, that in a State of Liberty will have a King; They do not like him when they have him, and to change again, and grow Sicker of the next, then they were of the former. Now the Business is only this: They are never satisfied with their present Condition; but their Governors are still either too Dull, or too Rigid. *To a Multitude for him that’s Free, to put him into a Flame of Bondage, and rather then bear a Losi Misfortune to Hazzard a Greater.*

This Allegation of the Frogs runs upon All-Four (as they say) in the Resemblance of the Multitude, both for the Humour, the Manner, the Impomptuity, and the Subject matter of the Petition. Redress of Grievances is the Question, and the Devil of it is, that the Feinoniers are never to be pleased. In one End they cannot be Well Without Government; In another they cannot bear the Log out. They find Absolute Freedom to be a Direct State of War, for where there’s no Means of either preventing Strife, or Ending it, the Weaker are fill of a Prey to the Stronger. *One King is too Soft, and Easy for them; Another too Fiery! And then a Third Change would do better they think.* Now ’tis impossible to satisfy people that would have they know not what. They Beg and Wrangle, and Appeal, and their Answers is at last, that if they Abstain again, they shall be All Worse; By which, the Frogs are given to Understand the very truth of the Matter, as we find it in the World, both in the Nature, and Reason of the Things, and in Polity and Religion; which is, That Kings are from God, and that it is a Sin, a Folly, and a Madness, to struggle with his Appointments.

The Pigeons finding themselves Persecuted by the Kite, made Choice of the Hawk for their Guardian. The Hawk sets up for their Protector; but under Countenance of That Authority, makes more Havock in the Dove-Houses in Two Days, than the Kite could have done in Twice as many Months.

The Moral.

*Tis a Dangerous Thing for People to call in a Powerful and Ambitious man for their Protector; and upon the Clamour of here and there a Private person, to hazard the Whole Community.

Reflection.

It is Highly Dangerous, and Improvident, for a People in War to call in an Enemy-Prince to their Defence. There’s no Truelling a Perfidious Man, nor any Unity like the Pretended Protection of a Troublesome Friend.

There is no Living in this World without Inconveniences, and therefore People should have the War, or the Howdy, to take up with the Leit, and to bear the Lot, which is not to be Avoided, with Honour, and Patience. How many Experiments have been made in the Memory of Man, both in Religion, and in State, to mend Matters, on pretence that they were Unwise, by making them Insensible, and Whence is This, but from a Mithaken Opinion of the Precent, and a False Judgment of the Future! And all for Want of Rightly Understanding the Nature and the Condition of Things, and for want of Forbearance towards them. But we are Mad upon Variety, and to Suck of the Precent, (how much sooner Whither so Against Reason) that we Abandon the Wildness, and the Providence of Heaves, and Fly from the Grievances of God’s Appointment, to Blind Chance for a Remedy. This Fable in One Word was never more Exacly Moralized then to our Bows of Famous Memory.

The Kite was the Evil Counceller; The Free-Born People that Complaine’d of them were Pigeons; The Hawk was the Power or Authority that they Appeal’d to for Protection. And what did all this come to as Let? The very Guardians that took upon them to Refuce the Pigeons from the Kite, destroy’d the Whole Dove-Houses, devour’d the Birds, and that’d the Spold amongst Themselves.
Aesop's FABLES

FABLE XXI.

A Dog and a Cat.

A gang of Thieves were at work to rob a House, a Man took the Alarm, and called a Baying: One of the Company spoke him fair, and would have stopp'd his Mouth with a Crutch: No, says the Dog. This will not do, for several Reasons. First, I'll take no Risks to betray my Master. Secondly, I am not such a fool neither, as to tell the Fate and Liberty of my Whole Life to come, for a piece of Bread in Hand: For when you have rifled your Master; pray who shall maintain me?

The Moral.

Fair Words, Prefaces, and Preludes, are the Methods of Treachery in Courts, as well as in Cottages, only the Dogs are Tore to their Masters than the Men.

REFLEXION.

We all Men take up a Fit of Kindness all on a sudden, and appear to be Better-Nature'd than usual; his Good Disposition to suffer Fraud, and to lay their Words, and their Practices together: The Greater the Truth, the Greater the Treachery, and the less is the Villany too. This Moral reaches to All Kinds of Treachery whatsoever.

It was well if All Two-Footed Servants were but as Faithful to their Masters as This Four-Leg'd Animal. A Loaf of Bread was as much to Him as a Bag of Grain to a Great Officer; And why should not the One make as much Confidence of betraying his Patron for Gold, as the Other of doing it for a Crab? Beside the Right Restoring of the Dog upon the Consequence of Things, If I take Your Bread, Says he, You'll Rob my Master. But in the Other case it is not so much a deliberation of what will follow upon, as a kind of Tacit Comprehension, that does as good as say I For so much I'll float your Eyes, and let You Rob my Master. Here's an Emblem now, of the Forgivness, Fidelity, and Duty of a Faithful Servant, on the One hand, and of the Flannery, Arts and Practices that are Employ'd by Evil Men to Corrupt him, on the Other.

Under the figure of This Faithful Faithful Servant; is Cou'd a Lecture to All men and Women, let them be Counsellors, Confidants, Favourites, Officers, Soldiers, Traders, or what you will. For there are Good and Bad of All Kinds and Probabilities. So that Aesop's Dog is a Reproach to Foul-Mouthed Persons have a way of Tentation, and Adtrac't, as well as Priests; And he that taketh a Government to be about'd byCareless'nis, or Neglect, does the Same thing, with Him that Maliciously and Corruptly lies himself to Course it, this holds as well too in the Pri'ven Creek, of being other Principles excuss to the Robbing of a House; Only the Former, in a Treachery of a Deeper Dye. There are Leaves at the Gates of Courts and Palaces, as well as at the Door of a Cottage; and to Encourage the Above, there are a Thousand Quicks to avoid the Snare of the Law, though None to Avoid the Gilt of the Sin. There needs no Confess Exports; No Explicit Confessancy; for the Confess, and the Affectation is Emptied in receiving the Pretense; Or according to the Word in the Jargon, The [Annunciation] which is only a Striker Name for a Bribe. Now this Acknowledgment is of the Nature of a Direct Bargain, where the Sum, or the Reward is agreed upon before the Thing be done; though there's none yet for a Divulgation, even in Those Cases, between what's done openly and Bar'ted, and a Thing that's done in Hunger, under a Seal of Secrecy and Concealment. But the Confessance as it is the Bane Judging of the Fraud, and without any more Words, the Dog in the Fable perform'd All the Parts of a Faithful Servant.

FABLE XXII.

A Wolf and a Goat.

A Wolf came to a Sow that was just lying down, and very kindly offer'd to take care of her. The Sow as Civilly thank'd her for her Love, and defir'd the would be pleas'd to stand off a little, and do her the Good Office at a Distance.

The Moral.

There are no Sources so Dangerous as those that are laid for us under the Name of Good Offices.

REFLEXION.

All Men are to be Believ'd, or Truth'd in All Cases; for People, Generally Speaking, are Kind to their Neighbours for their Own Sakes. (Thomas D'Arcy, or Done Foremost) A Wife Man will keep himself upon his Guard against the whole World, and more Effectually, against a Known Enemy, but most of All, against that Enemy in the Shape of a Friend. As the Sow had more Wit then to Entertain a Wolf for her Nurse.

FABLE XXIII.

A Mountain in Labour.

When Mountains cry out, people may well be Excus'd the Appearance of some Prodigious Birth. This was the Case here in the Fable. The Neighbourhood were All at their Wits end, to consider what would be the Issue of That Labour, and instead of the Dreadful Monster that they Expected, Out comes at last a Ridiculous Mouse.
Æsop's FABLES.

The MoraL.

Much doe about Nothing.

R E F L E X I O N.

What are All the Extravagant Attempts and Enterprises of Vain Men
in the World, but Morals; more or less of this Fable? What are Mickle
Proverbs without Consideration? or Effect; but the Vapours of a Dreamer,
that is, the Idly dreams, have neither Issue nor Consequence, and the
Disappointment is not all other; for Men make themselves Ridiculous,
instead of Terrible, when this Imposture shall come to End in a Beast, and
a Mountain to bring forth a Mouse.

F A B. XXIV.

An Ass and an Unthankful Master.

A Poor Ass, that what wit Age, Labour, and Hard Burden;
was now worn out to the Stumps in the Service of an Unthankful Master,
the Ill Hap one day to make a False Step, and to fall down under his Load. His Driver runs up to
him Immediately, and Beats him almost to Death for’t. This (says the Ass to himself) is according to the Course of the Unthankful World. One Casual Slip is enough to Weigh down the Faithful and Affectionate Service of a Long Life.

F A B. XXV.

An Old Dog and his Master.

An Old Dog, that in his Youth had led his Master many a Merry Chase, and done him all the Offices of a Trusty Servant, came at last, upon falling from his Speed and Vigor, to be Laiden at every Turn with Blows and Reproaches for it. Why Sir, (says the Dog) My Will is as Good as ever it was; but my Strength and my Teeth are gone; and you might with as good a Grace, and Very Jot as much Justice, Hang me up becase I am Old, as Beat me because I am Impotent.

The MoraL of the Two Fables above.

The Reward of Affiliation and Fidelity must be the Work of another World; Not but what the Consent of Will Doing is a Comfort that may pay for a Reproome even in this; in despite of Ingratitude and Injustice.

R E.
AN APE and an Ass were Conferring Grievances. The Ass complained mightily for want of Horses, and the Ape was as much troubled for want of a Tail. Hold your Tongues, both of ye, says the Mole, and be thankful for what you have, for the Poor Mole are stark blind, and in a Worse Condition than either of ye.

The Hares and the Frogs.

Once upon a time the Hares found themselves mightily unsatisfied with a Miserable Condition they liv'd in, and call'd a Council to Advise upon it. Here we live, says one of 'em at the Mercy of Men, Dogs, Eagles, and I know not how many other Creatures and Vermin, that Prey upon us at Pleasure; Perpetually in Fright, Perpetually in Danger; And therefore I am absolutely of Opinion that we had better Die once for All, then live at this Rate in a Continual Dread that's Worse than Death it self. The Motion was Seconded and Debated, and a Resolution Immediately taken, One and All, to Drown Themselves. The Vote was no sooner passed, but away they Scuddled with that Determination to the Next Lake. Upon this Hurry, there leapt a Whole Shal of Frogs from the Bank into the Water, for fear of the Hares. Nay, then my Masters, says one of the Gravel of the Company, pray let's have a little Patience. Our Condition I find is not altogether so bad as we fancied it; for there are those you fee that are as much afraid of Us, as we are of Others.

The Moral of the Two Fables above.

There's No Contending with the Orders and Decrees of Providence. He that Made us know'st what's Fittest for us; and Every man's Own Lot (well Understood and Managed) is Undeniably the Best.

Reflection.

'Tis the Intent of these Two Fables, to shew, that no People are so Miserable, but that at some Time or Other, in some Things or Other they have Reason to Account themselves Happy; And if they would but duly consider, how it is with many of their Neighbours, they would find it their Duty to be Thankful, that it is no World with Themselves. It is some Relief to the Miserable to shew them that there are Others yet more Miserable, and there is not any thing so Tumurous, but something else is afraid of it. There are Three, 'tis True, that Die for the very Fear of Death, and Plunge themselves into Certain Miserable Condition: One is a Peacock, another the Poison of that Poison, and the third the Poison of that. But this comes either from the Sea, then their Mis-fortune.

Since it is so, that Nature Provides for the Needful of All Creatures, and for the Well-Being of Every One in it's kind: And since it is not in the Power of any Creature to make it so or otherwise than what by Providence it was Deign'd to be, what a Match is it to With our Fables, Other than what we Are, and what we Must continue to be: Since the Thing is Bounded, and the whole Matter Pre-determined! Every Atom of the Creation has its Place Affligd: Every Creature has its proper Figure, and there is no Diving with Him that Made it so. Why have not I Two? and why have not I That? are Questions for a Philosopher of Bolus to ask; and we may as well cavil at the Motions of the Heavens, the Circumfission of Day and Night, and the Succession of the Seasons, as Espatulate with Providence upon any of the rest of Gods Works. The Ape would have Horses, and the Tinker would find in Bed with his Lady. The Ape would have a Tail, and why should not a blind Mole Complain, that he is not a Monarch of State or Justice? But in short, the Poor, Wretched, Blind Mole puts in with her Doxime to take up the Quarrel.

And what's the Case of the Hares now, but an Inference to Fortise us against Pious Frights and Torments, for Trivial Causes; where the Fears are a great deal more Terrible than the Danger! In All these Cases, we fancy our selves much more Miserable then we Are, for want of taking a True Estimate of Things. We fly into Transports without Reason, and Judge of the Happenings, of Calamity, of Human Life, by Fable Lights. A Sceptic's Enquiry into the Truth of Matters will Help us in the One, and Comparison will let us Right in the Other. The Dog and the Eagle Frighted the Hares; The Hares Frighted the Frogs; and the Frogs were Frighted to One, Frighted something else. This is according to the Course of the World, One Fears Another, and somebody else is afraid of Him.

It may seem to be a kind of a Malicious Satiration, that one Man derives from the Miserables of Another, but the Philosophy of this Reflection stands upon Another Ground; for our Comfort does not Arise from Other People's being Miserable, but from this Inference, we come to be Convin'd of the Sin, and the Mithale of our Ingenuity, What would not a man give to be Exc'd of the Grace or the Stone? Or forfeiting an Incorruptible Favour on the One Hand, and an Incorruptible Mis-tery on the Other, Why should not the Poor Man think himself Happier in his Rags, than the Other in his Purple? But the Rich Man Enjoys the Poor Mans Health, without considering his Want; and the Poor Man Enjoys the Others Treasure without considering his Difadise. What's an Ill Name in the World to a Good Conscience within Ours self? And how much less Miserable upon the Wheel, is One man that is Innocent, than Another under the Same Torture that's Guilty? The Only Way for Hares and Asses, is to be Thankful for what they Are, and what they Have,
Æsop's FABLES.

Fable XXVIII.

A Wolf, Kid, and Goat.

A Goat that was going out one Morning for a Mouthful of Fresh Grass, Charg'd her Kid upon her Blessing, not to Open the Door till she came back, to any Creature that had not a Beard. The Goat was no sooner out of sight, but up comes a Wolf to the Door, that had Over-heard the Charge; and in a Small Pipe calls to the Kid to let her Mother come in. The Kid smelt out the Roguery, and had the Wolf flew his Beard, and the Door should be Open to him.

The Moral.

There never was any Hypocrisie so Disguis'd but he had some Mark or Other yet to be known by.

Reflection.

Here is Prudence, Caution, and Obedience, recommended to us in the Kid's refusal to Open the Door; and here is likewise set forth in the Wolf, the Prejudice of a Frenuchet, and a Bloody Imposter. This Moral runs through the Whole Bundle of Humane Life, for as much as the Flor is carry'd on against the Simple and the Innocent, under False Colours, and False Pretences. There are Wolves in Politics, as well as in Metaphysics; and if the Kid's Obedience had not been more than her Sagacity, she would have found, to her Cost, the Teeth of a Wolf, in the mouth of a Goat; and the malice of an Enemy cover'd under the Voice and Pretence of a Parent.

Fable XXIX.

A Dog, a Sheep, and a Wolf.

A Dog brought an Action of the Cafe against a Sheep, for some Certain Measures of Wheat, that he had lent him. The Plaintiff prov'd the Debt by Three Positive Witnesses. The Wolf, the Kite, and the Vulture. (Testes Prodi & Legaces.) The Defendant was call'd in Cafe's and DAMAGEs, and force'd to sell the Wool off his Back to Satisfy the Creditor.

Æsop's FABLES.

The Moral.

'Tis not a Straw matter whether the Main Cause be Right or Wrong, or the Charge True or False; Where the Bench, Jury and Witnesses are in a Conspiracy against the Prisoner.

Reflection.

No Innocence can be Safe, where Power and Malice are in Conspiracy against it. There's No Peace against Subornation, and False Evidence. What Greater Judgment can be fall'n on a Nation then for Sleep to be made Trapsellers, and Wolves Kites, and Vultures to sit up for Witnesses? This is a large Field, if a Body would Amplify upon it. But the History of the Age in Memory will be the Best Moral of this Fable. There's No Living however without Law: and there's no Help for it in many Cases, if the Saving Equity be Over-run'd by the Killing Letter of it. 'Tis the Foul that does the Butchery: but 'tis the Evidence, False or False, that Governs the Verdict. So that, (as it sometimes falls out) the Honour of the Fable may come to be Consider'd in the Defence and Support of an Undeclared Perjury. The Only Danger is the giving too much Credit to the Oaths of Kite and Vulture. That is to lay, of Witnesses to Prostitute as to bring a Scandal even upon Truth it self, where it is so Affered.

Fable XXX.

A Countryman and a Snake.

There was a Snake that bedded himself under the Threshold of a Country-House: A Child of the Family happen'd to let his Foot upon it: The Snake bit him, and he Dy'd on't. The Father of the Child made a Blow at the Snake, but Miss'd his Aim, and only left a Mark behind him upon the Stone where he Struck. The Countryman offer'd the Snake, some time after This, to be Friends again, No, says the Snake, so long as you have This Flaw upon the Stone in Your Eye, and the Death of the Child in your Thought, there's No Trusting of ye.

The Moral.

In Matters of Friendship and Truth, we can never be too Tender; but yet there's a Great Difference between Charity and Fidelity. We may Hope Well in many Cases, but let us be without Venturing Nuts, and Allegro, for New-Converts are Slippery.

Reflection.

'Tis ill Trusting a Recover'd Enemy; but 'tis worse yet, to Proceed at One Step, from Clemency and Tenderness, to Confidence and Truth: Especially
Æsop's FABLES.

F A B. XXI.

A Fox and a Stork.

There was a Great Friendship once betwixt a Fox and a Stork, and the Former would needs Invite the Other to a Treat. They had several Soups ferv'd up in Broad Dishes and Plates, and to the Fox fell to Lapping himself, and bad his Guest Heartily Welcom to what was before him. The Stork found he was Put upon, but set to good a Face however upon his Entertainment; that his Friend by All means must take a Supper with Him That night in Revenge. The Fox made Several Excuses upon the Matter of Trouble and Expence, but the Stork in fine, would not be fain Nay; So that at last, he promised him to come. The Cullion was ferv'd up in Glafes, with Long Narrow Necks, and the Bef of Every thing that was to be had. Come (say the Stork to his Friend) Pray be as free as if you were at home, and to fellot very Savoury Himself: The Fox quickly found This to be a Trick, though he could not but Allow of the Civility as well as the Justice of the Revenge. For such a Glafs of Sweet-Meats to the One, was just as much to the Purpofe, as a Plate of Porridge to the Other.

The Moral.

'Tis allowable in all the Liberties of Conversation to give a Man a Roundel for his Olive, and to pay him in his Own Coin; as we say, provided always that we keep within the Comps of Honour, and Good Manners.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

F A B. XXII.

A Fox and a Car'd Bird.

A S a Fox was running among a Great many Car'd Fowls, there was One very Extraordinary Piece among the Rest. He took it up, and when he had Consider'd it a while, Well. (says he) What Pity tis, that fo Exquisite an Outside of a Head should not have one Grain of Sense in't.

The Moral.

'Tis not the Barber or the Tayler that makes the Man; and 'tis No New Thing to fin a Fin'd Wretch' Head without as much as One Grain of Salt in it.

REFLEXION.

Many a Fool has a Fine Out side, and Many a Man of Fortune, and Title has not so much as a Common Sense. We have a Whole World of Heads to Answer the Drift of This Emblem; But there is No Judging however by the Sense, of Manners that the Souls can take no Conscionance of, or Virtue, Wisdom, and the Like. The Excellency, in fine, of the Soul is above the Beauty of the Body: Not but that the Graces of One.
Aesop's FABLES.

FABLE XXXIII.

A Dave and Beggar's Feathers.

Dave that had a mind to be Sparkish, Trick'd himself up with all the Gay-Feathers he could Mutter together: And upon the Credit of these Stoll're, or Borrow'd Ornaments, he Valued himself above All the Birds in the Air Beside. The Pride of this Vanity got him the Envy of all his Companions, who, upon a Discovery of the Truth of the Cafe, fell to Pluming of him by Content; and when Every Bird had taken his Own Feather; the Silly Dave had nothing left him to Cover his Nakednes.

The MORAL.

We feast from one Another all manner of Ware, and to all manner of Purposes; Wit, as well as Feathers; but where Pride and Beggary Meet, People are far to be made Ridiculous in the Consequence.

REFLEXION.

Every thing is Belt, and Every Man Happiest, in the State and Condition wherein Nature has Place them; But if Dave will be setting up for Lasciviety, or Affl for Lascivious, they must Expel, and Conform themselves to be Laugh'd at for their Fains. The Allusion of the Dave here, and his Borrow'd Feathers, Extends to All Sorts of Impurities, Vain Pretenders, and Romancers, in Feats of Arms, Stone, Love, or the Like. It Points also at the Empty Affection of Wit and Understanding; in which Case, it fares as it does with men that set up for Quality, Birth, and Bravery, upon the Credit of a Gay Out-side; for Authors may be Cozen'd upon the Tiek, as well as Tylers: Nay we have been some, even of our First-Rate-Writers, that have been Better at Disfiguring other Peoples Works, then Purposing anything of their Own. That is to say, upon the taking of them to pieces, the Stoff and Trimming is found to be Wholly Stoll're, and new-Fournish'd; and nothing, in short that they can Affirm to Themselves but the Needle and Thread that Tacks the Composition together. Now when these Plagiarists come to be Stript of their Borrow'd, or Fournish'd Ornaments, there's the Dave in the Fable truly Moraliz'd.

FABLE XXXIV.

An Ant and a Fly.

There happen'd a Warm Dispute betwixt an Ant and a Fly, Why, Where's the Honour, or the Pleasure in the World, says the Fly, that I have not My Part in? Are not All Temples and Palaces open to me? Am not I the Tatter to Gods and Princes, in All their Sacrifices and Entertainments? Am not I serv'd in Gold and Silver? And is not my Meat and Drink all the Beef? And all This, without either Money or Pain? I trample upon Crowns, and Kifs what Ladies Lips I please. And what have you now to pretend to all this While? Why, says the Ant, You Value Your self upon the Acce's You have to the Altars of the Gods, the Cabinets of Princes, and to All Publick Feasts and Collations: And what's all This but the Acce's of an Intruder, not of a Guest? For People are so far from Liking Your Company, that they Kill ye as fast as they can Catch ye. You are a Plague to 'em Wherever You come. Your very Breath has Maggots in't, and for the Kifs you bring of, what is it but the Perfume of the last Dunghill you Touch'd upon, once Remov'd? For My Part, I live upon what's my Own, and Work Honestly in the Summer to Maintain my self in the Winter; Whereas the whole Court of Your Scandalous Life is only Cheating or Sharping, one Half of the Year, and Starving the Other.

The MORAL.

Here's an Emblem of Industry, and Luxury, set forth at large, with the Several Advantages, and the Scandalous Extents of the One and of the Other.

REFLEXION.

This Fable Marks out to us the Difference betwixt the Empty Vanity of Originality, and the Substantial Ornaments of Virtue. It shews that the Happines of Life does not lie so much in the Enjoying of small Advantages, as in living free from Great Inconveniences, and that an Honest Medicocracy is Belt. The Fly stands up for the Pride, the Luxury, and the Ambition of Courts, in the preference of Palaces, to Caves and Private Retreats. The Ant contents her self with the Virtus of Sobriety, Retiremen, and Moderation: She lives upon her Own, Honestly Got'ten and P'affed, without either Envy or Violence; Whereas the Fly is an Intruder, and a Common Stole-Fly, that Spunges upon Other Peoples Treasure.
Aesop’s FABLES.

A Man can hardly fancy to himself a Tamer Image of a Plain, Honest, Country Simplicity, then the And’s part of the Dialogue in this Fable. She takes pains for What the East ; Wrongs No body ; and in Creates no Enemies ; She wants Nothing, and the Beasts of Nothing; Lives Contented with her Own, and enjoys all with a Good Conscience. This Emblem recommends to us the Adornings of Virtue, Privacy, according to the just Measures of Right Nature, and in few Words, comprehends the Sum of a Happy State.

The Fly, on the Contrary, leads a Lazy, Voluptuous, Scandalous, Shaking Life: Hateful wherever he comes, and in Perpetual Fears and Dangers. She Plagues, ’tis true, from place to place, from Feast to Feast, Brags of her Intertet at Court, and of Ladies Favourites: And what’s This Miserable Insect at all, but the very Picture of one of our Ordinary Trainer-Squires, that spend their time in hopping from One Great man’s Table to Another, only to pick up Scrap, and Intelligences, and to Spoil Good Company? I cannot see one of These Rascals, Humble Companions, skipping up and down from Levee to Levee, and making himself Necessary, wherever he thinks fit to be Troubleome: I cannot hear a Figural Fly Romancing, how the King took him aside at such a time; What the Queen said to him at another; How many Ladies fell out who should have him to her, What Difficulties paid; Where he is to eat to morrow; What Company; What Dishes; What Wine; Who Loves Who; and what Intrigues are about in Church and State. In short, Without more Words I cannot Hear the Chatter, or for the Vayne of their Pragmatical Empty Baggage, Fly at all without thinking of the Fly in the Fable. And this Application was the True End of Writing it.

FAB. XXXV.

A Frog and an Oxe.

A huge Over-grown Oxe was Grazing in a Meadow, an Old Envious Frog that stood Gaping at him hard by, call’d out to her Little Ones, to take Notice of the Bulky of That Monstrous Beast; and fies, fies the, if I don’t make my self now the Bigger of the Two. So the Strain’d Oxe, and Twice, and went still dwelling on and on, till in the Conclusion the Frog’s’d her self, and Burst.

The Moral.

Bornwise Pride, Envy, and Ambition, men fancy Themselves to be Bigger than they are, and Other People to be Left: And This Tumour Swells it self as fast till it makes All Fly.

Reflection.

This Fancy is a Lash upon Those that set up to Live above their Quality and Fortunes, and pretend to feed More for Penny with man of Twenty eases their Eater, and therefore must needs Burst in the Conclusion! But Pride and Ambition Fussers men forward, not only to Experiments great.

FAB. XXXVI.

A Wolf and a Hare.

A Wolf had got a Thorn in his Foot, and for want of a Better Surgeon, who but a Wolf at last, to draw it out with his Teeth! The Wolf was no sooner Eas’d, but he gave his Operator such a Kick under the Ear with his Sound Foot for his Pains, that he Stunned him, and so went his way.

FAB. XXXVII.

A Hare and a Lynx.

There was an Old Hungry Lion would fain have been Dealing with a piece of Good Hare-Flesh that he had in his Eye; but the Hare he thought would be too Fleet for him, unless he could supply the want of Heels, by Artifice, and Address. He puts himself into the Garb, and Habit of a Professor of Phyick, and according to the Humor of the World, sets up for a Doctor of the College. Under this Pretense, he lets fall a Word or two by way of Differtence, upon the Subject of his Trade; but the Hare Smelt him out, and presently a Crotchet came in his Head how he might Counterterem him. I got a Thorn in my Foot: ‘T other day, fays the Hare, as I was Croffing a Thicket, and I am e’en quite lame on’t. Oh, fays the New Physician, Do but hold up your Leg a little, and I’ll cure ye immediately. The Lion presently puts himself in posture
Aesop's FABLES.

The Other: I was a Soldier's Horse; you must know, and my Master carry'd me into a Battel, where I was Shot, Hack'd, and Maim'd; and you have here before Your Eyes the Catastrophe of My Fortune.

The Moral.
The Folly, and the Fata, of Pride and Arrogance. The Misfortunes of Pleasing Happines in anything that may be taken away, and the Blessing of Freedom in a Mean Estate.

REFLEXION.

We are to Gather from hence, that people would never Envye the Pomp and Splendour of Greatness, if they did but consider, either the Cares and Dangers that go along with it, or the Blessings of Peace, and Security in a Middle Condition. No Man can be truly Happy, who is not every Hour of his life prepared for the worst that can befall him. Now this is a State of Tranquility never to be attained, but by keeping perpetually in our Thoughts the Certainty of Death, and the Labours of Fortune; and by Delivering our selves from the Anxiety of Hopes and Fears.

It falls Naturally within the Prospect of this Fiction to Treat of the Wickedness of a Pretentious Arrogance, the Fata that Attends it; TheKc

FAB. XXXVIII.

A Deity and an Affe.

In the Days of Old, when Horses spoke Greek and Latin, and Affes made Sylogism, there happen'd an Encounter upon the Road, betwixt a Proud Pamper'd Jude in the Full Course of his Carriole, and a Poor Creeping Affe, under a Heavy Burden, that had Chopt in the same Track with him. Why, how now Sirrah, says he, D'ye not see by their Looks, and Trappings, to what Matter I belong? And D'ye not Understand that when I have That Matter of mine upon my Back, the Whole Weight of the State rests upon My Shoulders? Out of the way thou flavish Infolent Animal, or I'II Tread thee to Dirt. The Wretched Affe immediately Shunk aside, with this Envious Reflection betwixt his Teeth. [What would I give to Change Conditions with that Happy Creature there.] This Fancie would not out of the Head of him, 'till it was his Hap some Few Days after to see This very Horse doing Drudgery in a Common Dung-Cart. Why how now Friend (says the Affe) How comes this about? Only the Chance of the War, says the
Æsop's FABLES.

Satisfactions, that may be taken from us with the very next Breathe we draw! What Afflience can any Man have of a Pollution that Every Turn of Sun, Every Pull of Air, Change of Humour, and the heat of a Million of Common Casualties may Deprive him of? How many Hugling Sparrows have we seen in the World, that in the same Day have been both the Idols, and the Sport and Scorn of the same Staves and Fools? Nay, how many Emperors and Princes that in the Ruff of all their Glory have been taken down from the Head of a Conquering Army, to the Wheel of the Virtue's Chariot? Where's that Advantage under the Sun that any but a Mad man would be Proud of? Or where's That Pride it felt that any Moral in his Right Wings, would not find Reason to be Affraight of? Take it is very, and what is there more so? then an Unnatural and Unmanly Temperance, that Rides in a Bubble, and Prepares itself in a Buff. Take it in Compulsion, and we find a Thousand Woes, Inqui- nities, and Vexations Cutting Miseries wrap up in. What can be more Imprudent than to Afflict Reputation by the Methods of Infamy? To Afflict to Greatness by the ways of becoming Oftens and Contemplatives? And to Propose the Breaching of a Mighty Fabrick, upon a Bottom that will Certainly sink under the Weight?

The Dis appointed of Tho! that Build their Hopes in this World upon a False Bed, fall under Their Three General Heads. The Advantages we Value our selves upon, may either be taken from us; or We from Them: Or, which is much as One, we may be brought by a Thousand Accounts to lose the Life and Relish of them. As first for the Purposes: they may be taken from Us, by Cheats, Robberies, Subscriptions, False Oaths, Forgerys, Corrupt Judges; To lay nothing of Fires, Earthquakes, Temporal Judgments, and Other Vices without Number. Secondly, We may be taken from them, by as many Ways as there are out of this World. A Fly or a Hair shall do the Office of a Rope. And then for the Third Branch, an Indulgence, a Fever, an Acute Pain, an Impulsive Passion, an Anxious Thought, Inconvenience and Old Age, shall do the Work of Taking away both the Godf, and the Comfort of them. Nay, the very Loss of one Feature is enough to Damp, if not to Destroy the Rebirth of Another.

But now to carry the Allusion One Step farther yet: It may be seriously Affirmed, that All Pro od Mon, even and above the Stroke of a Divine Judgment, are Miserable, even in themselves, and that no Circumstances in this World can ever make them Better. Their Appetites are Intestible, and their Hearts confederately never at Rest; Whether it be Wealth, Power, Honor, Popularity, or whatever else they pretend to. They Envy, and they are Envy'd. It is Impossible for them to be at rest, without Enjoying what it is Impossible for them to Attain. They live Gaping after More, and in a perpetual Fear of Losing what they have already. The Higher they are Raised, the Giddier they are; the more Slippery is their Standing, and the Deeper the Fall. They are never Well, so long as Any thing is above them: And their Ambition carries them on to the Supplanting of their very Mothers and Makers: When yet by a most Ridiculous Contradiction, they lie Effectually, (in the very same Insta- nte) at the Mercy of them they most Distrust. (The Silver, being Ten Thousand Talents, is given to Three, (says Aristocras to Hesiod) The People all, to do with them, as it seemeth good unto Thee, Either, Cap. 5. V. 11.) Who would have imagined now, that the Stuff Credulous of a Poor Captive, should ever have had the Power to make Hesiod's Sent to Unacle to him? Or that the want of a Cap, or a

Æsop's FABLES.
Æsop's FABLES.

Cringe, should I Mortally Discourag'd him, as we find afterwards it did! If Large Poffeffions, pompous Titles, Honourable Commissions, or Favourite Connexions, are a Flaming Bonny of a Gracious Prince, could have made This Proud Man Happy, there would have been Nothing wanting to his Establishment. But All This did not do his Work, it seems; neither, as big as he was, did there in Truth need any Great Matter to Uplift him. But he was as fere to sink under the Inruptcy of his Own Mind, as he had been Doomed to Sake in the Fate of a Common Ruine.

When Hannas saw Mordecai in the King's Gate, (thus the Text) that he fent an ap, nor Muced for him, he was full of Indignation against Mordecai. Nevertheless, he went before him, and when he came Home, he fent and called for his Friends, and Teth, his Wife; and told them of the Glory of his Riches, and the Multitude of his Children, and All the Things wherein the King had promis'd him, and how he had taken Almonds above the Prince and Servitors of the King, Tea. Either the Lovers (frayske) did in no man come with the King unto the Banquet that the King had prepar'd; but my left; and tomorrow am I invited unto her wife with the King. [Yet All This I vouch'd Me Nothing, fo long as I fce Mordecai the Jew fitting in the King's Gate, Esther, Cap. v. V. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13.]

This Influence of Hannas's Case may serve, in a Good Menſiere, for a Moral to the Arrogance of the Heros here in the Fable; only Hannas's Pride was the more Intemperate and Malicious of the Two. To wind up the Story; Mordecai was an Eyewitness to Hannas, and a Gallerie of Fifty Clocks High was prepar'd for him by the Order of Hannas, Cap. v. V. 14. But the King, upon Examination of the Matter, Order'd Hannas himſelf to be Hang'd. [So they Hang'd Hannas upon the Gallows he had prepar'd for Mordecai, Cap. v. V. 15.] Hannas's Pride, in fine, was a Torment to him, and he was not only Punisht by it, and Per'd, but by a Righteous Judgment of Requital, he fuffer'd Death Himſelf upon the very Gibbet that he had provid'd for Another.

How wicked a Creature was Hannas now, even in the Circuits of his Royal Maller, and in the very Rupture of all his Glory! And how Vain again were all his Marks and Emblems of his Character and Power; that he was not able to support himſelf against one Slighting Look of a Sorry Slave! He had the World at Will, we fee; but All was as good as Nothing to him, fo long as he was Mordecai the Jew sitting in the King's Gate, Where the Sover. Man now, that would not rather chufe to be Mordecai in the Zea, upon Those Terms, then to be Hannas in the Palaces! The One had the Blessing of a Confidence that Feats Nothing but God; the Other was Haunted with a Fanatical Weakness of Mind, that makes a Man Dread Every thing, and Stand in awe of his Own Shadow! A Word, a Thought, an Imagination, a Countenance is enough to Break his Sleep, and to Shake the very Foundations of the Babel that he has Built. He fancies every Boll that's Bellow'd at his Voice, to be Pointed at his Perfon, and finds himſelf Wounded in the Moity of the most Innocent Reproofs. He's a Slave to All fantastic, All Accidents, and All feats of Men. A Jei, a Hater, a Lumper; Nay a Glance, an Intimation, or a Slight Caution, with the Help of a Guilty Confidence, and a Superficial Glos of Application, is enough to Muder him; for he Conceives himſelf to be Scorn'd at, when he is not so much as Thought of; as I dare appeal to the Confidences of a Thousand Top Gallant Spirits, that will fancy their own Cape to be the Key to this Moral. He makes himſelf Odious to his Superiors, by his Houghts, 

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FAB. XXXIX.
A Bat and a Weasel.

**Weazel** had seiz'd upon a Bat, and the Bat begg'd for Life. No, No, says the Weazel, I give No Quarter to Birds. Ay (says the Bat,) but I'm a Mouche you fee; look on my Body else, and so the got off for That Bount. The same Bat had the Fortune to be Taken a While after by another Weazel; and there the Poor Bat was forc'd to beg, for Mercy once again. No, says the Weazel, No Mercy to a Mouche. Well (says Tother,) but you may fee by my Wings that I'm a Bird; and so the Bat escap'd in Both Capacities, by Playing the Trimmer.

FAB. XL.
A Bat, Birds, and Weasels.

Upon a Delicate and a Double Battel between the Birds and the Beasts, the Bat fled Neather, till the found that the Beasts had the Better on 't, and then went over to the Stronger Side. But it came to pass afterward (as the Chance of War is Various,) that the Birds Rally'd their Broken Troops, and carry'd the Day; and away the went Then to Tother Party, where he was Try'd by a Council of War as a Defender; Strip'd, Banish'd, and finally Condemn'd never to fee Day-light again.

FAB. XLII.
An Eftishe, Birds, and Weasels.

**The Eftishe** is a Creature that passes in Common Reputation, for Half-Bird, Half-Beast. This Unprincipled Wretch happen'd to be Taken Twice the same Day, in a Battel between the Birds and the Beasts, and as an Enemy to Both Parties. The Birds would have him to be a Beast, and the Beasts Concluded him to be a Bird; but upon flewing his Feet to prove that he was No Bird, and upon flewing his Wings, and his

his Beak, to prove that he was No Beest, they were Satisfy'd upon the Whole Matter, that though he seem'd to be Both, he was yet in Truth neither the One, nor the Other.

The Moral of the Three Fables above.

Trimming in some Caffes, is Fool, and Dishonesty, in others Lovable, and in some again, not only Honest, but Necessary. The Nasty lies in the skill of Distinguisihing upon Caffes, Times, and Degrees.

**Reflection.**

We are here taught in some Caffes to Yield to Times and Occasions; but with a Saving still, to Honour, and to Confidence. A Wife and an Honest Man will always mean the same Thing; but he's a Fool that always says the same thing. Aesop however Condemns the Double Pratiches of Trimmers, and All Fals, Stuffing, and Ambizious Dealing. He gives also to understand, that Thos. that pretend at the same time to serve Two Masters, are True to Neither. The Three Fables next above have a Great Affinity One with Another, and yet not without some Remarkable Diversties neither. From the Emblem of the Bat and Weazel, we are to Gather, that there are Certain Ways, Caffes, and Occasions, wherein, Diligence, and Artificial Evolutions are in some Measure Allowable, provided only that there be No Scandalous, or Malicious Departure from the Truth. This Shifting of the Bat in the Paw of the Weazel, was but making the Beast of what he had to say, and to fliew for Himself, toward the living of his Life. There was No Breach of Faith, or of Truth in't; No Abandoning of a Duty, No Thought of Treachery; Nor in Eftishe, any thing more in't, than a Fair Christian Way of putting out Fals Colours. The Bat that fled Neather, may serve for the Character of a Time-saving Trimmer. He Betrays his Party, first in withdrawing his Affidence. Secondly, in going over to the Stronger Side, and Declaring Himself an Open Enemy when his Fellows had the Woff aff. His Judgment, in first, was Jilt, and if All Double Dealers and Defeters were forc'd, as this Bat was, it would be an Example of Torour to Renegades, and of Encouragement to Honest Men. The Eftishe Caffe seems to be Different from the Other Two. He Fough, (though 'tis not said on which side,) and he was Taken in the Battel. He had the Shape, but not the Heart of a Trimmer, and it was rather Nature then Fraud, that brought him off. Now there are Many things in an Affair of This Quality that may be Warrantable, even upon the Several Scruples of Honour, in him that suffers the Violence, which perseverance would not be so in the Aggruater.
A Wolf that had a mind to take his Ease, Stor'd himself Privately with Provisions, and so kept Cloze awhile. Why, how now Friend says a Fox to him, we ha'nt seen you abroad at the Chair this many a day! Why truly says the Wolf, I have gotten an Indigitation that keeps me much at Home, and I hope I shall have your Prayers for my Recovery. The Fox had a Fetch in it; and when he saw it would not Fadge; Away goes he presently to a Shepherd, and tells him where he might Surmise a Wolf if he had a mind to. The Shepherd follow'd his Directions, and Defroy'd him. The Fox immediately, as his Next Heart, repaired to his Cell, and took Possession of his Stores; but he had Little Joy of the Purchaice, for in a very short time, the same Shepherd did as much for the Fox, as he had done before for the Wolf.

The Moral.

'Tis with Sharpeies as with Yicks, they Prey upon their own kind; and 'tis a Pleasant Stone enough, when Thieves fall out among themselves, to see the Curting of One Diamond with Another.

Reflection.

'Tis Impossible for an Evious Man to be Happy. He makes the World his Enemies, and the Mishad that he does to Others, return'd in a Judgment upon his Own Head. There's No Trusting of a Crafty Devising Knave. I do not speak of the Trust of Privacy and Confidence only; but a Wise Man would see so much as Venture himself in such Company, nor let him come within distance of so much as knowing how to put a Trick upon him. This Fable shews the Danger of such Compeition. And it shews us likewise the Just Face that Attends the Treachery, even of One Traitor to Another: The Wolf had a Devis upon the Fox; The Fox had a Counter-Devis upon the Wolf: (which was no more then a Couple of Crafty Knaves well Maskeid.) And the Shepherd did Justice upon them Both.

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FAB. XLIV.

A Snake and a Fox.

There was a Snake got into a Smith's Shop, and fell to Licking of a File. She Saw the File Bloody, and fill the Bloodier it was, the more Eagerly the Lick'd it; upon a Foolish Fancy, that it was the File that Bled, and That she her self had the Better ont. In the Conclusion, when she could lick no Longer, the fell to Biting; but finding at last she could do no more Good upon't with her Teeth than with her Tongue, the Fairly left it.

The Moral.

'Tis a Madness to flind Biting and Snapping at any thing to no manner of purpos, more than the Grasping of an Impotent Rage, in the fancy of Hurting Another, when in truth, we only Wound our fellows.

REFLEXION.

This Fable sets out the Malignity of some Spiteful People, that take so much Pleasure in the Deign of Hurting others, as not to Feel, and Understand that they only Hurt Themselves. This is the Cafe of those that will be Trying Matrices with their Superiors, and Biting of that which is too Hard for their Teeth. There's no Contending with an Adversary that's either Infallible or Invincible: And the Rule holds, in Matters, not only of Actual Force and Violence, but of Fortune and Good Name; for he's no better then Downright Madmen, to strike where we have No Power to Hurt, and to Convent where we are sure to be Wounded. The Doctrine is this, That Every Man should Consider his Own Strength and Age accordingly.

FAB. XLV.

A League between the Cattle and the Sheep.

There was a time when the Sheep were so hardy as to Wage War with the Wolves; and so long as they had the Dogs for their Allies, they were upon all Encounters, at least a Match for their Enemies. Upon this Consideration, the Wolves sent their Embassadors to the Sheep, to Treat about a Peace; and in the mean Time there were Hostages given on Both Sides; the Dogs on the part of the Sheep, and the Wolves Whelp on the Other Part, till Matters were brought to an Issue. While they were upon Treaty, the Wolves fell a Howling; The Wolves cery'd out Treason; and pretending an Infradition in the Ablue of their Hostages, fell upon the Sheep immediately without their Dogs, and made them pay for the Improvidence of leaving themselves without a Guard.

The Moral.

'Tis foolish in the Highest Degree to think of Establishing an Alliance among those that Nature has left us to be dealt with, by an Inconceivable Disagreement. Wolves, that a Foolish Piece is much more destructive than a Bodly War.

REFLEXION.

To take this Fable in a Political Sense; a Peace that puts People out of Condition of Defence, in Cafe of a War, must expect a War; and such a State as leaves them at the Mercy of an Enemy, is Worse than War it self. There's no Truth to the Articles and Formalities of an Out-side Peace, upon the pretended Reconciliation of an Implacable Enemy. Christian Religion bids us Forgive: But Christian Prudence bids us have a Care too, whom we Trust. 'Tis just in the World as it is in the Apocalypse, Trouses, and Confiscation, are both Made, and Broken, for Pretence Convenience; and where the Allies find they may be the Better for't, we may lay down this for an Undoubted Truth, that there can never want a Colour for a Rapture, where there's a Good Will to't. 'Tis No New Thing in the World for the Dogs that are to keep the Wolves from Worshipping the Sheep, to be deliver'd up to the Enemy for Hostages, for fear the Sheep should Worry the Wolves. This was our very Cafe within the Memory of Man, when Matters were brought to the same Issue in the Kingdom by, that they are here in the Cafe: Wommels the several and several Treaties and Proposals that were set on Foot under the Countenance of a Good Will to Peace: Where only such Conditions were infilted upon by the Disposing Party, as would be almost Equally Defective to all Honest Men, whether they were Granted or Refused. The One Way the Wolves were to have the Sheep left at Mercy; and the Other Way, the Scandal was turn'd upon the Refusers, as the Enemies of an Accommodation: Nay and the very Dogs were turn'd into Wolves too; while Lawyers, and Divines, made the Law and the Gospel Fals of themselves, and Iobim'd the Scriptures against the very Christ and his Apostles.

FAB. XLVI.

An Axe and a Forest.

A Carpenter that had got the Iron-Work of an Axe already, went to the Next Forrest to beg only so much Wood as would make a Handle to't. The Matter seem'd so small,
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that the Request was Easely Granted; but when the TimberTrees came to find that the Whole Wood was to be Cut down by the Help of this Handle; There's No Remedy, they cry'd, but Patience, when People are undone by their own Folly.

FAæ. XLVII.

A Tree and a Wedge.

A Workman was Cutting down a Tree to make a Wedge of it. Well! says the Tree, I cannot but be extremely Troubled at the Thought of what I am now a doing; And I do not so much Complain neither, of the Axe that does the Execution, as of the Man that Guides it; but it is My Misery that I am to be Destroyed by the Fruit of my own Body.

FAæ. XLVIII.

The Eagle and Arrows.

A Eagle that was Watching upon a Rock once for a Hare, had the Ill Hap to be struck with an Arrow. This Arrow, it seems was Feather'd from her own Wing, Which very Consideration went nearer her Heart, the Field, than Death itself.

FAæ. XLIX.

An Eagle taken with Business.

It was the Fortune of a Poor Thrush, among other Birds, to be taken with a Bush of Lime-Twigs, and the Miserable Creature Reflecting upon it, that the Chief Ingredient in the Bird-Line came out of her own Guts: I am not half so much Troubled, says the Thrush, at the Thought of Dying, as at the Fatality of Contributing to my Own Ruine.

The Moral of the Four Fables above.

Nothing can save a Man in his Misforiture, then to find himself Cursed by his Own Folly, or any may Avertor to his own Ruine.

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REFLEXION.

The Fables of the Axe-Handle, and the Wedge, serve to prevent us not to put our selves Needlessly upon an After Game, but to Weigh before hand what we Say, and Do. We should have a Care how we Arm our Enemies against our Selves; for there's Nothing goes Nearer a Man than to be Undone by his Own Improvidence; and Nothing afterward more Ridiculous, than to Blame Fortune for our own Faults: Though we are fo Frail'd by Nature, in respect of our Souls and Bodies, that One Part of a Man is fill'd Wounded by the Other. Nothing is more Troubled the Eagle and the Thrush, as the Thought of afflicting to their own Destruction.

There's No living in this World without an Exchange of Civil Offices, and the Need we have One of Another, goes a Great Way towards the Making of us Love One Another. How is this Amity, and Communication to be entertained now, but by the Commerce of Giving and Receiving? Restor, and Experience, are sufficient to convince us of the Necessity of such a Correspondence; And this Fiction of the Axe and the Forrester, and so of the Tree and the Wedge, shows us the Danger of it too, if it be not Managed with a Provident Respect to All the Necessaries of Circumstance, and Contingency in the Cafe. People have got a Custom, 'tis true, of Computing upon the Pretend Need, and Value of things, without ever binding the Consequences of them: As if all our Asking, and our Grantings were to be Governed by the Standard of the Market. "It's so proverbial, a Harpist, says One, and it was so small a Thing, says Another; And yet this Proverbial Harpist, and this Small Thing, proves it left to be as much as a Man's Life, Honour, and Estate is Worth. Alas! What's a Handle for an Axe, out of a whole Forrester? What's the Writing of a Man's Name, or the saying Ay, or No to a Question? And yet the very Safety and Honour of our Prince and Country, and the Summ of our Well-being lies many a time at Stake upon the Use of doing either the One or the Other. Nay and let the People we have to do wish be never so Just and Honored, it is yet a Ternery, and a folly Inexcusable, to deliver up our selves Needlessly into Anothers Power; For He that does any thing Rashly, must be taken in Equity of Contradiction to do it willingly: for he was free to Deliberate or Not; 'Tis Good Advice to Consider, First, what the Thing is that is Devised. 2. The Character of the Perfon that Asks. 3. What we may be made on't to the Desirment of him that Grants the Request, and so to Resolve how far in Duty, Humanity, Prudence, Justice, and Respect, we are to Comply with it. Wheresoever there is Moral Right on the One Hand, No Secondary Interest can Discharge it on the Other. A Prive' upon Parole must surrender himself upon Demand, though he Die for't. A Man may Contribute to his own Ruin Several Ways; but in Cases not to be Forcibly, and so not to be Provened, it may be his Misforiture, and the Man not to blame. We are not to omit Precaution however, for fear an Ill Us be committed of those Things that we do, even with a Good Intention; but we are fill'd to Distinguish between what may Possibly, and what will Probably be done, according to the Bell Maturities we can take of the End of Asking; for there would be No Place lost for the Functions of Humane Society, if the Possibility of Abusing a Kindness, should wholly Divers us from the Exercise of Charity and Good Nature. There may be Great Michief Wrought yet, without any thing of H
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a Previous Molecule, and it may be Hazardous to Yield, even where the
Proposed is wholly Innocent. There may be other Propositions again, that
were Originally Delightful to Senses, to the Short-sighted and Credulous,
Now 'ts the Art of Life, Critically to Discern the One Cause from the
Other.

There needs Little more to be said to the Emblems of the Eagle and the
Turtle, then to observe, that both by Chance, and by Nature, we are
made Accessible to Our Own Ruins: and that's enough to Trouble a
Body, though not to Condemn him.

FAB. L.
The 3eep and Members.

The Commissioners of Rome were gone off once into a Direct
Faction against the Senate. They'd pay no Taxes, nor
be forced to bear Arms, they said, and 'twas against the Liberty
of the Subject to pretend to Compel them to't. The Sedition,
in short, ran so High, that there was no Hope of Reclaiming
them, till Marcus Agrippa brought them to their Wits again
by this Apologue:

The Hands' and the Foot were in a Delaprate Mutiny once
against the Body. They knew no Reason, they said, why the
One should lo Spreading, and Pampering it, it's with the
Fruit of the Others Labour; and if the Body would not Work for
Company, they'd be no longer at the Charge of Maintaining it.
Upon this Mutiny, they kept the Body to long without Nour
ishment, that All the Parts Suffer'd for't: Informuch that the
Hands and Feet came in the Conclision to find their Mistake;
and would have been willing, Then to have Done their Officer;
but it was now too Late, for the Body was so Pins'd with Over
Fatting, that it was wholly out of Condition to receive the Bene
fit of a Relief: which gave them to understand, that Body and
Members are to Live and Die together.

The Moral.
The Publick is but One Body, and the Prince the Head only; so that what
Member ever withholds his Service from the Head, is no Better than a
Neglected Traitor to his Country.

REFLEXION.

This Allegory is a Political Reading upon the State and Condition of
Civil Communities, where the Members have their Several Offices,
and Every Part Contributes respectively to the Preservation and Service
of the Whole. 'Tis true, their Operations are More or Less Noble, but
the Mechanical Faculties can no more be Spared than the Intellectual, and
those that Serve in Council under an Appearance of Evil, are yet as Bad,
and as Necessity, in their Functions, as those that are Actually and Visibly
in Motion. Here's Caution in fine, to the Members, to have a Care bow
they withdraw themselves from their Duties, till it shall be too late for
their Superiors to make Use of them.

There is so Near an Analogy between the State of a Body Natural, and
Politics, that the Necessity of Government and Obedience, cannot be
better Represented. The Motions of a Popular Passion are to Violence,
and Unreason, that neither Philosophy, Prudence, Experience, Nay, nor
the Holy Writ itself, has the Power (ordinarily speaking) to Work upon
them. If People would allow themselves Time for Thought and Con
sideration, they would find that the Conformation of the Body depends up
on the Proper Use and Service of the Several Parts; and that the Intend
of Every District Member of it, is wrapped up in the Support, and Main
tenance of the whole, which obliges them all to Labour in their Repetive
Offices and Functions for the Common Good. There are Degrees of Dign
ity (no double ort) in Both Cases, and One Part is to be Subservient to
Another, in the Order of Civil Polity, as well as in the Frame of a Man's
Body: so that they are mutually out of the way, that take Eating and
Drinking, and Un-Eating, and Un-Drinking, in a course of Violents,
with other Offices of Nature that are common to Beasts with Men, to be
the Great Business of Mankind, without any further Regard to the Facul
ties, and Duties of our Reasonable Being. For every Member has its Pro
per, and Repetive Function Alleg'd it, and not a Finger suffers but the
Whole Feels on't.

FAB. LI.

An Ape and a Far.

An Ape, that found Many Inconveniences by going Bare
Arms, went to a Far that had a Well-spread, Bathly Tsye,
and begged of him only a little piece on't to Cover his Naked
ness: For (says he) you have enough for Both, and what
needs more then you have Occasion for? Well, Tsys (says the
Far) be it More, or be it Less, you get not one fleg Hatt
on't; for I would have ye know, Sirrah, that the Tyle of a
Far was never made for the Batricks of an Ape.

The Moral.

Procudence has Alleg'd Every Creatures its Station, Lot, Make and Figure;
and 'tis not for Us to pass Correlating the Works of an Incomprehensible
Wisdom, and an Almighty Power.

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REFL ECTION.

This is to Reprove the Imperious, Uble, and Unreasonable Demands of Thofe that fift Ask what Another cannot Part with, unlefs he be a Starke Fool, or a Mad-Man. And, 2. That which if they could obtain would be of No Use, or Benefit to them at all. The Old Moral carries it to Thofe also that will Part with Nothing to the Poor, even one of their Superfluities: But it seems to be Abominably Writ, for neither did the One want, nor had the other Any Thing to spare.

There are Certain Rules to be obferved, as well in Asking, as Denying. Things against Nature are unreasonable on Both Sides. Things Impossible are Ridiculous in the very Propofal; and Things which the One cannot Spare, and the Other will be the Better for, fall naturally within the Compass of Exceptions. That is to fay, Thofe Things that we know not what to do withal if we had them; Thofe Things again, which Anothcr cannot Part with but to his own Lofs and Shame. Thofe Fores are the very Conditions of Thi Fable. Here's a General Caution against Extravagant Defires, and yet let the Refufal be never fo Just, it is Fofible however, that a Man may Offer a most Unconfionable Requifite for an Unfifiable Relfufion; As in the Cafe for the Purpose, of an Ill Natural Denyal, out of a Dilhete of the Man, rather than of the Thing itfelf.

The Application of this Fable to Avarice, that will part with Nothing, seems to be Wrefted; for it inferes more properly upon the Folly of People not being furnifhed with the Appointments of Nature. An Apo with a Topl would be as Scandalous, as a Foe without One. Why should not Any One Creature Envyr the Whole, as well as Any One Part of Another: And why should not an Apo be as much Toubled that he has no Things, as that he has no Topl? This Grumbling Humour has Envyr in it, Avarice and Ingratitude, and fets up in lime againft all the Works of the Creation.

FAB. LII.

A Lark and her Young Ones.

There was a Brood of Young Larks in the Corn, and the Dam, when they went abroad to Forage for them, laid a Strick Charge upon her Little Ones, to pick up what News they could get againft the came back again. They told her at her Return, that the Owner of the Field had been there, and Ordered his Neighbours to come and Reap the Corn. Well, says the Old One, there's no Danger yet then. They told her the next Day that he had been there again, and Defor'd his Friends to Do't. Well, well, says thè, there's no Hurt in That neither, and fo went our Pogging for Provisions again as before. But upon the Third Day, when they told their Mother, that the Mafter and his Son appointed to come Next Morning and don't Themselves: 'Tis time to look about us. As for the Neighbours and the Friends, I fear 'em not; but the Mafter I'm sure will be as good as his Word; for 'tis his own Butchefs.

FAB. LIII.

The Stag and the Oxen.

A Stag that was hard fet by the Hunteurs, betook himfelf to a Stall for Sanctuary, and prevailed with the Oxen to Conceal him the Bell they could, fo they covered him with Straw, and by and by in comes the Keeper to Drive the Cartel, and to Feed them; and when he had done his Work he went his Way without any Discovery. The Stag reckon'd himfelf by This Time to be out of all Danger; but one of the Oxen that had more Brains then his Fellows, advis'd him not to be too Confident neither; for the Servant, says he, is a Puzzling Fool, that needs Nothing; but when my Mafter comes, he'll have an Eye Here and There and Everywhere, and will most certainly find ye out. Upon the very Speaking of the Word, in comes the Mafter, and He fies out Twenty Faults, I warrant ye; This was not Well, and That was not Well; till at laft, as he was Prying and Groping up and down, he felt the Horns of the Stag under the Straw, and fo made Prize of him.

The Moral of the Two Fables above.

He that would be sure to have his Business Well Done, must either Do it Himself, or for the Doing of it, Bide that many a Good Servant is Spoil'd by a Careful Master.

REFLECTION.

Interest does more in the World, then Faith and Honour; for Men are more fond of the Inconvenience of their Own, then the Other; which is all but according to the Old Saying, Command your Man, and Do't Your Self. Neither, in Truth, is it Reasonable, that Another should be more Careful of Me, then I am of myself. Every Man's Business is Best Done when he looks after it with his Own Eyes; And in Short, when Every Man looks to One, the Cargo is taken for All.

We are likewise given to understand, in the Misfortune, and Misrule of the Stag, how Rare a Patience it is for a Man in Distress, to find out such a Patron as has the Will and the Resolution, the Skill, and the Power, to Relieve him; and that it is not Every Man's Talent neither to make the Bell of a Bad Cause. The Morality of this Caution is as good a Lessons to Go-
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For a Prince's Leaving his Burroughs Without his Ministers without a Secret Eye over them, in their Respective Offices and Provinces, is as Dangerous an Error in Politics, as a Master's Committing All to his Servant's as an Overcaution. It is Effectually a Translation of the Authority, when a Superior Trusts himself Implicitly to the Faith, Care, Honesty and Diligence of an Inferior. To lay nothing of the Temptation to Luxury and Folly Descending, when so much may be Gotten by's with so Little Hazard, either of Discovery, or Punishment. Besides the Deliberate Inconvenience of Setting up a Wrong Interest, by drawing Applications out of the Proper Channel, and Clogging the Authority and Duty of the Master to the Honesty and Diligence of the Servant. Men will be True to Themselves, how Faithful soever to One Another.

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That is, either in a Word, or in a Thought. But then 's Death perhaps to be Impressed upon an Hypocrite under that Masque. So that the Character of a Wise Man, Yet as Staked uponNature, One Way, and of a Good Natur'd Man, the Other Way. The Middle Course is to Hide our Difficult where we are doubtful, and to be Free, and Open, where we may be secure. There's No Living without Trusting some Body or Other, in some Cases, or at some Time or Other: But then if People be not Caution'd, Whom, When, and Wherein, the Mask may be Moral, have there must be some What of a Truth to make way for a Truth; since No man can be Herry'd that does not either Believe, or seem to Believe: So that the Fox did well to Weigh All Circumstances before he came to a Resolution. The Law's Design was well enough Cover'd under the Disguise of a Counterfeit Sickens, and a Dissembled Tenderness and Respect, for the Drawing of the Fox into the Toye. For there was the Civility of an Invitation, on the One Hand, and some Colour of a Right to a Visit, though but out of Compassion and Good Manners on the Other: But the Fox's Sagacity, and the Prints of the Feet Spoil'd All. This Fable in One Word more, lets us be Careful how we Trust in Any Case without looking Well about us: for 'tis Half the Burrough's One Part of the World to Put Tricks upon 'The Other. The Heart of Man is like a Bog, it looks Fair to the Eye; but when we come to Try any Weight upon's, the Ground is Falle under us. Nothing could be more Obliing and Respectful then the Lyon's Letter was, in Terms and Appearance; but there was Death yet in the True Intent and Meaning of it.

That is, a Hard Shift to Wriggle his Body into a Hen-Roost, and when he hadbuff'd his Gut's well, he squeeze'd hard to get out again; but the Hole was too Little for him. There was a Wazle a pretty way off, that stood Learing at him all This While. Brother Reynard; (says he) Your Belly was Empty when you went In, and you must e'en lay till Your Belly be Empty again, before you come Out.

Reflection.

Temperance keeps the Whole Man in Order, and in a Good Disposition, either for Thought or Action, but the Indulging of the Appetite brings a Clog, both upon the Body and Mind.

Reflection.

In a Middle State, both of Body, and of Fortune a man is better Disposed for the Offices of Human Society, and the Function of Reasonable Nature; and the Heart is also free from Cares and Troubles. There are
Æsop's FABLES.

Unwieldy Minds as well as Unwieldy Bodies, and the Fumes of the One Obstruct the Operations of the Other. The Head of a Philosopher will never do well upon the Shoulders of an Epicure. The Body and the Soul are Inseparable Companions, and it is against the Nature of this Reasonable Union, for the One to be a Clog to the other. The Foxes here, is the Cafe of a Puffed Monarch, that comes empty in, but when he has cram'd his Guts well, he's fain to squeeze hard before he can get off again; and glad to compound with his very Skin for his Carcase.

**Fáb. LVI.**

A Bear and a Hare.

A Bear happen'd to be Wallowing in the Water where a Hare was going to Drink, and there grew a Quarrel upon't. The Hare went presently to a Man, to Assist him in his Revenge. They agreed upon the Conditions, and the Man immediately Arm'd himself, and mounted the Hare, who carry'd him to the Bear, and had the satisfaction of seeing his Enemy Kill'd before his Face. The Hare Thank'd the Cavalier for his Kindness, but as he was just about to take leave, the Man say'd he should have further Occasion for him, and so Order'd him to be Ty'd up in the Stable. The Hare came by this Time, to Understand, that his Liberty was gone, and No Help for't, and that he had paid Dear for his Revenge.

**Fáb. LVII.**

A Stag and a Hare.

Upon a Dispute between a Stag and a Hare about a piece of Pasture, the Stag got the Better on't, and beat the Other out of the Field. The Hare, upon this Affront, Advis'd with a Man what Course to take; who told him, that if he would Submit to be Bridled, and Saddled, and take a Man upon his Back with a Lance in his Hand, he would undertake to give him the Satisfaction of a Revenge. The Hare came to his Terms, and for the Gratifying of a Prefert Passion, made himself a Slave all the days of his Life. Styphurus made use of this Fable to Divert the Hungriness from Chufing Phalaris the Tyrant for their General. This Hare, says he, will be Yours, if you go on with your Proposals. 'Tis true, You'll have your Revenge, but you'll lose your Liberties; Upon which Words the Motion fell.

The Moral of the Two Fables above.

Let every Man take a True Measure of Himself, what he is able to do, and what Not; before he comes to any Peremptory Resolution how to Proceed.

He is a Misanthrope, that so avoids a Prefert, and a Lot Exert, runs Blindfold into a Greater; and for the Gratifying of a Forward Humour, makes himself a Slave All the Days of his Life.

**Reflection.**

These Fables lay Open to us the Folly of those People that make themselves Slaves to their Revenge; for no Man should be so Angry with Another, as to Hurt Himself for't. We should likewise Consider, that there's More Hazard in the favour of a New Powerful Friend, than in the Hostility of an Old Dangerous Enemy; and that the Greatest Emperors upon the Face of the Earth, have had their Rise from the Pretence of Taking up Quarrels, or Keeping the Peace.

These Fables teach us, that it is a Rule of Good Discretion in all Matters of Quarrel, and Controversie, for Him that is Worthy to have a Great Care Whom he calls to his Aid. Especially when there's more of Offence than Necessity in the Cafe. The Hare might have Quench'd his Thirst with Troubled Water; or he might have stay'd the Clearing of it; or Chang'd his Walking Place; or when he was forc'd out of One Pasture he might have taken up in Another, which would have Preferr'd his Liberty upon the Man, though not so to this Particular: But his Stomach was too Great; it seems, to Digest the Affront, without having his Enemy at his Feet: so that he gives up his Freedom to Gain his Revenge. He has Fair Words however, Rich Trappings, and Large Promises; but Works only for his Master; and at any time he does but Sicken his Pace, or abate, either in his Zeal, or in his Mente, the Spur is immediately in the Finch of him: Or if he be Unruly, the Bait upon the Check to keep him to his Duty. The Stag was too hard for the Hare; and the Hare, by being Submissive to one that's too Hard for him, and Rides the One to Death, and Outright Kills the Other. It was Well, it was Possible, to keep all4 Potent Enemies to the Behaviour in such a Case as this. Especially if they appear under the Shape of Friends: But if People will Venture Life, Liberty and All, for the Clawing of an Inch, and lay Violent Hands upon Themselves, there's no Fence for't.

That which Men are to Hares, in the Scale of Creatures, Men in Power and Authority, are in some Proportion to the Poor and Weak: That is to Say in the Acolyty of Servitude, and Drudgeries; and in the carrying of some sort of Burdens that are a Shame to the Bearer. They Toil and Moly for the Interest of their Masters, that in compact, break the very Heirs of them for their Pleasures; and the Fees they are of their Fills, the more Scandalous is the Beggarte. When they have done All that Hares can do, they are Laid, Screen'd, Reviled, and Be Treasted, for not being able to do More: They are Hare's Co without either Respect or Reason; And after they have carry'd their Riders safe over All Leaps, and thorough All Dangers, and by All Ways and Means Contributed to the Gain, Credit, and Security of their Masters, what comes of them in the End, but to be Strain'd, Funnard, or Broken Winded; Old Age
Fable LVIII.

Two Young Men and a Cook.

Two Young fellows slip into a Cook's shop, and while the Master was busy at his Work, one of them stole a piece of Flesh; and conveyed it to the other. The Master missed it immediately, and challenged them with the Theft. He that took it swore he had none on't. And he that had it, swore as desperately that he did not take it. The Cook reflecting upon the Conceit: Well, my Masters, (says he) these Frauds and Fallacies may pass on Men; but there's an Eye above that sees thorough them.

Reflection.

There's no PUTTING of Tricks upon an All-Seeing Power; as if he that made our Heavens, and knows every Node, and Corner of them, could not see through the Childish Falacies of a Double-Meaning.

Reflection.

This Fable concerns those that think to deceive God with Fallacies of Words, Equivocation, Mental Reservations, and Double Meanings; but though Frauds and Fugitives may pass on Men for a Season, they are as Open as the Light yet to Him that searches the Heart. A man had better be a Downright Afool, then in such a Case as this, an Equivocating Hypocrite; for he that denies a Providence, or Doubts whether there be any God at all, is much more Pardonsible, then Another that Acknowledges, and Confesseth an All-Seeing and an Almighty Power; and yet at the same Time, most Blasphemously affronts it. 'Tis a great Unhappiness that Children should be so much Addicted (as we fee they are) to this Way and Humour of Shuffling; but it is a Greater Shame and Mischief, for Parents, Governors, and Tutors, to encourage, and allow them in't, and to (Effectually) to Train them up to One of the most Dangerous Corruptions, they are capable of; in Countenance the very Ground-work of a False and Treacherous Life. There must be no Pacifying or Playing Tricks with Things Sacred. Truth is the Great Lection of Reasonable Nature, both in Philosophy, and in Religion. Now there is a Truth

Fable LXI.

A Dog and a Butcher.

A Butcher was busy about his Meat, a Dog runs away with a Sheep's Heart. The Butcher saw him upon the Gallip with a piece of Flesh in's Mouth, and called out after him, Hark ye, Friend (say he) you may a' en make the Bell of your Purchase, so long as you made me the Felt for't.

The Moral.

It may serve as a Comfort to us in All Our Calamities and Afflictions, that He that Leaves any thing and gets Wisdom by't, is a Gainer by the Loss.

Reflection.

No Man is to Account any thing a Loss, if he gets Wisdom by the bargain: Indeed, that Boast Win a Loss. It is in some Proportions, in the Benefit of this World, as it is in that of the Next: In the Cables, (I mean of Losses, Misfortunes and Disappointments,) we are both benefited for them. Provided they be not Moral, that is, for they are Moritory and Instructive. Affliction makes a Man both Honest and Wise; for the former brings him to a taste of his Error, and the Experiment to the Knowledge of it. We have I know not how many Adages to back the Reason of this Moral, Hang a Dog upon a Crab-tree (as they,) and it will never lose his Jarry. And then we have it again in that Common saying, The Burnt Child Dreads the Fire. 'Tis Wandering Many times, whether it be in Opinion, or in Travelling, that sets a Man Right in his Judgment, and brings him into the Way. The Dogs running away with the Flesh, Does as good as bid the Cook look Better to's Another Time. A Dog and a Shop. See Fable and Moral 39.
FABLE LXI.

A Wolf, a Lamb, and a Goat.

A Lamb was followed a Goats. Up comes a Wolf, wheedling, to get him aside, and make a Breakfast of him. Why what a Fool art thou, says the Wolf; that mayst have thy Belly full of Sweet Milk at Home, to leave thy Mother for a Nutty, Stinking Goat! Well, says the Lamb, but my Mother has Plac'd me here for my Security; and you'd fair get me into a Corner to Worry me. Pray, which of the Two am I to Trust to Now?

The Moral.

Where there's the Order of a Parent on the One side, and the Advice of an Ill Man, and a Profit'd Enemy, on the Other, in Opposition to That Command; Diffidence would be Undoubtedly the Ready Way to Destruction.

REFLEXION.

This Fable Preaches both Obedience and Caution, the One as a Matter of Duty, the Other as a Point of Prudence. The Wolf sings directly the same Note here with the Common Seducers and Incendiaries, that we Meet with in the World. And to the same End too; for they are both Agreed upon it; that so soon as ever they shall have withdrawn the Lamb, or the People, from their Religion and Allevians, and gotten them out of the Pale, and Protection of their Parents and Governors, they'll make a Prey of 'em Themselves. What's the Wheedling of the Lamb out of the Situation where Authority had Plac'd him, to go home again for a Belly-full of Sweet Milk, but a State-Trick of Inviting the Maturity into a Proce Paradize, walk out Understanding One Word of the Matter in Question! Big some Lamb are Wiser and Honest than some Men. And This very Lamb's Answer might have become the Mouth of a Good Christian and a Good Subject, for a Conclusion; The Wolves Praying to the Shop, and the Fowls Praying to the Gods, hold forth the same Moral.

FABLE LXII.

A Cat and Bunnus.

A Young Fower that was Passionately in Love with a Cat, made it his Humble Suit to Venus to turn Foxs into a Woman. The Transformation was wrought in the Twinkling of an Eye, and Out she comes, a very Beautiful Lady. The Dancing Set took her home to his Bed; and bad Fair for a Litter of Kittens by her Night. But the Loving Couple lay Wiggling together, a Toy took Venus in the Head, to try if the Cat had Chang'd her Manners with her Shape; and so for Experiment, turn a Mouse loose into the Chamber. The Cat, upon This Temptation, Started out of the Bed, and without any regard to the Marriage Joys, made a Leap at the Mouse, which Venus took for so High an Affront; that she turn'd the Madam into a Foxs again.

The Moral.

The Extravagant Transports of Love, and the Wonderful Force of Nature, are uncontrollable; The One carries as Out of our Selves, and the Other brings us Back again.

REFLEXION.

This is to lay before us the Charms and Extravagances of a Blind Love. It Covers all Imperfections, and Confuses another Quality, not Merit. How many Noble Whores has it made, and how many Imperial Slaves! and let the Defects be no so Gross, it either Faillure, or Exceeding them. The Woman Leaping at the Mouse, tells us also how Improvable it is to make Nature Change her Biax, and that if we flout her out at the Door, she'll come in at the Window.

Here's the Image of a Wild and Insatiable Love, under the Cover of an Extravagant a Fable, and it is all but Fancy at first too; for Mordance Sex, or Tail, or Find the Thing they Love, but they Create it. They Fall in an Idol, in what Figure or Shape they please; Set it up, Worship this, Dote upon it, Purr it; and as in Fate, run Mad for't. How many Passions have we seen in the World, ridiculously enough to Answer All the Follies of this Imagination! It was much for Venus to turn a Cat into a Woman, and for that Cally again to take That Cat for a Woman; What is it now, for a Fox to Form an Idea of the Woman he Dyes for, Every bit as Unlike This Woman, as the Cat is in the Mycroft? Let This Suffice for the Impudency, and Illusions of That Passion.

We are further to Understand that No Counterfeit is so Steady, and so Easily Drawn, but Nature by Stunts will throw her full thorough it, for Foxs, even when she's a Man, will be a Mouse still. To the Same Thing with a Hypocrite, which is only a Devil dress'd up with a Ray about him, and Transmuted in an Angel of Light. Take him in the very Raptures of his Devotion, and do but throw a parcel of Church- Ludes in his way, he shall Leap at the Sacriste from the very Throne of his Glory, as Fair did at the Mouse, and Pick your Pocket, as a French Poet says of a Tiff, in the Middle of his Patronize.
Aesop's FABLES.

FAB. LXII.

A Father and his Son.

It was the Hap of a very Honest Man to be the Father of a Contentious Brood of Children. He call'd for a Rod, and bid 'em Take it, and Try One after Another with All their Force, if they could Break it. They Try'd, and could not. Well (says he) Unbind it now, and take Every Twig of it apart, and see what you can do That Way. They Did so, and with Great Ease, by One and One, they fipt it all to pieces.

This (says he) is the True Emblem of Your Condition. Keep Together and Y'are Safe, Divide, and Y'are Undone.

The Moral.

The Break of Unity puts the World, and All that is in't, into a State of War, and turns Every Man's Hand against his Brother; but so long as the Bond holds, 'tis the Strength of All the Several Parts of a Chair'd into One.

Reflexion.

This is to Intimate the Force of Union, and the Danger of Division. What has it been but Division that has Expos'd Christendom to the Enemies of the Christian Faith? And it is as ruinous in Private as 'tis in Publick. A Divided Family can no more Stand, than a Divided Common-Wealth; for every Individual Suffers in the Neglect of a Common Safety. 'Tis a Strange Thing that Men should not do that under the Government of a Rational Spirit and a Natural Prudence, which Wolves and Beares do by the Impulse of an Animal Inclin.' For they, we fear, will make Head, One and All against a Common Enemy, whereas the Generality of Mankind bye Picking at One Another, till One by One, they are all Turn'd to Pieces. Never considering (with the Father here) the Necessity and Strength of Union.

FAB. LXIII.

A Laiden Ass and a Deer.

A Hare and an Ass were upon the Way together; the Ass cry'd out to his Companion, to Ease him of his Burden, though never so little, he should fall down Dead else. The Hare would not; and so his Fellow-Servant funk under his Load. The Master, upon this, had the Ass Plaid, and laid his Whole Pack, Skin and All, upon the Hare. Well, (say's he) This Judgment is befall'n me for my Ill Nature, in refusing to help my Brother in the Depth of his Distress.

The Moral.

It is a Christian, a Natural, a Reasonable, and a Political Duty, for All Members of the Same Body to Assist One Another.

Reflexion.

The Business of the World, is more or less, the Business of Every Man that lives in't: And if the Great and the Small do not Join in One Common Affiance, where the Matter requires it, they are in Danger to be Both Undone: So that it is for the Good of the Whole, that the Several Parts take care One of Another.

We have here but two of the Mischiefs of Ill Nature, and Impudence, both in One; and the Folly of not Healing the Duty, as well as the Common Necessity, of Helping One Another. [This is Now of My Business] we Cry: never considering, that in Things Requisite to be done, what One Cannot, Another Must: Besides, that in the Case of a Fellow-Servant, or an Honest Neighbour, I am as much bound to save him from Sinking under a Heavy Burthen, as I am to give him a Cup of Drink, or a Morrel of Bread, to keep him from Choking or Starving: It makes a Breach in a Community, when Particular Men shall take upon them to Divide from the Common Service of the Body: And He that sets up a Private Interest, Separate from the Publick, Disinteresses the Connexion of the Government, by Cutting off That Link of the Chain. But the Miseries and Calamities that follow upon departing from the Known Rules and Measures of Political Order, are sufficient to Enlighten us in the Reaison of Political Methods, and to Excite us to an Agreement in all Reciprocal Services, One with Another.

There's the Duty of Charity in't, and the Foundations of Governing Prudence; Besides, that we are likewise Moved to, by a Sense of Tenderness, Honour and Justice.

The Christian Humour of this Hare is too much the Humour of Man, even in the Case of Subjects to the same Master; but such is the Vanity that many People draw from their Titles, and their Trappings, that they look down upon their Fellows, as if they were not All made of the same Clay. To speak the Plain Truth of the Matter, 'Tis the Little People that support the Great; and when the Foundation fails, the whole Fabric must either drop into Rubbish, or otherwise Rest upon the Shoulders of their Superiors.
Aesop's FABLES.

Fab. LXIV.

A Collier and a Fuller.

A Fuller had a very kind Invitation from a Collier to come and Live in the Houle with him. He gave him a Thousand Thanks for his Civility; but told him that it would not Stand with his Convenience; for (says he) as fast as I make any thing Clean, You'll be Smutting it again.

Fab. LXV.

A Cloth and a Stallion.

Any Dear Mother! says the Stallion, Never had any Creature such a Friend as I have, of this name Stallion. No, says she, nor ever any Mother such a Fool to her Son as I have, of this name Thrush: To talk of a Friendship between People that cannot so much as live together in the time Climate and Season. One is for the Summer, 't Other for the Winter; And that which keeps You Alive, Kills your Companion.

The Moral of the Two Fables above.

*Tis a Necessary Rule in Alliances, Marriages, Societies, Fraternities, Friendships, Partnerships, Commerce, and All Manner of Civil Dealings and Contracts, to have a strict Regard to the Humour, the Nature, and the Disposition of Those we have to do with.

Reflection.

This is to bid us have a Care what Friendships we Contract, and what Company we keep; for Contrary Humours and Manners will never agree together. There can be no Thought of uniting Thrush that Nature it will not Divest. And this Caution holds good in all the Branches of a Soldier's Life; as Marriage, Studies, Pleasures, Society, Commerce, and the like: *Tis in some Sort, with Friends (Pardon the Courtesies of the Illustration) as it is with Dogs to Coursers. They should be of the Same Size, and Humour; and That which pleases the One should Please the Other; But if they Draw Several Ways, and if One be too Strong for 'Other, they'll be ready to Hang themselves upon Every Gage, or Style they come at. This is the Moral of the Friendship between a Thrush and a Stallion, that can never Live together.
RE VERE.

This is to Repeate Tho's (according to the old Moral) that Ste up Men in Power to do Publick mischief, which is much Worse then any Man's doing a Private One himself: And only a Safer Way of Committing greater Outrages.

The Transpectt Pica is so Arrant a Shuffe here, that an Incendary at the Bar, or in the Pub, has as much to say for himself. He that Counsells, Encourages, or Abuses a Michael, Does it. The Sedition Lawyer, or Devote, Kills No body with his own Hand, but by a False Glospe perhaps, upon a Law, or a Text, he may Cause Ten Thousand Swords to be Drawn, without Spilling One Drop of Blood immediately Himself. Shall any Man now, that Willfully, and Maliciously, procures the Cutting of whole Armies to Pieces, set up an Innocent? As if the Lives that were taken away by his Incitement, were not to be Charged upon his Account. He that Covers murder, Oppresses, Sacrilege, Rebellion, with a cloath of Statute and Scripture, makes God and Government, Effectually the Authors of the Wickedness; And Tho's are the Bait, and Word of Brass, that Employ Sundrymen Mercenary under them to do the Work. What is This, but to engage our Bibles, and our Law Books in a Conspiration against Themselves? Shall He that gives Fire to the Train, pretend to Wash his Hands of the Hurt that's done by the Playing of the Mine? Human Corruptions are as Catching as Powder; as Evilly Enfam'd, and the Fire afterwards as Hard to be Quench'd. That which a Mad Child to be done, he Does Himself, and 'tis all a scall whether it be by Fraud, Precept, or Example. In one Word, He that Kindles the Phallus of the Male, is Anainviable for the Following Conspiration. When the Men of the Long Robe, have once Presid'd the People to Tinder, the false Spark sets them a Fire: so that they have no more to do then to Inculcate the Doctrine of Dissobedience, and then leave the Multitude to chew upon it. A Transpect in the Pub is the very Emblem of a Transpect in the Field; and the same Charge holds Good against Both. Only the Spiritual Transpect is the more Persimmon Instrument of the Two; for the Latter forces only to Rouze the Courage of the Soldiers without any doctrine of Applicaton upon the Text, whereas the other infuses Malice over and above, and Preaches Death and Damnation, Both in One, and gives ye the very Chaper and Verfe for.

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Aesop's FABLES.

A Reflexion.

Now if you'll go along with me, and do as I do, you may fare as I fare. The Wolf struck up the Bargain, and away they trotted together: But as they were jogging on, the Wolf spying a Bare Place about the Dog's Neck, where the Hair was worn off. Brother (says he) how comes this I prether? Oh, That's Nothing, says the Dog, but the Fretting of my Collar a little. Nay, says I other, if there be a Collar in the Cafe, I know Better Things then to tell my Liberty for a Crust.

The Moral.

We are so Dazzled with the Glory of a Splendid Appearance, that we can hardly Differ the Inconveniences that Attend it. To be Comfortable Good Meat and Drink at Command, and Warm Lodging: But he that folds his Freedom, for the Cramming of his Gut, has but a Floured Bargain of it.

A Reflexion.

In this Emblem is set forth the Blessing of Liberty, and the Sordid Meaness of those Wretches that sacrifice their Freedom to their Luxuries, and their Palaces. What Man in his Right Senses, that has heretofore to Live Free, would make himself a Slave for Superfluities! The Wolf would have been well enough Content to have Bar'd away a Ragged Coat, and a Raw-Board Carcass, for a Smooth and a Fat One; but when they came to talk of a Collar once, away Marches He to his Old Trade in the Woods again, and makes the Better Choice of the Two.

To speak to the First Point, we are liable to be imposed upon by Outward Senses, and Apparitions, for want of searching things to the Bottom, and Examining what Really they are, and what they Only seem to be. This Fiction of the Wolf, is a Reproof to Eager Appetites, and Over-Hasty Judgments, that will not give themselves time to Balance Accounts, and Compute Beforehand, whether they are to get or Lose by the Bargain. It holds as well against Intemperate Curiosities, and Ruthful Views, That is to say, against the Pity of the One, and the Wickedness of the Other; for if we were once to take Evil for Good, our very Prayers are turned into Sin. But what with a Certain Inclination to Frying into, and Mirroring with other Peoples Manners, and a Natural Love that puts us upon Shifting and Changing; we fall Infinitely into a Thousand Inconveniences: and when it comes to That once, that we find our Selves Unable at Home, and no Resting-Place in our Own Thoughts, 'where Rest Only to be had' we are e'en glad to run away from our Selves, and Hires abroad for 'where Can never be found. This is the Common Rose of all our Wandring and Errors. We Spend our Time, and our Peace, in Pursuit of Things wholly Foreign to our Business, and which will Certainly Deceive us at last.

Then is it, and Thus it must be, so long as we take every thing by a Wrong Handle, and only Calculate upon our Own Mistrusts, without any Allowance for the Comforts that we Enjoy. And so we reckoned upon our Neighbours Enjoyment, on the Other Hand, without any Consideration for the Hardships that They Endure. Oh that I had but such a Palace! Says One; Such an Estate; Such a Retinue; This Glorious Train; That Lovely Woman, &c. Nay the Evasive Feast Deflected to the very Point, and
and Pettition. Now these Idle Curiosities may be Specious Enough in the Conception; but what if This House, at the Foot of the Account, should Prove to be Haunted, That Gay Furniture Borrow’d; T’Other Fine Woman Clop; The Can of Satirical cleaving to such an Inheritance, and all the rest of the Gowdy Fooleries perhaps unpoynd’d for (as their Incumbrances are no New Things in Nature) Who would not rather take up with the Woff in the Woods again, than make such a Clutter in the World upon Their Scandalous Conditions.

For the Obviating of All Caes of this Quality, Children should be Early Instructed, according to their Age and Capacity, in the True Estimate of Things, by Opposing the Good to the Evil, and the Evil to the Good; and Comparing, or Qualifying One Thing with Another. What’s Plenty without Health? What’s Ease without Plenty? And what’s Title and Greatness, with Carling Thoughts, and a Troubled Mind to Attain it? What does That Man want that has Enough? Or What’s He the better for a Great Deal, that can never be Satisfy’d? By this Method of Setting what we Have against What we have Not, the Equity of Providence will be made Manifest, and to All manner of Purposes Justify’d; When it shall appear upon the Balance, that Every man has his Share in the Bounties of Heaven to Mankind.

As to the Freedom here that Aesp is to Tender of, it is to be Understood of the Freedom of the Mind: A Freedom to Attend the Matters of Right Reason; and a Freedom, in sum, not to be parted with for All the Sensual Satisfactions under the Sun. It is, I say, a Freedom under these Limits; for there’s No such Thing as Absolute Liberty: Neither is it possible that there should be any, without a Violence to the Order of the Universe, and to the Dictates of Reasonable Nature: For All Men Living are in Some Sort or Other, and upon some Penalty or Other, Subjected to a Superior Power; That is to say, the Laws of Morality are Above them: But the Case where in All Men are upon the Behaviour is not here the Question. To Wind up the Moral, in short; Liberty is a Jewel, and a Blessing. The Woff was well enough plac’d here with the Sease of the Dog’s Body, but he had no Fancy to his Collar.

A Farmer and his Dogs.

A Certain Farmer was put to such a Pinch in a Hard Winter for Provisions, that he was forc’d to Feed Himself and his Family upon the Main Stock. The Sheep went First to Fod; the Goats Next; and after Them, the Oxen; and All Little enough to keep Life and Soul together. The Dog’s call’d a Council upon’t, and Resolv’d to show their Master a Fair pair of Heels for’t, before it came to be Their Turn; so, (sul’d they) after he has Cut the Throats of our Fellow Servants, that are to Necessity for his Business, it cannot be Expected that he will ever Spare us.

A Farmer at First Sight.

Upon the First Sight of a Camel, All people ran away from’t, in Amazement at so Monstrous a bulk. Upon the Second Sight, finding that it did them No Hurt, they took Heart upon’t, went up to’t, and View’d it. But when they came, upon Further Experience, to take Notice, how Stupid a Beast it was, they Ty’d it up, Bristled it, Loaded it with Packs and Burdens; Set Boys upon the Back on’t, and Treated it with the Lat Degree of Contempt.

A Scur and a Sconce.

For the hap to fall into the Walk of a Scur; (the First of the Kind that ever he saw) and he was ready to Drop down at the very sight of him. He came a While after, to see Another, and was Frighted All; but Nothing to What he was Before.
Aesop's FABLES.

It was his Chance, after This, to Meet a Third Lion; and he had the Courage, Then, to Accost him, and to make a kind of an Acquaintance with him.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

Neither Surprises us, nor we have Naturally a Horror for Unwise Misfortune; but 'tis our Ignorance that staggered us, for upon Custom and Experience, All Those Dogs grew Familiar, and Left us in.

REFLEXION.

Things that at first seem Terrible, become Easy to us when we are Warded to them; says the Old Moral, which holds, I confess, in the Case of the Camel, but not in That of the Lion.

With leave of the Moralist, the Illustration does not come up to the Force and Intent of the Two Last Fables: Neither, in truth, is the very Design of them according to the True Reason of the Matter in Question.

Things that seem Terrible, and are Not so, become not only Familiar, but Ridiculous to us, when we find that our Fears were Vain and Idle, as in the Case of the Camel: But things on the contrary, that only seem Terrible, but are found upon Experience to be more Dangerous then we took them for: (as in the Strength, the Numbers, the Fierceness, and the Appetite of a Lion.) There are Things, I say, that the Better we Know them, the More we Dread them; So that though we have Apprehensions, as well there is no Fear, as where there is: Yet Time teaches us to Distinguish the One from the Other. The Allusion would much better have been in the Case of a Battle, where the Soldier grows daily less apprehensive of the Hazard, by seeing so many People Spare; and by Comparing upon the Disposition of Those that Oust live it, to Those that Fall in. We may however Learn from hence, that People may be Frighted as well Without Reason as With it. Now, in Properity of Speaking, and in a Right Understanding of the Thing too, People were not so much Frighted, as they were Surpriz'd at the Bigness, and Unconscionable Deformity of the Camel; But I could Wish, the Fox had been More and More afraid of the Lion, the Offence he Saw him, and the Desires would then have been to Govern our Passions by the Truth and Reason of Things, not by Apperances; but it holds however, that Custom goes a Great Way in making Masters Indifferent to us. 'Tis much the same Case too, between the People, and Beggars, and All of State, that is here between the Fox and the Lion. Men look, upon the First Opening of a Publick Faf, as if Heaven and Earth were going together; Not a Shot Open; The Streets Quiet, and to Dismiss a Countenance Every where, as if it were to Rain Fire and Brimstone the Next Moment. The Second Day is a Little Uscially too, but not half so Frightful as the Former: and so in Two or Three days more, the Awe goes quite off, and the People come to their Wits, and fall to their Trade again, without any further Heed to the Matter.

FAB. LXXII.

AN EAGLE and a FOX.

There was a Bargain struck up between an Eagle and a Fox, to be wonderful Good Neighbours and Friends. The One took Up in a Thicket of Bruthwood, and the Other Timber'd upon a Tree hard by. The Eagle, One Day when the Fox was abroad a Forraging, fell into his Quarters and carry'd away a Whole Litter of Cubs at a Swoop. The Fox came time enough back to see the Eagle upon Wing, with her Prey in the Foe, and to send many a Heavy Curse after her; but there was No overtaking her. It happen'd in a very Short time after this, upon the Sacrificing of a Great, that the same Eagle made a Scoop at a piece of Flehe upon the Altar, and the Fox took it away to her Young: But some Live-Coles it seems, that stuck to, set the Net a Fire. The Birds were not as yet Fledge enough to Shift for Themselves, but upon Sprawling and Struggling to get Clear of the Flame, down they Tumbled, half Roasted, into the very Mouth of the Fox, that flood Gaping under the Tree to see the End on't: So that the Fox had the Satisfaction at last, of Devouring the Children of her Enemy in the very Sight of the Dam.

The MORAL.

God Reverts to Himself the Punishment of His Heirs, and Oppressing Government, and the Victual of his Own Worship and Altar.

REFLEXION.

This is to give Great Men to Understand, that no Power upon Earth can Protect them in the Exercise of Tyranny and Injustice; but that Time, or Later, Vengeance will Overtake Oppressors. It does likewise Condemn Treachery, and Breach of Faith, even toward the most Perspicuous.

The Morality of This Fable looks several Ways. Here's left a League between an Eagle and a Fox; which would be a most Incongruous Alliance, if it were not in the Case of That Priests' Birds Departure from the dignity of their Character, and from the Obligation of Royal Justice: So that Aesop has aptly enough Misch'd a False-Breaking Peace; with a Periodical Subject, and fancy'd a Knave's Favourite, as the Fittest Minister for such a Governor. In the Eagle Destroying the Fox's Cubs, there's Power Exercised with Oppression, and the Curse of the Fox that Pur- fied the Oppressor, were not sent in Vain neither, as appears by the Se- quel,
Aesop's FABLES.

FAB. LXXIII.

A Quondamman and a Sth.

Poor Innocent Sthx had the Ill Hap to be taken in a Net
that was laid for Grosts and Grauns. The Sthx Plea for
her self was Simplicity, and Fity: The Love the bare to Man-
kinds, and the Service the did in Picking up Venemous
Creatures. This is all True, says the Hoolrookem; But They that
Keep Ill Company, if they be Catch'd will Ill Company, must
Expect to suffer with Ill Company.

The Moral.

'Tis as much as a Man's Life, Fortune, and Reputation, are Worth, to keep
Good Company (till and above the Contagion of Bad Examples) for
as Birds of a Feather will Flock together, so if the Good and the Bad be
taken together, they must Expect to go the Way of All Fowl together.

REFLEXION.

This is to bid Men have a care What Company they keep; for when
the Good and the Bad are taken together, they must Go together. Not but
that a Man may be under some Obligation of Duty and Respect, to Vitts,
Eat and Corresponde with Many People that he does not Like. And This
may be well enough Done too; provided it be out of Decency, Difcre-
tions, or Good Manners, rather than upon Choice and Inclinations. We
cannot Honestly let a Civil Enemy into a Town that's Besieg'd, or hold
any Sort of Intelligence with him (though but in a Bare Curiosity) about
the Affairs of the Garrison. Let a Man Consider now, how much more
Dangerous, and Unwarrantable it is to take an Enemy into our Souls,
than into our Farts. With all Honour yet to a Brave Adversary, apart
from his Cause.

FAB. LXXXIV.

A Boy and False Alarms.

A Shepherd's Boy had gotten a Roguish Trick of crying [ a
Wolf, a Wolf] when there was no such Matter, and
Fooling the Country People with False Alarms. He had been
at this Sport so many times in Jet, that they would not Believe
him at all when he was in Earnest: And so the Wolf Break
in upon the Flock, and Worry'd the Sheep at Pleasure.

The Moral.

He must be a very Wise Man that knows the True Bounds, and Musters of
Foolings, with regard to Time, Place, Matters, Purposes, &c. But Re-
flexion, Business and Cures of Consequence must be Exempted out of That
cell of Liberty.

REFLEXION.

A Common Lyar (first the Old Moral) shall not be Believed, even
when he speaks True: But there's a Great deal more in't, of which here-
after.

There's not One Man of a Thousand that Understands the Just, the
Safe, Warrable, Decent, and Precie Limits, of that which we call
Battering, or Fooling: But it is either too Courte, too Rude, too Curtilish,
too Litter, too Much b't, too Pedantique, too fine, out of Measure, or out of
Sensue. Now the Life' Energer or Mistake in the Manage of This
Honour, lays People Open to Great Century and Reproche. It is not
Every Man's Talent to Know when and How to Call out a Pleasant Word,
with such a Regard to Modesty and Respect, as not to Transgresst the True,
AEop's FABLES.

and Fair Allowances of Wit, Good Nature, and Good Breeding. The Skill and Faculty of Governing This Freedom with Sobriety and Discretion, Goes a Great Way in the Character of an Agreeable Conversation; for That which we call Rillery, in This State, is the very Source of Civil Entertainment: And without some Such Texture of Urbanity, even in Matters the most Serious, the Good Humour Flatness, for want of Refreshment and Relief: But there's a Medium yet between All Fool, and All Philosopher, I mean, a Proper and a Discreet Mixture, that in some Forts Parallels of Both, and renders Wisdom it self so much the more Graceful, and Instructive. The Gravy, in short, of the One, is Enliven'd with the Spirit and Quickness of the Other; and the Gavrey of a Diverting Word serves as a Vehicle to Convey the Force of the Intent, and Meaning of it. But the Main Shift of all this Fable, is to shew us the Dangerous Consequences of an Improper and an Unseasonable Finding: With All Respect however to the Ornament and Advantages of a Raisin Freedom of Discourse, within the Companys of Sobriety and Honour. To Conclude; The Shepherd's Boy went too far upon the Topic and that he did not Understand.

FAB. LXXV.

An Eagle and a Dove.

A N Eagle made a Stoop at a Lamb; Truth'd it, and took it Cleverly away with her. A Mimical Dove, that saw This Exploit, would needs try the same Experiment upon a Ram: But his Claws were so Shackled in the Fleece with Lugging to get him up, that the Shepherd came in, and Caught him, before he could Clear Himself; He Clipt his Wings, and carried him Home to his Children to Play withal. They came Gaping about him, and ask'd their Father what Strange Bird that was? Why, says he, He'll tell you Himself that he is an Eagle; but if you'll take My Word for't; I know him to be a Dove.

The Moral.

*'Tis a High Degree of Vanity and Folly, for Men to take More upon them than they are able to go through withal; And the End of This Undertakings is only Misery and Disappointment in the Consequence.

REFLEXION.

*The Vain and Dangerous to Enter into Competition with our Superiors, in What Kind Soever, whether it be in Arms, Letters, Exposition, Strength of Body, Arts and Sciences, or the like. *'Tis Impossible for any Man, in fact, to take a True Measure of him, without an Exact Knowledge and a True Judgment of Himself. Nay the Attempt of any thing above our Force, with Vanity, and Presumption, most certainly ends in a Mis
carriage that makes the Pretender Ridiculous. The One-doing of a Great Man in his Own Way, favours in some degree of Ill Manners, as it is upon the Main, a High Point of Indepence. One Man takes it for an Affront to be One-witted; Another to be One-Fool'd, as New could not Endure to be One-Fooled; But in Every, be the Matter never so Great, or never so Trivial, 'tis the same Case as to the Entry of the Competition.

FAB. LXXXVI.

A Dog in a Stranger.

A Chucklih Envious, Car was gotten into a Manger, and there lay Growling and Snarling to keep the Horses from their Provender. The Dog Eat None himself, and yet rather Ventur'd the Starving his Own Carcase then he would suffer any thing else to be the Better for't.

The Moral.

Entry pretend to No Other Happens then what it derives from the History of Other People, and will rather Eat Nothing it self than not Starve Thems that Would.

REFLEXION.

We have but too many Men in the World of This Dog's Humour; that will rather Fumish Themselves, than not be Troublesome and Vexatious to Others. There's an Entry of Good Things too, as well as of Good Men; but this Fable is well known that it is Mortal'd in a Common Proverb.

If some Men might have their Will, the very Sun in the Firmament should withdraw his Light, and they would submit to Live in Perpetual Darkness Themselves, upon Condition that the rest of the World might do so for Company. Whatever their Neighbour Gets, They Lose, and the very Bread that One Eats, makes Another Meager: which is the Genuine Moral of the Fable. There is in this Malevolence, somewhat of the Punishment, as well as of the Spite of the Damned: They take Delight in other Peoples Miseries, and at the same Time are their Own Tormentors. This Diabolical Entry is Detestable even in Private Persons; but whenever the Governing Part of a Nation comes to be Tainted with it, there's nothing so Sacred that a Corrupt, Superficial, Ill Natural Minister will not sacrifice to This Execrable Passion. No Man should Eat, Live, or Breathe Common Air, if He could hinder it. 'Tis the Bane of his Life, and the Delight of his Soul, to Bluff all Sorts of Honest Men, and not only to Lesten their Characters, and their Services, but to Range them in the Number of Publick Enemies: And he had Twenty times rather for the Government Sinks, then have it thought that any hand but his Own Should have a Part in the Honor of Saving it. Now He that betrays his Master for Entry, will never feel of doing it for Money.

L 2
Aesop's FABLES.

For the Gratifying of This Charge'd Malignancy is but Another way of killing him; Only the Sense is Ample and Subservient to the Corruption: But this Court-Evety is not altogether the Enemy of the Dog in the Fable. For there's a Mixture of Avarice and Interest in the Former, whereas the Other is a Spiritual Malignancy purely for Mitchell's sake. The Dog will rather Spare himself then the One shall Eat; but the Courtier will be sure to Look to One whoever else goes to the Devil.

FA S.  LXXVII.

A SLEEP and a CROW.

There was a Crow fat Chattering upon the Back of a Sheep; Well! Sirrah says the Sheep. You durst not ha done This to a Dog. Why I know that, says the Crow, as well as You can tell me, for I have the Wit to Consider Whom I have to do withall. I can be as Quiet as any body with Thistle that are Quarrrelsome, and I can be as Troubleome as Another too, when I Meet with Thistle that will Take it.

The Moral.

'Tis to the Nature and Practice of Drolls and Buffons, to be Injulent toward Thistles that will bear it, and to Stumble to Others that are more then their Match.

Reflection.

'Tis No New Thing for an Innocent Simplicity to be made the Sport of Bantering Drolls, and Buffons. This is to sell Modest and Well-Meaning Men what they are to Expect in this World, and what they are to Trust to where there is not a Power sufficient to Repel Force by Force: And it serves further to keep This Check upon the Injulent, that there are Others as much too Hard for Them, as They are for Thistles that they Oppress. This Crow is much of the Humour of the Mob. They are Tongue-Valiant, Ins True, and as Bold as Herocles where they know there's No Danger, but throw a Volly of Shot among them, and they have not the Courage of so many Hares. And what is All This now, but according to the Rule of the World, God Threatens Kings, (as Dr. Donne has it) Kings Lords, as Lords de Ste. He that's a Tyrant over One Man is a Slave to Another.

FAB.
REFLEXION.

In These Three Fables is set forth the Vanity of Unnatural Withe, and Foulth Prayers, which are not only to be Rejected, but they deceive also to be Punished. Providence has made an Equal Distribution of Natural Gifts, whereof each Creature severally has a share, and it is not for This or That Particular to pretend to All. So that considering the Equality of the Division, No Creature has Cause, other than to Rejoice, or to Complain. We are never Content with the Beauties of Providence. One would have a Voice; T'other Gay Cloaths; and while Every Man would have All, we Charge Providence with Injustice for not giving to every Man All. So-crates was in the Right in Saying, That in Cafe a Man were to go where he should have the Choice before him, of All the Ill Things and All the Good Things in Nature, he would come home again the same Man that he went out.

It is to be Noted, upon the Distribution of the Matter of These Three Fables, that the Camel prays for Weapons Offensive, and Defensive, either for the Encountr'ing of Dangers, or the Repelling of them. The Fox and the Hare, for the Means of Avoiding them. And the Peasants for a Voice, answerable to his Beauty. And All their Prayers are to No Purpose, but to the Reproach of the Petitioners, and to the Confusion of Vain Desires. What is All This but an Appeal from Heaven to Heaven it self; and Petitioning Providence against Providence, in a Recourse from One Providence to Another? The Determinations and Appointments of Heaven are no more to be Disputed and Controled, then they are to be made Better, and Improved; And we must not Premature to Judge of the Goodness and Justice of Heaven, by the Frailties and Corruptions of Flesh and Blood. We were not made with the Almighty, neither in the Making, nor in the Regulating of the World, and we have no more Right to Advise him in the Governing of it. The Power, in fine, that Rules in the Nature of Things, is no other then a Divine Influence.

Why should not the Nightingale Envy the Peasants Train as well as the Peasants Envy the Nightingale's Note? And why should not All the Works of the Creation Exultate at the same Rate, and upon the same Grounds? Why has not Man the Wings of an Eagle to carry him from Danger, or to satiate his Curiosity what the World's doing? Why has he not the Sagacity of a Dog, the Paws of a Lion; The Teeth of a Leopard; The Heels of a Horse, and the like? And have not Brute Animals the same E�权 of Complaint on the Other Hand, for want of the Faculties and Advantages, Intellectual, and Moral of Mankind? So that here's a Civil War that runs throughout all the Parts of the Univeris, where Nothing is pleased with art's Own Lot; and no Remedy at last; but by New Moulding the World over again. This Inordinate Appetite has been the Overthrow of many a Kingdom, Family and Commonwealth.

To Ask Impossibilities, in fine, is Ridiculous, and to Ask Things Unnatural is Impious; for to take upon us to Blame, or Mend the Works of Providence, is to suppoze the Divine Wisdom liable to Misapprehensions and Mistakes. These Mutterings are Foulth also; even to the Degree of Madness it self; for there's no Thought or Possibility of Relief in the Cafe, such as are God has made Us: our Pest and our Sorrow appeared us, and the Decree is not to be Reverend.

Æsop’s FABLES

FABLE XXXI.
An Old Wrasse and Sturgeon.

A N Old Wrasse that was now almost past Mourning, tried what she could do by her Wits, when she found she could live no longer upon the Square, and so Conveys her fish into a Meal-Tub for the Mice to come to Her, since the could not go to Them. They came thick and threefold for a time, as he expected they should, till at last, One Expierenc'd Stager that had Ruffled Twenty Traps and Tricks Before, Discovers the Plot, and quite Spoils the Jef.

The Moral.
The Want of Force, Strength, and Other Abilities to Compi the Ends, will be Supplied by Industry and Invention.

REFLEXION.

KNaves live as Naturally upon Fools, as Spiders do upon Flies, and the Want of Downright Force must be Supply'd by Art. But Time that discovers the Truth of Things, lays open Frauds too and Double Dealings; and after that Discovery, there's no Failing the same Trick upon the Mice and Rats here over again. A Body would think now that Reasonable Creatures should at least have the Wit of Vermin, and not run their Necks over and over into the same Noose; But in Define of Claps and Surfeits, Men we see will be Whoring and Fuddling on Hill, and the same Butt of Liberty and Property will live for the Common People in female Locales, Even after they have been Cheek'd, Beggar'd, and Foyt with it Five Hundred times before.

FABLE XXXII.
An Old Tree Transplanted.

A Certain Farmer had One Choice Apple Tree in his Orchard, that he Valued above all the rest, and made his Landlord Every Year a Prent by the Fruit on't. He lik'd the Apples so very well, that Nothing would serve him but Transplanting the Tree into his Own Grounds. It With'd presently upon the Removal, and so there was an End of both Fruit and Tree together. The News was no sooner brought to the Landlord, but he brake out into This Reflection upon it: This comes, says he, of Transplanting an Old Tree, to Gra-
In These Three Fables is set forth the Vanity of Unnatural Women, and Foulish Prayers, which are not only to be Rejected, but they deserve also to be Punished. Providence has made an Equal Distribution of Natural Gifts, whereas each Creature severally has a share; and it is not for This or That Particular to pretend to All. So that Considering the Equality of the Division, No Creature has Cause, either to boast, or to complain. We are never Content with the Bounty of Providence. One would have a Voice; Another Gay Cloaths; and while Every Man would have All, we Charge Providence with Injustice for not giving to every Man Alone. Some was in the Right in Saying, That in Cain a Man were to go where he should have the Choice before him, of All the BI Things and All the Good Things in Nature, he would come home again the same Man that he went out.

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The Moral.
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REFLEXION.

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Aesop's FABLES.

Gratify an Extravagant Appetite: Whereas if I could have Contemplated my Self with the Fruit, and left my Tenant the Tree still, All had been Well.

The MORAL.

Nature has her Certain Methods and Seasons for the Doing of Every Thing, and there must be no Trying of Experiments to put her out of her Course.

REFLEXION.

There’s No forcing Nature against her Will, or Inverting the Methods of Providence. Irregular Directs and Unreasonable Undertakings must expect to meet with Disappointments. There’s a Proper Time for All Things, and Nothing succeeds well, but what’s done in Season. And This is not the Only Case, neither, where an Extravagant Appetite, or Humour, makes People forget the Methods of Decency and Reason. As in Conspicuo Marches for the Purpose. For Marrying is but a kind of Transplanting, and an Old Fellow with a Young Woman may very well put for a Counterpart of This Fable.

FAB. LXXXIII.

A Fox and a Goat.

A Fox and a Goat went down by Content into a Well to Drink, and when they had Quenched their Thirst, the Goat fell to Hunting up and down which way to get back again. Oh! says Reynard, Never trouble your Head how to get back, but leave That to Me. Do but You raise your self upon your Hinder Legs with your Fore-Feet Cloe to the Wall, and then stretch out your Head: I can easily Whip up to your Horns, and go out of the Well, and Draw you after me. The Goat puts himself in a Posture immediately as he was directed, gives the Fox a Lift, and out he Springs; but Reynard’s Business was now only to make Sport with his Companion, instead of Helping Him. Some Hard Words the Goat gave him, but the Fox puts off all with a Jolt. If you had but half so much Brain as Beard, says he, you would have bettought your self how to get up again before you went down.

The MORAL.

A Wife means Well, but Every Thing Pro and Con before he comes to Fix upon any Resolution. He leaves Nothing as Crews more than Neds shall. There must be No Battering out of Suffer.


**Æsop's FABLES.**

**The Moral.**

The No Wonder to find Those People Troublesome to Strangers, that Can't Agree among Themselves. They Quarrel for the Love of Quarrelling; and provided the Peace be broken, No matter upon What Ground, or with Whom.

**Reflection.**

There's no Peace to be Expected among those that are Naturally Fierce and Quarrelsome. But we are to Distinguish however, between Injuries of Malice, and of Evil Nature, as we do between Violence in the Blood, and Throat of Deliberate Spite and Intention; which we find in the Common Cases of Manslaughter, and Murder. The Doctrine may be briefly this, that so far as Possible, we are to Avoid Ill Company: but where we are forced upon, there's No Remedy but Patience. The Coast here Did but according to their Kind; And it is the Same Thing with Wicked Men too, (as Birds of the Same Feather) to be Troubledone to Other People as well as to One Another.

**Fab. LXXXV.**

A Wandering Traveller.

A Vain Fellow that had been abroad in the World, would still be Tiring All Peoples Ears at his Return, with Stories of his Wonderful Actions and Adventures in his Travels; and particularly, he told of a Leap he took at Rhodes, that No Body there could come within Six Foot on't. Now This (says he) I am able to Prove by several Witnesses upon the Place. If This be True (says one of the Company) there's No Need of going to Rhodes for Witnesses: Do but You fancy this to be Rhodes, and then show us the Leap.

**The Moral.**

Travellers have a kind of Privilege to Remonstrate it; and to Tell Stories so large, And for Those that Doubt the Truth of the Matter, they had a better past, it is ever more to Disprove it.

**Reflection.**

'Tis Foolish to Appeal to Witnesses for the Proof of any thing, when 'tis not a Fine Matter, whether the Foul in Question be True or False; and so it is also to talk of Fools that are not within Call: But Vain Boasters are Naturally Impertinent; for they Talk as Random, without any Regard to Truth and Judgment. There may be a Double Use made of

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of this Fable: First, as a Defensive to Those that spend their Time in Idle Indulgence. Secondly, a Caution to Those that are Tainted with this Leaven, not to make Themselves ridiculous any longer. Nature has Woven Foul upon the Tip of That Man's Tongue that will be always telling Stories with an [Idiot,] and [Idiot,] Travellers, they say, may lie by Authority; and yet our Traveller's Privilege here was not sufficient to Prove him in his Vanity from making Sport to the Company.

**Fab. LXXXVI.**

An Impostor to the Queen.

There was a certain Bawling Droll that took a Journey to Delphi, a Purpose to try if he could put a Trick upon Apollo. He carry'd a Sparrow in his Hand under his Coat, and told the God, I have some Butter in my Hands says he, Is it Dead or Living? If the Oracle should say 'twas Dead, he could shew it Alive; If Living, 'twas but representation, and then 'twas Dead. Now He that saw the Malice of his Heart gave him this Answer: it shall e'en be which of the Two you please; for 'tis in Your Choice to have it either the One or the Other.

**The Moral.**

Presumption leads People to Infidelity in a Trivia; and is by Infinitesimal Degrees in Aristotle, for when Men have once cast off a Reverence for Religion, they are come within One Step of Laughing at it.

**Reflection.**

This Points at the Folly and Wickedness of Those Men that think to play Part and Loose with God Almighty, who sees the very Thoughts of our Hearts. This way of Fooling in Holy Things is much a Bolder sort of Impunity, than it is commonly Taken for. He that pretends to Doubt of an All-gracious Power, has as much Right to Doubt of an All-gracious Power too, and the bringing of One Attribute in Question, Opens the Way to a Difference of all the Rest. It would prevent a great Deal of Wickedness in the World, if Men would but Live and All in Religious Matters, so as to Own, and to Recognize the Force, and Awe of a Deity in their Practices, as well as in their Words: But when they come to Learning and Mending up, with an [If it be so and so;] The Scandal of the Supposition is not to be Born; for such a Way of Seeming to Affirm a Thing, is but one Remove from a Flat Denial of it. Such was the Imposture Question here to the Oracle; which Infuriates both the Deity of a Divine Omnipotence, and a Curiosity to Discover the Truth of the Matter, with a Bate in the End.
A Good Woman had a Hen that laid her Every Day an Egg. Now she fancy'd to her self, that upon a Larger Allowance of Corn, This Hen might be brought in time to lay twice a day. She Try'd the Experiments; but the Hen grew fat upon't, and gave quite over Laying.

**The Moral.**

He that has a Great Deal already, would have More, will never think he has enough till he has All; and That's Impossible; therefore we should set Bounds to our Desires, and Content our Selves when we are Well, for fear of Losing what we had.

**Reflection.**

Here's a Figure of the Folly, and the Mischiefe of Vain Desires, and an Immoderate Love of Riches. Covetousness is enough to make the Master of the World as Poor as He that has but Nothing; for a Man may be brought to a Moral of Base, by Gripping, as well as by Fpiration. "To be a Madman for a Body that has enough already, is Hazzarding All for the Getting of More, and then upon the Mistake to leave himself Nothing. This was the Woman's Cafe and Fault here. In Few Words, there's a Juift Medium between Eating too much, and too Little; and this Danc had Undoubtedly his own Part, when the Matter was 16 Order'd, that the Hen brought her Every Day an Egg. But when he came to Enlarge the Hen Allowance for her own Profit, upon an Opinion that more Corn would Produce more Eggs, her Avarice Molested her into a Disappointment, which was a just Judgment upon the Sin of the Loaf of what he had before, and an Error in the very Point of Measure, and Good Husbandry; for Reproof Obstructs the most Necess ary Offices of Nature.

**Fab. LXXVIII.**

A Blind Bit by a Dog.

One that was Bitten by a Dog, was Advis’d, as the Belt Remedy in the World, to Dip a Piece of Bread in the Blood of the Wound, and give it the Dog to Eat. Pray hold Your Hand a little (says the Man) unless you ave a mind to Draw All the Dogs in the Town upon you; for that will Certainly be the End on’t, when they shall find themselves Rewarded instead of Punish’d.
FA. XC.

A Thumny and a Dolphin.

A Thumny gave Chase to a Dolphin; and when he was just ready to seize him, the Thumny struck before he was aware, and the Dolphin, in the Eagerness of his Pursuit, ran himself a ground with him. They were both Loft; but the Thumny kept his Eye full upon the Dolphin, and Observing him when he was Just at Last Gap: Well says he, the Thought of Death is now Easy to me, so long as I see my Enemy go for Company.

FA. XCI.

Two Enemies at Sea.

There were Two Enemies at Sea in the same Vessel, the One at the Ships Head, the Other at the Stern. It Blows a Deadful Storm, and when the Vessel was just ready to be swallowed up, One of ’em Ask’d the Matter, which part of the Ship would be First under Water; so he told him the Other End would sink first. Why then, says he, I shall have the Comfort of seeing my Enemy go before me.

The Moral of the Two Fables above.

The Wretched Satisfaction, that a Revengful Man takes, even in the Losing of his own Life, provokes that his Enemy may go for Company.

REflexion.

There is some Comfort in Company, even in a State of Adversity. Society is so Necessary and Agreeable to Manhood in All Cases, that Death is Certainly the More Uneasy for a Man going alone into Another World: But the Confusion Pointed at in This Fable, is that which an Envious Man takes in the Ruine of his Enemy. There is a Memorable Instance to This Purpose, of a Gentleman that had an Estate for Lives, and Two of his Tenants in the Lease: One of them Dies, and the Other desires his Landlord to leave Both Estates and One, and Accept of him for His Tenant. The Gentleman fairly Exempts Himself, and away goes the Man in a Rage to his Wife: Told her how it was, and Swro’ a Great Oath, that he would be Reveng’d of his Landlord. This was in Harvest Time, and he went one next Day to his Reapers, but they’d so long shut his Wife fear up and down to look after him. To shorten the Story, they found him at last in a Ditch, Vomiting his Heart out. The Man, it seems, had Pay’d him himself, and the Revenge upon his Landlord was the Defeating him of his Estate by Destroying the Last Life in his Lease. In One Word, Revenge flows at Nothing that’s Violent and Wicked. It Divides the Darkest Friends, Embroils Governments, and Tears Families to pieces. But to say no more on’t. The Histories of All Ages are full of the Tragicall Outrages that have been Executed by this Diabolical Passion: beside, that it hardens People into a Brutal Contempt of Death, (as in the Fables above) Where they may but for their Enemies fall for Company.

FA. XCII.

A Fortune-Teller.

There was a kind of a Petty Conjurer, that made it his Profession to Resolve Questions, and tell Fortunes, and he held forth in the Market-Place. Word was brought him, in the very Middle of his Schemes and Calculations, that his House was Robb’d; and so away he scours immediately to learn the Truth on’t. As he was running home in All Haste, a Droll takes him up by the Way, with this short Question. Friend (says he) How come You to be so Good at telling Other Peoples Fortunes, and Know so little of your Own?

FA. XCI.

A Cunning Citizen.

A Certain Dame that paid’d in the World under the Name of a Cunning Woman, took upon her to Avert Divine Judgments, and to Foretell Strange Things to come. She play’d the Counterfeit Witch so long, till in the Conclusion, she was Taken up, Arraign’d, Try’d, Convicted, Condemned to Dye, and at last Executed for a Witch indeed. ’Dye hear, Good Woman ( says one to her, as she was upon the Way to her Execution) Are the Gods so much Easier then the Judges, that you should be able to make Them do any Thing for ye, and yet could not Prevail with the Bench for the Saving of your Own Life?
Aesop's FABLES.

FA. XCV.

An Aesop and a Gratia.

A certain Stare-Gazer had the Fortune, in the very Height of his Celestial Observations, to tumble into a Ditch: A sober fellow passing by gave him a piece of Wholesome Council. Friend, says he, Make a Right Life of Your Present Misfortune; and pray, for the Future, let the Stars go on quietly in their Courses, and do you look a little Better to the Ditches.

The Moral of the Three Fables above.

There needs no more than Impudence and Ignorance, on the One Side, and a Superficial Credulity on the Other, to the Setting up of a Fortune-Teller.

Reflection.

This serves for a Reproof to the Ignorance and Confidence of Figure-Floggers, Stare-Gazers, that pretend to foretell the Fortunes of Kingdoms and States, and yet have no Forethought at all in what concerns Themselves.

The Moral of these Fables strikes upon the Vanity and Arrogance of Emperors and Emperors Thereof, and upon the Pity of the Fund B fruit of them. The Caution holds also against Unlawful Ceremonies; Sickly, and Superstitious Fancies and Dreams; Fore-bodings of Ill Luck; as the Creeping of a Hare, the Spinning of Salt, &c. This Humour, let it look never to Little, and Silly, (as it pursues many times only for Profligate and Blind) is One yet of the most Premises of Human Life: when it comes once to get Possession, and to Gain Credit, Especially as among Women and Children, where the Imagination is strong in the One, and the Disposition as Plastic as Wax for any Impression, in the Other. Wherefore, of All Things in this World, Care is to be Taken, that they get not a Hatching after These Tagging Aesopics, Gipsy, Witches, Fortune-Tellers, Conjurers, Vomal, Catching Women, &c. To by Nothing of the Proctories of Fortune-Boos, and a Hundred other Vulgar Ways of Enquiry into the Event of Annuity, Marriages, Life and Death, Travel, Play, or the like; which is all but a Tincture of the same Capital Infirmity. If these Pretenders are not better Supported by the Simplicity, and Devotion of the Inquisitive Fools that Confide These Graces, then they are by any Consequence of Premises and Conclusion; or by the Ordinary Way of Trotting Curses into their Effects, the Trade would not find 'em Bread; for there's No Proportion at all between the Means, and the End. Nor but that the Things they seem to Predicat, come many times to puk; Yet till the nearer the Mark in their Consequences, the more foolish is the Prediction on the One Hand, and the more Dangerous is the Credulity on the Other: For those People who take upon them to Predict, come many times to puk; and thole Men that are fying by

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FA. XCIV.

A Dotting and his Patient.

Ray Sir How d'ye Find your self? says the Dr. to his Patient. Why truly, says the Patient. I have had a Violent Swel. Oh the biff Sign in the World quoth the Dr. And then a little while after he is at it again, with a Ray Sir How d'ye Find your Body? Alas, says the Doctor, I have just now such a Terrible Fit of Horror and Shaking upon me! Why this is all as it should be, says the Physician. It thaws a Mighty Strength of Nature. And then he comes over him a Third time with the same Question again; Why I am all fivel'd, says T other, as if I had a Droopy; Beff of All quoth the Doctor, and goes his Way. Soon after This comes one of the Sick Man's Friends to him with the same Question, how he felt himself; why truly so Well, says he, that I am e'en ready to Dye, of I know not how many Good Signs and Tokens.

The Moral.

A Dottinger is the worst of Treasurers.

N RB.
REFLEXION.

This gives us to understand the Practice of the World, and that Flattery and Time-serving Enters into the most Solemn Offices of Mankind. To Flatter Foulish Men into a Hope of Life where there is None at all, is much the same Thing with Brevying People into an Opinion that they are in a Virtuous, and Happy State, when they are Over-run with Passion, and Drown'd in their Licks. The One has the same Persuasive Effect upon our Minds, that the Other has upon our Bodies; for it makes us Careless of Both. There are Certain Precedents of Form, and Civility, 'tis true, that purely regard Manners of Conversation, and Good Manners; And Their Respect ought to be Preferred; But Ceremonies of Mode and Compliment, are mighty out of Season, when Life and Salvation come to be at Stake.

It falls under the Prospect of the same Topic, to Consider, that Kingdoms and Common-Wealths have their Difficulties, Intermissions, and Perfections, as well as Natural Bodies. And that a Glaring Council is Dangerous on the One hand, as a Wheeling Priest, or a Flattering Physician is on the Other. There is hardly such Another Felt in a Community, as the Comfort of Passions, that fed Governors with False Representations, and Reports of Men and of Things. They First Berry their Masters to Distrance and Ruine; and then when they find the Vessel Sinking, save themselves in the Long-Boat. So much is Better, quoth the Dollar: As, (says the Empirical Statist) That's as well have it. When at the same time the Distrancer is as Mortal to the Government, on the One hand, as to the Passers on the Other.

A Fowl and a Bird-Mess.

A Fowl was Bending his Nest, a Black-Bird cried to him at a distance, and ask'd him what he was doing. Why does he, I am laying the Foundations of a City; and in the Bird-man drew out of Sight. The Black-Bird Misbelieving Nothing, flew presently to the Bait in the Nest, and was taken; and as the Man came running to lay hold of her; Friend, says the Poor Black-Bird, If this be Your Way of Building, You'll have but Few Inhabitants.

The Moral.

There is no Sham so Grogs, but it will put upon a Weak Man that is Prognosticated, and Inquisitive.

Marcy and a Traveller.

ONE that was just Entering upon a Long Journey, took up a Fancy of putting a Trick upon Mercury. He say'd him a short Prayer for the Bon-Voyage, with a Promise, that the God should go Half with him in whatever he found. Some body had left a Bag of Dates and Almonds, it seems, and it was His Fortune to find it. He fell to Work upon 'em Immediately, and when he had Eaten up the Kernels, and all that was Good of them, Himself, he lay'd the Stones, and the Shells upon an Altar; and defid Mercury to take Notice that he had Perform'd his Vow. For, says he, Here are the Outlikes of the One, and the Inlikes of the Other, and there's the Moiety I Promis'd ye.

The Moral.

Men talk of if they Believe in God, but they Live or if they thought there were None, for their very Prayers are Mockery, and their Vows and Promises are no more than Words of Course, which they never Intended to make Good.
REFLEXION.

This is to Reprehend the Falles and Covertus Humours of Thofe thar for Mony and Profit, will not Stick at putting Shams even upon God Himself; Propounding his Altars, and Ridiculing his very Omniscience and Power. Here's the Wickedness of a Libertine Naturally intro'd for, only the Punishment is Warning that should have Compleated the Moral. What Opinion have Thofe Religious Banterers, of the Divine Power, and Justice? Or what have they to lay for themselves in this Audacious Habit of Mockery and Contempt; but that they believe in their Hearts that there is No God? Not but that more or less, we are all Sinners in Secret as well as Heaven, and our Own Souls; Only to Cover and Slender Abuses under the Mask and Pretence of Confidence, and Religion; and make God Almighty Plac'd to a Thousand Falls and Catastrophic Consequences, that we keep in the Greatest Privacies in the World, from the Knowledge of our Neighbours. Nay, when we are Moll in Earnest, our Vows and Promises are more then Half Broken in the very making of them; and if we can but secure our Selves a Retreat, by some Churlish Evasion, Dilution or Mental Separation, it serves our Purpose even as Well as if it were a Cautious Resolution. In One Word we find the Moral of Mercy and the Transgressor in the very Secrets of our Hearts, between Heaven, and our own Souls.

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FABLE XVIII.

A Boy and his Brother.

A School-Boy brought his Mother a Book that he had stolen from One of his Fellows. She was so far from Correcting him for't, that the rather Encourag'd him. As he grew Bigger, he would be still keeping his hand in Ure with some what of Greater Value, till he came at last to be Taken in the Manner, and brought to Justice for't. His Mother went along with him to the Place of Execution, Where he got leave of the Officers, to have a Word or Two in Private with her. He put his Mouth to her Ear, and under Pretence of a Whisper, Bet it Clear of This Impious Unnatural Villany turn'd Every Body's Heart against him More and More. [ Well Good People (says the Boy) Here You fee Me an Example, both upon the Matter of Shame and of Punishment; And it is This Mother of mine that has brought me to't; for if she had but Whipt me soundly for the Book I stole when I was a Boy, I should never have come to the Gallows for Pillaging now I'm a Man. ]

The Moral.

We are either Made or Made, in our Education; and Governments, as well as Private Familiies, are Concern'd in the Consequences of it.

REFLEXION.

WICKED Dispositions should be Check'd herim; for when they come once to Habits, they grow Incurable. More People go to the Gutter for want of Timely Injunction, Discipline, and Correction, than upon any Incurable Propriety of Nature; And it is chiefly the Fault of Parents, Guardians, Tutors and Governors, that so many men miscarry. They suffer 'em at first to Run-on-head, and when Pervert Inclinations are Advanc'd once into Habits, there's No Dealing with 'em. It may seem somewhat a Hard Task for the Greater Thieves to Punish the Lads, and to see Publick Purloiners and Oppreilers fit in Triumph upon the Lives of the Little Ones that go to the Gallows: For the Tye of Morality is the same upon Both; and they Stand Both Accountable to the same Master. But Time, Power, and Corruption, give a Reputation to the Work of Princes, and it is no longer Oppression when it comes Gilded with the Name of Authority. This Unequal, and Unrespective Judgment of Things, brings many a Great Man to the Scent of Repentance; for when he has Swallow'd more then he can Digest, it Ficks upon his Conscience, and will neither Up, nor Down. Now in the Sight of Heaven, the Greater the Temptation, the Less is the Sin; and yet in the Vogue of the World, it Puffs for an Exploit of Honour, for Kings and States to Run away with Whole Countries that they have no Colour, or Pretence to; when many a poor Devil Brackets condemn'd to a Halter, or a Whipping-post, for the Pillaging of a Silver-Spoon perhaps, or the Robbing of a Hen-Roost: Though the Former, all this While, has No Better Title to what he takes then the Latter; and yet to see what a deal of Fullsome Flatterers, and Panegyricks we have upon the glorious Achievements of the One; and only some Sketh amidst that procession, or a Sinsh-bold Speech, or Caution, to Embalm the Memory of the Other. To be Short and Plain; the Offence before God, is at least as Great in a Prince, as in a Beggar, and the Morality of a Careful Education holds alike in Both. "Twas the Mother's sparing the Rod at first, that brought the Child, as the Long Run, to the Halter.

FABLE XCVI.

A Shepherds and Merchant.

A Countryman was Feeding his Flock by the Sea-side, and it was his Duty to Delicate a Fine Day, that the Smoothness of the Water Tempted him to leave his Shepherds Business, and set up for a Merchant. So that in All Haste, he puts off his Stock; Buys
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A Bargain of Figs; gets his Freight a-bord, and away presently to Sea. It happened to be very Foul Weather: So that the Mariners were fain to Caft their Whole Ladling Over-board; to save Themselves and the Vessel. Upon this Miscarriage, our New Merchant-Adventurer betook himself to his Old Trade again; and it happened One Day, as he was Tending his Sleep upon the very same Coast, to be J ust such a Flattering Tempting Sea again, as That which Betray'd him Before. *Yes, yes, says he, When the Devil's Blind! Tell'd he not some more Figs with a Vengeance, Would ye?*

The MORAL.

Man may be happy in all Estates if they will but suit their Minds to their Condition. A Shepherd may be as Easy in a Cottage, as a Prince in a Palast, with a Mind suited to his Station; but if they will be Launching out into Trade, or Business that they do not understand, they have nothing left to trust to when they are once Bonder'd, but the Hope of some Kind Providence to put them in the Right Way Home again.

REFLEXION.

Affliction makes People Honest and Wife. Every Man Living his his Weak Side, and no Moral was ever yet so much as Ease, but his Shoe Wasn't his to take where or other; or his Fancy'd to as least, and Then it did go. The Shepherd would needs be a Merchant; and the Merchant, if he had succeeded would still have been Hawking after something else. His Levity was a Fault, and his Miscarriage was a Judgment upon him for't. The Devil of his Pervert after the Loss of his Goods was a Provisional Mercy to him; and the bringing of Him home to Himsleif again, was to Convince him of His Error, and to shew him, that he was well at Firth, if he would have kept to. He was in a State of Ease, Peace, Innocence, and Safety: And he that will Sacrifice all These Blessings to a Relish Appetite, deserves to be Miserable. Our Shepherd's Case, in short here, is every Man's Case that Quits a Moral Cerainty for an Uncerneiny, and Leaps from the Honest Business he was brought up to, into a Trade he has no Skill in.

FABLE C.

An Old Man and a Lion.

Perin of Quality dreamt one Night that he saw a Lion Kill his only Son: Whose, it seems, a Generous Cavalier, and a Great Lover of the Chase. This Fancy ran in the Father's Head, to that Degree, that he Built his Son a House of Pleasure, on purpose to keep him out of Harms Way; and spair'd neither Art nor Cost to make it a Delicious Retreat. This House,

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Houle, in short, was to be the Young Man's Prifon, and the Father made him his Keeper. There were a World of Paintings every where up and down, and among the Rest, there was the Picture of a Lion; which threet the Blood of the Young Man for the Dream fake, and to think that he should now be a Slave for the Fancy of such a Beast. In this Indignation he made a Blow at the Picture; but Stricking his Fist upon the Point of a Nail in the Wall, His Hand Consecrated; he fell into a Fever, and soon after Dy'd on't: So that all the Father's Precaution could not Secure the Son from the Fatality of Dying by a Lion.

The MORAL.

A Body may as well let his little as too much Strife upon a Dream; for same Dream are by Nature, as Others are only Complainable; but upon the Main, the Less we Hench the Better: for when that Fret has once taken Possession of a Simplicity Head, the Disementia is Inevitable.

REFLEXION.

'Tis to no Purpose to think of Preventing, or Deviating Particulars: Especially where the Event looks like the Punishment of a Superfition, as it does with Those that Grew their Lives by Fortunings and Divinations, or the Signs of Ill-Luck, as we use to say: They are still Ambiguous and Uncertain, History is full of Examples to Illustrate the Doctrine of This Fable. The Father was so blam'd for loving so much Fret upon a Folly's Dream, and the Son was little left to Blame, for being too much Transfixed at the Impression of that Fancy upon the Father; but they were both justly Punished however, The One for his Folly, and the Other for his Superstition.

FABLE CII.

A Fox that left his Tail.

There was a Fox taken in a Trap, that was glad to Compound for his Neck by leaving his Tail behind him. It was so Uncouth a Sight, for a Fox to appear without a Tail, that the very Thought on't made him so Wary of his Life; so was a Lot never to be Repair'd: But however for the Better Consequence of the Scandal, he got the Master and Wardens of the Foxer Company to call a Court of Affluents, where he himself appeared and made a Learned Discourse upon the Trouble, the
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the Unprofitableness, and the Indecency of Wearing Tails. He had no sooner said out his Say, but up riles a Canning Snap, then at the Board, who deigned to be Inform'd, whether the Worthy Member that Mov'd against the Wearing of Tails, gave his Advice for the Advantage of Tho' that Had Tails, or to Palliate the Deformity and Disgrace of tho' that had None.

The Moral.

When a Man has any Notable Talent, or Infirmity about him, whether by Nature, or by Chance, 'tis his Duty to Play, to try the Humor, if he can turn it into a Fashion.

REFLEXION.

'T is the way of the World to give Other People Council for their Own Ends. Paradoxing is of Great Use and Service in many Enterprises and Adventures that we meet withal in the World; but the Faculty must be to Tenderly Manage it, not to Give upon the Truth, and Reveal of Things: And it is of Great Effect, if it can but give some Colour of Probability to the Matter in Question. Nay there's a Pleasure in the very Tryal of Wins; and while This Talent is Employed upon the Topic of Convenience, and Profit; 'tis a wonderful Force that it has upon the Affections of the Common People. The Fox carry'd it as far as 't would go; but he had too Hard a Task to, to Over-rule a Multitude to their Own Pain and Loss. We must Improve a Doctrine from this, that Every Man has his Work to do, either by Industry, or by Nature; and that he makes it his Business to Cover it too, the Best he can. In case of the World, it is some Fire of Earth to have Company in our Misfortunes. It puts a Body out of Consequence to be in a Fashion by Himself, and therefore the Fox did well to Try if he could bring his Fellow Foxes to put themselves into His Mode. When we have Cary'd a Plan as far as it will go, and can make it no more own't, 'tis a Secret Art and Philosophy, to look as if we did not so much as Think for a Thing that is not to be Had. Every Man's Present Conveniency has somewhat to be Said for. It is by Unirony, the Skill will be, either how to Mind it, or how to Bear it; But then there must be no Clashing with the Methods, the Decrees, and the Laws of Nature. A Man that has Forfeited his Honour and his Consequence, seems to be much in the Condition of the Fox here that had lost his Tail, and takes as much pains too, to persude All his Companions to follow his Fashion. He lays down his Arguments, and gives his Reason too, that Men, in such a Case, ought to go to Old Nick for Company. We are to Consider here, that the Devil have their Tricks as well as the Wonders, and that it is the Catech of many a Luride and Discourse, when they come once to be Hamper'd, to rub off as well as they can, though they Leave their Arguments behind them, as the Fox did his Tail, and then Preach up the Old-fashioned Doctrine and Conveniency of No Conveniency, as well as No Tail.
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The Moral.
Great Robbers and Liars have the Fortune still some way or other to Disprove themselves.

REFLEXION.
There are some Fables to Bold and Notorious, that they carry the Contradictions in the very Reason and Presumption of the Matter, without any other Evidence.

FAB. CIV.
A Fox and a Huntsman.

A Fox that had been Hard-run, begg’d of a Countryman that he gave it Work in a Wood, to help him to some Hiding-Place. The Man Directed him to his Cottage, and thicker he went. He was no sooner got in, but the Huntsmen were present at the Heels of him, and asked the Cottager if he did not see a Fox? That Way? No truly, says he, I saw none; but pointed at the same time with his Finger to the Place where he lay. The Huntsmen did not take the Hint, it seems; but the Fox spy’d him, however, through a Peeping-Hole he had found out to see what News; so the Fox-Hunters went their Way, and then Out heals the Fox, without One Word speaking. Why now, says the Man, Han’t ye the Manners to take leave of your Host before you go? Yes, yes, says the Fox; if you had been as Honest of your Fingers, as you were of your Tongue, I should not have gone without bidding ye Farewell.

The Moral.
A Man may tell a Lye by Signs, as well as in Words at length, and his Conscience is as Auspicious for his Fingers, as for his Tongue.

REFLEXION.
There’s No Truthing of Those that Say One Thing, and Do Another. Especially if they follow Fair Words with Foul Deeds. Here’s a Cafe of Honour, and of Conscience, both in One, upon the Matter of Hospitality and of Truth. The Laws of Hospitality are Sacred on the One Side, and so are the Duties we Owe to our Country on the Other. If we Consider the Truth, Faith must not be Broken; If the Common Enemy, his Counsellor, not to be he. The World was God’s Sanctuary, but not being Sancturary, he promis’d more than he could Warrantably

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FAB. CV.
A Man and a Wooden God.

A Man that had a Great Veneration for an Image he had in his House, found, that the more he pray’d to to Profane him in the World, the More he went down the Wind till. This put him into such a Rage, to doe Dogging at his Prayers so Much, and so Long, to so Little Purpose, that at last he Daifh the Head out to pieces against the Wall; and Out comes a Considerable Quantity of Gold. Why This ’tis, says he, to Adore a Perverse and Inintelligible Delity, that will do More for Blows then for Worship.

The Moral.
Most People, Clowns as well as Liars, Admire their Religion to their Profit, and reckon that it is the most that they can get by.

REFLEXION.
This Fable runs better in the Humour, then it does in the Moral. It lays before us the Unprofitable Vanity of False Worship, and gives us to Understand, that the more zealous we are in a Wrong Way, the Worse, An Idol is an Abomination in the sight both of God, and of Good Men; and yet we are to Govern ourselves, even in the Transports of That Abhorrence, as full to preserve a Reverence for Religion it is, in the very Indignation we Express for the Corruption of it. So that the Liones of this Hudson were a little too far perhaps, for there must be No Playing with Things Sacred, nor Jesting, as we say with Edge Tools. We have the Moral of this Abandoned Libertine up and down in the World in a Thousand several Shapes. All People that Worship for Fear, Profit, or some other By-Way, Fall More or Less within the Intendment of this Emblem. It is a kind of a Conditional Devotion for Men to be Religious no longer than they can Save, or Get by’t. Put forth thy Hand now (lays the Devil to the Almighty in the Cafe
Aesop's FABLES.

A Dog Invited to Supper.

A Gentleman invited a Friend to Supper with him, and the Gentleman's Dog was so well bred as to invite the Friend's Dog to come for Company. The Dog came at his Hour, and into the Kitchen he went, to see what Good Cheer was toward: But as he was there, Wagging his Tail, and Licking his Lips, at the thought of what a Meal he was like to make on't, the Ropy Cook got Slyly behind him, and Spoil'd the Left. He took him up by the Tail at Unawares, and after a Turn or Two in the Air, flung him out of the Window. So soon as ever the Poor Devil had Recover'd the Squelch, away he Scamper'd, Bawling like Mad, with I know not how many Prick-Fear'd Curs at the Heels of him, to know how he lik'd his Welcome. Why truly, says he, they have given me as much Drink as my Skin will hold; and it has made me so Light-Headed, I could not find the Right Way out of the Houte again.

The Moral.

Love Me, Love my Dog, says the old Proverb, and there's somewhat of Good Manners, as well as of Good Nature in't; for there are certain Dangers of Refusal due to the Servants for the Master's sake.

Reflection.

It looks well among Friends, when Masters and Servants are all of a piece. The Dog invites his Guest, and the Cook throws him out of the Window, and in he goes, the Man, he would himself the Arranter Cur of the Two; for it was against Hops and Foolery and Good Manners to do so. There is a Duty of Temperance and Good Manners to do to. There is a Duty of Temperance and Good Manners to do to. There is a Duty of Temperance and Good Manners to do to. There is a Duty of Temperance and Good Manners to do to. There is a Duty of Temperance and Good Manners to do to. There is a Duty of Temperance and Good Manners to do to. There is a Duty of Temperance and Good Manners to do to. There is a Duty of Temperance and Good Manners to do to. There is a Duty of Temperance and Good Manners to do to. There is a Duty of Temperance and Good Manners to do to. There is a Duty of Temperance and Good Manners to do to.

A Countryman that liv'd Handloom in the World Himself upon his Honest Labour and Industry, was distress'd his Sons should do so after Him; and being now upon his Death-Bed: [My Dear Children (says he) I reckon my Self Bound to tell you before I depart, that there is a Considerable Treasure hid in my Vineyard. Wherefore pray be sure to Dig, and search Narrowly for't when I am gone.] The Father Dyes, and the Sons fall immediately to Work upon the Vineyard. They turn'd it up and over, and, not one Penny of Money to
Aesop's FABLES.

The Moral.

Good Counsel is the best Legacy a Father can leave to his Child, for it is still the better, when it is so wrapped up, as to begot a Constancy as well as an Inclination to follow it.

REFLEXION.

There's no Wealth like that which comes by the Blessing of God upon Honest Labour and Warrantable Industry. Here's an Inducement to an Industrious Course of Life; by a Consideration of the Profit, the Innocence and the Virtue of such an Application. There is one Great Comfort in Hand, beside the Hope and Assurance of more to come. The very Exercise procures us Health, and Consequentially All the Pleasures and Satisfaction that Attend it. We have the Delight of Seeing and Reaping the Fruit of our own Labour, and the Inward Joy of Contemplating the Blessings of Another World, that shall be superadded to the Advantages of this. Also very well understood, that Naked Labor and Precepts, have Nothing the Force that Images and Parables have, upon our Minds and Affections: Beside, that the very Study to Unriddle a Mystery, furnishes the Memory with more Tokens to Remember it by. A Tale in Emblem sinks Deeper, where the Life and Spirit of it is Intimated by a kind of Braies and Surprise. It was a Touch of Art in the Author to Cover his Meaning in such a Manner, as to Create a Curiosity, and an Earnest Desire in his Son to End it out. And it was also a Triple Advantage to them besides; for there was, I say, Health in the Exercise, Profit in the Discovery, and the Comfort of a Good Conscience in Discharging the Duty of a F idel Obedience.

Fast. CIX.

A Fisherman and his Pipe.

A Fisherman that understood Piping better than Noting, set himself down upon the Side of a River, and took'd his Flute, but not a Fish came near him. Upon this, he laid down his Pipe and cast his Net, which brought him up a very Great Draught. The Fish fell a Frisking in the Net, and the Fisherman observing it, what Sorts are Thee (says he) that would not Dance when I play'd to 'em, and will be Dancing now without Mufick!

The Moral.

There are certain Rules and Methods for the Doing of All Things in This World; and therefore in Every Man stick to the Business he understands, and was brought up to, without making the Prefent Interfere with Anoother.

Aesop's FABLES.

REFLEXION.

There is a Proper Time and Season for Every Thing; and Nothing can be more Ridulous than the Doing of Things without a Due Regard to the Circumstances of Perfon, Proportion, Time, and Place.

Fast. CX.

A Fisherman's Good Luck.

A Fisherman had been a Long while at work without Catching anything, and so in Great Trouble and Defpair, he resolve'd to take up his Tackle and be gone: But in That very Instant a Great Fift Leapt into the Boat, and by Providence made a Tolerable Day out.

The Moral.

Patience, Constancy, and Perseverance, in an Honest Craft and Duty, can never fail of a Happy End, One way or Other.

REFLEXION.

That which we commonly call Good Fortune, is properly, Providence, and when Matters lieced better with us by Accident, then we could pretend to, by Skill: We ought to attribute it to the Divine Goodness, as a Blessing upon Industry. It is Every Man's Duty to Labour in his Calling, and not to Depair, for any Misfortunes or Disappointments, that were not in his Power to Prevent. Faith, Hope, and Patience, Overcome All things, and Virtue can never fail of a Reward in the Consequence. What was it but this Constancy and Resolution, that kept the Hearts of the Poor Cavaliers from Breaking, in the Tumultuous Interval of this Bloody Revolution from Forty to Sixty; till at last, the Banished, and Persecuted Son of a Royal Martyr, was in God's Good time brought back again and Place'd upon the Throne of his Ancestors, which Crow'd the Sufferings of All his Loyal Subjects. The Fisherman's waiting in his Calling, bids us Per- serve in our Duties, and the Lucky Hit he had in the Conclusion, tells us that Honest Endeavours will not fail of a Reward.

Fast. CXI.

Large Profits.

There was a Poor Sick Man, that according to the Course of the World, when Physicians had given him over, took himself to his Prayers, and vowed a Sacrifice of a Thousand Oxen.
Oxen ready down upon the Nail, to either Apollo, or Asclepius, which of the Two would deliver him from this Dilemma. Ah my Dear (says his Wife) Have you a care what you Promise; for where would you have Thee Oxen if you should Recover? Sweet Heart (says he) thou talk'st like a Fool. Have the Gods Nothing else to do, doll think, than to leave their Business, and come down to Sue me in an Action of Debt? They refus'd him however for that Boot, to make Tryal of his Honesty and Good Faith. He was no Poorer up, but for want of Living Oxen, he made out his Number upon Palfreys, and Offer'd them up in Form upon an Altar. For this Mockery, Divine Vengeance pursu'd him, and he had an Apparition came to him in a Dream, that bad him go and Search in such a Place near the Court, and he should find a Confiscated Treasure; Away he went, and as he was looking for the Money fell into the Hands of Pyrates. He begg'd hard for his Liberty, and Offer'd a Thousand Talents of Gold for his Release; but they would not Trust him, and so he was carried away, and sold afterwards as a Slave for as many Great's.

The Moral.

The Devil was Sick, the Devil a Monk would be: The Devil's Well, the Devil a Monk was He.

Reflection.

This Fable applies itself to those that Promise more in their Adversity, than they intend, or are able to make good in their Prosperity, but they must not think to bring themselves off at last, with a Consent; for in the Sight of God, an Equivocating Juggling Scheme, is as much as a Crook, Downright Lye.

'Tis the Practice of the World, for People in Distress to serve God and Man in Several Respect; but Alas! That is to say, when they lie under any Heavy Affliction, or Promise to themselves any Considerable Advantage, and find they have Need of Another Help; how do they Beg, Vow, Promise, Solicite, Swear, Sign and Seal, and yet Consider that the Scheme will all this while, that they neither Intend, nor are able to make One Article Good? Wickedness comes on by Degrees, as well as Virtue; and Sudden Leaps from one Extremity to Another, are Unnatural Movements in the Courts of our Lives and Humours. Here's a Fowell, and a Knave for Promise; for the Promise knew he was not able to make it Good. When he has brok'n the Law, he Advanceth, from Censure of God, to make Sport with him, and pays him with Palfreys for Flee: But Vengeance Overtook him in the Condition, and gave him to Understand, that God will not be Mock'd. The Moral of this Sinful Man, is the Care of Every Soul of us in the Making and the Breaking of our Vows.

Fab. CXII.

Some Fishermen, that had been Out a Whole Day with a Drag-net, and Caught Nothing, had a Draught toward the Evening, that came home very heavy, which put 'em in hope of a Sturgeon at last, but upon bringing the Net ashore, it proved to be Only One Great Stickle, and a few Little Fishes. Upon this Disappointment they were Down in the Mouth again; but says One of the Company that was a Little Graver then the Rest, You are to consider, my Masters, that Joy and Surprize are Two Sistors that follow One Another by Turns.

The Moral.

All our Purchases in this World are but the Catching of a Hare, as we say, but it is some Comfort yet to consider, that when Things are at this World, they'll Blind.

Reflection.

Hopes and Disappointments are the Lot and Entertainment of Human Life: The One serves to keep us from Preumption, the Other from Despair. This Fable bids us wait the Seasons of Divine Providence, with Patience and Perseverance, in the Duties of our Calling: What Difficulties, and Temporary discouragements we may Encounter in the Way; but as we are not to Depend on the One hand, of Reaping in God's good Time, the Fruit of our Honent Endeavours: So neither are we on the Other hand, to lay more Sorely upon the Event of Things, at Rest, then the Master will bear. That is to say, we are to Compute, that upon Balancing the Account, the Price of labour, will hardly Counterbalance the Inconveniences that go along with it.

The Fisherman's Cave in the Fable, is many a man's Cafe in the World; as with a Wife for the Purpose, with an Office, with an Estate, with a Court-Communion: He's in to Tug Hard for't before he can Catch it, and Measures the Beneficence all the while by the Difficulty of Obtaining it. And what's the Purchase at last when he comes to Call up his Account, but Great Sticks and Little Fishes? His only Comfort is, that the World will not Leave always; and that Good Luck, and Bad Luck take their Turns.

FAB. CXIII.

An Old Man that had Travel'd a Great Way under a Huge Burden of Sticks found himself too Weary, that he called it Down,
Aesop's FABLES.

Down, and call’d upon Death to Deliver him from a more Miserable Life. Death come presently at his Call, and Asked him his Business. Pray Good Sir, says he, Do me but the favour to Help me up with my Burden again.

The MORAL.

Men call upon Death, as they do upon the Devil; When he comes they’re afraid of him.

REFLEXION.

'Tis Matter of Cullom, and in Paffion, rather than Earnest, that Men in Pain and Misery are so ready to call for Death: For when he comes, they wish him away again. It may be laid to the Monarca Humane Nature, rather to Subdue than to Dine, though 'tis Good however to be always ready for That which Must come at Last. The Doctrine is This, That Skin, and, all that a Man has, will be given for his Life. We are apt to Pick Quarrels with the World for Every Little Foolery. Every Trivial Cross makes us think we are Weary of the World; but our Tongues run quite to Another Time when we come once to parting with it in Earnest. Then, 'tis Call the Doctor, Physician, Surgeon; Physic, Paint, Lavish, Burn, Save; I'll Endure Any Thing in this World, if you can but keep Life and Soul together. When it comes to That once, 'tis not Help me Up with my Burthen, but Help me Up with it.

Fable CXIV.

A Doctor and Patient with Sore Eyes.

A Physician Undertakes a Woman with Sore Eyes, upon the Terms of No Cure No Money. His Way was to Drown her, quite up with Ointments, and while she was in That Pickle, to carry off a Spoon or a Porringer, or somewhat of Other, at the End of his Visit. The Woman's Eyes Mended, and still as the came More and More to her self again, there was Every Day less and less left in the Houfe to be feen. The Doctor came to her at last, and told her; Miftresses, says he, I have Ditch’d d’m Part, your Eyes are perfectly Well again, and pray me be Paid now according to Our Agreement. Alas, Sir, says she, I’m a Great deal Worse then I was the First Minute you Undertook me; for I could see Plate, Hangings, Paintings, and Other Goods of Value about my House, till You had the Ordering of me; but I am now brought to such a Pass, that I can see nothing at all.

Fable CXV.

A Cat and Mice.

There was a House, mightily troubled with Mice, and a Notable Cat there was, that Time after Time had Pick’d up so Many of ’em, that they agreed among themselves to keep above in the Ceiling; for they found that upon the Plain Floor there was No Living for ’em. This Spoil’d Cat’s Sport, unless he could find a way to Tie them Down again. So her Leap’d up to a Pin that was driven into the Wall, and there Hung like a Pole-cat in a Warren, to Amuse them. The Cat took Notice of it, and One Wiser then the rest, Stretched out his Neck to learn the Truth of the Matter, and so soon as ever he found how
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how 'twas. Ah, says he, You may Hang there till Your Heart Akes; for if you were but a Dull-Clout, as you are a Counterfeiting Devil of a Cat, here's not a Creature will come Near ye.

The Moral.

Let no Man lay himself at the Mercy of a known Enemy under any Shew, or Pretence Whatsoever; for he forfeits his Discretion, even though he should happen to Save his Carcass, and his Fortune.

REFLEXION.

What we cannot Compel by Force, must be brought about by Invention, and Address; but then on the other hand, in All Cases of Hazard, Things would be will Weight'd and Examined before we Trust. This Fable is the Fiction of a Cafe not Altho'gher Incredibl. 'Tis a Common Thing for an Old Jade to Counterfeits Lime, for fear of Hard Riding; for a Duck to run Flapping and Fluttering away, as if she were Maim'd, to carry People from her Young; as there's a Story of a Fox that was Hard Hunt'd, and Hung himself up by the Teeth in a Warren among the Vermin to put the Dogs to a Loath. Without any more Words, Twenty Instances might be given to shew how near That which we call Impulse, or Infinity, comes to Reason: For the Care Policy was no Other in truth, than This that we call Sleeping Dog-Sleep: And there was the very same Forethought, and Design in't too, which in a Contrivance of Law and Equity pulse for Matter Proper.

FAB. CXVI.

An Ape and a Fox.

Upon the Decease of a Lynx of Late Famous Memory, the Beasts Met in Council to Choose a King. There were Several Put up; but One was not of a Make for a King, Another Wanted either Brains, or Strength, or Stature, or Humour, or something else; but in fine, the Buffoon-Ape with his Geese and Gamboles, carry'd it from the Whole Field by I know not how many Voices. 'The Fox (being one of the Pretenders) Stomach'd it Extreamly to see the Choice go against him, and presently Rounds the New-Elephant in the Ear, with a piece of Secret Service that he could do him. Sir, says he, I have Discovered some Hidden Treasure Yonder: But 'tis a Royalty that belongs to Your Majesty, and I have nothing to do with it. So he Carry'd the Ape to take Possession: And what should This Treasure be, but a Bait in a Ditch. The

Ape lays his Hand upon't, and the Trap springs and Catches him by the Fingers. Ab Thou Perfidious Wretch, cries the Ape! Or thou fimple Prince, rather, replies the Fox. You a Governor of Others, with a Vengeance, that hasn't Wit enough to look to your own Fingers.

The Moral.

Governors should be Men of Business rather than Pleasure. There's One Great Folly in Making an Ill Choice of a Buyer, and Another in the Acceptance of it; for it Exposes Authority to Scorn.

REFLEXION.

Rashness, and Want of Consideration, is ever Unfortunate. Men should not take a Charge upon them that they are not fit for; as if Singing, Dancing, and Shewing of Tricks, were Qualifications for a Governor. Rauhels says, that this Fable shows not only the Error and Malignity of the Fox, but the Impudence of the Electors in the Choice of Ministers and Officers, that are not made for Business. Here's an Ape made a King, for showing Tricks, and making Foolish Faces: And the Fox is then to put a Rail upon him, in Exposing him to Sport, to the Scorn of the People.

Here's an Ape chooseth King, in Succession to a Lynx; which finds for a Shore, and a Plain Representation of the Belt and the World of Governments under the Dignity of the One, and the Indignity of the Other. It fits forth the Cafe and Unhappines of Elizobeth Kingdoms, where Canvassing and Faction has commonly too great a hand in the Election. Nor is there any Wonder, to see Drols and Tumblers Advanc'd to Charges of Honor and Profit, where Ignorance and Popularity sway the Choice: And nothing to fix as an Ape, for a Commiffary of State, where a Gambole, or a Grimace, pulse for a Qualifying Title to the Exercise of Power.

It is no Wonder again, where People are to Mithileon in the Faculties and Capacities of Government, that they depair also from the Vestinna that's due to't; and when the Main Ends of it shall come to be Disappointed. For every Trev-Pudding with Æsop's Fox here, will be rail'd for a Pillow, and Wallop, and Imperfections, and Dots which they ought to Cover. What's a Character of Honor upon the Shoulders of a Man that has neither a Soul Answerable for, nor a True Sense of the Dignity, but a Mark set up for every Common Fool to thieve his Belt at! When Apes are in Power, there will never want Foxes to Play upon them.

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FA R. CXVII.

A Smith and his Dog.

A Blacksmith took Notice of a Car he had, that would be perpetually Sleeping, so long as his Master was at his Hammer; but whenever he went to Dinner, the Dog would be sure to make One. So he ask'd the Dog the Reason on't. What's the Meaning of it, says he, that so long as I'm at the Forge, you are still taking your Nap; but to-night as my Chops begin to Walk, yours must be Walking too for Company? There's a Time to Sleep (says the Dog) and a Time to Wake; and every Thing is well done that is done in Due Season.

The Moral.

All Creatures do Naturally look to the Main Chance; that is to say, the Business of Food and Propagation.

REFLEXION.

That which Men do by Reason, Beasts do by Instinct. There's No Living without Food and Reproduction.

FA R. CXVII.

A Stealing Boy.

Here was a Favourite Male, that was High Fed, and in the Pride of Flesh and Mettle, would still be Bragging of his Family, and his Ancestors. My Father (says he) was a Courier, and though I say it that should not say't, I my self take after him. He had no sooner spoke the Words, but he was put to the Trial of his Heels, and did not only throw himself a Jade; but in the very Heat of his Overtone, his Father tell a Braving, which Minded him of his Original, and the Whole Field made Sport on't, when they found him to be the Son of an Afi.

The

Æsop's FABLES.

FA R. CXVIII.

A Bragging Fool that's Rant'd out of a Dung-hill, and set up for a Man of Quality, is Affront'd of Nothing in This World but of his Own Father.

The Moral.

This teaches the Cafe of Thofe Men Upstairs, that when they come once to be Prettier, forget their Fathers, and have not the Wit to Consider, how soon Fortune may let them Down again where the Fool'em up; but yet as left, when they come to be minded of their Original, it makes many a Proud Fool infamous of a Scandalous Extraction, that has no Shame at all for a Scandalous Life.

'Tis hardly safe to Deceit upon a Stealing Male, in a Cafe, when there are so many of his Brethren in the World, that will Take it to Themselves. Nay and Over and Above the Self-conceited Vanity of Thofe Brutes, there are none so forward neither, to bestow Men of Blood and Quality, as thefe that have most Reason to be Affront'd of their Deceit. This Pride of Pedigree is Baffily snuff'd down, if there be not Power Joy'd to the Offence: But where there is Authority given to the Folly, as well as to the Fool, the Indiscretion that it raiseth makes the Innuendo Infallible; Nothing Da'ing the Confidence of the Male like the Braving of the Affront in the very Interim, while he was Distracted upon his Genealogy. As who should say, Remember your Father, Bawd; This comes to the Cafe of a Spaniard, that was Wonderfully upon the Heat about his Extraction, and would needs Prov'd himself of Such a Family by the Spelling of his Name; a Cavalier in the Company, with whom he had the Controversy, very Civility yield'd him the Point; for (says he) Have Examined the Records of a certain House of Correction, and I find your Grandfather was Whipt there by That Name. We have in fine a World of Stealing Male among us, that don't care for being Minded of their Braving Father's. But 'tis the Fate of Thofe Van-Glorious Fops to be Thus Met withal, and your Counterfeit Men of Honor seldom Come off better; Wherefore let every Man look well about him before he boast of his Pedigree, to make sure that there be not an Affront in the Family.

FA R. CXIX.

A Dog and a Wolf.

A Wolf took a Dog napping at his Master's Door, and when he was just about to Worry him, the Foot Creature beg'd only for a Reprieve. Also (says he) I'm as Lean at present as Carrion; but we have a Wedding at our House within thee Two or Three Days, that will Plump me up you shall fee with Good Cheer. Pray have but Patience till Then, and when I'm in a Little Better Cafe, I'll throw my
felt in the very Mouth of ye. The Wolf took his Word, and
so to let him go; but passing some Few Days after by the same
House again, he spy'd the Dog in the Hall, and had him Re-
member his Promise. Heark ye, my Friend, says the Dog;
Whenever you Catch me Asleep again, We'll land of thee
Door never Trouble your Head to Wait for a Wedding.

The Moral.

Experience Works upon many Brutes more than upon Some Men. They are
not to be Guilt'd twice with the same Trick; And at the Wolf, a Bad Shift
is better than None.

REFLEXION.

'Tis good to Provide against All Changes both Sleeping and Waking: for a Man cannot be too Circumspect, upon Condition on the other hand,
that his Caution do not make him Over-solicitous. Palt Dangers make us Wiser for the Future. As the Dog, after he had been Asleep at the Door,
had the Wit to lie in the Hall, which tells us that a Wise Body is not to
be Caught Twice by the same Snare and Trick. His Promise to the Wolf
was a kind of a Dog-Like of Conditions, and the Wolf play'd the Fool in
keeping his Word, for That which he was not oblig'd to Perform.

FAB. CXX.

A Lyon and a Bull.

IN the Days of Yore, when Bulls liv'd upon Mutton, there
was a Lyon had a Design upon a Mighty Bull, and gave
him a very Civil Invitation to come and Sup with him; for,
says he, I have gotten a Shop, and you must needs take Part
on't. The Bull promis'd, and went; but so soon as ever he
saw what a Cattle there was with Huge, Overgrown
Frogs, Pans, and Spins, away he crow'd; Immediately. The
Lyon presently call'd after him, and ask'd him, Whether in
such Halls? Oh, says the Bull, 'tis High Time for me to be
Jogging, when I see such Preparation: for this Provision
looks as if you were to have a Bull for your Supper, rather
then a Mutton.

The Moral.

When a Man has both an Interest and an Inclination to Betray us, there's
No Trusting him.

REFLEXION.

There's No Trusting to the Fair Words and Courtesies of Bloody
Men. He's sure to be Rul'd that lays himself at the Mercy of Thine
that Live upon the Spill. Their very Complements are Snare's; as the Lyon's
Cervid to Sup with him, was but the Cover of a Design he
had to Sup upon the Bull himself.

FAB. CXXI.

A Lyon in Love.

A Lyon in Love with a Country Lady, and defir'd her Fa-
ther's Consent to have her in Marriage. The Answer he
gave was Churlish enough. He'd never Agree to a he said, upon
any Terms, to Marry his Daughter to a Beast. The Lyon gave
him a Sour Look upon't, which brought the Bunkin, upon Se-
cond Thoughts, to strike up a Bargain with him, upon thes
Conditions: that his Teeth should be Drawn, and his Nails
Par'd; for That were Things, he said, that the Foolish Girl
was Terribly afraid of. The Lyon lends for a Surgeon imme-
cdiately to do the Work; (as what will not Love make a Body
do?) And so soon as ever the Operation was Over, he goes
and Challenges the Father upon his Promise. The Country-
man seeing the Lyon Dismantled, Threw'd up a Good Heart, and
with a Swinging Gudgeon go order'd the Matter, that he brake
off the Match.

The Moral.

An Extravagant Love, confounds either Life, Fortune, or Reputation, but
Sacrifices All that can be Dear to a Man of Sense and Honour, to the
Transport of an Inconsequent Passion.

REFLEXION.

This Fable will hold well enough in the Moral, how Fantastical ever
it may appear at first Blush, in the Lines and Traces of it. Here's a
Bull in Love with a Virgin; which is but a Reverse of the Preposterous
Passions we meet with Frequently in the World, when Unausnous Cre-
matures of Both Sexes fall in love with Their, that in the Allusion may
(almost without a Figure) pass for Beasts. There's Nothing so Fierce, or so
Savage, but Love will Stilten it; Nothing so Generous, but it will Debauch
it; Nothing so Harp-ighted in Other Matters, but it throws a Mift before
the Eyes on't. It purs the Philosopher beside his Laws; and to sum up
All in a Little, where This Passion is Dominates, neither Honour, nor Vor-
tue,
Æsop's FABLES.

FAB. CXXII.

A Lynx and a Fox.

Numerous Issue fall in the World for a Blessing; and
This Consideration made a Fox call it in the Teeth of
a Lynx, that she brought forth but One Whelp at a time.
Very Right, says the Other, but then That One is a Lynx.

The Moral.

"For a Common Thing to Value things more by the Number, than by the Excellency of them.

REFLEXION.

There are more Fools in the World then Wise Men, and more Knaves then Honest Men; so that it is not Number, but Excellency, that Enhances the Value of Any Thing. The most copious Wine are commonly the Arentest Scrubs; and in so much Tailing, the Tongue is apt to see before the Wit: In Many Words there is Folly, but a Word in Stilson is his Apple of Gold in Vials of Silver: Says the Oracle of Truth itself. And we have it from the same Authority, that our very Poesy, when they are Loud and Long, are in the Sight of Heaven no better than so much Baldness; and that they they have more in them of Hypocrisy and Offenation, then of Affection and Judgment. The Great Creator of the Universe, whole single F I A T was sufficient to have made Ten Thousand Worlds in the Twinkling of an Eye, Allowed himself Six Days yet for the Finishing of his Purpose: Paul'd upon Every Days Work, Consider'd of it, Reviewed it, and Pronounced it Good, and So Proceeded. Right Reason Moves, in some Proportion, by the same Steps and Degrees with This Imitable Example: If Deliberates, Projects, Executes, Weighs, and Approves. Nature does Nothing in a Huddle, and Human Prudence Should Govern it by the same Measures. A Plurality of Voices, ye true, carries the Question in all our Debates, but rather as an Expedient for Peace, than an Eviction of the Right; for there are Millions of Errors to one Reason, and Truth; And a Fool is not so Easly to be Hit: In a Word, the Old Saying is a thrwed One; that Wise Men Pray, and Fools Determine. Take the World to pieces, and there are a thousand Secrets to be Philosopher: and as many Swarms of Flies to one Eagle. Lynxes not do come into the World in Letters.

FAB. CXXIII.

Two Cocks Fighting.

Two Cocks fought a Duel for the Mastery of a Dunghill. He that was Worth, think away into a Corner, and Hid himself; The other takes his Flight up to the Top of the House, and there with Crowing and Clapping of his Wings makes Proclamation of his Victory. An Eagle made a Stoop at him in the Middle of his Exultation, and carry'd him away. By this Accident, the Other Cock had a Good Riddance of his Rival; took Possession of the Province they Contended for, and had all his Mistresses to Himself again.

The Moral.

A Wife, and a Generous Enemy will make a Madlyr Wife of a Victory; for Fortune is Variable.

REFLEXION.

This Combat of Two Cocks for a Dunghill, may be Moraliz'd by an Application of it to the Competition of the Greatest Princes, for Empire and Dominions. For what the World more than a Mashed Dirt on the One hand, as to the Subject of the Quarter; and then the same Thirst of Blood too, between the Combatants, on the Other. We have again, the Various Chance of War Exhibited on Both Sides; For his with Kings, as with these Cocks. He that's a Victor this Moment, may be a Slave the Next: And this Variety of Human Affairs, what is it but either the Sports, or the Judgment of Providence, in the Punishment of Arrogance and Oppression! We are given finally to understand, that as the Levee of Fortune leaves us Nothing to Trust in, or to Predict upon, so at the same Time there's Nothing to Depair of. The Conquering Cock was Get off in the very Song of his Triumph: and the Conquer'd re-established in the Possession of his former Territories.
Aesop's FABLES.

FAB. CXXIV.

A Fable and a Stag.

A Fawn was Reasoning the Matter with a Stag, why he should run away from the Dog Hill; for, says he, you are Bigger and Stronger than They. If you have a Mind to stand, you're better Armed; and then you're Fleeter if you'll Run for't. I can't Imagine what should make you so Fearful of a Company of Pilyful Curs. Nay, says the Stag, 'tis All True that you say, and tis no more then I say to my self Many Times; and yet whatever the Matter is, let me take up what Resolutions I please, when I hear the Sounds once, I cannot but betake my self to my Heels.

The Moral.

'Tis One thing to Know what we ought to do, and Another thing to Execute it; and to bring up our Prudences to our Philosophy: He that is naturally a Coward is not to be made Valiant by Counsel.

Reflection.

Natural Infirmities are well nigh Insuperable; and Men that are Cowards by Composition, are hardly ever to be made Valiant by Discourse. But They are Cowards yet of the Fearful of that Weakness, and may make a shift perhaps to Rescue themselves now and then into a kind of Temporary Resolution, which they have not the Power afterwards to go through with. We find it to be much the same in the Government of our Affections and Appetites, that it is in Thee Bodily Virtues of Temperament and Composition. Providence has Armed us with Powers and Faculties, sufficient for the Confounding all the Enemies we have to遇counter. We have Life and Death before us. That is to say, Good and Evil; And we know which is which too: Before that it is at our Choice to Take or to Refuse. So that we understand what we ought to do; but when we come to Deliberate, we play Heere against our Foes: And while our Judgments and our Consciences direct us One Way, our Corruptions Hurry us Another. This Stag, in fine, is a Thorough Emblem of the State and Infirmity of Mankind. We are Both of us Arm'd and Provided, either for the Combat, or for Flight. We see the Danger; we Ponder upon it; and now and then by Fits, take up some Faint Resolutions to Observe and break through it: But in the Conclusion, we shirk upon the Tread: We betake our selves from our Heads to our Heels; from Resolutions to Flee and Blood; from our Strength to our Weaknesses, and suffer under One Common Fate.

FAB.

FAB. CXXV.

Jupiter and a Eel.

A Bee made Jupiter a Present of a Pot of Honey, which was so kindly Taken, that he bad her Ask what she would, and it should be Granted her. The Bee defir'd, that wherever she should let her Sting, it might be Mortal. Jupiter was loth to leave mankind at the Mercy of a Little Spiteful Insect, and so bad her have a care how she Kill'd any Body; for what Perfon forever the Attacqu'd, if the left her Sting behind her, it could hurt her Life.

The Moral.

Spiteful Prayers are no better than Curfes in a Difficultie, and the Granting of them turns commonly to the Mischief of the Petitioner.

Reflection.

Cruelty and Revenge are directly contrary to the very Name of the Divine Goodness, and the Mischief that is Deign'd for other People returns commonly upon the Head of the Author. How many Men in the World, think up as Malicious Prayers in Christian Assemblies to the True God, as the Bee does to Jupiter here in the Fable! And Prayers too against their very Patrons and Masters, their Benefactors, that entertain them, to get rid of them. Will Heaven hear these Prayers, and (of Curfes rather) and not Punish them? This Bee did not Pray for a Power to Kill, without a Previous Disposition and Deign, to put this Venemous Power in Execution. She had Mischief in her Heart already, and only wanted some Declarative Faculties, answerable to her Will: And so prays to Jupiter, as Men do in many Cases to the Jehovah, for the Blessing of an Ability to Commit Murder.

FAB. CXXVI.

Wafers in a Honey-Pot.

There was a Whole Swarm of Wasps got into a Honey-Pot, and there they Clay'd and Cunn'd themselves, till there was no getting Out again; which brought them to Understand in the Conclusion, that they had paid Dear for their Sweet-Meats.

The
Æsop's FABLES.

The Moral.

Lazy Pleasures become Necessary to Us by the frequent Use of them, and when they come once to be Habitual, there's no getting clear again.

Reflection.

These Wuffs of a Hump-Per, are so many Sentential Men, that are Plung'd in their Loths and Pleasures; and when they are once Glib'd to them, it is a very Hard Matter to Work themselves Out. We have an Embrem of those Foolish Vulgarum Men, that Sacrifice the Peace; the Honour, the Comfort, and all other Substantial Satisfaction of Life, to the Temptation of a Liquorish Palate. And so for the Libraries of Wise, Women, Festivals, and Jolly Company; The Pomp and Splendor of Courts and Parades, cts. It comes All to the same Point; for when Man are once Dipt; what with the Engagements of Sense, Custom, Facility, Nay and I might have said, with the very Shame of Departing from what they have given themselves up to, they go on with Æsop's Flies, till they are Stuffed in their very Pleasures.

Fab. CXXVII.

A Young Man and a Swallow.

A prodigious Young Fellow that had fold his Cloths to his very Shirt, upon the Sight of a Swallow that came before his Time, made Account that Summer was now at Hand, and away went That too. There happen'd after This, a Fit of Bitter Cold Weather, that almost hurl'd both the Bird, and the Spendthrift. Well (says the Fellow to Himself) this Sort of a Swallow has been the Ruin of us Both.

The Moral.

Extravagant Cafes are Excepted out of the General Rules of Life: So that Irregular Accidents and Incidents are not to be drawn into Prejudice.

Reflection.

Every Man Stands or Falls to his Own Reason: and it is no Excuse to say that I was Milled by Example, or Conclude, when I had the Means before me of informing my foil Better. If this Prodigal had but Confessed the Ahnissmaack, or his own Experience, he would have set him Right in the Court of the Seaboard, or the Old Proverb Methinks might have Lately'd him, that One Swallow makes no Summer, Unless the Fable purchase should fall out to be the Ancient of the Two, and the Occasion of that Proverb: But there are Certain Extravagantes among People of all Sizes and Professions; and there must be no Drawing of General Rules from Particular Exceptions.

Fab. CXXXVIII.

A Carpenter.

A Carpenter dropped his Ax into a River, and put up a Prayer to Mercury to help him to't again. Mercury Div'd for't, and brought him up a Golden One: but That was not it, the Fellow said: And so he Plung'd a Second Time, and Fetch'd up Another, of Silver. He said That was not it neither. He try'd once again; and then Up comes an Ax with a Wooden Handle, which the Carpenter said, was the very Tool that he had Lost. Well! (says Mercury) thou art so Just a Poor Wretch, that I'll give thee All Three now for thy Honesty. This Story was got into Every body's Mouth, and the Rumour being spreaded, it came into a Knave's Head to Try the Same Experiment over again. And so away goes, He, and Down he Sits, Sniv'ling and Crying upon the Bank of a River, that he had Drop'd his Ax into the Water there. Mercury that was at hand it heard, hears his Lamentation, and Dipping once again for his Ax, as he had done for the Other; up he brings him a Golden Ax, and asks the Fellow if That were it. Yes, Yes, says he, This is it. Oh thou Impudent Sot, cries Mercury, to think of putting Tricks upon Him that fees through the very Heart of thee.

The Moral.

The Great Searcher of our Hearts is not to be Impa'd upon, but he will take his Own Time either to Reward or Punish.

Reflection.

Heaven hates Diffemblers, and Hypocrites; as it Loves Men of Truth and Integrity. He that invents he can Impose upon Æsop takes him for a Cally.

Æsop.

Banquet Moralizes the Matter thus; that Mercury's call'd upon, and Sent as the Patron of Artisans. The Practice of Truth and Justice can never fail of a Reward in the Conclusion, and the bringing in of a God to the Relief of a Poor Man, shows that it is from Heaven that the Needy are to Expect Redress.

Here are Two Men at their Prayers; The One a Downright Plain Dealer; and the Other a Trimming, Deliving Hypocrite. The Former has a Reverence in his Heart for the Power that he Invokes; He is not to be Corrupted with Gold, or Silver. He stands in Awe of his Conscienc, and makes good his Profession, with his Practice; Receiving in the End, the Blessing of a Reward for his Integrity. The Other Worships with his Eyes, his Hands, and his Voice; but All This is only to Cover the Cheat of a Rotten Heart. He acknowledges a Divine Power, but at the
Fable CXXIX.

A Fox and Grapes.

There was a Time, when a Fox would have Ventured as far for a Bunch of Grapes, as for a Shoulder of Mutton, and it was a Fox of Tho’se days, and That Palate, that stood Gaping under a Vine, and licking his Lips at a most Delicious Clutter of Grapes that he had Spy’d out there; He fetch’d a Hundred and a Hundred Leaps at it, till at last, when he was as Weary as a Dog, and found that there was No Good to be done; 

Hang’em (says He) they are as Sour as Crabs; and so away he went, turning off the Disappointment with a Jett.

Fable CXXX.

A Wolf and a Lynx.

As a Wolf and a Lynx were abroad upon Adventure together, Heark, (says the Wolf) Don’t you hear the Bleating of Sheep? My Life for Yours Sir, I’ll go fetch ye a Pur-schale. Away he goes, and follows his Ear, till he came just under the Sheepfold: But it was so well fortify’d, and the Dogs asleep fo Near it, that back he comes Sneaking to the Lynx again, and tells him, There are Sheep Yonder (says he) ‘tis true, but they are as Lean as Carrions, and we had e’en as good let ‘em alone till they have more Fleth on their Backs.

The Moral of the Two Fables above.

The Matter of Shift and Address, when a man cannot Honourably Contend, what he would be at, to appear Easy and Indifferent upon all Occasions and Disappointments.

Reflection.

'Tis a Point of Good Discretion to make a Virtue of Necessity, and to Content our selves without what we cannot get, though we have never to much a Mind to’t, for such a Turn of the Fates doth seem to Depose what we cannot Comply with, and to put off a Mischance with a Jett, before, that it is Better to have people think a man could Gain Such or such a Point if he Would, then that he Would, but cannot.

The Fear put off in this Fable, is a most Instructive Point of Philosophy towards the Government of our Lives; Provided that His Feeling may be made Our Earnest; as it would be much for our Honour and Quiet so to be. No man shall ever be Miserable, if he can but keep Clear of the Snare of Hopes and Fears; and Amuse himself against the Flatteries of the One, and the Alarms of the Other: It is a High Point of Christian, as well as of Civil Prudence; for a man to say This to himself before-hand, of a Thing that he has a Mind to, [ ‘tis better with out it,] Or if he can but lay after the Muffling of it, [ ‘tis better left than found.] Now if we cannot Arrive at the Pitch of making this Indifference a Virtue indeed, we may however so Disguise it yet, (though in a case of Necessity) as to make it Look like one: Not but that it would be much better if we could Attain to the Perfection it itself, as well as we may in Appearance Cover the Disgrace.

I knew a Fine Lady once, and he was a Woman of Sense, Qualities, and a very Generous Mind. She lay under Mortifications in abundance, and yet was never Observe’d to be Peevish or Angry; upon any Provocation Whatever; and the Reason she gave for’t was This: [ ‘tis Will make Me Look Old.] So that it is not so much the want of Ability to master our Affections, as the want of Resolution to go thoroughly with the Experiment. This is a way to keep us Firm in All Trials: or if He, that upon a True Principle, lives without any Disquiet of Thought, may be said to be Happy: It Enhances all our Disappointments into Providences, when he can let fall the Vain Desire of them without feeling the Loss of it. It comes All to a Cafe now, upon the force of the Moral, whether we Quit, as the Fox did the Grapes, because he could not come at them, or as the Wolf did the Sheep, because he thrust not Venture upon ‘em. But be it either the One or the Other, there’s a Virtue, and a Blessing in’t, Both ways, in getting the Better of our Follies; which might certainly be done, if we had but half the Industriousness for our Minds and Conveniences, that we have for our Carcasses, and our Fortunes.

Fable CXXXI.

A Jay and a Senator.

A Jay was Groping for Eels, and laid his hand upon a Snake, but the Snake, finding it was Pure Simplicity, and not Malice, Advised him of his Mistake; Keep your self Well while you are Well, says the Snake; but if you Meddle with Me, You’ll Repent your Bargain.
Æsop's FABLES.

The MORAL.

'Tis the Intention, Morally Speaking, that makes the Action Good or Bad; and even Brutes themselves will put a Difference between Herds of Ill Will and Misfortune.

REX E X I O N.

'Tis Wisdom as well as Justice, to Distinguish between Actions of Misadventure, and of Design. Every Thing has its Infallible, and both Parts should be well Examine'd, before a Man can make either a Warrantable Judgment, or a Prudent Choice. The Boy's Mistake here is no more than what we have every Day before our Eyes in common Practice: And that which the Bird does to the Boy, Every Man's Reason says to Himself: What if he takes a Snare for an Eel, but our taking Vice for Virtue? He did it Unwarily: And so do We Many times too. He took the One for the Other, because they were so much Alike, that at first View he could not Distinguish them. And are not Virtue and Vice so Like, in several Instances, as One Egg is to Another? How shall a Man know, at first Bluff, Hypocrisy from Piety! True Charity from Obliteration! or the Devil Himself with a Glory about him, from an Angel of Light? Time and Examination may do much, but the Boy was Groping, and in the Dark, and so might Well be Mishtaken. The Snake Told him of his Error, and the Danger of it, but Pity'd it over, because there was no Ill Will in't. This is the very Case of Our Reason to us, in all our Misdoings: It Checks us for what's Full, and Advises us for the Future, to have a Care of False Appearances: Just as the Snake did to the Child here.

F. A. CXXXII.

A Snakes and a Partridge.

A Fowler had taken a Partridge, and the Bird offered her self to Decoy as many of her Companions into the Snare, as she could, upon Condition that he would give her Quarter. No, says he, You shall Die the rather for that very Reason, because you would be no Baits as to Betray your Friends to save your self.

The MORAL.

Of all Scandalous and Lying Officers, that of a Traitor is Certainly the Adverse; 'tis Undeniable it Forms the Foundations of Society.

REFLEXION.

TREACHERY is Sin against Common Faith, Honour, and Human Society; A Villany, in short, that's never to be Approved, how Convenient forever in some Cases to be made use of. The Fowler's here, was a Wise and a Generous Resolution, upon the Partridge proposed, for all Traitors are Mercenaries; and Whoever Betrays One Matter for Advantage, will Betray Another for a Better Price. But as all manner of Treachery is Abominable in the Sights both of God and Man, and bands Reprehended in this Fable: So there are Certain Kinds and Degrees of it, that are yet more Excusable and Oblivious, One than Another: There is first a Treachery by Complexity, which was the Partridges Case. Her Heart Fait'h'd her, and she would Pian have Compounded for her Own Life, by the Betraying of her Fellow. This was an Unhappy Injustice, but the Wealous all this while, does not Excuse the Perfidy, though it may seem in some Measure to Extenuate the Crime, by the Poor Creatures lying under almost an Inexplicable Futurity. The Fowler however made an Example of her for a Terror to Others. Now if a Treachery of this Quality be so Unpardonable, what shall we say to Thos' Judas that Dep in the Disth with their Masters, and then for so many Pieces of Silver, deliver them up to be Crucify'd? What shall we say to Zedekiah that Sell their Country, their Souls and their Religion, for Money, and Rate Devisy at so much a Pound? And then to Condemn the Wickedness, Faithl the Work with Malice, that they began with Avarice.

F. A. CXXXIII.

A Hare and a Fox.

What a Dull Heavy Creature (say a Hare) is This same Tortoise! And yet (say the Tortoise) I'll run with you for a wager. 'Twas Dou'nd and Done, and the Fox, by Consent, was to be the Judge. They hurled together, and the Tortoise kept Jogging on till, till he came to the End of the Course. The Hare lay'd himself down about Midway, and took a Nap; for, says he, I can fetch up the Tortoise when I please: But he Over-estimated himself it seems, for when he came to wake, though he scalded away as fast as 'twas possible, the Tortoise got to the Post before him, and Won the Wager.

The MORAL.

Up and be Doing, is an Edifying Text; for Aesop is the Bus'ness of Life, and there's no thought of ever coming to the End of our Journey in time, if we Step by the Way.

REFLEXION.

UNNECESSARY Delays in all Preparing Affairs are but so much Time Lost, before the Hazard of Intervening Cauterities that may Endanger a Total Disappointment. Let not the Work of to day be put off 'till to morrow; for the Future is uncertain; and he that eyes down to Sleep in the Middle of Business that requires Aesop, does know whether
F A B. CXXXIV.

**Apples and Horse-Tarts.**

Upon a very great Fall of Rain, the Current carry'd Away a Huge Heap of Apples, together with a Dunghill that lay in the Water-Course. They Floated a good while together like Brethren and Companions; and as they went thus Dancing down in the Stream, the Horse-Tarts would be every foot crying out still, Alack a day! How We Apples Swim!

F A B. CXIV.

A Peach, an Apple, and a Blackberry.

There happen'd a Controversy once between a Peach, and an Apple, which was the Fairer Fruit of the Two. They were so Loud in their Discourse, that a Blackberry from the next Hedge, Over-heard them. Come (says the Blackberry) We are All Friends, and pray let's have no Jangling among our Selves.

The Moral of the Two Fables above.

Every Thing would be Thought Greater in the World than it is, and the Rest of it is This, that it's itself thinks it self so.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Vanitie Common in the World, for Every Pretending Contend to make himself One of the Party still with his Betters. They cry [We] to Everything, and make themselves Necessary upon all Occasions, and to All Purposes and People, when upon the Truth of the Matter, they are found to be good for full Nothing at all. [We] Apples cry the Horse-Tarts. [We] the King's Officers, cry the Fellow that carries Guts to the Bears. [We] cry the Scum of the Nation to the Bench, to the Court, to the City, to the Church, to Parliaments, and Councils. There's Nothing so Great, but the Little People cry [We] to't still. [We'll] do this, and [We'll] do that, and [We'll] Under-take for This and That. This is in a Familiar Way, the Common Style of the Licentious Multitude, to the Scandal of all Honorable Commissions, and of Thems that manage them. And This Humour of [We] holds as well in Matters of State, and of Understanding, as in the Point of Honour and Quality. 'Twas [We] in the Persons of the Phal-Wives and the Brown-Men. [We] again in the Revelations of Bible-Verse, and Grab-Spirit, that took upon them to Prescribe in Matters of Religion and Government. [We] won't be told Religion, was the Cry of Every Ignorant Atheist. [We'll] stand up for our Properties was the Beggars Song that he'd upon the Alms-Basket. And [We] for our Liberties, cry the Slaves of All Times and Intermediates; Nay and None so Righteous Land as Common-Cheats upon the Topick of Confidence. And so it was [We] again in the Name of the Multitude, that did Everything that was thought worth the Doing. Now if the Dregs of the People will be Opening, and Crying [We] to Everything the Middle has a Wide Mouth, and there's No Stopping it. But the Arrogance of the Rabbles Assaying at This Rate, is Nothing to the Meanness of their Superiors, when they shall defend to keep such Company; or to make use of such Tools or Engines. 'Tis not half so bad for the Apple to cry [We] Horse-Tarts, as it would be for Men of State, and Caball, to cry [We] Timbers and Carr-Men. But this is a Supposition, not to enter so much as into the Thoughts of any Man of Sense or Honour. This Fable will also bear as Edifying, and as Pertinent a Moral, in the Inversion, as it does the Other Way. We Rogues, on the One Hand, is Every jot as Emphatical, as We Prentices on the Other.

F A B. CXXXVI.

A Beele and her Dam.

Other (says a Male to her Dam) Here's a Strange Smell Methinks. And then she was at it again, There's a Mustard-Tear I perceive. And so a Third Time, What a Clattering of Hammer do you hear. Daughter for the Old One, you have now quite Betray'd your self; for I thought you Had Wanted only One Sense, and now I find you want Three; for you can neither Hear, nor Smell, any more then you can See.

The Moral.

Men Labour under Many Imperfections that No Body would take Notice of, if themselves were not Our Judicious to Correct them.

REFLEXION.

Roasters are Naturally Falsifiers, and the People of All Others that put their Shams the World together. Their Imperfections would not be Half so much taken Notice of, if their Own Vanities did not make Proclamation of them; As a Blind Lady that I knew, was never Well, but when she was Disguised of Colour. 'Tis a Stranger Thing, the Impudence of some Women! Was a Word often in the Mouth of a Specific Dane, who her self was as Common as the King's High-Way. I knew Another that was never without Lemon-Peel in her Mouth, to Correct an Univer-
A Fable.

XXXVII.

Wasp, Partridge, and a Bushman.

A Flight of Wasp, and a Covy of Partridges that were hard put to for Water, went to a Farmer, and begged a Soup of him to Quench their Thirst. The Partridges offer'd to Dig his Vineyard for', and the Wasp to secure him from Thieves. Pray hold your Hand, says the Good Man; I have Oxen and Dogs that do me These Offices already, without standing upon Terms. And therefore it will become me to Provide for Them in the First Place.

The Moral.

Charity begins at Home, but the Necessary Duty of it in One Place, does not Discharge the Christian Exertion of it in another.

Reflection.

Charity is a Humane, as well as a Christian Virtue, and there is a Place for it, even upon Brutes, under the Duty of Tenderness and Good Nature, as well as upon Men; but fill with a Dilimulation by way of Preference, that it is to be Employ'd in the First Place upon Those that have the Fairest Right to it: 'Tis one Thing I must Confess, to Condition for a Good Office, and Another thing to do it Graciously; so that the Husbandman took the Propolity by the Right Handle in That Respect: But his being provided of Servants already, to do his Work was no Excuse for his Want of Charity to Relieve his Distress'd Neighbor.

XXXVIII.

Jupiter and a Serpent.

Jupiter had Prepares made him upon his Wedding-Day, Greater, or Lesser, from All Living Creatures. A Serpent brought him a Rep in his Mouth for an Offering. The Thing was Acceptable enough, but not the Preparitor; for (says Jupiter) though Gifts are Welcome to me, of Themselves, I must not yet receive any from a Serpent.

The Moral.

He that receives a Preparitor, Contracts an Obligation, which a Body would be Ashamed of in the Case of an Ill Man, for it looks toward making a Friendship with him.

Reflection.

It is as Natural for a Man to Kill a Fly, as it is for a Fly to Bite a Man. There's a kind of Gift-Preparation on Both Sides, and without Any Malice on Either Hand: The Fly cannot Live without Nourishment, nor the Man without Roast. So that here's only a Preparatory Dispatch on the One Hand, to prevent a Licking Death on the Other. (as a Fly's Life is in Truth no Better) There are in the World as many Illusions of This Fable, as there are Influences of Pettiness, Pragmatism, and Infirmities that Break in upon Men of Government and Business, Distractions, and much in them of Fee-Giving: That is to say, they
they keep us Waking, and Hinder our Repose. The Flea thought it hard to suffer Death for an Innominate: But to a Man that knows how to Value his Time and his Quiet, One Impropriety upon the Neck of Another, is the Killing of a Man Alive, and the very World of Deaths.

A Fable.

A Fire and thereto.

There was a Fellow, that upon a Fire-Biting call'd out to Hercules for Help. The Fire gets away, and the Man Expostulates upon the Matter. Well! Hercules; (says he) You that would not take My Part against a Sorry Flea, will never stand by me in a Time of Need, against a more Powerful Enemy.

The Moral.

We Neglect God in Greater Matters, and Petition him for Trifles, nay and Take Part at all if we cannot have our Aidings.

Reflection.

'Tis an Ill Habit to turn Offices and Duties of Piety into Matters and Words only of Course; and to Suspend our Wayes and our Prayeres upon Paltry P顶ysters, when the Great Concerns of Life and Death, Heaven and Hell, lye all at Stake. Who but a Mad man, that has so many Necessary and Capital Duties of Christianitie to Think of, would ever have made a Deliverance from a Fire-biting a Part of his Life? It makes our Devotions Ridiculous, to be so Unthinking on the One side, and so Over-fastidious, and Solicitous on the Other. By this Prouin and Imperious Way of our Proceeding toward the Almighty, Men Slide by little and little into some Sort of Doubt, if not a Direct Disbelif and Contempt of his Power. And then with the Country Fellow here, if we cannot Obtain Every Vain Thing we ask, our next Business is to take Fire at the Refusal, nay and in Revenge to give over Praying for Good and All; and so to Remorse Heaven for a Fire-biting.

A Fable.

Two Frogs that wanted Water.

Upon the Drying up of a Lake, Two Frogs were forc'd to Quit, and to look for Water elsewhere. As they were upon the Search, they Discove'd a very Deep Well. Come (says One to the Other) Let us e'en go down here, without Looking any further. You say well, says her Companion; but what if the Water should fail us Here too? How shall we get Out again?

The Moral.

To Good Advice to Look before we Leap.

Reflection.

Hasty Resolutions are seldom Fortunate, and it is a piece of Neceffary Providence, for a Man, before he resolves any thing, to Consider what may be the Consequences of it.

We are taught by the Providence of These Frogs, to Consider the End of Things before we Revolve upon the Means: For when the Tide is Calm, 'tis too late to With for another Chance. In our Deliberations what S
to do, we should Distinguish between Lawful and Unlawful, Prudential and Foolish, a Left Part of Good, and a Consequence of greater Evils, that we be not Bearer'd by the Fair Appearances of Things Specious; Frauds and Fallacies, Glittering Outides, &c., into Inconveniencies and Misakes.

When a Man wants any thing, let him look for it, and Conside Well before hand what Occasion he has for it, and upon What Terms it is to be Had; for there may be such Conditions that a Man would not convey with, even for the Saving, or Receiving of his Life. There are other Cases, where a Man must Part with More for the Getting of a Thing, then That Thing is Worth. Some again, where a Body runs the Risk of an Abolition Run, for the Gaining of a Pretend Supply; Wherefore there's No Remedy but with a Strict Calculation of the Profit or Loss on Both Sides, I want Money; but I will not make my self a Slave for't. I want a Friend at Court, but I will not forfeit the Character of a Man of Honour, or the Confidence of a Christian, and an Honest Man, to purchase such a Friend; I am in Prison; but I will not pay the Knave to shift my self at Liberty. These are All, Necessary Deliberations upon the Matter here in Question. Let us see how we shall get our again, says the Fogg, before we go in.

Fab. CXLIII.

A Dog and a Cock upon a Journey.

A Dog and a Cock took a Journey together. The Dog Ken nell'd in the Body of a Hollow Tree, and the Cock Roosted at night upon the Boughs. The Cock crow'd about Midnight; (at his Utmost Hour) which brought a Fogg that was abroad upon the Hunt, immediately to the Tree; and there he found Licking of his Lips, at the Cock, and Wheeling him to get him Down. He Proteced he never heard to Angola, and a Voice since he was Born, and what would not He do now, to Hug the Creature that had given him so admirable a Serenade! Pray, says the Cock, speak to the Porter below to open the Door, and I'll come down to ye: The Fogg did as he was directed, and the Dog presently Seiz'd and Worry'd him.

The Moral.

The Main行事 of the World is Nothing but Sharpening, and putting Tricks upon one Another by Turnes.

Reflection.

'Tis Good Discretion, when a Body has to do with an Adversary, that is either too Crafty, or too Strong for him, to turn him off to his Match; but it would be a Clever Way yet, to Encounter the Swaggurs, and to Defeat One Sham with another, as the Simplicity of the Cock here was too hard for the Willows of the Fox. Experience makes many a Wife Man of a Fool.

Fab. CXLIV.

A Bat, a Bramble, and a Cornmanet.

A Bat, a Bramble, and a Cornmanet. Enter'd into Covenants with Articles, to joyn Stocks, and Trade in Partnership together. The Bat's Adventure was Ready Money that he took up at Interest; the Brambles was in Cloth; and the Cornmanet, in Beas. They get to Sea, and to it fell out, that Ship and Goods were both Lost by Storms of Weather: But the Three Merchants by Providence got safe to Land. Since the Time of this Miscarriage, the Bat never Stirs abroad till Night, for fear of his Creditors. The Bramble lays hold of all the Cloaths he can come at in hope to Light upon his Own again: And the Cornmanet is still Staining by the Sea Side, to see if he can find any of his Beas call up.

The Moral.

The Impression of any Noble Misfortune will commonly fly by a Man as long as he Lives.

Reflection.

'Tis seen that a Man has once for his Heart upon, will hardly be ever got out of his Head, but Every Heart and Occasion will be putting him in mind of it again. All Habits are not Easily Cur'd. 'Tis with almost All People in cases of Fright or Distraction of Mind, as it was with our Merchant Adventurers here. The Last Impression sticks Closer to us. There was a Miserable Wrench in Batism that had lost his Wits upon the Fighting of a Ship at Sea, and His Head was still running upon Fire and Water; insomuch that the very Sight of either of them would put him into an Outrageous Fury. Another that was Mad for Love; would be beating his Brains perpetually upon Epigrams and Sonnets. Oliver's Embalming Poverty, was
Aesop’s FABLES.

A Lark in a Net.

A Poor Lark Enter’d into a Miserable Exploitation with a Bird-Catcher, that had Taken her in his Net, and was just about to put her to Death. Alas, says the: What am I to Die for now? I am no Thief; I have Stolen neither Gold nor Silver; but for Making Bold with One Pitiful Grain of Corn am I now to Suffer.

The Moral.

’Tis to no Purpose to stand Reasoning, where the Adversary is both Party and Judge.

REFLEXION.

’Tis a Folly, says the Old Moral, for People to run Great Hazards for small Advantage. And why may it not as well Reflect upon the Cruelty of taking away the Life of a Poor Innocent Creature for making bold with One Pitiful Grain of Corn, when she was Hungry. But this is All Forced; and in Truth, it is a Dry Fable with Little or Nothing in it.

Or to Turn it Another Way yet. Here’s the Life of a Poor Creature in Quicksand, and the Lark Exploits them, andFeeds Not Guilty, but the Folly has No Ears, and the Bird-Catcher is so Intent upon his Interest, and Apparent, that he gives no Heed at all to the Equality of the Fish, which is but according to the Courts of the World, where people Misjudge Right or Wrong by the Rule of their Own Profit or Loss. ’Tis Passion and Partiality that Govern in All These Cases.

A Slaye, etc.

A Certain Certainus, Rich Cornwall Sold his Whole Estate, and put it into Money, and then Melted down that Money again into One Maff, which he Buried in the ground, with his very Heart.

Heart and Soul in the Pot for Company. He gave it a Vifi Every Morning, which it feems was taken Notice of, and Somebody that Oblivion’d him, found out his Hour one Night, and Carry’d it away. The Next day he miffed it, and ran almoast out of his Wits for the Loafs of his Gold. Well, (says a Neighbour to him) And what’s All This Rage for? Why you had no Gold at all, and so you loft None. You did but fancy all this while that you had it, and you may even as well fancy again that you have it fill. ’Tis but laying a Stone where you laid your Money, and fancying That Stone to be your Treasure, and there’s your Gold again. You did not lose it when you had it; and you do not want it so long as you Refuse not to lose it.

The Moral.

Better no Estate at all, than the Carets and Vexations that attend the Possession of it, without the Use of it.

REFLEXION.

We are never the better for the Possession of any Thing. Rarely for the Propriety sake, but its the Use and Application of it towards the Conveniences of Life, and the Comforts of Humane Society, that gives Every Thing its Value. The Divine Goodness we fee is perpetually at Work; Nature keeps on in her Course, and the Heavens find their Influences without Intermittion; and what’s the Doctrine now of This Great Example, but that the Bleeding of Providence, which are Common and Difperate, ought not to be Idle; and that Whoever Buries his Talent, either of Understanding, or of Fortune, breaks a Sacred Trufh, and Conzeus Thoft that fland in Needle. But we have a fort of feed Wrenches among us, that had rather Calf their Silver and Gold into the very Mine again from whence it was Taken, or leave it at the Mercy of Thieves and Common Hazards, then that any Man Living should be the Better for it.

A Slaye, etc.

One-Eyed Slaye, that was afraid of the Huntsmen at Land, kept a Watch That Way with T’other Eye, and fed with his Blind Side still toward an Arm of the Sea, where he thought there was no Danger. In this Prospect of Security, he was Struck with an Arrow from a Boat, and so Ended his Days with This Lamentation: Here am I dropt, says he, where I reckoned my Self to be Safe on the One Hand; and No Evil has befalln me, where I most Dreaded it, on the Other.
The Moral.

We are liable to many Civil and Military Accidents that no Care or Prudence can Prevent: But we are to provide however the best we can against them, and leave the Rest to Providence.

Reflection.

We are many times Preferring the Goods and Comforts of others, in All Probability should have had quite Contrary Effects. But it is our Part yet to Act according to Reason, and commit our Selves to Heaven for the red. We have our Blind Sides in the World, as well as the Stag had his by the Side of the Road, and we have our Enemies too, that are still watching to make Advantage of that Weakness. One Man is transported out of his Reason, and his Honesty, by Sudden Pleasures: Another by Money, perhaps, or by Ambition. Every Man, in short, by Somewhere or other. And it is but striking him in the Right Vein, to do his Hurt. The Wiles of Men have their Follies; The Judgments, their Iniquities, and the most Temperate of Men have now and then by Fire, their Excellencies. Achilles himself (after all that his Mother could do for him) was left Vulnerable by the Heel, and Paris’s Arrow found him Out of the Temple, as the Stag that eyes most Easily an Attacker. And finally; That it is not in the Power of Humane Will to preserve us against Plots and Practices upon humane Frailty: Nay, and when we have done our Best to Prevent Mischief, the very Precaution itself serves many times to Contribute to our Ruin. The Stag did All that was to be done here; but the Ways and Workings of Providence are unsearchable; and it is not in the Power of humane Prudence to Obviate all the Accidents of human Life.

Fable CXLVIII.

A Stag and a Lyre.

A Stag that was close Pursued by the Huntsmen, fled for Safety into a Lyre’s Den; and as he was just Expiring under the Paws of the Lyre: Mischievous Creature that I am, says he, to fly for Protection from Men, to the most Unmerciful of Beasts!

The Moral.

There are Harder and Genter Ways, even of Ruin it self; as its Common to live for Men under a Capital Sentence to Punish even for the Change of the Death.

Reflection.

This is a Common Case for People to be to Redress to this Mischievous Choice; That is to say, by what Hand or Means they will rather Perish; under the Certainty of an Inevitable Distraction One Way or other. The Ancients have Mirthed it this Way. But it seems to me (under favour) that the Stag’s

Fable CXLIX.

A Goat and a Cube.

A Goat that was hard Pursued by the Huntsmen, took Sanctuary in a Vineyard, and there he lay Close, under the Cover of a Pile of Grapes. So soon as he thought the Danger was Over, he fell presently to Browsing upon the Leaves; and whether it was the Rustling, or the Motion of the Boughs, that gave the Huntsmen an Occasion for a Stricter Search, is Uncertain: but a Search there was, and in the End he was Distracted, and Shot. He dy’d in Fine, with this Conviction upon him, that his Punishment was Just, for Offering Violence to his Protector.

The Moral.

Ingratitude Provokes all the Misfortunes of Religion and Society, by making it Dangerous to be Charitable and Good Natured.

Reflection.

Ingratitude is Abhorred both by God and Man; and there is a Certain Vengeance Attends those that Repay Evil for Good, and seek the Ruin of their Protectors. This Fable Expouses the Inhumanity of That Horrid Vice, and it Presages the Unthankfulness and Justice. The Obligations of Hopefulness and Prudence are Sacred, that Nothing can Abstain us from the Discharge of those Duties. "To True, that this Particular Instance holds better in the Morality of the Application, then it does in the Reason of the Thing: for the Question is not what the Beast does in his Kind; but what Ought to be done, with a respect to such a Benefit receiv’d. If a Man should Learn into the History and Practice of humane Nature, we should find Nothing more Common there, then one Rebellion Stared upon the Pardon of Another; and the very Mischief, which is said in Consequences against their Matter. But though Things ever were, and ever will be, so long as Men are Men, and carry their Corruptions about them. There will be Goats, in fine, and there will be Piles, to answere this Moral, in Sacra Sactarum.

Fable CLI.

An Afi, a Lyre, and a Cub.

As a Cock and an Afi were Feeding together, upon comes a Lyre Open-mouth toward the Afi: The Cock presently flies out; Away
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Away Scurves the Lyen, and the As after him: Now 'twas the Crowing of the Cock, that Frighted the Lyen, not the Braying of the As, as That Stupid Animal Vainly Fancy'd to Himself, for to Foot as ever they were gotten out of the Hearing of the Cock, the Lyen turn'd thort upon him, and tore to pieces, with These Words in his Mouth: Let never any creature hereafter that has not the Courage of a Hare, Push a Lyen.

The Moral.
The Fear of Unaccountable Aversions, is Inexpressible. The Fool that is Wise and Brave, Only in his Own Conceit, runs on without Fear or Wit, but Nojs does his Business.

Réflexion.
Many a Bragging Coxcomb is Ruin'd by a Miscalc of Fear in an Enemy, and a Fancy of Courage in Himself. Sibbald Remarks upon the Lyen's Aversion to the Cock, that there's Nothing so Great but it has its Failings, and so he makes the Pursuit of the Lyen to be a Particular Mark of the As's Weakness. Mifer will have the Fear to be Convinced, with a Design to Surpise the Purveyor; but This Fable seems still to look another Way. It may appear a very Exhilarating, Surprising Encounter, that As has Exhilarated to us in This Fable. Here is a Lyen Running away from a Cock, and an As Pursuing a Lyen. That is to say, here are Two of the most Unlikely Things that Nature Brings together, in the Simplicity of Fear in the One, and of Refutation in the Other. But the Moral is never the Worse for the Seeming Disproportion of the Figure; and the Characters in the Fictions, are well enough Suits to the Truth, and Life of the Calf. The Flight of the Lyen must be Imputed here to the Natural Affection that he has to the Crowing of a Cock. This is the Tradition; but it shall break No Squares whether it is so or not: For the Philosophy holds good in other Inferences. No less Wonderful, whether it be True or False in This.

How many Inexpressible Infringements do we Meet with, in the Buythis of Meats, Drinks, and Medicines, in Plants, Minerals, and Living Creatures! Now Their Impulses are no more to be Controll'd, than the Primary, and the Unchangeable Powers of Nature: And Their Inclinations, after All, are no more to be Reason'd upon, than they are to be Refus'd, and therefore it is, that we call them Ours Qualities, which is All One with Saying that we do not Understand How they work, or What they are. Now is One Thing to Submit to an Alluring Force, Another Thing to Fly, and Yield to a Natural Affection: So that is No Departure from the Dignity of a Lyen to Fly, when Nature Drives him: Neither is it at all to the As's Reputation, to Pursue, when Vainly, Folly and Rakishness Transport him.

The As, we see, lies under Many Misfortunes here, and the More, and the Grander they are, the more Suitable fall to his Character. How many Fals are there in the World, that Huff, Look Big, Scare, Drefs Cock, Swagger, at the same Noise, Bluring Rate, and Nothing more Familiar then for a Whiffing Pop, that has not the much as One Grain of the Snuff, or Soul of a Man of Honour in him, to play the part of a Hero.

Nay, there are Enormos in the Tryals of Wit too, as well as in Faces or Arms, and none so forward to engage in Argument, or Discourse, as Those that are least able to go through with it. In One Word for All, the whole Race of Ballasting, Fluttering Noddy's, by what Name, or Title forever Dignified or Disfigured, are a kin to the As in This Fable.

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Farrier's Dog dropt into a Well, and his Master let himself down to help Him Out again. He reach'd forth his Hand to take hold of the Dog, and the Gar Stript him by the Fingers: For he thought twas only to Duck him deeper. The Master went his Way upon't, and 'em Let him as he found him. Nay (says he) I'm well enough Serv'd, to take so much Pains for the Saving of One that is Resolv'd to make away Himself.

The Moral.
Obligations and Benefits are Call'd away upon Two Sorts of People. Those that do not Understand them, and those that are not Fussible of them.

Réflexion.
'Tis a Nothin' to Talking upon Obligation upon Those that have neither Justice, Gratitude, nor Good Faith; and it is the same Case in Ethic, with Those that do not Understand when they are Well-adv'd: From where we may infer This Doctrine, that Fools and Knaves are a Companel for Honest Men. The Courteous and Violent Part of the Common People have much in them of this Curv's Humour. They Flange themselves into Difficulties by Mistaking their Way, and then fly in the Face of Those that would Set them Right Again. In This Opposition to Duty and Denunciation, they Pursue their Errors, 'll in the End, they are left to the Fate of their Own Madness and Folly; and Conspicuously Pursue without Any Hope, or Means of Fays or Reforms. The Gar-Naw would have for'd his Dog from Drowning, and the Carr his Master by the Fingers for his Pains.

Farrier's FABLES.

A Cat and a Dog.

T HERE pass'd some Hard Words betwixt a Sow and a Dog, and the Sow swore by Venus, that she'd tear his Guts out, if he did not mend his Manners. Ay, says the Dog, You do well to call upon her for your Patronesses, that will not too much as Endure any Creature about her that eats Swine's Fod. Well (says the Sow) and That's a Token of her Love, to hate Any thing that hurts me; but for Dog's Fod, 'tis Good neither Dead, nor Living.
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The Moral.

Where the Matter in Controversy will not bear an Argument, 'Tis a Turn of Art to bring it off with a Paradox.

REFLEXION.

'Tis an Ordinary Thing for People to Bosom of an Interest where they have None, and then when they are Detected, 'Tis a Streak of Art to Discover the Reproach, by Embracing a Spurious Word, or Thing, to a Bodily Own Advantage. This Way of Dialogue, is of a Kind of Tact-Tact; Where the One's Business is to keep from making a Blue, and the Other's is to Hit it when 'Tis made. It is a Happy Presence of Mind, to Anticipate Another Man's Thought, by Considering well beforehand what Conlusion, or Allusion his own Words will bear; for Otherwise, the Ceasing out an Inconsiderate Hint, is but the Setting of a Trap to Catch Himself. As the Sea's Appealing to Venus here, was as Good as an Answer thrown into the very Mouth of the Dog, which might Eaily have foreseen would be Turn'd back upon her in the Bitterness of a Reproach: For the Reply lay to Open, the Other could not Well Missit: But when all is done, Both Farts are to keep themselves upon their Guard; Or if either of 'Em has Overlooked himself, it is some Sort of Reputation still, to make the Best of a Bad Game; As the Sea turn'd off the Scandal here with a Jelt.

FAB. CLIII.

A Goose and a Bitch.

A Goose and a Bitch had a Dispute once, which was the Fruitfuller of the Two. The Sea Yielded it at first to the Bitch; but you are to take Notice at the Same time, says the, that your Puppies are All Blind.

The Moral.

The Question among all Sorts of Competitors is not Who does Miss, but Who does Sit.

REFLEXION.

We are not to put an Efiminate upon Things by the Quantity, or the Number of them, but by their Quality and Virtue: Taking for Granted, that Aesop's Bitch was Fruitfuller then our Sows. See the Moral of A Loyal and a Few. Feb. 19th.

FAB. CLIV.

A Snake and a Crab.

There was a Familiarity contracted betwixt a Snake and a Crab. The Crab was a Plain Dealing Creature, that Advis'd his Companion to give over Shuffling and Doubling, and to Practice Good Faith. The Snake went on in his Old Way: So that the Crab finding that he would not Mend his Manners, let upon him in his Sleep, and Strangled him; and then looking upon him as he lay Dead at his Length: This had never been, says he, if You had but Liv'd as Straight as You Dy'd.

The Moral.

There's Nothing more Agreeable in Conversation, than a Frank Openeway of Dealing, and a Simplicity of Manners.

REFLEXION.

Good Council is lost upon an Habitual hardness of Ill Nature: And in That Case, it must be a Diamond that Cuts a Diamond; for One Fraud is but Undersaid and Disappointed by Another. This Fable is a Figure upon a Figure, in Opposing the Strength of the Body of the Sea after he was Dead, to the Crookedness of his Manners when he was Living. But the Lascivies of Mythology will bear out the Hardness of the Allusion.

FAB. CLV.

A Shepherd and a Wandering Wolf.

A Shepherd took a Suckling Whelp of a Wolf, and Trained it up with his Dogs. This Whelp fed with em; Grew up with them, and whensoever they went out upon the Chase of a Wolf, the Wolf would be sure to make One. It fell out sometimes, that the Wolf's Spur'd, and the Dogs were forc'd to go Home again: But this Demeana Wolf would be still Hunting on, till he came up to his Brothers, where he took part of the Prey with them; and so back again to his Master. It happen'd now and then, that the Wolves abroad was pretty Quiet for a Fit: So that this Whelp of a Wolf was fain to make Bold ever and anon with a Sheep in Private by the By; but in the Conclusion, the Shepherd came to find out the Roguery, and Hang'd him up for his Pains.

The Moral.

False Men are no more to be Reckon'd then Whelps, and the Lascivies of the Province Serves the Blind, on the very Fruits of the Whole Family.

REFLEXION.

Illicit Dispositions may be Suppressed, or Distemper'd for a while, but Nature is very hardly to be Abated, either by Council, or by Education. It may do well enough, for Curiosity, and Experiment, to Try how far Ill Nature'd Men and Other Creatures may be Wrought upon by Fair Usage, and Good Breeding; But the Inclination and Corrupty of the Damon will
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never out of the Whirl. It may Suspend or adventure, or intermit, for want of Occasion to have it fed; but Nature is like Mercy, there's No Killing-Quire. The Whirl in the Hunt has a Kariouh Hill for the Whirls in the Woods, and continues in the Intire of the same Common Enemy, Cat and Man, as they say, and Watched Men will be True to their Principles, however False or sober to their Matters.

We may read in the Moral of this Fable, the common Practice of the World, and a Doctrine that we need every Day verified, as well in Men, as in Beasts; for these are Whirls in Palates, and Governments, as well as in Courts, and Forrests. Do we not find in History, and Experience, Instances in abundance, even of Publick Matters Themselves, that though taken up out of the very Herds of the Common Enemy, Admired into Special Trusts; Fed by the Hand, and Treated with the Grace and Character of Particular Favourites, have their Hearts in the Woods, yet all this while among their Fellowes: So that there's No Reclaiming of them. They go out however, asthere's Occasion, and Hunt and Growl for Company, but at the same time, they give the Sign out of their Master's Hand, hold Intelligence with the Enemy; and make use of their Power and Credit to Worry Hauert Man then Themselves. It seems Nothing at This, but that they may live to have their Day; and with the Dog here in the Fable, go to Heaven in a Spring, according to the True Intent of the Allegory.

FAB. CLVI.

A Lion, Fox, and a Cat. The King of Beasts was now grown Old, and Sickly, and All his Subjects of the Forest, (having only the Fox) were to pay their Duties to him. The Whirls, and the Fox like a Couple of Sly Knaves, were in putting Tricks. One upon Another, and the Whirl took this Occasion to do the Fox a Good Office. I can Affume your Majesty, says the Whirl, that 'is Nothing but Pride and Intolertence that keeps the Fox from shewing himself at Court as well as his Companions. Now the Fox had the Good Luck to be within Hearing, and so Pretended himself before the Lion, and finding him Extremeley Exaggerated, begs his Majesties Patience, and a Little Time only for his Defence. Sir (fays he), I must premise to Value my self upon my Respect and Loyalty to your Majestie, Equal at least to any of your other Subjects; and I will be bold to say, that put them all together, they have not taken Half the Pains for your Majesties Service upon this very Occasion, that I have done. I have been Hunting up and down for a Long Time, and wrap your Body up in the

Aesop's FABLES.

the Warm Skin. The Whirl was by all This while; and the Fox in a Sinking way alided him for the Future, not to Irritate a Prince against his Subjects, but rather to Sweeten him with Peaceable and Healing Councils.

The Moral.
The Barren of a Pitchkab is the Bait of Officers, but yet Diversifying enough sometimes, when One Raphael happens to be Encountred with another.

REFLEXION.

There's Nothing more Common in the World then these Whirls Best-Friends, in all our Pretensions; whether it be in Law, in Government, or in a Hundred other Arts of Clayme and Competition; Especially for the running down of a Man, that's Declining in his Credit already. Calumny is Bale at all; though Pleasant enough sometime, where it falls out, that One Raphael is Conquering Another. But let the Reproach be never to True, it can hardly be Houbl, Where the Office is done in Faggis-Mugger, and where the Intent is not Guided by a Confidence of the Duty. It is a way to Confound the Good and the Bad, where Knaves have Credit enough to be Belied, to the Wrong of Houbl Man, and the Innocent left without Means of Defence. He that would give Clear of the Envy and Hatred of Present Calumollectors, must say his Finger upon his Mouth, and keep his Head out of the Ink-Whirl; for to do a Good Office upon the Point of Opinion, Intelligence, Brains, or Confidence, where this Whirls Humor prevails, is little better than a Sudanum Nectaratum, or a Licle upon his Superiors: But where it happens that there's a Fox and a Whirl in the Cave, and One Sharper to Encounter Another, the Scene is Diversifying enough.

FAB. CLVII.

A Whirl and a Dunkean Dishonest. A Woman that lay under the Mortification of a Fiddling Husband, took him once when he was Dead Drunk; and had his Body lay'd in a Charnel-House. By the Time that the Thought he might be come to Himself again, away goes he, and Knocks at the Door. Who's There? (fays the Tiger) One, fays the Woman, that brings Meat for the Dead-Friend, fays he, Bring me Drink rather. I wonder any Body that knows me, should bring me One without T'other. Nay then, fays he, the Humor I perceive has taken Possession of him; He has a Double Habit, and his Cave is Desperate.

The Moral.

Inverters of Habits become another Nature to us, and may almost as well be Taken to Pissers, and Never put together again, as Monkeys.

REF.
REFLEXION.

The Intent of this Fable is to Work a Reformation of Manners, by shewing that Evill Habits are very hard to be Curet; for they take Root by Degrees, till they come to the End to be put both Remedy and Shunt. Habitual Debacles make Excess of Drink as Necessary to a Man as Common Air, Especially when his Mind comes to be Wholly taken up with the Contemplation of his Vice. There are These that can never Sleep without their Laid, nor Enjoy One Easte Thought, till they have laid All the Care to Rest with a Bottle. 'Tis much the same Thing with Other Sensual Passions, where Men Bodies and Minds are given up to the Entertainment of them. But the Extravagance is never to Deterre, as when the Understanding is Taked up with the Study and Meditation of Those Pleasures, which the Body is no longer in Condition to Proceed; and that's the most Deplorable, Hopeless, and Incurable State of an Evill Disposition; when Drink upon Drink is made use of for a Remedy.

FAB. CLVIII.
A Swain and a Goose.

The Matter of a Swain brought up a Swan and a Goose both together; The One for his Ear, the Other for his Belly. He gave Orders for the Goose to be Taken up, and Dried for Dinner. But the Place was so Dark, that the Cook took One for the Other. This Mistake had Cost the Swan her Life, if she had not Sang in That very Instant, and discover'd her self; by which Means the both sav'd her Life, and Expresse'd her Nature.

The Moral.
A Man cannot be too Careful of what he does, where the Life of any Creature is in Question.

REFLEXION.

There's a Providence that attends Inconstancy and Vice; but the Power of Malevolence apart, 'Tis a Rule that goes a great Way in the Government of a sober Man's Life, not to put any thing to Hazard that may be Secure'd by Industry, Celeritation, or Circumvention. And this Caution reaches to a thousand Causes in the Ordinary Course of Life. Men should Look before they Leap; Deliberate before they Resolve; Try, Weigh, Examine, and Re-solve themselves well of the Matter before they Execute. We fall into some Inconveniences out of Pure Laziness, and for want of taking Care to Reform our selves Better: Into Others, our selves Ruin'd; by doing Things in a Hurry, and Rush'd at the Venture. Now there's no Excuse for a Blunder upon any of these Topiques where there was both Time and Means to prevent it. What are we the better for the Faculty of Reason, without the Exercise of it? If the Cook would but have been at the Trouble of Carrying a Candle with him, he would have been in no Danger of taking a Swan for a Goose.

FAB. CLIX.
The Walking of a Watchman.

A Man gave Money for a Black, upon an Opinion that his Swarth Coler was rather Sluttier then Nature and the Fault of his left Master, in a Great Measure, that he kept him no Closer: He took him Home with him, and try'd All manner of Wafles to bring him to a Better Complexion: But there was no Good to be Done upon him; besides, that the very tampering Ca't him into a Dificafe.

FAB. CLX.
A Rater and a Storm.

A Rating had a Great Mind to be as White as a Swan; and being Fie'd to Himself that the Swan's Beauty proceeded in a High Degree, from his often Washing and Dyeing. The Rating, upon this, Quitter his former Course of Life and Food, and betook himself to the Lakes and Rivers: But as the Water did him no Good at all for his Complexion, so the Experiment Ca't him his Life too for want of Sufficence.

The Moral of the Two Fables above. Natural Inclinations may be Misled and Wrought upon by Good Counsel and Discipline; but there are Certain specifick Properties and Impressions, that are never to be Altered or Deform'd.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Vain Thing to Attempte the Forcing of Nature; for What's Bred in the Bone will never out of the Flesh. And there can be no Thought of Altering the Qualities, the Colour, or the Condition of Life, that Providence has Altered us.

'Tis Labour in Vain, to all manner of Purposes, to Endeavour the Mending of any of the Works of Nature; for the never did Any thing Amiss. And then 's as Great a Madnes to Attempt any Alteration upon them, because What Nature does, God does; whose Decrees Are Unchangeable, and All his Works are Perfect in the Kind; but next to the Force of Natural Impressions, we may reckon That of Guiltens and Habits.

FAB. CLXI.
A Starlites and a Crow.

Upon a Dispute between a Starlites and a Crow, which was the Greater Beauty of the two: Yourse, says the Crow, is only a Spring-Beauty, but mine lasts all the Year round. The
Æsop's FABLES.

The Moral.
Of Two Things Equally Good, that's the Beel that lasts longest.

REFLEXION.
The Greatest of Temporal Blessings, are Health, and Long Life; and the most Durable of Good Things must Conformably be the Best. The Question here between the Cress and the Silk, has somewhat in it of the Caffe between Virtue and Sensual Pleasures, as (for the purpose) of Youth, Wine, Women, and All other Enchantments whatsoever, that may serve to Gratify a Carnal Appetite. Here's Temporary Oppo'd to Eternal; Joys that shall Endure for Ever, Froth, and in Vigor; to Harsh Bitterness that are attended with Sickness and Surtunes, and Frailness in the very Tasting.

FAB. CLXII.
A Nightingale and a Bat.

As a Nightingale was Singing in a Cage at a Window, up comes a Bat to her, and asks her why she did not Sing in the Day, as well as in the Night. Why (says the Nightingale) I was Catch'd Singing in the Day, and lo I took it for a Warning: You should have thought of This then, says the Bat, before you were Taken; for as the Caffe stands now, Yare is no Danger to be Snapt Singing again.

The Moral.
A Wrong Reason for the Doing of a Thing is worse than no Reason at all.

REFLEXION.
There's no Recalling of what's Gone and Part; so that After-Will comes too Late when the Match is Done. That is to say, it comes too late for That BEER. But it is so Afiid, however, for a Man this has been shown, to call to Mind where he went out of his Way, and to look back Step by Step into all his Miscarriages and Mistakes. The Gains of Life are behind us, and we must look into what's Past, if we would take a View of what's to Come. A Sin COMMITTED, or a Mistake Incur'd, cannot be Recalled to its True; but yet the Meditating upon One False Step may help to Prevent Another. Wherefore is Good, upon the Point of Common Prudence, to be Thoughtful, provided we be not more Solicitous than the Thing be worth, and that we make a Right Use of Those Reflections; that is to say, an Use of Repentence, where we did Morally Ami'd; an Use of Reflecting our Judgments, where we did Foolishly; and an Use of Caution in both Cases, never to do the same Thing over again. This is no more than what is Common Sense, Equity, and Resten we are Bound to do. But we must have a Care all this while, not to run into False Consequences for want of laying Things and Things together, and to Stand Fales with the World for Current Barney, as the Nightingale was Catch'd Singing in the Day when the wind was Liberty. And what's This to her Resolution of Singing only in the Night, now she's in the Cage.

FAB. CLXIII.
A Boy and Cookies.

Some People were Roasting of Cockles, and they Hold'd in the Fire. Well (says a blockheaded Boy) These are Villainous Creatures sure, to Sing when their Hootles are two-fores over their Heads.

The Moral.
Nothing can be Well that's out of Season.

REFLEXION.
There's a Time for All, and a Time for Every Work under the Sun, and it is a Dangerous Mistake, not to Distinguish the One from the Other. The Fool's Con- ceit here, had both Clownenry, and Ill Nature in't, for there's Nothing more Rural, or Barbarous, than the Humor of Inflating over the Miserable; Nothing more Contrary to Humanity, and Common Sense, than that Scandalous Way of Grinning and Jeering out of Season. But a Childish Conceit does well enough out of the Month of a Foole Boy; but it is but Congresses, that Silly People should be mixed with Silly Words and Things.

FAB. CLXIV.
Two Travellers and a Bag of Money.

As Two Travellers were upon the Way together, One of them Snoop, and takes up Something. Look ye here (says he) I have found a Bag of Money; No, says the Other, When Two Friends are together, You must not say [I] have found it, but [WE] have found it. The Word was no sooner Out, but immediately comes a Fleece and Cry after a Gang of Thieves that had taken a Purse upon the Road. Lord! Brother (says he that had the Bag) We shall be Utterly Unhurt. Oh Pry, says the Other, You must not say [WE] shall be undone, but [I] shall be undone, for if I'm to have no Part in the Finding, sure I'll never go Halves in the Hanging.

The Moral.
They that will Enter into Longs and Partnerships must take the Good and the Bad One with Another.
REFLEXION

The Doctrine of this Fable is according to Reason, and Nature. People that are not Allow'd to be Shariers with their Companions in Good Fortune, will hardly ever agree to be Shareers in Life. An Open, and an Honest Candor of Mind carries a Body Safe and Dry through all Ways and Weather: Whereas in shifting and Shuffling, a Man puts himself off his Guard; and the same Rule that serves him at One time, will not serve him at Another. Men are willing enough to have Partners in Loss, but not in Profit, and 'tis not the Traveller alone that cries [1] have found a Peas of Gold, and then changes his Note upon Ease and Cry, and says [WE] shall be hang'd for it; but to the Court of All People of Intrigue, to give Everything two Faces, and to Deal with the World, as the Sparrow did with the Oracle. The Fable shall be Dead of Living, which himself Pleas'd.

To Embrace the Moral yet a little farther, we have a Thousand Disappointments in the Ordinary Course of Life, to Answer This in the Fable. Many a Man finds this Peas of Gold in a Mistletoe, in a Bottle, in an Office, and in All other the vein Satisfaction of this J World: And what's the End on't at last, but when he has Complanted his Longing, Gratified his Appetite, or, as he fancies, made his Fortune perhaps: He grows presently Sick of his Purchase; His Conjeuntions in the Hor and Cry That parleys him, and when he reckons upon it that he has got a Story, he has only caught a Tartar. The Bag of Money burnt the Poor Fellow's Fingers in the very Taking of it up.

FAB. CLXV.

Two Neighbour-Frogs.

There were two Neighbour-Frogs; One of them liv'd in a Pond, and the Other in the High-way hard-by. The Pond Frog finding the Water begin to fail upon the Road, would fain have gotten Teller Frog over to her in the Pool; where the might have been Safe; but She was wanting to the Place, the said, and would not Remove. And what was the End on't now, but the Wheel of a Cart drove over her a while after, and Crueth'd her to pieces?

The Moral.

Some People are so Li'lfeless and Stodifyed, that they'll rather lie still and die in a Dishe, than stir one Finger to Help themselves. 

REFLEXION.

Custom is Another Nature, and what between Obligancy, and Stod, let it be never fall, and inconvenient, People are very Hard yet to Quit it.

Æsop's FABLES.

He that does Nothing at all, does Work; then he, that upon the Account of Humane Frailty, does Amish; for nothing can be more contrary to God Himself, who is a Pure Act, than the Scoping and Drowning away of our Life and Reason, that was given us for so many Better Purposes. The Frog in the High-way here, is the Lively Figure of such a Man; for a Life of Sloth is the Life of a Log, rather then the Life of a Reasonable Creature. This as much as a Body can well do, even with the Uttermost of his Prudence and Industry, to Rub through the Difficulties of the World, though he should keep himself perpetually a Doing. There is not perchance a more Inexplicable Mystery in Nature, then it would be, to put the Body into a Frame, that should keep it always in the same Posture. What can be said of Slothfulness now, when the very Vice is Equal to the most Exquisite of Torments: It is Oiulous to God and Man, Unk羸s to the World, Infam to it Self, Miserable in All Places, and utterly Incapable either of Tailing, or Enjoying any thing of Comfort. The Frog was use'd to the Place, the said, and rather then Stir to help her Self, there the lay till her Guts were pull'd out.

FAB. CLXVI.

A Bee-Master.

Here came a Thief into a Bee-Garden in the Abundance of the Master, and Robb'd the Hives. The Owner discover'd it upon his Return, and find'd Pining a while to Behind himself how this should come to pass. The Bee in this Interval, came laden heavy out of the Fields from Picking, and Muffling their Combs, they fell Powdering down in Swarms upon their Master. Well (lays he) you are a Company of Sensitific and Ungrateful Wretches, to let a Stranger go away Quietly that has Riffed you, and to bend All your Spite against your Master, that is at this Instant Beating his Brains how he may Repair and Prevere ye.

The Moral.

To the Court of the World for People to take their Friends for their Foes, and to use them accordingly.

REFLEXION.

The Mistake of a Friend for an Enemy, or of an Enemy for a Friend, is one of the most Precarious Errors of a Ruthless Life: for there's Judgment, good Nature, Generosity, Justice, common Prudence, and All at Stake. Nothing can be more Dishonoring to a Friend on the One hand, or more Ruinous to my Self on the Other. Charity however boils me Hope and Think the Bolt, provided at the Same Time, that I Secure the main Chance. Now this Caution holds as well in Politiques, as in Morals;
FAB. CLXVII.

A Kingfisher.

THE Kingfisher is a Solitary Bird, that Woes commonly by the Water-side, and Nestles in Hollow Banks, to be out of reach of the Fowlers. One of These Birds happen'd to be foraging abroad for her Young Ones, and in This Intervals, comes a Raging Torrent, that washes away Neft, Birds and all. Upon her Return, finding how 'twas with her, she brake out into This Exclamation: Unhappy Creature that I am! to fly from the bare Prepotion of One Enemy, into the Mouth of Another.

The Moral.

'Tis easy a wise Man's bag, while he is providing against One Danger, to fall into Another: And for his very Prudence to turn to his Destruction.

Reflection.

Many People apprehend Danger Where there's None, and fancy themselves to be our Danger where there's most of All. As the Fellow gave God Thanks at Sea when the Ship struck upon a Sand, for bringing him into Shallow Water again, where he could feel the Bottom. This is to Mind us, That there is No Store of Life to Secure, as not to be Open to a Thousand Difficulties and Dangers; and that it is not possible for the Wit of Man to Provide against All Contingencies. There's No Fence against Indigences, Earthquakes, Hurricanes, Fire, and Earth. and therefore it is Our Part, and Duty, to Hope, and Endeavour the Best, and at the same Time to provide for the World that can Befall Us. That which cannot be Help'd, must be Borne.

FAB. CLXVIII.

Fishing in Troubled Waters.

A Fisher Man had Order'd his Net, for a Draught, and still as he was gathering it up, he Drove the Water, to Fright the Fish into the Bag. Some of the Neighbourhood that look'd on,

FAB. CLXIX.

An Ape and a Dolphin.

People were use'd in the Days of Old, to carry Gamewome Puppies and Ape's with 'em to Sea, to pass away the Time while. Now there was One of these Ape's, it seems, abord a Veel that was cast away in a very great Storm. As the Men were Paddling for their Lives, and the Ape for Company, a Certain Dolphin that took him for a Man, got him upon his Back, and was making towards Land with him. He had him into a Safe Road call'd the Pyramus, and took occasion to ask the Ape, whether he was an Athenian or not? He told him Yes, and of a very Ancient Family there. Why then (says the Dolphin) You know Pyramus? Oh! exceedingly well says T'other. (taking it for the Name of a Man) Why Pyramus is my very Particular Good Friend. The Dolphin, upon This, had such an Indigation for the Impudence of the Buffen Ape, that he gave him the Slip from between his Legs, and there was an End of my very Good friend, the Athenian.

The Moral.

Bragging, Lying, and Pretending, has Cost many a Man his Life and Estate.
Æsop's FABLES.

REFLEXION.

THIS is the Humour of a great Many Travelling Men, as well as Travelling Men, that will be Talking at Places that they never Saw, and of Persons that they never Heard of. Their Whole Conversation is made up of Counsels and Intrigues, Realms of State, Embassies, and Negotiations, that they never were Skilful in at all. Neither Men, Books nor Sciences come Amis to em: And after All this Extravagant Bustle, a Gay Coat and a Grimace is the Upshot of all that they can Pretend to. Thrice Plentumes however are Sometimes taken for Men, and born up by the Wellmeaning Ignorant Common People, as the Apr was here by the Delphin till in the Conclusion, their Sillyness lays them Open. Their Supporters give them their Slip, and down they Drop and Vanish. How many of these Empty Chattering Fops, we daily put upon us, for Men of Sense and Business; that with Balba's Prize Minnow, shall spend ye Eight and Forty Hours together Poring over a Map, to look for Arithmetick and Democracy, instead of Gravity and Delayness, and take the Name of a Country for a Form of Government. Without any more ado, we have Asps in Egypt, as well as in Fivemom, and not a Rush matter whether they go on Four Legs, or on Two.

F A B. CLXX.

Mercury and a Statuary.

Mercury had a Great Mind once to Learn what Credit he had in the World, and he knew no Better Way, then to Put on the Shape of a Man, and take Occasion to Delineate the Matter as by the by, with a Statuary: So away he went to the Houle of a Great Matter, where, among Other Curious Figures, he saw several Excellent Pieces of the Gods. The first he Chanced on was a Jupiter, which would have come at a very Early Rate. Well (says Mercury) and what's the Price of that? The Carrier said That a Little Higher. The next Figure was a Mercury, with his Rod and his Wings, and All the Ensigns of his Commission. Why, This is as it should be, says he, to Himself: For here am I in the Quality of Jupiter's Mellenger, and the Patron of Artizans, with all my Trade about me: And now will this Fellow ask me Fifteen Times as much for This as he did for other? And so he put it to him, what he Valued that Piece at: Why truly, says the Statuary, you seem to be a Civil Gentleman, give me but my Price for the Other Two, and you shall see what that into the Bargain.

Æsop's FABLES.

The Moral.

This is to put the Vanity of those Men out of Countenance, that by Setting too High a Value upon Themselves, appear to be much the more Despicable to Others.

REFLEXION.

'TIS an Old Saying, That Lifters never bear Well of Themselves; and Mercury's Curiosity Stood accordingly in this Fable. All Van Men that Afflict Popularity, are apt to Fancy, that Other People have the same Opinion of Them, that they have of themselves; but nothing goes Neater the Heart of 'em, then to meet with Contempt, instead of Applause, Esteem, and Reputation. They Multer up All their Commissions and Charters; as Mercury Values himself here, upon the Relation he had to Jupiter; whole Pomp he is, and That's his Business. He gives to Underland also what a Friend the Aristocrats had at Court, and All too Little, to gain him the Respect, but so much as of a Common Mellenger.

F A B. CLXXI.

Mercury and Tiresias.

Mercury had a Great Mind to try if Tiresias was so Famous a Diviner as the World took him for, or not. So he went and Spoke Tiresias's Omen; and Ordered the Matter, to be in the Company with Tiresias, as upon Business by the By, when the News should be brought him of the Loss of his Oxen. Mercury went to Tiresias in the Shape of a Man, and the Tidings came as Mercury had Contriv'd it: Upon this, he took Mercury up to a High Tower, Hard by, and bad him look Well about him, and tell him what Birds he saw. Why, says Mercury, I see an Eagle upon Wing there, that takes her Counsle from the Right-hand to the Left. That Eagle (sings Tiresias) is nothing to Our Purpose; wherefore Pray look again once. Mercury stood Gazing a while, and then told Tiresias of a Crow he had discovered upon a Tree, that was One while looking up into the Air, and Another while down towards the Ground: That's enough; (sings Tiresias) for this Motion of the Crow, is as much as to say, I do Appeal to Heaven, and to Earth, that the Man that is now with Tiresias, can help him to his Oxen again, if he pleases.
Aesop's FABLES.

The MORAL.

This Fable is of a General Application to All Bold and Crafty Thieves and Impostors. It serves also to set forth the Vanity of Wizards, Fortune-Tellers, and the like.

REFLEXION.

KNAVES Set up these Jugglers, and Foole Maintain them. There must be Forms however, Characters, and Hard Words, Grabbed Looks, and Casting Calculations, for the Colour of the Pretences; but People should have a Care yet, not to take a Confederacy for a Science.

FAB. CLXII.

A BOAR and a MAFFIFF.

There was a Man had Two Dogs: One for the Cash, T'other to look to the Hour; and whatever the Hour took Abroad, the Hour-Dog had his Pats on't at Home. T'other Grumbled at it, that when he took all the Pains, the Maffiff should reap the Fruit of his Labours. Well, says the Hour-Dog, That's None of my Fault, but my Master's, that has not Train'd me up to Work for my Self, but to Eat what others have Provided for me.

The MORAL.

Careful Masters have a Great Deal to answer for; if their Children and Servants do not Do as they should do.

REFLEXION.

MORE People are lost for want of good Education and Inculcation, than for want of Honesty and Honourable Inclinations; and those are Miscarriages that Parents and Tutors are in a Great Measure to Answer for. We are here given to understand, that there are Offices of Trust also, as well as Offices of Labour, and the One as Necessary to the Common Good as the Other. The Maffiff Maintains the Hour, as well as the Hour the Maffiff: and if the One did not keep the Hour from being Robb'd, the Other would have nothing to eat in at all. So that this Fable, upon the Whole Matter, will serve for a Political Reading to Princes and Governors, as well as to Masters of Private Families, upon the Reciprocal Use, Benefit, and Necessity of Indulgence and Protection, between Rulers and Subjects, for the Preservation of a Commonwealth. The One Supplies us with what we Want, and the Other Supports us in the Defence of what we Get, and neither would Signify any thing to us without the Other.

FAB.
**Fab. CLXXIV.**

A *Wolfe* and a *Kid.*

A Wolfe spy'd out a Straggling Kid, and pur'd him. The Kid found that the Wolfe was too Nimble for him, and to run'd and told him: I perceive I am to be Eaten, and I would gladly Die as Pleasantly as I could: Wherefore, Pray give me but One Touch of your Pipe before I go to Pot. The Wolfe Play'd, and the Kid Dance'd, and the Note of the Pipe brought the Dog in upon him. Well (fays the Wolfe) This 'tis when People will be Meddling out of their Profession. My Business was to Play the Tether, not the Piper.

The Moral.

When a Crafty Enact is Infracted, any Silly Wretch may put Tricks upon him.

**Reflection.**

Every Man flacks to his Own Part, without Taking Another Man's Trade out of his Hand. This is the Old Moral, but we may Read upon: Another way too. 'Tis a very Unequal Encounter, when Males, Crain, and Power are United against the Weak, and the Innocent: Saving where Providence Interposes to the Relief of the One, and to the Infracture of the Other: As the Wolfe here, that had a Flat upon the Kid, was Con founded by a Counter-Flat of the Kid's upon the Wolfe: And such a Counter-Flat it was too, as the Wolfe with all his Sagacity, was not able to Smell out. Wherefore let no Man Premine too much upon his Own Strength, either of Body or of Mind; but Confide within himself, that Heaven takes Part with the Oppress'd: and that Tyrants Themselves are upon their Behavior to a Superior Power.

**Fab. CLXXV.**

A *Fοx* and a *Crab.*

A Fox that was Sharp-wit, Surpriz'd a Crab, as he lay out of the Sea upon the Sands, and Carry'd him away. The Crab, when he found that he was to be Eaten, Well (fays he) This comes of Meddling where we have Nothing to do; for My Business lay at Sea, not upon the Land.

The Moral.

No Body Fret's a Man for any Misfortune that Befalls him, in Matters out of his Way, Business, or Calling.

**Fab. CLXXVI.**

A *Buchian.*

A Man that had a very Course Voice, but an Excellent Musique, would be still Practising in that Chamber, for the Advantage of the Echo. He took such a Concord upon's, that he must needs be flowing his Parts upon a Publick Theatre, where he Perform'd so very Ill, that the Auditory Hail'd him off the Stage, and threw Stones at him.

The Moral.

A Man may Like himself very Well in his Own Grasp, and yet the World not Fall in Love with him in Publick. But the Truth is, We are Partial in our own Cafe, and there's no Hearing of Our Selves but with Other Men's Ears.

**Reflection.**

There's a Great Difference between an Orator in the Schools, and a Man of Business upon a Stage of Action. Many a Man that Passes for a Philosopher in Private, behaves himself most Ridiculously in Publick; as what's more Uncouth (with Respect be it spoken) then a Pedant out of his Element: There are Flattering Chambers, as well as Flattering Glassess, and the One Helps out a Bad Voice, as the Other Courtesies an ill-Favour'd Face, That is to Day, the One Doubns the Hatnens of the Piper, as the Other Covets, or Dignifies the Courtiers of the Composition. But Men must not think to Walk upon These Stilts, if they come to set up in Publick once; The One, for an Italian Capone, the Other, for an English Beauty: Wherefore
it will become All People to Weigh and Measure Themselves, before they Venture upon any Undertaking that may bring their Lives, Honours, or Fortune in Question. Some Smallers can no more Sing in any Chamber but their Own; then some Cocks can Read in any Book but their Own; Put them out of their Road once, and they are more Cat-Pipes and Dancers.

**FAB. CLXXVII.**

**Thieves that Stole a Cock.**

A Band of Thieves brake into a House once, and found Nothing in't to Carry away, but One Poor Cock. The Cock laid as much for Himself as a Cuck could lay; but Insisted Chiefly upon the Services of his Calling People up to their Work, when 'twas time to Rise. Sirrah! (says one of the Thieves) You had better have let That Argument Alone; for Your Waking the Family Spoils our Trade, and We are to be Hang'd forsooth for your Bawling.

**The Moral.**

That which is One Body's Meat, is Another Body's Pay for the Service of the Security of Himself Men. One Forty Ward is enough to Spoil a Good Cuck, and 'tis many a Man's Fortune to Cut his Own Throat with his Own Argument.

**Reflection.**

'Tis a Hard Race for a Man that Argues against the Truth, and the Reason of a Thing, to Conflict with Himself, for having no Rule to Walk by, 'tis Fortunate to One but Some time or Other he will lose his Way, Especially when he is to Accommodate his Story to the Various Circumstances of Time, Place, and Occasion. But it is One Thing to forget Matter of Fact; and Another Thing to Blunder upon the Reason of it. It is however, well Worthy of a Sober Man's Care, not to let any thing fall that may be turned upon him out of his Own Mouth. This Presence of Mind, 'tis true, is not every Body's Talent; neither does This Consideration Enter into Every Body's Thought; but it were better if it Were so, and so it Ought to be.

**FAB. CLXXVIII.**

**A Crow and a Raven.**

Our Raven has a Reputation in the World for a Bird of Omen, and a kind of small Prophet. A Crow that had Observed the Raven's Manner and Way of Delivering his Predictions, l

**FAB. CLXXIX.**

**A Crow and a Dog.**

A Crow Invited a Dog to Join in a Sacrifice to Minerva. That will be to no Purport (says the Dog) for the Goddes has such an Aversion to ye, that you are Particularly Excluded out of all Auguries. Ay, says the Crow, but I'll Sacrifice the rather to her for That, to try if I can make her my Friend.

**The Moral.**

We find it, in the Practise of the World, that Men take up Religion more for Fear, Reputation, and Interest, then for True Affection.
REFLEXION

This Pagan Fable will bear a Christian Moral, for more People Worship for Fear, and for Intecrest, than for Love and Devotion. As the Indians do the Devils, That: they may not Hurt them. It teaches us further, that we are not to take Pity on Defraud, under any God or Calamity that the Almighty is pleased to lay upon us. The Judgments of Heaven are just, lest we fall never so heavy, they are yet felt when we deserve. The Devil himslef, when he was let loose upon Job, could not transport that Patient, Good Man beyond his Temper, or make him quit his hold. Reformation and Perseverance are signs that a Man has to trust to in this extremity. There is no Good to be done by struggling, nor any way wise to make our Peace with, but to try by Faith, Prayer, and a New Life, if we can make our Offended Master once again our friend. So that upon the Upshot, Afflictions are but the Methods of a Merciful Providence, to Force us upon the only Means of finding Matters Right, between Divine Justice and Human frailty.

FAB. CLXXXI.

A Raven and a Snake.

As a Snake lay Lazing at his length, in the Gleam of the Sun, a Raven took him up, and flew away with him. The Snake kept a Twisting and a Turning, till he bit the Raven, and made him Curse himself for being such a Fool, as to Meddle with a Purchafe that cost him his Life.

The Moral.

Nature has made all the Necessaries of Life, Safe and Easy to us, but if we will be Hasting after Things that we neither Want nor Undertake, we must raise our Fortunes, even if Death is still should happen to be in the Cafe.

REFLEXION.

If Men would but balance the Good and the Evil of Things, the Profit and the Loss, they would not Venture Soul, Body, and Reputaion, for a Little Derry Interests. To much the same thing between us, and our Scewif Aliments, that it is between the Raven and the Snake here. Men of Eager Appetite Chop at what comes next, and the Purchafe seldom falls of a Scent in the T Eyre. Nor is it to be expected, that Passion without Reason should succeed better. Our Senses are Sharp-let upon All Worlds Pleasures, and if they be but fair to the Eye, Relishing to the Palate, Harmonious to the Ear, Gentle to the Touch, and Fragrant to the Smell, it is we look for, and all we care for. 'Tis true, all this while, that our very Nature requires a Dove of these Enjoyments; 'tis, and that Providence it

FAB. CLXXXI.

A Dove and Pigeons.

A Dove took Particular Notice of the Pigeon in such a Certain Dove-houfe, that they were very Well Fed, and Provided for; So he went and Painted himself of a Dove-c Colour, and took his Commons with the Pigeon. So long as he kept his Own Counsel, he was a Bird of the Same Feather, but it was his hap on once at Unawares, to cry [KAW.] upon which Discovery, they beat him out of the Houfe, and when he came to his Old Companions again, They have None of him neither; so that he lost himself both Ways by his Diggings.

The Moral.

He that times loves is sure in his Bed, who be come is to be Despised, for long Time to Neither.

REFLEXION.

This is to caution us against all Superfluous and Dangerous Desires. Our Own Lot is Bell, and by Aimimg at what we have Not, and what is Improvable to be had, we lose what we have already. No Man goes out of Himself, but to his Lot. Imitation is Serve, let it be; Where, How, and What it will. Nature Points out to us which way Every Man's Talent, and Genius lies; and He that keeps to his Own Province, as Dove, speeds Bell. The Painting of the Dove like a Pigeon, did not make him Likest One: 'Tis much a Cafe with a Falcon in a Government, and a Dove in a Pigeon-Flufh. There's a Fraud driven on, and they Affiliate themselves, as much as may be, so interest they Prepose to be the Better for. They put on all Appearances.
Aesop's FABLES

Appearances in Matter of Opinion, Practice, and Pretense, Suitable to the Humour they are to Joy withal: But still some Unlucky Accident or Other happens to Discover them in the End: and then, when they would go off again, the People of their Own Name and Colour Beat 'em away, and Refuse to Entertain them. This is no more then what we find to be True in All Tides of State. Double-Dealers may Falsify Murther for a While, but All Parties Walk their Hands of them in the Conclusion.

FAB. CLXXXII.

A BAW with a String at its Foot.

A Country Fellow took a Baw, and ty'd a String to his Leg, and so gave him to a Little Boy to Play withal. The Baw did not much like his Companion, and upon the First Opportunity gave him the Slip, and away into the Woods again, where he was Shackled and Scar'd. When he came to Die, he Reflect on the Folly of Exploiting his Life in the Woods, rather then Live in an Esie Servitude among Men.

The MORAL.

'Tis Fancy, not the Reason of Things, that makes Life so Dangers to us as we Find it. 'Tis not the Place, nor the Condition, but the Mind Alone that can make any Body Miserable or Happy.

REFLEXION.

MEN that are Inpatient under Imaginary Afflictions, change commonly for Worse, as the Fox did in the Fables, that threw himself into a Staving Necessity, rather then would Submit to the Tolerable Inconvenience of an Esie Refraining. This was a Republican Dan, that Knew for Liberty, not Understanding that he that Lives under the Bondage of Laws, is in a State of Freedom: And that Popular Liberty, when it falls into Hands, is the most Scandalous Sort of Slavery. Nothing would serve him, but he must be at his Own Disposal, and so away he goes, carries his String along with him, and Shackles Himself. This is just the Humour and the Fate of Forward Subjects. They Fancy themselves Uninjured under the Errors of a Male Administration of Government, when their Quail strikes, in truth, at the very Root and Conditions of Government itself. It is as Impossible for a Government to be without Faults, as for a Man to be So. But Faults or No Faults, it comes yet much to a Cave; for where they cannot Find 'em, they can Create them; and there goes as most to't neither, then the Calling of Necessary Justice by the Name of Oppression.

Now then this man: They Run away from their Matters into the Woods, and there, with Aesop's Dan, they either Starve, or Hang Themselves.

FAB. CLXXXIII.

Jupiter and Fraud.

Jupiter appointed Mercury to make him a Composition of Fraud and Hypocrisy, and to give Every Artificer his Due on't. The Medicine was Prepar'd according to the Bill, and the Proportions duly Obey'd, and Divided: Only there was a great deal too Much o't, it made, and the Overplus remain'd still in the Mortar. Upon Examining the Whole Account, there was a Mistake it seems, in the Reck'ning: for the Tailors were forget'n in the Catalogue: So that Mercury, for Brevity sake, gave the Tailors the Whole Quantity that was Left; and from hence comes the Old Saying; There's Knavery in All Trades, but Most in Tailors.

The MORAL.

It is in some sort Natural to be a Knave. We are Made so, in the very Composition of our Blood and Blood only is called Wit in One Cafe, Good Husbands in Another, &c. while 'tis the Whole Business of the World for One Man to Convene Another.

REFLEXION.

LYING and Cousening is a General Practice in the World, tho' it appears in some Men, and in some Trades, more then in other. Aesop is still Introducing some or other of the Gods, to Countenance the Corruptions of Faith and Blood: And since Custom and Interest will have it, that all Tradesmen must use Fraud, more or less, even in their own Business, the Preacher being in some sort so Necessary, 'tis not amiss to bring in Jupiter to justify it. But why is this Fals and Double Dealing apply'd to Tradesmen only, when it is Common to Mankind? And why among them, to Tailors above the Rest? when all the Business that passes in this World between Man and Man is Mnest'd by Collusion and Deceit, in as High a Measure: So that the Composition might have been as well Prepar'd for Human Nature. Are we not Fals, in our Pretended Civilities, Formal Complements, and Respects; in our Confidences, and in our Professions? Are we not Fals, in Promising, and Breaking? Is not He that Robs me of my Good Name, a more Abominable Cheat, then he that Cousens me of a Yard of Damask? Is not He that Betrays me in his Arms, a more Detestable Wretch then He that Contains Himself in the Way of his Trade, to Pick my Pocket? Without any more Words, we are All Jugglers in some Kind, or in some Degree or Other. But there's this to be said for's ye's, that we Play Fool by Conven't. We Cousen in our VWords, and in our Actions; only we are Agreed upon's, that such and such Forms of Civility, like some Adulterate Coins, shall pass Current for so much. A Falsionate Impudence, or Hypocrisy, shall be call'd Good Manners.
Manners, and so we make a shift in some sort to legitimate the Abuse. In Jupiter’s appointing those Fables, we read the Power of Humane Frailty that Disposes us to Entertain them: For we are Falle enough by Nature without any need of Prelection.

REFLEXION.

THE Extravagant Heats and Transports of Lovers, and Voluptuaries, take away all Shame. This Fable Hints to us the Wild Extravagancies of an Unbridled Appetite, and that till that Devil be laid, there can be no Thought of Lodging Carnal Love and Modesty under the same Roof. Jupiter’s forgetting Modesty in the Composition of Man, Intimates the Difficulty of Admitting it, till Fieh and Blood has done the Friendly Office towards the Peopling of the World; for there’s hardly any Place for Counsel, till those Heats are in some Measure taken off; and it is no Wonder, that when Love comes to be without Reason, it should be without Modesty too; for when ’tis once past Government, it is consequently past Shame. When our Corruptions, in fine, are Strong, and our Understandings Weak, we are apt to Hearken to the Motions of the Blood, and to the Vain Imaginations of a Deprais’d Affection, then to the Dry Doctrines and Precepts of Authority and Virtue.

This Difficulty of keeping Young and Hot Blood in Order, does mighty Enforce the Necessity of an Early Care for the Training up of Children, and giving them a Tincture, before it is too late, of those Doctrines and Principles, by which they are afterward to Govern the Whole Frame of their Lives. For in their Tender Year they are more Susceptible of Profitable and Virtuous Impressions, then afterward, when they come to be Solicited by the Impulses of Common, and Vulgar Inclinations. They should

should in Truth, be kept out of Dilliance, of either Seeing or Hearing Ill Examples: Especially in an Age that is Governed more by Presumption then by Reason.

REFLEXION.

We are to Learn from hence (says the Old Moral) that there’s no Trifling, Delaying, or Delaying with Men in Power: And that Conceitment in a Mean Condition at Home, is beyond all the Luxurious Treats in the World. Abroad, with Pomp, and Envy. The Danger of Trifling with Great Men does not come up by stealth, to the Full Force, and Intent of this Fable, which seems rather to go forth the Mistsakes of Impotent Greatness, in Misjudging the Test and Standard of Humane Happiness. What’s a Voluptuous Dinner, and the Frothy Vanity of Dihonour that commonly attends those Pompous Environments? What is it but a Misdirection, to a Man of Sense and Virtue, to spend his Time among People that take Good for Evil, and Punish where they should Reward, and Reward where they should Punish? The Tortoise was Forbidden the Court; That is to say, he was Banished from the sight of Vain, Wicked, and Unprofitable Examples. Jupiter gave the Tortoise the Honour of an Invitation, but that Honour was yet to the Poor Tortoise’s Lot; for he’s Trisported out of his Nature, and out of his Element, let the Change be what it will, is a Lotter by the Bargain, A Plain, and a Homely Home, with Competency and Content; in Y 2 beyond
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beyond all the Palaces under the Heavens; The Pomp, the Plenty, and the Pleasures of them over and above. To say nothing of the Savories that are gotten by Eating and Drinking; The Reflits Nightes, Fairous Emulation, Feuds, and Difficulties that Attend them: Besides the Slavery of being Ty'd up to other People's Hears, Meals, and Follies. He that has no Ambition, is Happy in a Cell, or in a Censure; whereas the Ambitious Man is Miserable, even upon a Throne. He that thinks he has not Enough, Wants, and He that Wants is a Bogger.

The Tortoise came Last, for he came Unwillingly, which is the Case of many a Worship Man that Sacrifices his Peace to Formalities of Compliments, and Good Manners. Jupiter took a Sniff at the Contest, and Punished him for.

And what was the Punishment? He sent him Home again. This is to say, He Remanded him to his Lot, and to his Choice. Such, in Short, is the Felicity of a Moderate, and a Society Mind, that all Comforts are Wrap't up in's: for Providence turns the very Punishment of a Good Man, into an Equivaleunce a Reward, by Improving that to his Advantage, which was intended for his Ruin; and making the Tortoise's Submission a Blessing to him.

Fab. CLXXXVI.

A WOLF and a SHEEP.

A Wolf that lay Licking of his Wounds, and Extremely Fain, and Ill, upon the Biting of a Dog, call'd out to a Sheep that was passing by, Hark ye Friends (says he) if thou wouldst but Help me to a Soup of Water out of that same Brook there, I could make a Shift to get my felt somewhat to Eat. Yes, says the Sheep, I make no Doubt on't; but when I bring ye Drink, my Carcass shall serve ye for Meat too.

The Moral.

It is a Charitable and a Civilian Office to Deliver the Poor and the Distress'd, but this Duty does not Extend to Stompy Boggers, that while they are Receiving, along with One Hand, are ready to Beat out a Man's Braines with the Other.

Reflection.

That Sheep has a Bifled Time o'th that runs on a Wolf's Errands. But Aesop's Sheep have more Wit, I perceive, than many of our Domestique Innocents. To a Court-Miller-Piece, to draw Chevaliers out of the Fire with other Peoples Fingers, and to Complement a Man into a Pill of Honour, a-purpoze to have him knock'd o' th' Head in't: Now the Sheep's Cate in the Fable, is but an Every-days Cate in the World; when People are divided between Charity and Dilection, how far to go, and where to stop. In Clerks of This Doubtful Quality, We have only This General Rule to Walk by: that when we have to do with Known Writers, we know likewise that they are not to be Confused in.

Tis this Fable (I must confess) with a Landloch's Shoul'ders, might have put Matter for a Gospeller in Sheep, Cattle, &c. which would have made it a more Dangerous Imposter. We are to Gather from here, that there's no Truelling to the Fair Words and Appearances of a Fable and a Malicious Enemy, for their very Kindnesses are not better than Strokes: Treasures is a kind of a Law Signer, and they are Equally Obli'd to both to God and Man: Over and above the Consequence of our Manners, the Hardening of our Hearts; the Dish-multiying all the Donors of Faith, Confidence, and Society, and the Extolliing of Good Nature it fell: And all This in our own Dictionary too.

Fab. CLXXXVII.

HARES, FOXES, and EAGLES.

THERE goes an Old Story of a Bloody War betwixt the Hares, and the Eagles; and the Foxes would fain have drawn the Foxes into their Alliance; but very Frankly and Civilly they gave them this Answer, That they would serve them with all their Hearts, if they did not Perfectly Understand both the Hares themselves, and the Enemy they were to Come withal.

The Moral.

There's no Entering into any League, without well Examining the Faith, and Strength of the Parties to't.

Reflection.

Tis a Folly, to the Highest Degree, for Men to run the Risque of their Lives and Fortunes, by Entering into Leagues with the Weak, against an Adversary that is Maniify too Strong for them Both. 'Tis Hazardous to Contrast Unequal Friendships and Alliances, and there's an Inequality of Disposition and Humour, as well as of Power. The Fals' are as Dangerous as the Ferial: Only with this Difference, that the One will do a Man Hurt, and the Other can do him no Good. The End of Leagues is Common Afflilience and Defence, and He that Joyns Interfell with those that cannot Help him, stands as single as he did before: which destroys the End of a Common Union; for where there's no Hope of a Reciprocal Aid, there can be no Reason for a Mutual Obligation: And it is the same Thing in Business, Council, and Commerce, that it is in Arms and Force. The Cafe of the Hares and Foxes in a Conclivity against the Eagles, is a Common Cafe betwixt Kingdoms and Commo-wealths.
F A B. CLXXXVIII.

An Ant formerly a Man.

The Ant, or Pismire, was formerly a Husband-man, that secretly fled away his Neighbour's Goods and Corn, and found all up in his own Barn. He drew a General Curse upon his Head for't, and Jupiter, as a Punishment, and for the Crime of Mankind, turn'd him into a Pismire; but this Change of Shape wrought no Alteration, either of Mind, or of Manners; for he keeps the same Humour and Nature to this very Day.

The Moral.

That which Some call Good Husbandry, Industry and Prudence, Others call Stealing, Avarice, and Oppression. So that the Ferrus and the Ue, in Many Cases, are hardly Distinguishable but by the Name.

Reflection.

When Vicious Inclinations are brought once, by Custom, and Practice, to be Habitual, the Evil is Deliberate, for Nature will be full True to her Fals' through all Forms and Disguises. And Custom is a Second Nature. By the Poetical Fictions of Men turn'd into the Shape of Beasts, and Insects, we are given to Understand that they do effectually Make themselves fit, when they Degenerate from the Dignity of their Kind. So that the Meta-morphoses is in their Manners, not in their Figure. When a Reasonable Soul defends to keep Company in the Dirt with Ants, and Bees, and to Abandon the Whole Man to the Sensuality of Brutal Satisfactions he forgoes his Portage, and the very Privilege of his Character and Civility for he's no longer a Man, that gives himself wholly up to the Works of a Beast. Only one Word more now, upon the Judgment that Beel the Husband-man, which bids us have a Care of Avarice, Rapine and Oppression; for the Curse of Heaven Attends them.

F A B. CLXXXIX.

Travellers by the Sea side.

A Company of People that were walking upon the Shore, saw somewhat come Holling toward them a great Way off at Sea. They took it at first for a Ship, and as it came Neerer, for a Boat only; but it prov'd at last to be no more then a Float of Weeds and Rutes: Whereupon they made this Reflection within Themselves, We have been Waiting here for a Mighty Buys'infes, that comes at last tojual Nothing.

The Moral.

We Fancy things to be Greater or Less at a Distance, according to our Interest or Inclination to have them either the One or the Other.

Reflection.

The Doctrine of this Fable is held forth to us in a Thousand Cases of Curiosity, Novelties, &c. We make a Wonderful Matter of Things at a Distance, that seems Little or Nothing at all, nearer hand. And we are as much Incapable in the Prospect of our Hopes and Fears: The Dangers, and the Sufferings that we either Dread, or Propose to our Selves, look a great Deal bigger far off than in Effect they are. And what's the Mystery of All this now, but that we judge of Things by Fallible Images and Appearances, without Entering into the True State and Reason of them? So that at this Rate, we divide our Lives, between Flattering Illusions, and Bedfellows Apropositions: Never at Ease, either on the One side, or on the Other. The Mistake is, that we are Over-scrupulous about Matters that are out of our Power, and Staring after Furtivities; when in truth, our Business lies just under our Noses; That is to say, in the Attending, and Embracing of Present Opportunities. In few Words, a Wise Man Counts his very Minutes; He lets no Time slip him; for Time is Life; which he makes Long, by the Good Husbandry of a Right Life and Application of it, from One Moment to Another. This is not yet to Exclude the Providence of Tracing Promises into Consequences, or Causes into their Effects; but to Caution ourselves not to look at the Wrong End of the Glass, and to Invert the Prospect. We see Things at hand, as they really are, but at a Distance, only as they seem to be: Patience and Consideration will set us Right in our Judgments and in our Measurers. It is much therefore with the Common People too, in the Matter of Remote Grievances. They Represent, and Fancy to Themselves, Hell, Slavery and Damnation at a Distance, in many a Case, which at hand signifies not so much as a Flea biting.

F A B. CXC.

A Wild Ass and a Tame.

As a Tame Ass was Airing himself in a Pleasant Meadow, with a Coat and Caracals in very Good plight, up comes a Wild one to him from the next Wood, with this Short Greeting, Brother (says he) I envy your Happiness, and so he left him. It was his Hope some Short time after this Encounter, to see his Tame Brother, Groaning under an Unmerciful Pack, and a Fellow at his Heels Goading him forward. He rounds him in the Ear upon's, and Whips him, My Friend (says he) your Condition is not I Perceive, what I took it to be, for a Body may buy Gold too Dear: And I am not for Purchasing Good Looks and Prevailing at this Rate.
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The Moral.

Bestow Envy and Ingratitude, we make Ourselves twice Miserable; not of an Opinion, First, that our Neighbour has too Much; and Secondly, that We our Selves have too Little.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to Caution us against running the Risque of Disappointments that are greater then the Present Inconveniences; and where the Miserly, and Hazardous, does more than Counteract the Benefits.

In the Fable of the Hunter and the Afi (Num. 38.) The Afi finds himself Mislaken in his Opinion, both of the Foundation of Happines, and of the Stability of it. His Mislake in This, looks another way; for he took his Brother to be Happy when he was not so; Even according to his own Standard; But we are not apt to think other People more Happy, and our selves Less, than in Truth, They, or We are. VWhich favours of a Malevolence on the One hand, and an Ingratitude on the Other. Nay, it falls out many times, that the Envious Persons are rather to be Envry'd of the Two. VWhat had the Wild Afi here to Complain of, or the Tame One to be Envry'd for? The former was bad in the Plight that Wild Afi usually are; and in truth ought to be. VWhen they are in the Woods they are at Home, and a Forester Life, to them, is but according to Nature. As to the State and Rude ness of his Body, 'tis but Answerable to the Condition of his Lot. The Tame Afi, in truth, was Better Fed, but then he was harder VWorkt, and in the Carrying of Packs, he did but serve Mankind in the Trade that Providence had allotted him; for he was made for Burdens. 'Tis a Fine Thing to be Fat and Smooth, but 'tis a Finer Thing to Live at Liberty and Ease.

To speak Properly, and to the Point, there is no such Thing as Happines or Miserly in this World (commonly so Reputed) but by Comparing; Neither is there any Man so Miserable, as not to be Happy, or so Happy, as not to be Miserable, in some Respect or other. Only we are apt to Envy our Neighbours the Possession of Those Advantages that we WANT, without ever giving Thanks for the Blessings that They WANT, and We OUR SELVES Enjoy. Now this Mixture in the Distributions of Providence, only Confider'd, serves to make us Easy, as well as Necessity One to Another; and so to Unite us in a Confidant both of Friendship, and of Civil Convenience: For it is no less Requisite to maintain a Trust in the Matter of Moral Offices, and Natural Faculties, then in the Common Businest of Negotiation, and Commerce; and Human Society can no more Suffer without the One, then without the Other. One Man fills Brains, Another Money, a Third, Power, Credit, Medalion, Intelligence, Advice, Labour, Industry, (to say Nothing of a Thousand other Influences Redusive to this Head,) so that the Rule of Communication holds as well between Man and Man, as between Country and Country; What One has Not, Another has, and there is not That Man Living, but in some Cafe or Other, wants in Need of his Neighbour. Take away this Correspondence, and the very Frame of all Political Bodies drops to pieces. Every thing is Bell in fine, As God has Made it, and where God has
Aesop's FABLES.

Here's a Position to Jupiter, in Truth, against Himself; and in the Moral, a Complaint to God against Providence; as if the Harmony of Nature, and of the World; The Order of Men, Things, and Business, were to be Embarrassed, Disturbed, or Alter'd, for the Sake of so many Affairs. What would become of the Universe if there were not Servants as well as Masters? Besides to Draw, and Carry Burdens, as well as Burdens to be Drawn and Carry'd! If there were not Instruments for Draughts, as well as Offices of Draughts? If there were not People to Receive and Execute Orders, as well as orders to Give and Authorize them? The Demand, in fine, is Unnatural, and Consequentely both Weak and Wicked; and it is likewise as Vain, and Unreasonable, to Ask a Thing that is wholly Impossible. But 'tis the Position of an Afs at all, which keeps up the Congruity of the Moral to the Fable. The Ground of the Requell, is the Ficition of a Complaint, by reason of Intolerable Burdens. Now we have Graciness to the Life, as well as in Fancy, and Affairs in Ash and Blood too, and in Fable, as well as in Emblem. We have Hints in Society, as well as in the Fields, and in the Forest. And we have English too, as well as Arcadian Graciness. What? (Gave the Multitude) are not our Bodies of the Same Clay, and our Souls of the same Divine Inspiration with our Masters? Under these Amusements, the Common People put up so many Appeals to Heaven, from the Powers and Commands of their Lawful Superiors, under the Obsequy of Oppressors; and what better Answer can be return'd to All their Clerical IMPondonations, than this of Jupiter? Which most Emphatically sets forth the Necessity of Discharging the Afs Part: and the Vanity of Proposing to have it done any Other Way. As who should say, the Flock of Humane Nature must be done. Lay your Heads together, and if you can find any way for the doing it, without one Pole of People under Another. You shall have Your Asking. But for a Conclusion. He that's born to Work, is out of his Place and Element when he is Idle.

FAB. CXCII.

An Afs and the Frogs.

An Afs sunk down into a Bog among a Shoale of Frogs, with a Burden of Wood upon his Back, and there he lay, Sighing and Groaning, as his Heart would Break; Hark! ye Frogs! (says one of the Frogs to him,) if you make such a Business of a Queening, when you are but just fall in'to, what would you do I Wonder, if you had been here as long as we have been?

The Moral.

Coffin makes things Familiar and Ef's to us; but every thing is But Yet in its own Element.

REFLEXION.

Nature has Affiga'd every Creature its Proper Place and Station; and an Afs in a Log is out of his Element, and out of his Province. The Fable at Ef has not much light; but it may serve to Teach us in the Moral, that it is a High Point of Honour, and Christianity, to bear Misremoves, with Resolution, and Constance of Mind; And that Steadiness, is a Point of Prudence, as well as of Courage; for People are the Lighter, and the Easier for. But it was an Afs, we see, that Complain'd, and (If a Body may play the Fool with him) he was but an Afs for Complaining; Forth, of what he could not Help; and Secondly, to be never the Better for't. Tis with a Man in a Jet, much at the Rate as it was with this Afs in the Log. He's Sullen and out of Humour at his first coming in to the Proster's Gather about him, and there He tells 'em his Cafe Over and Over I warrant ye. Some make Sport with him; Others Play him, and this is the Trade they drive for the Four or Five Days perhaps; but to seem as the Quail is over, the Man comes to himself again; makes merry with his Companions, and since he cannot be in his House, he reckons Himself as good as at Home in the very Prison. Tis the same Thing with a Bird in a Cage; when she has Futter'd her self a Weary, the first down and Sing's. This 'tis to be Wonted to a Thing. And were it not a Scandal now, if Philosophy should not do as much with us as Coffin, without leaving it to Necessity to do the Office of Virtue. It might be added to this Moral, that what's Natural to One may be Grievous to Another. The Fros would have been as much as a Loos in the Shack, as the Afs was in the Log.

FAB. CXCIII.

A Gall'd Afs and a Raven.

A S an Afs with a Gall'd Back was Feeding in a Meadow, a Raven Pitch'd upon him, and there Sate, Jobbing of the Sore. The Afs fell a Friking and Braying upon't; which for a Groom, that saw it at a Distance, a Laughing at it. Well! (says a Wolfe to me) was Pasting by) to see the Injustice of the World now! A Poor Wolfe in that Raven's Place, would have been Perfected, and Hunted to Death profiterly; and 'tis made only a Laughing Matter, for a Raven to do the Same Thing that would have Cole a Wolfe his Life.

The Moral.

One Man may better Stole a Horse, than Another Look over the Hedge.
REFLEXION.

THE Same Thing in One Person or Religious, is not always the Same Thing in Another: The Grooms Grinning at the Gambols of the Afs, tells us that there are many Cats that make People laugh without pleasing them, as when the Sun is brightest. But the Cat of some Fortunate Accident happens to strike the Fancy: Nay, a Body cannot forbear Laughing Sometimes, when he is yet Heartily Sorry for the Thing he Laughs at; which is, in Truth, but an Exaggerated Motion, that never comes near the Heart, wherefore the Hand was Out in His Philosophy, when he called it a Laughing-Matter. Besides, that he should have Diving'd upon the Disproportion betwixt the Worrying of a Wolf, and the Picking of a Raven! That is to say, by twice a Certain Death on the One Hand, and only a Vexatious Importunity on the Other. The Raven understood what Sort of Spark he had to do withal, and the Silly Afs stood Preaching to Himself upon the Text of No Remedy but Patience.

F A B. CXCIV.

A Lyon, Afs, and Fox.

As an Afs and a Fox were together upon the Ramble, a Lyon Meets them by the Way. The Fox's Heart went Pia-pia-pia; but however to make the Bell of a Bad Game, he sees a Good Face on't, and up he goes to the Lyon, Sir, says he; I am come to Offer Your Majesty a Piece of Service, and I'll Call my self upon Your Honour for my Own Security. If you have a Mind to my Companion, the Afs here, 'tis but a Word Speaking, and You shall have him Immediately. Let it be Done then, says the Lyon. So the Fox Trepants the Afs into the Toy, and the Lyon, when he found he had Him sure, began with the Fox Himself, and after that, for his Second Course, made up his Meal with the Other.

The Moral.

We Love the Traitor, but we hate the Trajor.

REFLEXION.

This Fable Advises Every Man in Prudence to be sure of Knowing his Company before he Embark with them in any Great Matter: Though he that Betrays his Companion, has the Fortune commonly to be Betray'd Himself.

Here's the Folly of the Afs in Trusting the Fox that he knew to be a Treacherous Companion; and here's the History of the Fox in Betraying the Afs, which was but according to his Nature. Now this does not hinder yet, but that the Lyon Forfeited a Point of Honour in the Worrying of him; And this Fiction throughout is but the Emblem of Things that are Familiar to us in the World. The Lyon might have been Allowed an Aversion to the Fox as a Perfidious Creature, but the Devouring of him upon these Terms, was Another Treachery in Himself. There may be this Fear laid at large for the Congruity of the Fancy, that a Just and Generous Lyon, would not have sunk to Low as to hold any Communication with a Fox, much less to Consent with him in his Faffe Dealing. But this Lyon was meant for the Figure of a Wicked Governor, Conferring upon Frauds with Wicked Men. Now if he had for'd the Afs, for his Simplicity, and Penn'd the Fox for his Perfidy, the Proceeding might have had some Simplicity of a Generous Equity: But an Honourable Mind will learn to make Advantage of a Treacherous Inflammation. That is to say, by Addressing to the Treachery: So that the Moral seems to carry more Force with this Fable. Upon the Whole Matter, here's the Silly Afs pays Dear for the Credulity and Folly of Keeping Ill Company. The Fox is Met withal in his Own Way, for Breaking the Faith of Society; but still there wants some Judgment, to attend the Lyon for he that Encourages One Trajor, does not only Pratch, but Promote Another; and the Foundation of a Doctrine, that will come Home to Himself in the Conclusion. When a Prince fails in Point of Honour and Common Justice, 'tis enough to Snag him his People's Faith and Allegiance. But the Lyon here in the Fable came off better than our Politick Lynxes usually do in the World.

F A B. CXCIV.

A Hen and a Swallow.

Here was a Foolish Hen that sat Brooding upon a Nest of Snakes Eggs. A Swallow, that Observed it, went and told her the Danger on't. Little do you think, says the, what you are at this Instant doing, and that you are just now Hatching Your Own Destruction; for this Good Office will be your Ruin.

The Moral.

'Tis the Hard Fortune of many a Good Father'd Man to breed up a Bird to Pick out his Own Eyes, in despite of All Caution to the Contrary.
Æsop's FABLES.

REFLEXION.

THIS is the Cafe of Many People in the World, that spend their Time in Good Offices for Others, to the Utter Ruine of Themselves; And there's No Better to be Expected from a Wicked Age, and an Ill Natur'd People. They that want Fire-dight, should do well to Hearten to Good-Counsel. He that thinks to Oblige Hard-Hearted People by an Officious Tenderness, and to fare the better Himself for putting it into Their Power to Hurt him, will find only to much Time, Faints, and Good-Will, utterly call away, at the Foot of his Accounts. 'Tis Good however, to Hope, and to Premeise the Best, provided a Man be Prepar'd for the Worst. The Mistake lies therein, the Charity begins Abroad that Ought to begin at Home. They that cannot fee into the End of Things, may well be at a Loss in the Reason of them; and a Well-Meaning Piety is the Distraction of many an Honest Man, that first Innocently Breeding upon the Political Projects of Other People, through with the Heart all the While, of a Patriot, and a True Friend to the Publick. Tell him the Consequences of Matters, and that he is now hatchling of Serpents, not of Chickens: A Mis-guided Zeal makes him Dead and Blind to the true State and Illuse of Things. He fits his Time out, and what's the End out; but the Fiend Naturally Discloses it all in a Common Raime! It is a Great Intelect to make a Wrong Choice of a Friend: But when Men are Astonish'd of the Danger beforehand, it is as Great a Fault, if they will take No-Warning. The Fiend was told out, but the Shadow had the Fate, as well as the Gift of Caffandra; to speak Truth, and not to be believ'd: Which has been the Misfortune of many an Honest Man in All Times, and particularly in the very Age we live in.

FAB. CXCVI.

A PIGEON and a Picture.

A Pigeon saw the Image of a Glass with Water in't, and taking it to be Water indeed, flew Rashly and Eagerly up to't, for a Soup to Quench her Thirst. She broke her Feathers against the Frame of the Picture, and falling to the Ground upon't, was taken up by the By-standers.

The Moral.

Bath Men do many things in Haste that they Repent of at Leisure.

Æsop's FABLES.

REFLEXION.

'TIS not Good to be Over Fierce upon any Thing, for fear of Mistaking, or Misunderstanding the Matter in Question. Moderation is a High Point of Wisdom, and Temper in the other Hand, is ever Dangerous. For Men are Subject to be Coward with outward Appearances, and to take the Vain Images, and Shadows of Things, for the Substance. All Violent Passions have somewhat in them of the Rashness of this Pigeon and if that Rashness be not as Fatal in the One Cafe, as this was in the Other, it's a Deliverance that we are more indebted for, either to the Special Grace of an Over-turning Providence, or to the Moderation of That which we call Courage, then to any thing of our own Government and Discretion. One Man may have the Advantage of Another in the Benefit of a Preference of Mind, which may serve in a Great Measure, to Fortify us against Surprizes, and Difficulties not to be foreseen: But a Sound Judgment is the Result of Second Thoughts, upon Due Time and Consideration, which way to bring Matters to a Fair Issue. This Pre cisely Temper is little better than a Physical Malignity; for there is somewhat of an Alienation in't, when People proceed, not only Without, but Contrary to Reason. How many Injuries do we fee daily, of People that are Hurry'd on, without either Fear or Writ, by Love, Hatred, Envy, Ambition, Revenge, &c. to their Own Ruine: Which comes to the very Cafe of the Pigeon's breaking her Wing against the Picture, and the Midst Rat in Every jox for Ridiculous,

FAB. CXCVII.

A PIGEON and a Crow.

A Pigeon that was brought up in a Dove-House, was Beggging to a Crow how Fruitable the was. Never Value Your self, says the Crow, upon That Vanity; for the More Children, the More Sorrow.

The Moral.

Many Children are a Great Blessing; but a Few Good Ones are a Greater. All Hazards Confider'd.

REFLEXION.

THE Care, Charge, and Hazard of a Brood of many Children, in the Education and Proof of them, does, in a Great Measure, Counter-weigh the Blessing; Especially where they are gotten in a State of Slavery. Sorrow and Vexation is Entrails upon the whole Race of Mankind. We are Besought to be HANDSOME to Them that come after us. The Steels of the Fable lies upon the Hazard of having a Numerous Stock of Children, which
Aesop's FABLES.

which must of Necessity, whether they Live or Dye, furnish Matter of Great Anxiety to the Parents. The Loss of them is Grievous to us. The Misfortune of them, by falling into Low and Victious Courses, is much Woe; And one such Disappointment is sufficient to Blass the Counten of All the Rest. Nay, the very Possibility, or rather the Likelihood and Odds, that some of such a Number will Come to Ungraceful and Rebel- lious, makes our Souls Unstable to us; Fills our Heads and our Hearts with Carking Thoughts, and keeps us in Anxiety Night and Day for fear they should be so, and prove like Vipers, to Excite the Bury of their Own Mothers.

F A B. CXCVIII.

A Woman and her Two Daughters.

A Woman that had Two Daughters, Bury'd one of them, and Mourning were Provided to Attend the Funeral. The Surviving Daughter Wonder'd to see Strangers so much concern'd at the Loss of her Sister, and her Nearest Relations so Little. Pray Mother, says she, What's the Reason of This? Oh, says the Mother, We that are a-Kin to her, are never the Better for Crying, but the Strangers have Money for't.

The MORAL.

Mourners are as Mercenary as Common Prefuitutes; They are at His Service that bids 'em Lift for them.

REFLEXION.

FUNERAL Tears are only Civilities of Course, but there must be Wranglings of Hands yet, and Jujutions, some where or other, and where the Relations are not in Humor for't, 'tis the Fashion to Provide Mercenaries to do the Office. The Moral of This will reach to All the Pompous Solemnities of our Mourning Proceedings, which upon the Whole, Amount to no more than Drole and Pageantry, to make the Show look Dimal, and so many Sour Faces that are Hard to Adorn the Hypocrite. This was the Widow's Case, that Cry'd her fell half Mad and Blind with a Thousand Passionate Intercitations, for the Loss of her Dear Husband. [Never so Dear, so Dear a Man!] This Woman, I say (when she had done All This, and Reconcil'd the World, the Filleh and the Devil, with as much Solemnity as ever she did in her Baptism) was at the Long-Last prevail'd upon to hear the Will read: But when she found in the Conclution, that the Dear Man he so often call'd upon, had left her Nothing that he could keep from her, but her Wedding Ring and her Yellow-Stamps, Up the Stairs, Wip'd her Eyes, Rais'd her Voice, [And a Thi' all with a Fox:] the cry'd; and with Those Words in her Mouth, the Game to her fell again. Now this Widow, in the Pure Strength of Filleh and Blood, cry'd as Arrantly for Money as the Mercenaries in the Fable.

F A B.
Jupiter and a Herds-Man.

A Herds-man that had lost a Calf out of his Grounds, set up and down after it; and when he could get no Tidings of it, he besought himself at first to his Prayers, according to the Custom of the World, when People are brought to a Forced-Put. Great Jupiter (lays he) do but shew me the Thief that stole my Calf, and I’ll give thee a Kid for a Sacrifice. The Word was no sooner past, but the Thief appeared; which was indeed a Lyon. This Discovery put him to his Prayers once again. I have not forgotten my Vow, saith he, but now thou hast brought me to the Thief, I’ll make The Kid a Ball, if thou’lt but let me Quit of him again.

The Moral.

We cannot be too Careful, and Conscientious what Vows and Promises we make; for the very Reckoning of our Prayers turns many times to our Distress.

Reflection.

This Fable Condemns All Rash Vows and Promises, and the Unfaithfulness of those Men that are first mad to have a Thing, and as soon Weary of it. Men should Consider well before they promise, what they may, and what they will, lest they should be Taken at their Words, and afterward Repent. We make it Halal our Business to Learn our Gain, and Provide those Things, which when we come to Undertake, and to have in our Possession, we shall give the whole Earth to be Kist of again; Wherefore he that Moderates his Desires without laying any Steaks upon Things Curious, or Uncertain; and Relies hid in All Events to the Good Pleasure of Providence, succeeds best in the Government of his Fortune, Life, and Manners. The Herdsman was in a State of Freedom, we fee, till he made himself a Voluntary Slave, by Entering into a Dangerous and Unnecessary Vow, which he could neither Contract without Injury, nor Keep without Loss and Shame; For Heaven is neither to be Wretched, nor Belied. Men should not Pray, or not to Repeat of their Prayers, and turn the most Christian and Necessary Office of our Lives into a Sin. We must not Pray in One Beath to Find a Thief, and in the Next, to get Shot of him.

A Lyon was Blustering in the Forest, up comes a Gnat to his very Beard, and Enters into an Exploitation with him upon the Points of Honour and Courage. What do I Value your Teeth, or your Claws, says the Gnat, that are but the Arms of Every Bedlam Slut? As to the Matter of Resolution; I defy ye to put That Point Immediately to an Issue. So the Trumpet Sounded, and the Combatants Enter’d the Lists. The Lyon Charg’d into the Nostrils of the Lyon, and there Twang’d him, till he made him Tear himself with his Own Paws. And in the Conclusion he Maff’d the Lyon. Upon This, a Retreat was Sounded, and the Gnat flew his way; but by Ill- luck afterward, in his Flight, he struck into a Cobweb, where the Villain fell a Prey to a Spider. This Disgrace went to the Heart of him, after he had got the Better of a Lyon, to be Worsted by an Insect.

The Moral.

To be in the Power of Fortune to humble the Pride of the Mighty, even by the most Despicable Means, and to make a Great Triumph over a Lyon: Wherefore let no Creature, how Great or how Little power, Prevail on the One side, or Despair on the Other.

Reflection.

There is Nothing either so Great, or so Little, as not to be Lyable to the Vexations of Fortune, whether for Good or for Evil. A Miserable Fly is sufficient, we fee, to take down the Stomach of a Lyon; and then to Correct the In lasting Vanity of That Fly, it falls the next Moment into the Fowl of a Spider. ‘Tis Highly Improvident not to Obviate small Things; and as Ridiculous to be Baulked by them; and it is not the Force neither, but the Importance that is so Vexatious and Troublesome to use. The very Teasing of the Lyon Galled him more than an Arrow at his Heart would have done. The Defiance is this, That no Man is to Prevail upon his Power and Greatness, when every Pinion Insect may find out a Way to Discompose him. But That Pinion Insect again is not to Value himself upon his Victory neither; for the Gnat that had the Better of the Lyon, in the very next Beath, was Worsted by a Spider.
THE

FABLES

OF

BARLANDUS &c.

FAB. CCII.

A Lyon and a Frog.

A Lyon that was Ranging about for his Prey, made a Stop all on a Sudden at a Hideous Yelling Noise he heard, which not a little Startled him. The Surprize put him at first into a Shaking Fit; but as he was looking about, and Preparing for the Encounter of some Terrible Monster, what should he see but a Pitiful Frog come Crawling out from the Side of a Pond. And is This All? (says the Lyon) and to betwixt Shame and Indignation, he put forth his Paw, and Pafh'd out the Guts on't.

The Moral.

There's no Refling of First Motions; but upon Second Thoughts we come immediately to our Selves again.

Reflexion.

The Surprise of the Lyon is to teach us, that no Man living can be so Presumptuous to Himself, as not to be put beside his Ordinary Temper upon some Accidents or Occasions; but then his Philosophy brings him to a Right Understanding of Things, and his Resolution carries him through All Difficulties. It is another Emblematical Branch of This Emblem, that as the Lyon himself was not Thoroughly Proof against This False Alarm; so it was but a Poor Wretched Frog all this while, that Decomposed him, to shew the Vain Opinion and Fable Images of Things, and how apt we are to be Transported with These Fooleries, which, if we did but Understand, we should Desert. Wherefore 'tis the Part of a Wise, and a Wife Man to Weigh, and Examine Matters without Delivering up himself to the Illusion of Idle Fears, and Cynical Fears. It was in truth, below the
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the Dignity of a Lion to Kill the Poor Creature, but This, however may be laid in Plato's say, that he was ashamed to leave behind him a Witness of his Weakness.

FAB. CCXII.

An Ant and a Pigeon.

An Ant dropt, Unluckily into the Water as she was Drinking at the Side of a Brook. A Wood-Pigeon took Pity of her, and threw her a little Bough to lay hold on. The Ant lay'd her self by that Bough, and in That very Inland, Spies a Fellow with a Birding-Piece, making a Shoot at the Pigeon. Upon This Discovery, she presently runs up to him and Sings him. The Pouter Hams; and breaks his Arms, and away flies the Pigeon.

The Moral.

All Creatures have a Stove of Good Offices, and Providence it self takes Care, where Other Means fail, that they may not Pass Unrewarded.

Reflection.

THE Practice of Requiring Good Offices is a Great Encouragement to the Doing of them; and in truth, without Gratitude there would be Little Good Nature; for there is not One Good Man in the World that has not need of Another. This Fable of the Ant is not All together a Fiction, for we have many Instances of the Force of Kindness; even upon Animals and Insects: To pass over the Traditions of Androclus's Lyon, the Gratitude of Elephants, Dogs and Horses is too Notorious to be Deny'd. Are not Hawks brought to the Hand, and to the Lure? And in like manner, are not Lyons, Eagles, Bears, Wolves, Foxes, and other Beasts of Prey Re-claimed by Good Usage? Nay, I have seen a Tame Spider, and its a Common Thing to have a Lizard come to Hand. Man only is the Creature, that to his Shame no Benefits can Oblige, no, nor Secure, even from seeking the Ruine of his Benefactor; So that This Fable lets us a Lesson here in her Thankfulness to her Preferer.

FAB.
Barlundus's FABLES

FAB. CCV.

An _Impertinent Dr._ and his _Patient._

A Physician was told one Morning that a Certain _Pain_ of his was Dead; why then the _Lord's Will be Done_, says he: _We are All Mortal_; but if This Man would have Forborn Wines, and Us'd Clysters, I'd have Warranted his Life This Bout for God's Mercy. Well, says one, but why did you not rather give him This Advice when it might have done him Good, then hand Talking of it to no manner of Purpose Now the Man is Dead?

_The MO R A L._

'Tis too _Purport to think of Recalling Yesterday, and when the Sled is Stolen, of Shutting the Stable Door.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable Recommends to us the Doing of Every thing in its Due Season, for either too Soon or too Late signifies Nothing. It is but making Almanacks for the Last Year, to hand Talking what Might have been done, when the Time of Doing it is past. When a Bottle is Lost, This or That, we say, might have Prevented it. When a Tumult is Empow'd into a Rebellen, and a Government Overthrown by it, 'tis past to as much Purpose to say, This or That might have Sav'd All: As for eat Dollar, here to say, when his _Patient_ was Dead, that It was for want of going such or such a Way to Work. We have abundance of These Wife Men in the World that are still looking backward without facing One Inch of the way before them. Not but that the Experience of Things Past, may be very Instructive to us toward the Making of a Right Judgment upon Things to come, but in such a Case as This, it is wholly Vain and Unprofitable, to all manner of Intents. To the Blunders of a Substantial, and a Well Grounded Wisdom, to be still looking forward, from the Full Indispositions, into the Growth, and Progress of the Dilettie, It Trace the Advance of Dangers Step by Step, and shows us the Rise and Decline of the Evil; and gives us Light, either toward the Preventing, or the Suppelling of it. We have in such an Instance as This, the means before us, of a True, and an Utile Perception of Things, whereas Judgments that are made on the Wrong Side of the Danger, amount to no more then an Affection of Skill, without either Credit or Effect. Let Things be done when they _May_ be done, and _When_, and as they _Ought_ to be done. As for the Doctor's Ring upon the Beatles, when his _Patient_ was Dead, it was just to as much Purpore as Blowing Wind in's Breech.

FAB.

FAB. CCVI.

A _Lyon, Afs_ and _Fox._

There was a Hunting-Match agreed upon between a _Lyon, an Afs, and a Fox_; and they were to go Equal Shares in the Booth. They ran down a Brave Stag, and the _Afs_ was to Divide the Prey; which he did very Honestly and Innocently into Three Equal Parts, and left the _Lyon_ to take his Choice: Who never minded the _Dividend_; but in a Rage Worry'd the _Afs_, and then bad the _Fox_ Divide; who had the Wit to make Only One Share of the Whole, having a Miserable Peinance that he Refer'd for Himself. The _Lyon_ highly approv'd of his Way of Distribution; but _Pribe_ Reyard, says he, who taught thee to Carve? Why truly says the _Fox_, I had an _Afs_ to my Master; and it was His Folly made me Wife.

_The MO R A L._

There must be no Shares in Sovereignty. Court-Confidence is Folly. The Folly of One Man makes another Man Wise; as One Man Great Rich upon the Ruins of Another.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable is sufficiently Moralize'd Elsewhere; but it gives us further to Understand, that Experience is the Millers of Knives as well as of Feasts. Here was the Innocence of the _Afs_, and the Craft of the _Fox_, both in One. He Sav'd his Skin by the Modelly of the Division, and left enough for himself too, over and above! For _Afs_ are No great Parson Enter.

FAB. CCVII.

A _Wolf_ and a _Kid._

A _Wolf_ was passing by a Poor Country Cottage, a _Kid_ spy'd him through a Peeping-Hole in the Door and lent a Hundred Curles along with him. _Sirrah_ (says the _Wolf_); If I had ye out of your Cauld, I'd make ye give Better Language.
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The MORAL.

A Coward in his Costume makes a Great Deal more Blister than a Man of Honour.

REFLEXION.

The Advantages of Time and Place are enough to make a Pudius Valiant. There's Nothing so Courageous as a Coward, if you put him out of Danger. This way of Brave land Clamour, is so Arrant a Mark of a Dastardly Wretch, that he does as good as Call himself so that Ulysses. The Kid behind the Door has the Privilege of a Lord's Amour Foule. His under Protection. The One is Scarcelie, and the Other Sweate's, and yet These are the Two Qualities that pass but too frequently in the World for Wit and Valour.

F A R. CCVIII.

An Aisy to Jupiter.

A Certain Aisy that serv'd a Gard'ner, and did a great deal of Work for a very little Meat, fell to his Prayers for Another Matter. Jupiter Granted his Request, and turned him over to a Potter, where he found Clay and Tile so much a Heavier Burden then Roots and Cabbage, that he went to Prayers once again for Another Change. His next Matter was a Tanner; and then, over and above the Encreas of his Work, the very Trade went against his Stomach: For (says he) I have been only Pinch'd in my Fifth, and Well Rub-Real'ted sometimes under my Former Malters; but I'm in now for Skin and All.

The MORAL.

A Man that is ever Shifting and Changing, is not, in truth, so Weary of his Conditions, as of Hymen's, and he that bull Carries about him the Plague of a Baffish Blind, can never be pleas'd.

REFLEXION.

Tis a High Point of Prudence for any Man to be Content with his Lot. For 'tis Forty to One that he that Changes his Condition, out of a Prefect Impatience and Dissatisfaction, when he has try'd a New one, finds for his Old One again; and Briefly, the more we flit, the Worse Commonly we are. This Ariseth from the Inconstancy of our Minds, and One Prayer does but make way for Another. Tho' People, in fine, that are

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are Deified to Draugery, may well Change their Malters, but never their Condition.

He that finds himself in any Difficult, either of Careafs, or of Fortune, should do well to Deliverate upon the Matter, before he Pray for, or Revives upon a Change. As for Example now, what is it that Troubles me? Is there any Help fix't or no? What do I want? Is it Matter of Necessity, or Superficiency? Where am I to look for? How shall I come at it? Yet, Now all our Grievances are either of Body or of Mind, or (in Complication) of Both, and either the Remedy is in our Own Power, or is it not. There are Some Things that we cannot do for our selves, without the Help of Others: There are some Things again, that Other People Cannot do for Us, nor are they any Way able to be done but by Our selves. In the One Case we are to seek abroad for Relief, and in the Other, Whosoever Confus his Reason, and his Duty, will find a Certain Cure at Home: So that it goes a Great way in the Philosophy of Humane Life, to Understand the Full Measures of what we are able to do, and what we are Obli'ged to do, in Distression from the Contrary; for Otherwise we shall find our Days with Eff's Aisy, in Hunting after Heppins where it is not to be found, without ever looking for't where it is. 'Tis allow'd us, to beGable of Broken Limbs, and Diseased Bodies: And Common Prudence leads us to Surgeons and Physicians, to Piece, and Patches them up again. But in These Cases, we examine the Why, the What, and the How of Things, and Propose Means Accommodate to the End. 'Tis Natural to be Weary'd with Pain, and as Natural to seek Relief, and it is well done at last, to do That which Nature bids us do; But for Imaginary Evils, Every Man may be his Own Doctor. They are bred in our Affections, and we may Ease our selves. If the Question had been a Spavin, or a Gall'd Back, and the Aisy had Petition'd to Jupiter for Another Fancy, it might have been a very Reasonable Request. Now if he had but Patch'd upon each or such a Particular Matter, it might have done well enough too; But to grow Weary of One Matter, or of One Condition, and then to be pre-emptly Withing in General Terms for Another: This is only an Uncindecide Barrage thrown off at Random, without either Aim or Reason. Upon the Whole Matter, it is but Sinking our very Faults in the Door of Nature and Providence, while we Impute the Infirmities of our Minds to the Hardship of our Lot.

To proceed according to the Distribution of my Malters is much with Us in This Case, as it was with the Man that fell from his Horc and could not get up again. He was sure he was Hurst, he said, but could not tell Where. That is to say, 'tis our Grievances are Fantatical where they are not Corporal. It is Another Error in us, that in all our Fantastical Dispositions, we have Recourse to Fantastical Remedies. 149. Providence has Allot'ted Every Man a Competency for his State and Distinctis. All beyond is Superfluous, and there will be Grumbling without End, if we come to reckon upon't, that we want This or That, because we have it Not, instead of Acknowledging that we have This or That, and that we want Nothing. These Things daily Weighed, what can be more Providential than the Bending of having an Anisole within our selves against all the Strokes of Fortune? That is to say, in the World of Extremities, we have yet the Comfort left us of Constancy, Patience, and Reformation.
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It is not for a Wife and an Honest Man, to stand Expousulating with the Nature of Things. As for Influence, Why should not I be This or That, or be for or fo, as well as He or Tother? But I should rather say to my Self, after This manner: Am not I the Creature of an Almighty Power? and is it not the same Power and Wisdom that Made and Order'd the World, that has afflig'd me this Place, Rank or Station, in't? This Body, This Soul, This every Thing? What am I, I must be, and there's no Contending with Invisible Necessity: No Disputing with an Incomprehensible Wisdom, To say Nothing of the Impiry of Appealing from an Inexplicable Goodness. If I can Mend my Condition by any Warrantable Industry and Virtue, the Way is fair and Open: And That's a Privilege that Every Reasonable Creature has in his Commision: But without Fixing upon some Certain Scope, and Preferring Just and Honourable Ways to 't, there's Nothing to be done. 'Tis a Wicked Thing to Replace; and his as博odific, and Unsteady too; for One Reckles Thought, Bogey, and Punishes Another, We are not to Miserable in our Own Writs, as in what Others Enjoy: And then our Lenity is as Great a Plague to us as our Enemy, so that we need Nothing more than we have, but Thankfulness, and Submission, to make us Happy. It was not the Ground of the A Refrains, that it was Worfe with Hims with Other Aff's; but because he was an Aff's: And he was not to Seek his Refrains, as of his Work. His Fortune was well enough for such an Animal, so long as he kept himself within his Proper Sphere and Business: But if the Stones in the Wall will be taking upon them to Reproduce the Builder, and if Nothing will please People unless they be Greater then Nature ever Intended them: What can they Expect, but the Refrains of Vexation Changes, and Experiments; and at last, when they have made Themselves VVicky and Ridiculous, can glad to set up their Reel upon the very Spot where they Stared.

FAB. CCX.

A Woman and her Maid.

It was the Way of a Good Honest Old Woman, to call up her Maid every Morning just at the Cock Crowing. The Witches were both to Kife to soon, and so they laid their Heads togeth, and Kill'd the Poor Cock: for, say they, if it were not for his Walking our Dame, she would not Wake us: But when the Good Woman's Clock was gone, she'd Misse the Hour many times, and call'em up at Midnight: So that instead of Mending the Matter, they found themselves in a Worfe Condition Now then before.

The

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The MORAL.

One Ever makes way for another. First, we Complain of small things: Then we Shift, and instead of Mendig the Matter, we find it Worfe, till it comes at last to the Linker's Work of Stopping One Hole, and Making Ten.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Common Thing for People that are Uneasy, to fly to Remedies that are VVorfe then the Disease; wherefore Men should Deliberate before they Resolve; and say to Themselves, This we suffer at Predit, and This or That we Propose to Get by Ith and such a Change; and so the One against the Other. The Witches were call'd up too Early, they thought, and so for fear of having too Little Sleep, they ran the Risk of having no Sleep at all. And it was much at the same Rate in Publick Grievances that it does in Private: When rather then best the Importance of a Fasting, we are apt to run our selves Hand over Head into a Bed of Scorpions; which is such another kind of an Expedition, as if a Body should Beat out his Brain to Cure the Head-Ache. Eath and Blood is Naturally impatient of Refrains, these the Rich and Cowardly that we have, to be Praying and Searching into Forbidden Secrets; and to see (as one lays) What Good is in East. 'Tis Natural to us to be VVicky of what we have, and still to be Hankering after something or other that we have Not; and so our Levity Pulls us on from One Vain Defere to Another, in a Regular Nihilism, and Succedion of Cravings and Satiety. VVe want (as they) what we have not, and grow Seek out when we have it. Now the VVife Man Cears the VVhole Matter to us, in Pronouncing All things under the Sea (That is to say, the Pomt, the Pleasures, and the Enjoyments of This VVorld) to be Fovory of Pains, and All, Fovory. The Truth of it is, we Govern our Lives by Fancie, rather then by Judgment. VVe Misse the Reasons of Things, and Impute the Iblue of them to VVrong Causas. So that the Leifgon given us here, is Preceptive to us, not to do any thing but upon due Consideration. The Witches Kill'd the Cock for calling them up to soon, whereas the Crowing of the Cock was the Cause, in Truth, that they were call'd up no sooner.

FAB. CCX.

A Lyon and a Goat.

Lyon say'd a Goat upon the Crag of a High Rock, and so call'd out to him after this Manner: Hadst not thou better come Down now, say's the Lyon, into this Delicate Fine Meadow? Well, says the Goat, and so perhaps I would, if it were not for the Lyon that's there before me: But I'm for a Life of Safety, rather then for a Life of Pleasure. Your Paterneas
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The Moral.

Pretence is the Filling of My Belly with Good Grains; but your Business is the Gramming of your Own Guts with Good Garbage: So that 'tis for your Own Sake, not Mine, that you'd have me come down.

FAB. CCXI.

A Vultur's Invitation.

The Vultur took up a Fit of a very Good Humour one, and invited the Whole Nation of the Birds to make Merry with him, upon the Anniversary of his Birth-Day. The Company came; The Vultur shuts the Doors upon them, and devours his Guests instead of treating them.

The Moral.

There's no Meddling with any Man that has neither Faith, Honour, nor Good Nature in him.

REFLEXION.

This Dangerous Trusting to specious Pretences of Civility and Kindness, where People are not well assured of the Faith and Good Nature of those they have to do with; in which case, the Bureth, and the Breach of Hospitality Repealed in this Fable, under a Mask of Friendship, was no more, than what might reasonably enough be Expected under such Circumstances. There are Men of Prey, as well as Beasts and Birds of Prey, and for Truth that Live upon, and Delight in Blood, there's no Trusting of them; for let them pretend what they will, they Govern themselves, and take their Measures according to their Interests and Appetites. 'Tis a Hard Case yet, for Men to be for'd upon ill Nature, in their Own Defence, and to suspect the Good Faith of those, that gives us all the Prestations and Assurance of Friendship, and Fear Dealing that One Man can give Another, Nay the very Suspicion is an Affract, and almost sufficient to Authorize some Acts of Revenge. He that Violates the Necessary Trust and Confidence that One Man ought to Repute in Another, does what in Him lies, to Dissolve the very Bond of Humane Society, for there's no Treachery to Clothe, to Sure, and to Pernicious, as That which Works under a Veil of Kindness. We let Toolys, Nets, Guns, Snares, and Traps for Beasts and Birds 's T rue, and we Bet Hocks for Fitches; But All This is done in their Own Haunts, and Walks, and without any Salt of Faith and Confidence in the Matter: But to break the Laws of Hospitality and Tenderness; To betray our Guests under our Own Roofs, and to Murder them at our Own Tables; This is a Practice only for Men and Vultures to be guilty of.

Fab. CCXII.

Bulfards and Cranes.

Some Sportsmen that were abroad upon Game, spy'd a Company of Bulfards and Cranes a Feeding together, and so made in upon 'em as fast as their Horset could carry them. The Cranes that were Light, took Wing immediately, and f'd them selves, but the Bulfards were Taken; for they were Far, and Heavy, and could not Shift so well as the Other.

The Moral.

Light of Body and Light of Purse, comes much to a Cafe in Troublesome Times: Only the One loves himself by his Activity, and the Other scape because he is not worth the Taking.
Barlandus's FABLES.

REFLEXION.

Camerarius makes this to be an Emblem of the Taking of a Town, where the Poor escape better then the Rich, for the One is led on and the Other is Plunder'd and Cooped up. But with Favours of the Magistrates, it was not at the Fowler's Choice, which to take, and which to let go; for the Crows were too Nimble, and got away in spite of him. So that this Phaenomenon rather to Point at the Advantages that some have over Others, to make Better Fistas in the World then their Fellows, by a Felony of Make, and Constitution, whether of Body or of Mind : Provided always, that they Play Fair, and Manage all Those Faculties with a Just Regard to Common Honesty and Justice.

FAB. CCXIII.

Jupiter and an Ape.

Jupiter took a Fancy once to Summon all the Birds and Beasts under the Canopy of Heaven to appear before him with their Brats, and their Little ones, to see which of 'em had the prettiest Children: And who but the Ape to put his self Foremost, with a Brace of her Cubs in her Arms, for the Graceful Beauties in the Company.

FAB. CCXIV.

An Eagle and an Owl.

A Certain Eagle that had a Mind to be well serv'd, took up a Resolution of Preferring Those that she found most agreeable, for Perfon and Address; and so there pull an Order of Council for All Her Majesty's Subjects to bring their Children to Court. They came accordingly, and Every One in their Turn was for Advancing their Own: Till at last the Owl fell a Moping, and Twinkling, and told Her Majesty, that if a Gracious Mean and Complaisance might Entitle any of her Subjects to a Preference, she doubted not but her Brood would be look'd upon in the First Place; for they were as like the Mother, as if they had been Tipt out of her Mouth. Upon this the Board fell all into a Fit of Laughing, and call'd Another Cause.

Barlandus's FABLES.

The MORAL of the Two FABLES above.

No Body ever saw an Ill favored Fool in the World yet, Man, or Woman, that had not a Good Opinion of its Own Wit and Beauty.

REFLEXION.

Self Love is the Root of All the Vanities that are stuck at in Those Two Fables, and it is so Natural an Infirmity, that it makes us Partial even to Thos that come of us, as well as our fellows: And then it is so Nicely Divided, between Pride, Pride, and Weakness, that in Many Cases 'tis a Hard Matter to Distinguish the One from the Other. 'Tis a Frailty for a Man to Think Better of his Children then they Deserve: But then there is an Impulse of Tendercords, and of Duty, that goes along with it, and there must be some fort of an Election in the Case too, for the Setting of This is beed Affliction at Work. The Difficulty lies in the Moderating of the Matter, and in getting the True Medium between being Wasting to our Own Flesh and Blood, once Remov'd, and Affuming too much to our fellows. Let the Attachment be what it will, we must not suffer our Judgments to be either Perverted, Blinded, or Corrupted, by any Partiality of Prepossession whatever.

The Moral here before us, Extends to the Fruits and Productions of the Brain, as well as of the Body; and to Deformities in the Matter, as well of Understanding, as of Shape. We are Taught here Principally, Two Things: First, how Ridiculous it is for a Man to Court upon Fairs and Buffoons, though never so much the Licker of his Own Head and Lungs: And yet Secondly, How Prone we are to indulge our Own Errors, Follies, and Miscarriages, in Thought, Word, and Deed. The World has Abundance of these Apes and Owls in't: So that Whoever does but look about him, will find as many Living Illustrations of This Emblem, that more Words upon the Subject would be needless.

Cc THE
THE
FABLES
OF
ANIANUS, &c.

F A B. CCXV.
An Oak and a Willow.

There happened a Controversie between an Oak and a Willow upon the Subject of Strength, Constancy, and Patience, and which of the Two should have the Preference. The Oak Upbraided the Willow, that it was Weak and Wavering, and gave way to Every Blust. The Willow made no Other Reply, than that the next Tempest should Resolve That Question. Some very little while after This Dispute, it Blew a Violent Storm. The Willow Ply'd, and gave way to the Gust, and still recover'd it fell again, without receiving any Damage: But the Oak was Stubborn, and chose rather to Break than Bend.

The Moral.
A Stiff and a Stubborn Obstinate, is not so much Firmness, and Resolution, as Willfulness. A Wife and a Sturdy Man, bends only in the Pressure of Being again.

Reflection.
THERE are Many Cases, and Many Scions, wherein, Men must either Bend or break: But Constancy, Honour, and Good Manners, are first to be Considered. When a Tree is Puff'd with a strong Wind, the Branches may Yield, and yet the Root remains Firm. But Discretion is to Govern us, where and when we may be Allow'd to Temporize, and where and when not. When Bending or Breaking is the Question, and Men have No Other Choice before them, then either of Compliance, or of being Undone; this No Use: Matter to Dilate on. Where, When, How, or in What Degree, to Yield to the Importunity of the Occasion, or the Difficulty of the Times.
A Fisherman and a Little Fish.

A fisher man, being at his Sport, had the Hap to Draw up a very Little Fish from among the Fry. The Poor Wretch begg'd heartily to be thrown in again; for, says he, I'm not come to my Growth yet, and if you'll let me alone till I am Bigger, Your Purchase will turn to a Better Account. Well! says the Man, but I'd rather have a Little Fish in Possession, than a Great One in Reverion.

The Moral. 'Tis Wisdom to take what we May, while 'tis to be Had, even if it were but for Mortality sake.

Reflection. There's no Parting with a Certainty for an Uncertainty. But This Fable is abundantly Moraliz'd Elsewhere.

An Ant and a Glassshopper.

As the Ants were Airing their Provisions One Winter, Up comes a Hungry Glassshopper to 'em, and begs a Charity. They told him that he should have Wringole in Summer, if he would not have Want in Winter. Well, says the Glassshopper, but I was not Idle neither; for I Sung out the Whole Season. Nay then, said they, You shall 'en do Well to make a Merry Year on't, and Dance in Winter to the Tune that You Sung in Summer.

The Moral. A Life of Sloth is the Life of a Brute, but Action and Industry is the Backbone of a Great, a Wise, and a Good Man.
FAB. CCXVIII.

A Bull and a Goat.

A Bull that was Hard Press'd by a Lyon, ran directly toward a Goat Stall, to Save Himself. The Goat made Good the Door, and Head to Head Disputed the Passage with him. Well! say the Bull, with Indignation, If I had not a more Dangerous Enemy at my Heels, then I have Before me, I should soon Teach you the Difference betwixt the Force of a Bull, and of a Goat.

The Moral.

'Tis no Time to Stand Quarrelling, with Every Little Fellow, when Men of Power are Pursuing us upon the Title to the very Death.

REFLEXION.

It is Matter of Prudence, and Necessity, and For People in many Cases to put up the Injuries of a Weaker Enemy, for fear of Incurring the Displeasure of a Stronger. Barnum lance the Bull to be the Emblem of a Man in Distress, and the Goat Injuring over him; and Abjectly upon it after That Manner. There's Nothing, that a Courser more Dread and Abhors, than a Man in Distress; and he is preciously made all the Feuds and Karzes in Nature upon: For if that's Unfortunate is Conspicuously Guilty of All manner of Crimes. He Applies this Character to those that Persecute Widows and Orphans, and Trample upon the Afflicted: though not without some Violence Misnamed, to the Guineous Intent of this Figure; for the Goat was only Pusser; and his Barren was, without any Inference, or Injuries, to Defend his Free Hold.

FAB. CCXIX.

A Nurse and a Wolf.

A S a Wolf was Hunting up and down for his Supper, he passed by a Door where a Little Child was Bawling, and an Old Woman Shudding it. Leave your Prey Tricks, says the Woman, or I'll throw ye to the Wolf. The Wolf Over-heard her, and Waited a pretty While, in hope the Woman would be as good as her Word; but No Child coming, Away goes the Wolf for That Bout. He took his Walk the Same Way again toward the Evening, and the Nurse he found had Chang'd her Note; for the
**Fab. CCXX.**

**An Eagle and a Tortoise.**

The Tortoise was thinking with himself, how Ithclom a lot of Life it was, to spend All his Days in a Hole, with a House upon his Head, when so many other Creatures had no Liberty to Divert Themselves in the Free, Firth Air, and to Rattle about as Pleasure. So that the Humor took him One Day, and he must needs get an Eagle to teach him to Fly. The Eagle would fain have put him off, and told him, 'twas a Thing against Nature, and Common Sense; but (according to a Freak of the Willful Part of the World) the More the One was Against it, the More the Other was For it: And when the Eagle saw that the Tortoise would not be fain, the took him up a Step his high into the Air, and there turn’d him Loose to flite for Himself. That is to say; she dropped him down, Spagh upon a Rock, that Dath’d him to Pieces.
Anianus's FABLES.

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The Sun and the Wind.

Here happen'd a Controversie betwixt the Sun and the Wind, which was the Stronger of the Two; and they put the Point upon This Issue: There was a Traveller upon the Way, and which of the Two could make That Fellow Quit his Cloak should carry the Caufe. The Wind fell prefently a Storming, and threw Hail-Shot over and above in the very Teeth of him. The Man Wraps himself up, and keeps Advancing still in Spight of the Weather: But this Guff in a short Time blew over; and then the Sun Brake out, and fell to Work upon him with his Beams; but still he Puffs forward, Sweating, and Panting, till in the End he was forc'd to Quit his Cloak, and lay himself down upon the Ground in a Cool Shade for his Relief. So that the Sun, in the Conclusion, carry'd the Point.

The Moral.

Reason and Resolation will Support a Man against All the Violences of Nature and Fortune; but in a Wallowing Quall, a Man's Heart and Reflection fails him, for want of Fit Manner to work upon.

Reflexion.

'Tis a Part of Good Discretion in All Contests, to Consider ever and ever, the Power, the Strength, and the Interest of our Adversary; and likewise again, that though One Man may be more Robust then Another, That Force may be Sufficed yet by Skill and Address. It is in the Business of Life as it is in a Storm, or a Calm at Sea: The Bull may be Impious; but seldom falls long; and though the Veil be Puled never so Hard, a Shifful Steersman will yet bear up against it: But in a Dead Calm, a Man looses his Spirits, and lies in a Manner Expoud, as the Storm and Spectacles of Ill Fortunes.

FAB.
F A B. CCXXIV.

An Ass and a Lion's Skin.

There was a Ass that took an Ass in the Head, to Scourge abroad upon the Rambles; and away he goes into the Woods, Misquarding up and down in a Lion's Skin. The World was his Own for a while, and where ever he went, Man and Beast Fled before him: But he had the Hap in the Conclusion, partly by his Voice, and partly by his Ears, to be Discover'd, and consequently Unscar'd, well Laugh'd at, and well Cudgel'd for his Pain.

The Moral.
The World abounds in Terrible Fantasis, in the Masque of Men of Honour: But Those Braggadocions are Easiest to be Detected, for no Copy of any Good Quality or Virtue whatsoever, will abide the Test.

Reflection.

There's Nothing more Frequent, or more Ridiculous in the World, than for an Ass to Dress himself up like a Lion: A Duke sets up for a Duke; a Beggar for a Man of Quality; a Scoundrel for a Cavalier; a Pity for a Scoundrel: But Every Fool still has some Mark or other to be known by, through All Disguises: and the More he takes upon him, the Arrant Scoundrel he makes himself, when he comes to be Unmask'd. Every Fool, or Foole Fellow, carries more or less, in his Face, the Signature of his Manners, though the Character may be much more Legible in some, than in Others. As the Ass was found out by his Voice, and by his Ears. Let him keep his Words betwixt his Teeth, and he may pass Miler perhaps for a Man of some Substance: But he of opens once, he is Lost. For Nature never puts the Tongue of a Philosopher into the Mouth of a Coassomb: But however, let him be, in truth, what he will, he is yet so Conscious of what he Ought to be, that he makes it his Business to pass for what he is not: And in the Matter of Counterfeits, it is with Men, as it is with FalsMoney: One Piece is more or less Falsifiable than Another, as it happens to have more or less Substance, or Stirling in the Matter. One General Mark of an Imposter, is This: That he Outdoes the Original. As the Ass here in the Lion Skin, made Fifty times more Clout than the Lion would have done in his Own; And Himself Fifty times the more Ridiculous for the Disguise.

If a Man turn his Thoughts now from This Fancy in the Forrest, to the Sober Truth of Daily Experience in the World, he shall find Asses in the Skins of Men, Infinity more Compenetrate then This Ass in the Skin of a Lion. How many Terrible Asses have we seen in the Garb of Men of Honour! How many Insipid, and Infrate Asses, that take upon them to Retail Politiques, and fit for the Fashions of Men of State! How many Jude's with Hail Matter in their Mouths! How many Church Robbers that Weep themselves Repenent! In One Word, Men do Naturally have to be thought Greater, Wiser, Holier, Braver, and Judler then they are; and in fine, Better Quali'd in All Those Faculties that may give them Reputation among the People, then we find 'em to be.

The Moral of This Fab He Hit all sorts of Arrogant Pretenders, and runs Effectually into the Whole Bus'ness of Human Life. We have it in the very Cabbins, and Councils of States, the Bar, the Bench, the Change, the Schools, the Pulpits, in short, are full of Quickers, Juglers, and Pugniers, that set up for Men of Quality, Confidence, Philosophy, and Religion. So that there are Asses with Stout Ears, as well as with Long, and in Robes of Silk and Dignity, as well as in Skins of Hair. In Conclusion, An Ass of the Long-Robe, when he comes once to be Detect'd, looks Infinitely Siller, than he would have done in his own Shape: Neither is Ass's A6 Laugh'd at here for his Ears, or for his Voice, but for his Vanity, and Pretence; for Truth is but according to his own Kind and Nature; and Every thing is Well and Best, while it continues to be as God made it.

F A B. CCXXV.

A Fox and a Woman.

When put forth his Head out of a Dunghill, and made Proclamation of his Skill in Physick, Pray, says the Fox, Begin with your Own Infirmities before you Meddle with other Peoples.

The Moral.

Physician Care thy Self.

Reflection.

Saying and Doing are Two Things. Physician Care thy Self, Preaches to us upon This Fable. Every Man does well in his own Trade, and the Celler is not to go beyond his Lot. We have of the Dunghill Pretenders, in All Professions, and too many of them that Thrive upon their Arrogance. If This Woman had met with an Ass to Encourage his Vanity, instead of a Fox to Correl it, he might have been Advanc'd to a Dollar of the College perhaps; or to some more Considerable Point of Honour, either in Church or State.
F A B. CCXXVI.

A CURSE DOG.

There was a very Good Hound-Dog, but so Dangerous a Cur to Strangers, that his Master put a Bell about his Neck, to give People Notice before-hand when he was a Coming. The Dog took this Bell for a Particular Mark of his Master’s Favour, till One of his Companions there’d him his Misfortune. You are Mightily Out (says he) to take this for an Ornament, or a Token of Eternity, which is in truth, no Other then a Note of Infamy set upon you for your ill Manners.

THE MORAL.

This may serve for an Admonition to Those that make a Glory of the Marks of their Sins, and Value themselves upon the Reputation of an ill Character.

REFLEXION.

TIS a Bad World, when the Rules and Measures of Good and Evil, are either Inverted, or Mislaid; and when a Brand of Infamy shall be a Badge of Honour. But the Common People do not Judge of Vice or Virtue, by the Morality, or the Immorality of the Matter, so much as by the Rule. What’s most familiar, is the Objection of Wick-Head, where Impurity has the Ripe Familiarity of the Knowledge of Wine and Women, and the Veneration of Virtue. As in the Excellency of Wine and Women, and the Veneration of Virtue, where the World that other acts become to be a Fashion, it has the Credit in the World, that other Arts have as, we see, in times an Attraction even of Deformity.

FAAB.
A M J A N A S S F A B L E S.

FA B. CCXXVIII.

A Horse-man's Whig Blown off.

There was a Horse-man had a Cap on with a False Head of Hair Tack'd to't. There comes a Puff of Wind, and Blows off Cap and Whig together. The People made Sport, he saw, with his Bald Crown, and so very fairly he put in with them to Laugh for Company. Why Gentlemen (says he) would you have me keep other People's Hair Better then I did my Own.

THE MORAL.

Many a Man would be Extremely Ridiculous, if he did not spoil his Joll by playing upon himself so.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Turn of Art, in many Cases, either of Deformity, or Mischance, where a Man has open to a Reproof to anticipate an Abuse, and to mix Sport with his own fault. A Man may be shamed, spurned, a Woman, Modell'd, for the Degree of Scandalous. I knew a Lady had one of its most natural, Stuporous Passions to her Daughter that was ever born. Well, says Brummell, I am mighty afraid, this girl will prove a Whore, for she is infinitely Morose, but I have my confidence, that if any Man should ever ask me, the Lady, she would not have the Face to deny him. A Frank Folly way it Opens, and tolerably well with all Humors; and He that's Over-fond to Conceal a Thing, does as well as make Proclamation of it. Wherefore the Horse-mans here Laugh'd first, and so Prevented the Joll.

FA B. CCXXIX.

Two Pots.

There were Two Pots that stand near One Another, the Side of a River, the One of Brash, and the Other of Clay. The Water overflow'd the Banks, and Carry'd them both away; The Earthen Vessel kept Aloof from Brash, as much as possible. Fear Nothing, says the Brash Pot, I'll do you no Hurt: No, No, says the Earthen, not willingly; but if you should happen to Knock by Chance, 'twill be the same Thing to Me: So that You and I shall never do well together.

THE MORAL.

True Fellowship and Alliances are Dangerous. Not but that Great and Small, Hard and Brittle, Rich and Poor, may join Well enough together as long as the Good Humor Lasts; but whereas there are Men who will be Clinging some time or other, and a Knack, or a Constancy Spots all.

REFLEXION.

There can be no True Friendship, properly so Call'd, but between Equals. The Rich and the Poor, the Strong and the Weak will never agree together: For there's Danger on the One side, and None on the Other, and 'tis the Common Interest of All, who have the respective Parties notary in One Another. And there needs no Ill Will, or Malice neither, to do the Mischiefs, but the Difparity, or Disparity alone is enough to do the Work. The same Quantity of Wine that makes One Man Drunk, will not Quench Another Man's Thirst. The same Expose that breaks One Man's Back is not a Flea-bringer to Another: Wherefore, Men should form Themselves with their Equals; for a Rich Man that Converses upon the Square with a Poor Man, shall as certainly Undoe him as a Brave Pot shall break an Earthen one, if they Meet and Knock together.

FA B. CXXX.

Good Luck and Bad Luck.

There was a Middle fort of a Man that was left well enough to pass by his Father, but could never think he had enough, so long as any Man had more. He took Notice what huge Efforts many Merchants got in a very short time; and Sold his Inheritance, and betook himself to a way of Traffic and Commerce. Manners succeeded to Wonderfully well with him, that every Body was in Admiration to see how a Young Rich he was grown all on a Sudden. Why, says he, This is when a Man understands his Business: For I have done all this by my Industry. It would have been well if he had Hope there; But Avarice is Insatiable, and so he was Pusing on Hill for more; till, what by Wrecks, Bankrupts, Pyrrhus, and so many other Disappointments, he was Stood in Half the Time that he was a Rising, to a More of Bread. Upon the first Discoveries, People were at him over and over again, to know how This came About. Why says he, My Damn'd Fortune would have it so. For now happened to
to be at that time within hearing, and told him in his ear, that he was an Arrogant, Ungrateful Clown; to charge her with all the evil that befell him, and to take the good to himself.

**F A B. CCCCXLI.**

A Country-man and Fortune.

A *Labourer* was at his Work a Digging, he Chops is Spade upon a Pot of Money; Takes it up, Blewies the Place where he found it, and away he goes with his Treasure. It so fell out, that Fortune Saw and Heard All that Past, and is the call'd out to him upon the Way. Heath ye Friend, say the; You are very thankful, I perceive, to the Place where you found this Money, but it the *fate* Fortune, I warrant ye, that's to be Claw'd away for't; if you should happen to Lose it again. Pray tell me now why should not you Thank Fortune for the One, as well as Curse her for the Other.

**F A B. CCCCXII.**

An Old Woman and the Devil.

Is a Common Practice, when People draw Mischiefs upon their Own Heads, to cry, the Devil's in't, and the Devil's in't. Now the Devil happen'd to Spy an Old Woman upon an Apple-Tree. Look ye (says he) You shall see the Baldan Catch a Fall there by and by, and Break her Bones, and then say was all long of me. Pray Good People will you bear me Witness, that I was none of her Adviser. The Woman got a Tumble, as the Devil said she would, and then was the at it. The Devil Ought her a Shame, and it was the Devil that put her upon't: But the Devil Cleard himself by sufficient Evidence that he had no Hand in't at all.

**F A B. CCCCXIII.**

A Boy and Fortune.

There was a Boy fell asleep upon the very Bank of a River. Fortune came to him, and wak'd him. Child, says she, prithee get up, and go thy ways, thou'lt Tumble in and be Drown'd else, and then the Fault will be laid upon Me.

**The Moral of the Four Fables Above.**

We are apt to Accuse our Successes in this World, and to Implore our Misfortunes, to Wrong Creatures. We confound the One to our Selves, and Charge the Other upon Providence.

**Reflection.**

These Four Fables ran upon the same Basis; That is to say, the Moral is a Lash at the Vanity of Arrogating that to our selves, which succeeds Well; and the Ingratitude of making Providence the Author of Evil, which seldom escapes without a Judgment in the Tryal else. But our Hearts are so much set upon the Value of the Benefits we receive, that we never Think of the Blesser of them, and to our Acknowledgments are commonly paid to the Second Hand, without any Respect to the Principal. We run into Misfortunes, and Misfortunes, of our Own Accord; and then when we are once Hampered, we lay the Blame of our Own Faults and Corruptions upon Others. This is the Humour of the World run to Common Bullocks. If any thing Has, we take it to our Selves; if it Misfortunes, we shaffle it off to our Neighbours. This Arises, partly from Pride, and in part from a Certain Cowardy Malignity of Nature. Nay rather then Impose our Misfortunes and Disappointments upon our Own Corruptions, or Faults, we do not Stick to Attrage Providence it self, though under Another Name, in all our Exclamations against the Rupour, and the Iniquity of Fortune. Now this Fortune in the Fable, is Effectually, God Himself, in the Moral. We are apt to Value our lives upon our Own Strength and Abilities, and to Entitle Carnal Reason to the very Works of Grace; And where any thing goes Wrong with us, we lay it to the Fates, as we do our Ballads, at Other Peoples Doors. This or That was not well done, we say, but alas it was none of our Faults. We do it by Contrain, Advice, Importance, or the Authority perhaps of Great Examples, and the Like. At this rate do we cast out our Own Weaknesses and Corruptions, and at the same Rate do we likewise Assume to our selves other Peoples Merits. The Thing to be done, in fine, is to Correct the Arrogance of Claiming to our selves the Good that does not belong to us, on the One Hand, and of Impiring to our Neighbours the ill that they are not Guilty of, on the Other. This is the Sum of the Doctrine that's Pointed at in the Cafe and Cult our of Dividing our Misfortunes between Fortune and the Devil.
Anianus's FABLES.

Fab. CCXXXIV.

A Peacock and a Crane.

A Peacock and a Crane were in Company together, the Peacock spreads his Tail, and Challenges the Other, who flew him such a Fan of Feathers. The Crane, upon this, Springs up into the Air, and calls to the Peacock to Follow him if he could. You brag of your Plumes, says he, that are fair indeed to the Eye, but no way Useful or Fit for any manner of Service.

The Moral.

Heaven has provided not only for our Necessities, but for our Delights and Pleasures too; but still the Blessings that are most Useful to us, must be preferred before the Ornaments of Beauty.

Reflection.

No Man is to be Defrauded of any Natural Inheritance, or Defeat; for every Man has something or other in him of Good too, and that which one Man wants, another has. And it is all according to the Good Pleasure of Providence. Nature is pleased to Entertain her self with Variety. Some of her Works are for Ornament, others for the Use and Service of Mankind. But they have all Respectively, their Properities, and their Virtues; for the does nothing in Vain. The Peacock Values himself upon the Grandeur of his Train. The Crane's Pride is in the Rankness of his Wing: Which are only Two Excellencies in several Kinds. Take them apart, and they are both Equally Perfect; but Good Things Themselves have their Degrees, and that which is most Necessary and Useful, must be Allowed a Preference to the Other.

Fab. CCXXXV.

A Tiger and a Fox.

A Tiger and a Fox were upon the Chase, and the Beastis flying before him; Let me alone, says a Tiger, and I'll put an End to this War myself: At which Word, he Advanced towards the Enemy in his Single Person. The Revolution was no sooner Taken, but he found himself Struck through the Body with an Arrow. He fainted upon it prettily, then he Teeth, and while he was trying to Draw it out, a Fox asked him, from what Bold Hand it was that he Received This Wound.

Wound. I know Nothing of That says the Tiger, but by the Circumstances, it should be a Man.

The Moral.

There's No Opposing Brutal Force to the Strategems of Human Reason.

Reflection.

Boldness without Wisdom, is no better than an Emperor, which is commonly Worl'd by Conduct and Design. There's No Man so Daring but some time or Other he Meets with his Match. The Moral, in short, holds forth This Doctrine, that Reason is too Hard for Force; and that Temerity puts a Man off his Guard. 'Tis a High Point of Honour, Philosophy and Virtue, for a Man to be so Prudent to Himself as to be always Provided against All Encounters, and Accidents whatsoever; but this will not hinder him from Enquiring Diligently into the Character, the Strength, Motions, and Design of an Enemy. The Tiger left his Life for want of this Circumspection.

Fab. CCXXXVI.

A Lion and Bulls.

Here was a Party of Bulls that struck up a League to Keep and Feed together, and to be One and All, in case of a Common Enemy. If the Lion could have Met with any of them Single, he would have done His Work, but so long as they stuck to this Confederacy, there was No Dealing with them. They fell to Variance at last among Themselves; The Lion made his Advantage of it, and then with Great Ease he Gained his End.

The Moral.

This is to tell us the Advantage, the Necessity, and the Force of Union; And that Divisio nihil fit Munitis.
RE FLEX I O N.

THERE's No Refling of a Common Enemy: No Maintaining of a Civil Community, without an Union for a Mutual Defence; and that may be arts, on the Other Hand, a Conspicuous of Common Enemy and Aggregation. There are Cites indeed of Great Necces that fall under the Topic of the Right and Lawfulness of Joying in such Leagues. Be that is not Sol Fries, must not Enter into any Covenant or Contrivance to the Wrong of his Maker; but there are Certain Rules of Honesty, in Methods of Government, to Direct us in all Agreements of This Quality. A Thing thinly Good in it self, may become Unjust and Unrighteous, under such and such Circumstances. In a Word, the Man Bond of all Bodies and Interests is Union, which is No Other in Effect than a Common Stock of Strength and Council Joy'd in One. While the East is left together, they were Boats; but as soon as ever they separated, they became a Fiey to the Lyon.

F A B. CCXXXVII.

A Fit and a Bramble.

There goes a Story of a Fir-Tree, that in a Vain Spiteful Humour, was mightily upon the Pin of Commenting a fell, and Densifying the Bramble. My Head (says the Fo) is advanc'd among the Starr. I furnish Beams for Palaces, Masts for Shipping: The very Sweat of my Body is a Sovereign Remedy for the Sick and Wounded: Whereas the Rafters Bramble run creeping in the Durt, and serves for Nothing in the World be Mitchell. Well, says the Bramble, (that Over heard all This) You might have laid somewhat of your Own Misfortune, and to My Advantage too, if Your Pride and Envy would have suffer'd you to do it. But pray will you tell me however, when the Carpenter comes next with his Axe into the Wood to fell Timber, whether you had not rather be a Bramble, then a Fir-Tree.

The Moral.

Folly Scurries a Man from Thieves, Great and Small; Whereas the Rich, and the Mighty are the Mark of Misfortun'e; and Craft Fortune, and fell the Higher they Are, the Neater the Thunder.

F. E.

RE FLEX I O N.

THERE is no State of Life without a Mixture in't of Good and Evil; and the Highest Pitch of Fortune is not without Dangers, Cares, and Fears. This Doctrine is Verily'd by Examples Innumerable, through the Whole History of the World, and that the Mean is Both, both for Body, Mind, and Estate. Pride is not only Unsnafed, but Unloved too, for it has the Power and Justice of Heaven, and the Malevolent Envy of Men to Encounter at the Same Time; and the Axe that Cuts down the Fir, is Rightly Mor'd in the Stroke of Divine Vengeance, that brings down the Arrogant, while the Bramble Contents it self in its Station: That is to say: Humility is a Virtue, that never goes without a Blessing.

F A B. CCXXXVIII.

A Covetous Man and an Envious.

THERE was a Covetous, and an Envious Man, that Joy'd in a Petition to Jupiter, who very graciously Order'd Apollo to tell them that their Desire should be Granted at a Venture; provided only, that whatever the One Ask'd, should be Doubled to the Other. The Covetous Man, that thought he could never have enough, was a good while at a Stand; Considering, that let him Ask never so much, the Other should have Twice as much. But he came however by Degrees, to Pitch upon One Thing after Another, and his Companion had it Double. It was now the Envious Man's turn to Offer up his Request, which was, that One of his Own Eyes might be put out, for his Companion was then to lose Both.

The Moral.

Avarice and Envy are Two of the most Disabolical, and Injeolible Vices under Heaven. The One Assumes All to his Self, and the Other Wishes Every man's Neighbour Eyes may Cloud him.

RE FLEX I O N.

THERE are some Pellicent Humours and Forward Natures, that Heaven is so far back as to please. Every Place is Happiness in the Misery and Misfortun'e of Others; and Avarice is never to be pleas'd, unless it can get All to it self. They may seem to be nearer a kin than in truth they Are, though the One is seldom or never to be found without the Other. The Title of This Application, is to Pelliche us with a True Sense of the Reflection of their Two Passions, and Consequently to make those Weaknesses Ours to our selves, that are so Troublesome to the World; and in truth, so Better then the Common Sple of Mankind.
A Crow and a Pitcher.

A Crow that was Extream Thirsty, found a Pitcher with a Little Water in't, but it lay so Low he could not come at it. He try'd first to Break the Pot, and then to Over-turn it, but it was both too Strong, and too Heavy for him. He thought Himself However of a Device at last that did his Bus'ness, which was, by Dropping a great many Little Pebbles into the Water, and Raising it That Way, till he had it within Reach.

The Moral.

There is a Natural Logick in Animals, ever and above the Infin'd of this Kinds.

Reflection.

'Tis a Kind of a School Question that we find stated in this Fable, upon the Subject of Reason and Infin'd: And whether this Deliberative Proceeding of the Crow was not rather a Logical Argument of the Matter, than the Barre Analogy, as we call it, of a Simple Impulse. It will be Obvious, that we are not to Draw Conclusions from the Fictions of a Cafe, but whatever Confutes his Experience, may falsifie Himself in many Instances, it come up to this Supposition. We are also taught, that what we can Comprehend Directly, by the Force of Natural Faculties, may be brought to pass many Times by Art and Invention.

A Lyon and a Man.

Here was a Controversie Started betwixt a Lyon and a Man, which was the Braver, and the Stronger Creature of the Two. Why look ye, says the Man, (after a long Dispute) we'll Appeal to that Statue there, and if be shew'd him the Figure of a Man Cut in Stone, with a Lyon under his Feet. Well! says the Lyon, if we had been brought up to Painting and Carving, as you are, where you have One Lyon under the Feet of a Man, you should have had Twenty Men under the Paw of a Lyon.

The Moral.

Some Thieves are Ripe for the Gallows sooner than Others.


Anianus's FABLES

REFLEXION.

It must be a Diamond that cuts a Diamond, and there is No Pleasance in Excessive, then a Triumphant Skill between a Couple of Smithers, to One reach One Another. The Man's beginning to Early, tells us there is an

Chaos by a Natural Propensity of Inclination, as well as by a Corruption of Manners. It was Nature that taught the Boy to Share; not Dispersions, or Experience. And so it was with Two Ladies that I have known (one

Women of Plenty), their Fortunes too) they could not for their Bloods keip themselves Honest of their Fingers, but would still be Trimming something or other for the very Love of Trimming. To an Unhappy Thing, that a

Temperament of the Body should have such an Influence upon one Man, according to the Influence of the Boy in this Fable: For the Morality, in

Immorality of the Matter, is not the Whole of the Case.

FAB. CCXLI.

A Country-man and an Ewe.

A Countryman had got aStubborn Ewe, that would not feed, but would eat, andFelting, whenever they went to Yoak, up to Tye him up. The Man Cuts off his Horns, and puts him in the Plough, and by That Means, Secures Himself, both against his Head and his Heels; and in the Mean time, He Himself Guides the Plough: But though the Ewe, when he was the Shackled and Distamed, could not either Strike, or Gore him, he made a Shift yet to throw Duff enough into his Eyes, and his Mouth, almost to Blind, and to Choak him.

The Morale.

A Malicious Man may be Bound Hand and Foot, and yet out of Condition of doing Mischief, but a Malicious Will is never to be Misseth'd.

REFLEXION.

THERE are some Natures so Untractable, that there's No Good to be done upon them by Generosity, Kindness, Artifices, or Counsel, nay, the

more pains a Man takes to Reclaim them, the worse they are; and what they are put out of Condition to do Mischief by Violence, they will find a Way yet to Terze and Plague People with Reliefs, and Vexations In-

portunities. They love to be Troublesome, and with the Stone upon the

Ducking-stand, when their Mouths are Stiff, they'll call Pricklins flats with their Thumbs.

FAB. CCXLII.

A Man and a Satyr.

There was a Man and a Satyr that kept much together.

The Man Clap his Fingers one day to his Mouth, and blew upon 'em: What's That for? (says the Satyr) why says he, My Hands are extrem Cold, and I doit to Warm em. The Satyr, at Another time, found This Man Blowing his Porridge: And pray, says he, What's the Meaning of that now? Oh! says the Man, My Porridge is Hot, and I doit to Cool it. Nay, says the Satyr, if you have gotten a Trick of Blowing Hot and Cold out of the same Mouth, I have 'em Done with ye.

The Morale.

There's No Converting with any Man that Carries Two Faces under One Hood.

REFLEXION.

THE Morale of this Fable must be Extracted from the Philosophy of it, and taken in the Sense of carrying Two Faces under One Hood. It sets

forth, however, the Simplicity of the Satyr, in Not Understanding how

Two such Contrary Effects should come from the same Lungs: but it was

Honesty done him in yet, to Recognize the Conversation of One that he took for a Double-Dealer, and that could Accommodate himself to make Fair with All Company, and Occasion, without any regard to Truth, or

Justice. It was This Fable that gave Rise to the Old Adage of Blowing Hot and Cold, which is taken for the Mark and Character of a Dif-


femster.

FAB. CCXLIV.

A Countryman and a Boar.

A Countryman took a Boar in his Corn once, and Cut off One of his Ears. He took him a Second Time, and cut off the other. He took him a Third Time, and made a Present of him to his Landlord. Upon the Opening of his Head, they found he had no Brains, and Every Body fell a Wondering, and Discourting upon it. Sir, says the Clown, If This Boar had had any Brains, he would have taken the Laws

F 2 of
of Both his Ears for a Warning, never to come into My Com-
pany a Laughing.

The Moral.

An Incurable Fool that will take no Warning, there’s no Hope of him.

Reflection.

The Life and Conversation of some Men is so Brutal, as if they had
only the Shape, without the Faculties of Reasonable Creatures. What
He better then the Beast in this Fable now, that Abandons himself wholly
to his Appetites, and Pleasures; and after so many Repeated Pains, and
Quails, One upon the Neck of Another, Drinks and Whores on still, is
Defiance of all Punishments, and Warnings. The Beau’s Intemperance,
at the Nose upon him afterwards, in the Cutting of him up, that he had in
Brains in’s Head, may be Morals’d into the Figure of a Sensual Man, he
has neither Grace nor Knowledge, but runs headlong on to his Ruin,
without either Consideration, or Conscience.

F.A.B. CCXLVI.

A Bull and a Moxse.

A Moxse Pinch’d a Bull by the Foot, and then flunk into her
Hole. The Bull Tears up the Ground upon’t, and Tolls
his Head in the Air, looking about, in a Rage, for his Enemy,
but sees None. As he was in the Height of his Fury, the Moxse
puts out her Head, and Laughs at him; Your Pride (says she)
may be brought down I see, for all Your Blustering, and your
Horns; for here’s a Poor Moxse has got the Better of ye, and
You do not know how to Help your self.

The Moral.

There’s no such way of Revenge as Affront upon a Creature that’s
below an Honest Man’s Anger, as Neglect and Contempt.

RE.
Anianus’s FABLES.

There is also a Pompous and a Nosy Devotion, that cries aloud to be heard of Men; which is by so much the more Odious in the sight of God then the Other, as an Hypocritical Affectation of Religion. A Morat of This Fable may be Understood to look Both Ways, but Care must be Taken how ever, not to let the Scandals of Theatrical Appearances, Divers, or Deter us from the Practice of Holy Offices, within the Bounds of Piety and Good Conscience: after the Example of Thoth, that set up for Alms, for fear they should be taken for Exorbitance. His, in fine, that Made Body and Soul, will be Serv’d and Glorify’d by Both. Besides that, Hercules helps no Body that will not help Himself.

FAB. CCXLVII.

A Hen and Golden Eggs.

A Certain Good Woman had a Hen, that Laid her Golden Eggs, which could not be, she thought, without a Mine in the Belly of Her. Upon This Premption, the Cat her up to Search for Hidden Treasure: But upon the Difference in her just like Other Eggs, and that the Hope of Getting more had betray’d her to the Lots of what she had in Polledion.

The Moral.

This is the Fate, Folly and Malice of Fair Dexters, and of an Immoral rate Love of Riches, Conceit would Merit, and Covetousness bring Beggary.

Reflection.

THey that would fill have more and more, can never have Enough. No, Not if a Miracle should Interpose to Grant the Avarice, for it makes Men Unthankful to the Highest Degree, not only in General, for the Benefits they Receive, but in particular also to the very Benefactors themselves. If the Nearest Friend a Covetous Man has in the World, had really a Mine in his Guts, he’d Rip him up to Find it: For his Base nes is to make the Moll of what he has, and of what he can get, without any regard to the Course of Providence, or of Nature; And what’s the End of All Their Unconscionable Delires, but Loss, Sorrow, and Disappointment? The True Intent of This Fable is to Pollicus us of a Full Sate of the Vanity and Folly of these Craving Appetites. If the Woman could have Contented with Golden Eggs, she might have kept That Revenge on full; but when Nothing less then the Hen is left would serve her, she lost Hen, Eggs and All.

FAB.

Anianus’s FABLES.

FAB. CCXLVIII.

An Ape and her Two Brats.

There was an Ape that had Twins: She Dared upon One of them, and did not much Care for the Other. She took a sudden Fright once, and in a Hurry whips up her Darling under her Arm, and carries the Other a Pick-a-Back upon her Shoulders. In This Haits and Maze, Down she comes, and beats out her Favourites Brains against a Stone; but That which she had at her Back came off Safe and Sound.

The Moral.

Foundlings are Commonly Unfortunate.

Reflection.

PARTIALITY in a Parent is commonly Unlucky, if not a little Unnatural, for Foundlings are in danger to be made Fools, by the very Error of their Education, and we find it Experimentally that the Children that are left Cocked, make the Left, and Witted Men. ‘Tis well to be Tender, but to let the Heart too much upon any thing, is what we cannot justify, either in Religion, or in Reason. I was Saying that Partiality was a little Unnatural too. I do not mean a Partiality of Inclination; for we cannot Command our Likings, or our Aversions; but I speak of a Partiality that flows in it a Diluting of Preference of One to the Other, and therefore what Hankering Dispositions for ever we may have, That Foundlings should not Transport us beyond the Bounds of a Different Affection; and Other Circumstances apart, we should no more be hinderer to One Child then to Another, then we are Tender of One Eye more then the Other; for they are both Our Own Fifth and Blood alike. Children are Naturally Jealous, and Envious, and the Quenching of their Spirits so Early, hazards the Dumpling of them for ever; Insides, that there is no such Top in Fine, as my Young Master, that has the Honour to be a Fool of his Lady Mother’s making. She flows him up into a Conceit of Himself, and there he Stops, without ever Advancing one Step further. In short, the makes a Man of him at Sixteen, and a Boy all the Days of his Life after. And what is All This now, but the True Moral of the Ape with her Brats here in the Fable? The Cat that the carry’d at her Back had the Wit to Shift for it self, but the Other, that the Hog’d as the Devil did the Witch, Perish’d in her very Arms.

FAB.
F A B. CCXLIX.

**An Ox and a Heifer.**

A Wanton Heifer that had little else to do than to Frisk up and down in a Meadow, at Ease and Pleasure, came up to a Working Ox with a Thousand Reproaches in her Mouth: Blest me, says the Heifer, what a Difference there is betwixt your Coat and Condition, and Mine! Why, what a Gall’d Nelly Neck have we here! Look ye, Mine’s as Cream as a Penny, and smooth as Silk I warrant ye. ’Tis a Slavish Life to be Yoak’d thus, and in Perpetual Labour. What would you give to be as Free and as Ealy now as I am? The Ox kept These Things in his Thought, without One Word in Answer at present; but seeing the Heifer taken up a While after for a Sacrifice: Well Sitter, says he, and have not you Frisk’d fair now, when the Ealy and Liberty youValued’d your self upon, hath brought you to This End?

**The Moral.**

’Tis No New Thing for Men of Liberty and Pleasure, to make Sport with the Plain, Honest Servants of their Prince and Country. Be Mark the End out, and while the One Labours in his Duty with a Good Conscience, the Other, like a Bragg, is only Puffing up for his Stomach.

**Reflection.**

THERE was never any thing gotten By Scurrility and Sloth, either in Matter of Profit or of Reputation, whereas an Active, Industrious Life carries not only Credit and Advantage, but a Good Conscience also along with it. The Lazy, the Vouplueux, the Proud, and the Delicate, are Struck at in this Fable; Men that set their Hearts only upon the Profit, without either Entering into the Reason, or looking forward into the End of Things: Little Dreaming that all the Pomp of Vanity, Plenty, and Pleasure, is but a Fattening of them for the Slaughter. ’Tis the Coak of Great and Rich Men in the World; the very Advantages they Glory in, are the Cause of their Ruins. The Heifer that Valued it upon a Smooth Coat, and a Plump habit of Body, was taken up for a Sacrifice; but the Ox that was Defend’d for his Drudgery, and his Raw Bone, went on with his Work still in the Way of a Safe and an Honest Labour.

F A B.

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F A B. CCL.

**A Dog and a Lyon.**

What a Miserable Life doth thy lead, says a Dog to a Lyon, to run Starving up and down thus in Woods and Dells, without either Meat, or Ease: I am Fat and Fair you see, and it Cofts me neither Labour, nor Paint. Nay, says the Lyon, you have many a Good Bit no Doubt on’t; but then like a Fool you Subject your self to the Clogs and Chains that go along with it: But for my Own Part, let him serve that Love Can, and serve Will, I’ll Live and Die Free.

**The Moral.**

That Man deserves to be a Slave, that Sacrifices his Liberty to his Appetite.

**Reflection.**

The Moral of this is the Same with that of Dog and Wulf, Fab. 69.

F A B. CCL.

**A River-Fish and a Sea-Fish.**

There was a Large Over-grown Pike that had the Fortune to be Carry’d out to Sea by a Strong Current, and had there the Vanity to Value himself above All the Fish in the Ocean. We’ll refer That (says a Surgeon) to the Judgment of the Market, and sees which of the Two yields the Better Price.

**The Moral.**

Every Man has his Precious Age’d him, and none but a Mad-man will pretend to Impose’s and give Laws where he has Nothing to do.

**Reflection.**

THERE’s no Folly like That of Vain Glory; nor anything more Ridiculous then for a Vain Man to be still Bolding of Himself: For ’tis against All Law and Equity, for a Body to be admitted a Judge in one’s Own.
A S a Leopard was Valuing himself upon the Lustre of his Party-colour'd Skin : a Fox gave him a Jog, and Whisper'd him, that the Beauty of the Mind was an Excellence, Infinitely above That of a Painted Outside.

The Moral.
A Good Understanding is a Blessing infinitely beyond All External Beauties.

Reflection.
THERE are Degrees in Good Things. There are Blessings of Fortune; and Those are of the Lowest Rate. The Next above Those Blessings are the Bodily Advantages of Strength, Gracefulness and Health ; but the Superstitious Blessings, in fine, are the Blessings of the Mind ; Fools tis true may be allow'd to Reck on Foolish Things ; but the Leopard's Beauty without the Foxes Wit is no better then a Fop in a Gay Coat.

THE
REFLEXION.

MEN Mind the Pleasure, and the Satisfaction of a Fancy, or a Loose Appetite more then they do Better Things; and they are sooner brought to Themselves, and for Right by the Rewards of a Parable, than by the Dint of direct Reason. There are many Men that are Incuriously Tender in Point of Honour, and have very little Regard yet upon the Main, to Truth and Equity. Now such People as these are sooner Wrought upon by Shame then by Confession, when they find themselves Foot'd and Shamed (as we say) into a Corroboration. This Fable tells us what we Ought to do in the Case of Attending to Instructive and Profitable Courses. It tells us also what we are apt to do, in Heavin'ing after Wonders, and losing the Opportunity of Hearing and Learning Better Things. And it shews us in fine, the Force of an Allegory between Jiff and Earnest; which in such a Case as this, is certainly the most Artificial, Civil, and Effectual Manner of Representing. I call it a Repetition, for it's an Affront to Good Manners as well as to Ordinary Prudence, not to Hearken to a Man of Authority; That is to say, to the Voice of Wisdom, when the People are of the Mouth of a Philosopher. Men that have Wandering Thoughts as such a Lecture, deserve as well to be Whipt, as Boys for Playing at Foul-Fun, when they should be Learning their Latin; before, that it is only another Way of calling a Man Fool, when no Heed is given to what he says. Now Demades that Understood both his Books, and the West side of Human Nature perfectly Well, never troubled his Head to bring his Auditory to their Wits again by the Force of Dry and Sober Reason, but Circumvented them by a Delicate Figure, into a Curiosity that led them Naturally to a Better Scale of their Interest, and their Duty.

FAB. CCLIV.

A Fox and a Hedge-Hog.

Æpit brought the Samians to their Wits again out of a most Delicrate Sedition with This Fable, A Fox, upon the Croffing of a River, was forc'd away by the Current into an Eddy, and there he lay with Whole Swarms of Flies Sticking and Gall sting of him. There was a Water-Hedge-Hog (we must imagin) at hand, that in Pure Pity Offer'd to Beat away the Flies from him. No, No, says the Fox, Pray let 'em Alone, for the Flies that are upon me now are en Burfing-fall already, and can do me little more Hurt then they have done: But when these are gone once, there will be a Company you shall see of Starv'd Hungry Wretches to take their Places, that will not leave so much as One Drop of Blood in the Whole Body of me.

Tib. 

Tobias Caesar made a very Pertinent Application of This Fancy to a Case of his Own. The Question was, Whether no he should Casthe some of his Corrupt Governors of Provinces, for Oppreffing the People? He gave the World to Understand his Mind by this Fable.

There was a Man lay笏edly Wounded upon the Highway, and Swarms of Flies upon him, Sucking his Sores. A Traveller that was passing by, Pity'd his Condition, and Offer'd him his Service, in Pure Charity to Drive them away. No, No, says Tiber, pray let them alone; for when These are gone, I shall have Wuls in Their Places. This will be the Case of My Subjects if I Change their Governors.

The Moral.
The Force of a Fable.

REFLEXION.

1f (says Äpit.) You shall once Distrust your Present Governor, that is Full and Wealthy, you must of Necessity Chafe Others when he is gone, who will be sure to Fill their own Coats out of what the Other has left ye. This Fable upon the Whole, is very Instructive how People should Behave themselves in the Case of Male Administration, or Oppression; where there is any Colour or Complaint of Cruelty, or Injustice, under the Cover of Sovereign Power. The Fox's Resolution here is nighly to the Purpose: That is to say, where the Graveness is only the Unrighteous Exercice of a Lawful Authority. The Removal of Blind Soakers that are already as Full as their Skins will hold, serves only to make way for Others that are Greedy and Empty. This is no Redress of the evil, No, nor so much as a Change: but in Truth, an Augmentation of it. It is again to be Consider'd, that as Government is Necessairy, Sacred, and Unaccountable, so it is but Equal for us to bear the Inconveniences of a Male Exercice of it, as we Enjoy the Blessings of Authority and Publique Order. These's Nothing Pure that's Substantial, but somewhere still of Good Blended with the Bad, and of Bad with the Good; And This Natural Mixture runs through the Whole Course and Condition of Humane Affairs. We are not to be either our Own Carvers, or our Own Choppers, and the Man puts out his Own Eyes that does not see the Folly, and the Inquiry of Struggling with Inexplicable Powers, which is Impious in the Practice, and Miserable in the Conclusion. Where Government is Accounted as Bondage, the Exercice of it shall never fail of being call'd Persecution and Oppression; But to put Matters at Worst, Let us for Argument sake, suspend Filling and Poling Officers, as Infe upon the People as These Flies were upon the Fox; Better bear a Tolerable Present Calamity then Exchange it for a Wurst; and the Fox had the Wit rather to suffer the Gallings of a Parcel of Flies that were full already, then by Beating them off, to make way for a New set of Hungry Sharpers that would do him Fifty times the Mischief.
A Mouse in a Chest.

A Mouse that was bred in a Cleft, and had liv'd all her days there upon what the Doors of the House laid up in, happen'd one time to drop out over the Side, and to stumble upon a very Delicious Morsel, as she was hunting up and down to find her way in again. She had no sooner the Taste of it in her Mouth, but the brake out into Exclamations, what a Foul she had been thus long, to perfest her self that there was No Happiness in the World but in That Box.

The Moral.

A Contented Mind and a Good Conscience will make a Body Happy wherever it is.

Reflection.

'Tis well to be Content in what Place or Condition we are; without being yet to Find it as yet to be prepar'd for any Change or Chance that may befal us. A Good Patriot loves his Own Country best, but yet in case of Necessity, or a Fair Conveniency, the Whole Globe of the Earth is an Honest Man's Country, and he reckons himself at home wherever he is. The Mouse was Well in the Cleft; but she found her self better afterwards in the World, which serves to teach us that we may be Happy in a Private Life, as well as in a Publick, and that by the Benefit either of a Christian, or a Philosophical Refignation to our Lot, whatever it is, we may be so wherever we are.

A Husbandman and Ceres.

Certain Farmers complain'd that the Beards of his Corn cut the Reapers and the Thrashers Fingers sometimes, and therefore he defied Ceres that his Corn might grow hereafter without Beards. The Request was Granted, and the Little Birds Eat up all his Grain. Food that I was (says he) rather to lose the Support of my Life, than venture the Pinching of my Servants Fingers.

The Moral.

'Tis good to Think before we Speak, for fear of Condemning our selves out of our Own Mouths.
**Reflection.**

This Fable holds forth to us several Morals. Rape and Injustice, Meet in the End with Violence. One Murderer is kill'd by Another. A deldaret are paid in kind; and One Wicked Man Punishes Another. It is best according to the Course of the World, for the Stronger to Oppress the Weaker, and for Thieves Themselves to Rob one Another; But the More Mighty do well however to Avenger Themselves that are Oppressed by the Less Mighty. And the Fable has this Prophet to, that Princes are as much Tyed to Vindicate their Subjects Cause as if it were their Own.

'N News for the Weak and the Poor to be a Prey to the Strong, and the Rich, and the Violation of the Innocent is no Ill Plan, e Masque for the Oppression of the Guilty. Birds of Prey are an Emblem of Raspacious Officers. A Superior Power takes away by Violence from Them, That which by Violence they took away from Others: But if it Lies too often, that the Equity of Retribution is forgotten, after its Execution of the Punishment. Now what is This way of Proceeding, but Drunk the Blood of the Widow and the Orphan at second hand? as He that takes away from a Thief, That which the Thief, to his Knowledge, took from an Honet Man, and keeps it to Himself, is the Wicked Thief of the Two, by how much the Rape is made yet Blacker by its presence of Piety and Justice. Here's a Countryman takes a Hawk in its Chace of a Pigeon, the Hawk destroys the Cause with him: The Countryman Piles the Pigeon's Cane, and upon a Fair Hearing; The Hawk is Condemned, out of her own Mouth, and the Innocent is consequently deliver'd from her Opprester. Now here's a Violence Disappointed by Another: A Poor Harmless Wretch Protected against a Powerful Adversary; Justice done upon a Notorious Perfector; and yet after All the Glorious Furbishment of a Publick Spiritual Generation, and Tenderness of Nature, the Man only had the Pigeon from the Hawk, that he might Eat it Himself: And if we look Well about us, we shall find This to be the Case of most Motivations, we meet with in the Name of Publick Justice.

**Fable LXXVIII.**

A Swallow and a Spider.

A Spider that Observed a Swallow Catching of Flies, fell Immediately to Work upon a Net to Catch Swallows, for the look upon's as an Encroachment upon her Right: But the Birds, without any Difficulty, brake through the Work, and flew away with the very Net in their. Well, says the Spider, Bird-Catching is none of My Talent I perceive; and so the reward to her Old Trade of Catching Flies again.
A Country-man and a River.

A Country-man that was to Pass a River Sounded it up and down to try where it was most fordable; and upon Trial he made this Observation on't: Where the Water ran Smooth, he found it Deeper; and on the contrary, Shallower where it made most Noise.

The Moral.

There's more Danger in a River'd and Silent, then in a Noise, Boding Enemy.

Reflection.

Great Talkers are not always the Greatest Doers; and the Danger is Greatester where there's least Blustering and Glamour. Much Tongue, and much Judgment seldom go together. For Talking and Thinking are two Quite Differing Faculties, and there's commonly more Depth where there's least Noise. We find it to be thus among your Superficial Men, and Men that are well Founded in any Art, Science, or Profession. As in Philosophy, Divinity, Arms, History, Manners. The very Practice of Bubbling is a Great Weakness, and not only the Humour, but the Matter flows it so; though upon the Main, it is not Capable either of Much Good, or of Much Evil; for as there's No Trusting in the Cafe, so there's No Great Danger from them, in the Manage of any Design; for Many and Ruff Words Betray the Speaker of them. As to the Man of Silence and Reserve, that keeps himself Cloze, and his Thoughts Private, He Weighs, and Consults Things, and Proceeds upon Deliberation. It is good to see and found however, before a Man Plunge; for Bodies may as well be Overborn by the Violence of a Shallow, Rapid Stream, as Swallow'd up in the Gulph of a smooth Water. 'Tis in this Cafe with Men as 'tis with Rivers.

A Pigeon and a Pigeon.

A Pigeon was wondering once to a Pigeon, why she would Beed sill in the Same Hole, when her Young Ones were Constantly taken away from her before they were able to fly. Why that's my simplicity, says the Pigeon. I mean no Harm, and I suspect None.

The Moral.

Do as you would be done by, is a better Rule in the Desert, than in the Practice: For Truth as you would be Trusted, will not hold it twice, a Knave and an Honest Man. There's no Dealing with a Sharper but at his Own Play.

Reflection.

The Trust Hearted any Man is, the more Lyable he is to be Impos'd upon; and then the World calls it Out-witting of a Man, when, in Truth he's only Out-heard: And oblige'd, even in Charity and Good Nature, to Believe till he be Cozen'd. And we find the Country man's Observation confirmed by Daily Experience. This does not put Hinder a Faire Single Tend of Heart from being a Vertex so necessary for the Comfort and Security of Mankind, that Humane Society cannot subsist without it: And therefore 'tis a thousand Pities it should be so Disconcert'm'd, and Abus'd, as in the Common Practice of the World we find it is. But it flounders Firm however to the same Tenor of Life. As the Pigeon kept still to the same Hole to lay her Eggs in what're the Loft by't.

A Cockcrow and a Haldin.

By the Beak, and the Claws of a Cockcrow, one would take her for a kind of Hawk; only the One Lives upon Worms, and the Other upon Fleas: Instruct that a Hawk Twisted a Cockcrow One Day with her cureful way of Feeding. If you'll Look like a Hawk, Why don't you Live like a Hawk? The CockCrow took this a little in Dudgeon; but passing by a Pigeon-House some short time after, what should the Bee but the Skin of this very Hawk upon a Pole, on the Top of the Dove-House: Well! says the Crow (in Conceit) to the Hawk, H 2 and
and had not you as good have been Eating Worms now, as Figs?

The Moral.

Pride is an Abomination in the Sight of God, and the Judgment is Just upon us, when the Subject of our Vainy becomes the Occasion of our Shame.

Reflection.

A Safe Mediocritie is much better then an Envy'd, and a Dangerous Excellency. They that in their Prosperity Depred Others, shall be sure in their Adversity to be Defraud'd Themselves. It is much the same Case with Men of Prey, that it is with Birds of Prey. They take it for a Disgrace to Sort themselves with any Other then the Enemies of the Publick Peace; But Men that Live upon Rapine, are set up for a Marque, as the Common Enemy, and all Heads and Hands are at Work to destroy them.

F a b. CCLXII.

A Country-man and an Aes.

A Country-man was Grazing his Aes in a Meadow, come a Hot Alarum that the Enemy was just falling into their Quarters. The Poor Man calls presently to his Aes, in a Terrible Hrift, to Secure away as fast as he could Scamper: for, says he, we shall be Taken. Well, quoit the Aes, and what if we should be Taken? I have One Pack-Saddle upon my Back already, will they Clap Another a top of that dye Think? I can but be a Slave where-ever I am: So that Taken, or not Taken, 'tis all a Cafe to Me.

The Moral.

It's some Comfort for a Body to be in So Low a State that he cannot fall: And in such a Condition already that he cannot well be Worse. If a Man be Born to be a Slave, no matter is what Matter.
The Moral

There are Men of Prey, as well as Beasts of Prey, that Account Rapine as good a Title as Propriety.

Reflection

This gives us to understand, first, that a Man may do what he will with his Own; but he hath Nothing to do with the Property of Another Body. Secondly, That People may do any Thing with Impunity, when there’s No body to call them to Account for’t; And that which is Death for One to do is Lawful for Another.

There are several Sorts of Fancy, that Off-hand look well enough; but bring them to the Test, and there’s Nothing in ’em. The Fox’s Repugns here upon the Gullies, was a Frekegen Pleasant enough; but without any Colour, or Congruity of Reason, and the Faller’s Hurt, from the same Thing done by several Persons, to the same Right of Doing it; though under Circumstances so Different, that there’s No Parity at all but what upon them is added the Collocation. This Fox has something of the Air out of the Young Fellow’s Consent to his Father, when he took him Rolling his Grandmother. Why may not I live with my Mother, says he, as well as Tom is with mine? These Poets should do well to consider, that High-Way Men, and other Criminals have as much to say for themselves, where there’s Breach of Law, and Common Justice in the Case. This Inflation of the Fox and the Gullies, comes to the Old Proverb; that One may better Steal a Fowl in the Woods than Another look over the Hedge.

FAB. CCLXIV.

Capone Fat and Lean.

There were a great many Gramm’d Capons together in a Coop; some of ’em very Fair and Fat, and Others again that did not Thrive upon Feeding. The Fat ones would be ever and anon making Sport with the Lean, and calling them Starvings; till in the End, the Cook was Ordered to Dress so many Capons for Supper, and to be sure to take the Beef in the Pen: when it came to That once, they that had most Feathers upon their Backs, with’d they had had Leis, and twould have been Better for ’em.

The Moral

Prosperity makes People Proud, Fat, and Wanton; but when a Day of Backing comes, they are the First Sill that go to Fly.

Reflection

The Fat Capon in this Fable, are the Rich, the Great, and the (externally) Happy Men in the World. People Weigh Virtue in Common Reputation, as they do Flesh in the Market, at so much a Pound. They agree so in the Contempt of Men of a Less Size and Quality, and they Meet with the same Fate in the End too, by a Just Judgment upon them for their Indulging Vastity. They are made the very Mark for Envy, and Aversion to those at E and Equally in danger of being Sacrific’d, either to Tyranny, or to Fashions. The Poor, in fine, have this Conflagration, that their Condition is safer, and easier, than That of the Rich. And All People in the World will agree with Tho’e Capon in the Fable, that it is better to Live Lean than to Die Fat.

FAB. CCLXV.

Fox and a Piece of Timber.

The Timber was Complaining of the Ingratitude of the Oxen. How often, says the Timber, have I fed ye with my Leaves, and relieved ye under my Shadow; and for You to Drag me now at this Rate, over Dirt and Stones! Alas! cry’d the Oxen: Do not you see how we Pant and Groan, and how we are Goaded on, to do what we Do? The Timber Consider’d how unwillingly they did it, and so Forgave them.

The Moral

What we are forc’d to do by an Over-ruuling Power and Necessity, is not properly our own.

Reflection

Tis not the Thing that is Done, but the Intention in the Doing of it, that makes the Action Good, or Evil. There’s a Great Difference between what we do upon Force, and what upon Inducement; and the Good Will is nevertheless Obliging, though by some Unlucky Accident it should be Diverted to my Ruine. Where there is neither Privity, nor Consent, there can be no Malignity, and consequently no Crime, or Dishonour. For All other Misadventures Amount to no more in Truth, than That which we call ill Luck, in the Accidents of Life; wherefore the Timber was in the Right to Forgive the Oxen here, and so shall We be too, if after the Doctrines, and Example of this Fable, we forgive one Another.

FAB.
F a b. CCLXVI.

Trees Straight and Crooked.

There was a delicate plantation of trees that were all well grown, fair and smooth, save only one dwarf among them that was knotty, and crooked, and the rest had it in division. The master of the wood, it seems, was to build a house, and appointed his workman to supply the timber out of that grove, and to cut down every stick on't that they found fit for service. They did as they were ordered, and this ill-favoured piece was left alone.

The Moral.

Celebrated Beauties are seldom Fortunate.

Reflection

'Tis a felicity to be plain, and inconsiderable, where 'tis dangerous to be otherwise. There are a thousand inconveniences that attend great beauties and fortunes, which the poor and deformed are free from; but that it is better to fall honourably in the service of the publick, than to survive, in the scandal of an unprofitable, and an inglorious life. The moral gives us also to understand, that pride will have a fall, and that no personal advantages can either justify, or protect great men in their influence over their inferiors. The beautiful trees go all to wreck here, and only the stifiest and deficiest dwarf is left standing.

F a b. CCLXVII.

A Swan and a Stoat.

A stoat that was present at the song of a dying swan, told her twas contrary to nature to sing so much out of season; and ask'd her the reason of it? Why, says the swan, I am now entering into a state where I shall be no longer in danger of either snakes, guns, or hunger; and who would not joy at such a deliverance.

The

The Moral.

Death is but the last farcical to all the difficulties, pains, and hazards of life.

Reflection

'Tis great folly to fear that which it is impossible to avoid; and it is yet a greater folly to fear the remedy of all evils: For death cures all diseases, and frees us from all cares. It is as great a folly again, not to prepare our souls, and provide for the entertainment of an inevitable fate. We are as sure to go out of the world, as we are that ever we came in to it; and nothing but the consideration of a good life can support us in that last extremity. The fixation of a swan singing at her death, doing, in the moral, but advising, and recommending it to us to make ready for the great entertainment of our last hour, and to consider with our souls, that in death he who welcomes a belief even to animals, Laurey as a deliverance from the cares, miseries, and dangers of a troublesome life, how much a greater blessing, ought all good men to accustom it then, that are not only freed by it from the swans, difficulties, and distractions of a wicked world, but put into possession of an everlasting peace, and the fruition of joys that shall never have an end.

F a b. CCLXVIII.

The Inconsolable Widow.

There was a poor young widow that had brought her self even to death's door with grief for her sick husband, but the good man, her father, did all he could to comfort her. Come, child, says he, we are all mortal; pshaw up a good heart, my girl; for let the world come to the world, I have a better husband in store for thee; when this is gone, alas, sir, says she, what do I talk of another husband for? why you had as good have struck a dagger to my heart. No, no; if ever I think of another husband, may be; without any more ado the man dies, and the woman immediately breaks out into such transports of tearing her hair, and beating her breast, that every body thought she'd have run stark mad upon't; but upon second thoughts, she wipes her eyes; lift up, and cries heaven's will be done; and then turns to her father, pray, sir, says she, about that other husband you were speaking of, is he here in the house?
The Moral.

This Fable gives us to Understand, that a Widow's Tears are truly Dry'd up, and that it is not Impossible for a Woman to One-line to Death of her Husband; and after All the Outrages of her Feral Sorrow, to Propose to her Still young a Merry Hour in the Arms of a Second Suitors.

Reflexion.

Here's the Figure of a Weedy Sorrow, and of a Weedy Lay drawn to the Life, from the Heart and Humour of a Right Weddy Woman, Hypocrite Out does the Truth, in Grief, as well as in Religion. To her Force and Necessity, to be Nature; but the Objection supposes the Piss of the Duty. If the Wives' Transports had not been Contemptible, she would have been as Certain Death as the Husband's Difficulty; For Food, and Bread is not able to bear up under it Immoderate a Weight. It is born, "Only the Affliction a Part," not the Diligence of a Flowing Puddock, she takes the Hints, Plays her Roll, Grieves out her Sorrows, and when the Face is over, back to her from her Infirmity to her Philosophy, not forgetting the Political Part all this while, to making her Mourning for One Husband, a Preludet to the Drawing up of Another.

And that is not the Poor Woman's Cafe Alone, but many a Poor Man too; for the Extravagance offers in a Sick Wife, as well as for a Sick Husband. To Cull if, Prudence and Good Manners, in fine, that in a Good Measure Rules this Affair. People Proportion their Grieves to their Hope, and their Tears to their Sorrow. There is so much a Fashin in the Mourning Face, as in the Mourning Dress, and our poor Varks must be in the Mode, as well as our Cloaths. This Fust Minds me of a Pleasant Doll of a Painter, to an Honorable Lady of my Acquaintance that was fitting for a Picture. Madame (say's he) will your Ladies be pleased to hasten your Lay drawn as they wear 'em now? It is a Notable Part of Good Bulking, to know When, and How, and how Much, and how Long to Fly, and Every Thing must be done too as they do it now. I speak this, as to the Method of a Widow's Lamentations; but when the Husband's Dead, the Play is Done; and then it comes to the Old Bear Garden Cate, where the Bell had Told a Poor Fellow that was to save his Dog. There was a mighty Battle about him, with Bandy and Other Contractors to bring him to Himself again; but when the College found, there was no Good to be done o'er. Well, Co'by ways Jupiter, says a Jolly Member of that Society, There's the Left 'Back'Sword Map in the Field alone. Come, Play another Day. The Sick Husband here wanted for neither Stop nor Delay, and Every Thing was in a Hurry too in Both Places Alike: The Min Ditt and the Woman Bethinks herself. Well, says the Thieves' Beggar, you have Woman had to do with it, but, Fly, fly, is Twice Husband in the Field that you were speaking of? What is all This now, but directly to the Tune of The Soldier's Back'Sword Man, and Playing Another Dog.

FAB. CCLXIX.

A Wench Parting with her Sweet-Heart.

A Common Wench was Wringing her Hands, and Crying her left to Death almsot, and what was the Bull's foothor, but she was Newly Parted with her Sweet-Heart. Away, ye Fool you (says One of her Neighbors) to Torment your self out of your Life for such a Fellow as This! Nay, says the Lads, I am not so much Troubled at Parting with the Man; but he has Carry'd away his Coat too; and truly, when he had given me All he had in the World besides, me thinks I might as well have had That too as well as All the Rest.

The Moral.

Here's a Mercenary Profit drawn to the very quick, that lays her Profit more to Heart than her Loss.

Reflexion.

It seldom falls out that a Common Misfortunes troubles her Head much with Particular Inclinations, though there are some Mercenaries to Generous men in the Way of their Profession, that rather than put Trade at all, they'd Trade to Loss. But This was the Cafe of the Sorrowful Wife here in the Fable: Her Trouble was the Loss of the Coat, not the Loss of the Man. 'Tis the same Thing with Cheats and Sharpers, that 's with Witches; and the same Humour, in that, that we find in All Human Beasts of Prey. There can be No Friendliness where there's Treachery: but there are Degrees in Treachery it is felt; As the Being of an Honorable Confidence, and of a Sacred Truth, is the Brief of All Perfidious. This Shuffling Indignation flows in well in us Betimes! And Children do Naturally Apply themselves to their Little Shifts and Frauds. Now 'tis no much Amis to let them Understand too much of the Riquity of the World, as to secure them from being Whisselled, and Impost upon: Provided that under Colour of Teaching them to Discover Abuses, they be not Encourag'd to Practise them. For he that perfectly Understands False Play, lies under a Dangerous Temptation, at some time or Other, to make use of. And when he's Once In, 'tis no Ease Matter to get him Out again. Never was any Where yet so Impudent, as not to feel some Touch of Modesty and Retrench, upon the Fid Felit Stoff the made: But Wicked People Hurry by Little and Little, and so go on by Degrees, till they are paid all Sorted, either of Shame, or of Conscience. Cheating and Bandy go together in the World, as well as in the Fabs, and the Pleasures of the Trade are as Inesthetic in the One way, as they are in the Other. When they have left

I i s

a Poor
A Fly upon a Wheel.

What a Dist do I Raise! says the Fly, upon the Coad. Wheel! and what a Rate do I Drive at, says the same Fly again, upon the Horse's Battick.

The Moral.

This Fly in the Field, is Every Trifling Arrogant Fop in Nature, by the Same Name or Title, forever Defended, or Disbelieved.

Reflection.

This may be Apply'd to well-nigh All sorts of Vain Persons and Humours: As those that Affirm to Themselves the Merit of Other Men Services. Those that Talk, and Think, and Bolde, as if Nothing were done without them. All Meddles, Boasters, and Impertinent, that Stail away the Reputation of Better Men for their Own Use. The World is, in fine, of the Pragmatical Fiers, that Value themselves for being In at Every thing, and are found Effectually, at last to be Jett good for Nothing.

It is the Fortune, and it is the Humour of Weak and Trifling Men to Value themselves upon Idle and Trivial Matters: and many times, in Truth, upon Jett Nothing at all: That is to say, upon a False Pernicen that they Do Things, which they do Not do, and Govern Affairs wherein they have no Manner of Interest. They Place a Reputation upon Things that a Sober Man would be out of Contenance to Own, and Contend for the Credit of being the Authors of Fools. What a Dist do I Raise! says the silly Fly, And have we not Millions of Vain, Empty Pretenders in the World, that Talk at the Same Rate, and with as Little Colour, either of Truth, or of Reason? This, of course, such a One; such a Delight, such a Delight.

Reflection.

PATIENCE and Impunity, is an Encouragement to an Affiant. The Divine Wisdom has appointed a Hell as well as a Heaven, to the End that Dread and Terror on the One Hand, may supply the want of Gratitude, Affection, and Good Nature on the Other: What is it but the Fear of Punishment that keeps the World in Order? And what but the Awa we find in, of Majesty, and Power, that Supports the Dignity of Government. This Moral runs through the whole History of our Lives, for 'tis Every Man's Case from Top to Bottom. Princes Themselves, without Slaves, are no Better then Drones; and when the Sacred Character is Diminish'd, there's no longer any Reverence to be Expected for the Person. When People find it Dangerous to Offend their Superiors, they'll take care to Please them: And there's no more Difference, upon this Point, between One Governor and Another (the Refemlance notwithstanding) as there is between an Eel and a Snake.

Seamen Praying to Saints.

Tis blew a Terrible Tempet at Sea once, and there was one Seaman took Notice that the Relt of his Fellows were Praying severally to so many Saints. Have a care my Masters, says he, what you do; for what if we should All be Drown'd now before the
the Meffenger can deliver his Errand: Would it not be Better, without going so far about, to Pray to Him that can Save us without Help? Upon This, they turn’d their Prayers to God Himself, and the Wind prettily fell.

The Moral.
The Shortest, and Surest Way of Doing Business is Best.

Reflection.
’Tis Good to be Faire, where our Salvation is at Stake; and to run no more Risk of the Main Chance, than of Necessity Must. What need any Man make his Court to the Servant, when his Access is Open to the Master? And especially when that Master is as ready to Give, as the Petitioners to Ask. A Wife Man will take the Nearest and the Surest Way to his Journey’s End: and Commit no Business of Importance to a Profligate, where he may do’t Himself.

Fab. CCLXXIII.
The Fishes and the Frying-Pan.

A Cook was Frying a Dish of Live Fish, and so soon as ever they felt the Heat of the Pan, There’s no Enduring of This, cry’d one, and so they all Leap into the Fire; and instead of Mending the Matter, they were Worse now then Before.

The Moral.
The Remedy is many times Worse than the Disease.

Reflection.
Let a Man’s Prefect State be never so Uneasy, he should do well however to Bethink himself before he Charges, for fear his Next Remove should be Worse. This is according to the Common Understanding of the Allusion, though not so Agreeable perhaps to the True Reason of the Case: For it was not either Levity, or Impatience; but intolerable Pain, and Absolute Necessity, that made the Fish Shift their Condition: So that the Moral would have Born This Doctrine rather: That where we have Certain Death before us, and only This Choice, whether it shall be a Speedy or a Lingering Death, That which puts us foremost out of our Pain (though never so Sharp) is the more Eligible of the Two. But to take it according...
Ages of Fables.

There are a Certain Agreeable Way of Feeling, according to Jeff and Earner, that carrieth both Pleasure and Profit along with it: for it saveth a Man's Money One way, and his Credit Another.

REFLEXION.

According to the Old Morals, Courageous Men will make any faith to save Money: But this Admonition is the least Part of the Business. To no Easy Matter for People in many Cases to save their Money, and their Credit both: But the Best Thing to be done, in the Diligence of a Sin, and Sordid Humour, is the Managing of the Impediments with a Good Grace, and in such a Manner, that if a Man carrieth it off, there's so much Money saved; and if he be Detection, there will be something Pleasant in the Fringe to Acquire for a Secret Narrowness of Heart. At this Rate of a Pretended Fear, or Whimsey, a Great many other Correspondences, and Imperfections may be so Palliated, as to take off much of the Scandal of them; for many a Wicked Thought is so Varnished over in the Practice, as to pass Miserable among the Gay Arts of Gallantry and Conversation. The Thing above all Others to be With'd, Study'd, and Endeavoured, is to have a Clear Mind, and to Lead a Life in so Conscientious a Provender of Manners, as in Thought, Word, and Deed, to make Good the Character of an Untainted Honest Man: But where this Discipline shall be found too Strict for Flesh and Blood, (and there's no Living up to the Rigorous Exactions of Puritans, and Jussives) it will in such a Case, be the boll of a Bad Game to keep Clear of Open Offences; and to give the Infirmity the Best Face that the Matter will bear. As the Embassader, betwixt Jeff and Earner, Call a Cicak of Railway over his Aversion.

An Old Friend, and a Cardinal.

An Ingenious Cavalier, hearing that an Old Friend of his was advanced to a Cardinalate, went to Congratulate his Eminence upon his New Honour. Pray Sir, says the Cardinal, looking strangely upon him, Give me the Favour of your Name, and of your Business. I am come, says the Cavalier, to Console with your Eminence, and to tell you how Hearty I Pity Men that are Over-charg'd with Dignity and Preferment; for it turns Peoples Brains to that Degree, that they can neither See, nor Hear, nor Understand, like Other Men; and makes them as Absolutely to Forget their Old Friends, as if they had never seen them before in their Lives.

The MORAL.

Honesty and Manners.

REFLEXION.

This is a Reproved to the Pride and Vanity of Those Men, that when they come to be Advanced Themselves, forget all their Old Friends and Acquaintance, even Those that Raised them. This Fable is Humane Nature to the very Quick, only it has Two Hands to't, and it would not be Fair, to take it in the World Sense, without somewhat of an Apology, or an Excuse for't, where 'twill bear a Better.

It is almost as True in Philosophy as it is in Fact, and Common Practice, that Honours Change Manners. Men Affume other Thoughts; Other Opinions of Themselves; Nay, and almost Another Nature, when they Contract other Interests. The Stamp of Dignity Delights, in some People, the very Character of Humanity; and Transports them to such a Degree of Impudence, that they reckon it below the Quality of a Great Man, to Exercise either Good Nature, or Good Manners: As it Dignify'd flesh and Blood were not of the same Composition with other Men. Now what does all This Arrogance Amount to, more, than the Pride of an Ais in his Trappings; when 'tis but his Misers taking away his Top Knot, to make an Ais of him again?

But we are yet to Distinguish betwixt Those that take State and Dintance upon them, purely out of Pride and Humour, and Those that seem to do the same Thing, though in a Compliance with the Necessity of their Affairs. It is Impossible for a Publick Minister to be so Open and Easy to all his Old Friends and Acquaintance, as he was in the State of his Private Condition; and at the same Time, to Attend the Necessary Functions of his Office; but This may be All help'd out yet, by an Affability of Address, without any Obloquy, other to his Brethren, or to his Duties. A Word, an Action, a Countenance, managed with Honour and Discretion, is sufficient to Uphold the Reputation of his Character; for there are Artificial Ways of telling People what a Man would do if he Could, without a Slightly Oblivion of an Unwillingness to do the Things, that Effectually are not in his Power. A Good Word, they say, Costs no more than a Baff; Before that in the Cardinal's Forgetting his Old Friend here, he did more Forget Himself.
**Fab. CCLXXVII.**

A young Doll and a Crooked Old Man.

A Gibing Young Knave happen'd to meet an Old Man, whose Age and Infirmity had brought his Body to the Shape of a Bent Bow. Pray Father (says he) will you sell your Bow? Save your Money ye Fool you, says Father; for when you come to my Years, you shall have such a Bow for Nothing.

The Moral.

'Tis that would not live to be Old, had best be Hung'd when he's Young.

Reflection.

'Tis Irreverent, and Unnatural, to Staff at the Infirmities of Old Age, since there's no Avoiding them, but by Dying Betimes. We are all Bound to Die, and Every Man as Certain that we shall go Out of this World, as that we are already come Into it; but whether by a Natural, or a Violent Death, we know not. Time and Humane Frailty will bring us to an End without the Help of any Consequences, or Disabilities by the Days that our Days are as much the Work of Nature, as the First Principles of our Being: And the Boy's Complaint of the Crooked Bow here, is no bane then a Blasphemous Way of making Sport with the Council of Providence; Befall the Folly of Scolding at That in Another, which we ourselves are Sure to come to at Last, or worse.

**Fab. CCLXXVIII.**

An Old Fellow and a young Wench.

There was a formal Piece of Gravy that liv'd to about Thirteen and Ten, without ever so much as knowing a Woman from a Weathercock. The Devil Ought him a Shame, and past him both Interest and Principal, in making the Old Dating Top Marry a Young Girl. He would be often Complaining afterward, how Unluckily he had Disposed of his Time. When I was a Young Man, says he, I wanted a Wife, and now I'm an Old Man, my Wife wants a Husband.

The Moral.

Great Babbler, or Talkers are a sort of People not fit either for Truth, Emu'nts, or Conversation.
REFLEXION.

THE World is like to be well Govern'd, when Eyes and Ears shall take upon them to let up for Philosophers, Doctors of the Chair, and Men of State and Government. Things are Mightily out of Order in the Quarter, especially when Vain Fools come to be admitted into Baffled upon the Credit of their Own Word.

The Importance of such a Fop, is Excellently set forth in the Qualifications of this Fop; for he Enforces the Reason of his Presence, by the Clearest Arguments in the World against Himself. He would be a States-Man, because he is a Buffoon; as if there were no more to the Making of a Counselor, then the Faculties of a Merry-Andrew, or a Tumbler. Here's the Confident Ambition of a Foul unhallow'd Pretender, on the One Hand, and a Jilt Reproof of him, in a most Reasonable Relish, on the Other; to Teach us, that the Want of Shame, Brains, or Good Manners, does not presently Entitle Every little Skip-Jack to the Boards-Ee in the Cabinet. But Our Eagle here was not a Prince to Advance the Ministers of his Pleasures, to be Ministers of State, and to make his Queer his Body's.

F A B. CCLXXX.

A Country-man and a House.

Here was a Pleasant sort of a Poor Fellow had his House on fire; but his Misfortune did not make him lose his Good Humour. As it was all in a Flame, our Bold Man, with the Ruins, to save herself, The Man Catches her, and puts her back again. Why then Ungrateful Wretch (says he) to leave thy Friend now in Adversity, that gave thee thy Bread in his Prosperity.

The Moral.

'Tis a Barbarous Fault, to Ill Nature'd Wit; that will rather Enforce the very Life and Reputation of a Friend, then lose the Opportunity of a Jest.

F A B. CCLXXXI.

A Sick Hermit.

Here was a very Good Man, that in the Five and Twenty-sixth Year of his Age, fell into a Desperate Fit of Sicknes, the Doctors fare upon him, and the whole College were of Opinion, that there was no saving of his Life without the Use of a Woman. The Poor Man lay Humming and Howling a good While, bewitch't the Sin and the Remedy; but in the End, he gave up himself wholly to the Physicians, to do with him as they thought fit. Upon this, the Doctor, by Content, put a Good Amful of Warm Womans Fleth into the Bed to him, by way of a Recipe, and so laid him to Rest, till about some Two Hours after: At which time they came to see how the Prescript had wrought; and there did they find the Poor Rugs That Tearing his Hair, Bearing his Breast, and Groaning as if his very Heart would break. So they fell pretty to Reasoning, and Crying upon the Matter with him, and laying Comfortable Distinctions before him between the Morality, and the Necessity of the what was done. No, No, Gentlemen, says he, my Grief is not threeboards; but it goes to the Heart of me to think how long I have liv'd in Ignorance; and that This Fit of Sicknes should never take me sooner.

The
A Widow had a mind to Marry.

Well! says a Widow in Confidence to a Friend of her's. I am utterly undone for want of a Sober, Provident Husband, to look after my Estate, and there's no bodier Advice that I had rather have then Yours. But pray, will you take This Along with you too; that for the Course, Common Business of Matrimony, as I am an Honest Woman, the very Thought on't turns my Stomach; Very well, says the Confident, and now I know Your Mind, it shall go Hard but I'll Fit ye. The Good Woman went her way for the Present, and the Next Day came to her again, quite Overjoy'd that she had found out a Man to Abolitely for her Turn. I have Provided ye a Man: (says she) of Industry and Integrity; and one that Perfectly Understands all sorts of Business; and then for Turning Your Stomach, My Life for Yours, Mallard, he's not in a Condition to give you any Qualities. Thus away. Ye Foul Woman, says she, I Plast the Infirmity, though I Love the Partner.

The Moral.

Women are All of a Make, and in some Things, most of them in a Mind.

The Widow's Fables. 255

The Moral.

The Whole World is full of Fools, only He that's the Least One is the Wretch Man. This would have been Well, if the Moralist had not given the Block-headed Servants too much Privilege; But the Ill Manners is infectious enough however, to the Character. It was such a kind of a Courtly Compliment that Scarce put upon Charles the Bald, as they were Sitting together at a Table. The Emperor asked him (saith he) what Service he did you? (saith he) Playing upon the Cousin of Scots and Scot (saith he) (Music) says he. That is to say, the Table is between the Scot and the Scot: And so with the Liberty of a Boyon, the School-man turn'd the Sat upon the Emperor, in Law Latin: This Boy's Answer in the Fable, as Unmannerly as it was, had yet a Great deal of Truth in't; for He that can Advance himself to be a King of Fools, may be Honesly Reproved with in a Hirst Breadth of an Universal Monarch.

The Widow's Fables. 254

The Moral.

Flesh is Flesh, When a Strong Appetite, and a Troublesome Vice are in Competition, its a Hard Matter for a Man to Refit the Temptation.
A Snake to Jupiter.

Snake that found himself Persecuted by Men, appeal'd to Jupiter for Relief; who told him that it was his Own Fault; for (says he) if you had but Bit the First Man that Affronted ye; the Second would have taken Warning by't.

The Moral of the Two Fables above.
The putting up of One Affront draws on Another.

Reflection.

This is No III Emblem of the Common People; that are Insolent so long as they are fear'd, and Shrink, where they find Danger; for their Courage is Calculated to the Opinion they have of the Enemy. It is the Name of All sorts of Mankind: to Bawl, Swear, and Swab, where the Fox flies before them; and to Clap their Tails between their Legs when an Adversary makes Head against them. There's Nothing, in short, but Resignation, to carry a Man through All Difficulties: And since it is so Absolutely Necessary, the sooner it is Taken up, the Better it succeeds. To a Matter of very Evil Consequences, to let the Rabble offer Publick Affronts Gratia. A sedulous Word leads to a Bravoi, and a Rye Unpunish'd, is but next door to a Tumult: So that the Bearing of One Indignity draws on Another. Bite the First Man that Affronts ye, and ye're safe for ever after.

The Frogs and Toadstools.

A S a Company of Frogs were Trifling and Playing up and down in a Meadow, some Toadstools, that look'd on, were Mightily Troubled that they could not do so too, but taking Notice a while after, how These Frogs were Pick'd up, and Destroy'd by Birds and Fitches: Well (says One of 'em) 'tis better to Live Dull, and Heavy, than to Dye Light and Nimble.
Abstemius's FABLES.

The MORAL.

"Tis done for any Man to Consult his Frequent Cates and Profits, without Computing upon the Trouble and Loss that may Enftec. 'Tis not safe to make any Frequent Resolutions without a Consciente Prosperity into the Future. This is abundantly Moral'd in several Other Places. But the Mop's Question of What you Feed as hereafter goes a great Way in the Resolution of All These Cases.

FA B. CCLXXXVII.

A Run-away Dog and his Master.

There was a Bob-Tail'd Cat, cry'd in a Gazette, and One that found him out by his Marks, brought him home to his Master; who fell presently to Reasoning the Matter with him, how Insensible, and Thankless a Wretch he was, to run away from One that was so Extrem Kind to him. Did I ever give you a Blow in my Life, says he, or so much as One Angry Word, in all the time that ever you serv'd me? No, says the Dog, nor with Your Own Hands, nor with Your Own Lips; but you have given me a Thousand and a Thousand by your Deputy; and when I'm Beaten by my Master's Order, 'tis my Master Himself, I reckon, that Beats me.

The MORAL.

In Benefits as well as Injuries 'tis the Principal that we are to Consider, not the Instrument. That which a Man does by another, is in Truth and Equity his own Act.

REFLEXION.

The Master here deals with the Dog, as Great Officers deal many times with Honest, Well-Meaning Men at Court. They speak 'em Fair Themselves, and Murder 'em by their Deputies: But full that which, is done by the Principal's Order, or with his Privyty, or Approbation, is the Principals Act. The Servant is But the Master's Instrvent in the Cause, as the Judge is the Servant's, and they are Both under the same Command. When a Man happens to be Kill'd, we do not Impute the Murder to the Weapon that did the Execution, but to him that Manag'd it. This is much after the way of Treating Elephants. When an Elephant is taken in a Pit fall, He that is desig'nd for the Master and Keeper of him, sets Other People
A F A B. CCLXXXIX.

The Birds and Beetles.

The Birds were in a Terrible Fright once, for fear of Gnat from the Beetles. And what was the Business, but the little Balls of Oudore that the Beetles had Rak'd together, the Birds took for Beelzebub: But a Sparrow in the Company, that had more Wit than his Fellow, bad 'em have a Good Heart yet, for how shall they reach us in the Air, says he, with the Thoole Pellers, that they can hardly Roll upon the Ground.

The Moral.

Many People apprehend Danger where there's None, and rob themselves just where there is, for most of taking the True Measure of Things, and judging Matters rightly together.

Reflexion.

VAIN Fears and Imagination Caft a Mift before our Eyes, and not only Repeal Real Dangers Greater than they Are, but Create Fantastical Difficulties, where in Truth there are None at all. The Birds were in a Mortal Apprehension of the Beetles, till the Sparrow Reassured them into a Better Understanding of the Matter. How should they Hurl us in the Air, says the Sparrow, with Thoole Pellers, that they can hardly Move upon the Ground, which brought the Point to an Issue upon a very Logical Conclusion.

A F A B. CCXC.

A Bear and Beets.

A Bear was so Enraged once at the Specting of a Bee, that he ran like Mad into the Bee-Garden, and Over-turned All the Bees in Revenge. This Outrage brought them Out in Whole Troops upon him; and he came afterwards to Be-think himself, how much more Admissible it had been to Pass over One Injury, then by an Unprofitable Passion to Provok a Thousand.

The Moral.

Better pass over an Affront from One, than draw the Whole Hoard of the Mobile about a Man's Ear.

Reflexion.

We are to learn from hence, the Folly of an Impotent, and Inconsiderate Anger; and that there's no Creature so Contemptible, but by the Help of Reflection, and of Numbers, it may Gain its Point. The Heart and Throat of Revenge does but Hurry People from Left to Right, to Greater; As One Hasty Word, or Blow, brings on a Thousand. There's no Opposing the Torrent of a Headstrong Multitude; for Rage and Despair give Courage to the most Inconsiderable, and the most Fearful of Creatures. Had it not been Better now to have pass'd over the Affront of one Spiteful Creature, than to Provok and draw on upon Himself the Outrage of a Thousand?

A F A B. CCXCL.

A Fowler and a Chaffinch.

A Fowler that had Bent his Net, and laid his Bait, Planted himself in the Bird-Catcher's Place, to Watch for a Draught. There came a Great Many Birds One after Another, that Lodged, and Peck'd a While, and so away again. At this
Abridged's FABLES.

They kept coming and going all the day long; but few at a time, that the man did not think them worth a pinch. At last, when he hadSlip All his Opportunities in hopes of a Better Hit, the evening came on, and the Birds were gone to Bed, so that he must either draw then or not at all; and in the Conclusion, he was 'en vain to content himself with one Single Chaffinch, that had the Misfortune to be later Abroad than his Fellows.

The Moral.

Men are so Greedy after what's to Come, which is Uncertain, than they Slip present Opportunities, which are never so Ornamented.

Reflection.

Delays are Dangerous. The very Inhabitants in All that we can see our Own, the Beetle, is either Chance, or Fate. The Cael of the Fruits and the Chaffinch, reaches to all the Preoccupations of Humane Life. Every Man Living has a Design in his Head upon something or other, and Apples himself accordingly toward the Attaining of his End; whether it be Honour, Wealth, Power, or any other sort of Advantage, or Settlemen in the World. Now he that would take a True Measure how to proceed, should lay to himself, This is the Thing I would be at. This or That's such a Proportion will do my Business; And This Nick of time is the Critical Occasion for the Gaining of such or such a Point. I'll take it while the's to be had. He that may be well, and Will not, in hope of being Better, turns the Risk of getting Nothing at all; and so Parts with a Moral Certainty in Possession, for a Wild, and a Remote Possibility in Reverie. Lost Opportunities are never to be Recover'd. 'Tis Good Direction, when we cannot Command what we would have, to Compound for what we May, and not to call anything Ill Luck, which is a Truth. All Manage. 'Tis a Weakness to be Solicitous for more than enough, and to Hazard All by Grasping at too much. All Greed, All Hope for Avarice, whether it Succeeds or not, is but a kind of Beggary; and he that Wants More, has as Good as Nothing at all. The Bird-Catcher flings his Time here, and makes Good the Old Vulgar Saying; He that will not when he May, when he Would be found he Nay.

F A B. CCXCI.

A Soldier and Two Horses.

A Soldier that had One Excellent Horse already, bought Another that was not Half so Good, and yet he took more Care of That, then of the Former. Every body Wonder'd at the

The Humour of it, considering that for Beauty, or Service, the Later was not Comparable to the Other. Ay, but says One, 'tis Natural to be Kind to the Last Corner.

The Moral.

Our Likings or Dislikes are Founded rather upon Honour and Fancy than upon Reason. Every thing pleases at First; and Nothing Pleases Long; and we shift only to try if we can Mend our Fates in the Next Choice.

Reflection.

We are apt to put a Value upon Things for their Novelty, rather than for their Virtue; and the same Levisy holds towards Women, Friends and Acquaintances: Nay, and Governments too; for People seldom Change for a Better. All Civil Constitutions have their Failures, and the Unhappiness, even of the Worst of Governments, brings on an Anarchy which is yet Worse; for it lays All in Rubbish: And we have no Better Security for the Next State of Things, then we had for the Former, but fill for Variety like, we go on Chopping and Changing our Friends, and our Matters, as well as our Horse's and with the Soldier, out of a Sickly Levisy, like the Last Dull, whatever it be.

F A B. CCXCIII.

A Spaniel and a Swine.

I Wonder (says a Spaniel how you can Fawn thus upon a Mafter that gives you so many Blows, and Twinges by the Ear.) Well (says the Dog) but then let the Good Bits, and the Good Words he gives me, against Thole Blows and Twinges, and I am a Gainer by the Bargain.

The Moral.

He that will Live Happily in this World, must Resolve to take the Good and the Bad thankfully and Contentedly One with Another.

R E.
REFLEXION.

WITHOUT a strict Hand over us in the Inflation of our Youth, we are in danger to be lost for ever. He that Sparing the Rod, Hates the Child; and the Severity of an Early Discipline is one of the greatest obligations that a Son can have to a Tender Parent. This we shall find to be true, if we do but for the Good against the Bad, as the Dog did, the Knuck, and then Ballance the Account.

F A B. CCXCV.

Open and Timber.

WHY don’t you Run and Make Halt? cry’d the Timber in the Cart, to the Open that Drew it: ‘The Bar, then is not so Heavy here. Well! (said the Open) if you did but know Your Own Fortune, you’d never be so Merry at Our We shall be Distich’d of our Load so soon as we come to our Journeys End, but You that are Design’d for Beams and Supports, shall be made to bear till your Hearts break. This Hint brought the Timber to a Better Understanding of the Case.

The Moral.

‘Tis Matter of Humanity, Honour, Prudence, and Piety, to be Tender on of Another’s for no Man living knows his End, and ’tis the Evening Grows the Day.

REFLEXION.

IT is both Safe and Felicitous to Influent over People in Difficulties, for the Wheel of Fortune is perpetually in Motion, and He that’s Uppermost to-day, may be Under it to-morrow. No Man knows what End he is Born to; and it is Only Death that can Pronounce upon a Happy or a Miserable Life. When the Timber made sport with the Open for the Drudgery they Labour’d under, Little did they Dream of the Greater Oppression they were to Undergo Themselves.

F A B. CCXCVI.

A Fool and a Bishop.

There was a Roguery Wag of a Fool that had a Mind once to put a Trick upon a Hard, Clever fit Bishop: so he went to him upon the Foot of January to wish him a Merry New-Year on’t, and begg’d a Five-Guinea Piece of him for a New-Year-Gift. Why, the Man’s Mad! (says the Popehead) and I believe he, as takes me to be so too. Fool think I have to Little Witt, as to Part with such a Gob of Money for God-a-Mercy? Nay, my Lord (says the Fellow) if that be too much, let me
Abstemius's FABLES.

it be but a Single Goose, and I'll be Thankful for't: But That would not do Neither. He fell next Bout to a Copper Farthing, and was Deny'd That too. When the Fellow saw that there was no Money to be got, Pray (my Lord, says he) let me beg your Blessing then. With all my Heart (says the Bishop), Down on your Knees, and You shall have it: No, My Lord (says Tother) 'tis My Turn now to Deny; for if you Your self had thought That Blessing worth a Copper Farthing, you'd never have Fared with it.

The M O R A L.
No Penny, No Pater Noster, does not hold in All Cafes; for the Penny and the Pater Noster do not go always together.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S No Corruption like Ecclesiastical Avarice: No Cruelty & Merciess as That of a Debauch'd Church man. To the Devil's Mule Piece to begin there; for he knows very Well, that the Scandalous Examples of a Perfidious, and an Apostate Clergy, are the Ready Way to beg the Holy Order of Priesthood it fell into Olivia, and Disgrace. Here's Two Church, they cry prettily; as if the very Eggs were Emball'd in the Mercury Prissets of some Backsliding Members of that Community. Let them Live as they Preach, and Preach as they Ought, and let there be No Moralizing in the Pulpit upon the Fable of the Man, and the Soap, by Blowing Hot and Cold out of the same Mouth. There are Simian Contraacts on the Buying side, as well as on the Selling, when People find Preach One Doctrine to get into a Living, and the Contrary to keep it. What is this, but the Selling of the Truth, and of Souls, for Money, out, the Profittiing of All that's Sacred, for the faving of their Skins and the Stakes?

Not but that Charity is Free, and much at the Discretion of Him that is to Excercize it. It is Free, I say, to All Intent and Purposes, as to any Legal Coersion upon it, though at the same time, in Point of Conscience, a Man may Iye under the Obligation of an Indispensible Duty. So that without forcing the Drift of this Fable, the Bishop is not to Blame here, the Matter simply Conduc'd for the First, Second, or Third Deal, or for All together; for such Circumstances may be Suppos'd, with a Regard to the Matter, Time, and Purposes, as might not only Acquit him for the Refusal, but have Reflect'd upon his Conduct, and Prudence, if he had Granted the Request: So that (with Veneration to the Divine Institution it fell, and to Holiness that Live up to't) we are to take This for the Figure of a Light and a Cautious Prelate, that Deigns not his Character by his Conversation, and sets a Higher Rate upon a Copper Farthing, then upon an Apostolical Benediction. Now if This Bishop could have said, Silver and Gold have I None, the Author of this Fable would have Acquit'd him.

F A B.

Abstemius's FABLES.

F A B. CCXCVII.

A Lapwing Prefer'd.

U pon a General Invitation to the Eagle's Wedding, there were several Birds of Quality among the Rell, that took it in Hevy Dudgen to see a Lapwing Plac'd at the Upper End of the Table. 'Tis true, they cry'd, he has a kind of a Cosecomb upon the Crown of him, and a Few Tawady Feathers; but Alas, he never Eat a Good Meals Meal in his Life, till he came to this Preferment.

The M O R A L.
'Tis a Scandal to a Government, and there goes Every along with it, where Favourites are Confer'd upon Men for Adress, Beauty, and External Advantages, rather than for their Good Qualities and Virtues.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Necessary Cautious in All Preferments that they be Plac'd upon fit Men; for the Right Motives; and for the Right Ends. The Advancing of a Fanatical Fool, or a Lapwing, Reflects upon the Ruins of him; for 'tis an Ill Sign, the very Liking of an Ill Man, and Implyes, at least a Taint Approbation of the Officers Defects. The Preferring of People indeed to Honourable Charges and Commitments, without either Brains, Blood, Fortunes, or Merit, may be so far Reputed a Great Work, as the Making of Something out of Nothing, seems to be next door to a Creation: But the Character at last will not Exceed the Person so Dignify'd, from Open Evvy and Secret Contempt. Where it falls out that the True Reason of the Chosen, is either Fancy without Judgment, or Credulity without Enquiry, Information, or Tryal; the Latter is the more Harmful Mistake of the Two; for there's Somewhat Generous in the Confidence, Withstanding the Error of the Facility; And as He that Truths, to This Degree, does delever not to be Deceiv'd; so He that Betrays such a Truth, on the Other Hand, is not Worthy to Live. An Ill Reason, in fine, for an Ill Choice, is Worse then No Reason at all; for to proceed upon a Wrong Reason, is to Build upon a False Foundation. Will and Pleasure is the Only Plea this Case will bear; for the Authority of the Eagle he self, we sec, was not sufficient to Vindicate a Worketh Man from Reproce and Scorn.

M m 2
A Fable. CCXCIII.

A Dog and a Man.

A Dish took Notice of a Dog in the Height of his Courage, that was Just Advancing to Charge an Enemy. Why what a Fool art thou, says the Dog to him, to make

such Haste to be Destroy'd! That Consideration, says the Dog, may do well enough in the Mouth of a Wretched Creature that's only Fatt'd up to be Kill'd by a Knife, but whenever I'm taken off, I'll leave the Memory of a Good Name behind me.

The Moral.
'Tis the Cause makes the Martyr.

Reflexion.
He that Confuses the Interest of his Country, before that of his Reputation, or his Country, is Effectually but a Brute, under the Figure of a Man. An Honourable Death is to be Preferred before an Infamous Life. This Dog in the Fable has but taken up the Words and Humour of a Fiddle for People in the World; Men that lie Wallowing in their Lusts, their Debaucheries, and their Pleasures, and spending their Conquests upon Men of Honour, and Publick Spirits, without any Regard to the Conscience of either Christian, Moral, or Political Duties. They are more Seducing for the Pampering of their Bodies, than for the Saving of their Souls, or the Embalming of their Memories; and fall justly under the Reproof of the Hasty to the Dog in This Emblem.

A Fable. CCC.

A Hunts-man and a Currier.

A Currier bought a Bear-Skin of a Hunts-man, and laid him down ready Money for't. The Hunts-man told him that he would Kill a Bear next day, and he should have the Skin. The Currier, for his Curiosity, went out with the Hunts-man to the Chase, and Mounted a Tree, where he might see the Sport. The Hunts-man Advanc'd very Bravely up to the Den where the Bear lay, and threw in his Dogs upon him. He Ruffled out immediately, and the Man Misleading his Aim, the Bear Overthrew'd him. So the Fellow held his Breath, and lay Stone still, as if he were dead. The Bear Snuffled, and fancied him; took him for a Currier, and so left him. When the Bear was gone, and the Danger over, down comes the Currier from the Tree, and bad the Hunts-Man Rife. Hear ye, my Friend, says the Currier, the Bear Whisper'd somewhat in your Ear, What was it, I prethee?
Abstemius's FABLES.

prethee? Oh (says the Haunt-Man) he bad me have a Care for the Future, to make sure of the Bear, before I Sell his Skin.

The MORAL.

Let no Man Undertake for more than he is able to make Good.

REFLEXION.

This is to bid us secure our Selves before-hand of what we Undertake for, and not depend upon Uncertainties. Though with the Morsality, Leave, the Uncertainty was on the Other Hand, and he that Bungle the Skin, tan a Greater Ridique than Tother that sold it; and had the Worst End of the Staff. 'Tis Good Counsel however, not to make our Selves Amiable for Things out of our Power; Especially where there are Dangerous Contingencies in the Way, as we find in this Fable: For the Bear was within a Hair Breath of Spilling the Jell; It is much at this Rat, that we make All our Bargains; We give our Time, Study, Interest, Liberty, and, in short, part with all that's Precious, not only upon Uncertainties, but for Things we can never Obtain. There's no depending up on To-morrow.

FAB. CCCI.

A HERMIT and a SOLDIER.

There was a Holy Man that took a Soldier to Task, upon the Subject of his Profession, and laid before him the Hazards, the Sins, and the Troubles that Attend People of that Trade; Wherefore he says, for your Souls sake, Sir, Pray give it over. Well! Father, says the Soldier; I'll do as you bid me; for really we are too ill paid, and there's so little to be Grown by Pillage, that I Phant I had e'en so good Beaker my self to a Godly Life.

The MORAL.

When People can Live so longer by their Sins, 'tis High Time for them to Mend their Manners.

REFLEXION.

NATURE it self speaks in These Lively Images of Truth. Here's a Good Man, and his Father Preaching upon Two several Teats. The Holy Father Enforces the Necessity of the Soldier's Repentance, from the Wicked Course of Life that he Leads, and the Trade that he Drives. The Soldier, on the Other hand, is willing to be Converted, for the Times are Dead, he says, and there's Neither Pay, nor Pleasure to be got. The World has abundance of These Professors, that when they can be no longer Wicked to Advantage, take up an Outward Change of Profession, and pull presently for Buses of Grace, without the Least Symptoms, all this while, of any inward Change of Mind. This was the Case of one of our Modern Professors, and Martyrs, who took a Formal Leave of Jesus Christ, and told his Glibly Father, that he was now fully Reformed not to Stare for his Religion. Now there are Millions and Millions in the World, of This Man's Kind, that have the Wit yet to keep their Tongues bertwixt their Teeth, and to take up the same Religions without Notice. How many Inhabitants of the Power of Pay and Pillage, does Every Day Produce in all manner of Dealings and Professions: For Religion and Property will March Hand in Hand, and Men will do Tricks like Dogs, for Crowns, and Change their Matters, both Heavenly, and Earthly, for Better Wages. Where's That Law, or Text, that has not been Over-run; some Time or other, and Distracted, by a False Guide to make the Application Profitable, and Easy to the Good People? How often have we heard an Arrant Jangling in the Pulpits, as ever we did in the Sceptres: And Professors Ringing as Awa as the Bells, to give notice of the Confagration which They Themselves were Raising; for we have found it out to our Cost, that the Mandarin will sooner Kindle with a Peremptory Deliance then with a Padding Extempor, 'Tis not Confidence, but Intrepit that Governs the World; and the Incomparable Fable has hit the Point to a Hair.

What's Orthodox, and True Believing
Against a Conscience? A Good Living,
What makes all Delinquents Plain and Clear?
About Two Hundred Pound a Year;
And that which was Pre'ted True Before,
Proof False again? Two Hundred More.
What makes the Breaking of all Oaths.
A Holy Duty? Food and Clothes.

This is in fine, that makes the Devil of a Saint, and a Saint of a Devil; for your Holy Apparit is the Blackest of Hypocrisies. The Soldier turns Religious, and he shall do more Mischief in That Shape, then ever he did in the Other. For a Corrupted Zeal draws more Blood then a Necessary Mallet.

FAB.
Abstemius's FABLES.

FAB. CCCIII.

A HUSBAND and WIFE twice, marry'd.

There happen'd a Match between a Widow and a Widow. 

The Woman would be perpetually Twisting of her Second Husband, what a Man her First was; and her Husband did not forget the Ringing of it in her Ears as often, what an Admirable Woman he had to his First Wife. As the Woman was One day upon the Peevish Pin, a Poor Body comes to the Door, while the Foward Fit was upon her, to beg a Charity. Come in Poor Man (says the Woman.) Here's an Leg of a Capon for thee, to Pray for the Soul of my First Husband. Nay, Faith, says the Husband, and when thy Head is In, e'en take the Body and the Reft on't, to pray for the Soul of My First Wife. This was Their way of Teasing One Another, and of Starving the Living to the Honour of the Dead: For they had but That one Capon between them to Supper.

REFLEXION.

We may learn from This Fable, that it is Common Duty and De
erison, for Men and their Wives, when they are once Married, to make the Best of a Doubtful Game; for they are One to All, Matter of Purposes, by which it is Puffible for Two Fors to be United. Thou Intrest is One and the same, and there's No Touching the Piece, or the Honour of the One, without Wounding That of the Other; but if there happens to be Any Absolute Necessity of Juveering, One of the Civilized ways of Respecting Is That here before us, and it is but according to the Ordinary Game and Tricks of the World, when any thing comes Crosses between the Second Husband and Wife, to be fully Celebrating the Memory of the Former. My First Husband (Heaven Befall his Soul) and My First Wife, they CRY, wa So and So, and would have done This and That. The Two Main Topiques to Chop Logick upon in This Domestique Disagreements, are commonly the Upbraiding One Another with what I Way, and what I Might have been; and what a Match I might have had (with a Fox) never considering what they Are, and that what they Are must be, which is the Oudy Point. This Forth to One that Contro-

Abstemius's FABLES.

FAB. CCCIII.

A LION and a Mouse.

A Lyon that found himself Hamper'd in a Net, call'd to a Mouse that was passing by, to help him out of the Snake, and he'd never forget the Kindness, he said. The Mouse gnaw'd the Threads to pieces, and when he had set the Lyon at Liberty, defir'd him in Requital to give him his Daughter. The Lyon was too Generous to Deny him Any thing, but most Un luckily, as the New Bride was just about to Step into the Marriage Bed, he happen'd to set her Foot upon her Husband at Unawares, and Cut'd him to Death.

REFLEXION.

A husbandman turn'd Soldier and Merchant.

Oh the Endless Misery of the Life! Cries the Miserable Husbandman, to spend all my Days in Ploughing, Sowing, Digging, and Dunging, and to make Nothing on! at last! Why now in a Soldier's Life, there's Honour to be got, and One Lucky Hit sets up a Man for Ever. Faith, I'll even put off my Stock, Get me a Horse and Arms, and Try the Fortune of the War. Away he goes; Makes his Path; Stands the Shock of a Battel, and Compounds at last for the Leaving of a Leg or an Arm behind him, to go Home again.

By
Ahflemuin's FABLES.

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FAB. CCCVI.

An Ais puts in for an Office.

There was a Bantering Droll got himself into a very Goed Equipage and Employment, by an Admirable Faculty he had in Faring. The Success of This Buffon Encourag'd an Ais to put in for a Place too; for, says he, I'll Fare with That Peep for his Commissioun, and leave it to the Judgment of Thofe the Prefer'd him, which has the Clearer, and the Better Senet Pipe of the Two.

The Moral.

Where Publicke Miniflers Encourage Buffonery, 'tis no wonder if Buffon is up for Publicke Miniflers.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable, according to Ahflemuin, and Others, Touches the Humour of Thofe that Spend away their Money upon Vanity and Trifles: But it seems to Me to look quite Another Way. With Ahflemuin’s Favour, I should rather take This Fable to Strike at the Natural Consequences of Evil Examples, when the Unsuccessfullness of One Ais shall be made Use of as an Argument for Another, no less Unsuccessfull: for 'tis Precedent, Effectually that Governs the World. Why should not One Fool be Prefer'd for Faring as well as Another? For in Cases of Computation, he that does Bet, can in an Ill, or in a Weak Thing, has a kind of Claim, and Right to a Preference, and the the Groffier the Foppier, or the Iniquity, the Fairer the Pretence. This Ais putting up for an Office, Taxes the Perverting of Policy and Judgments, in Confounding Thofe Honours, Charges, and Benefits, upon Pafthurs, Devises, Buffons, and other Servile Instruments of Laft and Ambition, that are Due only to Men of Honour and Virtue. The Miniflers of Government, and of Pleasure, should be carefully Dillignuit'd for it Corrupts both the Morals, and the Under standings of a Nation, when they find the Precepts of Common Honesty, and the Practices of State, so run to directly Counter, as to leave no Hope of Advancement, Credit, or Security, but by living in a Defiance to Nature and Reason: That is to say, by Playing the Fools, and Faring for Preference.

FAB. CCCVII.

A River and a Fountain.

There Happen'd a Dispute between a River and a Fountain, which of the two should have the Preference. The River Valued itself upon the Plenty and Variety of Fish that it Produced; The Advantages of Navigation; The Many Brave Towns and Palaces that were Built upon the Banks of it; purely for the Pleasure of the Situation. And then for the General Satisfaction, in fine, that it Yielded to Mankind, in the Matter both of Convenience and Delight: Whereas (says the River) the Fountain pales Obscurely through the Caverns of the Earth; lies Bury'd up in Mofe, and creeps Creeping into the World, as if it were afar off to shew the Head. The Fountain took the Infolence and the Vanity of This Reproach so Heinously, that it presently Choos'd up the Spring, and sought the Course of its Waters: Inomuch that the Channel was immediately dry'd up, and the Fifth left Dead and Sinking in the Mud; as a Just Judgment upon the Stream for Derogating from the Origin and Author of All the Blessings it Enjoy'd.

The Moral.

He that Arrogates any Good to Himself, detracts from the Author of all the Good he Enjoys.

REFLEXION.

THERE are too many People in the World of the Humour of This River, that Assume to Themselves what they receive from others, without ever so much as Thinking of the Heavenly Goodness that is the Author of Life it self, and of all the Blessings that Crown the Comfort of it. This Fable is a kind of an Explanatory Debate between Bounty and Ingratitude; between the Divine Goodness, and the Vain-Glorious Pride of Corrupt Nature. And the Iniquity of our Proceeding is much the Same, both
Abstemius's FABLES.

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The Wicked Man and the Devil.

Notorious Malefactor that had Committed I know not how many Villanies, and run through the Discipline of as many Goals, made a Friend of the Devil, to help him out in all his Distresses. This Friend of his, brought him off many and many a time, and still as he was Taken up, again and again, he had his Recouree, over and over, to the same Devil for succour. But upon his Last Summon, the Devil came to him with a Great Bag of Old Shoes at his Back, and told him Plainly. (Says he) I am at the End of my Line, and can Help ye No longer. I have beat the Hoof till I have Worn

Abstemius's FABLES.

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Worn out all Theif Shoes in Your Service, and not One Penny left me to Buy more: So that you must c'en Excuse me if I drop ye here.

The M O R A L.

The Devil helps his Servants, for a Season, but when they come once to a Pouch, he leaves 'em to the Earth.

R E F L E X I O N.

WICKEDNESS may Prosper for a while, but at the Long Run, He that fees All Knaves at Work, will most certainly Pay them their Wages. The Man pays Dear for his Protection that Pawns his Soul for't. And it may be another Observation, that the Devil Himself will not work without Money.

F A B. CCCIX.

A Council of Birds for Chusing more Kings,

The Birds were Mightly Poffed with an Opinion, that it was utterly Impossible for the Eagle alone to Administer Equal Justice to All her Subjects; And upon this Ground, there was a Motion put up, for Changing the Monarchy into a Republique: But an Old Cunning Crow, that saw further into a Millstone then his Neighbours, with One Word of his Mouth Daff'd the Project. The more Kings you Have, says he, the more Sacks there are to be Fill'd: And to the Debate fell.

The M O R A L.

The Common People Hate all Government, and when they are Sick of it in one Form, they Fly to Another, but find they rather Increase to that, which they Flung English to Themselves.

R E F L E X I O N.

This Emblem Intimates a Government by One to be Jils Budsenism, then a Government by Many. And it is well enough Adapted to a Profitable Allegory. The Multitude of Birds are Impus'd upon, that One Monarch is not sufficient for the Discharging of the Office, and therefore there's a Motion put up for the Rebuilding of more Kings: for Why, say they, should
A Woman that would needs Die for her Husband.

A poor Woman was put out of her Wits in a manner for fear of losing her Husband. The Good Man was sick and given over, and nothing would serve the Turn, but Death must needs take Her instead of Him. She Call’d and Pray’d, and call’d and call’d, till at last, Death Preferred himself in a Horrible Shape at her Elbow. She very Civilly dropt him a Curst; and Pray Sir, says she, Do not Mislike your self for the Person that you come for lies in the Bed there.

The Moral.

'Tis a Common Thing to Talk of Dying for a Friend, but when it comes to the Push once, 'tis no more than Talk at last.

Reflection.

This Confirms the Proverb, that Charity begins at Home, and when all is done, there’s No Man loves a Friend so Well, but he loves Himself Better. There are No People more Startled at Death, than Those that have gotten a Custom of Calling for it. Oh, that Death would Deliver Me! (says One) Oh, that Death would take Me in the Place of my Dear Husband! (says Another). But when Death comes to Present Himself indeed, and to take them at their Words, the Good Wife very Civilly puts the Change upon him, and tells him, that the Person he comes for lies in the Bed there. In few Words, to call for Death in Jest, is Pain, and Unprofitable.

To call for’t in Earnest, is Improper; and to call for’t at all, is both Foolish and Fatal; for Death will most certainly come at his appointed time, whether he call’d for or No.

A Son Singing at his Mother’s Funeral.

Here was a Good Man that follow’d his Wife’s Body to the Grave, Weeping, and Weaving all the Way he went, while his Son follow’d the Corpse, Singing. Why, Sirrah, says the Father, You should Howle, and Wring your Hands, and do as I do, ye Rogue You; and not go Soothing it about like a Mad-man. Why Father, says he, You give the Priests Money to Sing, and will you be Angry with Me for giving ye a Song Gracious? Well, says the Father, but that which may become the Priests will not always become You. To their Office to Sing; but it is Your Turn to Cry.

The Moral.

Funeral Tears are at Assenting He’d not at Mourning Clinks: and so are the very Offices; and whether we go to our Graves Singing, or Mourning, ’tis all but according to the Fashion of the Country, and meer Form.

Reflection.

The Methods of Government, and of Humane Society, must be Preferred, where Every Man has his Roll, and his Station Allotted him; and it is not for One Man to break in upon the Province of Another. This Moral tells us also, that when One Man Coddles for the Diffteres of Another, to more for Money, or for Company, then for Kindness. 'Tis a flourish for Cerimony and Impostures, that People must be Treated up, by certain Rulles of Art, and Peculiation, to the very Manage and Government of the Hold Free and Natural of our Affections; for we areTaught and Appointed the very Methods, and Degrees of Grieving, and Rejoicing; and to Honour to the Dead, by the Counterfeited Lamentations of the Living. But this way of Mourning by Rules, is rather an Ostination of Sorrows, than Indication of it. Now to lay the Truth of the Matter, Terms and Modes have Corrupted the Serenity of our Manners, as well as our Living Friends, as to the Memory of Those Departed. We have hardly any thing left in our Conversation that is Pure and Genuine. But the way of Civility in Fashion, calls a Blind over the Duty, under some Covers Callamory Preachers of Empty Words. So that at this Rate, we Impose One upon Another, without any regard to Faith, Truth, or Vertue.

But we must Sing in some Cales, and Cry in Others, and there’s an End out.

O o
A Jealous Husband

A Jealous Husband Committed his Wife to Confine to the Care and Custody of a Particular Friend; with the Promise of a Considerable Reward if he could but keep her Honest. After some Few Days, the Friend grew weary of his Charge, and fled his Husband to take his Wife Home again, and Reveal him of his Bargain; for says he, I find it utterly impossible to Make a Woman from any thing she has a Mind to. If it were to put a Bag of Fleas Loose into a Meadow every Morning a Graining, and Fetch them Home again, I durst be answerable by my Life for the Doing of it, to a single Flea, but 'Tis in Communion I dare go no further in.

The Moral.

'Tis enough to make a Woman a Whore, but so much as to Plunge her On; and then 'tis no Seam to be Jealous to be 'Tis not seeing her, 'tis not All the Tricks, Blunts and Spies in Nature the can keep her Honest.

Reflection.

Jealousy is a worse, when the Sunny Man and Wife, does but provoke and Encourage the Apprentice, as it lets the Invention at Work upon Ways and Means of giving One another the Sign: And when it comes to a Trial of Skill one in a Carrying of the Calf to gain the Point, and there's a kind of Pursuer Reputation in getting the Better one's. Briefly, 'tis no Labour Lost on both sides, while the One is never to be relented, nor the Other to be fancied. For Jealousy Rages as well without Reason as with it. Now, she very Will to do a Thing as Good as the Thing Done; And his Head is as Sick that but favours the Thing Done, as if he saw the very Doing of it with his own Eyes. The Ways of a Woman that has a mind to play Flute and Lute, are as Unbearable as the very Thoughts of her Heart; and therefore the Friend here was in the Right to Discharge Himself of his Trull, and throw up his Communion.

A Man that would not take a Clitter.

When the Patient is Rich, there's No Fear of Physicists about him, as Thrice as Worry as a Honey Pot; and there was a Whole College of them call'd to a Consultation up on a Parke, proud Dutch Man, that was Troubled with a Migrain. The Doctors press't in him a Cloister; The Patient fell into a Rage upon't. Why Certain Tho' People are All Mad, says he, to talk of Curing a Man's Head at his Tail.

The Moral.

He that Confails his Physician, and will not Follow his Advice, must be his Own Doctor: But let him take the Old Advice along with him. He that Teaches Himself has a Fool to his Master.

Reflection.

'Tis a Miserable Thing, when Men that Understand Nothing at all, shall take upon them to Conjure, and to Prejudice every thing that they do not Understand. What's the Use of a College, if every Particular Man shal fit up to be his Own Doctor. And in the same Case where Subjests take upon them to Correct Magnifiers, and to Preferise to their Superiors. Let every Man be Trained in his Own Way, and let the Doctor Prefer in the Practice, and not the Patient to the Doctor. For as the Race of This Throat skul'd Blander-head, every Plan Seeker shall take upon him to Read upon Divinity, Law, and Politics, as well as Physic.

A Wolf and a Sick Ass.

Here was a certaine Wife, that in a Qualm of Wonderful Chariot, made a Visit to an Ass, that lay ill of a Violent Fever. He felt his Pule very Gingerly; and, pray, my Good Friend, says he, Whereabouts is your Greatest Pain? Oh, Gently, says the Ass; for it Pricks me just there, all over where you lay your Finger.

A Fox and a Sick Cock.

A Cock took his Bed upon a Fit of Sicknesse, and a Fox of his Old Acquaintance, gave him the Complement of a Visit, and Ask'd him how he felt himself. Alas, says the Cock, I'm not ready to smother for want of Breath; and if you'd be pleasd but to stand off, and give me a Little Fresh Air, I fancy I should be somewhat more at Ease.
The Moral of the Two Fables above.

There are no Visits so officious, and importunate, as those that People think to get by; Especially when our Thoughts are taken up with Matters of Greater Moment. Besides, that there's a Deign upon us in the very Complement. These Fables may serve to Point out to us, that they are Men, as well as Wolves and Foxes, that wait for the Carcase: That is to say, for an Office, an Elites, a Commission, Land, Money, Jewels, whatever else People lie Gaping for in Reversion, according to the Practice of the World: So that there's Little Trust to Their Death-Bed Ceremonies, which, for the Greater Part, have more in them of Avarice, and Interests, then of Piety and Good Will; So that Effectually, a Wolf's Visiting a Dead Ais, is but Saying Grace to a Dead One.

Fab. CCCXVI.

Three Things are the Better for Beating.

A Good Woman happen'd to pass by a Company of Young Fellows were Cuttelling a Wallnut-Tree, and ask'd them what they did that for? This is only by the Way of Discipline, says one of the Lads; for 'tis Natural for Ais, Women, and Wallnut-Trees to Mind upon Beating.

The Moral.

Spar a Joke a Question, and He'll Kick ye an Answer.

Reflection.

People should not be too Inquisitive, without Considering how far They Themselves may be concern'd in the Answer to the Question.

Fab.

An Ais was Wishing in a hard Winter, for a Little Warm Weather, and a Mouthful of Fresh Grals to Knab upon, in Exchange for a Heerless Truth of Straw, and a Cold Lodging. In Good Time the Warm Weather, and the Fresh Grals comes on; but so much Toyl and Bus'nis along with it, that the Ais grows quickly as Sick of the Spring as he was of the Winter. His next Longing is for Summer; but what with Harvest Work, and other Diversions of That Season, he is Worry now then he was in the Spring; and then he fancies he shall never be Well till Autumn comes; But There again, what with Crying Apples, Grapes, Fowl, Winter-Provisions, etc. he finds himself in a Greater Hurry then ever. In fine, when he has trod the Circle of the Year in a Course of Reflected Labour, his Last Prayer is for Winter again, and that he may but take up his Reft where he began his Complaint.

The Moral.

The Life of an Unlikely Man ran away in a Court of Vain Wishes, and Unfruitful Arrangements; An Unsettled Mind can never be at Rest. There's No Season without its Troubles.

Reflection.

The Ais's Wishes here, is the Lively Image of a Foolish, and Miserable Lurty of Mind; and in Truth, there is but too much in of the Figure, and the Bus'nis of Humane Life; for we spend our Days in a kind of Lazy Reflels Indispotion, that looks as if we would fain be doing something, and yet never goes further, then to a Shifting from One Proposition to Another. Wishing and Wandering, as they lay, has somewhat in it of an Anology to Stretching, and Yawning: We only Doowic when we think we Live, and our Time runs away in Fanciful Colles in the Air, and in putting of Cales. The Inference that we are to draw from hence is This; If an Unwield Head and Heart be in Grace's a Calumny, the Squashing of a Man's Thoughts, Wishes and Dares, to the Lot that Providence has set Out for him, is both a Blighting, and a Dry.

He that is still Weary of the Present, shall be most certainly Solicitous for the Future. For the Present is only the Court of so many Minutes into time to Come. He that Gapes after he knows not what, shall be sure to Lose his Longing. He Changes, out of Reflected, not Choice, and so long as he carres the same Mind about him, the Circumstances of
his Condition will never Alter the Case. His Present Thoughts are Unca-
fy, because his Present State does not Please him, and so he goes on at a
Venture, Shifting and Calling about for somewhat else that may better
Agree with him. The Butcher wants a Wife; The Murther'd Man wants
his Liberty; The Steadman has a Mind to be a Farmer. The Country-man
lives out of the World; The Man of Business is a Slave to it; And he
that's out of Employment, makes it his Exercise, that he is forced to Drink
or Whore for want of something else to do. There's no Measure to be ta-
ken of an Unsteady Mind; but Full to Mulch, or too Little; too Soon, or too Late.
The Love of Novelties beggs, and Encrases the
Love of Novelties; and the other we Change, the more Dangerous and
Troublesome do we find This Inch of Variety to be. The Ash was sick of
the Spring; Sicker yet of the Summer; more Sicker still of Autumne; and
Sicklest of all the Winters; till he's brought, in the End, to Compound
for his First Condition again, and so take up with That for his Satisfaction,
which he reckoned upon before for his Misfortune.

This it is, when Pickle and Foolish People will be Preparing To, and
Refining upon the Wife and Gracious Appointments of the Maker of the
World. They know not what they are, and they know not what they
Would be, any further, than that they will not be what they are. In
their Present State in the World be what it will, there's something or
other in that makes their Life Unhappy; and they are as Peculish Com-
pany to themselves as, they are to their Neighbours; for there's no
One Circumstance in Nature, but they shall find Matter to Pick a Quand
at: Let it be Health, Fortune, Conversation. Kindred, Friends, it wills all a Cafe, so long as Weak, and Wayward Men shall go on Grumbling,
and Complaining at the Works and Discontents of Heaven. Were it not
better now for People to be Quiet at first; and to fit down contentedly in the
Feet where Providence has placed them, Were it not better to do the Good
Work of Life Virtuously, by the Help of a Salubrious Providence and Virtue,
then to Deliver up our Lives to the Torments of Hope and Fears, and he
forced to die at last, by the Daughters of Experience, that can never De-
ceive us; and Govern our Lives by the Measures of Sobriety and Justice.
All the rest is but the after Circumstances of more and more Anxiety and
Trouble.

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A Company of Mice were Peeping out of their Holes for
Discovery, they spy'd a Cat upon a Shelf; that lay and
look'd so Demurely, as if there had been neither Life nor Soul in
her. Well (says one of the Mice) That's a Good Nature'd Crea-
ture, I'll Warrant her; One may read it in her very Looks; and
only I have the Greatest Mind in the World to make an Acquain-
tance with her. So said, and so done; but so soon as ever Puff
had her within Reach, she gave her to Understand, that the Face is
not always the Index of the Mind.

The M OR A L.

To a Fright Matter for a Man to be Honorable and Safe; for his very Chastity
and Good Nature Expos'd, if it does not Betray him.

R E F L E X I O N.

No Treachery so Mortal, as That which Covers is feath under the Masque of
Sanctity. A Wolf does a Great deal more mischief in a Sleep than in
his Own Shape and Shape. The Mule that took this Cat for a Sow, has
very Good Company, not only in her Mithra, but in her Misfortune too: For we have seen a whole Assembly of These Munging Saints, that under the
Mask of Zeal, Confidence, and Good Nature, have made a Shift to lay, I
know not, how many Kingdoms in Blood and Ashes.

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A Bear and a Fox.

A Bear was Whetting his Teeth against a Tree, up comes
a Fox to him. Pray what do you mean by That? (says he)
for I see no Occasion for't. Well, says the Bear, but I
do; for when I come once to be Set upon, 'twill be too Late for
me to be Whetting, when I should be Fighting.
A Wolf and a Porcupine.

Your Porcupine, and your Hedge-Hog, are somewhat alike, only the former has longer and sharper Prickles than the other; and these Prickles he can Shoot, and Dart at an Enemy. There was a Wolf had a Mind to be Dealing with him, if he could but get him Dismantled; and so he told the Porcupine in a friendly Way, that it did not look so Well for People in a Time of Peace, to go Armed, as if they were in a State of War; and so Advised him to lay his Brilliancy aside, for (says he) You must Take them up again at Pleasure. Do you talk of a State of War? says the Porcupine, Why that’s my Perfect Cape, and the very Reason of my Standing to my Arms, so long as a Wolf is in Company.

The Moral of the Two Fables above.

No Man, or State can be in Peace, that is not always in readiness to Encounter an Enemy in Cape of a War.

Reflection.

All Business that is necessary to be done should be done Betimes: And there’s a little Trouble of doing it in Season too, as Out of Season: Neither is it Effectually done at all, but in the Proper Time of Doing it: So that’s Good Diligence, and Good Advice; to provide against Danger beforehand: for he that’s always Ready can never be taken by surprise.

’Tis a piece of Good Counsel, in All the Affairs of Humane Life, to take care to Secure our Selves that we may be not either Betray’d, or Surpriz’d; But as it is Wisdom to keep our Selves upon a Guard; so it is Matter of Good Manners also, and Respect; neither to do, nor to say any thing, that may Import a Jealousy or a Disgrace. All the Duties of Government and Society; Nay, all Offices, Civil and Religious, where Prudence, Confidence, or Common Faith are concern’d, have their Proper Seasons. ’Tis too late to hinder mischief when the Opportunity is once past, and therefore the Timing of Things is a Main Point in the Dispatch of All Affairs. There can be no Safe, or Sure Peace, where People are not always in Readiness for War; nor the Common Well being of Mankind, does not too much Depend upon the Faith of Men, and of Governments, as upon the Temporary and Contingent Occasions of Breaching the Peace with Advantage: ’Tis not Publick Justice Alone, that can Uphold a Government, without the Aid of Policy and Counsel. Men do Naturally Instinct those Opinions and Practices, that favour their Present Interests or
A Cockle and Jupiter.

In Old Time, when Jupiter was in the Humour of Granting Petitions, a Cockle made it his Request, that his House and his Body might be All of a Piece. Jupiter made him Answer, that it would be a Burden to him instead of a Favour. Yet say the Cockle, but it will be such a Burden as I had rather Bear, than lie Exposed to Ill Neighbours.

The Moral.

Incontinent Visits are the Plague of a Sinner's Life, and therefore it is a Happy thing when a Body may be at Home, or Not at Home, as ill Pleasures.

Reflection.

GooD, or Bad Company, is either the Greatest Blessing, or the Greatest Plague of Humane Life; and therefore the Cockle's was a very Reasonable, and a Pertinent Request. There's No Liberty like the Freedom of being Publick or Private as a Body pleases; And having it at my own Choice, whether I will live to the World, or to my Self.

A Bitch ready to Pulpie.

A Big-Belly'd Bitch borrow'd another Bitch's Kennel to lay her Burden in. The Proprietors, after some time, Demanded Poffition again, but the Other begg'd her Excuse and Patience, only till her Whelps might be able to shift for Themselves. This was Agreed upon for so many Days longer: But the Time being Expired, the Bitch that was Out, grew More and More Pricking for her Own again. Why then, says the Other, if you can force Me and My Puppies Out of the Kennel, You shall have Free Liberty to come in.

A Snaue was prevail'd upon in a Cold Winter, to take a Hedge Hog into his Cell, but when he was Once in, the Place was too Narrow, that the Prickles of the Hedge Hog were very Troublesome to his Companion: So that the Snaue told him, he must needs Provide for Himself somewhere else; for the Hole was not Big enough to Hold them both. Why then, says the Hedge Hog, He that cannot Stay shall Do well to Go. But for my Own Part, I am Content where I am, and if You be not so too, You're Free to Remove.
**FAB. CCCXXV.**

A Fox and a Hare.

A Fox and a Hare were in a Warm Contest once, which of the Two could make the Best Shift in the World. When I am Purs'd, says the Hare, I can shew the Dogs a Fair Pair of Heels, and run away from 'em at pleasure: And yet for All That, says the Fox, I have baffled more of 'em with my Wiles and Shifts, than ever You did with your Footmanship.

The **Moral.**

Wisdom is as much beyond Force, as Men are beyond Beasts.

**REFLEXION.**

A Good Bodily Strength and Disposition is a Felicity of Nature, but nothing Comparable yet to the Advantages of a Large Understanding, and a Ready Preference of Mind. Wisdom does more than Force; but they do not work together, for a found Mind in a found Body is the Perfection of Human Blifs. A Fox, 'tis true, may be some time Out-witted, and a Hare Out-wielded; but This does not hinder yet the Excellency of One Facility above the Other.

**FAB. CCCXXVI.**

An Old Man resolvd to give over Whoring.

There was an Old Man, that in the very State of Impotence, had a Whore in the Head of him. His Glibly Father took Notice of it, and bid him Hard with Wholesome Advice, upon the Subject of the Luks of the Flesh. This Reverend Fororator thinks, however, that the Heartly for his Kind and Christian Counsell, and by the Grace of Heaven, says he, I'll follow it; for to tel' ye the Plain Truth on't, I am told that 'tis Naught for me; and really, my Body is quite out of Tune for those Gambols.

The **Moral.**

When Things are at the Wors't, they'd Mind.

**REFLEXION.**

A Wife is much better than a Foolish Companion, and the Dead, in such a Case, are much better than the Living. It is one of the most Vexatious Manifestations perhaps, of a Sober, and Sturdious Man's Life, to have his Thoughts Diverted, and the very Chain of his Reason Discouraged, by the Impertinency of a Todious, and an Impertinent Wife; Especially, if it be from a Fool of Quality, where the very Figure of the Man Entitles him to All Returns of Good Manners and Respect. And the Affliction is yet more Grievous, where that Prerogative of Quality, is farther Buck'd and Corroborated, with a Real Kindness and Good Will: For a Man must be Indulgent and Gracious, as well as Rude, if he does but to much as Offer, at the Ending, or the Retrieving, of Himself. The Drift of this Fable is, to tell us, that Good Books and Good Thoughts are the Best Company, and that they are Matters that think a Wife Man can ever be Alone. It prepares us also to Expect Interruptions, and Disappointments, and to Pravide for them; but wishing, to take the Best Care we can.
A FABLE.

CCCXXVIII

A Wolf in a Sheeps-Skin.

There goes a Story of a Wolf, that Wrapt himself up in a Sheeps-Skin, and Worry'd Lambs for a Good while under That Disguise; but the Shepherd Met with him at laft, and Truf't him up, Sheeps-skin and all, upon an Eminent Gibbet, for a Spectacle, and an Example. The Neighbours made a Monnument at it, and Ask'd him what he meant to Hang up his Sheep? Oh, says he, That's only the Skin of a Sheep, that was made use of to Cover the Heart, Malice, and Body of a Wolf that Shrouded himself under it.

The Moral.

Hypocrisy is only the Devil's Stalking Horse, under an Affection of Simplicity and Religion. People are not to be judged by their Looks, Habits, and Apperances, but by the Character of their Lives and Conversations, and by their Works.

REFLEXION.

This Fable is Moraliz'd in the Holy Gospel it self. 'Tis with all Men that are Notoriously Wicked, of what Degree or State, or in what point of Inquiry euer, much attir the Rate of the Wolf in this Fable. Tyranny Marches under the Mask of Care, Piety, and Prenception. Injustice sets up the Rigorous Letter of the Law to Weigh against the Injustice of the Witches: The Pawn-Broker pretends Charity, and the Oppref for Plays the Widow and the Orphan: And at the fame Time, Palces Mercy and Compassion, with the very fame Breath. Treachery Covers it self under a Cloak of Kindness and Friendship; and Nothing more frequent than Wolves in Lambs skins, even in the most Solemn Offices of Church and State. This Fable Extends to All the Lead Professors of Hypocrize and Impudence, under the Colour of Pious, and Charitable Works and Duties. Now if All our Moral Writers in Sheeps-Cloathing, were but Serv'd at This Hypocrize Wolf was in the Fiction, and Hung up in Real, with their Crimes in Capital Letters on their Foreheads, Common Truth and Honesty among Men would be more Sacred.

A FABLE.

CCCXXXIX.

An Incurrigible Son.

It was the Hard Lot of a very Good Man to have a Vicious Young Fellow to his Son; and he did what he could to Reclaim him: But Sir (says he) for Bevety's sake, 'tis only to much Time and Counsel thrown away; for all the Parfons about the Town have been Bating me I know not how long now, upon the same Subject, and I'm not One for the Better fort.

The Moral.

Some Men Live as if they had made a Covenant with Hell: Let Dissinces, Follies, Friend's say what they will, they Stop their Ears against them; And Good Council is wholly Cast away upon them.

REFLEXION.

This Fable would go a Great way if it were wrought up to the High-eh. As for the Purpoze, to all Manner of Graceless and Hopeless Characters. Some People are loft for want of Good Advice; Others for want of giving Good Heed to't: And some again take up Resolutions beforehand never to Mend. Nay there are those that value themselves upon the very Contempe of All that is Sacred and Honest, and make it a Point of Bravery to Bid Defiance to the Oracles of Divine Revelation, the Motions of Reasonable Nature, and the Laws of Government. This Contradiction of the Duty of a Sober Man is yet farther Heightened, by the Dissidences of a Son to a Parent; and further yet, by a Spirituall Opposition to All the Precepts of Morality and Religion. There's no less a Dish-Mixture in this Bantering way of Liberty, to make a Body Laugh where he should Cry: But 'tis just a Spinning Matter, when the most Necessary Uses of Civility come to be the Quifton. There's no Room for Trifling in Those Cases.

A FABLE.

CCCXXX.

A Sheep-Biter Hang'd.

Certain Shepherd had One Favourite-Dog, that he had a Particular Confidence in above all the rest. He fed him with his Own hand, and took more Care of him, in short, than of any of his Fellows. This Kindness went on a Long Time, till in Con-clusion, upon the Bitting of some Sheep, he fancy'd This Curr to be Falle to him: After This Jaunlousy, he kept a Strick Eye upon him,
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him, and in fine, found it out, that This Truthy Servant of his was the Pelon. Upon the Discovery, he had him presently taken
up, bad him prepare for Execution. Alas! Mafter, says the Dog,
I am One of your Family, and would be hard to put a Domestique
to Extremities: Turn your Displeasure upon the Wolves rather,
that make a Daily Practice on’t to Worry your Sheep. No, no,
says the Shepherd, I’d sooner Spare Forty Wolves than make it their
Profession to Kill Sheep, then One Sheep being Car that’s Treched with
the Care of them. There’s somewhat of Frankness and Contenency
in the One; but the Other is the Bait of Treacheries.

The M]ORAL.

No Perjury like Breach of Faith and Truth, under the Seal of Friendship.
For an Adversary under that Mask, is much more Unpunishable than a
Bartsfield Enemy.

REFLEXION.

THERE are Political Sheep-herds as well as Political 3 Betrayers of Pub-
lick Truths, as well as of Private 3 And base Curs that are as Wolves as the
Other. This Maxim however, holds in All Cases; that Breach of Faith
and Truth, is the most Oious, Infraetable and Inhumane, of Civil, as
even as of Moral Offences. A special Confidence in One more, then in Another,
though from a King to a Subject, or from a Master to a Servant, has some
Analogy in’t of Friendship, but the Matter should be thoroughly Weighted
and Examin’d, before we put it to the Utmost Trial and Test. A Man
may be too Hard or too Easy to be Adventurous or too Wary, in putting a
Judgment upon the Character of the Person; But above all think of this it will
concern us properly to Understand the Honour, the Practice, and the Con-
version of the Man we Propose for a Friend, before we lay any Surety
upon his Faith; Not that we may believe Well of a Man, and yet not
think fit to Trust him: So that a Clarity on the One hand does not Author-
ize a Confidence on the Other: It is not Amis however, to lay Bais for a
Man in such a Case: and to try him on the Blind-side. As if a Man be Co-
ceiv’d a Prouist or Bribe may put him to the Test: and so Answerable in
Other Cases. Powerful Temptations Artificially Disposed, are the Bell
Effy, and Affurance of a Man’s Faith and Honesty that the Matter will
bear. This Dog here would perhaps have Fought for his Master in any Other
Case, though he Betray’d him in This: But the Love of Munion was his
Weak side: Which in some fort Answers to That which we call Pecatum
in Delicis in Mankind. This Infidelity however did not Excite the Tre-
achery, and the Kinder the Mafter, the more Unpunishable is the Traytory.

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F A B. CCCXXXI.

A Bull and a Ram.

T here was One Mafter-Ram that Beat All his Fellows out of the Field, and was so Puff’d up with the Glory of his
Exploits, that Nothing would serve him but he must Challenge a Bull to the Combat. They Met, and upon the First Encounter,
there lay the Ram for Dead; but coming to himself again:
Well (says he) This is the Fruit of my Infolence, and Folly,
In Provoking an Enemy, that Nature has made my Superior.

The Moral.

Where People will be Provoking and Challenging their Superiors, either
in Strength, or Power, ’tis not so much a Bravery of Spirits, as a Rude
and Brutal Roughness: and they pay dear for’t at last.

REFLEXION.

’Tis not Courage, but Temerity, for Men to Venture their Lives, Re-
putations, and Fortunes upon Unequal Encounters: Unless where they are
Oblig’d by an Over-ruling Impulse of Honour, Confidence, and Duty, to
stand All Hazards. That which the World Accounts Brave, is in Truth,
so Better then Brutal, where there is not Reason, Justice, and Prudence to
Direct and Govern it. ’Tis One thing for a Man to be Firm, and Fearless,
against Honest Dangers, let them appear never so Terrible, when his Ho-
nor for that Purpoze; his Country, or his Conscience, calls upon him to
Encounter them: But to run his Head against Stone Walls, or to put his
Shoulders to a Sear-Breach, to Attempt insuperable Difficulties, and Need-
lessly to Provooke Invincible Enemies, purely out of a Vain Opinion of his
Own Strength: This would be just the Moral of the Ram here in the Fable.

F A B. CCCXXXII.

A Widow and a Green Adjut.

T here was a Widow that had a Twirling toward a second
Husband, and she took a Godflying Companion of hers to
her Affiunce, how to Manage the Job. The Truth of it is,
lays the, I have a Dear Mind to Another Bedfellow; but the
Devilish People would keep such a Sneering, and Pointing at
Q q me,


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me, they'd make me Cen Weary of my Life. You are a Fine Widow I find, say's Toster, to Trouble your Head for the Talk of the People. Pray will ye Mind what I lay to ye now. You have an Aff here in your Grounds; go your ways and get that Aff Painted Green, and then let him be carry'd up and down the Country for a Show. Do This, I lay, without any more Words, for Talk does but Bore Day-Light. The Thing was done accordingly; and for the first Four or Five Days, the Green Aff had the Whole Country at his Heels; Man, Woman, and Child, Staring and Hooting after him. In Four or Five Days More, the Humour was quite Spent, and the Aff might Travel from Morning to Night, and one Creature to take Notice of him. Now (says the friendly Adviser) A New-Marry'd Widow is a kind of a Green Aff; Every bodies Mouth will be Full en't. for the first four or five Days, and in four or five More, the Story will Cen Talk it fell Afkep.

The Moral.

Common Fane is as Affate and Impudent as a Common Strength. In Every Affate live to his Conscience, and never Trouble his Head with the Tale of the People.

REFLEXION.

There is no Mystery in telling us that a Widow may be Prevent'd upon to Think of a Second Husband's, but the Weight of this Emblem lies upon Thise Cafes where there Occurs a Thousand Simplexes, and Difficulties, that may terrile People at first, and yet in the Conclusion, prove but a Rime Days Wonder. The Folly of the Widow and the Green Aff, thus pleasantly enough, how only a Matter it is for a Bold Face, a Good Air, and a Reasonable Stock of Wit and Adrifs, to put Common Fane it fell out of Countenances; and it is a Part of Prudence beside, not to sink under the Impeachment of an Ill Report: Provided there be Integety and Innocence to Support That Firmness of Mind. A Wife Man will not make his Happiness Precarious; He looks to his Conscience, and leaves the World to take its Course. 'Tis the Novelty, not the Quality of Things, that en People a Gaping and a Gazing at them; But when they come once to be Familiar, the Wonder goes off, and Men return to their Wins again. The Main Consideration is This, whether the Matter in Questions be Good or Evil; Honourable or Dishonourable; Not according to a Vulgar Estimate, but in the Genuine Truth, and Nature of it. 'Tis Foolish either to Fear, or to Mind what the People say of a Man, in Cafes where he stands or falls to his Own Conscience.

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An Eagle and Rabbits.

T here was an Eagle that drew a Net of Rabbits, and carry'd them away to her Young. The Mother-Coy follow'd her with Tears in her Eyes, Adjouring her in the Name of All those Powers that take care of the Innocent and Oppressed, to have Compassion upon her Miserable Children: But she, in an Outrage of Pride and Indignation, Tears them prettily to Pieces. The Coy, upon This, Convenes a Whole Warren; Tells her Story, and Advice upon a Revenge: For Divine Justice (says the) will never suffer fo Barbarous a Cruelty to escape Unpunish'd. They Debated the Matter, and came to an Unanimous Resolve upon the Quaffion, that there was no Way of paying the Eagle in her Kind, but by Undermining the Tree where the Timber'd. So they all fell to Work at the Roots of the Tree, and left it to little Fowl hold, that the first Blatt of Wind laid it Flat upon the Ground. Night, Eagles and all. Some of them were Kill'd with the Fall; Others were Eaten up by Birds and Beasts of Prey, and the Coy had the Comfort at last, of Destroying the Eagle's Children, in Revenge for her Own.

The Moral.

'Tis Highly Impeccant, even in the Greatest of Men, 2nnecessarly to Pusche the Meanest, when the Pride of Pusrah Himsolf was brought down by Miserable Fags and Lice.

REFLEXION.

T he Ege's Nothing so Little as to be Wholly Depic't; for the most Inconsiderable of Creatures may at Some time or Other, by some Means or Other, come to Preven: it fell upon the Greatest; Not by it's Own Force so much, as by the Working of Divine Justice, till that will not suffer Oppression to put Unpunish'd. In cates of Powerful Injustice, the Greatest are not to Presume, or the Meanest to Delight. We are so Distinguish'd upon This Fable, what the Eagle did as a Tyrant, and what the did as a Bird of Prey. And likewise between a Fallow on a pure Vidrifice, and Thise Creatures where Divine Justice Intervenes toward the Avenge of the Innocent. Here is Power Triumphing over Weakness; a Criminal Cruelty over Helpless Innocence, and That Cruelty Incomparable too, and Deal to the Tears, Supplications, and Impowitz of a Tender Mother, on the Behalf of her Children. Now for the Humbling of this Unmerciful Pride in the Eagle, Providence has found out a Way, even by the most Delsable of Means and Creatures, to the Weaking.
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of Revenge: which shows likewise that Heaven takes the Cause of the Weak and the Guiltless into a particular Care.

This Counsel of the Robbers is somewhat in it of the Delphic Populocr Monitions, where the Number and the Agreement Supply the Want of Other Means: And we are taught from hence too, that Laws are not so much in Danger of Open Force, as of Secret Mistrust: For when the Foundation is once Lestetho, the Leadth Strength of a Communion lays the Whole Building in Rubbish. We are taught also, that the Only, or at least the Main Support of Power is Justice, in the Due Distribution of Reward and Punishment. Where these Two Principles are Perverted, the Government is off the Ballance, and the Worst Part of it is One Weight the Other. But the Judgments of Heaven supply the Defects of Common Justice, and Avenge the Cause of the Poor and Innocent upon the Heads of the Mighty: Vengeance, in fine, Treads upon the Head of Oppression, according to the Divine in This Fable of the Eagle and the Rabbit.

F A B. CCCXXXIV.

A PIGE sets up for Sovereignty.

There was a Master-Pige, that for his Bulk, Beauty and Strength, was look'd upon to be the Prince of the River, but the Sovereignty of the Fish was not Conferred on him, it seems, until he might Engross to himself the Empire of the Sea too. Upon this Ambitious Design, he Launch'd out into the Ocean, and put up his Claim to's; But a Prodigious Dolphin took this Encroachment upon his Right in such Dudgeon, that he set upon the Pige; Gave him Chace, and Purs'd him to the Borders of his own Stream, Informing that the Pige had enough to do to Save Himself; and from that Time forward, he had the Wit to keep within the Compass of his Own Domains.

The MORAL.

Ambition has no other Bounds, but what Providence has Preferred to it, for the Good of Mankind. Here shall thy Proud Waves Say: And there must be no Offspring Those Limits.

REFLEXION.

PROVIDENCE has Afford'd Every Man his Right and Station, and He that either Relinquishes his Own Natural Right, or Invades Another, is fall'n into a Disproportion in the Conclusion. Or however, in one of the men Seduc'd by Injustice, Oppression, and Abuses, there follows a Reflexion on the Keeping of what is Injuriously Gotten; so Injurious a Thrill after More and More full, and Nothing but Shame the Confusion in the End, when he comes to Count up Profit and Loss at the Foot of the Reckoning. This Ambitious Pige is but the Figure of some Petty Prince, that fancies himself up to be Troublesome, and to give Laws to a more Powerful Neighbour. The Dolphin Represents such Power that's more than's Match, and Bears him Home again. The Cae of the Fishes in the Fable, is just the same with that of Kings and Statists in Common Practice, And to carry the Allegory yet further; As the Ocean, on the One hand, to the Whole World, on the Other, is made the Field of Battle. Now All This is the Moral, leaves only to bid us Moderate our Desires, Keep our Ambitions within Bounds, and Live contented with our Lot.

F A B. CCCXXXV.

A SHEEP picks a Quarrel with a Shepherd.

A Sheep that was to be Shorn, took it very ill of the Shepherd that he should not satisfy himself with the Milk he gave him, without flattering her of her Wool too. The Shepherd, upon This, without any more Words, took one of her Lambs in a Rage, and put it to Death. Well, says the Sheep, and now y'have done your Worp I hope: No, says the Shepherd, when That's done I can Cut your Threat too, if I have a Mind to, and throw ye to the Dogs, or to the Wolves at pleasure. The Sheep said not One Word more, for fear of a Worf Milchief to come.

The MORAL.

When People will not Submit to Reason by Fair Means, they must be brought in by Force.

REFLEXION.

He that is not Master of Himself, or in his Own Power, has no Choice to play with to Induce himself Considerably to the Will of Another. Swallowing is to be from letting him at Liberty, that it only ties the Ribs and Haner. There must be no Muttering at Heaven for the Loss of Fortune, Children, or whatever else can be Dear to us; for there are Greater Afflictions on those for those; that shall dare to Prefer Wishes and Measures to the Divine Providence. Wherefore we should all set our Hearts at rest, upon these Two Considerations: Foes, That whatever comes from above, is for the Best: And Secondly, That there's No Concerning with it. The Perch must not clog Logic, and Exposefoliate with the Purser. And so for a Sleep to tell the Shepherd when he has killed her Lamb, alas now he has done his Work, and such Another kind of Delation, as that of Job's Wife was, when he had her Husband Cutt God and Die. We are not the Carvers of our Own Fortunes, and This way of Proceeding is an Adroit to all the Delations, Lights, and Duties of Religion, Nature and Reason.

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F A B. CCCXXXVI.

A Creaking Wheel.

A Waggoner took Notice upon the Creaking of a Wheel, that it was the Worst Wheel of the Four, that made the most Noise, and was wondering at the Reason of it. Oh, says the Waggon, They that are Sickly are ever the most Piping and Troublesome.

The Moral.

'He with Creaking Wheels as 'tis with Courtiers, Physicians, Lawyers (and with whom not?) They wantGreasing.

RE FLEXION.

WHEN People are Crazed, and in Disorder, 'tis but Natural for them to Groan, and to Complain. This is a Fat-Head’d Allusion, but it must serve for want of a better. The Unreliable of a sickly Habit of Body, is some fort of Excuse for being Troublesome and Importunate.

F A B. CCCXXXVII.

A Man had a Mind to try his Friends.

There was a Generous Rich Man that kept a Splendid and an Open Table, and Consequently never Wanted Guests. This Person found All People came to him Promptly, and a Custom took him in the Head to try, which of ’em were Friends, and which only Trucker-Flies and Spangers. So he took an Occasion one Day at a Full Table, to tell them of a Quarrel he had, and that he was just then going to Demand Satisfaction. There must be so many to so many, and he made no doubt, but they’d Stand by him with their Swords in their Hands. They All Excus’d themselves save only Two, which Two he reckoned upon as his Friends, and All the rest no better than Hangers on.

The Moral.

We may Talk of Many Friends, but not One Man of a Thousand will Stand the Test.

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F A B. CCCXXXVIII.

A Fox Praising hare’s flesh.

As a Dog was Preying hard upon the very Breech of a Fox, Up starts a Hare. Pray hold a Little, says the Fox, and the That Hare there while this is to be had: You never talked such a Morrel since you were Born; But I am all over Tainted and Rotten, and a Mouthful of My Flesh would be enough to Poyson ye. The Dog immediately left the Fox, and took a Course at the Hare; but she was too Nimble for him, it seems, and when he saw he could not Catch her, he very Differently let her go. The Hare had heard what Pass’d; and Meeting the Fox Two
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Two or Three Days after, he told him how safely he had serv'd her. Nay, says the Fox, if you take it to Heavily that I spoke so well of ye, what would you have done if I had spoken ill?

The Moral.

A Deceiving Bait, Friend is the Word of Enemies.

REFLEXION.

There are some sorts of Complimentation; and some Censes and Seacons of Applying it, that are more malicious, and Mischievous, than the Word of Calamities. Here's a Fox at a Pitch; and what's his Business now, but to Stop the Dog's Mouth with a piece of Hare's Fleece, for the Saving of his Own Skins! A Puff, says he, is much Better Meat then a Fox, and This Good Office over the Left Shoulder, is the Civility that he Values him for. He gives him his Good Word, (as we call it) to the very End, that he may be Eaten. How many Thousands of These Fares Compliments do we meet with in Our Daily Practice and Conversation. But a Crafty Knave is never without something or other to say for Himself, and a Baj Excuse is Better than None. The Fox's Civility, in Fine, was 200st as over and his Praising the Hare's-Cloak to the Dog, was Effectually no more then a Letter of Recommendation to the Common Hung-Man.

FAB. CCCXXIX.

A Plain Host Wins the Race.

There were a Great many Brave, Slightly Hosts with Rich Trappings that were brought out One Day to the Course; and Only the Plain Hag in the Company that made sport for all the rest. But when they came at last to Tryal, This was the Host that ran the Whole Field out of Distance, and Won the Race.

The Moral.

Our Smiles are No Competent Judges of the Excellencies of the Mind.

REFLEXION.

He that Judges by the Outside, and Pronounces upon the bare Appearance of Things, runs a great many Mistakes in One; for there's Treachery, Folly, Pride, and Ill Nature in it. Especially where the Course is accompani'd with Mockery and Scorn. 'Tis Inhumane, at the Best, to make Sport with one Another's Infirmities; which is Honour, and Christianly, we are bound to Cover. But it is Pleasent enough then, if People

FAB. CCCXL.

A Country-man and a Bait.

A Country-man was Hamper'd in a Law-Suit, had a near Friend and Kinman, it seems, that was a Lawyer, and to Him he went again and again, for Advice upon the Point; but he was still in Buff, and Buff, that he must come Another Time. The Poor Fellow took a Delicate Fat Kid with him, Next Bout, and the Lawyers Clark, upon hearing the Voice of it at the Door; let the Man in, and carry'd him to his Mutter, where he laid Open his Cafe, Took his Opinion; made Two Legs, One to the Counsel for Receiving him; Tether to the Kid for Introducing him, and so went his Way.

The Moral.

Money is a Pallion-Sport.

REFLEXION.

'Tis with Money as 'tis with Majesty; All Other Powers and Authorities Cease while That's in Place. 'Tis That which makes the Pat Boll (as the Proverb says) though the Devil Fips in the Fire. Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, Sisters, Relations, Friendships, are but Empty Names of Things, and Words Better No Farthing. 'Tis for that Governs the World.
A F A B. CCCXLII.

A Weak Young Man and a Wolf.

A Creeping Young Fellow that had committed Matrimony with a Bawd Gamester Lass, was so Amber'd up in a few Days, that he was like a Scoundrel then a Man. He was Basking himself one time in the Glare of the Sun, and some Huntsmen pass'd by him upon the Chase of a Wolf that led 'em That Way, Why how comes it (say's he) that you don't Catch That Wolf? They told him that he was too Nimble for 'em, Well (say's he) If my Wife had the Ordering of him, 'd spoil his Foxmanship.

The Moral.

Marriage they say breeds Caresses and Cocktails.

Reflection.

Flesh and Blood is but Flesh and Blood; and the indulging of Inordinate Appetites is the Ruins of Body, Soul, and Estate. This Fellow should have consider'd the Circumstances of his Confinement, before he made that Desperate Leap; for when a Man is Plung'd into an Irreconcilable State of Misery, he has but a Cold Barrenness to Comfort himself with a Jeff. And, 'twas but a Measuring Cuff at Last neither, whether he meant his Wife should have to do with the Wolf, in one Sense, or the Wolf with his Wife in another.

F A B. CCCXLIII.

A Nightingale and a Hawk.

A nightingale was singing in a Bush, down comes a Rascally Kite of a Sparrow-Hawk, and Whips her off the Bough: The Poor Wretch Plead'd for her life, that alas! her Little Carcass was not worth the While, and that there were Bigger Birds enough to be found. Well, says the Hawk, but am I so Mad d'ye think, as to Part with a Little Bird that I have, for
A Fable. CCCXLV.

A Lyon and a Dog.

A Lyon that found it Extreme Icksome to Live Alone, gave the Beasts of the Forest to Underland, that he was Resolv'd to make Choice of Some or Other of his Subjects for a Friend and Companion. There was a Mighty Bulle, who should be the Favourite, and to the Wonder of all the rest, the Lyon Pitch'd upon a Dog; for, says the Lyon, he is True and Faithful to his Friend, and will stand by him in All Times, and Hazards.

The Moral.

'Tis a Necessary piece of Providence, in the Instruption of our Children, to Train them up to Somewhat in their Youth, that may Honorably Maintain them in their Age. If the Dog had taken the Needles of the Great in her Consideration, as she did the Protection, she would have thought her self bound in Tenderness and Good Nature, according to the Moral, her self contributed to her Relief: But the Stool is rather to be laid upon a Preference of an Education of Industry, to That of Pleasure, and to shew, that we are in the First Place to Consider the Necessities of Life, rather then Matters of Ornament and Delight.

Reflection.

'TIS a Necessary piece of Providence, to the Instruption of our Children, to Train them up to Somewhat in their Youth, that may Honorably Maintain them in their Age. If the Dog had taken the Needles of the Great in her Consideration, as she did the Protection, she would have thought her self bound in Tenderness and Good Nature, according to the Moral, her self contributed to her Relief: But the Stool is rather to be laid upon a Preference of an Education of Industry, to That of Pleasure, and to shew, that we are in the First Place to Consider the Necessities of Life, rather then Matters of Ornament and Delight.

Reflection.

SOLITUDE is against Nature, but ill Company is worse then None. So that Life is not Life without the Blessing of a Friendly and an Edifying Conversation. The Difficulty only reaps in the Choise; wherein the Lyon here has taken his Right Measures: That is to say, he has made a True Judgment of the Matter; For he only Deserves the Ch ace of a Friend, that's Proof against all Temptations, either of Profit, or of Life.
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F A B. CCCXLVI.

A Lyon, Afs, and Hare.

Upon the Breaking out of a War betwixt the Birds and the Beasts, the Lyon Summon'd All his Subjects from Sixteen to Sixty, to appear in Arms, at such a Certain Time, and Place, upon pain of his High displeasure; and there were a World of Afs and Hares at the Rendezvous among the rest. Several of the Commanders were for turning 'em off, and Discharging 'em, as Creatures utterly Unfit for Service. Do not Mistake your self (says the Lyon,) The Afs will do very well for Trumpeters, and the Hares will make excellent Letter-Carriers.

The Moral.

God and Nature made Nothing in Vain. There is No Member of a Political Body so Mean and Inconsiderable, but it may be useful to the Publick in some Station or Other.

Reflection.

There is Nothing so Great as not to stand in Need of many things, in Common Appearance, the most Contemptible; And there is Nothing again'st Defensible; but that at some Time, or in some Case or other, it may be of Use and Service to us. 'Tis True, That one Thing is Preferable to another, in some Sort, or in some Respect; but it is True withal, that every Difficult Being has somewhat Peculiar to it, to make Good in one Circumstance what it Wants in Another. It is the Ignorance of the Nature of things, that makes us Defive, even the Meanest of Creatures. All Things are Created Good in their several Kinds, as All things severally are Subjective, in Some Degree or other, to the Beauty, the Order, and the Well being of the Whole. That which we find in the Course of Nature, holds likewise in Government, where the Lowest has its Place allotted it as well as the Highest. All Created Beings in fine, are the Works of Providence and Nature, that never did any thing to Vain. And the Moral of this Parable of the Lyon, the Afs, and the Hare, runs through the Universe; for there are Hares, Lyons, and Afs, in Kingdoms and Commonwealths, as well as in Fields and in Forests; And the Deed of this Figure holds good in All the Parts of the Creation.

F A B.

Abstemius's FABLES.

F A B. CCCXLVII.

Pigeons Reconcile the Halks.

There Happen'd a Bloody Civil War once among the Eagles, and what did the Poor, Peaceable, Innocent Pigeons, but in Pure Pity, and Good Nature, send their Deputies and Mediators to do the Beff they could to make 'em Friends again, so long as This Feud Lasted; they were so Intent upon Killing one another, that they Minded nothing else; but no sooner was the Quarrel taken up among Themselves, then they fell to their Old sport again of Destroying the Pigeons. This brought them to a Sight of their Error, and to Understand the Danger of Uniting a Common Enemy to their Own Ruine.

The Moral.

Good Men are never safe but when Wicked Men are at Odds. So that the Divisions of the One are the Security of the Other.

Reflection.

'Tis a Hard Matter in this Case to Reconcile Policy, and Good Nature: or to bring a Plain-dealing Innocence into a Constancy with Necessary Prudence; For Singleless of Mind passes in the World for want of Brains, and where Knavery is in Credit, Honesty is Rare to be a Drug; but Every Man must stand or fall to his own Conscience, and to Divide the Matter, is neither to Offend Christian Charity, nor Civil Difcretion. The Blessing that is pronounced upon the Peace-makers, does not Extend to Thrice Cales, where the Effect of the Peace shall be the Ruin of the Rebellious, and the Ruin of the Peace-makers, whether it be Jeff or Earnest; for there are Sham-Quarrels as well as Bloody Ones. In the One, a Man runs the Risque of his Hat, or his Cloak; in the Other, of his Life. We have tried to see this Fable remarkably Moralized among our selves upon the like Occasion; for still as the Common Enemy were at Variance, we had a sort of Peace-making Pigeons that would needs be Reconciling them, though the Only Security they had under the Sun was their Dividing.
A woman that brought fire into the house.

The question was put to an honest man newly married, what might be the meaning of his new bride bringing a torch out of her father's house into her husband's. Why this says he, I have East my father-in-law of a firebrand, to set my own house in a flame.

The Moral.

A contentious woman puts all in a flame wherever she comes.

Reflection.

This torch may be an allusion either to strife, and contention, or to the possession and consumption of the husband's estate. 'Tis to be hoped that there are stews, and watchful women now in the world, to answer this moral both ways.

A corrupt officer.

Certain governor of a province that had a long time pillaged, and oppressed the people under his charge, was called to account in the conclusion for the receiving of bribes, and sentenced to refund what he had wrongfully taken. He came as unwillingly to the stake, as a bear to the stake, which gave occasion to some bodies saying, that it was with this man and his money, as it is with women and their children. He was well enough pleased in the getting of it; but it went to the very heart of him when he parted with it.

The Moral.

Great officers are but like spoons; they suck till they are full, and then they come over to be spoilt; the very flowers of them come away with their money.
The MORAL.

Waste of Warning is No Excuse in the Cage of Death: For Every Moment of our Lives, either Its, or Ought to be a Time of Preparation for it.

REFLEXION.

'TIS the Great Blessings of Life to fit our selves for our End; and no Man can Live Well that has not Death in his Eye.

'Tis a Strange Mixture of Madness and Folly in One Saladkin, for People to Say or Imagine that ever any Man was Taken out of This World without time to Prepare himself for Death: But the Delay of Fitting our Selves is our Own Fault, and we turn the very Sin into an Excuse: Every Breath we draw is not only a Steep towards Death, but a Part of it. It was Born with us, it goes along with us: It is the only Constant Companion that we have in This World, and yet we never think of it any more than if we knew Nothing of it. The Text is True to the very Letter, that we Die Daily, and yet we Fear it not. Every thing under the Sun reads a Lecture of Mortality to us. Our Neighbours, our Friends, our Relations, that fall Every where round about us, Admonish us of our Life Hour, and yet here's an Old Man on the Wrong side of Four score perhaps, Concerning that he is surpriz'd.

FAB. CCLI.

A Miser and his Bags.

A Gentleman Rich Old finding himself at the Point of Death, caus'd his Coffers to be brought up, and his Bags laid before him. You and I, says he, must Part, and I would willingly Bequeath ye to Thole that will take most Delight in ye. Why then say the Bags, you must divide us betwixt your Heirs, and the Devils. Your Heirs will have Drink and Whores for your Money, and the Devils will be as well pleas'd on the Other hand, that they are to have your Soul for't.

The MORAL.

The Money of a Miser is the Last Friend he takes his Leave of in This World.
THE

FABLES

OF

POGGIUS.

FAB. CCCLII.

Industry and Sloth.

One was asking a Lazy Young Fellow what made him lye in Bed so long? Why (says he,) I am hearing of Cauties every Morning; that is to say, I have two Ladies at my Bed-side so soon as ever I wake. Their Names are Industry and Sloth: One bids me get up; the other bids me be still; and so they give me Twenty Reasons why I should take a few more Misses, and why I should not. 'Tis the part in the mean time of a Just Judge to hear what can be laid on both sides; and before the Cause is over, 'tis time to go to dinner.

The Moral.

We spend our Days in Deliberating what to do, and we end them without coming to any Resolution.

Reflexion.

This Fable does naturally enough set forth an Expression between Reason and Appetite, and the Danger of running our Lives in Dilatory Deliberations, when we should be rather Up and Doing. In all these Cases, 'tis odds that the Paradox carries it against the true Reason of the Things; for we are as Partial to our Corruptions, as if our Understanding were of Council for our Frailties, and manage Disputes of this kind, as if we had a Mind to be overcome. The Staggard's Case in this Fable is the Case of Mankind in all the Duties of a Virtuous and a Well-Govern'd Life, where Judgment and Confidence call us one Way, and our Lusts hurry us another. We spend All our Days upon Frivolous Preliminaries, without ever coming to a Resolution upon the Main Points of our Business. We will, and we will not, and then we will not again, and
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and we will. At this rate we run our Lives out in Adjournments from
Time to Time, out of a Fantastical Levity that holds us off and on, be
tween Flash and Burnard, as we say, to keep us from bringing the Matter
in question to a Final Clise. And yet we know well enough what we
ought to do, and what not, if we would but take the Light of Reasonable
Nature for our Guide, and hearken to the Counsellor that every Man ca-
ries in his own Breast. But Men in the General, are either too Lazy to
Search out the Truth, or too Partial, inavour of a Sentinal Appetite, to
take Notice of it when they have found it. They had rather be Tailing
the Esef and the Pleasures of Life, than Reforming the Errors and the
Vices of it. Does not the Voluntary Underhand in all the Liberties
of a Loose and a Lewd Conversation, that he runs the risk both of
Body and Soul on the one Hand, and Oppicks all the blessings that At-
tribute the Duties of Virtue and Sobriety on the other? Does not the In-
bition, the Envious, and the Revengetul Man know very well, that he
Taint of Blood, and Affectation of Domination by Violence and Op-
pulsion, is a most Dubitulous Outrage upon the Laws of God and Nature,
and upon the common Well-being of Mankind? But then People are
Hearing Curses too, with our Slog-ard in the Aisle at, that is to say, De-
liberating before Pusdon and Consequence, till at the End, they are cold
away, whether to Dinner or to Death, it makes no Matter, for the Man
is still the same.

F 33. CCCCIII.

A Cork and a Fox.

A Fox said a Cock at Roott with his Hen's about him.

Why now my Friend, says Reynard, What make you up so CX in a Place? Your Name is to be found in the Hen's Firma, and a Cock in the Air is out of his Element, Methinks.

But you don't hear the News perhaps; and it certainly me: there's a general Peace concluded among all Living Creatures, and not one of them is prefiguring this fine thing. Directly or Indirectly, to Hurt another. The Blefledet Ti-
dings in the World, says the Cock, and at the same time he stretches out his Neck, as if he were a looking at somwhat a Great Way off. What are you Peering at? says the Fox. Nothing says Reynard, but a Couple of Great Dogs yonder that are coming this Way, Open-mouth, as hard as they can drive. Why then says Reynard, I fancy I'd en't be Joggling. No, No, says the Cock, the General Peace will Secure you: Ay, quoth the Fox, so it will; but if these Rody Curs should not have heard of the Proclamation, my Coot may come to be Pink'd yet for all that. And so away he Scamper'd.

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The MORAL.

In all the Liberties of Flirting and Tricking One upon Another, there must feel a regard to the Feelings of Honour and Justice.

REFLEXION.

This is to tell us, that in these Cases one Needle must be driven out with another; and the Decreeing of the Decree doth double the Pleasure. To a Hard Matter to make a False Man and a False Tale confound with themselves, and when they come to Interfere, the Reason and the Argument of the Case returns upon the Head of the Impulse: So that it requires Great Care and Skill for a Man that has a Duck and a Double Delight upon Another, to keep Clear of Fainting with his own Reasons. Wherefore Parties and Lyars had need of Good Memories. A General Fear would have Secured the Fox as well as the Cook: But if the Fox would not stand the Dogs, the Cook had no Reason to Venture himself, with the Fox. All People that are Perfidious, either in their Conversation, or in their Kind, are Naturally to be Subjected in Report that favour their Own Interests: and when they can make nothing else own, they find it the Bell of their Play to put it off with a Jell. 'Tis a common thing for Captious People, and Double-Dealers, to be taken in their own Snare; as for the Purposes in the Matter of Power, Policy, the Fundamentals, and the Maxima of Government, &c. How many are there that Limit Sovereignty in One Case to Brain in another, and so Handle the same Question Fox and Coon, at the same Time? Government is to be Bound when it may serve one Turn, and Abolish when it may serve another. Inforhath that for want of Precedence of Thought, Men affirm what they Deny, and Deny what they Affirm, and run Counter to Themselves. If Sovereign Power cannot Distinct, 'tis Ty'd up they cry; and if it may be Ty'd up, 'tis no longer Sovereign Power; for that which Ty's it up, is Above it. At this Rate, One Doctrine In-
terferes with Another, and the very Foundations of Reason and Govern-
ment fall as Lai into a Paradis. When the Fox brings Tydings of a Peace,
and Schemes upon the Subject to the Fowry, Beware of the Grief. Your Fears Acts of Amity are no Other then the Old State Politicks I know not how
many Years ago. They Purdon all in General, in the Beginnings; those
that ought to be Hang'd, in the Middle; and not one Honest Man in the Conclusio. So that 'tis Ten to One the Cock was Exspected to the Proclama-
tion; and that though the Dogs were not allowed to Much as to kick their
Lips at: a Fox upon their Internoft Peril, Reynard had gotten a Privileg for
himself, yet to carry on his Old Trade among the Lambs and the Poultry
Himself, to the Mutilate of all Popular Shums, when the Multitude are
not to be led by the Nudes into a Fool's Paradis. The States-Peaces tell 'em
what Golden-Days are now a Coming, When Every Man shall live under his
own Roof, and Eat the Fruit of his own Fig-Tree: How Trade and Religion
shall Flourish, and the People in Short keep Holy-Day all the Year long.
There are Fine Words, but the Fox's Bulfinch upon the Upholt, is only the
Ganning his own Gut, without any respect to the Publick.
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FAB. CCCXCV.

A Tailor and his Wife.

There happen'd a Grievous Quarrel once between a Tailor and his Wife. The Woman in Contemplation of his Trade called her Husband Tinkel, he gave her a Box on the Ear for't, which served only to make her more outrageous. When this would do no good, he set her up to the Chim in a Hobe-Pond, but so long as her Tongue was at Liberty, there was not a Word to be got from her but the same Nick-Name in Derision over and over again. Well (says he to himself,) there's no way I perceive to Quiet this Woman but by stopping of her Mouth, and so he had her Duck next bout over Head and Ears. When she was under Water, and could call him Tinkel no longer with her Lips, he held up her Hands over her Head, and did it with her Thumbs by the Knicking of Her Nails; and when he saw that one, he was then glad to give her over.

The Moral.

The left Two Things; that is, an Impetuous Woman, are her Tongue and her Nails, when she cannot have her Will.

REFLEXION.

This is the Fortune of many an Honest Harmless Man, to have this Fable Moraliz'd to him under his own Roof; but the Better any thing is in it's Perfection, the Worse is the Corruption of it; as there is nothing more fatal than a Box on the Ear. To the same thing betwixt a Temperate and an Impetuous Woman. Tempests and Sea-Breeches are nothing to her. There's no Place for Reafoning with her, neither is there any thought of Curing her Will, by Appplying to her Body. But now for the Honour, and (in some sort) the Comfort of that Fair Sex, they do not suffer alone under the Scandal of this Figure; for Men have their Violent Passions and Tempers as well at Women, and Passions much more Dangerous too than the other. The Tailor's Wife was only a Good Hearty Woman, under the Impotency of an Unusual Whirlwind; She would have her Will, and marry would be, and that was all the Harm in it; but this another manner of Belforths when Men come once to be Transpired out of the Government of Themselves, and beyond the Use of their Reason. Their Violences are Mortal and Outrageous, even to the Ruin of Kingdoms, Common Wealths, Families, Persones, &c; and like a Torrent, they bear down all before them, Friends, Relations, the common Principles of Religion and Nature, or whatever else happens in their Way. Nay, they make it a Point of Honour to be Firm to their Wickedness, and with the Old Crest to their

The FABLES of Poggio.

(continued on next page)

The Unfortunate Woman happen'd to be Drown'd, and her Poor Husband was nightly in Pain to find out the Body; so away he goes along the Bank up the Course of the River, asking all he met still, if they could tell him any Tidings of the Body of his Dear Wife, that was over-ground in a Boat at such a Place Below. Why, if you'd find your Wife, they cry'd You must look for her down the Stream. No, No, says the Man, my Wives Will carried her against Wind and Tide all the Days of her Life; and now she's Dead, which way ever the Current runs she'll be sure to be against it.

The Moral.

The Spirit of Contradiction in a Crafty Womans is Incorruptible.

REFLEXION.

This falls hard upon the opposite Oblivions of some Women: and the Fright of the Consecr does not yet derogate from the Unfaithfulness of the Unfaithful Fable. The Analogy is Pleasant and Pernicious enough, betwixt a Living Fable. The Consequence of Honour, and Opinions to the ordinary Course and Regions of Things, and the Fancy of a Dead Body swimming against the Streams of Things, and the Fancy of a Dead Body against the Streams of Things. And the Lieute of Coughing the Master under this Figure, and of Wotning it after that Manner, carries no Offence with it, either to Conguity or Good Manners. Before, that the very Turn and Point of the Illustration is a Mark upon't to be Remember'd by: So that the Moral sticks by us, in a Mark upon't to be Remember'd by: So that the Moral sticks by us, and takes a Deeper Root, when we can call it to Mind afterwards by luck or an Token. There are some People that Value themselves upon being a kind of Antides to all Mankind, and is making others Mends Rules their Exceptions; Opposition and Contradiction in their Study and Delight. Now this is the Fright of the Consecr of some Pervasive Practice, as in the Affectation of being the First Breacher of an Heretical Opinion. Hence it comes that Half the World is in the Fright of being the First Breacher of an Heretical Opinion. Hence it comes that Half the World is in the Fright of being the First Breacher of an Heretical Opinion. Hence it comes that Half the World is in the Fright of being the First Breacher of an Heretical Opinion.
Agreeable on the one hand, that it must of Necessity be a very strong Temptation to the Quitting of the Beaten Road on the other. Mankind was all call'd to the same Mould, made liable to the same Afflictions, Enlightened with the same Principles, and we have all of us the same Rule to Walk by; the same Duties incumbent upon us in this World, and the same Pretensions to our Part in the next; insomuch that whoever affects a fantastic Simplicity of Customs to all his Fellow, he puts himself at some degree out of the Pale of a common Providence and Protection. Beside, that the Evil is so incurable in the Man to whom it is become Habitual, as it was with the Woman here in the Fable.

FAB. CCCLVI.

A Bishop and a Curate.

A Certain Country Curate, had a Dog that he had a Mighty Kindness for; the Poor Cur's sickness and Dyes, and his Master in Honour of his Memory gave him Christian Burial. This came to the Bishop's Ear, who presently sent for the Curate, Battled him to some Tune, with Menaces to the Highest Degree, and bringing such a Scandal upon the Function. My Lord, (says the Curate,) if your Lordship had but known the underlining of this Dog, both Living and Dying, and especially how Charitable an End he made, You would not have Grudged him a Place in the Church-Yard among the rest of his Fellow-Parishioners. How so, says the Bishop? Why, says the Curate, when I found he was Drawing bones, he sent for a Natarius, and made him Tell me, 'There's my Poor Lord Bishop in Want, says he, and it is my Will to leave him a Hundred Crowns for a Legacy.' He charg'd me to see it perform'd, and I have it here in a Purse for your Lordship ready Counted. The Bishop upon the Receipt of the Mony, gave the Priest Abolition, and found it a very good Will, and a very Canonical Burial.

The Moral.

Many Corrupt both Church and State.

Reflection.

There may be ill Men in Holy Orders, and the Lewdness of the Priest does not at all derogate from the Sacredness of the Function. Avarice on the one hand, is an Encouragement as well as a Precedent to

FAB. CCCLVII.

A Husband, Wife, and Shoddy Father.

A Man of Quality had got a Peevish Contentious Woman to his Wife, that was obferv'd to go every Day to Confession, and her Bufiness was not so much to Discharge
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charge her Conscience of her own Sins, as to tell Tales of her Husband. The Holy Father would be ever and anon Chiding and Admonishing the Carver, telling him, that if he would but come to Confession, he doubted not but to make him and his Wife Friends again. The Gentleman said, Yes, he would, and he went accordingly. The Good Man then bad the Penitent be sure to Examine himself thoroughly, and leave nothing out: Alas, Father, says he, for that Matter, there will be no need on’t, for you have had all my Sins in Confession from my Wife already, and a Thousand times more perhaps than ever I Committed.

The MORAL.

Column is half the Bufet in a Room, Bitterness suffet for Zeal, and our very Devotions are in Effect but Ltie against our Supplications.

REFLEXION.

There’s no such Cloak as Religion for all manner of Wickedness, and the Man is a black Fool that cannot Impose upon his Neighbour, when he has once got the Maffry of his own Confession: There’s no Evidence of our Thoughts, but our Works; and if any Hypocrite can but Conceal himself from the Eyes of his Companions, he never troubles his Head to Consider how Open he lays the Searcher of his Heart. What was the Penitent’s Confession here, but a Cover for his Calumny? And her Husband’s way after that of giving the Holy Father to Understand the Truth of the Matter, was a Turn Pleasanter enough.

’Tis a Field of a Large Latitude that the Devil has to Dance and to Play his Gambols in, when he lets himself to Preach upon the Text of Religion and Confession. In the Troubles of King Charle’s the First, what with Humiliations and Thanksgivings, Bedlams and Lectures, and Pulpet-lov’d Drives, the People had hardly any better Buffets at Church than to tell God Almighty Tales of their Sovereign: So that this Unhappy Prince might have Advised his Confessors upon the Birth of an Auncient Confession, as our Husband Advised his here in the Fablib, That Otho’s had done it for him, and told more than All beforehand. This was the Method of their Proceedings toward him through the whole Course of his Difficulties, from the First Odis- cious Remonstrance, to the Last Exercible Stroke upon the Scaffold. They began with Blasting him in his Reputation; they took up Arms against him, Hunted and Pursued him; seized his Revenues and his Person; Depo’d him from his Royal Dignity, Uplift’d the Government to Them- selves, and under the Colour of a Formality of Law, put him upon a Judicial Tryal, and took away his Life. And not One Step did they let all this while in the whole Track of this Iniquity, without Seeing the Lord first, and going up to Embrace of the Lord, according to the Cant of those Days, Which was no other than to Make God the Author of Sin, and to Impire the Blackest Practices of Hell to the Inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

FAB. CCLVIII.

An Old Man and an Afs.

An Old Man and a Little Boy were driving an Afs before them to the next Market to Sell. Why have you no more Wh., (says One to the Man upon the Whay,) than you and your Son to Trudge it a Foot, and let the Afs go Light? So the Man said the Boy upon the Afs, and Footed it Himself. Why Sirrah, says another this, to the Boy, Yc Lazy Rogy you, must you Ride, and let your Ancient Father go A-Foot? The Man upon this took down his Boy, and got up Himself. D’ye see (says a Third) How the Lazy Old Knave Rides Himself, and the Poor Little Child has much ado to Creep after him! The Father, upon this, took up his Son behind him. The next they met, asked the Old Man whether his Afs were his Own or no? He said Yes. Troth, there’s little to be said thereto, by your Loading him thus. Well, says the Fellow to Himself, and what am I to do now? For I am Laugh’d at, if either the Afs be empty, or if One of us Ride, or Both; and so in the Conclusion he Bound the Afs Legs together with a Cord, and they try’d to Carry him to Market with a Pole upon their Shoulders between them. This was Sport to every Body that saw it, infinum that the Old Fellow in great Wrath threw down the Afs into a River, and so went his way Home again. The Good Man, in Fine, was willing to pleace Every Body, but had the Ill Fortune to Pleace No Body, and left his Afs into the Bargain.

The MORAL.

Be that Reflexors not so go to bed till all the World is pleacd, shall be troubl’d with the Bissel-Afs.

REFLEXION.

So many Men, so many Minds; and this Diversity of Thought must necessarily be attended with Folly, Vanity, and Error: For Truth is one and the fame for Ever, and the Sentence of Reason stands as Firm to the Foundation of the Earth. So that no Man can be either Happy or Secure that Goves himself by the Humour and Opinion of the Common People. 'tis a Thing utterly impossible to Pleace All, and none but a Mad Man will endeavour to Pleace those that are Divided among themselves, and even a Pleace one another. A Wise, and an Honest Man lives
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by Rulé, and Confuses the Conscience of his Actions, without any Regard to Popular Applause. Did ever any Mortal yet in his Right Mind, Advise with the Mob about the Government of his Life and Manners? (Or which is all one, with the Common and Profligate Enemies of Reason and Virtue.) Did ever any Creature make a Friend or Conscience of them? Why should we be fickle then to be thought well of by them that no Prudent Good Man ever thought well of? They are all Pasion and Fancyn, without either Judgment or Moderation. They neither understand what they do, nor why; but act with a Kind of Impetuosity that seems mistaken Consideration or Conduct. So that it is in truth a Seance, and an Illusion to Please them; but a work yet, for a Man to value himself upon the Reputation of a Popular Favour. What are their Affections but violent Transportations that are carried on by Ignorance and Rage? What are their Thoughts of Things, but variety of Inconvertible Errors; And what are they themselves in their own Nature, but a Fbrand rather than a Society? Their Humour is very Happy for forth in this Fable; and to the Vanity of the Old Man’s endeavouring to keep Fair with them; for they are still unlearned with the Present State of Things, and consequently never to be pleased. Now if a Man had nothing else to do but to Fool away his Days in the pursuit of Phantomes and Shadows, and then at last lie down in the Drift like a Breezy, without any Fear or Danger of an after-Reckoning, the Care were taken; but for a Reckonsable Soul to Pull-pone the most Neccessary Offices and Duties of Life, and to Hazard the very life of Heaven itself, in favour of a depraved Appetite: What has he to Answer for, that shall be found Guilty of so Impetuous a Madness? The very Dog’s not worth the Hanging that runs out at Check, and less every Cackling Crow or Daw drives him from his Game and Business. To Conclude: A due Consideration of the Vanities of the World will Naturally bring us to the Contempt of it; and that Contempt of the World will as certainly bring us Honour for Ourselves. This was the Cafl of the Poor Man here, when he had Try’d this, and that, and ‘ther Experiment, he threw all his Care and Follies together with his Afs into the River: And then he was at Rest.

FAB. CCLXI.

A Man Dreamt he found Gold.

A Man fancied in his Sleep, that he was carried by the Devil into a Field to Dig for Gold, where he found a Great Treasure; so the Devil advised him not to take Away with him at present, but rather to leave some particular Mark upon the Place, that he might find it another time. What Mark? says the Dreamer. E’en down with your Breeches, quoth the Devil, and lay your Tail there; my Life for yours, do but keep your own Counsell, and no Body will look for Gold in that Place. The Fellow did as he was bid, and when he Waked, he found that his Dream was out.

The Moral.

He that Confests to deal with the Devil for Money in his Sleep, ’twas he for’d he would do it Waking too, if it lay fair for his Hand.

REFLEXION.

It is a School-Quotation how far a Man is answerable in many Cases for his Dreams: Now here was Ablation, Discourse, and Conduct. So that both the Understanding and the Will had their Parts in the Story: Where Avarice was at One End on’t, ’twas no wonder that the Devil should be at the Other. But Men go to the Devil for Money Waking as well as Sleeping: Nay, and Men of all Sorts and Qualities too, from the Prince to the Beggar, Churchmen, State-men, Tradesmen, Lawyers, and who not? And if all that go to Hell upon that Errand, should Behold the Sheets, there would be a World of Work for the Waifs-Women.

FAB. CCLX.

A Country Fellow and a Hog.

In a Certain Country where it was the Custom for any Man that Kill’d a Hog, to invite the Neighborhood to Supper with him; a Curmudgeonly Fellow that had a Hog to Kill, advis’d with one of his Companions how he might have the Charge of that Supper. Why (says he) do but give it out to Morrow Morning, that the Hog was Stolen the Night before; for a good Face on’t, and your Work is done. Away goes this Man Open-Mouth, next Morning, Bawling it about, that his Hog was Stolen. Right, Right, says his Camarade, Roar it out as I bad you. Ay, but says the Hog-Merchant, with Damned Oaths and Imprecations. My Hog is Stoll’n in Good Earnest, Upon my Life, says ’ther, thou dost it Rarely. So the one Swore on, and the other Fe’d on, till in the Conclusion the Church found he was Banter’d out of his Hog; for the Hog was Stollen indeed.

The Moral.

Penny Wise, and Pound Foolish.
An English translation of the text from the image is as follows:

**FABLES of Poggius.**

**RELECTION.**

This is a Poin of Decency and Diccretion for a Man to Comply with the Common Customs of the Place, where he Lives, over and above the Rules of Good Neighborhood and Society. So that the Old Hands here was well enough for'd to be trick'd out of a whole Hog for the Saving of his Puddings: And it was to much the better too, that he was of the Plea to the Fending of Himself, and had his own Jet turned upon him in Earnest; For he was caught in his own Snare, and met withal, as we say, in his own Kind. And we may make this farther Use on't, That an Ill-Natur'd Thief is next Door to Squandering: He was Cheated, and he was Laugh'd at, and he Defer'd both; for he made himself a Party to the Picking of his own Pocket, and the very Sham that he designed upon his Neighbour was turned upon Himself. The Frollick was Pleasant and Persuasive enough, but the Consequence of the Cafe is another Question; though there's this to be laid for't, that it was but one Fraud paid with another, and that he Himself went half way in't by his own Content. Twas with the Meat and the Hogs, as with the Boy and the Wolf; he would be crying a Wolf, a Wolf, when there was none, and then could not be Believed when there was.

**FAB. CCLXI.**

A Florentine and a Prince-Courte.

A Florentine bought a Horse for so many Crowns, upon Condition to pay one Half down upon the N ail, and be a Debtor for the rest. The Horse-Courte comes to the Florentine next Morning for the remainder of the Money. So says the Florentine, A Bargain's a Bargain: My Contract was to be your Debtor for the Rest, and if I Pay it, I'm no longer your Debtor.

The Moral.

Conceits and Wits make no Sense.

**RELECTION.**

This Fable is only a silly Tale told for the Tale's sake, without any further Mystery or Meaning that I can perceive in't. If the Frollick had been Doubled, or laid by the Heels for the Fallacy, or but Laugh'd at for the Conceit, it would have serv'd for a Caution to People how they Trifle and play the Follies between Jet and Earnest in Matters of Common Honesty, Good Faith and Benefits. Or it would have been a Moral...
The FABLES of Poggius.

FAB. CCLXII.

An Afo Taught Grammar.

There was a Bold Undertaking Pedant, Wager'd his Neck against a certain Sum of Money, that in Ten Years time he would Teach an Afo to Write, Read, and Chick Logick. His Friends called him a Thouhand Mad-men for casting away his Life upon so absolute an Impossibility. Pray Gentlemen (says the Undertaker,) have but a little Patience; for 'tis odds, that before the Term's out, either the Prince Dies (that's a Party to the Contract,) or the Afo Dies, or the Adventurer Dies, and then the Danger's over.

The Moral.

Collusion without Malice is, in many Cases, not only Legal but Necessary.

REFLEXION.

There are some Cases wherein a Man may justify some sort of Shuffling and Evading, without any Offence to Honour or Good Faith; as in a Case for the Purpoe, where the gaining of Time may be as much as a Man's Life or Estate is worth. Some Men are but one Remove from Some Afo, and the difficulty of Teaching the one, is next Door to the impossibility of Teaching the other. The very Proposition is a Whimsie pleasant enough, to show the Vaniety of attempting to make a Philosopher of a Blackhead: Neither is it of a Quality to be Understood according to the Letter. So that in such a Case, the Afo can but Save himself by a Shift, or a Figure, 'tis all that can be desired; and the Conditions naturally implied, fall within the fair Equity of the Quizzion. There are certain Bounds and Terms of Railley that may very well stand with the Rules of Honesty and Good Manners; that is to say, Where the Liberty carries neither Malice, Scurrility, nor Ill Nature along with it: And the different Manage of such a sort of Freedom, between Jeff and Earnell, Scallion the Entertainers of an Agreeable Conversation. We should fly to our Selves in all our Difficulties upon the Apprehension of Temporal Difficulties to come, as this Pedant in the Fable did to his Relations and Companions; Let it be Beadsage, Lots of Friends, Beggary, Banishment, may Death it fell, [This or that may Intervene.] It is an Unaccountable Weakness for a Man to put himself upon the Torment at present, for fear some body else should Torment him Seven Years hence. If it not enough for us to be Miserable when the time comes, unless we make our selves to beforehand, and by Anticipation when we have gone as far as Conscience, Honour, Industrie, and Human Prudence can carry us, toward the prevent, or the avering of the Danger that threateneth us, we are to remit the till to Providence, and wait the good Pleasure of Heaven with Patience, Humility and Reconciliation. This Man was to Die at Seven Years end, unless he could bring to pass a thing impossible. Now sooner or later, (and which of the Two is uncertain,) we are all of us to Die. Why are we not as Solicitous now for the Certainty of the Thing as for the Appointment of the Time, when a Thouhand Accidents may interpose to divert the one, and the other is wholly inevitable?

FAB. CCLXIV.

A Priest and Epiphany.

To Morrow (says the Curate) is to be Celebrated the Feast of Epiphany; I do not know whether the Saint be a Man or a Woman; but the Day however is to be observed with Great Solemnity.

The Moral.

The Silences of the Person does not at all Degrade from the Dignity of his Character and Commission.

REFLEXION.

This is a Dry Fable, and there's nothing to be gotten out of it but by Squeezing. It may pass however with a little Force, for a Reapropooh upon the Ignorance of many People in their own Trade, provided always that there be no Reflection upon the Professors of it, which is but too much the Practice of Loose Men, and of Troublesome Times; as if the Commissioners were to blame for the Person's fault that abuses it. There are Men of all sorts, Good and Bad, in all Functions and Societies: and the Order of the Office, is never the work for the Failings of an Ill, or a Weak Man that has the Execution of it. It was well turn'd by Mr. Sidon upon an Alderman in the Long-Long Parliament, on the Subject of Episcopacy. Mr. Speaker, says the Alderman, There are some Grammars against such and such of the Prelates, that we shall never be Quiet till we have no more Bishops. Mr. Sidon upon this, Informs the House, what Grievous Complaints there were for High Prelates against such and such Aldermen, and therefore, says he, by a Parity of Reason, it is my Humble Motion that we may have no more Aldermen. Here was the Fault transferred to the Office, which is a Dangerous Error; for not only Government, but Human Society it itself may be Dissembled by the same Argument, if the Frailties or Corruptions of particular Men shall be Charg'd upon the whole.
The FABLES of Poggioius.

FAB. CCLXV.

A CRAFTY RECKONING paid with a Song.

A Hungry Traveller stepped into an Eating-House for his Dinner, and when he had filled his Belly, mine Host brought him his Reckoning. Well, says the Traveller, I must e'en Pay you with a Song, now; for I have not one Penny of Money. 'Tother told him in short, that his Business was Money, not Muffick. But what if I should give you a Song yet that shall Content you? (says the Man again,) Will you not take that for Satisfaction? Yes, says the Victualler, if I like it. So he fell to Singing I know not how many Songs, one after another. But the Muffler told him in one Word, that Songs would pay no Scores where he had to do. Well (says the Songster,) Let me try but once more now, and I shall go near to fit ye. So he took out his Purse as if he would open it, and at the same time Sung him a Song with this Bob to't, Out with your Purse, and Pay your Host. How d'ye like this now? (says the Traveller,) Oh very well, says mine Host. Why I thought I should fit you at last with a Song that would Please you, quoth the other, and so he went away.

The Moral.

There are some ways of Feeding that do the Bishops of Skill and Adroitness.

REFLEXION.

The Concepion Sharper here in the Fable, see forth the Humour and Character of the Cunning Buffoons that a Man meets every Day in his Farthing Dlish; that is to say, in Courts, and at Great Mens Tables, as well as elsewhere. These same Jack-Pudding Smell Feasts are certainly the most Delightful Creatures under the Sun, unless perhaps their Partners that Pursue and Encourage them may be the more Comprehensible Wretches of the Two. They make Feasting their Business and their Livelihood, and live like Ireland Shocks, by Thieving Tricks for Bread. They turn Conversation into a direct Farce: Their Wit i.e. either Scurvily or Frothy, which they manage at such a Rate, as if Human Reason were a Faculty only to make Sport withal.

FAB. CCLXVI.

A Ffair, a Lushe and a Wolf.

A Certain Mendicant (one of those that beg in the Name of St. Anthony,) contracted with a Country Fellow for such a quantity of Corn to Enforce his Sheep, and his Husbandry for that Year. The Man depended fo abolutely upon this Security, that he e'en left his Sheep to look to themselves, and the Wolf picked up I know not how many of them. This pull on, till the Holy Brother came for his next Years Provision. Yes, says the Clown, You're a Truthy Spark indeed, to take Charge of my Sheep, and then let the Wolf Eat them all, your Promises are not worth a Fart, and I'll have no more to do with you. Ah! that fame Villainous Wolf, says the Religious! Indeed you must have a care of him, for he's e'en a wicked Beast, that he shall not only Deceive St. Anthony, but St. Anthony's Muffler himself too, if he had it in his Power.

The Moral.

All Promises are either broken or kept.

REFLEXION.

Here's a Reproof to all Religious Cheats and Impostors that Promise more then they are able to Perform, and Preach false Doctrines to their Disciples, which they do not believe themselves. When Churches come once to be Mercenary, and to Profitize the Truth for Money, no wonder, after their Example, if the Loyal Govern their Confessions so by the same Maxime. It makes Religion look like a Trade, or a Conveniance of State, then a Divine Inspiration: Nay, it haggers People in the very Foundations of their Faith, to see Mufflers at Variance with themselves, and the Pelgirs changing with the Times, and Paralyzing upon the Gofled. Holy Men Teach in their Lives as well as with their Lips, and it draws an Irreverence upon the Function, where the one bears a Contradiction to the other. There must be no Preaching of Salvation one Day, and Damnation another, upon one and the same Text. There are Quacks in Divinity, as well as in Physick, and Preachers to the Undoing of all Sin, as well as to Remedies for all Dificulties. But the Curate went beyond his Province, when he threatened his Parent for the Care of Souls, to a kind of Tertiary Guardianship over Goods and Charters. When such an Impostor has once forfeited the Credit of his Doctrin, 'tis a Thread' Temptation to his Disciples to question the very Authority of his Confutiation, and to take the Stories he tells 'en of the next
The FABLES of Poggioius.

The next World, to be no better than a Trick of Spiriting Men away into a Fool's Paradise: But when he comes once to be Detected, he has either the Wulf or the Devil to bring him off again.

FAB. CCLXVII.

A Priest and a Sick Man.

A Priest that was willing to give a Sick Man a Word of Comfort in his Extreme Misery, told him, That when the Lord loves he Chaffens. 'Tis no wonder he has so few Faithful Servants then, says the Poor Man; and I'm afraid he'll e'en have Fewer if he goes this way to work.

The Moral.

Ignorance is some sort of Escapes, for a Man that Speaks or does an Ill thing, with a good Intention, or without Understanding that he did or says Amiss.

REFLEXION.

A Man should no more commit such a Fakt as this is, to the Publick, without somewhat of a Caution or Controll upon's, than he would throw Ras's-bane up and down a Houfe where Children and Fools might come at it: For there are Liqueirth and Inconsiderate Readers, as well as Children, and the one is in as much danger of Mitaking Evil for Good, as the other is of taking a Dole of Mercury, for a Sweetness. As for Example, here's a Levant, Aibusitical Fancy, exposed at Random, which some People will be forward enough to take, as it stands Uncorrected, for a very fine thing said, and by that means gives some sort of Reputation to a Liberty that is not upon any terms to be condoned. Now we are in Charity to presume, that the Author never intended this Extravagant Inlevance for a Precedent, and therefore the Imperfection of the Fable, must be help'd out by some Pertinent Application of it in an Instructional Moral.

The Drudges that arise from this Text, will fall under the Topick of the Government of the Tongue, and reach, in the Latitudes, to all the Terroirs and Exotics of that Unruly Member: As Blasphemy, Calumny, Scurrility, Prophanescs, False, Vain, and Evil-Speaking, and the like; which are all naturally enough reducible to the Name Root, as they do effectually proceed from the same Root. He that has gotten a Fable of letting his Tongue run before his Wife, will rather lose his Honour of his Friend, then his Jell; nay, and venture his Salvation over and above too, into the Bargain. As in the Case here before us, where we have a Libertine Fooling even in his Last Agencys, with a Writement bewraying his Teet, without any regard to the Circumstances of Soberity and Conscience. But this is a Wickedness only for Profligates and Madmen, to make Sport with, and Men of better Sense to Tremble at: for there must be no Chaffing and Trilling with the Majesty and Judgments of the Almighty.

FAB. CCLXVIII.

A Physician that Cure'd Mad-Men.

There was a Physician in Milaoe that took upon him to Cure Madmen; and his way was this: They were Ty'd Naked to a Stake, and then let up-right in a Neaty Puddle, Deeper or Shallower, according to the degree of the Diftere, and there to continue, till berwick Cold and Hunger might be brought to their Wings again. There was one among the rest, that after Fifteen Days Soaking, began to thaw some Signs of Amendment; and so got leave of the Keeper for the Liberty of the Court, and the House, upon condition not to fet Foot over the Threshold of the Streets. He left his Promise, and was as good as his Word. As he was standing one Day at the Outer-Gate, there came a Fallow-Runner riding by, with his Kites and his Curs, and all his Hawking Trade about him. Heart ye Sir, says the Mad-Man, a word with you: And so he fell to asking him Twenty Idle Questions. What was this, and what was that, and 'tis the? And what was all this good for? and the like. The Gentleman gave him an Answer to every thing in Form. As for Example, This that I Ride upon, (says he) is a Hoft, that I keep for my Sport; and this Bird upon my Felt is a Hawk that Catches me Quails and Partridge; and those Dogs are Spaniels to spring my Game. That's well, says the Fool, and what may all the Birds be worth now, that you catch in a Twelve Month? Why it may be none Ten or Fifteen Pound perhaps, says the other. Ay but (says the Mad Fellow again,) what may all your Hawks, Dogs, and Hopes cozt you in a Year? Some Fifteen times as much perchance, says the Fallow-Runner. Get you out of the way then immediately (cries the Fool,) before our Doctor gets fight of you; for if he forced me up to the Middle in the Pond, you'll be in as fire as a Gun up to the Ears if he can but set Eye on ye.
The FABLES of Poggius.

The MORAL.

Every Man living is Mad in some respect or other, and the Devils themselves are Mad as the Patients.

REFLEXION.

This story gives us to understand in the Application of it, that there are more Mad-men out of Bedlam than in 5; and that according to Heres, we are all Mad, every Mother’s Child of us, more or less; and therefore his but Neighbourly Justice for One Mad-man to bear with another. ‘Twas well enough said of a Fellow in a Mad-House that was ask’d in the Interval of his Distemper how he came to be there: Why, says he, ‘The Mad Folks abroad are too many for us, and so they have Mustard’d all the sober People, and Crow’d us up here’. There’s an Aversion of Mind in the Moral, as well as in the Physical Acceptation of the Expression; and he’s as Mad a Man that abides his Reason, as he that has lost the Exercise of it; besides, that there’s as great a Diversity of Freak and Extravagancy in the one Scale as in the other; and they have their Paroxysms and their Intermittents both alike. Every Man living in fine, has his weak side, and ’tis but striking the right Vein to set the Humour a Working.

The General Doctor of this Parable, we find gamm’d up in a very few Words here; that is to say, he that eagerly pursues any thing, and gives more for’t then it is worth, is no better than a Mad-man. Now the way to make a true Estimate both of the Price and of the Purchase, is only to let the one against the other, and so to balance the Account. One Man Head runs Riot upon Hawks, Hounds, Dice, Drabs, Drinking, Reveling, and for Folly’s sake, we may e’en take in the whole Roll of Good Nature’s Sons and Senses, (if I may call them so,) that may serve to Gratify a Sensible Appetite. Let but a Man consider now the Time, Money, Labour, and Vexation that this Wild-Goose-Chase has cost him, and then lay to himself on the other hand, what have I gotten to answer all this Expenditure, but the Loofe, Giddy Frollick of a few Mad Hours, attended with Claps, Gouts, Palms, Inflamy, Beggary, Nausious Qualms, Suffering Satiety, Anxiety of Thought and Confuscinence, and all attended with the Anguish of a Late and Unprofitable Repentance in the Conclusion; And it is the same thing too with the Diabolical Transports of Ambition, Pride, Envy, Revenge, and the like; over and above the Irreparable Loss of a Thousand Blinked Opportunities, to the extreme Hazard of Eternity it self. When ’tis come to this once, there’s no way but the Doctor’s Discipline; that is to say, Mortification and Affliction to bring us to our Selves again.

THE FABLES of Poggius.

A Country Fellow Climbing a Tree.

A Country Fellow got an Unlucky Tumble from a Tree: Why this ’tis, (says a Passer-by,) when People will be doing things Hand over Head, without either Fear or Wit: Now could I have taught you a way to climb a Thousand Trees, and never hurt your self with a Fall. Alas, says another, the Advice comes too late for this Bout, but let’s have it however; for a body may be the better for’t another time. Why then (says the Traveller,) You must take care for the future, whenever you Climb another Tree; that you come no fatter down than you went up.

The MORAL.

Do nothing rashly.

REFLEXION.

‘Tis Good Counsell rather to take Time and Leasure in matters that will bear it, then to venture Neck and All with overmuch Halt. All Rash and aspiring Amours, fall under the Reproof of this Moral; for there are Climbers in State, as well as in Woods and Orches; and Favourites run as great a Risque in Mounting to Honours, Charges and Preferments, as the Fellow did here in Climbing an Apple-Tree. Their Rise is commonly Gentle and Steep by Steep, but when they are once up, they are in danger of falling down again by their own Weight: Wherefore Slow and Sure are in their Caules, is good Counsell. ’Tis a Rogery kind of a Saying, that He that will be Rich before Right, may be Hung’d before Moon. High Places are Slippery, and it turns the very Brain of a Man to look down from ’em. He that first call’d Experience the Mother of Fools, might at the same time have told us upon the Opposition, that Nature is the Mother of Wife Man: Only the one looks forward from the Caules into the Efftick, and the other traces the Truth, and the Reason of Things backward, from the Efftick up to their Caules. That is to say, the one Teaches us Wit, by shewing us where we play’d the Fool, and the other Teaches us Wit, by keeping us before-hand from Playing the Fool at all. To apply this Moral to the Fable now, the first of it rests upon the matter of Forc’d fight, and After-Wit, and the Doctor tells us, that he that wants the one, must make his Belt of the other: This was the very Caule of the Man in the Orchard here, before and after his Fall. Now Nature does nothing by Stuffs and Lumps, or in a Hurry, as we say; but all her Motions are Gradual, Regular, and without Noise, which may serve us for a Leillon, and a President, not to do anything Rashly.
The FABLES of Poggius.

Fab. CCCLXX.

One that had lost his Gown and Cloaths at Play.

A fellow that had lost his Mony and Cloaths at Play, stood in a Tavern Door, to think of what would become of him. One of his Acquaintance came to him, and asked him what he Cry'd for? For Nothing says he. How come you to Cry then, says the other, if you have nothing to Trouble you? Why for that very Reason, says he, because I have Nothing. Now the one took it that he had no Reason to Cry, and the other meant that he Cry'd because he had nothing left him.

The Moral.

Caution is an Instructive as Precepts; the one shows us what we are not to do, and the other what we are.

Reflection.

This Quirk is little better than the Childen's Play of Biddle me,陈列 me; though the Conceit I know is Celebrated among the Apothegms of the Ancients. The Mony and the Cloaths were lost on purpose to make way for the Joke; as the Gentleman dropped his Book into the River, off of Menlio Bridge in Cambridge: What's that, says one of his Acquaintance that was pitting by? Alas, says the other, 'tis: But now the Book was lost. We may observe from hence, what Pains some Men take to make themselves Ridiculous, and that Study may Improve a Coconum as well as a Philosopher. We may learn further, that Men do not know when they are well, or when they have enough; but that and squander till they would half Ruin themselves at last, to be where they were again. It may be another Note too, the Inconsideration of Jesting in Cases of Difficulty: so that the Figure at last is Fool all over. Upon the whole, the Fellow Plays, and tells his very Back-side, and then Cries: And what is all this now, then the laying of a Train for the bringing in by Head and Shoulders the miserable Conceit of Nothing upon Nothing.

Fab. CCCLXXI.

A Mickle being of Wheat.

Upon a time when there was an Extreme Scarcity of Corn in Florence, a Poor Wretch with one Eye, was sent to the Market with a great Sack, to Buy such a Provision of Wheat. He goes to his Corn-Merchant, and asks him the Price of so many Mears or, and says, one of these Mears is as much as one of your Eyes is worth, (meaning, that Wheat was very Dead.) Why then cries an Unlucky Wagg, that flod by there, A left Bag methinks might have serv'd your turn, for One of those Mears is as much as you are able to pay for.

The Moral.

A Loose Tongue is the common Enemy of Mankind.

Reflection.

It is a high Point of Ill Nature and Ill Manners, to make Sport with any Man's Misfortunes, that he cannot help; and it holds as well to two in the Case of our Misfortunes, if we have not brought them upon ourselves by our own Fault. Tis enough, where any thing of this falls out one way or other, that Providence and Nature will have it so: But Inconsiderate Men will flatter neither Friend nor Foeman: and make themselves the common Enemies of Mankind. Men that are given to this Licentious Humour of Seeling at Personal Blamishes and Deaths, should do well to reflect, and begin their Animadversions at Home; for which is the Greater Scandal, the want of Charity, Modesty, Humanity; or the want of an Eye. 'Tis the Reasonable Soul that makes the Man, not the Body; and a Defect in the Noblest Part is Ten Thousand Times more liable to Reproche, than an Improver in the other. We are not answerable for our Passions, but for our Manners we are. The Scoffer should do well to consider upon the Sight of a Craple, or a Moosler, that it was only the Dillinguishing Mercy of Heaven that kept him from being one too, and not render himself by his Ingratitude the more Abominable Moosler of the Two. The Boy in fine, did very ill, and if he had but been soundly Whipt for't, it would have Perfected the Morality of the Fable.

Fab. CCCLXXII.

A Countryman with his Affer.

Country-man that had been at Market with his Corn, and was Driving his Affer Home again, Mounted one of the Belt of them to Eafe himself: When he was up, he fell to Counting, and so kept Telling them over and over, all the way he went, but full wanted one of his Number. Upon this, away he goes to the Market Town, where he came,
A man that carried his Plough to Eafe his Oxen.

A Peasant that had Plow'd himself and his Oxen quite a Weary, Mounted an Afs, with the Plough before him, and set the Oxen to Dinner: The Poor Afs, he found was ready to Sink under the Load, and so he took up the Plough and laid it upon his own Shoulders. Now, says he to the Afs, Thou mayst carry Me well enough, when I carry the Plough.

The Moral.

Some Beast Animals, have more understanding than some Men.
Miscellany Fables.

**F a b. CCLXXIV.**

*A Fox and a Cat.*

There was a Question started betwixt a Fox and a Cat, which of the Two could make the best Shift in the World, if they were put to a Pinch. For my own part, (says Reynard,) when the worst comes to the worst, I have a whole Budget of Tricks to come off with at last. At that very Instant, up comes a Pack of Dogs and Cry toward them. The Cat presently takes a Tree, and sees the Poor Fox torn to Pieces upon the very Spot. Well, (says Puss to herself,) One Sure Trick I find is better than a Hundred Slippery ones.

**The Moral.**

Nature has provided better for us, than we could have done for our selves.

**Reflection.**

One Double Practice may be disapprob'd by another; but the Gifts of Nature are beyond all the Shams and Shufles in the World. There is such a difference between Craft and Wisdom, as there is between Philosophy and Sigill of Hand. Shifting and Snuffing may serve for a Time, but Truth and Simplicity will most certainly carry it as long run. When a Man of Trick comes once to be Deceived, he's Lost, even to all Intent and Purposes: Nor but that one Invention may in some Cases be Honestly Countermin'd with another. But this is to be laid upon the whole Matter. That Nature provides better for us, than we can do for our selves; and affords every Creature more or less, how to shift for it, as high as Cuffs of Ordinary Danger. Some bring themselves off by their Wings, others by their Heels, Craft, or Strength. Some have their Cogs or Hanging Places; and upon the Uplift, they do more by Virtue of a Common Instinct toward their own Preservation, than if they had the whole College of the Four of their Adversers. It was Nature in fine, that brought off the Cat, with the Four whole Budget of Inventions fail'd him.

**F a b. CCLXXV.**

*A Dancing Apes.*

A certain Egyptian King Endow'd a Dancing-School for the Institution of Apes of Quality; and when they came to be Perfect in their Leffons, they were Dress'd up after the best manner, and so brought forth for a Spectacle upon the Stage. As they were in the Middle of their Gamboles, some body threw a Handful of Apples among them, that let them presently together by the Ears upon the Scramble, without any regard in the World to the Business in Hand, or to the Dignity of their Education.

**The Moral.**

The Force of Nature is infinitely beyond that of Discipline and Imagination.

**Reflection.**

Men have their weak Sides as well as Apes, and it is not in the Power of Study and Discipline to extinguish Natural Inclinations; no, not so much as to Conceal them for any long time, but they'll be breaking out now and then by Start and Surprizes, and discover themselves. The Apes were Taught their Ape Tricks by a Dancing-Master; but it was Nature that Taught them to Eat Apples, and the Natural Instinct was much the stronger of the Two.

**F a b. CCLXXVI.**

*An Ais and Two Cattleers.*

A Couple of Travellers that took up an Ais in a Forrest, fell down right to Loggerheads, which of the Two should be his Master: So the Ais was to stand up, to see the Two Cattleers try their Title to him by a Rubber at Cuffs. The Ais very fairly look'd on, till they had Box'd themselves away, and then left them both in the Lurch.

**The Moral.**

*Tis a common thing, both in Law, and Arms, for Plaintiff and Defendant to be Battling for another for a Prize that gives them both the Slip.
Many People have fair Opportunities put into their Hands, and want Wit to make Use of them. Here was a silly Controversie, as fully Manner'd, and Two Quarrelom Fools out-witted by an A's. Why did they not keep him when they had him fair? Or why did they not compound the Matter, and Divide, when the one had no more Right to him than the other? But this of the Travellers and the A's is a common Cafe, and a Frivolous Conscions Law-Suit is th. Moral of it; when Plaintiff and Defendant are Worrying one another about the Trial, till they have spent the Estate. So the Travellers fought here for an A's, and the A's ran away with the Estate.

S. Some Fishermen that had caught more Fish than they knew how to do withal, Invited Mercury to part with them; but finding that the Invitation was not so much matter of Respect, as to get rid of the Glut they had taken, he very fairly left them to Eat by themselves.

The Moral.

In all the Good Oftent of Human Society, 'tis the Will and the Affection that Creates the Obligation.

REFLEXION.

'Tis the ordinary Practice of the World, for Men to be kind to other People for their own Sakes, or at least to be frank of Civilities that cost them nothing. Wherefore we are to Distinguish between Kindnesses that are only Matter of Court, and Friendly Offers that are done out of Choice and Good Will. Where's the Obligation the Friendship, or the Respect of any Man's making me a Present of what he neither cares for himself, nor knows what to do withal? And of that which I am to be never the better for either? The Fellow here had taken more Fish than he could spend while they were fresh, and so rather than they should lie by to flunk him out of the House, he invited Mercury to the Eating of them; that is to say, to the Helping him off with them.

A Har that was hard put to it by an Eagle, took Sanctuary in a Dutch with a Beetle. The Beetle Interceded for the Har: The Eagle Flapt off the former, and Devoured the other. The Beetle took this for an Affront to Hospitality, as well as to her Self, and so Meditated a Revenge, watch'd the Eagle up to her Nest, follow'd her, and took her Time when the Eagle was Abroad, and so made a Shift to Roll out the Eggs, and Destroy the Brood. The Eagle upon this Disappointment, Timber'd a great deal higher next Bout; The Beetle watch'd her still, and she'd her the same Trick once again. Whereupon the Eagle made her Appeal to Jupiter, who gave her Leave to lay her next Courteous Eggs in his own Lap. But the Beetle found out a way to make Jupiter rise from his Throne; for that upon the Loofing of his Mantle, the Eggs fell from him at unawares, and the Eagle was a Third time Defeated. Jupiter Thron'd the Indignity, but upon Hearing the Cause, he found the Eagle to be the Aggressor, and so acquitted the Beetle.

The Moral.

'Tis not for a Common Prate to Condescend Opprilus and Injustice; even in his most Darling Favorites.

REFLEXION.

The Rights and Privileges of Hospitality are so Sacred, that Jupiter himself would not Countenance the Violation of them, even in his own Mission, the Eagle. Nor is there any thing so delicate, (as we see in the Cafe of the Beetle,) but A's are open for the Cries of distressed Innocents, to Divine Justice. Let no Man presume because he is Great and Powerful, nor Deliberate because he is Low and Poor; for the one may Rise and the other may Fall, and the meanest Enemy may find a way to a Revenge. Tyranny may prosper for a while, his tree, and under the Countenance of a Divine Permission too, as the Eagle got leave here to Devour her Eggs (or her Caule,) in Heaven; but Jupiter's Lap it fell, we see, to no Fatal Sanctuary for an Oppressor. Though nothing is more common in the World than to mistake Providences and Judgements, and to call the Wickedst and the worst of Men and of Things by Good Names.
FABLES of several Authors.

FAB. CCCCLXXXI.

An Owl and Little Birds.

"Here goes a Story of an Owl that was advis'd by the Little Birds to build rather among the Boughs and Leaves, as they did, than in Walls and Hollow Trees; and so they shew'd her a young Tender Plant for her Purport. No, No, says the Owl, tho' Twigs in time will come to be Limb, and then you're all Lost if you do but touch 'em. The Birds gave little heed to, and so went on Playing and Chirping among the Leaves still, and passing their Time there in Feasts as formerly; till in the Conclusion the Sprigs were all daub'd with Lime, and the poor Wretches clam'd and taken. Their Repentance came now too late; but in Memory of this Notable Infringe of the Owl's Foresight, the Birds never see an Owl to this very Day, but they Flock about her and Follow her, as it were for a New Leffen. But our Modern Owls have only the Eyes, the Beak and the Flame of the Owls of Athens, without the Wisdom."

The Moral.

Good Counsel is left upon th'o, that have not the Grace to hearken to't; or dost not Understand it, or will not Embrace and Follow it in the proper Season.

REFLEXION.

WHOLESA ME Advice is worth nothing, unless it be (in Truth), Given as well as taken in Season. This Fable shews the Danger and the Mischiefs of either Rejoicing, not Hearing, or not Entertaining it; and like wise at the same time, sets forth how bad a thing it is to frustrate Prudent Advice upon Merely indulging in Luxe and Pleasure. They look upon it as so much time lost to employ the Prefent upon the Thought of the Future; and so by one Delay after another, they Spit out their whole Lives, till there's no more Future left before'em. This Dilatory Humour proceeds partly from a Slothful Laziness of Temper; as I knew a Man that would not be got out of his Bed when the House was a Fire over his Head. Action is Death to some few People, and they'd as live Hang as Work. It arises in a great measure too from an Habitual Heedless Indolentness, when Men are so Intract upon the Prefent, that they mind nothing Off; and Counsel is but cold away upon them. Birds of Pleasure, and Men of Pleasure are too Merry to be Wise; and the Cafe of this Fable is but the Common Cafe of the World. Wholesome Advice comes in at one Ear, and goes out at another.

FABLES of several Authors.

FAB. CCCCLXXXI.

A Gourd and a Pine.

"Here was a Gourd Planted close by a Large Well-spread Pine: The Scallon was Kindly, and the Gourd shot it self up in a short time, climbing by the Boughs, and turning about 'em, till it topp'd and cover'd the Tree it felt. The Leaves were Large, and the Flowers and the Fruit Fair; infurmish that the Gourd had the confidence to value it self above the Pine, upon the comparison. Why, says the Gourd, you have been more Years a growing to this Statute, then I have been Days. Well, says the Pine again, but after so many Winters and Summers as I have endured, after so many Blafting Colds, and Parching Heats, you see me the very same thing still that I was fo long ago. But when you come to the Proof once, the Fift Blight or Frost shall most infallibly bring down that Stomach of yours, and strip ye of all your Glory."

The Moral.

Nothing so Influent and Colectable as a Proud Uplike that's raid from a Dung: He forgets his Master and his Maker.

REFLEXION.

The Gourd here is an Emblem of vain Pride and Ingratitude; and the Pine like Princes and Great Men have a care what Favours they prefer, and what Friendships they Entertain; and this for their own sake, as well as for the sake of the Publick. He's a Fool that takes himself to be Greater, Richer, Fairer or Better then be is; or that reckons any thing his own, which is either but borrow'd, or may be taken away next Moment. He that lives barely upon Borrowing, is infinitely but a Beggar when his Debts are paid. This Gourd in short, a Proud Uplike; his Growth is quick, but his Continuance short. He alone himself upon his Feather in his Cap; and in a word, upon those Footnotes, that a Man of Honour and Substance would blush at. And nothing else will serve him orther, but to yse Excellencies with those that took him out of the Dust: nay, and to elevate himself (when all is done) to the Dihonour of the Supperers. And what's the like at last of encouraging thefe Money, but his bringing of a Scandal upon Common Justice, by a most perfidious Example, that ends in the very Starving, as well as the Delining.
Defacing of their Benefactors; for 'tis impossible but they must Pine and Wither, that entertain such Hangsters-on. This Game in fine is the true Emblem of a Court-fool; he Falls and Sucks, without either Mercy or Measure, and when he has drawn his Mallet Dry, he very fairly drops off, changes his Party, and so leaves him.

F A B. CCLIXXXI.

A Raven and a Wolves.

A Raven that had waited upon a Herd of Wolves a whole Days Ramble, came to 'em at Night for a Share of the Prey they had got. The Wolves answered him, that if he had gone along with 'em for Pure Love, and not for his Gut, he should have had his Part: But (said they) a Dead Wolf if it had to fall out, would have serv'd a Raven's turn as well as a Dead Sheep.

The Moral.

Miss People Worship for the Leaves, from the very Pungy-Tail to the Cropper and Scrapper, and the World hangs to that's uppermost.

REFLEXION.

'Tis the Intention that qualifies the Action: neither is it for any Man to pretend Merit, or to challenge a Reward for attending his own Need. The Raven Dog'd the Wolves for his Supper: Now if these Wolves themselves had been Hounded by a Herd of Eagles, that should have Wounded Them, one Foot of Carrion would have been as good to the Raven, as another. This is the Cafe, as well between Man and Man, as of Wolves and Ravens, that lacke the Blood of thole they Follow and Depend upon, under a Pretense of Service and Kindness. How many Examples have we seen of this, among thole that follow Courts, and the Leaders of those Followers: If the Master gets the better on't, they come in for their Snack; and if he happen to fail in the Chase, his Temporizing Friends are the Foremost to break in upon the Quarry. Whether the Wolves took or were Taken, was all a Cafe to the Raven.

F A B. CCLXXXII.

Arius and a Dolphin.

A Famous Arius was a Great Favourite of Periander, the King of Corinth, he Travelled from thence into Sicily and Italy, where he gathered a great Mafs of Treasure, and gained over and above, the Good-Will and Esteem of all People wherever he came. From thence he put himself aboard a Corinthian Vessel, to go back again, where he got an Inking among the Ships Crew of a Conspiration to take away his Life. He Discours'd the Manners about it, and came in the end to this Composition; that if he would save himself, it must proceed into the Sea, and let the Conspirators have his Money, there should be no further Violence offer'd to his Person. Upon this Agreement he obtain'd Liberty to give them only one Song before he Leap'd Overboard; which he did, and then Plung'd into the Sea. The Seamen had no thought of his ever coming up again, but by a wonderful Providence, a Dolphin took him upon his Back, and carried him off safe to an Island, from whence he went immediately to Corinth, and present'd himself before Periander, just in the condition the Dolphin left him, and so told the Story. The King order'd him to be taken into Custody as an Imposter; but at the same time caus'd Enquiry to be made after the Ship, and the Seamen that he spoke of, and to know if they had heard any thing of one Arius where they had been? They said Yes, and that he was a Man of Great Reputation in Italy, and of a Vast Estate. Upon these Words, Arius was produced before them, with the very Harp and Cloaths he had when he Leap'd into the Sea. The Men were so confounded at the Spectacle, that they had not the Face to deny the Truth of the Story.

The Moral.

Men in the Universal Idol. Profit Governs the World, and Quid Nihilist? Treason may be the Means: But Providence yet in the Conclusion makes all things work for the Best.

REFLEXION.

Some Men are worse than some Beasts, and little less than Beasts in the Shape of Reasonable Creatures. This Fable teehs us, that Men of Blood will flock at no Profitable Villany, but they are Blind, Deaf, and Inexcusable where Money's in the Case. The Charms of Beauties, Arts, and Innocence, are Left upon 'em, and the Sea it self we fee, had more Pity for Arius then the Men. The Dolphin represents the Instrumen of an Overturning Providence that interposeth Miraculously to our Deliverance, when ordinary Means fail us. The Wonderfull Discovery in the Conclusion, serves to throw us that Murder will out.
A Spider and the Goat

A Spider that had been at Work a Spinning, went Abroad once for a little Country Air to Refresh her Self, and fell into Company with the Goat, that (by the Way) had much ado to keep Pace with her. When they came at Night to take up their Lodging, very inquisitive they were into the Character and Condition of their Host: But the Spider without any more Ceremony, went into the Houfe of a Rich Burgler, and fell prettily to her Net-work of Drawing Cobwebbs up and down from one Side of the Room to the other; but there were so many Brooms, and Devilish Houfe-werkes still at hand, that whatever she set up this Moment, was swept away the next: So that this miserable Insect was the only Creature within those Walls that felt either Want or Trouble. But the Goat all this while, was fain to Kennd in the very Rendezvouz of common Beggars, where she was as uncomely, as Hard Lodging, Currie Bread, and Puddle-Water could make her. After a tedious and a refreftless Night, they met next Morning by Sun Rife, and gave one another the History of their Adventure. The Spider tells first how Barbarously she had been used; how curdufely Nice and Cleanly the Manner of the Houfe was; how impertinently Diligent his Servants were, &c. And then the Goat Requited the Spider with the Story of her Moftrifications too. They were in short, so unsatisfied with their Treatment, that they resolved to take quite contrary Measures the next Night. The Spider to get into a Cottage, and the Goat to look out for a Palace. They did what they Propos’d, and never were Creatures better pleas’d with their Entertainment. The Goat had her Rich Furniture, Down-Beds, Breeches, Flannels, Pardigles, Generous Wines; the bell in fine, of every thing that was to be had for Money, and all with Pure Heart and Good will as we say. The Spider was as much at Ease on the other hand; for she was got into a Houfe where she might draw her Lines, Work, Spin, Mend what was Amiss; Perfect what she had Begun, and no Brooms, Scraps or Plots to Interrupt or disturb her. The Two Travellers after this met once again, and upon conferring Notes, they were both so well satisfied, that the

The Moral

An Indolent Poverty in a Cell, with Quire Thoughts, and Sound Sleeps, is infinitely to be Preferr’d before a Long Life of Pomp and Pleasures: For Courts are but Nocturnal Distraffes and Carets.

Reflection

One may be very Uncomely with a Plentyful Fortune, and as Happy in a Mean Condition: for ’tis the Mind that makes us either one or the other. A Luxurious Court is the Nurture of Dileasures; it Bred’s ’em, it Encourages, Nourishes and Entertaines them. A Plain, an Honest, and a Temperate Industry, contents it self with a little; and who would not rather Sleep Quietly upon a Haystack, without either Care in his Head, or Coals in his Stomach, than lye Carking upon a Bed of Stome, with the Quails and Twingers that accompany Surfeits and Excess.

The End of the Fables in the Common School-Book
A SUPPLEMENT OF
FABLES,
OUT OF
Phaedrus, Avianus, Cameraire, Neveletus, Apthibonius, Gabrias, Babrias, Abfenius, Alciatus, Boeccinii, Baudoin, De la Fontaine, Esope en Belle Humeur, Mosler, Ecc.

Far. CCLXXXIV.
A Lamb, a Wolf and a Goat.

A Wolf overheard a Lamb Bleating among the Goats. 'Dye hear Little One, (says the Wolf,) if it be your Dam you want, he's yonder in the Field. Ay (says the Lamb,) but I am not looking for her that was my Mother for her Own sake, but for her that Nurseth me up, and suckles me out of Pure Charity, and Good Nature. Can any thing be Deater to you, says the Wolf, than the that brought you forth? Very Right, says the Lamb; and without knowing or caring what she did: And pray what did the bring me forth for too, but to Eafe her felf of a Burden, and to deliver me out of her owne Belly, into the Hands of the Butcher? I am more Beholden to her that took Pity of me, when I was in the World already, then to her that brought me into, I know not how. 'Tis Charity, not Nature, or Necessity that does the Office of a Tender Mother.

Far. CCLXXXV.
Jupiter's Altar Robb'd.

A Thief Kindled his Torch at Jupiter's Altar, and then Robbed the Temple by the Light on't. As he was Pack- ing away with his Sarcagious Burden, a Voice, either of Heaven, or of Confience, Purs'd him. The Time will come (says that Voice) when this Impious Villany of Yours shall coft ye Dear; not for the Value of what you have Stoln, but for the Contempt of Heaven and Religion, that you ought to have a Veneration for. Jupiter has taken care however to prevent the Infument Affronts for the Time to come, by an Express Prohibition of any Communication for the future, betwixt the Fire upon his Altars, and that of Common Use.
FABLES of several Authors.

The Moral.

Nothing more Familiar than to cover Sacrilege, Murder, Treasons, &c. with a Text. And we are all to learn from hence, that we have no greater Enemies many times than slops we have. Mud'd and Bird up; and that Divine Vengeance comes late at Last, though it may be long after.

Reflection.

The Kindling of a Torch at the Altar, and then Robbing the Church by the Light on't, is an Old Invention conniv'd between the World, the Fiend and the Devil; and will never be out of Date, so long as we hold any Intelligence with the Common Enemies of Mankind. There's nothing cuts Religion, like Religion it self: Texts are put up against Texts, and one Scripture made to fight against another; Infirmity, that the Rule of Faith is Perverted into a Doctrine of Heretic and Schism; and the Gospel of Peace is made a Voucher for Sedition and Rebellion. There's nothing commoner then to cite Holy Writ for the Overturning of Religion, and to Over-rule one Divine Authority with another; nay, and when all is done, to fullfyle the Sactilege of Seizing and Employing the Revenues of the Church to Prophanate Uses. And whence comes this Confusion and Self-Contradiction all this while, but that the Manage of Holy Matters falls many times into the Hands of Men more Piteous Controversy and Skill, then Evangelical Zeal and Affection. The School-men have from the Thread too fine, and made Christianity look like a Course ofPhilosophy, then a System of Faith, and Supernatural Revelation: So that the Spirit of it Evaporates into Nuisances and Exercises of the Brain; and the Content is not for Truth, but Victory. The whole Body is fine, is lost into Abstraction and Cavil; but all must be Remitted to the Judgment of the Great Day, when every Man Stall receive according to his Works: And Woe be then to the Church Robbers that shall be found among them that serve at the Altar. But 'tis no New Thing for Men that call themselves Professors and Dissenters, to Sell and to Bring their Lord and Master, For Men that wear the Livery of the Church, and Eat the Bread, to offer Sacreligious Violence to their Holy Mother. And this is the case of Jupiter's Altar Robb'd by the Light of his own Torch: When the Heale of God is Rest'd and Delineated by his own Doctore's: That is to say, when the Sactilege is Countenanced by the Authority of a High Character, and the Violence supported by a Text.

FAB. CCLXXXVII.

A Gard'nere and his Landlord.

A Man that had made him'self a very Fine Garden, was to Peeter'd with a Hare, among his Roots, his Plants, and his Flowers, that away goes he immediately to his Landlord, (a great Huntsman it seems,) and tells him a Lamentable Story of the Hare that this poor Hare had made in his Grounds. The Gentleman takes Pity of his Tenant, and early the next Morning goes to come with him all his People and his Dogs about him: They call in the First Place for Breakfast, Eat up his Victuals, Drink him Dry, and Kifs his Pretty Daughter into the Bargain. So soon as they have done all the Mist'ry they can within Doors, out they March into the Garden to Beat for the Hare: And there down with the Pikes, the Garden-Stuff goes all to Wreck; and not so much as a Leaf leaps on toward the Picking of a Sallad. Well, (says the Gard'nere)
FABLES of several Authors.

Gardiner) this is the way of the World, when the Poor sue for Relief to the Great. My Noble Friend here has done me more Damage in the Civility and Respect of the Two Hours, then the uttermost Spite of the Hare could have done me in twice as many Ages.

The MORAL.

Affairs areDangerous from the Weaker to the Stronger, where the Remedy proves many times worse than the Diseas.

REFLEXION.

He that finds himself Unsafe, and proposes to mend his Condition in what cafe or in what manner ever, should do well to sit down and Compute within himself; What do I suffer by this Grievance? Can I remove it or not? What will it Cost me? Shall I get or lose; by the Change? Will it be worth my while, or not? Now this is all matter of Care in our ordinary Dealings upon the Truck, and in common Bargains; and yet where the Peace and Liberty of the Mind, or the Character of a Wife or a Good Man'eyes at Stake, we take up Resolutions Hand over Hand, without Calculating upon the Profit or Loss of the Thing in Question; as in the Influence of the Poor Gardiner here. He might have Teared a Brace of Hares once, much Cheaper than a Tramp of Hofsmen, with in many Packs of Dogs, and such a Gang of Buffons at the Heels of 'em. Had he not been better have been War's Nibbling of his Plants and Roots now, then the Huntsman's Fooling with his Daughter, and the Eating him out of Holes and Home. The breaking down of his Fences; the Laying of his Garden Wall, and taking his Children Meat out of their Mouths, over and above: But all this Beel him for want of Deliberation beforehand, and setting one thing against another. Now if the Affluence of this Fable be to Instructive to us, and so necessary to be well attended and applied, even in the common Affairs and Dealings of this World, what shall that Man say for himself, that's Guilty of the late Timidity and Impudence over and over, in the cafe of Taught and Eternal? is it that we do not believe the Doctrine of a Future State, or that we do not think 'tis, or (which is worth of all,) that we do not Mind it? For we Live as if we were more feeble of the Hares, then of the Devils.

F. A. CCLXXXVIII.

Jupiter's Two Satchels.

When Jupiter made Man, he gave him Two Satchels; one for his Neighbours Faults, the other for his Own. These Bags he throw over his Shoulders, and the Former he carried Before him, the Other Behind. So that this Fashian came up a great while ago it seems, and it has continued in the World ever since.

The MORAL.

Every Man living is partial in his own Coffin; but it is the Interest of Mankind to have our Neighbours Faults always in our Eyes, and to cast our own over our Shoulders, out of sight.

REFLEXION.

That which Jupiter does in the Fable, Nature does in the Life. We are here admonish'd of a Double Fault; want of Charity and Justice toward others, and want of a Christian Scrutiny and Examination into our Selves: So that here's the Sin of Detraction in making other People worse then they are, and the Sin of Pride and Hypocrisy, in boiling our Selves to be better. It were well if we could Place our Transgressions out of the Ken, as well as our Confinement of our Own: But there are only Amusement to put off the Evil Day a little longer, that will certainly overtake us at last. The Mahabali does well enough however; in Alligning that to Jupiter, which we our selves are but too prone to do; upon a Propensity of Nature; that is to say, of Nature corrupted; for there is both a Sin and a Sinlessness in't, to be over Confusion of our Neighbours, and as Partial to our selves.

Out of Stile, Out of Mind, they say; and at this rate one Fault is made fit of to excite another. We do not Repent, because we do not Think on; and so the Neglect is made an Excuse for the Impenitence. We live like Spendthrifts, that know themselves to be deliberately in Debt, and do not look into their Accounts to see how the Reckoning stands. Nay 'tis the Cafe of too many of us, that we keep no books neither; or at the Bell, do not know where to find them. Self-Love is still attended with a Contempt of others, and a Common Mistake of Matters at Home as well as Abroad; For we keep Registers of our Neighbours Faults, and none of their Good Deeds; and no Memorials all this while, of what we do admit our Selves. But I am not as this Phallicus is the very Top of our Righteousness.

Thus goes the World, and a levell Practice it is, for one Man to value himself upon the Wickedness of another. But the Worth of all is ye be hind; that is to say, to think our selves wise, so long as we keep our Ini quities from the Knowledge of Men, and out of our own View and Memory, without any Awe of that Justice that never Sleeps, and of that All seeing Eye and Willom that Observes all our Mid-damgs, and has them perpetually in his Sight.
A King and a Rich Subject.

A Certain Prince that had a very wealthy overgrown Subject, found it convenient to make a Traitor of him, provided it could but handily be brought about: So the Man was taken into Custody, and the King's Evidence produced against him for Confalts at this Place, and at that, against the Life of the King, and the Peace of the Government, and for Receiving, comforting, and abetting the Enemies of the Crown. The Man had the Character of a very Loyal Person, and People were almost at their Wits end, to hear of so horrid an accusation against him. But the Witnesses swore Home, and one of them Extremely Pituously that if his House at that very Instant were but narrowly Search'd for Men and Arms, they would find such a Provision that the Modern Discoveries at Titheburn and Flitcham were Nothing to it. The pretended Criminal began now to Moralize upon the story, and so away goes he to His Majesty, calls himself at his Feet, and promises that if he might but have as Ample a Pardon as other Witnesses to Confalts have had before him, he would shew him the very Bottom of the Plot. I cannot deny, says he, but I have a great many of the Enemies of your Royal Crown and Dignity at this time Conceal'd in my House, and if your Majesty shall be pleased to appoint any Person to make Seizure of them, they shall be immediately Delivered up. So the Prince Order'd a Squadron of his Guards, and a Truthy Officer in the Head of 'em, to go along with him. The Gentleman led them very Frankly to his Coffers, and shew'd them his Treasure. Thee are the Traytors, says he, that you are to take care of, and pray be please'd to see that they may be kept in Safe Custody till they shall be Deliver'd by Due Course of Law.

The Moral.

We may gather from hence, that Riches are many times but a Snare to us, and that Money makes many a Man a Traitor: But if a Body will Conform at first with his Efforts to save his Life, when he has nothing left him, he may be at Rest. For a Certificate of Poverty is as good as a Pardon.

A Merchant and a Seaman.

A Merchant at Sea was asking the Ship's Master, What Death his Father Dy'd? He told him that his Father, his Grandfather, and his Great Grandfather were all Drown'd. Well, says the merchant, and are not you your self afraid of being Drown'd too? No, not, says the Skipper. But pray, says the other again, What Death did your Father, Grandfather, and Great Grandfather Dye? Why they Dy'd all in their Beds, says the Merchant. Very good, says the Skipper, and why should I be any more afraid of going to Sea, then you are of going to Bed?

The Moral.

He that troubles his Head with thinking Controversies, shall never be at Rest: and this is further to mind us, that in an Honest Course of Life, we are not to fear Death.

Reflection.

'Tis much in our own Power how to Live, but not at all, when, or how to Die: So that our part is only to submit to Fate, and to bid Death Welcome at what Time, and in what Place or Manner Iveret is shall please God to send it. The Reason and the Doctrine of this Fable.


**FABLES of several Authors.**

is Clear, Strong and Edifying: We are either not to Fear Death at all, or to fear it every moment of our Lives; you, and in all the Fears that ever it appeared in, which will put us to such a flame that we shall not dare even to Live for fear of Dying. We must neither Eat, nor Drink, nor Breathe, nor Sleep, if we come once to boggle at Presumptuous, and at the doing of both things over again, that ever any Man dy’d of before. There is not one instant of Life in line, but may be our Life. Believe, that we Live, not only in the daily Danger of Death, but in a continual Certainty of it: So that the Question is not now, or of what this or that Man dy’d, but the inevitable Fate and Mortality of Mankind. One Man Dies in his Bed, another at Sea, a Third in the Field: this Man of one Accident of Diftemper, that of another: And what is there more in all this now, then so many several ways to the same Journey’s End? There is no such Preven- tative against the Fear of Death, as the Confidence of a Good Life; and if we would have it Easie, we must make the Thought of it Familiar to us.

**Fab. CCCXCI.**

**The Flea, Cat and a Bell.**

Here was a Devilish Sly Cat it seems, in a certain House, and the Mice were so Plague’d with her at every turn, that they call’d a Court to advise upon some way to prevent their being surpriz’d. If you’ll be Ru’d by me, (says a Member of the Board,) there’s nothing like Hanging a Bell about the Cat’s Neck, to give Warning before-hand, when Puff is coming. They all look’d upon’t as the best Contrivance that the Cafe would bear. Well (says another,) and now we are agreed upon the Bell, say who shall put it about the Cat’s Neck. There was no body in fine that would undertake it, and fo the Expedient fell to the Ground.

**The Moral.**

The Boldest Talkers are not always the Greatest Doers.

**Reflection.**

This is the course of the World, to the very Life, we can never want Advisers and Councillors in Matters of the Greatest Hazard: But let the Reason be never so clear, we are full at a Loss for an Instrument to put Dangerous Projects in Execution. Delicate Cases require Delicate Remedies; but let the Hazard of this or that part of a Body be what it will, it is matter of Duty, Justice and Policy to consult the Good of the whole. It was the Incredibl

**Fab. CCCXCII.**

**Utters and Couriers.**

A Parcel of Couriers fell into Company with a Gang of Utters, and paft this Compendium up to ’em, What a blessing they accounted it to meet with so many worthy Men of their own Trade. One of the Utters who was a Lead Man of the City, it seems, and took it a little in Dudgeon to be Rank’d Check by Jowl with a Scalp of a Courier; and so asked one of ’em what he meant, by saying they were all of a Trade? Nay, I must confefs, says the Fellow, I am some difference yet between your Trade and ours; for we deal but in Flaying of Dead Horses, and Astes, and the People of your Trade Play Living Men.

**The Moral.**

A Reproof has more Effect when it comes by a Side-Wind, then if it were Level’d directly at the very Pits or Pore.

**Reflection.**

’Tis a very great Mistake in the World, to give Reputation to many Uncefaffionable and notorious Practicrs, that ought rather to be Punished. One would try all ways of forcing People Right in their Wits an Manners: Authority and Friendship works upon some; Dry and Sober Reason works upon others; but these Means are only effectual, where there’s Place for Modesty and Confidence. Some are reclaimed by Punishment, some
FABLES of several Authors.

Fable CCCXIII.

Two Travellers of differing Humours.

There were Two Men together upon a Journey, of very differing Humours; one of them went Strolling on, with a Thousand Care and Troubles in his Head, exclaming over and over, Lord, What shall I do to live! Tother Jogg'd Merrily away, and left his Matters to Providence and Good Fortune. Well Brother (says the Sorrowful Wight, ) How can you be so frolick now? As I am a Sinner, my Heart's e'en ready to break for fear I should want Bread. Come, come says Tother, Fall Back, Fall Edge, the Resolution taken, and my Mind's at Rest. What Resolution says his Companion? Why, a Resolution, says he, to make the best Shift I can, and commit my fall to Heaven for the Rest. Ay, but for all that, says Tother, again, I have known as Resolute People as your self, that their Confidence has Decey'd them in the Conclusion, and so the Poor Man fell into another Fitt of Doubting and Mufing, till he start'd out of it all on a sudden: Good Lord, says he, What if I should fail Blindly! And so he walk'd a good way before his Companion with his Eyes shut, to try how 'twould be, if that Misfortune should happen to him. In this Interval his Fellow-Traveller that follow'd him, found a Purse of Money upon the way, which made his Doctrine of leaving things to Providence, whereas the other mist'd that Encounter, as a punishment of his Dittraft, for the Purse had been His, if he had not put himself out of condition of Seeing it.

The Moral.

He that commits himself to Providence, is sure of a Friend in time of need; While an Ambitious Dittraft of the Divine Goodness, makes a Man more and more unworthy of it, and miserable before hand, for fear of being fo tormented.

Fable CCCXIV.

An Agreement between the Masters and the Dogs.

The Wolves found themselves in a great Strait, how to deal with the Dogs; they could do well enough with 'em one by one they saw, but were still worried and over-born by Numbers. They took the Matter into Debate, and came at last to this conclusion, That unless they could make a Party among them, and by a parcel of Fair Words and Pretences, engage them into a Confederacy against their Masters and Themselves, there was no good to be done in the Matter. Upon this, they sent out their Spies among the Dogs, with Instructions to go to thole among them that were nearest their own Make, Size and Colour, and to receive
FABLES of several Authors.

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The matter with them, after this or the like manner. [Why should not we that are all of a Colour, and in a manner all of a Kind, be all of a Party too, and all of an Interest? You'll say perhaps, that your Matters, and your Fol- loms may take it ill, and pick a Quarrel with ye. Well, and what will they be able to make on't then, against you and us together? If it comes to that once, 'twill be but one Path for all, and the Work is done.] This Discourse wrought as well as Hart could wish, for a great many of the Wolfe-Colour Dogs cry’d out Well now’d upon’t, and so went over to the other side; and what came on’t at last, but that after the Dogs had Defected, the Wolves Worry’d one Part of their Enemies by the help of the Curs that went over to them; and they were strong enough to destroy the Revolters themselves.

The Moral.

A Man’s divided against him, his handwriting found.

REFLEXION.

This Fiction may be matched with a Thousand common Cases, where Parties are divided with Each other from abroad, into Factions and Animosities among themselves. ’Tis an easy matter to form and to invent Spectious Colours and Arguments to all manner of Purposes, and to Paradox the Multitude into what Opinion any Man pleases, that is but a Multi- 

of Art, and Adreddy, and in any sort of Credit with the Mobile; for ’tis not the Reason of the thing in Question, but Puffon and Prejudice that Governs in the Case. What will not Ignorance and Credulity swallow, if they can be but once prevail’d upon to believe, that it is the common Interest of all the Dogs, for one part of them to enter into an Alliance with the Wolves against the other; and to draw Inferences from the Composition of the Ministers, to the Reaon of the Government; as the Wolfe-Colour of the Dog is made an Argument for a Refirmance in the Nature of them all; but the very Proposition points out the ready way to Deception: And the dividing of the Guards, leads manifestly, with the Worrying of one another; and Secondly, to the utter Ruin of the whole. Only the Dogs of the Conspiracy are to be left Eaten. The Wolves Prophecy was Practicable and Natural enough, and a perfect Emblem of the Confusions and Politricks abroad in the World. The Wolves sit in Council, and so does the Caudal; and the Subject Matter of both their Debates is Deception. The one sends out their Spies and their Agents, to Tamper and Seduce the Dogs from their Faith and Duty: The other have their Instruments at work too, in their Clubs and Pulpits, and to stagger the People in their Allegiance. The Dogs are to be Disturbed that is to say, those Courtiers, Officers, Soldiers, and others that have some sort of Agreement in Principle and Persuasion with the Common Enemy. Nay, and the very same Argument is put in their Mouths too, We are all of a Colour. And what’s the like of all this as to the same Foe to the People where their Liberties are taken, that attended the Dogs and the Sheep here in the Fable?

F. A. CCCCXCV.

A Wolf turn’d Sheep.

There was a Crafty Wolf that dress’d him up like a Super- hered, with his Crook, and all his Trade about him, to the very Pipe and Potte: This Masquerade succeeded so well with him, that in the Dead of the Night, when the Men and their Dogs were all fast asleep, he would be offering, at the Shepherd’s Voice and Call too: But there was something of a Howl in the Tone, that the Country pretend’d no Alarm at, and so they fell in upon him in his Disguise, when he was so Shackled and Hampered, that he could neither Fight nor Fly.

The Moral.

To the highest Pitch of a Publick Calamity, when the People are Worry’d and Struck by Cheats that should Prick, and Instruct them. The Motion is to Ex- 

pliit, so not to be upon men any other to a Different.

REFLEXION.

Thus it is in some Sort the Receipt of Roccalis’s Advice from the Wolf- 

Idea, that the Spaniards Dogs there, that were sent to preserve their Fiends from Wolves, were grown Wolves themselves. Now here’s a Wolf turn’d Shepherd with the same Design, only here dress’d up: For there is no Trea- 

Chry to be Plausible, as is the Robe of a Guide or Gover- 

nover. Nothing like a Mercenary Man to make a Sedition Warrantable;

nothing like an Assembly of the Bull?2 Divines, to make it a Point of Confession; and nothing again like a Popular Ordinance, to make it both Law and Gospel. There are hardly any more Dangerous Instruments of Mich- 

chief, than Corrupt Officers and Ministers, that Arm their Authority, com- 

mit Publick Violence in their Masters Name, and do Wrong under a Colour of Right and Justice. But this does not come up yet to the Force and Point of the Fiction; for ‘tis one thing to abuse a Lawfull Authority, Degree of Tyranny and Oppression, without any Authority at all. The Wolf turn’d Shepherd, is only an Over to the Shape of a Pretender, a Person under the 

Cloak of a Governor, a Creature that’s盖ed and Falls by Nature, in Oppos- 

tion to all the Methods of Fiery and good Manners; So that there’s all

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forward
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flumm'd up in a few words, to make the Cafe Misdiable and Shameful.

The Morality in sum, of this Table, may be fairly enough apply'd to the

Evil on Both Hands: That is to say, of those that put a Lureful Authoriz

upon the Stoch, to the Abuse of that Power, under the Convent of Pr

agtribution; and of those that make upon them to Execute the Offices of Power;

without any Rigour or at all. But the Sheep however are well Guarded

in the mean time, that have a Wolf for their Keeper.

F A B. CCCXCVI.

An Asp and a Lion.

I N Old Time when a Generous Beast made more Confi-

cence of his Word, than many a Modern Christian has done

of an Oath; a Lion shook Hands with an Asp, and so they

agreed upon to Jog on up and down in the Woods, Lo-

vingly and Peaceably together. As they were upon this Ad-

venture, they discover'd a Herd of Wolves; the Asp im-

mediately sets up a Hic Peace, and fetches a Run at them Open

Mouth, as if he would have Eaten 'em. The Wolves only

Scared at him for his Pains, but Scamper'd away however as

hard as they could drive. By and by comes the Asp back a-

gain, Puffing and Blowing from the Chafe. Well, says the

Lion, and what was that Horrid Scream for, I Prathe? Why, (saps

'tother, I frighten'd 'em all away, you see. And did they run

away from you, says the Lion, or from me, 'dye think?

The Moral.

Misery and Bluster is so far from doing Beauforts, that instead of Aving and

Frightening People, it serves only to make them Scare, when the Vanity of it

comes to be Discover'd.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE are Braving Men in the World, as well as Braving Asps; for,

what's Loud and Snitches Talking, Huffing, Damming and Insult-

ing, any other then a more fashionable way of Braving? Only the

one is that to the Ear, which the other is to the Mind; and a Man may

better endure the Shocking of his Sense, than the Inflicting of his Reason.

The Lion, 's Ture, might have kept better Company; but to long

as it was only for his Diversions, it gives us to Understand how the Great

Men may be allowed to make themselves Merry with Buffoon. The Wolves

running away from the Asp, while the Lion was looking on, tells us in the

Allegory, That Favorite Asps have the Privilege of Favorite Dogs; they

may Snap and Snarl where they please Gratis: But 'tis for their Master's

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fake at last, that they come off with a whole Skin. And what's the little

now of all this Noise in the Conclusion, but the making of the Noise-Makers

fall the more Ridiculous:

F A B. CCCXCVII.

An Asp and a Scoundrel.

T H E E F F E R M S .

Here was a Mountebank Tri'd up as Fine as a Lord;

a certain Ape, that had a Mind to fct up for a Beau,

frees him out, and nothing would serve him, but he must

have a Suit and Dress after the same Pattern; he press'd the

Queue so hard for't, that at last he told him plainly, Upon

condition, says he, that you shall wear a Silver Chain about

your Neck, I'll give ye the very Fellow on't; for you'll be

running away with your Livery and. He agrees to it, and

is presently rigged out in his Gold and Silver Lace, with a

Feather in's Cap, and as Figures go now a-days, a very pret-

ty Figure he made in the World; I can affide ye, though

upon Second Thoughts, when the heat of the Vanity was

over, he grew Sick of his Bargain; for he found that he had

folded his Liberty for a Fool's Coat.

The Moral.

Tit with us in our Lives, as with the Indians in their Trade, that trust Gold

and Pearl, for Brads and Gloves. We part with the Blessings of Both Worlds

for Pleafrs, Court-Pors, and Commotions; and at last, when we have sold

our Liberty to our Lives, we grow Sick of our Bargain.

R E F L E X I O N.

A Vain Fool can hardly be more Mifable then the Granting of his own

Prayers and Wishes would make him. How many Spectacles does
every Day afford us, of Aps and Mountebanks in Gay-Coats, that pass in
the World for Philosophers, and Men of Honour; and it is no wonder for
one Fool to value himself upon the same Vanity, for which he efeces
another. He that Judges of Men and of Things by Sense, Gropes him-
self by Sense too; and he that well considers the Prudences and Opinions
of the Age he lives in, will find, that Folly and Puffon have more Dis-
fikes than Wisdom and Virtue. The Feather in a Fool's Cap, is a Fool's
Inclination; nor, is it his Ambition too; for he that measures the Char-
der of another Man by his Outside, is slow to look further then the
Buffoons of Drest and Appearance in himself. Befide, that ill Examples
work more upon us then Good; and that we are Forwarder to imitate
the one, then to Emulate the other. This now is the Highest Pitch of

Infidelity,
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Infidelity, when we do not only squander our Lives in General, according to Vicious Presidents, but let our Hearts in particular (with the Fanatical Aye and No) upon this or that Extravagance. No other Sort of Fool would please him, then the very Coaxer of this Quack. His Mislake was double; for, he placed an Opinion of Happinesse where there was no Ground at all to expect it. Secondly, he paired with his Liberty in Exchange for his which is the same thing with Triching the Greatesse Blending of Human Nature for the Handy-Work of a Taylor.

FAB. CCCXCVIII.

Frogs and Frogs.

A Company of Waggit Boys were watching of Frogs at the Side of a Pond, and still as any of 'em put up their Heads, they'd be Pelted them down again with Stones. Children, (says one of the Frogs,) you never Consider, that though this may be Play to you, 'tis Death to us.

The Moral.

Hard-heartedness and Cruelty is not only an Iuhan Vice, but worse then Brutish; For such Men take Delight in Blood, which Briefs shall only in Self-Defence, or in Case of Necessity is justly Done.

Reflection.

'Tis a Dangerous and ill Natur'd Liberty, the Wanting or the Suffering of Children to play with Birds and Flies. The Merciless act of Morose Boys is a Barbarous Cruelty, and to the common Licence that Waggit Boys take in the Streets, of Teasing and Tormenting of Puppies and Kittens. The very Sport is Cruel; for 'tis no longer a Laughing Matter, when the Life of a Creature comes to be consider'd. This is a Freedom not to be endured, so much as in the Spectacle, but much less to be Approv'd or Praise'd especially by Those that are Born and Train'd up to any Considerable Figure in a Government; For, Hard-heartedness in Boys will be Brutality and Tyranny in Men. Softness and Tenderness of Nature are the Seeds of a Generous Humanity: Provided always that Children be taught to dif-ferentiate between a Benignity and a Facility of Disposition, and that they may not confound Graciousness with Effeminate. By this means there may be a Foundation laid of worthy Thoughts, which will ripen in due time into Glorious Actions and Habits, to qualify Men for the Honour and Service of their Country. This Foundation, I say, of a Pious and a Virtuous Com-punction, will Defend Men afterward, instead of adding Affliction to Afflic-tion, and of Grinding the Faces of the Weak and Innocent, to Munificently Proceed to those that are Oppressed.

FAB. CCCXCIX.

A Council of Beasts.

The Beasts (a great while ago,) were so harass'd out with Perpetual Feuds and Frictions, that they call'd a General Council, in the nature of a Committee of Grievances, to Advise upon some Way for the Adjusting of Differences, in order to a Publick Peace. After a great many Notable Things laid upon the Debate, Pro and Con, the Hares at last, (according to the Printed Votes of those Days,) deliver'd their Sense to this Effect: There can never be any Quiet in this World, so long as one Beast shall be allow'd Nails, Teeth, or Horns, more than Another; but the Weaker shall still be a Prey to the Stronger: Wherefore we humbly propose an Universal Parity, and that we may be all upon the same Level, both for Dignity and Power; for we may then, and not till then, promise our selves a Bless'd State of Agreement, when no one Creature shall be able to Hurt another.

The Moral.

The Mobile are full for Leveling; that is to say, for Advancing themselves: For 'tis as Broad as it is Long, whether they rise or others, or bring others down to them. Wherefore, that the Doctrine of Leveling forces are the very Order of Providence.

Reflection.

'Tis a Foolish Thing for People to talk Boldly, without a Power to Execute; for upon the Uplift, they serve only for Sport to their Superiors. The World is like to be well Govern'd, where those that have neither Resolution nor Courage, shall take them upon to give Laws to: When Fools shall correct the Works of the Heavenly Wisdom, and pull Reviews upon the Order of the Universe. It might be very jolly as Cheaply, New-made as Mended; and the whole Creation taken to Pieces and Rebuilt, as any part of the Work of Providence Improv'd. If God Pronounces upon every thing that he made, that it was Good, who shall presume to think he can make it Better?

The Question is the Procuring of an Universal Peace; and the Hares are of Opinion, that the Dismantling of Lions, Tigers, &c. and the bringing of Matters to a Level, would do the Work. Let it now be consider'd, that there is an Ambition in the very Affection of that Equality; for 'tis as Broad as 'tis long, whether the other shall be brought down, or they themselves Advanc'd. 'Tis Sotish, I say, to offer at things that cannot be brought about; it is Wicked to meddle towards the Altering of
Unfeeling of Things Sacred; and it is a Madness for the Weaker to talk of Binding the Hands of the Stronger. The Simple are not to direct the Wife, nor the Inferiors to impose upon those that are Above them. "Tai Non ci deo oppugnare a Level in the Several Parts of the Universe, when the very Frame of it is only an Orderly Pile, or Scale of one thing above another."

Now there are Heroes in Councils and in Commissions of State, as well as in Field, and in Fields, where the Multitude are for Levelling too, and for Paring the Claws, and Drawing the Teeth of Governors, as well as of Kings. The True English of leaving no Power to do Hurt, is the leaving no Power to do Good neither; and to make their Work not, the leaving a Power at all."Tai a Jangle of the Levellers," (says Mr. Selden.) They would have no body About them, very joy, but they do not tell ye they'd have no Body Under them.

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The Moral:

The Base Child Dreads the Fire.

REFLEXION.

We find this to be true upon daily Experience, that narrow escapes out of great Dangers, make People take Alarms at les; especially of the same Kind. One had better be Laugh'd at for taking a Fox-Cafe for a Fox, then be Deftroy'd by taking a live-Fox only for a Cafe. The very Fancy has somewhat of Reason in it, for 'tis but a Measuring Call, upon such a Supposition as this, whether it proves the one or the other. A Lead we see will Dye at a Pastoral Halo. I fign'd the Toes of an Ape through a Burning Glass my self once, and he would never be brought to Endure the fight of a Burning Glais after. I knew another Ape that was Shot behind his Master in the Long Rebellion here, and would never...
that when they could not live upon their Trade, have said themselves from Calling to Fasting, and taken upon them to call the Water of a Body Politick, as well as of a Body Natural: This minds me of a Calling Colonel of Famous Memory, (and he was a Stateman too of the Long Parliament edition,) to a Lady of Quality in Ireland. She had been to terribly Pandered; that the Poor Woman went almost Bare-foot: And as she was warming her Feet once in the Chimney Corner, the Colonel took notice that her Shoes were wanting Covering: Lord, Madam (says he,) Why, she dress'd on better Sheets; Why truly Sir, says she, all the Coblers are cured Gout, and I can get no body to Mend'em, now to do Right to the Apology; there are several Remarkable Instances of it: Here's left a Creecum that Commences Dollar. Secondly, A kind of an Individuum Flag, dress'd up in the Character of a Man of Quality. Thirdly, From being ready to Starve Himself, he makes a very good Living out of the Pulpit of Poisoning and Destroying other People. Fourthly, It gives us to Understand the Force of Impudence on the one hand, and of Ignorance on the other; for what was it but the beam-face of the Quack, adored by the Villains of the Noble, that advanced this Upstart from the Stall to the Stage? It is not to be imagined the Power of Tumour and Pneuma, Bold Looks, Hard Words, and a Suspicious Drown, upon the Palliasse of the Multitude. To say the Truth, Sirs, we are imposed upon by Bootheelmen, and Men of Forehead, without Common Sense, in all Trades and Passions; even to the Venturing of Soul, Body, Life and Estate upon their Skill, Honesty and Credit. Can any Man look about him in the World, and call his Eye and Thought upon every Days Inflames of one of these wonderful Improvements and Conversions, without laying to Himself, The Mischief Pounded at all these Men in this Fable? For it holds as well from Popping to Pasta, from Buflfay to Emeure, and from Rigory to Supporony, as from Patching to Purgung, and from the Stall to the Uterus. But a Tryal of Skill at last puts him tall his Latin, and when it comes to that once, he'll have more Wit than to venture his Life upon his Antidote.

F R I D A Y. CCCCIII.

A Cobler and a Financier.

T

here was a Droll of a Cobler that led a Life as Merry as the Day was Long, and Singing and Joking was his Delight. But it was not altogether so well with a Neighbour of his, though a Great Officer in the Treasury, for there was no Singing, nor hardly any Sleeping under his Roof: Or if he happened to Doze a little now and then in a Morning, was Forty to One the Jolly Cobler Waked him. How often would he be Wilting to Himself that Trade should be so good in the Market as well as Meat and Drink! While his Head was working upon this Thought, the Toy took him in the Crown to lend for the Songster. Come Neighbour, says he, thou

thou livest like a Prince here, How much a Year canst thou get by thy Trade? Nay, Earth Mover, says the Cobler, I keep no Count-Books; but if I can get Bread from Hand to Mouth, and Make Even at the Years End, I never trouble my feet for to Morrow. Well, says the Officer, but if you know what you can Earn by the Day, you may easily call up what that comes to a Year: Ay, says he, but that's more or less as it fall out; for we have such a World of Holy-Days, Festivals, and New Saints, that 'tis a Woundly Hindrance to a Poor Man that Lives by his Labour. This Dry, Blunt Way, took with the Officer, and fo he went on with him: Come my Friend, says he, you came into my House a Cobler, what will you pay now if I lend you out on't an Emperor? And so he put a Purse of an Hundred Crowns into his Hand. Go your ways, says he, there's an Estate for ye, and be a good Husband of it. Away goes the Cobler with his Gold, and in Concert as Rich as if the Mines of Peru had been emptied into his Lap. Up he Locks it immediately, and all the Comforts of his Life together with his Crowns in the same Chest. From the time that he was Master of this Treasure, there was no more Singing or Sleeping at our House; not a Cat stirr'd in the Garret, but an Out-cry of Thieves; and his Cottage was so haunted with Care's, Jealousies, and Wild Alarms, that his very Life was become a Burden to him. So that after a Short time away cradles he to the Officer again; Ah Sir, says he, if you have any Charity for a Miserable Creature, do but let me have my Songs and my Sleep again, and do you take back your Hundred Crowns, with an Hundred Thouand Thanks into the Bargain.

The Moral.

The Poor Man that has but from Hand to Mouth, pusses his Term Miserly, and without any Fear or Danger of Thieves, Publish or PRIVATE, but the House that has Money in't, is as sound as haunted.

Reflection.

This Fable makes Riches to be a great Enemy to our Repose, and tells us that the Care of Money doth heavier upon a Good Man, than the Inconveniences of an Honest Poverty. He that lets the Anxiety, Fears and Dangers that accompany Riches, against the Cheerful and the Easy Security of a Private Fortune and Condition, may very well be Thankful for the One, without Repining at the other. He that lets his Heart upon any thing in this World, makes himself a Slave to his Hopes and

B b b
FABLES of several Authors.

Fears, and is as fure of being Disappointed, as he is of the Uncertainty of Human Affairs. Let it be Love, Preference, Court-Favours, Popularity, or what else it will, some Rival or other he must expect to meet with in all his Pretensions. The Proud Man’s Inclination is Glory, High Place in the World, and the Applause of People. The Evasive Man’s Heart is set upon doing good Turn, Defamatory Calumnies and Revenge. In few Words, Violent Affections never fail of being Unwise and Importunate: but of all Extravagant Passions, the Love of Money is the most Dangerous, in regard of the greatest Variety of Difficulties that attend it. There may be some few Pretenders to a Beautiful Lady; some few Candidates for the favour of a Popular Choice: but there are Competitions that interest, and oil and on as it happens, upon this or that Occasion. But Money is an Unceasing Misery; Men are always Watching, Spying, and Designing upon it; and all the Engines of Worldly Wisdom are perpetually at Work about it: So that whoever is Pudefit of, and Sollicitous for that Interest, shall never Clode his Eyes, to loose as Craft, Violence, or Conspiracy, shall be able to keep them Waking.

The Eagle, Cat and Snake.

There was an Eagle, a Cat and a Sow, that bred in a Wood together. The Eagle Timber’d upon the top of a High Oak; the Cat Kitten’d in the hollow Trunk of it, and the Sow lay Pigging at the Bottom. The Cat’s Heart was set upon Master Chief, and so the went with her Tale to the Eagle. Your Majesty had best look to your self, says Pigs, for there is more certain a Plot upon ye, and peachance upon poor me too; for yonder a Sow lies Grubbing every Day at the Root of this Tree: She’ll bring it down at last, and then your Little Ones and Mine are all at Mercy. So soon as ever the had Hammer’d a Jealousie into the Head of the Eagle, away to the Sow he goes, and Figs her in the Crown with another Story; Little do you think what a Danger your Litter is in; there’s an Eagle watchingconstantly upon this Tree to make a Prey of your Figs, and so soon as ever you are but out of the way, the will certainly Execute her Delight. The Cat upon this, goes presently to her Kittens again, keeping her Self upon her Guard all Day, as if she were afraid, and steel’s out still at Night to provide for her Family. In one Word, the Eagle durst not stir for fear of the Sow; and the Sow durst not budge for fear of the Eagle: So that they kept themselves upon their Guard till they were both Star’d, and left the Care of their Children to Pigs and her Kittens.
for he that's worl'd will be sure to take Sanctuary in the Fens, and then are we to be trode to Pieces.

The Moral.

Delirant Reges, Plebantur Achivi. When Princes fall out, the Commonly Suffers, and the Little go to Wreck for the Quarrels of the Great.

Reflection.

LECT III Consequences be never so Remote, 'tis good however, with the Caes here in the Fables, to have the Reason of Things at Hand. The Design of many Actions looks one way, and the Event works another; as a Young Gardener's Cut from a Briar an Eastern. But Mankind, whether mean or not, are to be Provided against and Prevented, with as much Care and Industry as if they had been designing from the Beginning; and the Application of Forethought in the one Case, must supply the want of Forethought in the other. 'Tis the Fool that lives by Temper, and from Hand to Mouth, as we say, without carrying his Thoughts into the Future. But a Wife Man looks forward, thorough the proper and natural Course and Connexion of Causes and Effects, and in so doing, he foresees Himself against the woe that can befall him. The Frogs' Cafe, in some respects, is that of a Civil War; where People must expect to be cruel'd and squeeze'd in the Consequence, toward the Charge and Burden on't. It needs make Matter, but 'tis the Common must pay the Piper.

FAB. CCCCV.

The Frogs and the Sun.

In the Innocent Age of the World, when there were no Children, be Nature, but those that were begot in Lawful Wedlock, it was in every Bodies Mouth, that the Sun was about to Marry. The Frogs in General were ready to Leap out of their Skins for Joy at it; till one Craky Old Slut in the Company, advis'd them to Consider a little Better on't, before they appointed a Day of Thanksgiving for the Blessing. For (says she) if we are alomst forch'd to Death already, with One Sun, What will become of us when that Sun shall have Children, and the Heat increace upon us with the Family?

The Moral.

We take many things at First Bluff, for Blessings, that upon Second Thoughts we find would be most pernicious to us.

Reflection.

It requires great Care and Circumpection, that we Weigh and Balance things before we pronounce them to be either Good or Evil: For Men are Thankful many times for direct Malechichons, and Mornifie themselves upon the Mithake of Imaginary Blessings. 'Twas a Wife Fad that Advis'd her Fellow to think well on't, before they rung the Bells for the Son's Wedding. This Fancy looks toward the Cafe of a Republican House, that has got a Head in a Monarchical State. Now Empire is not to be thing'd in Content; and when Sovereigns Marry, 'tis no longer Single but Popular; and the Greater the Number of Governors, the Heavier is the Weight of the Government. Now though the Order of Superiority and Subjection be of Absolute Necessity for the good of Mankind, this does not yet hinder it in many Respect's, from being Grieved to those that live under it. Every common Man would be Free, and thinks himself wrong if he be not so. Now this is for want of Understanding the True and Natural Reason of the Matter, which is, that when One Government comes to be Dissolv'd, the First thing to be done is to fall to Cutting of Threats toward the letting up of Another.

FAB. CCCCVI.

The Fox Condemn'd.

There was a Fox (as the Story has it) of a Lewd Life and Conversation, that happen'd at first to be catch'd in his Poguer, and call'd to an Account for the Innocent Blood he had spilt of Lambs, Pullets, and Geese without Number, and without any Sense either of Shame or of Conscience. While he was in the Hands of Justice, and on his way to the Gibber, a Freak took him in the Head to go off with a Conceit. You Gentlemen the King's Officers, says he, I have no Mind in the World to go to the Gallows by the Common Road; but if you call me through the little Wood there on the Right Hand, I should take it very kindly. The People fanc'd a Trick in't at first, and that there might be some Thought of a Rescue, or an Escape in the Cafe; till Reynard afford them upon his Honour, that he had no such Design: Only he was a great Lover of Music, and he had rather have one Chirping Madruga in the Woods, than Forty from Turks and Popes upon the Ladder.
The Moral.

Many People are harden'd in an Habitual Defiance of Heaven and Hell, that they'll spurn with them at the very Gallows; and value themselves upon Living and Dying all of a piece.

Reflexion.

This Fable hits the Humour of a great many loose People in the World, that are so Wicked as to value themselves upon their Ill Manners, and the contempt of all Goodness; Nay, to the Degree even of taking a Pride in their Iniquity, and affecting a Reputation by it, in proportion to the Measure of the Extravagance. Some Men are so Harden'd in Lewdness, that they make it a Point of Honour to be True to't, and go to the Devil with a Frolic betwixt their Teeth. They have gotten a Habit of Laughing Honesty and Good Manners out of Countenance, and a Reprobated Hardness of Heart, does them the Office of Philosophy towards a Contempt of Death. Our common Executions yield but too many Instances of this kind; and it helps mightily to keep up the Humour, that instead of Owning and Professing an Abhorrence for these Approaches upon God and Nature, the Inpiety is celebrated for a Jest. And whence comes it now, that Men should be so Insensible, either of a Present Calamity, or of a Future Judgment; but from the Custom of a Scorning Abject Life; where Licentiousness has so long past for Sharpness of Wit, and Greatness of Mind, that the Conscience is grown Callous; and after this, it is by a Natural Congruity for Men to Dye as they have Liv'd. Now a Liberty in this Latitude is not more Execrable, then the Example is Pernicious; especially where it is attended with the Pleasure of a Lantern and a Surprising Wit to Recommend the Wickedness.

FAB. CCCCVII.

A Man at a Firth Dinner.

Certain Prince took a Learned Man to Dinner with him: It was a Fasting Day it seems, and a great deal of Large Crowns Firth there was at the Table; only at the Lower End, where the Philosopher sat, there were none but Little Ones. He took out several of them One by One, and first put his Mouth to the Fish's Ear, and then the Fish's Mouth to his own Ear, and so laid'em in whole again, without so much as Tafling one Bit of'em. Come Sir, says the Master of the Feast, You have some pleasant Thought or other in your Head now, Pray let the Company take part with ye. Why Sir, says he, My Father had the Ill Fortune about
about Two Years ago to be Cast away upon this Coast; and
I was asking the Little Fishes if they could tell me what
became of his Body: They said No, they could not, for 'twas
before their Time: But if I Examin'd the Great Ones, 'tis pos-
tible they might be able to say something to it. The Prince
was so well pleas'd with the Fancy, that he Order'd his Meats
to be Chang'd, and from that time forward, no body wel-
comer to the Table then this Man.

The M o r a l.

It is a Master-piece in Conversation, to intermix Wit and Liberty so Directly,
that there may be nothing in't that's Bitter, Course, or out of Season.

R e f l e x i o n.

This is to tell us, that Good Humour goes further many times in the
Reputation of the World, than Profound Learning; though Undoubted-
ly both together are Best. There is a certain Knack in the Art of Con-
versation, that gives a good Grace to many things, by the Manner and
Address of Handling 'em, which in the ordinary way of bringing Mat-
ers about, would give great Offence to the Common Rules, even of
Civility and Discretion. The Skill on't lies in the Nicety of Distinguishing,
First, what Liberty is necessary in such and such a Case. And Secon-
dly, How to Temper and Accommodate that Freedom to a Conscience
with Good Manners: And this must be done too without Formality and
Affection; for a Studied and a Labour'd Forecast toward the Setting
of such a Humour Abroach, is Putrid and Nausious to the Highest De-
gree; and better Fitty such Conceits were lost, then that any thing of
Contrivance or Premeditation should appear in't. There are a fort of
People, that when they have once hit upon a Thought that Tickles
them, will be still bringing it in by Head and Shoulders, over and over
in sevaral Companies, and upon several Occasions; but it's below the Di-
grace of a Man of Weight, to Value himself upon such a Levy; for it
makes him look as if Trifling were his Master-piece. Now these Turns
of Fancy and Entertainment, should pass off as they came on, Carelessly
and Easily, without laying any fireles upon them; for they are then only Happy
and Agreeable, when they are Play'd off at Volly, and pro Re Nata,
and only made use of, in fine, as a Sauce to the Conversation. The Phi-
losopher in this Instance, was not without some Difficulty how to gain
his Point: There were better Fills at the Table, and the Question was how
to come at them, without being either Rude or Importune; and yet if he
were not clear enough to be Understood, he was in danger still to losa his
Longing. So that he found out such a way of Asking, as to Provoke a
Question without speaking a Word to't; and he did it in such a Fashio of
Respect too, that it might not look like Begging on the one Hand, or Re-
proaching on the other. And he was much in the Right once again too,
when the Riddle was already set afoot, rather to wait till the Explanation
should be Desir'd, then to prompt the Master of the Feast to call for't.
A S Two Asses were Fording a River, the one laden with Salt, the other with Sponge: The Salt-Ass fell down under his Burden, but quickly got up again, and went on the Merrier for't. The Sponge-Ass found it agreed so well with his Companion, that down lies he too, upon the same Experiment; but the Water that Dissolv'd the Salt, made the Sponge Forty times Heavier than it was before; and thus which East'd the One Drown'd the Other.

The Moral.

The Deceiver may be Deceived: Many People take false Measures for their Relief, without Considering that what's Good in one Case, may be Bad another.

Reflexion.

A Wise Man lives by Reason, not by Example; or if he does, 'tis on he goes out of his Way. We have a common Saying that holds in a Thousand ordinary Cases, where the same thing Ruins one, that Saves another. It is the part also of an Honest Man to deal Above-board, and with Tricks. The Ass with the Sponge, fail'd in both; For First, he would trying Conclusion, without Examining either the Nature of the thing Question, or what the Matter would bear. Secondly, He was Faller his Matter too, in Abusing a Truth for the Easing of his own Carkals; and then it cost him his Life Over and Above, which was both his Miserable Punishment.

FAB. CCCCIX.

A Black Bird afraid of a Rite.

A Poor Simple Black-Bird was frighted almost to Death, with a Huge Flopping Rite that the saw over her Head, Screaming and Scouring about for her Prey. Come Sifter, says a Thrush to her, Pluck up a good Heart; for all this Fluttering and Screaking is but Fooling; and you shall see this Lazy Buzzard at last, e'en take up with some Pritiful Frog or Mouse to her Supper, and be Glad on't too. No, no, the Hawks.
Hawks are the Dangerous Birds, Child, that Bite, as they say, without Barking, and do Execution in Silence.

The Moral:

The more Noise and Flatter, the lest Danger.

Reflexion.

THERE's no great Danger in Men of Huff and Bluster: Noise and Pretence without Execution, is only much ado about Nothing; and yet this way of Trilling, is the very Bus'nes and Practice of many that pass in the World for Great Men, though they are much Mistaken that think them so. But there are Reverend Appearers in all manner of Glorious Professions and Adventures, as in Arms, Letters, Religion, Law, Policy, &c. There are Quacks, in short, of all sorts, as Bullies, Pedants, Hypocrites, Empirick's, Law-Jobbers, Politicians, and the like; and there are Men as well as Black-Birds that are Silly enough not to Distinguish between a Hawk and a Buzzard.

Fab. CCCX.

A Fox and a Wolf.

An Unlucky Fox dropt into a Well, and cry'd out for Help: A Wolf overheard him, and looks down to see what the Matter was. Ah, (says Reynard,) Pray lend me your Hand Friend, or I'm lost else. Poor Creature! says the Wolf, Why how comes this about? Prithee how long hast thou been here? Thou canst not but be mighty Cold here. Come, come, this is no Time for Fooling, says the Fox; let me upon Terra Firma first, and then I'll tell ye the History.

The Moral.

When a Man is in Misery, there must be no Trifling in the Cafe. 'Tis a Barbarous Humour to stand Bantering out of Season. 'Tis no Time or Place for Railery, when a Life's at Stake.

Reflexion.

Here are Three Calamities in One: First, The Foxes falling into a Pit, and not being able to get out again. Secondly, The Misery of being put to beg Relief of an Enemy, for want of a Friend. Thirdly, The Afront of the Refusal, as it was accompanied with Railery and Scorn. 'Twere well if we had not too many of these Brutal Mockeries in our Cce Daily.
Daily Conversations for we have Banterers in Religion, In Point of Honour, and upon all the Difficulties of Human Life. He that has no Fire or Compassion for the Miserable, is not in Truth of a Reasonable Make; for Tenderness of Nature is but a kind of Lay-Charity; and a Body can be no more a Good Man without the One, then a Good Christian without the other. Let a Man be never so Wicked, 'tis a Joke and an Unmanly thing to insult upon him in his Calamity. His Punishment may be just; and when he suffers Justice, 'tis all that a Good and a Generous Man can wish for in the Cafe.

The Scorn of Great Men, or Buffoons of Quality, are every jot as Wavish in Conversation, as they are here in the Cafe; tho' 'tis looked upon, I know as a Mark of Breeding; and the Indication of a Man that his Notable Skill in the World, to turn the Earnest of all Things and Duties, Sacred and Civil, into a Joke, and to put the Common Principles of Faith, Truth, Justice and Respect, out of Countenance. Now in all these Cafes, the Precedent is as Dangerous, as the Prude is odious, where the Quality of the Droll serves to Authorize the Indignity: For from a Foe, that's made up of Trick and Treachery, there's no better to be Expected.

FABLE CCCXXI.

Two Travellers find an Offer.

As Two Men were Walking by the Sea-side, at a Low-water, they saw an Offer, and they both Pointed at it together: The Oar Stoops to take it up; the Other gives him a Push, and tells him, 'Tis not yet Decided whether it shall be Yours or Mine. In the interim, while they were Disputing their Title to it, comes a Passenger that way, and to him they refer'd the Matter by Content, which of the Two had the Better Right to the Offer. The Arbitrator very Gravely takes out his Knife, and opens it; the Plaintiff and Defendant at the same time Gaping at the Man, to see what would come on't. He Looks the Fifth, Gulps it down, and so soon as ever the Morcel was gone, the Way of all Fleth, wipes his Mouth, and pronounces Judgment. My Masters, (says he, with the Voice of Authority,) The Court has Order'd each of ye a Shilling, without Coffins; and so pray go Home again, and live Peaceably among your Neighbours.

The MORAL.

Refusers and Arbitrators seldom forget Themselves.

REFLEXION.

FABLE CCCXXII.

A Raging Lion.

There was a Lion ran Stark Mad, and the very Fright on't put all the Beasts of the Forrest out of their Wits for Company. Why what a Condition are we in, they cry'd, to fall under the Power of a Mad Lion! when a Lion at the very Soberest, is little better then Prickit?

The MORAL.

Rage upon Rage is a Double Madman.

REFLEXION.

Governors have had need be very well Principled, and good Natur'd, to keep their Passions in Order and Obedience: But when an Absolute Power shall come to be put upon the Stretch by an Outrageous Humour, there's no Living under it. By a Raging Lion, I mean an Irritable and a Great Governor, which is a mad Calamity, but not without some Curb of Dignity yet in the Misfortune; for 'tis a Lion will, how Mad soever. Now if it had been a Raging Ape, the Fancy had been Ridiculous and Scandalous to the Last Degree; and therefore the Moral is Relating to the True and Genuine Character of Sovereignty, without Defending to the Counterfeit.
FABLES of several Authors.

The Moral Or the Rules and Measurers of Policy are Preservd, there must needs Endear a Favour of Justice, and a Corruption of Manners: And in a Kingdom of Apes, Buffoons may well put in for Commission-Officers.

FAB. CCCXIII.

The Kingdom of Apes.

Two Men took a Voyage together into the Kingdom of Apes: the one a Trimmer, the other a Plain Dealer. They were taken into Custody, and carried to the Prince of the Country, as he sat in State, and a Mighty Court about him. Well, says the King to the Trimmer, Look me in the Face now, and say, What do you take me to be? A Great Emperor, Undoubtedly, says the Trimmer. Well, says his Majesty once again, and what d'ye take all these People about me for? Why Sir, says he, I take them for your Majesties Nobility and Great Officers. The Prince was wonderfully pleas'd with the Civility and Respect of the Man, and Order'd him a Bowl of Pippins, as a Singular Mark of his Royal Favour. His Majesty after this, put the same Questions to the Plain Dealer, who fell to computing with Himself, that if his Companion had gotten a Reward for a damn'd Lye, certainly he should have twice as much for a Plain Honest Truth; and so he told the King Bluntly, that he took him for a very Extraordinary Ap, and all those People about him for his Truths and Well-formed Councillors and Cozeners: But the Poor Man Paid dearly for his Simplicity; for upon a Signal from the Emperor, the whole Band
imaginable in the Name of the Publick. But this rarely happens, far
where the Matter wants Resolution to check the Licent of Premuntings of
a Daring Servant. There is also a certain Manage that leaves all at Six and Seven, and
thinks to support Greatness without either Rule, Weight or Measure; and
that’s a dangerous Point, when Prudence and Fidelity shall turn to Loft,
and wickedness be supported by the Reputation of Favour and Applause.
The Mischief of such false Measures is excellently well Pointed out to us in
this Fable; and consequently the Blessings of a steady Admiration, where
the Ends of Government are Confidently obtained, and the Divine Pri-
ileges of Power maintained; and where Truth and Justice are impartial-
ly Allured and Administered, and as Religionfully Defended.

F A B. CCCCXIV.
An Ape made a Judge of Quitts.

Here was a Question staring betwixt a Cuckoon and a
Nightingale, which of the Two had the Better Voice, and the
better way of Singing. It came at half a Tryal of Skill,
and an Ape was to be the Judge, upon Hearing both Sides,
gave it clearly for the Cuckoon.

The MORA L.
’Tis a Foul Cafe for Philosophers to be Try’d by Fools, and the Abilities to
fit Judges upon the Mists of Honour and Government.

R E F L E X I O N.
The Old Judge of Athens and Lycurgus, answers this Figure to the very
Letter. The Fable extends to all Incompetent Judges, Umpires, or Ad-
ministrators, in what Case or Matter, or under what incapacity or Disab-
ility sever. It Points at the Jolly and Scandal of the Choice too, as
well as the Inquiry of the Sentence; for the Honour of the Govern-
ment, and the Welling of the Government, depend in a great Measure upon
the Fames of the Officer, let his Commission be Ecclesiastical, Civil, Mi-
nitary, or what else it will. Here’s an Ape made a Judge of Affairs; a
Faculty that he neither Loves nor Understands; for there’s no Sage to
Our Ape, like the Evening of Another. Let any Man fancy to Himself, how
it would bode to put a Law-Cafe to a Foul-Pudding; a Question of Meat
to a Cark Cutlet: a Point of Conscience to a Night of the Pud. In Both,
let every Man be Confused and Acquitted in his own Way and Trade.
Neither can it be Expected that a Fool should Judge according to Wis-
dom, Truth, Reason and Justice. There may be very proper Exceptions
too upon the Matter, as well of Morals, as of Abilities. One would not

F A B.

not trust a Covetous Man in Money Matters, where there’s any thing to
be Gotten, either by Fraud or Corruption; nor a Vain Man, where
there’s Temptation to Popularity. False Men are not to be taken into
Confidence; nor Fearful Men into a Plot that requires Resolution; nor
Cruel, Infidel Men, into a Station where Power may be Abridged to Op-
pression. All these Abilities fall within the Dint of this Fable; for
want of Honesty makes a Judge as incompetent, as want of Under-
standing.

F A B. CCCCXV.
An Ape Judge betwixt a Fox and a Wolf.

A Wolf charges a Fox with a Piece of Pifery. The Fox
Denies it. The Ape tries the CAUSE, and upon a fair
Hearing, Pronounces them both to be Guilty. You (says
the Judge to the Wolf) have the Face to Challenge that
which you never Loist; and (says he to the Fox) have the
Confidence to Deny that which you have certainly Stoll’n.

The MORA L.
When both Plaintiff and Defendant happen to be a Couple of Coryfus Knowers,
there’s Equity against them Both.

R E F L E X I O N.
This Fable tells us what Credit is to be given to Witnesses of a False
and Laced Conversation, and that a known Lieur is of no Authority in a
Judgment of Law, even when he speaks Truth. Where a Brace of Sharp-
ers will be going to Law, none so fit as an Ape to try the CAUSE; and it
was a Sentence worthy of such a Judge, to pronounce them both Guilty;
which in Equity they were, with a Respect to their Character and Reputa-
tion: tho’ in Law they could not be so, upon the Fact in Question. If
the Ape in this Fable had too little regard to the Letter of the Law, we
have seen some Cases where more fires has been laid upon the rigorous and
kindness of it, than Confidently did belong to’t: For when one
Man of an Exemplary Import, charges another of the same Stamp; in
a Court of Justice, he lies under the Disadvantage of a striking Suspicion,
even before he is Heard; and People are Prepar’d to believe the Woff
of him by Anticipation, and before his Cause is known. So that the Bar
Premises is sufficient to turn the Scale, where it was Gold-weight before;
unless we Balance the Impropriety of the one, with the Improbity of
the other, as the Ape did here in the Fable.

We are to understand upon the whole Matter, that it is more Admissible
to give too little Credit in a Court of Judicature to Men of Profligate
Lives, than too Much: For ‘tis a Scandal to Publick Justice, to make use
of such Instruments for the Supporters of a State.
388 FABLES of several Authors.

Far. CCCCCXVI.

An Ape and a Lion in his Kingdom.

We are told of a Lion, that after the Laudable Example of other Princes, pass’d an Act of Grace upon his Acceptation to the Crown, wherein he was pleas’d to Declare himself wonderfully in favour of the Liberties and Properties of his Subjects. He did not hold in this Mind long; and yet he could not think it convenient neither, to make any Attempts upon the Beasts by open Force; so that he chose rather to take them one by one in Private to him, and set them all upon this General Question, put your Nose into my Mouth, says he, why I Gape, and then tell me truly, is my Breath Sweet or no? Some told him that it was not Sweet, others that it was; and so he pick’d a Quarrel with them both: The one Sort went to Pot for their Hypocrisy; and the other for their Insolence. It came to the Ape at last, to deliver his Opinion upon the Matter; the Ape Sniffed and Smelled, and confess’d he: Why certainly Sir, says he, You, have some Rich Perfumes in Your Mouth, for I never smelt any thing so fragrant since I was born. The Roguious Ape in fine, Wheedled him so Artificiously, that the Lion had not the Face to Chope him up immediately upon the Spot; and yet he was Resolv’d he should not escape neither; So the Lion Counterfeited Sick, and there was notable Puzzling among the Doctors; I warrant you, about his Pulpit and his Water: But they told him however upon due consideration, that they found no Mortal Symptoms about him, only a kind of Heavy Indisposition, that might be easily Rectified by a Cartful Diet; and so they Deferr’d him by all means to bethink himself what Fletch he bore off, and soon make him a Heavenly Meal on’t. Why then (says the Lion) I have a strange Fancy for a Mouthful of Good Sound Ape-Hoff, if you find it proper for me: Nothing like it; they cry’d, and so the Poor Flatterer Ape was presently Taken up, Deferr’d and Eaten by way of Pre-scriptio.

The MORAL.

There’s no Hope for an Honest Man, where Flattery is Encourag’d and Rewarded, and Plain-Dealing Punish’d.

389 FABLES of several Authors.

REFLEXION.

This Fable gives to Underland, that where Men of Power happen to be unjust and cruel, all the Prudence and Innocency in the World will not save a Man. He that would thrive in such a Court, must Govern himself betwixt Sincerity and Adulation. The Art of Pleasing is not every Man’s Talent, neither will the same way of Manage work upon all Humours alike. The Art of Pleasing is in Truth but the Art of Living; and the Skill of Cutting to a Third, betwixt Flattery and ill Manners; but to so as Accomplish the Method and the Application, to the Taste of the Man, or of the People, and to the Qualify of the Business in hand: Not but that there are some Cafes and Occasions that a Man cannot do so much as touch, without Burning his Fingers, and where Truth, Flattery, and Trimming are all Mortal. We may learn from hence also, that Justice is so Awfully Sacred, that the most Faithful of Men have a secret Veneration for it; for their Unmerit, Cruelties are covered with the Face of it, and in the very Exercise of the Vice, they Afflict the Reputation of the Virtue. 'Tis neither Practised nor Safe, in fine, to provoke great Men; or indeed to have any thing to do with them. if they be not Men of Honour, as well as of Power; for though their Hands be from to be Bound, they can yet Use themselves, by Virtue of a certain Perrogative they have to Play Fish at Pleasure.

Far. CCCCCXVII.

Two Laden Aifes.

This is an Old Story of Two Aifes Traveling upon the Road, the One Laden with Oats, the other with Money: The Money Merchandize, I Warrant ye, was so Proud of his Trunk, and of his Bell, that he went Joking and Toiling of his Head, and Tabring with his Feet the All the way, as if no Ground would hold him. The other Plodding on with his Noze in the Breech of his Leader, as Gravely as one Foot could follow another. While they were Joggling on thus upon the way, out comes a Band of Highway Men from the next Wood, and falls upon the Aifes that carried the Treasure. They Bear, Wound and Rive him, and so leave him, without so much as taking the least Notice of his Fellow. Well, (says the King’s Aise,) and for all this Mischief I may’en thank my Money. Right, says the other, and in these Benefits that I was not thought worth the Robbing.

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D THE
FABLES of several Authors.

The MORAL.

Poverty is both Safe and Easy; and Riches a Great Snare to People in many Cases: As it for'd work here with the State-Aris than with the Maheties.

REFLEXION.

The poor Peaceable Man has nothing to Fear, but does his Business, and takes his Rest, without the Trouble either of Thieves or of Alarms. 'Tis the Booby, not the Man, (fave only for the Booby's Sake,) that is in Danger. There's either Many or Much-worth, in all the Controversies of Life; for we live in a Mercenary World, and 'tis the Price, in some sort or other, of all things that are in it; but as it certainly draws Envy and Hazard after it, so there are great Advantages go along with it, and great Benefits that attend the right use of it. And to be Poverty too: a narrow Fortune is undoubtedly a Cramp to a great Mind, and lays a Man under a Thousand Incapacities of serving either his Country or his Friend; but it has the Comforts yet of being free from the Cares and Perils that accompany great Malles of Treasures and Painful Pleas. Befide, that the Virtue of a Generous and a Charitable Temper of Nature, is never the less Acceptable to him that takes the Will for the Deal, for want of Ability to put these good Inclinations in Execution. This Fable in short, makes good the old Saying,

No Man Sings a Meritorious Nap, Than he that cannot change a Great.

FABLE CCCCVIII.

A BEAR CHALLENGES an AS.

There pass'd some Hard Words betwixt a Bear and an Afs, and a Challenge follow'd upon it. The Bear depended upon his Tusk, and computed within himself, that Head to Head the other could never be able to Encounter him. So he Advanc'd upon his Adversary: And the Afs, so soon as ever he had him within Distance, turn'd Tail upon him, and gave him such a Lath over the Chop's with his Iron Hoof, that he made him stagger again. The Bear, after a little Pause, Recover'd himself. Well, (says he) I was not aware of such an Attack from that End.

FABLE CCCCCXIX.

A CUCKOOW and Little BIRDS.

A Cuckow was asking several Little Birds, what made them so Shy of coming into her Company. They told her, that she was so like a Hawk, they did not care to have any thing to do with her.

The MORAL.

A Wife must Search into the Nature of Things, and does not Govern herself by outward Similitudes and Appearances.

REFLEXION.

There is a regard be had in all our Actions and Councils, to the Nicety of the matter in Question. This is to tell us, that the very Appearances of Evil are to be Avoide, and all the Similitudes of Danger to be well Examined and Consider'd. Why should a Bird as well trull a Hawk, that's like a Cuckow, as trull a Cuckow that's like a Hawk? Two Likenesses may be Mistaken, and a Man cannot be too wary where the Error is Mortal. There may be a Disguise 'tis true, in the one case, and a Misapprehension in the other, but it is better yet to stand upon our Guard against an Enemy in the Likeness of a Friend, than to Embrace any Man for a Friend in the Likeness of an Enemy. There's no Snare like Credulity, when the Bait that's laid for us is covered with the presence of a Good Office. Neither are there any Importances to Permi-

The
FABLES of several Authors.

not certain, (in such an Instance as this,) is in danger; and 'tis ill Veneration (Nack and all especially,) where a Body is not very sure, whether it be a Husband or a Cuckoo.

FAB. CCCXX.

Hungry Dogs, and a Katel-drake.

A Company of Hungry Cats Discover'd a Raw-Hide in the Bottom of a River, and laid their Heads together how to come at it: They Canvas'd the matter one way and 'tither, and brought it to this Issue in the Conclusion, that the only way to get it was to Drink their way to't. So they fell to Lapping and Guzzling, 'till in one Word, they Burft themselves, and never the nearer.

The Moral.

He that sets his Heart upon Things Impossible, shall be sure to Live in Languing.

REFLEXION.

Foolish Counsel is not only Vain and Unprofitable in General, but in many particular Cases most Defeasive and Deadly. This Fable lays open the Folly, the Vanity, and the Danger of profiding too eagerly for anything that's out of our Reach. We spend our Strength, and our Credit in clearing the way to't, and it falls before us like a Shadow, which we may well Pursue, but can never Overtake. It is much the Humour of Chymists, and a Thousand other sorts of Practitioners, that propose to themselves things utterly Impracticable, and confine their Lives in Hoglets and Fruitlets Undertakings. This falls out for want of Computing upon the Proportion between the Means, and the End; and for want of Examining and Considering what's Practicable, and what not; and for want again of Measuring our Force and Capacity with our Delusions.

FAB. CCCXXI.

An Aff and a Barbary.

ONE Aff'd an Aff in the Dog- Days to carry certain Bails of Goods to such a Town: 'Twas Extreme Hot, so that he lay down upon the way to Refresh himself under the Shade of the Aff. The Muleter bad him Riffle, and go on according to his Bargain.

FABLES of several Authors.

Bargain. 'Tother said, that the Aff was His for the time he had Hir'd him. Right, say's the other, You have Hir'd the Aff, but not the Shadow.

The Moral.

Work for the Lawyer.

REFLEXION.

This Fable Plays upon the Contentious Humour of People that go to Law for Trifles. De Affatu Umbra, is effectually but this Fancy in an Adage. There needs no more to the setting of the whole World in a Flame, then a Quadrifem Plaintiff and Defendant, and a brace of Chitentors to blow the Coals. Wrangling in Insulted as an Art or a Science on the one side, and made use of as an Exercise on the other. Some People can no more live without Law, than without Air, and they reckon it better to spend a Thousand Pounds upon Counsel, to Defend a Trivial or an Unwarrantable Cause, than to part with one Single Six-Pence for the Payment of an Honest Debt. This Fable in short, is Moraliz'd in Witsminster-Hall, Forty times over every Term.

FAB. CCCXXII.

A Country-fellow and a Barbary.

A Block-headed Boy that was sent to Market with Butter and Cheese by the Good Old Woman his Mother, made a Stop at a Quick River in the way, and laid him self down upon the Bank there, till it should run out. About Midnight, Honce he goes to his Mother, with all his Market-Trade back again. Why how now Son, says She, what have we here to do! Why Mother, says this Booby, yonder's a Scourvy River that has been running all this Day, and I flaid till Jut now for the Running of it out, and there 'tis Running full. The Lord help the Son, says the Good Woman, for thy Head and mine will be laid many a Fair Day before this River runs Dry.

The Moral.

'tis not to Expel that Nature will Change her Course, to Grate the Sicken Frack of every Fantastical Humour.

REFLEXION.
REFLEXION.

THE Husband here in the Fable found no Charm to lay the Devil in a Pencot; but the Rising of a Bladder with Beans in’t; and if she have known a Cæcane wold in the like Case with very good Success. There’s no Contending with an Insipid Woman, by Authority or Reason. The Banging of it out in a Diverso at length, would be a lot both of Time and of Honour, and to no manner of Purpose neither; for what should a Man do, Reasoning upon a Point where Reason does not so much as enter into the Question? So that it is the Best of a Brave Man’s Game to make a Drain Dexter on’t, where there’s no Possibility of a Victory. He in fine, that contents a Shrew to the Degree of not Depending to Word it with her, does worse then Bear her. But we live in an Age, when Women, we hope, are better Instructed, then to fly in the Face of Religion is false, Law, and Nature: And these Desperate Encounters can never fall out between a Man and his Wife, but where the Woman is left to all Fences of Shame, Prudence, Modesty, and Common Respect.

FAB. CCCXXIV.

A Fox and a Dying Cook.

A Fox that had Spy’d out a Cock at Roost upon a Tree, and out of his Reach, fell all of a sudden into an Extinguishing Fit of Kindness for him; and to Enlarge upon the Wonderful Event he had for the Faculties and good Graces of the Bird, but more particularly for his Skill in Divination, and the Foreknowledge of Things to come. Oh (says he) that I were but Worthy the Friendship of so great a Prophet! This Latte brought the Cock down from the Tree into the very Mouth of the Fox, and so away he Trudges with him into the Woods, reflecting still as he went, upon the strange Force that Fair Words have upon vain Fools: For this Sort of a Cock (says he) to take himself for a Diviner, and yet not foresee at the same Time, that if I fell into my Clutches, I should certainly make a Supper of him.

The Moral.

A Fox that will Swallow Flatteries, shall never want a Knave to give it him.

REFLEXION.
FABLES of several Authors.

REFLEXION.

The Power of Flattery, where it is once Entertain'd, is well nigh Irresistible; for it carries the Countenance of Friendship and Respect; and Foolish Natures are easily wrought upon, and Perverted, under that Semblance. When Pride, Vanity, and Weakness of Judgment meet in the same Person, there's no Resisting the Temptations of a fair Tongue, and consequently no avoiding the Secret and Malicious Designs of a Fickle Heart. Here's a Credulous Cock already prepar'd for the Entertain'ment of the Grovel't of Flatteries: Nothing so Ridiculous, nothing so Impossible but it goes down whole with him, for truth and Earnest: Nay, and the Folly is so Unaccountable, and the Madness so Notorious, that in this Humour the most Spiteful Enemies we have in the World, pass upon us for Friends. The Cock takes the Counsel of a Fox, and, like the Squirrel to the Rattle-Snake, puts himself into the Mouth of his Mortal Adversary. How many such Diviners do we meet with in our Daily Conversation, that lay their Lives, Fortunes and Reputation at the Mercy of Parasites? How many Sots that Commence Philosophers upon the Credit of these Fawning Slaves! There's no Fool to the great Fool that's Fool'd by a little Fool; nor any thing so Scandalous as to be the Fool Of a Fool.

Fab. CCCCXCV.

The Moon begs a New Gown.

The Moon was in a heavy Twitter once, that her Cloth's never fit her: Wherefore, Pray Mother, says she, let the Taylor take Measure of me for a New-Gown. Alas Child, says the Mother, how is it possible to make any one Garment to Fit a Body that appears every Day in a several Shape?

The Moral.

'Tis the Humour of many People, to be perpetually Longing for something or other that's not to be had.

REFLEXION.

This shews us the Vanity of Impracticable Propositions, and that there is no Measure to be taken of an Unsteddy Mind. There's no Quieting of Unsettled Affections; no satisfying of Unbounded Desires; no possibility in Short, of either Fixing or Pleasing them. Let a Man but say what he would have, When, and how Much, or how Little, and the Moon's Taylor may take Measure of him; but to be Longing, for
for this thing to Day, and for that thing to Morrow; to change Likings
for Loathings, and to stand Withing and Hankering at a venture, how is
it possible for any Man to be at Rest in this Fluxuant Wandering Humour
and Opinion? There's no fitting of a Gown to a Body that's of one Size
when you take Measure of it, and of another when you come to put it on.
Tis the very same Case with a Heart that is not True to it self; And upon
the whole Matter, Men of this Levity are Condemn'd to the Mifery of Liv-
ing and Dying Unpeace.

Fab. CCCXXXVI.

A Young Fellow about to Marry.

Marrying and Hanging, they say, go by Destiny, and the
Blade had this Thought in his Head perhaps, that
Deird the Pray'rs of the Congregation, when he was upon
the very Point of Matrimony. His Friends gave him no
Answer, it seems, which put him upon Reasoning the Matter
with them. Why, Gentlemen (says he) if there had been
but a Snick-up in the Cafe, you'd have cry'd the Lord Blefs
Sir; and there is more Danger in Marrying I hope, then
there is in Sneezing.

The Moral.

The Parson was much in the Right sure, that like the Hangman, ask'd all Per-
ple Forgiveness that he was to Marry, before he did Execution upon them.

Reflection.

Many a Man runs a greates Risque in a Wife, then the World is aware
of. The Whimical Freak of this young Bantering Spark, would have made
no ill Ingredient into a Wife and Sober Man's Latency, and though it looks
like a Jell, there is somewhat in't yet that may be worth a Thinking Man's
Baines. But there will need no more then the Experience of those that have
Try'd the Circumstances of this Blesed State, to Recommend the Morality
of the Allusion, to the Thought of others, that are not yet Enter'd in the
Matrimonial Nook.
FABLES of several Authors.

FABLE CCCXXVII.

A Woman Trysted with a Secret.

There was a Good Woman (in the Days when Good Women were in Fasion) that valued her self wonderfully upon the Faculty of Retention, or (for the sake of Good Manners) upon the admirable Gift she had in the keeping of a Secret. The Toy took her Husband in the Head one, to make Trial of her Virtue that way, and so he told her once Morning upon rising, in the greatest Confidence imaginable, one of the strangest Things that ever was heard of, which had that Night befall'n him. But my Dear, says he, if you should Speak on't again, I'm utterly Ruin'd; and Women are generally so Leak[y, that in the whole Course of my Life, I have hardly met with any one of the Sex that could not hold her Breath longer then the could keep a Secret. So, my Life (says he) but your Woman I assure ye is none of that Number! What! betray my Husband's Secrets, I'd Die a Thousand Deaths first. No my Heart, if ever I do, may — Her Husband at that word flipp'd her Mouth, for fear of some Bloody Imprecation, and so told her. Come Wife, fan be, They that will Swear, will Lie, and so I'll rather tell you upon Honour. Look ye here what has befall'n me: I have had an Egg to Night; and so he took the Egg from his Backside, and bad her feel it; but if this should ever come to Light now, People would say that I was Hen-Trode, and the Disgrace of it would make me a Scandal to Mankind. This Secret lay Burning in the Breast of the Poor Woman, and kept her Waking, till she had Day-light enough to Rise by; and then softly out of the Bed sheistical, for fear of waking her Husband, and so away Post-haste to a Gossiping Neighbour of her Acquaintance; Hurries her out of her Bed, Charmes and Swears her to Privacy; and then out comes the Secret, that her Husband had laid Two Eggs that very Night. This Confident had another Confident; and there 'twas Three Eggs. The next made it Four; and so it went on (incrementing fill') from one Gossip to another, till by Six a Clock in the Afternoon they had made it Forty Eggs.

The.

FABLE CCCXXVIII.

A Woman and the Thieves.

In the Days of Yore, when Men and their Wives agreed like Dog and Cat in a Houfe together, the Good Man had been a Shooting; it seems, and brought his Dame Home a Dozen of Black-Birds with him. Come, Sweet Heart, says he, Prishee let's have these Black-Birds to Supper. Black-Birds? says the,

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The
FABLES of several Authors.

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the Lord bless us, why certainly the Man's a Changing. Come, come, you shall have your Thrushes for Supper then. Well, says he, but I tell you again, I'll have those Black-Birds to Sup- per. That's well, says the Woman, and I tell you Again and Again, that you shall have these Thrushes for Supper. Prithie my Dear, says the Man, If I say they are Black-Birds, let 'em be Black-Birds: I'll allow you to think they may be Thrushes, but don't contradict me. Prithie my Dear, says he, If I have a Fool to my Husband, is my Husband's Wife bound to be a Fool for Company? Huffy, don't Procure me, says the Man, but let the Black-Birds be Drest'd, and do as I bid ye, Obey your Husband, ye'd befit. Life-skins, says he, I know no more Reason I have to Obey my Husband, then my Husband has to Obey me; and Sirrah in the Teeth of ye, since ye are Hullying to ye, no other Woman would have the Patience to be Abus'd thus. From thes; Family-Words they fall to Blows, and there was the Way in one Corner, and the Head-Gear in another, upon the Question whether they were Black-Birds or Thrushes. When the Bickering was over, they went very comfortably to Bed together, and so rubbed in a kind of a Catternaling Life, till just the day Twelve Month: And then came the History of the Black Birds and the Thrushes upon the Carpet again. Ah ye Bed, you, says the Woman, How did you bear your poor Wife Sirrah, this day Twelve Month, about those Damn'd Thrushes? Black-Birds ye Jade, says the One; Thrushes ye rogue, says the Other; and so in one word, they play'd the same Face over again; insomuch, that for the time they Liv'd together, the Woman had an Anniversary Beating, as daily as the day of the Month came about every Year after.

The MORAL.

...Colum liceet & Marc Tereis Confusam, Hemo illum...What must be, must be.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Folly next to Madness for Women to be trying Malefices with their Husbands; to say nothing of the Scandal they bring upon themselves and their Families, by such a Persecution of Howan, Diccontent, Modyfly and Good Manners. Nay, and as well too, if from some Men, and upon some Provocations, they scape the Discipline of a good Drumming in the Bargain.

F A B. CCCXCV.

Two Soldiers go Halves.

The Humour took Two Country Fellows in the Head once to turn Soldiers, and so away they went to try the Chance of War, upon an Agreement to go Halves in the Adventure. The One fell sick upon the way; 'tis other went forward to the Army, where he got himfill both Money and Credit. At his Return a whileafter, he found his Friend upon the Mending Hand, and told him how and how, which he...
was Extremely Glad to hear, because of the Saip that he himself Expected upon the Dividend. As they were Talking of this and that by the Bye, he took his time to put in a hint about Sharing the Booty according to their Agreement. That all the Reason in the World, says another, but there are other things to be divided too, which I have told you, and when we come to reckon, we had done as good make one work on't, and count all together. This, says another to himself, must be something of Rake, Jewels for Precious Plumage, and so he came bluntly to the Question, what it was that in Commend had gotten Besides? Why look ye, says the Soldier, (shewing him his Naked Body) Here are Bruises, Wounds, Mains and Scars, that are to be divided as well as the Money. Nay, says the other, you may c'en keep all y'ave got to your own use then; for I'll have no dividing upon those Terms.

The Moral.

Partners must go Half-Profits, Half-Loss, till a Bargain is

Reflection.

This is Wisdom not to give more for a Thing than 'tis worth; and a Common Equity, Partners should take the Good and the Bad, one with another, or let both alone. People should not enter into Risk or Hazard into Partnerships or Adventures, either in War or in Business, they should consider that the Blows and the Scars are to be divided, as well as the Flowers and the Ducats, and the Loss as well as the Profit. The Two Parts are as good as Man and Wife, where the Bargain is for Better for Worse. Nay, there's Bawling as well as Kissing in the very State of Matrimony it self, and when People come to be Old, to both at Ones, let them fight against the other, and then put the Gain in their Eyes. If Life be a Journey, Men must expect Foul Way as well as Fair, and content themselves to Travel in all Weathers, and through all Difficulties; which is no more than the same Mixture that we are in with all our Undertakings. Wherefore let no Man brag of his Bargain, till he has call'd up his Account, and let the Scars against the Booty.

F A B 4 C X X X X X

A Lion and a Man.

Among other good Counsels that an Old Experience Lion gave to his Whelp, this was One; That he should never Contend with a Man; for says he, if ever you do, you'll be

F A B 4 C X X X X X

be worsted. The Little Lion gave his Father the Hearing, and kept the Advice in his Thought, but it never went near his Heart. When he came to be grown up afterward, and in the Flower of his Strength and Vigour, About and About he Ranges to look for a Man to Grapple with; In his Ramble he chances to spy a Toak of Oxen; so up to 'em he goes presently, Hark ye, Friends, says ye, are you MEN? They told him No; but their Master was a Man. Upon leaving the Oxen, he went to a Horse that he saw Bridled, and Ty'd to a Tree, and asked the same Question; No, says the Horse, I am no Man my Self, but he that Bridled and Saddled me, and ty'd me up here, He's a Man. He goes after this to one that was cleaning of Blocks, and says, the Lion, You seem to be a Man. And a Man I am, says the Fellow. That's well, quoth the Lion, and dare you Fight with Me? Yes, says the Man, I dare Fight with ye: Why I can Tear all these Blocks to pieces ye see. Put your Feet now into this Gap, where you see an Iron Thing there, and try what you can do. The Lion prettily put his Claws into the Gaping of the Wood, and with one Lifty Pluck, made it give way, and out drops the Wedge, the Wood immediately closing upon't, and there was the Lion caught by the Toes. The Woodman prettily upon this, Rallies the Country; and the Lion finding what a Straight he was in, gave one Hearty Twatch, and got his Feet out of the Trap, but left his Claws behind him. So away he goes back to his Father, all Lame and Bloody, with this Confession in his Mouth; Alas, my Dear Father, says he, This had never been, if I had follow'd thy Advice.

The Moral.

Disobedience to Parents is against the Laws of Nature and of Nations; Common Sense, Prudence and Good Manners; and the Vengeance of Heaven, shows us, if ever, Errors upon the Folly and

Reflection.

People are not to Reason upon Obedience to Parents and Submission to Governors, provided there be nothing in the Command, or in the Imposition that is falsely Evil. Reason in Man does abundantly supply the Defect of other Faculties wherein we are inferior to Beasts; and what we cannot answer by Force, we answer by Subjection. The intent of this Fable is to set forth the Excellency of Man above all Creatures upon the Earth; and to teach, that he is Lord and Ruler over all the rest; their Teeth, Claws, Stings, and other means of Offence, notwithstanding. The young Lion himself is Charg'd by his Sir not to Contend.
A Sparrow happen'd to take a Bath just as an Eagle made a Stoop at a Have; and when the Sparrow had got her in the Foot, Poor Watcry'd out for Help. Well, (says the Sparrow) and why don't ye Run for't now? I thought your Footmanship would have Saved ye. In this very Moment cometh a Hawk and whips away the Sparrow; which gave the Dying Have this Confession in her last Difficulty, that the few her Involent Enemy overaken with a just Vengeance, and that the Had-Hearted Creature that had no Pity for another, could obtain none for her self neither, when the food most in need on't.

The Moral.

This is with Men and Governments, as it is with Birds and Beasts. The Whole are a Prey to the Stranger, and do one under another, through the whole Scale of the Creation. We ought therefore to have a Fellow-Feeling of one another. Afflic{tions} for no Body knows whose turn may be next.

Reflection.

Here's a Just Judgment upon ill Nature; wherefore let no Man make Sport with the Miserable, that is in danger to be Miserable himself; for every Man may be; and in Truth every Man deferves so to be, that has no Tendernets for his Neighbour. It is a high Degree of Inhumanity not to have a Fellow feeling of the Misfortune of my Brother; but to take Pleasure in my Neighbour's Misery, and to make Mercy with it, is not only a Breach but a Diabolical Barbarity and Folly.
FABLES of several Authors.

FAB. CCCXXXIII.

Troy and Britannia are alike A-Kin.

Here pass'd a great many Bitter Words once upon a time between Joy and Sorrow, more than enough that they Mow'd the Court upon it by Consent, and made a Chancery Cause on't. Upon a Fair and a Full Hearing, the Judge found some colour of Equity on Both sides, and would fain have made 'em Friends again. You should consider, says he, how-near y'ar a-kin, and what a Scandal-tis, to have thee Heads and Squabbles among Relations: But all this went it at One Bar, and out at T'other: So that when he saw there was no Good to be done, he pass'd this Sentence upon them: That hence they would not go Hand in Hand Amicably of themselves, they should be Linked together in a Chain, and Each of them in his Turn should be perpetually Treading upon the Heel of the Other, and not a Pin Matter then which went: Farewell.

The Moral.

No Man is to Psume in Professiy, or to Dispair in Adversity; for God will Fortune do as naturally sueted one another, as Day and Night.

REFLEXION.

It is the lot of Mankind to be happy and Miserable by turns. The Wisdom of Nature will have it so; and it is exceedingly for our Advantage that it should be. There's nothing Pure under the Heaven, and the Rule holds in the Chances of Life, as well as in the Elements: Be fide that, such an Abstracted Simplicity, (if any such thing there were) would be neither Nourishing to us, nor Profitable. By the Mediation of this Mixture, we have the Comfort of Hope to support us in our Distresses, and the Apprenticeship of a Change, to keep a Chest upon us in the very Heat of our Greatness and Glory. So that by this Visibleness of Good and Evil, we are kept steady in our Philotheism, and in our Religion. The one Minds us of God's Omniscience and Justice, the other of his Goodness and Mercy: The one tells us, that there's No Trusting in our own Strength; the other Prefetches Faith and Repentance in the profit of an Over-riding Providence that takes Care of us. What is it but Simplicity that gives us a Taste of Health: Renounce the Reish of Liberty? And what but the Experience of Want that Enhances the Value of Plenty? That which we call Easie is only an Indolency or a Speediness from Pain, and there's no such thing as Felicity or Mirth, but by the Complication Tis very true that Joyes and Fears are the Snare of Life in some Respects, but they are the Relief of it in others. Now for fear of the word however on either hand, every Man has it in his own Power by the Force of Natural Reason, to Master the Temptation of falling either into Presumption or Despair.

FAB. CCCXXXIV.

The Owl and the Sun.

There was a Pinking Owl once upon a very Bright and a Glorious Morning, that sate Sputtering at the Sun, and asked him what he meant to stand Staring her in the Eyes at that Rate. Well, says the Sun, but if your Eyes will not bear the Light, what's your Quarrel to my Beams that Shed it? Do you think it a Reasonable Thing that the whole World should be Deprive'd of the Greatest Blessing in Nature, to Gratiate the Folly, the Arrogance and the Infirmity of One Soul?

The Moral.

There is nothing so Excellent, or so Faulty, but Excess and Deteridion will find somewhat to set against it.

REFLEXION.

It is no more in the Power of Calumny and Envy to Blasph the Dignity of a Wife and of an Honourable Man, than it was in the Power of the Blue- Ey'd Owl here, to call a Scandal upon the Glory and Greatness of the Sun. The Principles of Good and Evil are as Firm, as the Foundations of the Earth, and never had any Man Living the Face yet to make an Open Profession of Wickedness in its own Name. Nor but that Men of Vicious Lives and Conversations, have found our ways of Imposing their Corruptions and Infirmities upon the World for Virtues, under false Predicaments and Colours. But there's no Man all this while, that fans up for a Knave or a Coxcomb in Direct Terms. Now the Mystery of the Clear lies in the Artificial Dehorsing of One thing for Another, and in making Evil pass for Good, and Good for Evil: As every Virtue has its Bordering Vice, and every Vice its Bordering Virtue. So that the Pretense is fair ill, let the Practice be never so Foul, and Men will be trying to bring down the Rule to the Error, where they cannot Recognise the Error to the Rule. When People have once Invented the Meteions of Moral Equity, and Natural Reason, and brought the Question of Right or Wrong, to Iet as in them lies, to a False Standard, there follows in course, an Eviuous Malevolence upon the Opposiitution. As for Example: A Fool Naturally Hates a Philosophper: A Debauchee does as Naturally Hate a Man of good Government and Moderation. A Man of Confidence and Religion is as much an Eye-Sore to a Prodigate Atheist: And a Mercenary Knight of the Foul has just as much Kindness for a Man of Probity and Virtue: To Conclude the Moral, there are of their
FABLES of several Authors.

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US in Palaces and Assemblies, as well as in Barns and Groves; but a Man of Honour and integrity Shines on, like the Sun in the Firmament, Uncon- cern'd, and continues his Course.

F. R. CCCXXXV.

Jupiter and a Farmer.

Jupiter had a Farm a long time upon his hand, for want of a Tenant to come up to his Price; 'till a Bold Fellow at last was content to Take it, upon Condition that he himself might have the Ordering of the Air and the Seasons, as he thought fit. So Jupiter Covenant'd with him, that it should be Hot or Cold, Wet or Dry, Calm or Windy, as the Tenant should Direct. In Conclusion, this Man had effectually a Climate of his own, that his very next Neighbours felt nothing of; And it was well they did not; for when they had a plentiful Harvest and Vintage, the Farmer himself had hardly any Corn or Grains upon his Ground. He took other Measures the Year following, which (as it fell out) prov'd the more Unkindly of the Two. He held on however, till he was upon the very Point of Breaking; and when it came to that once, he was englad to Petition Jupiter to Release him of his Bargain; for he was now Convin'd that Providence knows Better what is good for us, than we know what is good for our Selves.

The Moral.

We should do well to make it One Petition in our Litany, that so many of us Heaven would be so Gracious to us, as not to hear our Prayers; for we are otherwise in Danger to be Underlet by our own Wishes.

REFLEXION.

What work would Malevolents and Malecontents make in the World, if they might but have the Governing of it; and if Heaven were not more Merciful to us, than to grant us our Wishes; Wherefore there must be no Preferring of Rules to the Divine Will. What a Condition would it bring upon Mankind, if all those People that are Unin- formed with the Motions, Revolutions and Influences of the Celestial Orbits, the Course of the Seasons, and the Providential Distribution of Heat and Cold, Rain, Frosts and Sun-line, might be Allowed to take the Government into their own Hands! There needs nothing more to Con- vince us of the Vanity, the Malice and the Folly of these Intermediators with the Works and Orders of an Over-ruling Power; and yet we must be making Articles and Conditions for such, in Matters where we have neither Authority nor Skill: And where, in spite of our Hears, we must Submit, as in Duty and Reverence we are obliged to Render, and to Obey.

F. R. CCCXXXVI.

A Wolf turns Religious.

A Wolf that was past Labour, had the Wit in his Old Age, yet to make the belt of a bad Game: He borrs a Habit, and so about he goes Begging a Charity from Door to Door under the Disguise of a Pilgrim: And for ought we know, this may be one of the Pilgrims that were to have Landed at Milford Haven, in the Year 1674. One of his Relations that had the Fortune to Meet him in this Holy Garb and Pretence, took him up Roundly, for hopp- ing so much below the Dignity of his Family and Profession. Why what would you have me do? says the Pilgrim Wolf, My Teeth and my Heels are gone, so that I can neither Run, nor Wray, and I must either Caut, and turn Religious, or Starve.

The Moral.

When People can live no longer by downwright Rape and Villany, for want of Strength, Means, or Abilities to go on at the Old Rate, 'tis a common thing for'em to Drive on the Old Trade still, under a Simulacrum of Religion and Virtue. So that Impertinency gets a great way toward the Conversion of an Old Sinner.

REFLEXION.

A Porkes-Wolf is a very Saint yet to a Profess'd Christian, that makes his Belly his God, and Renounces his Faith for Bread. Now ever and above the Lively Image of the Fractious of the World in this Wonderful Conversion, 'tis Peculiar enough to consider how Graciously the Non-Con- vert is taken up by one of his Fellow Wolves, for bringing such a Dile- gence upon his Character and Funston, as to Submit to the Picking up of a Livelihood in that Storied way of Cautring and Begging; which in the Moral, gives us to Underland, that the Hypocrite is the Fouler and the Baiter Beast of the Two. The Doctrine of this Fable, if the Matter were well Examined, would more or less run through the whole Race of Mankind; for Repentance and a New Life, is naturally the Discourse and Retreat of Old Sinners, when they find they can live by Beneath'd Heckleness no longer: What a Fidgost Roll would it make, if the Names
Names of all the People that are Pointed at under this Emblem of the Pilgrim-Wolf were written in their Foreheads!

FAB. CCCXXXVII.

The Altes Skin.

A Miserable Ars that was ready to sink under Blows and Burdens, call’d upon Death to Deliver him from that Intolerable Oppression. Death was within Hearing it seemed, and took him at his Word; but told him withal: for his comfort, that whereas other Creatures end their Misfortunes and their Lives together. You must not expect that it will be so with you: for (says Death,) they’ll make Draughts of your Skin, when your Carcass shall be Carrion, and never leave Drumming of ye so long as one Piece will hold to another.

The Moral.

Some People are Miserable beyond the Relief even of Death itself: That’s to say, there are Men that lead Relish Lives in this World, under a Dreadful Apprehension at the same time, of being more Wretched in the next.

REFLEXION.

This Moral does not lie so square, as to bear any great Weight upon’t. ‘Tis true, that our Fame and Memory shall outlive our Bodies; and that in that sense a Man may be said to be Wretched after his Death; even in a Pagan way of Understanding it, as well as with a Regard to the Immortality of the Soul in a Christian Application. It holds fast to us the Futility of ill Fortune, in Pursuing some People into that very Graves: But they that are born to a Fatality of Endless Misfortunes, must submit to go through with them.

FAB. CCCXXXVIII.

A Fool and a Hat Stom.

A Smith threw down a Horse-Shoe in his Shop that was but just come out of the Fire. A Fool took it up, it burnt his Fingers, and he call’d it down again. Why ye Blockhead you say the Workman, could not you have try’d whether there was Hot or no before you meddled with it? How try’d the Fool? Why a Hot Iron would have His’d if you had but Spur upon’t. The Fool carry’d this Philosophy away with him, and took an Occasion afterward to Spur in his Purse, to try if they’d His’. They did not His it seems, and so he Guttled’em up, and Stalk his Chops’; Well says one that was by, and could not you have told they was Hot? Why, I thought they was Cold. Fays the Fool. You might have known they were Hot, says another, by their Smocking. ‘The Fool carried this in his mind too; and going a while after to a Spring-Head to quench his Thirst, he fanc’d that the Fountain Smoked too; and there he flaid till he was almost Choaked, for fear of Burning his Chops once again.

The Moral.

This very Innocent man force to Teach Wise Men Careless, that they Examine Matters before they pass a Judgment upon them; for otherwise, we live at a kind of Help-Hazard, and without any Insight into Causes and Effects.

REFLEXION.

’Tis a Great Folly not to Distinguish between things Extremely Differing in their Qualities and Nature;’tis no wonder to find some Simplicity of this Kind follow’d with more; for Weak Men will be still applying the last Rule to the next Case, for want of Reasoning and Comparing upon the whole. ’Tis an Odd thing now, that a Man sometimes should gain Reputation by the same Error that makes an Idiot yet more Ridiculous; that is to say, by Prefering the same Remedy to all Diseases. There was full such another Innocent as this, in my Father’s Family: He did the Cosier Work in the Kitchen, and was bid at his first Coming to take off the Ranges, and set down the Chops before he went to Bed. The poor Sally Wrench laid Hands of the Irons, when they were next to Red Hot yet, and they stuck to his Fingers; A Firebrand in ye, says he, ’Tis as warm as Hell; and to hook ’em off again. Now this Innocent, I dare Affirm for him, had never read Chemistry, so that he did not Burn his Fingers by that Copy.
FABLES of several Authors.

A Cocker and Parrot.

A Cocker was got into a Stable, and there was he Neb-ling in the Straw among the Horses, and fill at the Far took 'em, they'd be Stamping and Flinging, and laying about 'em with their Heels. So the Cocker very gravely Admonished them: Pray, my Good Friends, let us have a Care, says he, that we don't Tread upon One Another.

The Moral.

Unequal Conversations are Dangerous and Inconvenient to the Weaker Side, in many Respects, whether it be in Regard of Quality, Fortune, or the like; where the weight of the One, fals the Other: And as much as we should be a Reward out of Vanity or Pity, for the Hazardous both ways.

Reflection.

So says many a Vain Fool in the World, as this Cocker does in the like Case, and Exposes himself to Scorn, as well as Destruction. This necessary Point of Wisdom for People to fort themselves with fit Company, and to make a Right Judgment of their Conversation. I do not mean it in the matter of Morals only, where Vicious and Ill Habits are Contagious; but there should be a Regard to be had to the very Size, Quality and Degree of the Men that we frequent; For where the Disposition is very great, a Man may be Ruin'd without Malice, and Credit to Pieces by the Weight of one that has a Kindness for him. Not where we Misjudge the Matter, a Mischance draws Pity after it, but when we are Transported by Pride and Vanity into its dangerous Affection, our Ruin lies at our own Door.

FABLES of several Authors.

A Gardner and a Mole.

A Gardner took a Mole in his Grounds, and the Question was, whether he should put her to Death or no. The Mole pleaded that she was one of his Family, and Digg'd his Garden for Nothing: Nay, the Inflated upon, what Pity 'twas to Defray a Creature that had so smoothed a Skin, and Twenty other Little Pretences. Come, come, says the Gardner,
A Woman, Cat and Mice.

A Good Woman that was willing to keep her Cheeks from the Mice, thought to mend the matter by getting her a Cat. Now Puff Answer’d the Woman’s Intent and Expectation, in keeping the Mice from Nibbling the Cheeks; but the her self at the same time devour’d the Mice, Cheeks and all.

The Moral.

This has been our Case within the Memory of Man; there were a number of little Beggings from Political Mice, by Nibbling at our Liberties and Properties, and all People’s Mouths Open’d for the Providing of less 500 Cats to destroy them. The end as it was that, they kill’d the Verrors, but they granted up Privileges and All; And was not the World and an Amendment?

Reflection.

The Present State of Things is bad, unless we may be very well assured that the Danger of the Remedy is not greater than that of the Disease: Nay it is by far our best ways, that a Thing may be Good for the Dilemma, and yet Mortal to the Patient. Wherefore Men should never Trouble their Heads about Innovations for Great Matters, without a clear Calculation, upon the Profit or Loss of the Exchange. The Folly of the Cat and Mice, points very naturally at the Cafe of Maturity and Equality in the Days of King Charles the First. There were Grivances of all sorts Complain’d of, and Popular Difuries Raised about Prerogative and Arbitrary Power, in the pretended Favour of Liberty and Prosperity. Every thing was amiss they cry’d, and nothing would serve the Term but a General Reformation; and what was the alike at last, but the Cats that should have Kill’d the Mice, Eat up, as the Fable lays, Mice, Cheeks and All.

Fable CCCCXLIII.
A Rich Man that would be no Richer.

There was a Huge Rich Man, that could neither Eat nor Sleep for fear of losing his Money: The whole Entertainment of his Life was Vision and Phantoms. Thieves, Earthquakes, Inundations, nothing in short came amiss to him, that was Possible, Dangers, and Terrible. In the Torment of a Rattle, Imagination, he called a Beggar to him, told him his Cafe; and now says he, I will find you presently of an Erand to Fortune. Go your ways to him immediately, (you will find him in Tujan,) and desire him from me, that for the future he'll never trouble her to look upon any Account of mine; for I am absolutely resolved never to touch Penny of her Money more. Be gone this very Moment and I'll give you a Hundred Crowns for your pains. Why truly Sir, says the Poor Fellow, 'tis a great way; but yet (after a little Humming and Haying upon,) he agreed to undertake the Job. Do so then, says the Rich Chuff, and you shall have Ninety Crowns down upon the Nail. The Poor Creature fuck a while upon the other Ten that he promised; but at last came to his Price, and for Ninety he was to go. Well then, says the Miserable Churl, A Bargain's a Bargain, and Fourscore Crowns you shall certainly have. At this Rate he went Chaffering on, till by Bating Ten and Ten still upon every New Demand, the Man was en' fair to Content himself with Ten Crowns at last for the whole Journey. And so away he goes to Fortune; finds her out, and delivers his Errand: And says he, since that Rich Man will have no more, pray be so good as to give me that am ready to Starve, what you would otherwise have given to a Man that does not want it. No, says Fortune, as for his Part, I am Revolv'd to Plague them with twice as much more as he has already, in spite of his very Teeth, and then for your part, I'll see ye in a Starving Condition as I found ye, to the last Minute of your Life, and make Good the Old Saying to ye; That he that's Born under a Three-Penny Planet, shall never be worth a Great. 'Tis true, you've gotten Ten Crowns in Hand, and you should never have had that neither, if I had not been fast Asleep when they were deliver'd.
FABLES of several Authors.

FAB. CCCXLV.

An Eagle was up for a Beauty.

It was once put to the Question among the Birds, which
of the whole Tribe or sort of them was the greatest
Beauty. The Eagle gave her Voice for herself, and Carry'd
it. Yes, says a Peacock in a soft Voice by the by. You are
a great Beauty indeed; but it lies in your Beak, and in your
Talons, that make it Death, to Dispute it.

The Moral.

The Prevarication that is said to Great and Powerful Men, is but from the Ten-

three answered, nor from the Heart; and more out of Fear than Love.

REFLEXION.

The Beauty in the Fable, extends in the Moral to all the Advantages
in Human Nature that One Man can pretend to have over Another: Let
be matter of Honour, Title, Judgement, Good Faith, Confidence, &c. forth
Length, Sword can do, to Wrong; and rather than fail, the Laws of God and
Man will take up Arms against themselves in defence of the most Emanci-
pated Conquests. Religion is a kind of Two Edged-Sword in the
Hinds of a Man of Might, that Cuts both ways alike; and it is enter
Right or Wrong, or Wrong or Right, as Occasion serves. Take it by One
Light, 'tis an Angel; by Another, 'tis a Devil; And in its Pro and Con
the same time. The whole World and its Doings of it, is managed by
Flattery and Paradox; the one sets up False Gods, and the other maintain
them. Power in short, is Beauty, Wit, Courage, and all Good Things in
One, where Slaves and Pariahs are Judges.

An Image Exposed to Sale.

A Certain Carver, that had a Mercury lay a great while upon
his Hands, becmought himself at last of Billing it about
in Coffee-Houses, that at such a place there was a God to be Sold,
a Merry Penn'worth, and such a Deity as would make any Man
Rich that Bought him. Well (says One) And why dye
Sell him then? For he will make you Rich, if you Keep
him, as well as will make me Rich if I Buy him. You
say very Right says another; but 'tis Ready Money that I want,
and the Purchaser will have only an Efface in Retention.

The Moral.

Ready Money goes as far in Religion as in Trade; People are willing to Keep
what they Love, and get what they Can, without Languishing out into Lines,
and Uncertainties. They are not enough Content to deal in the Sale of Ret-
ention, but they do not much care for Buying them.

REFLEXION.

THE Old Saying, A Bird in the Hand is worth Two in the Bush, holds
with most People in Religious Matters, as well as in Civil. A Sum of
Money given upon the Nunn, goes further with them, then Heaven it self
in the Retention. Where we are in the Dark, we are bet too apt to be
Doubtful, and to reckon upon it the common Acceptation of Flesh and
Blood, as the Parting with a Certainty for an Uncertainty. Now the Mo-
ral of this Fable must be Undertold to Taste the Vanity and Error of the
Common Practice and Opinion of the World in this Matter. The Fiction
methinks has somewhat in't of the French Libertines Conceit to a Severe
Religion upon the Point of Mortification: Father (says he) What's the
Meaning of all these Auries of Hard Living, Hair Shirts, Watchings,
Fellings, and I know not what. Oh Brother (says the Holy Man) 'tis
all for Paradise. Well (says the Licentious Droll again) but what if
there should be no Paradise at all, are not you finely brought to bed then?
The Mockery of this Fable is somewhat akin to the Fable of this Story,
and by no means to be Allow'd of but in Reprehension of so Incredulous a
Fondness.

FAB. CCCXLVII.

Demetrius and Euphilet.

When Demetrius Phalarus (a Tyrant and an
Usurper,) took Possession of Athens, how was
he Befit and Pursu'd with the Huzz's and Acclamations of
the People! Nay, and the Leading Men of the City too,
with Joy in their Looks, and Gall in their Hearts, thronging
who should be Foremost in the Solenmity, to cry Up
Demetrius, and Kifs the Hand that Enflat'd them. After
them follow'd the Men of Eas, Luxury and Pleasure, for
fear of being thought Wanting in point of Affection and
Respect.
FABLES of several Authors.

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Respect. Menander the Famous Comical poet was one of the Number, but in Loos a Garb and Dress, and with a Unmanly kind of March and Motion, that Demetrius had his Eye upon him presently, and call'd Aloud to know how such an Effeminate Sot durst presume to Appear in his Presence. Somebody gave the Tyrant immediately a Whistle, and told him, Sir says be, This is the Poet Menander that you your self have been pleas'd to own so Great an Admiration and Esteem for. Demetrius recollected himself, and changes his Humour in the very instant; calls Menander to him, and Treats him with all the Inflations imaginable of a singular Liking and Respect.

The MORAL.

This Fable for forth the Slight Familiarities and Pratlices of the World, upon Violent Changes, let them be never so Insipid and Unprofitable: And it is very no again, that no Tyrants Heart can be so Hard, but it may be Soft'ed, and Wrought upon by the Force of Wit and Good Letters.

REFLEXION.

'Tis no Wonder, where there's Power on the One Side, to find Hierarchy and slavery on the Other: Nor is there any Inference to be drawn from the Outward Pomp of Popular Addresses and Applauses, to an inward Congracy of Affections in the Heart. For Blessings and Congratulating Coins of the same Mouth. These Noisy Acclamations are rather made of Mole and Ceremony, then of Zeal and Good Will; and the Emblems of the Ruler are the same to a Bear that they are to a Prince, and signify no more to the One than they do to the Other. The Tyrants Reproach here of Menander for his Men and Garb, and his Recollection then, upon being better Informed are First to the Honour of his Character, in being so Generous, as upon so solemn an Occasion, to own his Maltake. And Secondly, Instructive to us, that we are not to Judge of the Man by his Outside.

FABLE. CCCXLVIII.

A Consultation about Securing a Cabin.

There was a Council of Mechanics call'd to Advise about the Fortifying of a City: a Bricklayer was for Walling it with Stone; a Carpenter was of Opinion, that Timber would be worth Forty on't: And after them, up stand a Carrier, Gentleman,

FABLES of several Authors.

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Gentlemen, says he, when have said all that can be said, there's nothing in the World like Leather.

The MORAL.

Quality begins at Home, they say, and the ever Man's Business is the First Place to look to his own Mother's Child.

REFLEXION.

Here was a Debate as afoot, but the Board came to no Resolution, we fear, and it could not be expected they should, where the Advisers were Every Man Interested for himself, and consequently both Parties and Judges. This is the Fate and the Issue of all Multi-Councils, where the Members that are Interested with the Protection, the Care, and the Treasure of the Publick, lie under the Temptation of Voring Honourable Charges to themselves, and putting Money in their own Pockets. These Men in some Cases are call'd Pensioners, in others Patriarchs, and in some again Committee-men, according to the Humour of the Age they Live in. Now where a Sharper is allow'd both to Shuttle and Cut, the Devil in him if he does not deal himself a Good Come. The Dilettanti of other People's Fortunes seldom forget themselves; and all this is no more then the Common Liberty that every Cook has of Licking his own Fingers.

FABLE. CCCXLIX.

A Hedge Destroy'd for Bearing no Fruit.

A Foolish Heir that was now come to the Possession of a Wife Man's Estate, caus'd all the Bushes and Hedges about his Vineyard to be Grub'd up, because they brought him no Grapes. The Throwing down of this Hedge, laid his Ground open to Man and Beast, and all his Plants were profently Destroy'd. My Simple Young Mister came now to be convince'd of his Folly, in taking away the Guard that Prevent'd his Vines, and in expecting Grapes from Brambles.

The MORAL.

There needs as much Care and Industry to the Preserving of Things, as there does to the Acquiring of them, and the Continuance is as necessary to the Common Safety, as he that Fights the Battle.
**FABLES of several Authors.**

**REFLEXION.**

THIS Parable of the Hedge and the Vineyard, may be aptly enough expanded of the Laws that secure a Civil Community. So long as the Endowment is kept up, and maintained, the Peace and the Order of the Publick is Provided for, but if it be suffer'd to Neglect, either to fall to Decay, or to be over-burdened by Violence, and all laid in Common, the Beasts of the Forest break into't, and of a Vineyard it becomes a Wilderness. This Fable marks out to us also the double Folly of those, the first disappoin't the Intent, Use and Benefit of Things, for want of Understanding the Reason of them; and secondly, ground all this upon as groat a Mistake of 'em: For what's his Quarrel to the Hedge, but that his Thorns and his Brambles did not bring forth Raisins, rather than Honey and Blackberries?

**FAB. CCCCL.**

A Bull and a Snar.

A Gnat that had Planted himself upon the Horn of a Bull, very civilly begg'd the Bull's Pardon for his Inconvenience; but rather then Inconvenience ye, says he, I'll Remove. Oh, never Trouble your Head for that, says the Bull, for 'tis all One to me whether you go or stay. I never felt ye when you sat down, and I shall take as Little Notice of ye when you Rise.

**THE MORAL.**

The Vanity of this Fly, strikes at a Humour that we meet with every Day in the World, in a Hundred Trifling, Neophytes People, that will be ful making Themselves more Confident than they are.

**REFLEXION.**

There are a Thousand Frivolous and Impertinent Pretensions of Civility that are frack at in this Fable; and they well deserve to be Corrected, for it is certainly one of the most Nautious, Manowiitish Motivations under the Sun, for a Man of Sense and Refines to have to do with a Punehat, Fopish Pop, that's too too Mammota, and does every thing forsooth by Rule and Comparative. Especially where his Quality, Relation, or Authority, Entitles him to a Respect.

**FAB. CCCCLLI.**

Rais that Eat Copper.

A Merchant that had gotten a Friend of his to lay up a considerable Quauntity of Copper, for him, comes afterward to have Occasion for't, and to defray he may have his Copper again. Alas, says his Friend, my House is f0 Pester'd with Rais, that they have gotten to your Copper, and Eat it all up. The First Rais of that Diet, says the Merchant, that ever I heard of. O Good Sir, says the Man, 'tis a common thing with 'em here in this Island. So away goes the Merchant, and the next Morning comes his Friend to him, Wringing his Hands, and Exclaiming, Oh what should he do! The Kidnappers had stolen away his only Child. Blest me, says the Merchant, this minds me of a Raven I saw yesterday Steeple-high, just out your House, with a Child in its Foot: My Life for't, that was your Child. No, no, says the other, a Raven Fly away with a Child! that's Impossible. Pardon me, says the Merchant, 'tis a common thing where Rais Eat Copper for, Raisen to Fly away with Children. The Man found himself Beaten at his own Play, and so Composed with the Merchant to give him Satisfaction for his Copper, upon condition that he might have his Child again, for he had fix'd it out by this time that the Merchant himself was the Kidnapper.

**THE MORAL.**

'Tis a Proverbious Turn of Affairs, to Baffle One Better with Another; And the Nearer the Foundation of the Humour, the Easly is so much the Better.

**REFLEXION.**

One Nail must be driven out with Another. Battering is only an old Way of Riding, under a new Name; but the Licence of the Age has perhaps given it more Credit in the World, in this Nation and Coquetry then ever it had. It is a Turn of Way next to Flight of Foot and the Play of Soph or Ears is in an arm a Joggers Trick, as little Easly to Play or Laugh. It is a Stroak of Wry, Pleasant and Agreeable enough, if it be kept within the Bounds of Sobriety, Candor and Respect. But when it comes to Lath out once at a venture, into Matters Holy, as well as Profane; when it comes once I say it be Incomparably, ili-Nature'd, Scandalous, and Bitter, 'tis a way of Conversation for a Above, but a Buffon, rather then for a Man of Honour, or of Common Sense.
A Woman Red'd with Paying.

Here was an Untoward Piece of Woman's Flesh that fell now and then under the Discipline of a little Family-Correction; and yet had got a trick of throwing herself down upon her Back, holding her Breath, and then lying at her Length for Stone-Dead. Her Husband it seems had been wou'd to these Gamboles, and so in a Grave Serious way, as the lay in a Fit once, calls for a Knife; Come, says he: When the Beast is Dead, we must e'en make the boil of his Skin, and so he fell to work, and began to play her at the Hell. The Woman did not like that way of Fooling, but started up, and came to her self immediately.

The Moral.

This in the Fable, is One of those Caifes when People that are to be Believed in Nothing ells, ought to be taken at their Word... My Heart's too big to bear this, (say a Blustering Fellow,) By the Lord, I'll destroy my self. Sir, says the Gentleman, here's a Dagger at your Service; and so the Fable was off.

Reflection.

Here's Fooling against Fooling, and one Counter for Answer'd with another. The Woman would needs persuade the Good Man that the Waiter Dead; and the Husband in Request, gives him to understand, that the must be Slay'd then; which was the only way the Poor Man had of making the boil of a bad Gaine... Twas a Shrewd bit, and so they Composed the Quarrel upon't; and the Good Woman never Dy'd after this till she came to Dye for Good and all. There are some Pevish Caifes that will bear no other Way of Conviction.
A Boy that could not learn his 20th.

Here was a Stomachful Boy put to School, and the whole World could not bring him to Pronounce the first Letter of his Alphabet. Open your Mouth says the Master, and cry [A:]. The Boy Gapes, without so much as offering at the Vowel. When the Master could do no good upon him, his School-Fellows took him to Task among Themselves. Why 'tis not so hard a thing methinks, says one of them, to cry [A:]. No, says the Boy, 'tis not so hard neither but if I should cry [A] once, they'd make me cry [B] too, and I'll never do that, I'm Resolv'd.

The Moral.

There's no Contending with Oblivious and Ill Nature, especially where there's a Vereorism of Affliction that goes along with it.

Reflection.

The Spaniards will have it, that Aper can speak if they would, but they are afraid they shall be put to work then. The Boy Reason here, and the Aper are much at one; and 'tis the case of Counterfeit Cripples no, that pretend they cannot do this or that, when in truth, they are easy, and have no mind to be put out. The fame Honour Governors in a World of Cages, where a Pretense of Dificility is made use of, either out of Crotchet's or Sloth. This Refit Stubbornness is never to be Exorcised, under any Pretense whatsoever; but where the thing to be done is that which we are bound in Honour and in Duty to do, there's no Enuring of it. As in Cases of Law, Confession, Church-Ceremonies, Civil or Natural Obedience to Princes, Parents, Husbands, Masters, &c. If I should do this, you'd make me do that, they cry; which is only a short Refutation that puts all the Functions and Offices of Order and Authority to a stand. He that says I cannot do this or that, where the Thing is Lawfully Imposed and Requird, and not Simply Foul, might 'en as well have said, I will not do; for the Exception is not to the Thing Commanded, but to the Commanding Power. If I yield in one Point, says the Boy, they'll expect I should yield in more, Grant One Prerogative, and grant All, says the Republican. But then says the Sovereign on the other hand, Part with One Prerogative, and part with All: So that the Contest is not Matter of Scripture, but who shall be Obey'd. In One Word, Stubborn Boys and Stubborn Subjects, where they will not Comply upon Far Means, must be whipped into their Dower.
Fables of several Authors.

Fab. CCCCLV.

Pericles and Pluto.

When Hercules was taken up to Heaven for his Glorious Actions, he made his Reverence in Court to all the Gods, 'till he came to Pluto, upon whom he turn'd his Back with Indignation and Contempt. Jupiter ask'd him, what he meant by that Disrespect. Why, says Hercules, that Son of Fortune Corrupts the whole World with Money, Encourages all manner of Wickedness, and is a common Enemy to all Good Men.

The Morall.

This is only to show the Oppression betray'd a Worthy, Sociable, Amorous Man, and the Publick-Spirited Generosity of a Man of Honour, Industry, and Virtue.

Reflexion.

Money has its Use; 'tis true, but generally speaking, the benefit does not Counterbalance the Commoles that go along with it, and the Hazards of the Temptation to Abuse it: It is the Patron, and the Price of all Vices; it blinds all Eyes, and stops all Ears, from the Prince to the very Beggar. It Corrupts Faith and Justice; and in one Word, tis the very Pick-Lock, that opens the way into all Cabinets and Councils. It Deprives Children against their Parents; it makes Subjects Rebel against their Governors; it turns Lawyers and Divines into Advocates for Sacrilege and Seclusion; and it Transports the very Professors of the Gospel into a Spirit of Controversion and Defiance, to the Preachings and Precepts of our Lord and Master. It is no Wonder now, that Hercules should so Contemptuously turn his Back upon Pluto, or the God of Money; when the One's Business is to Propagate and Encourage those Monuments, which the other came into the World to Quell and to Subdue.

Fab. CCCCLVI.

A Lion, Bear, and Vulture.

There happened a Desperate Quarrel betwixt a Lion and a Bear; they fought upon't, and the Vultures came hovering over the Combatants to make a Prey of him that should be left upon the Spot: But it so fell out, that there was no Death in the Cage, and the Vultures were not a little troubled at the Disappointment.

The Morall.

When Feals fall out, it shall be hard but Knaves will be the better for't.

Reflexion.

There are several sorts of Men in the World that live upon the Sins and the Misfortunes of other People. This Fable may be Moraliz'd in almost all the Controversies of Human Life, whether Publick or Private. Plaintiff and Defendant find Business for the Lawyers; Questions of Religion for the Divines; Disputes about Privileges and Liberties, Cut our Work for the Soldiers. A General Peace in fine, would be a General Disappointment; for the wrangling of some, is the livelihood of others; and wherever there are like to be Carriages, there will never fail to be Rubbish.

Fab. CCCCLVII.

A Man that would never Hear Ill News.

One came to a Country Grazier, and asked him if he should tell him a piece of News. Is it Good or Bad? (says he.) Nay, says t'other, 'tis not very Good. Pray, says the Grazier, keep it to yourself then; and so he went his way. The Grazier was telling the next day, that the Wolves had killed one of his Bullocks: That's like enough, says the same Man; for I saw him wand'ring from the Herd, and I was afraid on't. I would you had told me this in time, says the Grazier. Why I came I know not how far yesterday a-purpose to tell you the Story, and you would not hear on't.

The Morall.

The Man is too Delicate to be Happy, that makes it in his Ears again not to hear any Thing that may give him a Prefix Trouble.

Reflexion.

This way of Confounding a Bodies Eafe, makes a Man Accessory to his own Ruin. There's an Attempt design'd for the purpose, upon the Person of a Man, and he thus his Ears against any Intelligence, or Notice of it, till the Dagger is at his Heart. He that will not hear the word of
of things Retains must expect afterward to feel the Effect of the Bad News that he would not Hear. First, he loaks the Means of Preventing Mischief, by not suffering himself to be inform'd whereabouts the Danger lies. Secondly, He lives in a continual Dread of all Accidents that may befall him in particular; though of Nothing in particular, and leaves himself no Place for the Exercise of Prudence and Precaution. This sort of People Jog on in the World, (for I cannot call it Living) without any Thought for to Morrow. Talk to them of Poverty, Perfections, Torments, Slavery, Sicknefs, nay, Death it felf at a Difance, they'll put it off to the last Moment, and venture the Surprise, when it comes indeed, rather then abuse but to much as the Hearing on't Before-hand.

FAB. CCCCLVIII.

A Sifter and Rotten Apples.

There was a Stingy Narrow-hearted Fellow, that had a great deal of Choice Fruit in his Ground, but had not the Heart to touch any of it till it began to be Rotten. The Man's Son would every foot and anon be taking some of his Companions into the Orchard with him. Look ye says he, That's an Excellent Apple, and here's a Delicate sort of Plum, Gather and Eat what you will of these, provided you don't Meddle with any of the Rotten Ones: For my Father (you must know) keeps them for his own Eating.

The Moral.

This is to set forth the Wicked and the Scandalous Writings of some of the Writings Providence in their State, perverts them to be by and for themselves.

Reflection.

How Miserable are these Cornadgonks that spend their Lives in Crying and Perceiving to burn, that they have not the Heart to make use of! And in this Humane of Grapping (which they call Saving) fall foul upon the very Extremity of Providence another way. They rob of their Money, and then their Complaints are to be thrown away; and that's their way ofspending it. Their Money, as they call it, is their Coffers, as ever it did in the Mine where it was drawn. They rather venture the whole Stock, than be at one Penny Charge for the Saving of the Riff. They pervert the very Intent, as well as they defile the Bounties of Providence: Nay, they Envy the common Entertainment of the Blessings that were intended for the Relief, Comfort, and Satisfaction of Mankind.

FAB. CCCCLX.

A Countryman and Jupiter.

A Poor Plain Fellow was so Dazled and Transported with the Pomf, the Splendor, the Plenty, State and Luxury that Great Men live in, that it was the First Petition of his Daily Litany to Jupiter, to make him a Lord. Jupiter found he could not be Quiet for him, and bad Mercury carry him Two Curious Baskets with Honour and Money in them. They were both cover'd, the one with Purple, the other with Gold, and

Mercury
FABLES of several Authors.

Mercury was Ordered to let the Man Open and Examin them finely as he pleas'd., but to bid him have a care not to meddle with them Rashly, for fear of the wort. The Country man was so Charm'd with the Present at First Sight, that he took it away with him by Consent, without asking any Questions. But when he came afterward to consider at Leisure the Care, Anxieties, Fears, Doubts, and all manner of Troubles and Dificulties that were inseparably to go along with his Bags and Dignities; he found himself much more Uncautious now then he was before; and that he had Sacrificed the Peace of his very Soul, to the Vanity of his Eye and Appetite.

The Moral:

'Tis not for a Wise Man to let his Heart upon Gay and Glittering Apparitions. The Devil himself Bfits all his Tricks with Pomp, Lush and Splendor, and the very Glory of the Onofred, makes the Contents the more Subtive for't.

Reflection.

A Man may bear the weight of Honours and Riches, before he has 'em, much better than the Loss of them when he has obtained them. And they are in short, the Plagues of an Inconsiderate Life. He that wishes them for the Common Good, and applies them when he has them, to that Generous End, makes a Right Use of the Divine Providence and Bounty; but he that seeks them for his own sake, and Converts them wholly to his own Profit, Defrauds the Publick. As if a Man should apply an Elbow that can make over to him in Truth, to the wrong Ules.

FAB. CCCCLXI.

A Bee that went over to the Drones.

To what End (says a Bee) should I Toil and Moil myself out of my Life for a Poor Subsistence, when the Drones do nothing at all, Live in as much Plenty every Day as I do? Upon this Thought, the Bee Resolv'd after their Example to work no longer. The Matter it seems call'd her to Account for't, the Bee took Per upon't, and without any more to do, went over to the Drones Party, where she past'd the Summer easily enough, and to her Satisfaction. But upon Winter's coming on, when the Drones were all Difpers'd into their several Holes, the Bee would fain have gone Home again; but the Cells of the Combs were all Clos'd, so that there was no Entrance, and the Poor Bee Starv'd to Death betwixt Cold and Hunger.

The Moral.

It was the Reason in the World, that every Man in what Station soever, should Work in some sort or other for his Living. Nature saw it was always at Work, and a Prince has no more Pretence to be Idle, than a Beggar.

Reflection.

Action is a Reasonable Duty, how Variously ever it may be Execut'd, whether in the Functions of Power, or in the Offices of Subjection. A Reasonable Soul can no more stand still, than the Sun can stop it course. This Fable branches out into several Morals: First, it serves for a Reproof of Sloth. Secondly, in the Bee being Corrupted by the Practice of the Drones, it throws us the Danger and the Force of Ill Example; especially where there's Ease and Sensuality to strengthen the Temptation, which must needs be wonderfully Powerful; where the Emblem of Idleness on the one hand, comes to be wrought upon by the very Emblem of Latency on the other. Thirdly, it leads us to a Consideration of the End of an Unactive and an Unprofitable Life. The Best Summer-Friends Fostere her; till her own Family and the Drones against her; and she's Abandon'd to the wide World, as an Object of Derision and Sorrow.

FAB. CCCCLXXII.

A Truth and a Jailer.

The Ancients tell us that the Crow was once Minerva's Favourite, and the Raven Apollo's, but the One of them was found to be so full of Tongue, so Over-Officious and Inquisitive, and the Other so Depravity given to Croaking and Fore-boding upon Evil Things to come, that they fell both into Disgrace for't.

The Moral.

Great Talkers, Meddlers, and Befo-Bediers, are the very Pest of Human Society.
FABLES of several Authors.

REFLEXION.

There is no Peace to be expected, either in a Government, or in a Family where Tale-bearers, and the Spreaders of ill and of False News, are Encourag'd. Now the Curiosity of Hearers, after Privacies that do not concern us, and of Prying into forbidden Secrets, does not arise so much from a Defire of knowing the Truth of Things, simply for our own Satisfaction, as from an itch of screwing our Selves into other People's Matters, that we may be Prating of them again. And then the Tale is very seldom or ever without Calumny and Detraction at the End on't.

FAB. CCCCXLIII.
The Bitches Tail-maker.

YOU must needs make this Bitches Bed immediately, says the Master of the Houle to his Maid, for she's just ready to lie down. It was not done it seems, and the Man was very Angry with the Wench for not doing as she was bid. Alas, says the Poor Girl, I'd have made her Bed with all my Heart, if I could but have told which way she'd lie with her Head, and which with her Backside.

The MORAL.

There's no Pleasing those that cannot Please Themselves.

REFLEXION.

A Steady Mind will admit Steady Methods and Counsels; but there's no Misdemeanor to be taken of a Changeable Humour. Tell me where I may find ye, and I shall know where to sire ye: But otherwise, 'tis with us in the Levisy of our Manners, and of our Humours, as it was with Clark, the Famous Fowl-Relater, and his Taylor. When the Workman took Mistake of him, he was Crome-Shoulder'd, and the Right Side Higher then the Left; when he brought home his Suit, the Left was Higher then the Right: The Fellow was Mad at himself, and made him another Suit; and that would not do neither, for his Body was then as Straight as an Arrow.
FABLES of several Authors.

FAB. CCCCLXXV.

A Fool and a Bitter.

An Innocent found a Sieve, and presently fell to Stopping the Holes, which he call'd Mending it. When he had been Puzzling a good while about it, he throw'd away in a Rage: I shall never make any thing on't, says he, for I don't know which I am to Stop, and which to leave Open.

The Moral.

It suits with the Pragmatical sort of State-Minders, much as it did with the Sieve-Mender: They do not like things as they are, neither do they understand how they should be. But they are for Changing over at a Feature; and when they have once put Matters out of Order, there's no fitting them to Rights again.

REFLEXION.

There are none so Forward as Fools to Mend Things that are Well already: though they find upon Experiment that they Make and they Leave every Thing worse then they found it. They are at first for Stopping of Holes, and when that won't do, they are for Making of'em again. We have abundance of Fools in the Moral to answer this Fool in the Fable: that is to say, People that take upon them to Correct what they do not Understand; and that when they have Embroider'd the Publick, leave the Man Chance to Fortune, to Shuffle the Cards anew, and Play the Game over again. This is the Fate on't, when Pedants will be meddling with Politicks, and Butchers fitting up for the Reformers of Providence.

FAB. CCCCLXXVI.

A Fig-tree and a Chai¬n.

A Fig-Tree and a Thorn were valuing themselves once upon the Advantages that the One had over the Other. Well, says the Thorn, What would you give for such Flowers as these? Very Good, says the Fig-Tree, and what would you give for such Fruits as this? Why, fays the other, 'twould be against Nature for a Thorn to bring forth Figs. Well (says the other again,) and 'twould be against Nature too, for a Fig-Tree to bring forth Flowers: Besides that, I have Fruits you see, that is much Better.

The

FABLES of several Authors.

The Moral.

Every Creature has a Share in the Common Blessings of Providence; and it is a Virtue as well as a Duty for every Creature to rest well satisfied with its Proportion in those Comforts; but when we come once to Baffle of our sisters, and to Drain aged from others, 'tis so long as a Virtue but a Vanity; and especially when we Misdace the Value of things, and prefer the Advantages of Beauty, before the Loss of Life and Service.

REFLEXION.

'Tis not every Man that can distinguish between the Excellencies of Beauty and of Virtue: And how in Truth shou'd they Distinguish, when every Man that has Eyes in his head, sees the One, and not the Other? Nay, the very Oblivion of the Thorn is a Weakness, and I might have had a Vice too; for the Vanity Unshakable in every Virtue, especially where it is Accompany'd with Detraction.

FAB. CCCCLXXVII.

A Wolf and a Fox.

A Wolf had the Fortune to pass by, as the Thief-Leaders were Dragging a Proper Goodly Fox to the place of Execution. The Wolf took such a kindness for him, that he Resolved to Employ his Interest with the Lion to save his Life; but by the way, says he, what's the Malfactor's Crime? So the Officers told him, that he had not only Robb'd several Hen-Houses, but had the Impudence to Steal a Fat Goose, that was Referr'd for his Majesties own Table. Say ye so? says the Wolf, why then the Case is Alter'd, quoth Plouden; and so he left him to take his Fortune.

The Moral.

Interest is the surest Toof and Standard of Good and Evil. If I may gain by doing a Thing, 'tis Honour; if it be against my Profit, 'tis consequently against my Convenience. This is the Pro & Con of Common Prudence; and 'tis but Calling some Grains of Alacrity into the Scale, to Palliate the Foolish Indecency.

K k k K
REFLEXION.

This Fable illustrates the Honour of the World to a Hair, and it holds firm in him that sits upon the Throne, to the poor Devil that has scarce a Tongue to his Breach. Men are as little to Praise Offend as committed against others; but when they come to be Touch'd Once in their Own Copy-Hold, the Lion's Pat-Goff weighs down all the Cows and Oxen in the Coun-
try: And is that Calf the Wolf leaves his Brother Fox at the Gallows. The Rogue has Stollen a Patrons-Patgoof, says he, and the King will never Pardon him. This is according to Practice, how contrary licence in the true Measures of Generosity, Honour and Justice. That's the only Villain in Nature, cries one, for I'll tell you how he Offends Me. A Worthy a Man, says another, as ever I saw in a Shot of Laughter, for really I have been much Rehomed to him. In short, there is such an Affinity between our Prudensals and our Appetites, that they are like two Uncon Strings, if you Touch the One, the Other Moves by Contagion. There was a certain Fiddle (at Office of the Common Place) that in Oliver's Days was mightily used upon the Subject of the Government, and Dilating in a kind of Rhetorical Climax upon the Iniquity of the Times: Well (says he, here) the Bell Church upon the Face of the Earth Delroy'd; the Nobility and Gentry trampled under Foot, and begg'd; the Commonalty Enforced, the Laws Overthrown; the Constitution of Parliaments Doff'd; a tiles Pious, Gracious King Murder'd; And now to-Conform the Villain, they say they are putting down the Fiddles. When it comes once to the Fiddles, it Touches to the Quick.

FAB. CCCCLXVIII.

A Rich Man and a Poor.

As a Poor Fellow was Beating the Hoof upon the Highway, and Trudging on Merrily in a Bitter Cold Morning, with never a Bag to his Tail: A Spark that was Warm, and Well Mounted, (but his Teeth Chattering in his Head yet,) call'd to this Tatter-de-Mallion, and ask'd him how he was able to endure this Terrible Weather? Why says he, other how does your Face endure it? My Face is as hot to, says the Cavalier. And so is My Body says the other, so that I am all Face. And then (says the Poor Cut) there's another thing yet besides; I have all the Cloaths I have in the World upon my Back, and that's enough to keep me Warm: Do but you put on all yours too, and you shall be Warm as well as I.

The

WOLF that had lived many Years upon the Spoil, came at last to be Troubled in Confidence for the Spilling of so much Innocent Blood, and so took up a Christian Resolution to keep a long Lent for't; and not to Eat One Bit of Flesh for a Whole Twelve-Month: But Failing it seems did not agree with his Constitution, for upon the sight of a Hog Wallowing in a Muddy Puddle, he ran pretty to him, and ask'd him what he was? Why, says the Hog, I belong to a Neighbour here in the Village, and the Ancient Romans call me Porcus; In Good Time, says the Wolf, for I have read in Linné's Dictionary, that Porcus is a Pig, that being English, Grammeh Fig; and so he made a Supper of the Hog, without breaking his Fast, and without any Offence to his Vow of Mortification.
The Moral.

In a long Practice of Wickedness, now and then a Faint View or Promise of Amendment, goes for Nothing: And if a Body should have a Mind to break a Commandment under such an Obligation, it will be hard if he cannot bring himself off at last with some Salvo or Distillation, and in his own Confession.

Reflection.

Men that are Habitually Wicked, may now and then by Fits and Spasms feel certain Motions of Reflection that look toward Repentance; but these Dispositions are commonly short lived, and the fame Man shall be Fitch or Fitch as it may belter serve their Turn. We find this Fable Moralized in our Daily Practice, not only among our Idle Convents, upon the Matter of Truth, Stedfastness and Justice, but among Politicians, Lawyers and Divines, that shall make the most Easibility of Principles of Law, Prudence and Religion, Forms of Churchmen, and by the help of a little Shew and Parodie, Blow His Hot and Cold, with the Man and the Matter, out of the fame Mouth. This Wolf now was somewhat of the Man Humour that was Charg'd by his Confessors, for Eating Fitch in Lent. Father, says he, I have as Catholic a Faith as any Man in Christendom; but a most Confounded Heretical Stomach. So the Wolves Heart was Right all this while, and by turning Hog into Ferret, he kept his Faste in Latin till, though he broke it in English.

Fab. CCCCLXX.

A Farmer and his Servant.

A Country Farmer wis'd an Ox out of his Grounds, and sent his Man abroad one Day to look after him. The Simpleton went Hunting up and down, till at last he found him in a Wood; but upon Three Birds coming crofs him, away goes he Scampering after them. He lay'd so long upon the Errand, that his Master Wonder'd what was become of him; and so Abroad he goes to look for his Man, and there was he in a Field hard by, running as hard as he could drive, and Staring up into the Air. Well, says the Master, what News? Why Master, says the Tony, I have found them. Ay, but says the Farmer again, Where are they? And what have ye found? Why look ye there they are, says the Fellow, I have found Three Birds here, and I'm trying if I can Catch 'em. The
**FABLES of several Authors.**

A S a Lion was Be trifling an Ox that he had newly Pluck'd down, a Robber passing by, Cry'd out to him, Half-Shares. You should go your Snip lays the Lion, if you were not so forward to be your own Carrier. The Thief had but just turn'd his Back, when up comes an Innocent Traveller, that to soom as ever he laid the Lion, was going off again. The Lion bad him Fan Nothing, but take part of the Prey with him in Reward of his Modesty: Wherupon the Lion went immediately into the Woods to make Way for the Traveller.

**The Moral.**

If Great Men in the World would but follow the Example of the Lion in this Fable, Sharpers should not Rude in Triumph any longer, while Humfri's No go out at the Eaters.

**Reflection.**

This is an Influence of a Great and a Laudable Example; but People are forwarder to Commemorat such Precedents, than to imitate them; for the Bold and Rich Thrive in the World, when the Poor and the Buffet go a Begging: But Virtue is never the less Venerable for being out of Fashion.

**FABLES of several Authors.**

A Brother and a Sister.

**The Moral.**

There is not any Accident or Adventure in Nature, that does not yield Matter and Occasion for Good Counsel: And the Excellency of that necessary Office lies in the Address of Managing it Perniciously, and without Reprofe.

**Reflection.**

The Vanity of the Youth here in the Fable, is doubty to Blame: First, he vailes himself upon a Trivial and an Uncertain Advantage. Secondly, Tis below the Dignity of the Sex, for a Man to Glory in, and to Uplift upon the proper Ornaments and Privileges of a Woman. The Sister's Envy may be better Repro'd then Reform'd; for to lay that a Woman is not Handsome, is a Sin never to be Forgiven. The Father does excellently well Discharge the Part of a Wife Man, and of a Tender Parent both in One. And the Moral of his Part Reflexes finally into this, That Virtue anes for Bodily Defects, and that Beauty is nothing:worth, without a Mind Answerable to the Perfon.
FABLES of several Authors.

Fab. CCCCLXXIV.

The Bees and the Drones.

There was a contention between the Bees and the Drones about some Honey Combs that were found in a Hollow Oak. They both laid claim to them, and a Wasp was to be judge, as one that well understood the matter. Upon the trial of the cause, they seemed both to stand fair for, as being of the same size, make and colour. Now, says the Wasp, I am upon my oath, and therefore let me see them work their combs, and fill 'em here before me in the court, and I shall be then the better able to understand the merits of the cause. The Drones would not agree to it, and so the verdict went for the Bees.

The Moral.

Presumptions in the World with Men that will take Earthly words and Magnum Leaks for current Ages: But the fruit and the certainty of bringing the Cause to a Fair Issue, is to put the Pretenders to the Test of Doing what they say.

Reflexion.

All People that set up for a Reputation in the world upon the Credit of other Men's Labours, fall under the Reprisal of this Fable; and the Judges in those Cases are not always fair, Circumstantial andConscientious as the Wasp was in this; for they let Fables and Bravours Pretenders run away many times, not only with the Cuckolds, but with the Reward, both of Honours and Soberer Men's Virtues. There's no Proof like Matter of Fact, and putting the Drones to the Test of making use and honey.

Fab. CCCCLXXV.

A Fox and a Dragon.

A Fox was Eearing Himself, he digg'd to Deep, 'till at last he came to a Dragon's Den, where he found a Prodigious Mass of Hidden Treasure. He made his Excuse for his Intrusion, and begg'd the Dragon's leave but to ask him One Question. Pray (says he) where's the Pleasure or the Profit of Spending

FABLES of several Authors.

Spending all your Days in a Hole thus, without either Light or Sleep? Why, 'tis my Fate, says the Dragon, and that's no more to be said. Here's a Monstrous Hurd, says the Fox, and I cannot find that you either Give or Take One Penny out of all this Store. I enter a Mifer, says the other, that I am Doomed to, and there's no Avoiding it. Why then says the Fox, He that's Born under Your Stars is certainly the most Wretched of Creatures.

The Moral.

We are apt to do Amifs, and to Preference an Evil to a Good, and then to lay the blame upon our Stars, or our Fortunes as we call it, which in truth, is neither Better nor worse than making him even the Author of Evil. The very faint of it is, that an Ill Hurd has the Force of that which we call an Ill Fate; and we set up our Selves, where Providence has left us at Liberty.

Reflexion.

Your Cautious Child is Undoubtedly the most Miserable of Beggars; the more he has, the more he wants; Beside that, he wants what he has too, for 'tis lost to all Intents and Purposes, when neither he himself, nor any Body else is the Better for it. He stands and Watches himself to Death, for fear of losing that which he only Fancies that he has; or which is the same thing, that which he has not the Heart to use. All this, says the Dragon, I suffer, because I'm Doomed to it, which tells us most Emphatically, that an Anxiety of Mind is a Sure Judgment upon a Man for Delivering himself up to Sordid an Appetite. We must not understand the Dragon here to be Condemned to this Miser by the Fatality of any Inevitable Drones: but in these Cases, Cautious and Corruptible, superinduce upon us a kind of Necessity of going on as we began.

Fab. CCCCLXXVI.

The Shipwreck of Eumolpus.

Sionides was a Learned Man, and an Excellent Poet, especially in the way of Pangenics, or Eumolpus, to the Honour of the Great Men of his Age, inasmuch that he made his Fortune by't. After some time spent abroad, and a great deal of Money got by his Encomia upon the Hero's of those Times, he put himself and his Treasure A-board for his own Country again, in an Old Rotten Vessel. They fell into Foul Weather, and the Ship Miserably'd. In the Hurry of the Shipwreck, while the Passengers were at Lost, their
their Wits end how to Save that which they took to be of the most Value. Simonides was the only Man that appeared Unconcern'd notwithstanding that his whole Fortune was at Stake in the Cargo. One Ask'd him why he did not look after his Goods. Why so I do, says he, for all the Goods that I pretend to, I have now about me. In this Extremitie, some made a Shift to Swim A-bore; the greater Part sunk under the weight of what they thought to Preferre, and at the mean time came in a Crew of Free Booters, that Riffed and Stript those that Scap'd. The Men that were Paddling for their Lives, made a Port, where by great Providence there liv'd a Famous Philosopher that was a Paffionate Ad- mirer, and a Dilligent Reader of Simonides, and his Writings. This Philosopher, upon the First Encounter, found out Simonides by his very Discourse; took him into his House, Cloath'd him, Furnish'd him with Mony, Provided him Servants, and put him into a Condition in fine to Live in Honour and Plenty. As Simonides was walking the Streets a while after, he saw several of his Shipwreck'd Companions begging their Bread from Door to Door, with a Certificate of their Misfortune. Well, says Simonides, and d'ye not find it True now as I told ye, that a Man of Letters and of Integrity, carries all his Goods about him?

The Moral.
The Moral is no more than this, that Virtue shall never Fail of a Reward in the Conclusion.

Reflection.
A Wife and a Good Man carries his Happiness in his own Breast; and that's a Happines too, that the Uttermost Malice of Wicked Men, and of Crofs Fortune can never take away. Let all Men of Honour apply the Moral of this History to their own Comfort and Support, and Alline themselves, that Providence either in the Blessing of a good Conscience, or in that of a Happy Deliverance, will never Forlak them.

Fab. CCCCLXXVII.
Two Men and a Halter.

A poor Rogue that had got the Devil into his Pocket, and not one Crofs in the World to drive him out again, found upon Mature Consideration, that he had no Choice before him, but either to Hang or Starve; for, says he, I have neither Gall, Credit, nor Friends, to keep Life and Soul together. He bethought himself a while upon the Matter, and so Refolv'd rather of the Two to go to Heaven in a String. Upon this, he immediately provides himself a Halter, fits the Noose, and pitches upon the Place of Execution, but as he was driving a Hook into an Old Wall to Fasten the Cord to, Down comes a Great Stone that was Loose, and a Pot of Mony along with it. The Fellow precipitantly throws away the Halter, takes the Gold by Consent, without either Weighing or Counting it, and so away he Scours with the Parchase. He was no sooner gone, but in comes the Man that had hid the Mony, to give his Pot a Visit: He finds the Birds flown it seems, and Marriage and Hanging, they say, go by Deliver. The last Comer, in fine, succedes to the Ripe of his Predecessor, and very fairly Hangs himself, with this Comfort in the Conclusion, That Providence had Saved him the Charge of a Halter.

The Moral.
Wherefore's Mony in the Cash, 'tis Fairest to One but some Body or other goes to the Devil for't.

Reflection.
Poverty and Avarice are near Akin, and the Rich Infitable Miser that is still Carking after More and More, is every jot as Miserable as he that has left Nothing at all. What's the Difference between Gold in one Part of the Earth, and Gold in Another? Between the Mixed Gold that the Sordid Churl Buries in a Pot, and the One that Nature has Prepared and Tempor'd in the Mine? They are both equal to the common Use of Mankind: Only the One lies a little deeper than the Other. We may finish this Moral with a Consideration of the Folly of those People that Starve themselves to Enrich Others, and make their Own Lives Wretched for the Advantage perhaps of Thieves or Strangers. The Halter, in fine, they'd both their turn; as well his that had no Mony at first, as others that left it.
A Quack was exposing his Bills, and Med'cines upon a Stage, in the Quality both of a Doctor and a Jack Pudding, Thousands and Thousands of People Gaping and Staring at him with as much Reverence and Attention, as if every Word that came out of his Mouth had dropt from the Lips of an Oracle: It happen'd just in the Nick of this Interim, that an Officer of Paris-Garden was leading one of his Majesties Bears, that way, with a Ring through the Nose of him. The Rabble immediately upon the Novelty of this Adventure, quoted the Mountebank, and gather'd Multitudes about the Bear, Shouting and Huzzing along with him, as if it had been a Procussion to a Pope- Burning or Pecadventure some more Pompos Spectacle. The Bear upon this Noise & Bulle, (though none of the Quicked, Witted Animals,) made a Speech to the Crowd after the best manner. Heark ye my Friends, says he, I'm Glad to see you so Merry at my being led like a Sot by the Nose; but pray let's Laugh at one another by Turns, for you are every Jot as Ridiculous to Me, as I am to you, the Mobile are led by the Ears just as the Bears are led by the Noses, and that's all the Difference in the Cafe between us.

The Moral.
The Mobile are altogether for Nose and Novelty, and One New Thing drives out another: Nay, we take Pleasure in the very Spectacle that Effehaly Abuses us; as a Bear with a Ring in his Nose, is no more than an Essence of every Man of us, for we are led as much as Ehe, some by the Ear or Eye, others by our Loos'd and Affection's; But in fine, every Soul is in some way or other.

Reflection.
No Man should make Sport with, or Condemn any thing in another, without first considering whether he be not Guilty of the very same thing Himself. The Bear is led after One Manner; the Multitudes are led after Another Manner; and in some sort or other we are all led; only the Mountebank in this fable leads but One Bear, and the Mountebank leads a Thousand: And what's the whole Business at last, but Noise, Novelty and Example? And One Fool Staring and Shouting for Company after Another: We take more Care to do as Others do, than to do as we ought to do, or in truth to Understand the Sum and Substance of our Duties. The People having

A Skittish Horse.
There goes a Story of a Retifl, Skittish Jade, that had gotten such a Trick of Ruling, Starting, and Flying out at his own Shadow, that he was not to be Endur'd; for the Discipline of the Spur and the Bit was wholly Lost upon him. When his Rider found that there was no Reclaiming of him by the Ordinary Methods of Horsemanship, he took him to task upon the Philosophy and Logick of the British; It is only a Shadow, says he, that you Boggle at: And what is that Shadow, but so much Air that the Light cannot come at it? It has neither Teeth nor Claws, you see, nor any thing else to Hurt ye: 'Twill neither Break your Shins, nor Block up your Passage; and what are you afraid of them? Well says the Horse, who it seems had more Wit than his Master,) 'Tis a new Thing in the World, even for the greatest Heretick to drink under the Impression of Panic Terror. What are all the Spites, Ghofts and Goblins that you your selves Tremble at; but Phantomes and Chimera's, that are bred and shift'd in your own Brain?

The Moral.
Men and Brutes both are Capable of, if we will but make Use of our Strength, Gaining all Difficulties that can be us'd in this World. But if we will stand Narillng at Imaginary Evils, let us never Blame a Horse for Swearing at a Shadow.

Reflection.
It is a Common Thing for People to Blame what they Pratch, and to be spending Night Centuries upon eche, when they should be Examining Themselves; Whereas in Justice, Charity and Prudencie, we should make do other Use of our Neighbours Faults, then we do of a Looking
FABLES of several Authors.

Fable 1: Gulls to Mend our own Manners by, and to set Matters right at Home. When we see a Fowl (that is a Bird) what have we any to do then, but to Contemplate the Folly and Vanity of our own Passions and Wishes, and the Thousand Influences of the same Quality! For what are all the Various Transports of our Hopes and fears, Extravagant Wishes, and Vain Delusions, but the Images of Things yet to be, as if they were the Vision of the Shadow, in the Fable! And we can never hope for Better, as long as we Govern our selves by Fancy, without Reason. To say all in a Word, the whole Business comes to no more than this: First, Let us form some Reasonable Idea to our selves, and then fall down to an End of our Own Making.

F A B. CCCCLXXX.

No Liar against Flattery.

F 5 A B. CCCCLXXXII.

Flattery is Undoubtedly one of the most Unmanly, and Pernicious Vices under the Sun, either Publick or Private; and in One World, the very Pet of all Commonwealths and Families, wherever it is Entertained; and yet to the Scandal of Human Policy, even in the best of Governments, the World was I know not how many Thousand Years Old, before any Provision was thought of for the Preventing or the Suppression of this Epidemical Corrupting Vice, Apollo was the First that out of his Own Widoen and Good-Nature erected a Court of Justice for the Tryal of Paradox, appointing the Sharpest Satyricts of the Age for their Judges; and making the Commissions with full Power and Authority to Hear and Determine all Causes of that Quality: The Offender to stand Convict before the Tribunal of one single Witness, and immediately upon Conviction, to be carried away into the Market Place, and there shamed to a Shriek, and Flayed Alive. It was observed, that notwithstanding the Severity of this Inexorable Law, Flattery was still as Bold, Bif and Bare-baited as Ever, from the very Palace to the Cottage, and yet in a matter of Six Months time, not One Complaint brought into the Court against it. Upon this Neglect, there were Spies and Informers set at work in all Coffee-Houses, and other Publick Places, to Watch the Company, and give Intelligence to the Tribunal of what was said or done there, that might be laid hold of. The very next day was a Courtier taken up, and an Accusation Exhibited against him, for having given a Perfon of Eminent Quality, the Character of a Man of Honour, Brain Good

F A B. CCCCLXXXI.

Three Dreaming Travellers.

Three Men were Travelling through a Wildness; the Journey it seems was longer then they thought for, and their Provisions fell short; but there was enough left for any

F A B. CCCCLXXXII.

Good Government, and Virtue, when the whole World knew him to be no better than an Ignorant Mercenary Sort, that without any regard to Honesty, Prudence, or Good Manners, Abandoned himself Entirely to his Lufts and Pleasures. The Prisoner both Confess'd and Justified the Fact at the same time, appealing to the Perfon most concern'd, whether he had wrong'd him or not, who not only Acquired the Man, but reflected most Deviously upon the Scandalous Practice of the Court it self, in making that to be Flattery, which upon the whole Matter, was no other then Truth and Justice. The Commission was hereupon Discharg'd, for they found it utterly impracticable to punish a Fact that no Body would either Acknowledge or Complain of.

T H E M O R A L.

'Tis nothing but Self-Love at Home, that Provokes and Involes Flattery from Abroad. And the Disposition of One Man to Receive it, Encourages Another to Give it.

R E F L E X I O N.

This Fiction may serve to shew us, that what Influence foreign Political Laws and Provisions may have upon the External Regulation of our Prudens and Manners; it is a thing yet utterly Impossible for Human Widoen to form such an Act of State, as shall reach the Wickedneifs of the Heart: So that in spite of all the Rules and Cautions of Government, the most Dangerous and Mortal of Vices will still come off, without to much as a Publick Censure. As who shall pretend to inflict any Punishment upon Flattery, Hypocritical, and other Sins of the Heart, when there is no Proof against them? One may be a very Honest Man in the Eye of the Law, and yet a most Abominable Wretch in the Sight of God, and of his own Conscience. But still it is worth the while however, to consider how we may discountenance, and prevent these Evils which the Law can take no Cognizance of. And to gain this Point, the Effect must be Obtained in the Cause. Flattery can never take Place upon any Man, (as to corrupt him) that did not Flatter Himself First; for it is a Vain Opinion of our Selves, that lays us Open to be Impos'd upon by Others.
any One of 'em yet, though too little for all; and how to
Dispoze of the Remainder, was the Question. Come (says
One of the Three,) Let's 'ee night down and Sleep, and he
that has the Strangest Dream, shall have That that's Left.
The Motion was Agreed to, and so they disposed themselves
to their Rest. About Midnight, Two of them Walk'd, and
told one another their Dreams. Lord, says one of 'em,
What a Fancy have I had! I was taken up methought into the
Heaven, I know not how, and there set down just before Jupiter's
Throne. And I says to other, was Hurry'd away by a Whirl-
wind, methought to the very Pit of Hell. The Third all this
while Slept Dog-Sleep, and heard every Word they said.
They fell then to Luggging and Pinching their Companion,
to tell him the Story. Nay, pray be quiet, says he, What are
ye? Why we are your Fellow Travellers, they Cry'd. Are ye
come back again then? says he. They told him they had
never been from the Place where they were. Nay then,
says the other, 'twas but a Dream, for I fancy'd that One of ye
was Carry'd away with a Whirlwind to Jupiter, and I rather to the
Place: And then thought I to my self, I shall never see these Poor
People again: so I 'ee'n fell on, and Eat up all the Wakefuls.

The Moral.

There is a Feeling for Wit that has Nothing more isn't then the Triv-
ing up of some Injald Comitit to no manner of Purpose, but to Merlie
Good Company, and Fore an Ingenious Conversation. The Tricks of this
People are only to be Order'd as we do Cucumbers; With them, and Bet
them, and then them them out at the Window. That is to say, they are
Flat and Injald, without other Making or Morality to help them out.

Reflection.

Where Men will be Feeling and Bantering, a Trick for a Trick
is but Common Reason and Jollity; and it comes closer yet too, when
the Trick is Encounter'd with Another of the same Kind; for it does
not only spoil the Joll, but makes the Agreeable Himself Ridiculous;
especially when the Delic is Forelay'd and Conceited in Form, as here
in the Fable. The Frolick of a Cleary Banter, may do well enough
off-hand, and without Affection; but a Deliberated Foolery is most Abomi-
nably Fullsome.

Upon the coming out of a Book Entituled Reason of
State, there happened a warm Ditpute in the Cabinet
of a Great Prince, upon that Subject. Some would have
it to be, The Skill of Evelling, Defending and Enlarging a Com-
mon-Wealth. Others were for changing the Title from Reason of
State to Reason of Policy. And a Third Party was for
Correcting the former Definition, and rather running it
this, (Reason of State is a Rule Useful for Common-Wealths,
but contrary forer to the Laws both of God and Man.) There
was great Exception taken to the Plain Dealing of this
Latter Definition; but upon Consulting Presidents, it
was found very Agreeable to the Practical Truth of the
matter.

The Moral.

Honesty may as well exist between Man and Man, as the Measures of Govern-
ment and Righteousness are quite Different Things. The Question in Reason of
State is not Firm, but Probable.

Reflection.

Reason of State, in the Simplicity of the Notion, is only the Force of
Political Wisdom, Abdicated from the Ordinary Rules and Methods of
Conscience and Religion. It confesses only Civil Unity, and never Matters
it, provided the Publick may be the better for it, though the Instrument
and Managers go to the Devil. This is somewhat with Schemers and their Disciples,
as was with the Priest and his Physician, that Advis'd him for his Health's
sake to have the Use of a Woman. The Good Man scratch'd the Remedy.
Well says the Doctor, I Prescribe to your Body, not to your Soul, which
are Two Distinct Provinces; and when I have done my Duty to Thee, I
let your Confessor look to the Other. It is well certain, that Reason of State
is a very Devilish Thing, under a Spurious Name, and a Cover for all Wicked-
ness. What are Alliances and Repulses, but Temporary Expedients? And
the Ordinary Reasons of War and Peace are very little better than Banter
and Paradox. This is the very Truth of the Matter, and may be seen at
large in the History of all the Governments in the World: But it is One of
those Truths yet that is not at all times to be spoken; and 'tis the part of
a Wise Man in these Cases, to Hold, See, and say Nothing.
AN Eagle that was Sharp set, and upon the Wind
looking about her for her Prey, spy'd our Lure,
made a Stoop like Light'ning, and Truf'ed it; and as he
had it in the Foot, the Miferable Wretch Enter'd into an
Idle Exploitation upon the Confiance, and Justice of the
Proceeding: With what Honesty, says the Hare, Can you
Invasive the Right of another Body? Why, says the Eagle. To
whom do you belong them? I belong to him, (says the Other)
whom Heaven has made Master of all Living Creatures
under the Sun, and from whom That Propriety cannot be
taken without manifest Wrong and Ultrapotion. Man is My
Master, and I know no other. Well, says the Eagle again
in Wrath, And what's the Title now, that he pretends to this
Propriety? Why 'tis the Excellency of his Reason, says the
Hare, that Entitles him to this Sovereignty; which is a
Claim that from the Creation of the World to this Day,
was never Subjected to the Question. In Truth, says the Eagle,
You have advanced a very Pretty Invention here, in putting up
Reason against Force, where the Cause is not to be Decided by
Argument, but by Power: And to Convince ye now how much
I am in the Right, You shall find, in despite of all other Pre-
tensions, since I have ye under my Government and Law, that
you were not Born for Him, but for Me.

The MORAL

Law with Penalties are made for the Government of the Simple, and the Weak;
like Calumets to Catch Flies; but Power is the Law of Laws, and there's no
Dispensing with it, but upon the Sword's Point.

REFLEXION

Tyrrany and Oppression never wanted either a Pica, or an Advocate for
whatever they did; for the Majority of the Lawyers, the Divines, and All
Quasi-Legal Professions, will be fure to run over to the Stronger Side, where
Will makes Law, and Right for Precedence. So that it is a Folly next to
Madness, for a Friendless, and an Unarmed Innocence to Exploitation
with an Invincible Power. The Cave of the Hare and the Eagle is a Com-
mon Cave in the World, where the Weaker is a Prey to the Stronger: where a
Forbid Politition gives a Title, and where the Justice of the
Cave is Determin'd by the Success. When the Hare comes once
to the gripe, 'tis too late to talk of Reason and Equity, when con-
trary to all the Rules of Moral Justice, the Conqueror is both Judge and
Party.

F A B. CCCCLXXI.

A Dog and his Master.

There was an Excellent Hound-Dog, that spent his whole
Night still in Bawling and Snarling at all People Indif-
erently that pass'd within Hearing of him. His Master
took him to Task once for Barking and Yelling so at every
Body that came near him, without Distinction. Why what
have you a Note for, says he, but to find out a Thief from an
Honest Man? I will not have you so much as Open your
Mouth, I tell ye, at a Venture thus. Sir, says the Mastiff,
'tis out of the Zeal I have for your Service; and yet, when
all is done too, I would I had no more to Answer for, than
giving False Alarms, and Barking out of Season. You may
fancy perhaps, that there are No other Thieves then thole
that the Law Exploes to the Pillory, or a Whipping-Post; or
to a Turn perchance at Tyburn the next Sessions. You'll
find your Self Miltaken Sir, if you'll take upon ye to Judge
of these Blades by their Garbs, Looks, and outward Ap-
pearance: But if I get them in the Wind once, I'll tell ye
which is which, to the very Hearts and Souls of 'em, with-
out the Ceremony of either Bench, Witnesses or Jury. Nay,
says the Master, if you should happen to Spy a Knight of the
Post, a Catch-pole, a Jayler, a Pawn-Broker, a High-way-
man, a Crop-Ear'd Scribner, a Gripping Quaker, a Corrupt Judge,
or any of th'ee Vermin, pray cry out Thief, and spare
not: And I befeech ye Sir, says the Dog, what if it
should be a Petitionsom Splitter of Cashes, a Turncoat, Ec-
decfalitical, Military, or Civil; a Trading Justice, a Moral
Enemy under the Mask of a Friend: A Glazing Hypocrite;
Or in in one word, let it be in any other Cafe of Encounter
whatever: You will find it Twenty Thousand to One
upon the whole Matter, that I Bark Right.

The MORAL

The History of Cheats and Sharpers truly Written, were no other than the
History of Human Nature.

M a u w. 3 .
R e -
REP REFLEXION.

Tis an Unhappy thing both for Master and Servant, when the Loe Loyalty and Zeal of the One, shall be ill Taken at the Hands of the Other for he that will not Believe and Depend upon the Faith of a Tryd Friend and Servant, falls under the Judgment commonly of giving too much heed to a Secret Enemy: Beside, that it goes to the Heart of a Man of Honour and Address, when he has done his Uttermost for his Masters Service, to fall under the Scandalous Character of Officious, and Impertinent, for his Pain. The Master here was in another Mistake too, in Supposing that all Heads-Breakers and Sharpers had Thief written in their Foreheads; whereas the most Dangerous of all Thieves, are but Malcontents, under the Vizage of Friends and Honest Men. The Cardinal's Rule to one of his Laquayos that had lost his Coat, comes very well to our present Purpose. The Boy said that his Eminence told him they were to Holy at Rome, that he thought there had been no Thefts there. Well says the Card.n, but hereafter, when you come into strange Place, you may take every Man you see for a Thief, provided that you Call no Body so. The Dog went this way to work, and did wisely in't; for he that keeps himself upon this Guard, shall never be Cousen'd. The belt will help it still, and therefore's good to be wary for fear of the world.

F A B. CCCCLXXV.

Two Drovers and a Sheep.

A S a Sheep was Grazing One Evening in a Pleasant Meadow, it had the hap to Overhear Two Drovers of the Schools, as they were taking a Walk there, Philosopherizing upon the Advantages of Mankind above all other Creatures, and particularly, upon the natural Disposition that Man has to live in Union and Society. The Sheep gave One of them a Genteel Touch by the Cloak, and told him, that under favour, he could not be of their Opinion. 'Tis true, says he, you have your Cities, Towns Incorporate, and Large Communities; but then you have your Magistrates too; your Laws, Oaths, and a Thousand Shackles upon ye; and all little enough to keep the Peace among ye. You Dispute, Wrangle, Fight, make a perpetual Buttle in the World, Break Friendships, Disolve the very Types of Marriage, and Tear one Another to Pieces with all manner of Extravagant Contests. Now this would never be, lirc, if there were in ye that same Implanted Inclination to Unity and Agreement, that you speak of. If you would come to a clear Resolution of this Question, you must first get your Selves at Liberty from the Over-ruling Awe of Disgrace, Shame, and Punishment; and by the Removal of that Force, leave your Selves to the full Scope of your Avarice and Ambition. You will then find by the Event, whether man be naturally a Protector and Preceptor of Society, or a Deceiver of it. No, no, my Learned Sirs, 'tis We that are the Sociable Creatures, We Troop together, Feed together, Live together, follow the same Leader too, without any Constraint upon us, either of Vows or Penalities; and the very Flies and Pijuries upon this Topick, will Rise up in Judgment against Mankind.

The Moral.

The Philosophers will have Man in a Degree of Excellency to be a Sociable Creature; but these Philosophers are Men themselves then, and Judges in their Own Case. Now, if we may Credit Master of Fail and Experiments, Men are the most Distinguished Creatures under the Heavens; 'Tis their Delight, Study, Practice and Profession to Catch One Another Threat, and Defy their own Kind. Instruct that Birds, Beasts and Insects, to the very Flies and Pijuries, will Rise up in Judgment against Mankind in this Fable.

REFLEXION.

The Ship in this Fable was clearly too hard for the Two Drovers; and we find all those Reasonings to be true in the World, which the Motto Alleges in the Fiction. See Man is certainly one of the most Perverse Faces of the Creation; and not only Cred to his Rational Brethren, but bewray his Will and his Understanding, he lives in a Perpetual Contradiction to Himself. His Practice is directly contrary to his Knowledge, and he shews his very Eyes against the Light of his Nature. Now other Creatures that are only Guided by a Providential Impulse, have the Grace to follow the Voice of their Creator, and to keep themselves within the Compass of their proper Business and Duty. Whereas Man, that over and above the same common Instinct, is cou'd with the Talent of Counsell and Knowledge, Improves those Advantages only to his Greater Condemnation; by Abandoning the Offices and Functions of his Reasonable Being. The Sum of the Moral, in fine, may be this, that it is not so much the Excellency of our Human Nature, that Distinguishes us from Beasts, as the due Exercise and Application of those Rational Faculties that Heaven has bestow'd upon us: Which comes to the very Taste of the Ship and the Drovers. Now knows what he Ought to do, but (to his Greater Condemnation,) he does not Act according to his Knowledge, whereas Animals that are Guided merely by Instinct, live in Obedience to the Voice of Heaven in that of Nature.
FABLES of several Authors.

FAB. CCCCLXXXVI.

New Friends.

One that had a Great Honour for Socrates, took Notice of a Pitiful Little House that he was a Building: 'Tis a strange Thing (says he to the Philosopher,) that to Great a Man as you are should ever think of Living in so Wretched a Cabin. Well, says Socrates, And yet as Little as it is, he were a Happy Man that had but True Friends enow to Fill it.

The Moral.

A Friend in the World, is quite Another Thing then a Friend in the Schools: And there's a Great Difference in the Specification of a Friend, from what we find in the Practice.

Reflection.

Friendship is a Divine Excellence, weep up in a Common Name, not nothing less then the uttermost Perfection of Flesh and Blood, for Wisdom and Virtue, can Entitle a Man to the Character of a True Friend; though Cuffion, I know, has so far Prevail'd for a Promiscuous Application of the Word to Common Acquaintances and Relations, that it passes in the World, by a certain kind of Figure, for Civility and Respect. But Socrates at this while did very well understand what he said, teaching the Rainy and Pennyworth of Friends; and he might have added, that it is as hard a matter to understand how to Be a Friend, as to know where to End One.

FAB. CCCCLXXXVII.

An Ape Carrying an Image.

As an Ape was Carrying an Image in Procession, the People fell every where down upon their Knees before him. This Silly Animal fancy'd that they Worshipp'd Him all this while; till one Roun'd in him in the Ear, and told him, Friend, says he, You are the very same Ape with this Burden upon your Back, that you were before you took it up, and 'tis not the Bure they Bowed to, but the Image.

The Moral.

Flesh and Blood does Naturally Confer all Advantage; and when that comes to be the Gaffion, There's the Base that to some Degree or other fits all Mortals together by the Ear.

Reflection.

Here's a Perfect Emblem of the Practices and Friendships of the World; for Men have their Toyed Seaboard, and their Pleasance, as well as Days and Cats. We Contract Little Likings; enter into Agreeable Conclusions, and pass away the time to Merrily and Kindly together, (at least while that Fit of Dalliance and Diversion Lalls,) that one would think it impossible for any thing under the Sun.
FABLES of several Authors.

Fab. CCCCLXXXIX.

ArtJott's Definition of a Tyrant.

Here was so great Offence taken at the Definition of a Tyrant in AristoIe's Politics, that all the Governors under the Cope of Heaven, found themselves Touch'd in the Reflection: Infomuch that they all Met in a General Council, to take the Matter into Consideration. This Princes (says AristoIe) are Tyrants, that intend their own Good, more then that of their Subjects. The Princes were so nettled at the Scandal of this Affront, that every Man took it to Himself; for according to that Doctrine, all the Governors upon the Face of the Earth from Adam to this Day, have been no better then Downright Tyrants. The Council was once thinking to put AristoIe to Extremities: but imputing it rather to the Natural Savagery of a Pedant, (for there's no Grammar for Politicks) then to any Malice Prepense, they made him Eat his Words, and Exposé Himself; that what he said of Tyrants, was only meant of a sort of Professors of Old Time, that have been now long since Extinct.

The M O D E.

In all General Characters of Bad Men, whether Princes, Publick Ministers, or Private Persons, Care should be taken not to Involve the Good under the Same Scandal and Condemnation. There are some Principles and Methods of Government, wherein the Best and the Weakest of Princes may Jure; let there be certain Favorable Relations of the Thing, and Correct Prudens, that can hardly be Touch'd upon, without Engaging all Crown'd Heads in the Reproaches; And its Dangerous Saying upon the Errors of the Age a Man Lives in.

REFLEXION.

This Fancy gives us to Understand, that Scribes of State are not properly the Business of the Schools, and in truth it is a Step too, that does not little become the Poets; for Politicks are matter of Practice, rather then of Reason: Besides, that the Rules of Government and those of Religion, Abstractedly consider'd, have very little Affinity one with the other. For the Wisdom of this World, or that wish we call Civil Prudens, does not at all Concern it self in the Question of Virtue or of Religion. From hence it may be infer'd, that Ministers of State, Priests, and Philosophers, should do well to keep their Reflective Professions, without Invading the Province one of another. Here's a Check put upon the Definition of a Tyrant; not to match for the Full Doctrine of the Politian, as for the Scandal of Expounding Majesty, by the Inanities of so Invevolent a Truth; for the Character of a Crown'd Head ought to be kept Sacred, let the Person be what he will. Here is likewise another Hint of Caution to us, that in all Liberties of this Nature, to keep clear of the Precic Tunes, and be still looking another way, whatever we mean.

As to the Definition of a Tyrant it self, let it be Candidly taken, and the Deed of it in this; the common Safety of King and People is wrap'd up in the Well-being of both. The Princes intends his own Good in that of the People; and at the same time, the Good of the People in that of Himself; for they stand or fall together: But then there's Oat Tenderness of Care and Duty, and another of Personal Inclination, or (if I may so Call it) Infirmity; and that Aristotle's Tyrant, where a Rule indulges his Private Appetite, and Sacrifices the People to his Follies or his Passions.

Fab. CCCXX.

A Country-man and a Panther.

A Panther had the Fortune to drop into a Pitsfall. The People came Flocking about him; some Pelting and Battering him with Stones and Cudgels; others Pity'd him, and threw him somewhat to Eat. Toward Night, they went All Home again, taking for granted that they should find him Dead next Morning: But in that Intervim he came to Himself again, and gave'em the Slip: And upon getting Loose, he made such Havock both with Man and Beast, that the whole Country, Friend and Foe, were all in Dread of him. The Panther finding the Fright to General, call'd out to'em, and told them, So many of ye (says he) as were Kind to me in the Pit, let your Hearts at Rest, for I'll not Hurt a Creature of ye, now I'm at Liberty.

N n n

I have
FABLES of several Authors.

I have not forgotten who they were that gave me Bread, and who threw Stones at me; and I'm an Enemy only to those that were Enemies to me.

The MORAL.

There's no Creature so Wild and Savage, but it may be wrought upon and pacified by Good Offices and Benevolence; to the Ruin of that part of Mankind, that return Evil for Good, and is yet to Learn Humanity from the Birds, the Forrests.

REFLEXION.

Here's a Reproof to the Prudes of Ungrateful Men, under the Figure of a Grateful Beast: A Grateful, and I might have said a Generous Beast, is being kind to those in their Difficulties, that had been so to Him in His. How much Wofe then Brutes are these Men then, that owe the Life Blood in their Veins to the Bounty of their Friends and Patrons, and in after Raising them from the very Dunghill to Honours and Fortunes, as the forward Iff to Incline upon their Supporters and Malters, when they are in any Calamity, and to add Afflication to Affliction! Now to Pritch the Fable, Here's a Common Enemy in Appearance, at the Mercy of its People about him; some beat him, others take pity of him: He comes afterward to make his Escape, and Disinherits his Enemies from his Friends, by Destroying the One, and Sparing the Other. Shall we call the One Judgment now, and the other Providence; as if the Outrage had been Fault, and the Pity a Meritorious Act of Good Nature? the Moral will hold in both Respects; for, let the Judgment or the Execution of Death be not so just, it is yet Barbarous, Inhuman and Unwariable to Suffer the Suffering with Insolence, Contumely, Malice and Reproach: And it is the Tenderness on the other hand, FA in a Sonless Infallible of Reasonable Being: For the Compassion is a Laudable Benevolency of Disposition, though Excess'd upon a Beast.

F. B. CCCXXI.

A Beast and an Aes.

There was a huge Bear-Dog, and an Aes laden with Bread upon a Long Journey together: They were both very Hungry, and while the Aes was Grazing upon Thistles by the Way-side, the Dog would fain have been Eating too for Company, and Begged a Bit of Bread of him. The Aes made him Answer, that if he were Hungry, he might do as he did; for he had no Bread to spare. While this passed, up comes a Wolf toward them. The Aes fell a Trembling, and told the Dog, he hop'd he would stand by him if the Wolf should set his Eyes upon him. No, says the Dog, they that will Eat Alone, shall Fight Alone too, for me: And so he left his Fellow-Traveller at the Mercy of the Wolf.

The MORAL.

Common Defence and Preservation, is the Main End of Society, and the Great Benefit we receive by Joining with others, We Live One another, because we are the better for One another; and it is the Interest that Supports us in the Duty, when that Reiprises, Kindness fails, as we see here in the Dog and the Aes, the League drops in Pieces.

REFLEXION.

On Good Tuns, we lay, requires another; and it may be added that the Second Turn Delivers and Provokes Another. The Aes want of Chastity in One Minute, cost him his Life in the Next; and he was paid in his Own Kind too, in the return of One Scorn for Another. It was an Offence against the Laws of Nature, and Society, and the Punishment Consequent was Providential and Just. He that thers no Compunction, shall find None.

F. B. CCCXXII.

A Larenique Try'd and Setenved.

It was the ill hap of a Learned Lazonique, to make use of Three Words, when Two would have done his Business: The Matter was so Foul, and the Fact so clearly Proved upon him, that being Cited before the Senate, he was Heard and Condemned to Read over Guizciardes War of Pisa from End to End, without either Eating or Drinking till he had gone through it. The Poor Man fell into so Delicate an Agony before he could get over One Single Leaf of it, that he threw himself upon his Face, Imploiring the Mercy of the Court, though there was no change his Punishment: They might send him to the Gallies, he said, or if it were to Play him Alone, or Bury Him between Four Walls, and he should ever acknowledge it as an Act of Clemency; but for a Man of Brains and Thought, to Trouble his Head with such a deal of Tedious Work. Truth
FABLES of several Authors.

The Moral.

Test and Pedantry, the Torment, he said, of Perilla's Brazen Bull was Nothing to.

The Moral.

Time it Life, and Life it Precious; 'Ts short enough at Bull, but the more we Controll our Talk and our Bufneds, the more we have one. 'Wherefore a Great Wifdom to Cousch al we have to do, in as Narroa a Comps as posible. The Ebling of a Man with many Words, is only Another sort of Mander, as of the Reach of the Law.

Reflection.

This Emblem bids us Husband our Time, and bring the Bufneds Life into as Narroa a Comps as we can; for we have a great deal to do. 'Tis to eat, to much Life Eed, as we Recuerder away in more Words than needs, and in the Exchange of Idle and Impertinent Discourses: Inde the Mortification of a Tedioue Talker. The Figure is carryd to the Height, in the Reprensation, both of the Crime and of the Penitenter, ever and above the Equity of Tormenting the Tormenter of Others is his own kind, as Philip's Sentence'd Perills to be Burnt in his Own Bul.

Far. CCCCXIII.

Batista Bel Condemi'd.

No Man ever had a Worse Name in the World for a Promoter of Seditious and Atheistical Politicks, the Nicholas Matchetuel the Florentine: Infamous, that he was Banish'd not only the Conversation, but the very Libraries of all Learned Men, upon pain of being Burnt for his Pernicious Doctrines, wherev he should be taken; and a Severe Punishment inflicted over and above upon any Man that should presume to Comfort, Abet or Receive him. It was his Fortune after this, to be found upon a Search, in the Corner of a Friends Study, and to be made a prisoner; and then in course to Undergo a Sentence according to the Decree. But all these Formalities notwithstanding, he was yet by the Extraordinary Favour of his Judges, upon his Humble Petition for a Hearing, admitted to his Defence, which was to this following Effect. He made no Difficulty of Confessing the Fact, and of Acknowledging himself the Publisher of Pernicious and Execrable Petitions; but withal, says he, no Mortal upon the Face of the Earth.

FABLES of several Authors. 465

Earth, has a Greater Abhorrence for those Declarative Maxims then my Self. As to the Inventing of those Tenters, he made Proclamation, that he had no Hand in it at all; and that the Political Part of his Discourses, was only Copy'd out of the General Practices and Councils of Christian Princes; and that if they pleas'd, he was ready to Influnce in the very Precedents. After this, he appeal'd to the Justice of the Bench, whether it were not very hard to make it Mortal, for One Man to write the Naked History of a thing done; and at the same time to allow the very Doing of it to be Prais-worthily in Another. That Hea had brought him off, but for a Fruch Accusatoin that was Immediately starte against him; which was, that he was Taken in the Dark One Night among a Flock of Sheep, putting Dog's Teeth into their Mouths, which must inevitably be the Ruin of the Shepherd; so it could never be Expected that the whole Flock would ever submit to the Government of One, if it had either Teeth, Wit or Horns. Upon the Proof of this Charge, he was Deliver'd up immediately to Justice, and the Law Executed upon him.

The Moral.

The Secret of Government ought not to be Touch'd with Uncivil'd Hands, and Expose'd to the Multitude; for upon Granting the People a Perusade of Debating the Posterity's Interest, they will Infrac Naturally enough a Right, and a Title to the Controlling and the Over-riding of it.

Reflection.

He that Exploits the Arts of Government to the people, does in Effect Appeal to 'em, and give the Multitude some fort of Right to Judge of, and to Censurc the Actions of their Superiors. For what is any thing Politick for, but to be Read, and to live consequently by the Mercy of the Reader how to Understand it? As if the Author should say, Gentlemen, here's a Scheme of Politiques Submitted to your Grave Consideration, pray's what's your Opinion on't? Can any Body think, that in a Quidion of State Exhibited after this manner, the Multitude will not determine in their Own Favour, and Clay what Bias upon the Proposition they themselves please? So that he the Matter be Handled never so Tenderly, 'tis a main Point left yet; the very Admiration of the Common People into the Council, and Allowing them to be of the Qurator, Merchants Excludes himself well enough, as to any thing of Mafia in his Discourses; for (says he) those Maxims are none of My Invention, neither has any Man living a Greater Abhorrence for those Poylonous Doctrins than my Self; but my Writings are only Historical Notes and Abstracts drawn from the Life of an Universal Praxis. Now the Hazards and the Mis
is this, that in all such Cases, Men are apt to take things by the wrong Handle, and raise Arguments for their Own Advantage. And that's the Morali of Mascheld's putting Dog-Tooth by Night into the Mouts of the Shop. That is to say, to lead in a Sly way of luring Subjects to fall foul upon their Rulers, which certainly is a Crime Unpunishable in any State.

**F a b. CCCCXCIV.**

A Dispute between a Druggist, a Butcher, and a Statue.

Here was a Vintner and a Butcher Challenge'd a Doctor of Divinity to a Tryal of Skill in his own Trade. He ask'd them by whom they'd be Try'd? They'd be Try'd by the Text they said. The Thing was Agreed, and the Time Set, and so they brought their Genera Bibles along with them. The Doctor told them by way of Preamble, that though St. Paul fought with Beasts at Ephesus, it was not the Fashion for his Followers to Fight with Beasts in England; and therefore if they could not prove themselves to be Men, he'd have nothing to do with them. They stood upon their Pantoufles, that Men they were, and that Men he should find 'em to be; and they were ready to call the Caufc upon that Issue. That's well, says the Doctor to One of 'em, and pray what are you for a Man in the First Place? I am a Druggist, says 'other. Very Good, quothe the Doctor, and do you ever put New Wine into Old Bottles? Yes, I do so, says the Vintner. Then, says the Doctor, You are no Man; for the Text says, that No Man putth New Wine into Old Bottles. I shall now come to your Companion; Pray, will you tell me Friend, what are you for a Man? I am says 'other, a Taylor. Alas a Butcher, I apprize, quothe the Doctor. Put the Case now that my Doubts were out at the Elbows, and I have no more of the Old Cloth to Patch it up withal, could you Mend it for th' think? Yes, quothe the Butcher, I could get New Cloth to Mend it. The then, says the Doctor, You are no Man neither, for you shall find it in another Text, that No Man putteth new Cloth into an Old Garment, so that you are both Butchers here at your own Weapons; for here are Two Texts, to prove that You Two are No Men; which is but according to your own Rule and Method of Interpreting Scripture.

**F a b.**

**F a b l e s of several Authors.**

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The Moral.

This Fable strikes at the Ridiculous Lurcs of Prophet Intermediaries in Holy Matters; that is to say, a set of Illustrious Embassadors, and Mechanics, that without either Authority or Skill, will be Corrupting, Magnificent, and setting up the Phantoms of New Lights against the Doctrines of Christ and his Apostles.

**R e f l e x i o n.**

The Wisdom of the Law will not suffer any Man to Exercise a Trade that he has not serv'd his Time to; and a Body would think, that the Reason of this Provision should hold as well in Divinity, as in Manual Calls, for Revelations at this time of the Day, are as much out of Date as Miracles. This Comical Winning may serve in General for a Reply to Bold and Ignorant Preachers in matters that they do not Understand; and so to those also that Confidently uplift upon other Messo Provinces, without any Right or call to the Function. What are the Fekks in fine, of these Religious, but Foes of the Sphinx, and the Fumes of a Dark Melancholy, Cover'd under the name and pretence of Divine Gifts and Graces? They'll Cap ye Texts, as School-Boys Cap Pericles; and in Delance of all the Extraordinary Calls, the Figures, Types, Allegories, and Parables that are so frequent in the Holy Writ, every thing must be Understood too, as the Doctor has Turn'd it here upon the Vintner and the Butcher, according to the Law. They'll draw ye a Warrant for the Murder of Kings, from the Example of Abimelech and Abigail. An Authority for Conceiving their Neighbours, from the Ishmaels Robbing the Egypts. In One Word, they shall Overturn all the Principles of Human Society, Morality, and Religion it self, and Thry ye a Text for: And upon the Whole Matter, what is the Consequence of these People more at last, then Folly and Misery? they Contend for they know not what, like the Two Fellows that went to Loggerheads about their Religion; the One was a Martinian he said; the other said that all Martinians were Heretics; and for his part he was a Lutheran; Now the Poor Wretches were both of a Side, and Understood it not. As for the Burdens of Learning and Common Sense, they call it the Wisdom of this World, and Effectually make it a Heavenly Grace to be an Egretious Crockburn. There was an Honct Simple Tradescant, wonderfully Earnest with the Parish of the Parish to know what the Forbidden Fruit was; as if there had been no more of it, then whether it was an Apple or a Kirton Pippin. The Good Man told him, that it was an Apple, and that Adam's Eating of it, brought all his Poffecry under a Sentence of Condemnation. Tother said, it was so lard a Cafe, that in reverence to the Divine Mercy, he thought himself bound to question the whole Story. This Liberty of Retailing Division by the Letter, is the very Root of Infoliety and of all Heresies, Nay of Atheism it self. For when people have been Beating their Brains about a Difficult, and find they can make Nothing an't, they are apt to think there's Nothing an't; for the Mystery's Left to Him that stands Poring only upon the letters.
F A B. CCCXXCV.

There's no To Morrow.

A Fellow had got a Wench in a Corner; and very Earl
nest they were upon the Text of Encomia and Multi
ply; but the Gipsy rode upon her Points forsooth; She'd not be Too'd and Tumbled at that Rate; I'thout not She. In fine, No Penny, No Pater-Noster; and there was no Good to be done unles he would Marry her. The Poor Devil was under a
kind of Druffe; and for brevity fake, promis'd her, with a
kind Oath, that he would Marry her to Morrow. Upon
this Affurance, they Sign'd and Seal'd. The next Day they met again, and the Next to that? and to Every Next Day, for a matter of a Fornight after; and the Love went on to the Tune of To Morrow, and To Morrow still. But the Girl finding her Self Fool'd, and put off thus from One to Morrow to Another, fell in the Conclusion to Expostulating with him upon the
Matter. Did not you Swear, Yesterday fays she and Yester
day, and I know not how many Yesterdays, that you'd Marry me to Morrow? Yes my Dear, says the Spark, I did Swear so; and I do now Swear it all over again too, and thou shalt find me as good as my Word. Ay, but hark ye, says the Lads, is not to Day to Morrow? No my Heart, says the Gallant again, that's thy Wiikake; for there are No to Morrows; People are
apt to Talk of 'em indeed, but they never come, for Life it self is but the Time Prenent.

THE MORAL.

The Sparks Cafe here in the Fabes, of to Morrow and to Morrow, is Every Man's, and Every Days Cafe in the World; and we do the very same Thing with God Almighty, that that Desk does with his Mistris, we Promis, and Put off, and Perform Nothing.

REFLEXION.

Whoever Reads and Considers this Emblem, will find it to be his own Cafe; we promis, and we put-off, and we sin, and we go on Sinning; But still as our Confidence Checks us for, we take up Janet Por
cola, and Half Relocutious to do so more, and to lead a New Life for the future. Thus with the Young Fellow here, we indulge our Selves in our Pleasures from Time to time; and when we have Whil'd away our Lives, Day after Day, from One to Morrow to Another, that fame to Morrow
never comes.

F A B. CCCXXCVI.

A Lady in Trouble for the Loss of a Set of Horles.

A Certain Lady, that was fall'n under Great Tribulation
for the Loss of a very fine Set of Horles, went Rising
up, and down like a Mad Woman from Place to Place, and Every Body must be Tird with the History of her Mis
fortune: Well, says she, they were the left Natur'd Poor Witches, they'd look at Me so Kindly still when I came to take Coach, to do Nothing of the Value of them, really I cannot think my self left with other Horles. And at this rate, she went on, Amplify
ing upon the Afflication, while her Friends and Relations on the other Hand, were not wanting to Fly her upon the Or
dinary Topics of the Transitory State of Mortals. But when they had proceeded as far with her as their Religion and Philo
sophy could Carry them, and found that the was not to be Conforted; Why, truly Madam, says One of her Confidants, this is a very great Tryal, but since they are gone, and there's no Rea
celling of them, I hope your Ladyship does not think 'em too Good for Him that Has 'em.

THE MORAL.

We are more Solicitous for our Horles and our Dogs, then we are for our Souls, our Friends, or our Children; and therefore it was will enough con'd upon the Lady here toward the bringing of her to her self again, to Mind her, that there was neither Heaven nor Hell in the Cafe of Losing a Set of Horles.

Ood
FABLES of several Authors.

ReFLEXION.

This Fancy looks at first blush, as if it bordered a little upon Pompomonois; but if it is taken by the Right Hand, it will bear the Mark of a most Christian, a Necteday, and a Seasonable Check to those People that deliver up themselves to the Transportation of Extravagant Passions in Trifles: As it was the Case of a Lady that kept her Bed for the Lord of a Favorite-Puppy she had. Her Friends came to Condole with her upon it; and the Tydings of some Diabolical Calamity that had befallen her, and ask'd her very tenderly this-Crisis; it might be, that the last so heavily were Her? Or, says she, the Greatest Affliction (I think, the Lord's) that ever befell me since I was born: My Poor Pet is Dead. Alas, Mason (says One of the Condolers,) Why you have lost a very Good Hound? This is true, says Teller, but the Lord has sent me such another Hound; I shall never have such another Pet. Those Impious Violences, as no News to any Man that has Oblig'd and Study'd the Infirmities of her and there on perhaps of that Fair and Frail Sex. But we must not imagine at all, because the Mortal has made it a Woman's Case in the Story, that we our Selves are not Guilty Every Man of us, in some sort or other, all in a Thousand Infirmities, of the same Weaknesses and Mistakes, even in the Ordinary Course of Human Life; for what's the Doctor of all this ages the main, but a Relief to those that for their Afflictions are too much upon the things of this World, and consequently too little upon Matters of Great Moment; with him that upon the Firing of his House, was so Overjoy'd in the Stringing of his Plate, Living, Paintings, Heltings, and other Rich Movable things, that he never so much as thought of his only Child all this while that was Burnt in the Cradle. Every Man has his Feats, as they call it; One Man's Weak side is Ambition; Another's Avarice, Malice, Envy, Revenge, Pride, Vain-Glory; and those again so wholly taken up with the Piracies of Wine, Women, Jolly Company and Good Cheers, so all the Vices of their Reasonable Souls had been only given them to Subserve to their Appetites. The very World is Efl, in One Word, is it a Morall College of People that run Mad for Common Disappointments.

Far. CCCXCVII.

The Hypocrite.

There happened a Discourse in very Good Company, upon the Subject of Religion and Hypocrisy, and how hard a Matter it was, in the Case of an Artificial Disguise, to know the One from the Other; though the Scripture allows us, and in truth Obliges us, to Judge of the Tree by its Fruits. Well, says One to his Next Man, Do you know such a Person? Oh very well, says Another, he's one of the Honest Men to Heavenward that ever you met with, but the Artious Fellow among his Neighbours in the whole Parish.

The Moral.

To set the Name, the Simplicies, or the Obfuscation of Religion and Holiness, that will Assure for the Asyle sole's. In making God the Author, the Director and the Doctor of all Hypocrites Villanous in Churchmen, that Pagan Themselves would have an Assurance for. But when All comes to All, a Knife in his Prather, is a Knife in his Heart too.

REFLEXION.

The Hypocrite is but the Devil in the Shape of an Angel of Light; and it is no safe Matter to Dissipate with the One from the Other, to his a thing of a most Delicate Consequence to Mistake them; and the Question will be this at last, How to Recognize the Offices of Charity and Prudence. The One bids us believe and hope the Offset; the Other bids us provide against the Woff. Now it is not for Nothing that the Holy Ghost it Efl has pronounced so many Woes against this sort of Impostors; and Inculcated over and over so many Caution how we have any thing to do with them; which is no other than a Declaration of an Abundance of these People, and a plain Intimation of the Danger of being Deluded and Impost'd upon, under the Mask of Religion both in One, There's no Charity, no fraud, no Violence, no Oppression, that is not acted under a Colour of Divine Authority, Impulse and Direction, Churches are Rob'd and Profaned; Princes Depo'd and Murder'd; Religion and Morality, with all the Principles of Virtue and Common Honesty; are Overthrown; and the Name of God himself is made Ue of, as a Principal and as a Winess to the Impiety, in a Distance to all the Dishes of Heaven and Right Reason: And all this is but a Penance upon the Text at last, of Fear God and Keep his Commandments. When a King's Head is to be shock'd off by his own Reluctant Subjects, it's brought on commonly with the Prologue of a Fall, which in the Style of the Holy Stranger, is call'd a Seeker of the Good.
FABLES of several Authors.

Lord. This Work and Judgment of God (though it be Secret,) must be done with Great Gravity, (Says James Relstol, by way of Parable to the Mischief of Cardinal Basset,) First I Eulogy, was the Word to severall of the Mischiefers in France, 'Twas often in the Mouth of a Lady, Zealous in her way, with Deep Prophesies, that she had rather Ie with Forty Men than go to One Man: Nay, and I have heard of Tenants too, that Refused to pay their Landlord his Rent, unless he could shew a Text for't. Here enough said to fix forth the Character of an Hypocrite, as to Abuse the Morality that is Committed under this Figure; but the great Difficulty will be the Steering of a Middle Course, between Believing too much, and too little: That is to say, between taking a Good Man for an Hypocrite, and an Hypocrite for a Good Man. We are to have a Reverence for the very Appearances of Piety; but whenever we find the Hypo the Godward, to be no better then a Juggling Knave among his Neighbours, that is the very Hypocrite that we find Sensitive'd among the Apostles at Jerusalem in the Holy Ghost.

F A B. CCCCXCVIII.

The Contentious Thieves.

There was a Knot of Good fellows that Borrow'd a small Sum of Mony of a Gentleman upon the High-way: When they had taken All they could find; Dye ye for a Dog, says One of the Gang, You have more Mony about you Strangers, some where or other. Lord, Brother, says One of his Companions, can't ye take the Gentleman's Mony Civilly, but you must Swear and call Names! As they were About to Part, Pray by your favour Gentlemen, says the Traveller, I have so many Miles to go, and not One Penny in my pocket to bear my Charges; you seem to be Men of some Honour, and I hope you'll be so Good as only to let me have so much of my Mony back again, as will carry me to my Journeys End. Ay, Ay, the Lord forbid else, they cry'd, and so they Open'd One of the Bags, and bad him Pake Himself. He took them at their Word, and presently forth'd out a Handfull, as much as ever he could Grop. Why how now, says One of the Blades, 'Tis Confounded Sin if a Stranger, Had ye no Conscience?

The M O R A L.

'Tis a notable Trade that many drive in the World, of pretending to make a Confidence of One Sin, and taking out other Fancies in Another. Some there are that Commute Swearing for Whoring, as if the Forsaken

FABLES of several Authors.

Forbearance of the One, were a Difficultion for the Committing of the Other. We have heard of Others too, that have been still Dividers of the Lords Bag, and yet made no Scruple at all of Robbing the Lord's Alter. But a Good Christian and an Honest Man, must be all of a Piece, and theft Inequities of Proceeding, will never hold Water.

R E F L E X I O N.

'Tis just with Publick Thieves, as 'tis with Private: A pretended Mercy lets them both at Work, and a Pretended Religion or Conscience brings them off when they have done. This is no more then what we our selves have found within the Memory of Man, to be literally and Historically True; when that, which in those Days past for the Law of the Land, was in Effect no other then the Law of the Bands; and the One had as Much and as Little to say for it half as the Other. There are Political Bands of Robbers, as well as the Turks and the Toms that are Cry'd in Graces, and they tell both of them under the Regulation of the same Mystery and Trade. The Poor Man here that was Robb'd Himself, was charg'd Effectually with Robbing the Thieves, upon a Suspicion, that he had Referr'd some small Piece of his own Mony, to his own Use, which they accounted a Defending of the Publick. Now we have seen this to be the Sense and Discipline of the State, as well as of the Fad; and 'is as Broad as 'is Long at First, whether a Man be Undone by a Cudgel of Sharpers in a Committee of Safety, or by a Troop of Canary Birds upon Memoriam Peth. Nay, and the Parallel runs upon all Four, a little further too; Can't you take the Gentlemen Mony Civily? says the Spark: That is to say, Cannot you play the Rogue with me? If you could not eat in your Mouth, and pick an Hobble Gentlemen's Pocket with a Pate Nalter between your Teeth? Cannot you Plunder, Squeak, Decimate, Draw, Hang and Quarter in the Fear of the Lord, but you must Blaspheme and Call Names? Is it not enough that you are Defend'd by the very Privilege of your Profession, from the Bondage of Subjection and Obedience to Parents Natural or Civil? Is it not enough that you may Kill, Whore, Steal, Backbite, Covet, and make Bold in Court, with all the Commands of the Second Table, but you must be Breaking in upon the Former? Thus goes the World. the Little Thieves hang for't, while the Great One Sit upon the Bench; and there's a Creak of Conscience still thrown over both Penitences, to Cover, and to Confess the Clear.
FABLES of several Authors.

Far. CCCXCIX.
The Trespassing Wolf.

T here's a Story of a Man of Quality in Ireland, that little before the Troubles there, had Wall'd in a piece of ground for a Park, and left only One Passage into't by a Gate with a Portcullis to't. The Rebellion brake out, and put a Flop to his Design. The Place was Horribly Filled with Wolves; and his People having taken one of 'em in a Pit. Fall, Chain'd him up to a Tree in the Enclosure; and then planted themselves in a Lodge over the Gate, to see what would come on. The Wolf in a very short time fell a Howling, and was Answer'd by all his Brethren thereabouts, that were within Hearing of it; insomuch that the Hubbub was immediately put about from One Mountain to Another, till a whole Herd of 'em were gotten together upon the Outcry; and so Troup'd away into the Park. They were no sooner in the Pound, but down goes the Portcullis, and away Scamper the Wolves to the Gate, upon the Noise of the Fall on'. When they saw that there was no getting out again, where they came in, and that upon Hunting the whole Field over, there was no Possibility of making an Escape, they fell by Content upon the Wolf that drew them in, and Tore him all to Pieces.

The Moral.

Any Man that has but Eyes in his head, and looks well about him, will find this Example of the Wolves, to be no more than the common Practice of Vindictive Pity and Blood, on the One Hand, and the common Fate of Public Indulgences on the Other.

Reflexion.

'Tis with Man, as 'tis with Beasts, in the Cave of this Wolf. We do naturally hate the Instruments of our Ruin: And it matters not much neither, as to the Event of the thing, whether it be by Chance or by Choice; for it seldom succeeds better, where the Advice or the Indulgences of One Man draw on the Detraction of Many. 'Tis a Great Difference 'tis true, between the Works of Males, and those of Misadventure, but the Malicious is still the same; for he that's Undone, is equally Undone, whether it be by Speculations of Fortune, or by the Folly of Over-sight, or Evil Counsel. The Wolf at the Stare, had no Design upon his Satisfaction in the Wood; and the Wolves in the Wood had no little Design upon their Brother at the Stare, but One was in Difficulties, and called out for Help, while the other Assisted, and came in to his Relief. But after

Far. CCCC.
A Miller and a Rat.

A Miller took a huge Over-grown Rat in his Meal Tub; there was He laying the Law to him about the Lewdens of his Life and Conversation, and the Abominable Sin of Stealing; but your Thieving says he is now come Home to ye, and I'll have no leave Honest Puffs here to reckon with ye for all your Rogetries. Alas Sir, says the Poor Rat, I make no Trade on't; and the Miserable Pittance that I take, is only from Hand to Mouth, and out of Pure Necessity to keep Life and Soul together: As the Rat Pleased Hunger on the One Hand, the Miller threw the Matter of Confiscate and Honesty in his Teeth on the Other, and Preach'd to him upon the Fick of a Political Convenience, in making such Piercing Knave Examples for the Publick Good. Well, Sir, says the Rat once again, but pray will you Confider for your own fake, that this is your own Cafe, and that You and I are both Corn Merchants, and of the same Fraternity, Nay, and that for One Grain, it be not Sirrah, Your Tongue's no Slander: So he turn'd the Cat Loose upon him to do that which we call in the World an Execution of Justice.
The Moral

'Tis a piece of Market Policy, for People of a Trade to bear hard upon another, when it comes once to the Question between a Couple of Rivals, which is the Flatterer Man of the Two.

Reflection

There are no Greater Atheists under the Sun, than that sort of People that Distinguish is self from other Men by the Name of the Gods, and the Kings are Party; No Aramans Hipocrates in Hell, then those that told the Son of Levi they too much upon them, but that the Congregation was Holy Even Men of them, and the Lord was among them. Divine Vengeance cut them off, they were hungry, and Swallowed their bowls up; Then and their whole Party, and they went down Alive into the Pit. No People so Unmerciful to Poor Little Wades, and Thieves, as Rich Great Ones. The Gypsies, Edens, and Tombs, are the most Illustrious against Extortion; Church-Robbers against the most Infamous of Tyrants, Examinations against the Abuses of Arbitrary Power; and none so Fierce against the Sin of Rebellion, as the men Execrable of Tropes Themselves. Thus we find it in these Inflations; and the fame Plotter Spirit runs through the whole Roll of our Darling Inquisitions. The Bible is brought in here Preaching against Sinning; and it is upon the whole Matter an Unaccountable Truth, that we do all Naturally pretend the Great Aversion to that Lewdness in another, which we must indulge in ourselves. This is it that we call Crying Whore First; as if the Impudence of Our-faceting the Wickedness, were some Sort of Atrocity for the Scandal of it.

FINIS.

FABLES AND STORIES MORALIZED.

Being a SECOND PART OF THE Fables ofÆSOP,

AND Other Eminent Mythologists, &c.

By Sir Roger L'Estrange, Kt.

LONDON:
Printed for R. Sare at Grays-Inn-Gate in Holborn, MDCXCIX.
TO THE
READER.

The Man that puts Pen to Paper on
the Wrong side of Fourscore, might
every jot with as good a Grace, set up
for a Beau, as for an Author. But it is with some
Writers, and Readers, as it is with the Indians, and
their Idols; the People Worship the Devil, they
say, for fear he should hurt them. Under This
Awe, I am now to tell the Gentle Reader, that
a Phancy took me in the Head some years since,
to write a kind of a Paraphrase upon Æsop; under
the Title of [Fables of Æsop, and Other Eminent
Mythologists, with Morals, and Reflections:] which
amounted to little more then the Turning of an
Old School-Book into a New one, by casting some
Nonsens, and Pedantic Fopperies that had
been Foisted into it, and putting the Whole into
somewhat a more Fashionable Air, and Dress.

This I propounded to digest into a Compendious
Abstract of Instructive Precepts and Counsels, to be
still ready at hand, for the Use and Edification of
Children: which I look'd upon as a Work highly
Necessary for a Common Good, and not more
 Wanted
neither, then Desir'd. For as the Foundations of a
Virtuous and a Happy Life, are all laid in the very
Arms of our Nurtures, so 'tis but Natural, and Rea-
sonable

A 2
To the Reader.

Sonable, that our Cares, and Applications toward the Forming and Cultivating of our Manners, should Begin There too. And in Order to Those Ends, I thought I could not do better, then to Advance That Service under the Yeyle of Emblem, and Figure, after the Practice, and Methods of the Ancients.

But it will be a Hard Matter however yet, for a Sober Man that undertakes this Province, to Carry bis Point, and at the same time, to Prefer his Credit: For Children must be Ply’d with Idle Tales, and Twit-Twit-Tattles; and betwixt jest and Earnest, Flatter’d, and Caution’d, into a Sense, and Loss of their Duty. A Child’s Lesson, must be fitted to a Child’s Talent and Humour; and there are so many Little Arts, and Mimical Follies, that fall in by the way, toward the Discharging of This Function, that a Man of Worth and Character, will hardly come off a Saucer by the Office: For he must All One Part under the Mask of Another, to acquit himself. But I have spoken at Large to These Heads already elsewhere, and particularly in my Preface to the Former Volume; to which I refer my Self.

Upon the turning of These Things over and over in my Thoughts, the Matter swelled infinitely under my Hand, and instead of a Pocket-Memoir, according to my First Project, it came in the end to a Folio, of more than double That Bulk. But This misreckoning was no Disappointment to my Design: nay, on the Contrary; it answer’d all the Parts, and Pretences, of the Undertaking, as well Publicke, as Private: That is to say; It did the Part

To the Reader.

Part of a School-Book, with a respect to the Training up of Children, and the Office of a Political Discourse, with a regard to the Government of Life, Both in One. Now within the Compass of This Division, may be comprehended all Pratical Duties whatsoever : whether the Persons concern’d be Noble, or Ignoble; Men, Women, or Children, it Matters not: for Princes Themselves are made of the same Clay with Other Men, and Subjected, by Providence to the Ordinary Rules and Measures of Mankind.

I am now to tell the Reader once again, that, in pursuance of my First Proposal, I have here follow’d it with [a Second Part] of Select Fables, and Stories, to the very same Purpose and Intent with the Other. Let me be understood, as to the Manner of the Operation and the Drift of Applying it: where-in I have also consult’d the Best Authorities I could meet withal, in the Choice of the Creation, without Streying any Thing all this while, beyond the Strictest Equity of a Fair, and an Innocent Meaning; or making a Spiteful Use of Wire-Drawn Inferences, and Intimations, to the Wrong, or Scandal of my Neighbour, which would be much the same Thing, with Turning one of the most Useful Duties of a Sociable Life, into the Worf of Libels. But there’s a Great Difference, betwixt carrying the Image to the Man, and bringing the Man to the Image; Or I might as well have said, betwixt Pointing at the Vice, or at the Person.

Now as it has been my Care in the First place to suit my Materials to my Business: so have I really made
To the Reader.

made a Sample of keeping close to my Text, without Lathing out into any Extravagant Excesses, of what sort ever, either Personal, or Publick. And as I have not taken upon me to Amplify, or Expatriate upon the Subject of any Innomal Liberties that fell in my Way, to the Prejudice of Candor, and Good Faith; so neither have I Encourag’d any, by Forcing the Figure beyond the Plain Sense and Reason of the Thing. But still, after the doing of a Common Justice to the Nature and Quality of the Case, and Occasion, I have a Word or Two yet more to lay upon the First Motive that led me to This Undertaking: provided only, by way of Precaution, that the Reader is not to expect Order out of Confusion; or that such a Rhapsoody as This is, of Independent Tales, and Whimfars; Broken Thoughts, and Scattered Fragments, should be all of a Piece: neither is it Necessary, or Expedient that they should be so, if in This Diversity of Prospect, every Part does but Agree with it Self: Wherefore let it Sufficient, Method, and Connexion apart, that there is nothing wanting yet toward the Perfecting of the Work, according to the Scheme of the First Model: for there is not a Case perhaps in Nature, that does not some way or other fall within the Reach of These Amendments, and serve to Instruct us abundantly, in all the Offices of Party, and Good Manners, by drawing Good out of every Thing, even out of Evil it Self.

After the Setting of This Provision, and carrying That Point as far as it would go; the Thing was as yet but half-done, methought, without a Further Regulation, in Matter of Speech, for the purpose, Orna-

To the Reader.

Ornament, and the like, as well as in Manners: by which Word, [MANNERS,] may be understood, the Command of our Passions, under the Direction of a Conquered Virtue. This Consideration brought me back again to my First General Proposition, toward the Institution of Tomb; and That Thought Prompted me as naturally forward, to a further Enquiry, by what Means I might best Advance my Design. Upon the Agitation of This Question, I came, in fine, to This Result within my Self, that nothing spoils Young People, like Ill Example; and that the very Sufferance of it, within the Reach of Their Ken, or Imagination, is but a more Artificial way of Teaching them to do Amis: So that there remains little more to be done upon This Article, then to keep a Guard upon my Words, and Thoughts, and to Distinguish Good from Evil; especially, where the Doctrine, indifferently speaking, may be either Nourishment, or Poison. Now This Medley, (such as it is) of Salutary Hints, and Counsels, being Dedicated to the Use, and Benefit of Children, the Innocence of it must be preferr’d Sacred too, without the least Mixture of any Thing that’s Profane, Loose, or Scurrilous; or but so much as Bordering That way. This is the Caution I have preferred to my Self, as the Rule I am to Walk by; and I am in hope that the Course I have taken in the Conduct of This Affair, will stand the Test: or however, that the Good Will may serve at worst, to Atone for the Failings: to lay nothing of a Final Appeal to the Register of the Parish where I was Born: which will bring me off at last.

Having
To the Reader.

Having now spoken more than enough, to the Morality, and Usefulness of this Treatise; (if I have not spoil'd it in the Making,) I am once more to tell the Reader, before we part, that I have now consulted the Virtue, and the Consciences of the Office I have here taken upon me, as I ought to do. Over and above that I have render'd the Figures as Clear, and Infrangible, as I could; in Easy Words, and Plain Honest English. And, to wrap up all in a Little; I have so order'd it, that Children, I hope, will be the Better for't, and Men never the Worse; which will be but Fair Quarter between Man and Man, to all Intents and Purposes.

Advertizement.

An Answer to all the Excuses and Pretexts that Men ordinarily make, for their not coming to the Holy Communion. To which is added, A Brief Account of the End and Design of the Holy Communion, the Obligation to receive it; the Way to prepare for it, and the Behaviour of our selves both At, and After It. Fitted for the meanest Capacities. By a Divine of the Church of England. Price 3d. But for such Gentlemen who are Charitably disposed, they may have them for 20s. a Hundred; which is the same Price as the Christian Monitor. Printed for R. Sarr, at Grapes-in-Gate in Holborn.
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I.

Archidamus Fin'd for marrying a Little Woman.

THE Lacedemonians were so Nice in the Choice of their Wives, that they had an Eye to the very Size, and Stature of them, as well as to the Family, and Virtue: infomuch that they put their King Archidamus to a Considerable Fine, upon Marrying a Little Woman, for fear of spoiling the Breed.

THE MORAL.

This gives us to understand, that there cannot be too much Care taken for the Edification of Princes in the Love and Reverence of their People. Now without all Dispute, the Gracionsness and Dignity of the Person, does as naturally attract a Veneration, and Esteem one way, as the Contrary expels us to Odyssy and Reproche, the other. Nay and the same Reason holds, more or less, in a Private State, as well as in a Public: And when we are once over this Difficulty, there's the Foundation laid, of a Sociable Life, and of a Hopeful Posterity.

II.

Lycurgus's Two Wolf's.

Lycurgus had Two Wolf's of the same Litter: One was Train'd-up with Care, and Application; and the Other left to himself to take his Course. As the Romans were once in a Full Assembly, he call'd for a Low-Har', and a Dish of Soup, to be brought him, and so let the Dogs Loose in
in the Sight of the Court; the One sworthing away after the 
Hare, and the Other to the Platter: Now This Conceit was 
a Mystery to the Launcelotians, till Lyseurc expounded it.

The Moral.

There is little more in this Moral, then to prove the Force of 
Education. Children have naturally the Faculty of Reason, but it is Ex-
perience that brings us by Degrees, to the Proof, and Practice of it; 
and then it must be Prove that Profits it. A Prudent, and a Virtuous 
Instruction, lays the Groundwork of our Welfare, Here, and Hereaf-
ter; as a Licentious, and a Perverse Way of Nurturre, does the con-
trary. Children Talk, and Live, according to the Copy they see before 
them; and therefore we are to charge their Memories with nothing but 
what is Good in its kind, and Useful. The very Example, of an Agra-
nable, or an Uncouth Manner, or Fashion, or Speaking, or Doing, is 
more than a Leffon in a School; for Paedagogical Doctors, and Turfing 
Nurture, do but create in a Child the Love of Vanity, and Folly. In-
struction is like Sea to our Grounds, such as we Son, such we may 
expect to Keep; Only let a Child be taught Early, what he is to Learn, 
what to Show, and what to Pray for. And This, in short, is the Pro-
vince of Human Life.

III.

Alexander to his Father.

A 

Lexander the Great, brought into the World with him 
a Singular Felicity of Constitution, both of Body, 
and Mind. His Genius led him to Feats of Arms, and to 
the Love of all Military, and Manly Exercises: Innumera-
that while he was yet a Boy, his Father would be at him 
several times to try a Course in the Olympian, c With all my 
Heart Sir, says Alexander, if I may but have a King to run with 
me. The Answer was Short, and Generous; and a Great 
deal said in a Little.

The Moral.

It is a most Providential Mercy, and Blesting, when a Splendid 
Fortune falls under the Direction and Government of a Great Mind; 
that is to say, when Nature does the Office of Instruction, and Dis-
cipline, and Promptus us to the doing of what we Ought to do. It was 
no want of Reverence in Alexander, to his Father, to intimate a Con-
stitutional Obedience, in a Point where his Honour, and Dignity, were both 

Moralized.

at Stake; and where it was the Common Cause of all Crowned Heads, over 
and above: for there is no inner Mark of a Man, than the Love, 
and Liking of Mean People; so that the Keeping of this Guard upon 
himself, was both Instructive, and Necessary. It is certainly True, 
according to the Old Saying, that Like will to Like, and that a Man is 
best known by his Company; that is to say, where Choice and Inclination 
go along with it.

IV.

A Prince and a Philosopher.

A 

Imperial Prince commited the Care of his only Son 
and Heir, to the Tuition of a Great Philosopher, 
where he was Train'd up in a School, where he was, 
and became an Excellent Disciple, though but a Son Gross and 
Inexperienced. The Father laid the blame upon the Tutor; but the 
Son turn'd it again upon the Father, for sending a Prince to learn 
Polities of a School-Man.

The Moral.

Children are to be Instructed in the proper Business they are de-
ign'd for, as well as in their Duty; and the same Thing may happen 
to be well, to one Purpose, that's either Ill, or Idle, to Another. The 
Profession of Arms requires more than another Spirit, than that of 
Letters: beside that the Prince or Instructee, is to be kept from Power and 
Wit and Wit; what has a Sovereign Power to do in the Jurisdiction of a 
Critic, or a Poet? Government is a Poll 

Socrates, of Paguring.

T 

The Question was put to Socrates by a Friend of 
his. Whether he should Marry, or not? The Philo-

sopher, having a Show to his Wife, excused himself, as no 
Competent Judge in the Case. Well well! says other, but 

B 2
FABLES and STORIES

Tell me however, as a Wife Man, and as a Friend, abstracted from the Prepossessions of an Unfortunate Husband; what would you advise me to do now? Why then, says Socrates, to deal freely with you, if you marry, you'll repent. Perhaps I may, says the other, but what if I do not marry? Why then, says Socrates, you'll repent that way too.

The MORAL

This was a Question well becoming one Wife Man and Friend to another, and it was likewise as pertaining a Reputation; and not in the Point of Marriage alone, but indifferently in the Common Occurrences of Life. The Moral will be this, in short; We spend our Days in Doing and Undoing, between Vain Hopes, and Unprofitable Repentances; which, upon the whole Matter, amounts to no more then a Relics Quell after somewhat that is not to be had, in This World; And it strikes aloof at the Unready State of a Sort of People, that are neither will or say, Full, nor Failling. And the True Reason of it is This; they are perpetually in Pain for want of somehow or another Full, and they do not know at last yet, what it is they would be at.

VI.

A Complete Treatise about Staining.

A Fellow that had a Wabling towards Matrimony, consulted a Man of Art in Moral-Fields, whether he should marry or not? The Cunning Man put on his Considering Cap, and gave him this Short Answer. Pray have a Care how you marry, says he, as People too frequently do; for you are a Lost Man if you go That way to work. But if you can have the Heart to forbear your Spouses Company, for Three Days and Nights well Told, after you Two are Man and Wife; I will be bound to Burn my Books if you do not find the Comfort of it. The Man took the Virgin to his Wedded Wife, and kept his Distance accordingly: while the Woman, in the mean time, took Pot, and parted Eels upon't; and so the Wizard sav'd his Credit.

The

MORALIZED.

The bringing of People together in the way of Matrimony, is so Nice a Province, that here's a Philosopher, and a Conjurer, Both at their Wits end, how to govern themselves upon the Question: and it is, effectually, to In ventil an Office, that over and above the Odds of a Misprision, the Mediator makes himself in some measure answerable for the ill Consequences of the Match. There was a Famous Dealer in This Way, that durst not so much as shew his Head in London, for fear of the People he had drawn into the Noose. 'Thee! Things confible, it was perfectly said of an Anxious Child, that was put not by her Sweet-heart, so unpitiful, and marry; also says he, we love one another well enough now, why should we marry? intimating that the Right time is the Blessed Season for Lovers, and that too much of one Thing is good for nothing.

VII.

A New-married Couple upon the Shift.

A New-married Couple had a Toy took them in their Heads, so soon as ever the Office was over, to Shift one another before they came together; that they might know what they had to tryst too: and so by Content they put themselves to the Scrutiny by Turn; and upon calling-up the Account, the Woman, it seems, had been Five Times to blame, and the Man, Fifteen. Well my Dear, says the Husband, This is all gone at last, this, and we are now to begin the World again upon a New-store. Nay my Heart, says the Bride, That would be a little too hard. Pray let us be even first.

THE MORAL.

This sort of Curiosity has somewhat in it of Sir Francis Bacon's Counsel, of a Man at the Necessary Husb, in the Dark: he finds (fays he,) for what he would be taith to think. And, for That Reason, People should have a Care of Preferring too narrowly upon Conjugal Confessors, for fear of discovering more than a Body would be willing to know.

VIII.
FABLES and STORIES

VIII.
Here's Lamp.

Every Body has heard of Hero and Leander, and of the Unfortunate Amour. The Woman lived at Sestos, and the Man at Abydos, with the Hellespont (a small Arm of the Sea) betwixt them. The History says, that they were passionately in Love, and no coming together, but by Leander's swimming over to her in the Night, by the Benefit of a Lamp that his Mistress set up for his Guide. This way of Intercourse serv'd them well enough for a while, but in the Conclusion, the Wind blew out the Light, and the Poor Youth was drown'd in the Storm. When Hero came next Morning to see the Body bulling over to the Other Shore, she was too Generous to Outlive her Gallant, and so cast her self down from the Turret into the Sea to beat him Company.

The Lamp, upon this Misdace, was dedicated to Astartes, the Patron of Injured Lovers; and recommended to Poltercy with this Inscriptoin upon it.

[Let That Happy Couple, which, upon Seven Years Trial of a Marry'd State, shall declare upon their Consciences, that they never repented their Bargain; Light up this Lamp again.] This is a Declaration now of Two Thousand Years-flaunting, and yet from that time to This, no Mortal was so much as offer'd at the Rekindling of this Lamp.

The Moral.

This Fable hath somewhat in it of the Drift and Humour of the Former, in an Allusion to the Intemperance of an Ungovern'd Appetite; and the Calamiest that attend it: But the main points are laid upon This; that all Marriages whatsoever, are follow'd, at some time or other, with repentances, more or less.

IX.
Secrets and Calisto.

This happen'd a Dispute betwixt Socrates and Calisto; the One, a Famous Philosopher, and the Other, as Famous a Prostitute. The Question was only This; which of the Two Professions had the greater Influence upon Mankind.

Calisto appeals to Matter of Fact, and Experiment: for Socrates, says he, I have Prefiguted Ten times as many of Your People, as ever you did of Mine. Right, says Socrates; for Your Professors, as you call them, follow their Inclinations, whereas Mine are forc'd to work against the Grain. What well! says Lais (Another of the same Trade,) the Doctors may talk their Pleasure, of the force of Virtue and Wildom; but I never found any Difference yet, in all my Practice, betwixt the Flies and Blood of a Fornicator, and That of a Philosopher; and the One Knocks at my Door every Day as often as the Other.

The Moral.

If the Greater Part of Mankind were the Better Part, and the Preference to be determin'd by most Voyces, the Wrenches would undoubtedly carry it from the Sage: but Number is not the Measure, either of Happiness, or of Truth; and it is a hard Matter to reconcile the Motions of Virtue, to Those of Carnal Appetite. 'Tis one Thing, what we Are, and another Thing, what we Ought to be: and there is a Great Difference again, betwixt the Understanding of our Jury, and the Doing of it. In one Word, the Moral terminates in this: that more People are Govern'd by foolish Affiictions, than by Reason; or in fine, that there are more Men of Pleasure in the World, than Men of Morality, and Resolution.

X.
Xenocrates and Phryne.

People were talking of Xenocrates, one of Plato's Disciples, what a Command he had over his Passions; and of his Invincible Virtue. Well well! says Phryne (the Celebrated Beauty and Miftress of Those Times,) you may talk of your Gravity, and your Virtue, till your Hearts ake: but for my own
own Part, I never met with the Man since I was born yet, that was proof against the Charms of a Handsome Woman: and if I had but Xenocrates to my Self a little, I'd forswear all I have in This World, if I did not make him as good Company as the rest of his Neighbours. The Dispute came to the end to a Trial of Skill, and a Wager: But when Phryne saw the could do no good on't, she thrufled it off as well as the could, that the Mony was laid, upon a Man, and not upon a Statue.

The Moral.

This Instance of Xenocrates, may pass for an Exception to a General Rule. And then it may serve also at the same time, for a Precaution against the Snares of the Temptation, and likewise for an Encouragement to the Practice, and Imitation, of so Exemplary a Virtue. The Merit of it, were true, would have been more Glorious, if the Interest of the Wager had not made it look a little Mercenary: whereas the Consequence of well-doing is its own Reward.

A Generous Instance of Continence in a Young Man.

Here was one Luckius Floridus, that fell desperately in Love with a Lady of Genius; a Woman well-born, and of a most Exquisite Beauty: but yet more illustrious still, for her Modesty, and Virtue. It so fell out, that the Husband of this Lady was taken at Sea by Pirates, with his whole Fortune a-borde, and carry'd away into Slavery: while the Poor Miserable Woman was left Helpless behind, with several small Children upon her Hands, and not one Penny to maintain them. In the Depth of this Dreadful Distress, the went privately to Luckius, and call'd her Self at his Feet, the discharged her very Soul to him in a Rude Lamentation to This Effect.

Luckius, says she, I was once in hope to have gone untainted to my Grave, Body and Soul; but my Crops Starr'd, I perceive, will have it otherwise: for I am brought into so Desperate a State, that (with what Horror and Reluctancy so ever) I must either Sacrifice my Honour, or my Children; and the Tenderness of a Mother, I

find, has overcome the Consciences Nicety of the Scruple. My Present Bosom with your Self, is only to tell you, that I am now ready to entertain the Conditions you once offer'd me, upon your own Terms; and Entirely to deliver-up my Person, and Fame, to your Generosiy, and Mercy. This was managed with so Divine, and moving a Grace, that it made the Young Man Forty Thousand times more in Love with her then ever he was. There appear'd also such a Dignity in the Manner of it, that, at the same time, it both enam'ld his Passion, and kept it in a Reverential Awe too, by the Veneration it gave him for so Innocent a Good-Wife.

Upon This Change of Mind, Luckius, with Tears in his Eyes, and his Hands lifted up to Heaven, brake forth into This Pious Eulogium.

'The Divine Purity forbids, says he, that ever I should be so great a Villain, as to think of Corrupting so Heavenly a Creature, by making an Advantages of her Deplorable Necessities, to her Ever-Lasting Ruin. No, no, says Luckius, no such Thing shall ever be said of me, and for your own Part, Madam, whatever I have formerly offer'd you for the Blessing of your Embrace, shall be now doubled, out of the Reverence I have for your Virtue.

With these words in his Mouth, away he went to his Wife, whom he made, both his Confidant and his Agent, in the Intrigue. Nay, and to silence, even Calumny it felt too, whatever he did for the Unhappy Mother, and her Poor Children, past through the Hands of his own Lady.

The Moral.

Here's a Dangerous Temptation, and a Hard Choice, and yet a Cafe that often occurs, between Confidence, and Fiel'd and Blood; between the Tenderness of a Parent, and the Inclination of Honour and Virtue. She had no way to preserve her Children, but by Undoing her Self, and no way to bring her Self off neither, but by such a Propos'tion to a Good and a Generous Man, as in Honesty he could not entertain, and as he hop'd, and Promis'd he would not. There are a great many Necessies to be consider'd in the doing of a Good Thing: a Right Manner, a True Principle, a Fair Intention; and without Ends: be the that the Ways and Means of doing it, must be Free, and without Confain.

And now after all these Precautions, there is required also a Certain Grace in the doing of it, that Crowns the Work. Luckius acquired himself here to all purposes, as a Christian, a Cavalier, and a Man of Souls; and when he had master'd all the Difficulties in view, he made
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his Wife a Party to the Obligation, which was the Critical Point of the whole Case.

XII.

CONJUGAL SEDUCTION.

THE Ancients had so great a Veneration for Modesty, in a Married State, that Epictetus, a Sicilian Poet, had a Fine set upon his Head, only for being out a Wanton Word in the hearing of his Wife. Nay, and we read of a Roman Senator, that was no less then Degraded, barely for kissing his Wife in the Presence of his Daughter.

The Moral.

There are many marry'd People, when they are once got Free of the Family of Love, with the Countenance of Law, and Custom on their Side, that take a Liberty to extend the Privileges of their Condition, beyond the Bounds of Sobriety, and Good Manners: Now This gives us to understand, that Modesty is the duty of a Wife, as well as of a Virgin; and that it is no less a Virtue, than while it continues all of a Piece; in Thought, Word, and Deed. The Sicilian Poet was unadvisedly to blame too, even toward his own Wife: for Loose Words lead naturally to Loose Actions, and the very Provocation to Lewdness, is within one Degree of the Thing it self. And the fame Raisin holds good still, in the Case of the Senator's Kissing his Wife before his Daughter: for who knows but the very Example might set the Young Wench agast to be Kissing too?

XIII.

A Lady and a Looking-glass.

Here was a Certain Hard-Favoured Lady, that pick'd a Quarrel with all sorts of Looking-glasses, from the very Bed-chamber to the Dairy: And there was no getting the Freak out of her Head, but that the whole Brother-hood of the Glass-makers were in a Plot to make her Ridiculous. This Phancy made her so Sick of the World, that she utterly quitted it, and betook her self to the Grocer, and the Butcher, for Relief. But still so long as she carry'd the same Face about with her,

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her, though it were but to the Springs, and the Fountains, the was sure to be still hunted by the same Image: which honestly convin'd her, in the Conclusion, of what she would give no Credic to before.

The Moral.

There is nothing in this World that a Hard fav'rd Old Woman Dreads more than a Plain-dealing Looking-Glass, and the Register of the Parish where she was born. And what is it now that gives Consequence to this Unnatural Pretence of an Everlasting Tooth, and Beauty; but Pride, and Vanity, on the one hand, and Flattery, on the other. In This Unplaiting, the manner in which she appeal'd, to the Pope, and the Pope; which gave her plainly to understand, that the Pope was in the Face, not in the Mirror. This way of Reasoning brought her in the end to a Course of Sobriety, and Virtue: which was no more, upon the whole Matter, than the doing of the same Good Thing, upon differing Inducements. Now This passes for Vanity, in some Cases, and for Philosophy, in Others: But it is the Intent that Qualifies the Action.

XIV.

An Ape and a Goat.

Here pass'd a Dialogue one Day, between an Ape, and a Goat. Brother, says the Ape, if you be ruled by me, get you gone immediately to the Burger, with That Beautility of yours, and get your self soundly Scrub'd, and Carried: go your ways, I say, and Wash, Powder, and Perfume your self the First Thing you do; for you have gotten so Nasty a Beard there, and so Abominable a Whiff, that there's no enduring of you. As for my own Part, I was never brought up to the Trade of a Barber, but my Talent you know lies in Imitation, and if you have a mind to be Sweet and Clean, I could make a shift, I promise, to do you the Good Office my self. The Goat took the Prefer very kindly, but yet, says he, for the matter of parting with my Beard, two Words to a Bargain. Upon This a Way goes the Goat to Court for Council, to a Sort of animals, that Stile themselves Reasonable: and set-up for the only Competent Judges of the Cafe. And what should he find There, but Beau's up and down in every Corner, with Surgeons, Refor, Physicians, and other Little Instruments, to make themselves Soft and Smooth, and Easier Company for the Ladies. The
The Authority of This Whimsey, set the Goat to disperately agog upon following That Example, that nothing would serve, but he himself must be drew'd up too in the same Cut. To make short, the Goat puts himself in Poltire for the Work, and no sooner was the Cloth about his Neck, the Balls, and the Trimming-Twee in Readiness; but, just when the Ape, with his Infrument in his Hand, was upon the very Point of doing Executioon, up comes a Sour Superstitions Troupe of Fathers of the Church, and Deflers of the Faculties, giving to understand, by their Long Boffy Beards, and no other Token in Nature, that they were People of Gravity, and Wisdom. This Diversity of Thoughts, and Faces, in Bodys of the same Make, and Kind, was so Surprising a Spectacle, that the Goat presently started up, and cry'd out in a Transport to his Companion: 'Hark ye, Comrades, says he, how comes This Creature, Mr. Neale, in your Line? A Wretch that's made up of Contraditions, without any certain Rule or Method of Conduct. Here's Long Hair set-up against No Hair at all; and Both Extremes pleading Reason, in the very State of the Opponination. Prethee tell me now, which of These Two is the Fool, and which the Philosopher: for the Experience, either way, lies so faire for the one, as for the other. In truth, says the Ape, 'tis hard to say which is which. Why then, says the Goat, what have we more to do then to quit These Blind Guides, and commit our selves to the Light and Direction of Nature, which we are sure will never deceive us.' With that Word, the Goat tore the Trimming-Club in a Rage; threw the Balls one way and the Raffes another, Capt his Little Officer with his own Raffin, and so departed.

The Moral.

Reason is, effectually, little more then Imagination enpoy'd. So many Men, so many Minds, and That Diversity of Thought can never be reduced to an Agreement in one Point. That which is Pity, to one Man, is Wisdom, to another; Compliment, in one Place, puffs in another; for Carries: Long Beards are the Fashions in the Schools, and no Beards at all at Court: to that at This rate, Flourty, Ugly, and Ovinston, are made the Rule of Reason, and the Measure of Good and Evil. But to dislinguich, and to Moderate upon the Matter, where the Question carry nothing along with it that is Evil in it self, it is a Point of Honour, and Good Manners, to do as the Mind do, and to live in a Conformity to Common Practice; without taking upon us to be Wiser than the rest of the World, and to Prescribe to Mankind.

XV.

In the Heat of the civil War of Rome, the Neighbouring Nations were so intent upon That Opportunity of breaking in upon the Romans, that their Govenours had the most to do in the world to keep them in order, and within the Bounds of their Duty. But when they found that nothing was to be done by Fair Respecting, they had recourse to Invention, and Embleme; and the Phancy was This. They took a Couple of hands great Dogs, and set them together by the bars, as a Spectacle to the People; and then in the Height of their Rage, and Fury, while they were Tearing, and
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and Worrying one another, they order’d a Wolf to be turn’d loose upon them; the Two Dogs were immediately reconcil’d, and by consent fell upon the Common Enemy.

The Moral.

This is no more than daily Practice and Experience. Quarrels Abroad, keep People Quiet at Home: especially where Liberty, or Ambition is the Question; to that Foreign War many times diverts a Civil. This was officially the Case of Charles the First, the King was made the Commum Enemy, and all the Popular Parties united against him under That Notion; but in so doing, the Royal Party was run down, up Barred, Another Commum Enemy, and the Republican Confederates fell to work one upon another.

When a Family is divided, in, and against it self, That’s the Time for a Common Enemy to make their Advantage; and so faith way to make them Friends again, as the Dead of That Opposition; but we are directed how to behave our selves, both by Policy, and by Nature; or I might have said, by Prudence and Necessity.

XVII.

A Man Quarrelting with his Shadow.

A Perish Fellow, for want of other Matter to work upon, picks a Quarrel with his Own Shadow, for dogging him up and down wherever he went. He kick’d, Cuff’d, and Struck at it, and the Shadow kick’d, Cuff’d, and Struck again. This Fever turn’d his Brain to such a Degree, that he durst not so much as flit abroad with the Sun on his Face, for fear of the Shadow, at the Back of him; which, in a kind of Mimick Mockery, did the same Thing too. This put the Man to his Wins end, and so they entered into an Exploitation upon the Business. Tu and I says the Shadow are Indissoluble Compansions; and Providence it self hath predetermined us to Live and Die Together.

The Moral.

All the Wranglings and Controversies of this World, are but Morals of This Fable, whether it be Wealth, Dominions, or whatever else we contend for; and the Thing is not only Trivial but in a Great Measure Punctual; that is to say; we Quarreled for somewhat that is not to be had; and we are displeased with Things that cannot be otherwise then

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than they are. We are, in fine, forParting Things Inseparable, and for Joining Things Incompatible, and to unreasonably Crook, as if Nature her self were to go out of her Course to gratify our Humours.

XVIII.

Augustus Caesar and Virgil.

It was an Odd Question that of Augustus Caesar to Virgil. Pray, tell me truly, says he, was Octavius my Father or my Son? You think for the World I find it divided about it. Great Prince, says Virgil, I can say little to Octavius, but to speak freely, I am much mistaken if you are not the Son of a Baker; for I was never so Happy, as to say, or do, anything that pleased you, but I had my Reward in Bread for’t. Well, says Augustus, but from this Time forth you shall find me a Prince, not a Baker.

The Moral.

A Pleasant Word in Season is the making of many a Man’s Fortune; but it must be Cleverly, and Discretely managed then, with a Practical Regard to the Humour and Condition of the Person, and adapted to all the Circumstances of Time, Matter, and Occasion. There goes a Story of a Certain Prince that gave all manner of Liberty and Encouragement, to the Exercise of a Buffoonery, though never to Rude, and Scowly; and he had a Shrewd Faculty that way himself too. This Prince preach’d a little hard once upon one of his Courts-Days, and it was kind of an Unlucky Hit. The Spark immediately turn’d the Preaching upon his Master, with this Scoan. By my word, says the Fellow, He that made thee a King, would the Beel Foul of Chryseleison. The Conceit awoke the Affront, and the Man was press’t upon: But this way of Foundling would never have press’t upon Tiburtius, if a Body may judge of him by a Story we have in Fontaneana.

As they were carrying a Dead Body, says he, over the Market-place to bury’d, and a huge Crow’d of People got together to see the Funeral; one of the Lord-standers slip over to the Corps out of the Throng, and whisper’d somewhat in the Dead Man’s Ear; and so came back again. At his Return, some body ask’d him what it was he whisper’d? Why, says he, I had the Man tell Augustus, in the other World, that the People had not receiv’d the Domains yet, that were order’d them. This Fiction was carry’d preferably to Tiburtius, who charg’d the Enormous to be gone immediately, and Cut the Man’s Throat the first Thing he did; and then bid him be fare, says he, to deliver the Message himself.

That
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That which we commonly call Railly, or Busing, is one of the Peculiar Provinces in the Course of an Easy, Sociable Life. It is not only Critical, but Hazardous, and a Man ventures his Neck it may be for his Concern: for it falls out many Times, that One Man is Advised, and Another Gibbered for the same Expression: beside the Difficulty of Distinguishing between the one and the other.

XIX.

Foxes and Rabbits.

The Foxes and the Rabbits had been a long time at Variance, but coming at last to a Better Disposition, they appointed Commissioners to advise upon some middle Expedit on toward an Accommodation, that might please Both Parties. There were several Proposals for a peace, but they were still, either too Large, or too Narrow, till at length they call’d a great Counsell of Contras to manage the Debate. It was there mov’d by a Grave Member of That Body, that an Application might be made to the Foxes, to accept of some Reasonable Compromise; if it were but a matter of Ten Rabbits a Quarter, for the purpose, and the Publick Faith engag’d for the Performance of Covenants. The Project was highly approv’d, but when they were just upon the Point of naming a Committee to draw up the Addres, up rides a Pert young Blade, and throws a Blunder in the way that spoil’d the Jeft. Mr. Chair-man, says he, I am very well pleas’d with This Mutton; and provided the worthy Member that first started it, will make One of the Ten himself, I’ll make Another. The Proposer had not a word more to say, and so the Question fell to the Ground.

The Moral.

This Fable of the Rabbits and the Foxes, has much in it of That of the Aesop, and the Beller has to be ty’d about the Cat’s Neck. There was a Thing to be done, and no body at last to do it. This Phancy has some Affinity also with That of the Aesop’s drawing the Carvans out of the Fire with the Cat’s Fuss. But the World, generally speaking, is not only made up of Fools and Huskies, and the One works for the Other. The Fool Burns his Finger, and the Knave Eats the Nut: the one runs the Hazard, and the other reaps the Benefit.

XX.

A Lyon and an Old Dog.

There was a Lyon, that, having gotten a great Reputation in the World, by the Prudence, Justice, and Clemency of his Government, was in time quite worn out with the Cases and Fatigues of his Office. This Lyon, I say, finding himself declining, both in his Understanding, and in his Health, made it his Business, in his own Life time, to provide for his Posterity; and accordingly he discours’d the Matter to his next Heir.

So, says he, before I leave This World, I do here charge you upon my Blessing, and as you tender your own Life, and the Quiet of your States, that you treasure up Two Counsels: I am now about to give you, and that be constantly in your Mind. Be sure, in the First place, that you never attempt any thing that is very Conferable, so long as your Mother lives, without her Advice. Secondly, I here adjure you over again, to stand firm to your Father’s Old Friends and Servants; and those especially, that have given Proof of their Affection, and Fidelity, through all Fortunes and Trials.

The Young Lyon had no sooner receiv’d this Lesson, but up comes immediately, a Bear, a Tiger, and a Fox, Three Mortal Enemies of an Old Dog he had, that guarded the Mouth of his Cave. Pray, by your Favour, says one of them, what are you the better for an Old-Weather-beaten-Curr here, for your Security, that has not Strength enough, either to deal with a Thief, or to Defend his Matter? He has neither Heels, Teeth, nor Nole left him, and an Arrant Cripple over and above. He has not so much as a single Inch upon the whole Body of him, that is not Hack’d, and mangled; and ’tis to be fear’d, this Li-very was never given him for his Good Manners: belide that he is Mop’d, as well as Impotent; for you shall have him Wag his Tale to a Rascal, and at the same time leap at the Throat of a Man of Honour, for want of Eyes, and Easyclyes, to distinguish. So that it is not either for your Credit, or your Safety, to entertain such an Officer in your Service. The Lyon was nor a little stagger’d at the Discourse, but infallit particularly upon the Old Servants Approv’d Loyalty to his Late Matter. Nay Sir, quoth the Fox, as to his Faith and Honesty,
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Honestly, your Majesty may certainly depend upon him; but we speak of his Unintended for such a Poet, and with a Singular Regard to the Merits of his past Service. Heaven forbid, but he should be well Provided for, and with your Majesty's Leave, it shall be our Care to make him as Easy some other way. The young Prince was just upon the Point of recalling his Patente, but in That very Instant, his Conscience, and his Good Genius, mused him of the Oath he took, upon the last Blessing of his Dying Father, and so away he went, in That very Moment, to advise with his Mother, how to behave himself upon That Occasion.

She, says she, whoever serves you to part with a True, and a Try'd Friend, has a Design, must certainly, to make way for a Treacherous Enemy, that will be your Ruine. Where your Old Dog Fawvis, you may depend upon it that the Men are Honest, and whenever he Barks, or Growls at any Man, you may be a-fraid of the Contrary. As for his Maims, and Scarey, so far are they from being Marks of Reproche, that they are Evident Prifts, and Tokens of his Zeal, and Affection for his Nation. None in fact, but a Bold and a Valiant Soldier, will ever pretend to give you the Council you tell me of, and none but a Careless, a Weak, and an Easy Prince, will ever submit to take it.

This Reasonable Application brought the Lion to the Right Wits again, and to a Firm Resolution never to hearken any more to the Advice of Beasts, Tigers, and Foxes, to the Prejudice of Ancient, Watchful, and Trusty Servants.

The Moral.

What better Lesson or Counsel could a Dying Father give to a Son, than to preserve him Reverence, and Obedience to a Mother; Honour to the Memory of a Parent; and a steady Affection to the Dutiful Friends and Servants of his Dead Father.

In the Bear, the Tiger, and the Fox, we may read the Common Practice of so many Court-Princes, drawn as near the Life, as if they had set for the Picture. This is their way of Debauching Young Princes into a Neglect and Contempt of Duty, Common Faith, and Justice, in Contradiction to all the Rules and Lights of Reasonable Nature: and all This is brought about, by covering the Blemish of Calumny, with a Cloak of Good Will, and Respect.

The Lion's wavering upon to Tender, and Artificial an Inflamation, shews us how hard a matter it is to stand our Ground against the Amusements of Paradox, and Fair Words. Now a Good, and a Provident Man, as well as a Brave Prince, will take Care, according to This Copy,

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Copy, as well for Poierty, as for the Present Age, both in one. This Lion, in fine, holds forth a Doctrinal Instruction to Princes, that they provide for their People, as well Dead, as Living. Nay when their Bodies are worn out, and their Understandings Broken, these Consequences are still at work.

We are told further, that Youth Needs Advice, and that it is many times too Capricious to Take it; wherefore here's a Charge given, upon a Father's Blessing, to hearken to the Voice and Counsel of a Parent; and not only to obey, but in Cases of Moment, still to consult our Superiors.

Here is likewise another Lesson, that settles the Establishing of a Throne upon the Foundations of Wisdom, Honour, and Justice. Your Father's Friends, says the Mother, will be yours too, and whoever goes about to Persuade you otherwise, is your Deadly Enemy.

The Lion was no Stranger neither, to the Arts of Flatterers, and Hangmen on, but well understood that the Bare Sufferance of Calumny, is the Encouragement of it. We are taught in this Figure all, the Art, and Adjective, of Supplanting, and that when downright Blasphemy, and Reproche, will not do the Work, it must be brought about with Bar and Immanence: which is only a way by it self, of Cutting a Man's Throat under a Colour of Kindness.

XXXI.

Alexander and Phryne.

I t was a Generous, and a Spiritulous kind of a Proposall, that was made by Phryne, a Common Prostitute, to Alexander the Great; and the Story was this.

Alexander had Ruined the City of Thebes, and Phryne offered to Rebuild it: upon Condition only, that the might have a Monument erecloud of a Memorial of the Exploit, with this Inscription upon it: [Alexander Defray'd the City of Thebes, and Phryne Repair'd it.]

The Moral.

Here's a Phantastical Case started, between a Woman of Pleasure, and an Imperial Prince; and not without a Space of Vanity, and Ambition, on both Sides. Alexander wrouht upon himself upon his Violence, and Oppression, in the Sinking of the World; and Phryne gets up (to far as in her eyes at least) for the Repairing of it; and in the same Action, atones, in some Measure, for the Sensuality of a Life, over and above.

Now this is as much as to tell us, that there is nothing under the Sun, either to Brave, or to Mean, as not to admit some Mixture of the Contrary Extremes; and that at this rate, of conforming the one with...
the Other, the Stranger makes a better Figure in the Story, and appears more Illustrious than the Conqueror.

XXII.
Alexander and Aristobulus.

As Alexander was taking the Air once upon the Hydaspes, Aristobulus entertained him with a Relation he had written of his Victory over Porus. But it was so Naucerus a Piece of Flattery, that he snatch'd the Book out of his Hand as he was reading, and threw it into the River; and it was Ten to one, the Author himself had follow'd it. [What, (says Alexander, in a Rage) were you so hard put to it, that you could not find any Thing to commend me for that was True?]

The MORAL.

There's nothing turns the Stomach of a Sover Man like a High-flown Paeony; and a Fullsom, Dashing Dedication; which certainly the most Scandalous of Libels. It does not only call a Man Fool to his Face, but publishes him for a Cuckoo to the World too, and He himself signs and seals the Certificate, in the very Sufferance of it.

XXIII.
Alexander and a Pirate.

Alexander demanded of a Corsair that he had taken Prisoner, how he durst presume to Scour the Seas at That Inconceivable Rate? Why truly, says he, I Scour the Seas for my Profit and my Pleasure, just as you Scour the World: only I am to be a Beggar for doing it with one Gallantry, and you must he a mighty Prince [prudent for doing it with an Army. Alexander was so pleas'd with the Bravery of the Man, that he immediately gave him his Liberty.

XXIV.

The MORAL.

Power is no Privilege for Violence; it may create some Sort of Security in the Execution, but it gives no manner of Right to the Committing of it: for Tyranny, and Insolence, are the very same Thing in an Emperor, that they are in a Pirate. This was bravely said of the Corsair, and it was as bravely said of Alexander; but whether it wrought upon the King's Conscience, or his Honour, may be a Question: that is to say, whether he was more moved with the Reason of the Thing, or with the Courage of the Man: but it looks well however either way, for Alexander not only forgave the Affront of being made the greater Thief of the Two, but gave the Poor Fellow his Freedom over and above. And we have likewise in this Document, for our Instruction, that in all Fortunes, and Extremes, a Great Soul will never want Matter to work upon, and in all Causes, where it stands out, and has not the least Prospect of Success, a Great Soul will always find Matter to work upon.

The Cock and the Cocker.

A Cock dreamt he was a Great Prince, and in the Full Exercise of his Royal State and Dignity; with his Train, and his Guards, and all the Servile Ministers of his Lusks and Pleasures, about him. In this Phrenetical Inflame, the Cock Crow'd, and wake him; and in the same Moment departs him from his Imperial Pomp and Glory.

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XXV.
A Note upon the Athenian Councillors.

It was a Sharp, and a severe Remark that Men paid upon the Athenian Councillors: *Wife Men,* says he, *Proposed, and Feels Determin.*

The Moral.

Is it true that there are more Feels in the World than Wife Men, and more Knows, than Hesfl Men, one Majority will undoubtedly carry it for another of the same Stamp; where Number is the Tool, and chuse such as themselves are. So that in Popular Debates, the Question is not so much the Rostow, or the Toilets of the Matter, as the Plurality of Those that are For it, or Against it. Now the Greater Part, at this rate, being full the Stronger, it shall certainly give Laws to the rest. Thus it is, and thus it must be, so long as Councils are governed by Vote, not by Weight.

XXVI.
Nothing to be done without a Text.

Mouton has a World of Phantastical Stories of the French Huguenots that fell within his Walk, and particularly of a Party among them so nicely Scrupulous, that they made a Conference of paying their Landlords their Rent, unless they could shew a Text for it.

The Moral.

That which many People call Confidence, is little, more in truth than a Fix of the Senses, or in Other Terms, a kind of an Exultablished Impetu, without either Soul, or Reason. It is, in a Great Measure, more Florin, and Humour; and furnishes one Sort Answer to all Questions, that is to say, This or That, whatever it is, goes against my Confidence; which Confidence shall Rob a Church, to Build an Hospital, and keep the Dialogue it fell upon the Behaviour, with a *Loyam du je know gefast.* It turns all Morality out of Doors, and leave no such Thing in Nature as Liberty and Property, unless you can shew Chapter and Verse for it. *[Leaves That to Providence, My Lord,*] says the Coachman to his Master, for adding Rub to his Bowle. This Pretence, in fine, that puffes in the World too frequently for Confidence, makes no Difficulty of doing the World of Things, and yet at the same time Snatches the most Necessary Offices of a Christian Life.

XXVII.

A Steer and a Shepherd.

A certain great Prince, that was quite tir'd out with Publicke Care, and Business, took up a Resolution to give the World, and the Vanities of it, the Slip for a while; and so away he steals into the Country, Incognito; partly for Breath and Liberty, and partly to entertain himself with the Blessings of a Private Life. In the Court of This Adventure, nothing pleas'd him better, then the Encounter of a Shepherd at the Head of his Flock, with his Dogs and his Guards about him; his Sheep in Excellent Cattle and Order, and not a Fox or a Wolf to be heard of near That Quarter: over and above a yearly Income upon the main to a Consciderable Value.

This Prince, ascribing all These Advantages to the Fidelity, the Diligence, and the Conduct of the Shepherd. When he had stay'd as long upon This Innocent Diversion as the Prefenting Necessities of his Government could well spare him, return'd to his Palace, where the First Thing he did was to send for the Shepherd up to Court; and upon his Arrival, his Majesty very graciously bad him Wellcom, and spake to him as follows.

*Friend,* says he, you have discharge'd your Pastoral Care with so much Prudence, Faith, and Credit, that instead of a Governor of Sheep, you are from this Time forward, to be a Governor of Men, and your Patent is now a drawing to make you one of my Chief Justices. This unthought of Advance from the Sheep-hook to the Palace, must needs be a strange Surprize to a Man that had never seen more of the World then his Dogs and his Muttons, and a Little Hermit there in the Neighbourhood where he kept his Sheep. But the Thing however is done, and the Man must now enter upon his Commision. This News flew like Lightning, and brought the Hermit Himself out of his Cell, to reason the Matter with his Old Acquaintance the Shepherd, upon what he had heard.

Hark ye my good Friend: says the severe Religious, Is it a Dream, or is it really True, that you are now set for up to be made a Great Man, and a Favourite? Why certainly you understand King.
Kings and Courts better, then to venture your Life and Soul on so Slippery a Bottom; and to hazard the Purchase of a Lane, and perhaps an Unprofitable Repentance, at so dear a Rate. Remember what I tell you now beforehand: You will not find your Ground long, and your Fall will make as much Noise in the World, as ever your Rise did. The Shepherd smiled, but the Hermit went on still with his Forebodings, and he was not much out neither in the Conclusion.

The New Judge was scarce Warm in his Seat, but there were Factions presently at work to undermine him, giving it out in general Terms, that he had neither Law in him, nor Honesty: so that what with private Cabals, Subornations, Remonstrances, and clamorous Petitions exhibited against him, for Oppression, and Arbitrary Proceedings, the King was at first wrought upon to deliver him up to Public Justice; especially considering the Prodigious Treasures which he had hoarded-up, they said, in Mony and Jewels, and the Innumerable Bribes that were laid to his Charge. Upon this Impropriety, he was taken into Custody; his House, Papers, and Accounts, strictly search'd, and examined; but nothing of Moment made out against him, till they came at last to a Huge Chest, with the Lord knows how many Locks and Bolts upon't, and there it was, they cry'd, that he had deposited the Mast of his Inestimable Wealth. Upon the Opening of this Trunk, what should they find there, but the Shepherd's Weeds he was taken in up; an old Tattered Frock or Two; several Bundles of Raggs, Odd Mittens, and Stockings, a Leather Pouch, a Broken Bag-pipe, and Twenty little Things belonging to his Calling.

When they had nowcarry'd the Malice as far as it would go, to the confounding even of Calumny it self, his Accusers were ready to burst with Rage and Envy at the Disappointment. But the Good Man, being now Restit in Curis once again, had his Belly full by this Time of Court-Corruptions, and the whole Earth could not prevail upon him ever to embark again in That Bottom. The very Sight of his miserable Ragged Wardrobe, mended him of the Blessings both of Body and Soul, that he enjoy'd in the Simplicity of That Dress: so that he strip'd himself of his Court- Robes, put on his Shepherd's Clothes again, and returned to his Old Charge.

The Morale.

This Fable gives us to understand the Care and Anxiety of a Crown, with the Temptations, the Snares, and the Hazards of a Court-Life: the Blessings, and the Security, of a Private State; together with the Danger of depending upon Great Men's Promises, and Favours.

We are likewise to take Notice, that Innocence is no Protection against Envy, and Defamation; that is to say, when the Ears of Princes are open to Pick-pocket, and Talk-honeys: not but that Honesty and Virtue, at the long run, will find all Teeth; as the Shepherd here takes his Misfortune for a Warning, lays down his Commission, quits his Poll of Palfreys, and so to his Sheep again.

The Prince, in this Progress, and Disguise, meets with, not only a Diving, but an Edifying Variety, under the Emblem of a well order'd Government, in a Shop-case: where he骗取s to himself That Quiet in a Hott, which he could not find in a Palace. And here we have a Shepherd also, on the other hand, excelling a Peaceable, orderly Command in a Cottage over his Dogs, and his Sheep, for the more Splendid Splendor of a Court-Dependence; but upon Second Thoughts, he comes to his Wits again.

Now after all these Turnes of State, and Humour, it is morally impossible for an Ambitious Man ever to be Happy. He that Covers more, is pleasauntly Sick of what he has already, and consequently enjoys nothing at all: for so long as our Hearts are not upon what we have, we can never be lastly wise what we have. So that the very Course of our Life is but a Restless Pursuit of one Thing after another. We are Sick of Poverty, Sick of Plenty, Sick of the Care of Government, and Sick of the Toke of it; Sick of Solitude, and Sick of Company. We are Sick, in fine, of every Thing we have't, and find no Relief in losing neither, till, in the End, Providence and Second Thoughts brings all to rights.

XXVIII.

A Great Saying of Aristotle.

I t was a memorable Practice of Phippius, throughout the Course of his whole Life. He called himself to an account every Night, for the Actions of the Past Day, and to often, as he found he had lip't any one Day, without doing some Publick Good, he enter'd upon his Diary This Memorial. [ Diem perdidi ] I have lost a Day.
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The MORAL.

It is just so much Time Left, as is why spent; and That which we call [Pounding away our Time] is a Profusion never to be recover'd. But we keep a better account of our Monus, than we do of our Hours; and while we are over-follies for the Improvement of the One, we are as Loose, and Careless, in Squandering away the Other: without ever considering, That we run the Extreme Hazard of Eternity is lost, for the Plain Pleasure of a Moment, while we put off the Main Bullets of our Lives to the very Article of Death.

XXXIX.
The Churches are Full.

A S People were talking together of the Hardness of the Times, why truly, says one of the Company, the Times are pretty Difficult, but, the Lord be praised for it, the Churches are Full still. Now this Spark was a Common Pick-pocket, that, for Brevity's sake, said his Prayers, and follow'd his Trade, both under one.

The MORAL.

There is not That Robbery in Nature that has not a Mask of Honesty and Religion to Cover it: and the same Pretence holds good from the Prime Minister to the Miserable; and from the Sharper here in the Galery, to the more Notorious Pick-pockets that we have seen in the very Pulpits Themselves. This is an Insolent, and an Execrable Impudence, how true, but it will do well to Qualify the Censure however, with a Great deal of Charitable Caution, for fear of taking the Saint for the Hypocrite, instead of the Hypocrite for the Saint; so to to to the Saddle, as we say, upon the Right Horse.

XXX.
Alexander and Aneas. Menes.

A NAXIMENES of LAMPYRUS, was Alexander's Tutor, and highly in his Favour. This Aneas, having heard that Alexander had bound himself by a Deperate Vow, to destroy all the LAMPYRUS, for joying with Darius against him; he went his way immediately to find him out, and to try if he could divert him from that Deadly Resolution. Alexander, hearing that he was coming toward him, and not without some mink of his Business, swore over again in the hearing of his Chief Officers, that whatever Aneasmenes should advise of him, he should do the clear Contrary. The Word was no sooner out of his Mouth, but up comes Aneasmenes. The King treated him after his usual Manner of Grace and Respect, and asked him, as by the By, what brought him thither? I am come, says he, with a Request to the most Invincible Alexander, to beg of him, that he would put Lampyrian to Fire and Sword; and Raze it to the Ground, without sparing either Age, Sex, or Quality: nay not excepting the very Temples, Altars, and Holy Places Themselves. Alexander was exceedingly pleas'd, to find himself so artificially charg'd of so Raffish and bloody an Oath, and pardoned both City and People.

The MORAL.

PEOPLE should have a Care of Rashes and Inconsiderate Vows; such I mean, as cannot in Honour, Honesty, or Conscience, be either Made, Kept, or, in some sort, Broken. But no Man can lay himself under an Obligation, to do an ill Thing. When Alexander had Hamp'd himself here in Our Vow, his Twin Aneasmenes found a way to Disengage him by Another; and at the same time convinced his Pupil of his Error, by a Trick wherein he acquired himself to all Purposes, both as a Prudent Counsellor, and as a Faithful Friend.

XXXI.

Alexander and Cinesas. Pyrrhus.

WEN Pyrrhus was preparing to make War against the Romans, Cinesas the Philosopher took the Freedom to Reason the Matter with him, upon That Occasion. Put the Cafe, says Cinesas, that you should beat the Romans now; what would you be the better for it? Why, says Pyrrhus, it would make us Masters of all Italy. Right, says Cinesas; and where will you be next then? Why for That, says Pyrrhus, we'll have a Blow at Sicily, that eyes hard by there you know. Well! E r s
FABLES and STORIES

Says Ceres again, and when you have got Sicily, there’s an End of the War. Nay, let you for That, says Pyrhus, for This is only to open a way to more Glorious Adventures: as who knows but we may overcome Lybia, and Carthage? Like enough, says Ceres; and now, upon the Word of a Prince, and a Man of Honour; if you had the whole World at your Feet, where would you take up at last? Pyrhus found by this Time what it was the Philosopher pointed at, and with a kind of Confinement Smile, gave him This Answer. If I were once Master, says he, of the Universe, we would e’en live Easily, and make Merry. And what hinders you, says the Other, I beseech you, from living as easily, and as merrily now, as you could do then: Nothing in This World, but the Ravenous Appetite of an Inflation Ambition.

The Moral.
The Ambitious Man does not so much as Know what he would be at; but prelides forward at a venture, from one Thing to another, without any sort of Regard, either to Justice, Honour, or Conscience; till he finds himself more to seek at Last, then he was when he began. Now this is only for want of making a True Judgment of Things, upon a Right Estimate of the Proportion between the Means, and the End. When I have gain’d This or That Point, where shall I be next? And when I shall have completed Twenty and Twenty Points more, it will be but the same Question in Infinite, over and over again; and still the further I go, the more I am to feel.

XXXII.
Amasis confounds the Queries.

We shall have occasion elsewhere to make Mention of Amasis the Egyptian, and of his being advanced from a Private State to Sovereign Power. The Story says further of him, that he was a Man of Liberty and Pleasure, to the Highest Degree; and one that minded nothing in the World, but Jolly Company, Wine, and Women; and how to get Money to answer his Expenditures. In short; when he had run himself out, both of Cash, and Credit, he made a shift yet to pick-up a Sorry Living upon the Rock; and not by Shaving alone, but now and then by downright Stealing; and when ever he happen’d to be charg’d with a Piffery, his way was still to deny the Fact, and then appeal to the Oracle of the Place for his Justification. This was his Course; and one while they found him guilty, other whiles innocent; there after as it happen’d.

This was in his Private Condition; but upon his coming afterwards to the Administration of the Government, he carried it in his Mind, which Oracles had been For him, and which Against him; and accordingly set a Mark of Infamy upon Thoth that unjustly Abolish’d him; paying at the same time as great a Veneration to the Other. After this Note of Distinction upon their Worth, and their Temples, he paid’d a Law, over and above, for all People upon Pain of Death to give the Governor of every Province, an Account, once a Year, how they liv’d. This Edict was so well approved, that it was translated afterwards by Solomon to Athens.

The Moral.
No such Cheats in Nature, as under the Visage of Pity, and Religion. And what’s the Difference at Last, between the Ancient Domestic Pagans, and our Modern Christian Impostors, but, according to the Cost in Mode, the One Confuses the Oracle, and the other seeks the Lord: so that Their Enthusiasts and Oracles, and the false names of several Appellations; and there is nothing so Execrable, and Flagitious, but it stands consecrated under This Cover.

We are to take Notice likewise, that Hypocrisy does not so Blind the Judgment, as either to confound the Notions of Good and Evil, or to little the Reluctance of a Scrupulous Conscience. For we have in us, at the same time, a Secret Abhorrence for the One, and as Tender a Reverence for the Other: and the Peal for Opportunity of applying it to our Advantage, does in some Measure let us Right again. This holds, both in the Case of Amasis, and in the Ordinary Practice of the World: But yet we cannot call any good Office or Action a Confounded Virtue, that’s wrought rather by an Impulse of Interest, than out of a Sense of Duty.

XXXIII.

Wolves banish’d England.

When the Wolves were to be banish’d England, they Petition’d, only for one Dog, and one Bitch, to be left behind: upon Good Security, never to furr out of the Woods
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Woods and Mountains; and neither to Howle, nor Bite, nor to give any Sort of Offence either to Man or Beast. The Number was so Small, and the Condition so Reasonable, that a great many People were for a Toleration: but others objected, that though they were few at present, they would quickly Multiply; for all the Wolves in the World came Originally out of one Male and one Female: besides that an Indulgence would be a Step to a Petition of Right, and when they were once In, it would be hard getting them Out again. Upon these Considerations the Project fell to the Ground.

The Moral.

Some Opinions are no more to be trusted in a Commonwealth, than Wolves in a Shearmand. Antiquaristical Doctrines are a kind of Specious Pretexts; let but any One Part be Taint, and the Maliganty Diffuses itself infamibly throughout the whole Body. Innovations are commonly after'd in with Scruples; and to they Advance by Degrees, to Espousals, Complaints, Scheming, Affixations, and then to Fire and Sword, in the conclusion. And whence comes all this now, but from the want of distinguishing between a Peronal Softness, and a Publick Duty. There must be no Gratifying of Parties, or Passions, so as to Endanger the Whole. It was a Great Saying of one of the Antients, that An is a hard Master to be Tender and Wise. Over-much Easiness is the Weak side of a Prince; for nothing supports a Government like an Impartial, and an Inexecrable Justice; in Proportion to the Reason of the Cause, and the Quality of the Crime.

XXXIV.

A Cavalier and a Court Lady.

A Cavalier, that had a very fine Woman in his Eye, could not forbear telling her, that she was wonderful Pretty. Sir, says the Lady, I thank you for your Good Opinion, and I wish with all my Heart I could say as much of you too. Why so you might, Madam, says the Gentleman, if you made no more Confidence of a Lyre, then I do.

The Moral.

There's nothing Season'd Conversation like a Ready Presence of Mind, and a Pleasand Turn of Wit; provided that there be no Bitterness, Levity, or Afflication in it; and that it be kept also within the Bounds of Sobriety and Good Manners; and the Conversation made all of a Piece. Now the Skill of ordering this Province aright, is a Master-piece, and the Niceties that occur in the Exercise of it are innumerable: besides that there is somewhat so Particular, in the Quicksands, and Liberty, of a Good-nature'd Gayety of Thoughts, that it is more obliging then the slow-Love-and-Kindness of the Old. It carries a Generous, and an Airy Frankness along with it, that sets-off the Freedom with a Better Grace.

XXXV.

A Woman hung'd her self upon a Fig-tree.

A Woman, honest, good-nature'd Husband, was quite at his Wits End for the Los of his Poor Wife, that had newly hang'd her self upon a Fig-Tree in his Garden. A Conceited Neighbour of his, instead of Condoling with him for the Los, made him a Solemn Visit to joy him of his Deliverance. The First Ceremony of the Greeting was no sooner over, but he made a Suit to the Widow for a Graft or Two of the same Plant: for who knows, says he, but it may bear the same Fruit in my Garden, that it did in yours?

The Moral.

It is the Part of a Wife Man to make the Bell of a Bad Game; but it is the Part of a Wiser Man, so to order his Affairs, as to have no Bad Game at all. Now This is to be the Work, only of Grace, and Wisdom: Not but that he that has a Shrew to his Wife, may be allowed a little Sport for his Money.

It was much such another Conceit, That of a Man upon a Grey Mare with a Woman behind him. This is the Fourth Wife, says he, this This Mare has brought me home to my Hints now. Well! says a Merry Companion, at his Elbow, what would I give for a Pole of the same Breed. But this way of Fooling may go too far, if it be not managed with Discretion: for every Thing is, we say, as it is taken.

XXXVI.

Plaintiff and Defendant make Cats.

There happen'd so Intricate a Case once upon a Tryal at Barr, that the Court was at a Stand whether to give it for the Plaintiff, or for the Defendant. Some were for the Old


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Old way of adjourning the Tryal for a Hundred Years: but in the Conclusion, the Judges order’d the Party to draw Cuts; The Counsell oppos’d That way of Proceeding, as a Thing without a President. Well well! says the Bench, President or no President, 1is a Call to Us, that Hand up only for the Restor, and the Justice, of the Matter: besides that for One Sentence that is better grounded you shall find Twenty Worse.

This Story minds me of a Certain Quack Physician, that took upon him in his Bills to Cure all Curable Diseases, and Patients came flocking to him from all Quarters, far and near. Now his way was this. He had Receipts of all sorts roll’d up like Valentines; all of a Size, and put promiscuously together in a Great Bag. As any Man came to him for a Remedy, he dipps at a venture, and said a Short Prayer for a Blessing upon the Lot; now that which came first to hand was his Infallible Cure.

The MORAL.

Here’s Chance-Law, and Chance-Play, and as fair-Play for Life, Liberty, and Estate, generally speaking, as Heart could wish: for here’s Providence, on the one hand, in Favour of the Right, against the Hazards of Fraud, Ignorance, and Corruption, on the other.

XXXVII.

Colblers and Colonells.

In Old Time, when the Corruption of a Cobbler was the Generation of a Colonel, a certain Officer that had serv’d the State in Both Capacities, had the Hop to be quarter’d in the Hoyle of a Woman of Quality in Ireland. It was bitterly Cold, and as the poor Lady was warming her Feet at the Fire, the Colonell took Notice that her Shoes were out at the Toes, and asked her why she went no better: Shod! Why truly, Sir; says she, the Coblars are all made Colonells, and I can get no body to Mend my Shoes.

The

MORALIZ’D.

The MORAL.

When the Order of Government is once subverted, there follows naturally a Confusion of Qualities and Degrees. It is with a Popular State, as it is with a Game at Past, where the Downs and Tows are the Right Chanels. Now This Fallacy is, in truth, Matter of Fact; but every jot yet as Edifying as a Labour’d Invention. It sets forth the Influence of Mean Persons, when they are advanced to a Port of Honour and Preferment; and it shows us likewise the Prudential Expedient of minding a Court-Coble, or Footman, now and then of his Original.

XXXVIII.

The Afts made Justices.

A Doctor of Divinity, and a Justice of Peace, met upon the Road; the Former excellently well mounted, and the other upon the Merry Pin it seems, and in Humour to make Sport with him. Doctor, says he; your great Master had the Humility to ride upon an Ass, and one would think that an Ass might have en contained you too. Alas alis! Sir says the Doctor; the Ass, they say, are all made Justices, and there are none to be gotten.

The MORAL.

This Encounter happen’d upon a Great Change in the Bench, and the Justice here in the Story was a Commissioner of the Late Edition. The Justice, in short, would needs be molding, and the Doctor was too Hard for him; which may serve for a Caution to all People, not to let out into Intemperances of Scomme, and Banter, without understanding their Men, and their Measures.

XXXIX.

In Old Stimmer and a New Convert.

A Miserable Bedrid Wretch of an Old Woman, that had never a Tooch in her Head, and hardly an Eye to see withal, put-up a Bill in the Parish-Church for the Prayers of the Congregation, that Heaven would move the Hearts of all good Christian People, to extend their Charity towards a
the Relief of a New Convert, that had renounced the Sins of the Fled.

This minds me of a Funeral Sermon upon a Lady that Dy'd upwards of Four Score. The Holder-forth cry'd her up to the Heavens for her exemplary Chastity, especially, he said, toward her Latter End.

The Moral.

'Tis a Common Thing for an Old Sinster to set up for a New Convert, and for People to Renounce the Sins of their Youth, when they have loft the Reft of them. Not that a True Repentance can ever come out of Sarcism, but this Distorted way of performing so Needful a Duty, is, without Diphane, the most Deceitful of Hazzards.

This is much at the rate of what a Decrepit Old Fellow said to a Friend of his that gave him a Long Prayer to make use of. Lord! says he, is This a Leaff for a New-Begotten? Nay there are thefts that take Delight in the very History of their Lowliness, when the Faculty of it is gone: as if they valu'd themselves upon Supplying the want of Power, with Heart and Good Will. There is such an one, says the Story, that has his Externous success, 'tis true; but his mighty come off, since he left the one Half of his Upper Lip, and the Bridge of his Nose. This is no other, in fine, than the Common Case of Mankind: We are not so sorry for the ill Things we have done, as we are that we can do them no longer.

XL.

Petrius's Brazen Bull.

When Agrigentus was under the Government of a most Inhumane Tyrant, Petrius made the King a Present of a Brazen Bull; a Piece of Curiosity perfect to the highest Degree; with a Door on one side, large enough to hold the Body of a Man, and the Cavity to contain'd, that upon Encompassing the Figure with a Furious Fire, the Rotting of the Man was perfectly like the Bellowing of a Bull, and without any Resemblance of a Humans Voice. Petrius made no doubt of a Considerable Reward from the Tyrant for such a Present, and he was promis'd no less; but instead of a Gratification, he was the first Man him self that was put to the Tryal of his own Invention.

The

Moraliz'd.

The Moral.

Oppressing Princes shall never want Teazing, and Pragmatical Ministers to set them on; as Petrius values himself here upon an Invention of Cruelty, so Horrid, that it put Tyranny it fell out of Countenance, to think of inflicting so Extravagant, and so Insubstantial a Torture. But upon Second Thoughts, the Prince himself Relaxed, and Employ'd the Project of this Execrable Monstrel into an Act of Tender-ness, and Justice, by diverting the Destruction delib're for Honester Men, upon the Head of the Author himself. It would be a Happy World if all Publick Enemies, and Corrupt Ministers, were treated after this President.

XLI.

A Shepherd, a Wolf, and a Fox.

As a Shepherd was entertaining himself one Day with his Bag-Pipe, he discernd somewhat a Huge way off, Frolicking, and Dancings, to the Musicks, but what it was he could not well distinguish. Some Two or Three Days after this, it was his hap to see the same Creature Jiggings it again, upon the same Occasion; and while he was looking at it very earnestly, to learn what it might be, up comes a Jolly Fox to the Shepherd; quite overjoy'd, he said, to be the Melfinger of the Good News he had to tell him. Tender his Chief Erfges, says he, has the greatest mind in the World to be the Instrument of a Happy Peace between the Two Families of the Sheep and the Wolves; before the infinite Delight he should take, ever and above, in a Trip new and then to the Joy of your incomparable Pipes. Now my Commission is only to beg the Favour of his being admitted to your Presence, upon my Security for his Good Behaviour. Verily, my Friend Reynard, says the Shepherd, I would do much for your sake, and therefore, if he has such a Phancy as you say he has, for the Alliance, or for the Music, pray bid him come to me at any time and wellcomme; provided only that he leave his Teeth, and his Nails behind him: for they'll be of little use to him, you know, either in his Conversation, or in his Dancing. Soon as ever the Fox found whereabouts he was, he shew'd the Shepherd a Fair Pair of Heels, without so much as bidding him Farewell.
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The MORAL.

There's no Trusting to Fair Words from a Known, and a Professed Enemy, without very good Security; especially when the Matter is managed by a Confederacy of Sharpers, and one Knife to forward to run on another Knave's Ernard, and to band Bound for the Honesty of his Fellow.

We cannot be too Warn how we enter into Friendlyships, and Cabals, or whom to Trust: for Puffery, and Interests, are, effectually, the natural Births of Folly and Blindness, or (which is all one) the Weak Side of Mankind: inasmuch that there's scarce one of a Thousand of us that does not govern himself, more or less, by this Measure.

The Deceived will be this Now; that we are not to lay Life, Fortune, and Reputation, at the Mercy of any Man living at a venture: for if we come off, the Good Nature will not excuse the Indifference; and if we Miss it, the Blame lies at our own Door, both for the Danger, and the Reproche: so that a Wise Man will leave nothing to Chance, that may be fecund'd by Providence, and Counsel. Nor but in some extraordinary Cases, there may be here and there a Singular Exception to a General Rule, and Influences of Men of Honour, and Confidence, that would sacrifice all Temporal Advantages to the Over-ruling Obligations of Honour and Justice. But as these Influences are not many, so we are likewise to look upon them as shriveled from the Common Methods and Government of Human Life; there being so very few, either Examples, or Occasions, for this Heroic Virtue. But as we are not to commit any Thing to Chance, further than needs must, where our Bodies, Souls, Estates, or Good Names are in Question; so it will become us to keep a Guard upon our selves, even in that very Caution: for over-much Diligence, and Worry, will look like want of Charity, Humanity, or Good Manners; and when in truth there may be no more in it at the Bottom, then the Reference of a Noisy Prudence. The Heart of Man is Futhile, Variable, and Corrupt; so that it would be Madness to expect, even from the Nature of the Thing, that any Man should be True to Another that's False to Himself.

To bring it now to a Political Allusion; Republics are the same Thing to Coward Heads, that Foxes and Wolves are to Shepherds. There's no dealing with them, let them speak never so fair, without leaving their Teeth, and their Claws, that is to say, their Principles behind them; for they Profess and Declare themselves the Incorruptible Enemies of Kings, at the same time, that they value themselves upon their Pretensions to Preserve them. The whole History of the Troubles of Charles the First, is but This Phantasy in Embodiments. When the Wolves come once to take Care of the Sheep, and the Foes to set up Guaranties for the Performance of Articles, 'tis too high time for the Governors, both Political, and Physical, to look about them. There's no Trusting, in such, to the Pretensions of a Perfidious, and a Cruel Enemy; especially when his Pretensions run manifestly against, both his Interest, and his oblations.

A Bishop and a General.

AS a Bishop of Cologne was marching at the Head of a Brave Army, and in the Double Capacity, both of a Soldier, and a Church-man: Lord! says a Flaxing Country-Man, 'tis a strange Thing, methinks, that thy Reverences Matter, St. Peter, should Die so Poor himself, and leave his Followers so well to pay. Right, says the Bishop, but I am here in the Quality of a General, you must know, as well as of a Prelate. Ay my Lord, says the other, but if the General should chance to go to the Devil, what will become of the Bishop? I informed you.

The MORAL.

This is only the Old way of playing Fals and Loose between the Person, and the Office; that is to say, between the Prince in his Natural, and in his Political Capacity. It looks as if the One were to Converse the Other, and the Sacredness of the Bishop to amount for the Sins of the Smallest, but this Phantasy has more of Quirk in it than of Substance, and it would not be worth the while to Refute upon it.

XLIII.

A Vision of a Commonwealth.

Tyranny was hard prov'd by the Lacedemonians to erect a Popular State among them; and his Answer was this: that he that made the Motion for that Form of Government, should do well to begin with it at Home; and then try how he lik'd the Training up of Servants in his own Family, to Chop Logick with their Masters.

The MORAL.

There's no Reasoning comes close to a Man, as when he makes the Question his own Case: for then he speaks sensibly, and Feels what he says. To do as we would be done by, is but agreeable to the Law and Declare of Nature, and it holds as well also in the Rule of Governing as we would be Govern'd, and Obey'd as we would be Obeyed. So that the Measures of Policy are the same in Proportion from Kingdoms to Families.

A Bishop and a General.

XLIV.
FABLES and STORIES

XLIV.

Demades a Coffin-maker.

Plato tells us of one Demades, a Coffin-maker, that was Banish'd Athens for grumbling that he had no better a Trade.

The Moral.

Here's a Poor Coffin-maker Banish'd, for doing the self-same thing in Effect, with the whole World beside. They do not all Grumble, 'tis true, for Want of Trade, but they are all glad when they Hope it, and forward enough to entertain it, with all Chances. 'Tis the Course of the World, for One Man to Rise by Another Man's Fall; and for the Making of One Man, to be the Undoing of Another. As in the Saxon's Cafe; some must Die that some may Live, which looks like an Unnatural Hardness, when Beasts themselves make some for of Scruple to prey upon their own Kind. How many ill-natur'd Dealers are there, that raise their Fortunes on of Tempesters, Wracks, Fires, Foundation, &c. As Shipwrights, Carpenters, Bricklayers, and the Like! Do not Soldiers of Fortune Pray for Wars? Men of the Long Robes in Lawns? Surgeons and Physicians for Broken Bones and Disembowements? But it is one Thing for a Man to Live upon the Calamity of his Neighbour; and another Thing to joy in it, or to Wish for it.

XLV.

Two Antiquaries.

There happen'd a Dispute betwixt Two Cavaliers about the Spelling of their Names, the one of them a Professed Antiquary; and the other a kind of a Second-rate Gentleman. The Controversy came to the end of a wager, and upon hearing the merits of the Cause, the Country Squire yielded his Adversary to be in the Right: for I find, says he, in the Records of Hrothweal, that his Grandfather was Whipped there by That Name.

MORALIZ'D.

XLVI.

Boccaccio's Marquis.

A Certain Marquis, that was mightily upon his Points, for the Antiquity of his Family, came to an Agreement with a Famous Herald, for a draught of his Pedigree; but let him have a care then to trace it up to the Original. The Herald carry'd it on as far as it would go, and this was the Cafe.

The First of the House that could ever pretend to an Estate, was a Captian. This Captian was the Son of a Physician, and That Physician, the Son of a Cyprian; which Cyprian was the Son of a Sergeant, that ended his Days in the Hands of the Common Hangman. That Sergeant was the Son of a Gentleman, of Sarpoys, that suffered as a Traitor. This Gentleman again, was the Son of a Count, and That Count the Son of a Courtier, who was the Son of a Jew; and there he stopp'd, for he could not run it no further.

The Moral.

People seldom come off better, when they will be valuing themselves upon Things beside their Business, and taking into Pedigree: where they must of necessity lay open the Necessities of the Forefathers, which in many Cases will not bear the Ripping up. This is the True Meaning of the Two Foregoing Fables. But what do we talk of Prejudice upon Estrangement; when we are all of the same Family, and the Children of One Common Father: as the Country Fellow said that was taken-up for talking familiar'y of a Gentleman of a Noble Family, as they called it.——Never tell me of a Noble Family, SAYS the Boorishman, for I have so good Blood in my Veins as to belong to them all, but that we have left our Writings.

XLVII.

A Lyon in a Shepheard.

There was a Wolf, that, by Bribery and Corruption, had made such an interest about the Person of the Lyon, that let him do what he would, he was sure to be brought off. As This Wolf was worrying Lambs one Day in the Absence
FABLES and STORIES

fence of the Shepherd, a Sheep flie away to the Lyon, with Tears, and Supplications for Protection, and Justice, a Tiger, and a Leopard that were of the Wolves Cabal, banter'd the Sheep out of Countenance, and so it went off for a Jilt. Soon after this, came the Shepherd's Dog Limping to the Lyon, with another Complaint, that the same Wolves had bitten him too. A Likely Matter, in truth, says the Tyger, that the Wolves should begin the Quarrel. Why That Dog is the Clarkest Curr that ever look'd out of a Head, and the Wolves as Easy a Poor Fool, as a Body would eat. The Lyon swallowed it whole, and in a Violent Heat, told the Dog he was a Contentious, Malapert Rascal, and, says he, if you do not mend your Manners, I'll Hang you up at your own Door. This was the Lyon milled with Evil Counsel, and the Poor Dog turn'd away without any Hope of Redress. But it fell out, some short time after, that as the Lyon was taking a Tour in the Forest, he heard a Dog, a Fox, and a Deer spitting their Opinion upon the Character of these Wolves, and the Tyger's being of the Cabal; which made him a little Sensitive of the Hazard of taking Stories upon Truth; so that he beheld himself what to do, and the Project he had in his Head was this; to dress himself up in a Sheep-Skin, and to go Sauntering towards the Wolves' Haunts, like a Sorry Creature that was Bewilder'd, and wanted some body to shew it the way home again. This Succeeded so well, and the Voice so nicely Diffembl'd, that the Wolves came out presently upon the First Bleating, to offer his Service; bleating the Matron at the same time for the Providence of falling into so good Hands. With these Words, he gave a Leap at the Throat of the Sleepy-Skin, and no sooner had he the Frey between his Teeth, but the Lyon cast off the Disguise, and discover'd Himself.

**The Moral.**

The Wolf, the Tiger, and the Leopard, are the Perfect Image of Three Courtiers, that have grown to the End of an Easy Prince. The Poor Sheep carries the first Intelligence of the Outrage, and instead of a Redress,
XLIX.
A Boy Leading a Calle.

As a Boy was leading a Calfe, with both Hands, a Nobleman happening to pass by upon the High-way, the Boy it seems minded the Calfe more then the Lord, and went drudging on Hill, without moving his Har. Why Sirrah, says the Man of Dignity, have you no more Manners then to stand staring me in the face with your Cap on't? Alas! says the Boy, I'll pur off my Har with all my Heart, if your Lordship will be Light, and hold my Calfe in the mean time.

The Moral.

There is nothing well done that is done out of Season; and there is a Time for the doing of all Things: neither is there any Duty so binding upon us, as not to give way to a Superior Obligation: inasmuch that the Best, and the Thing most necessary to be done, in one Calfe, falls out many times to be the Worst in Another: Provided always, that nothing that is Evil in it self, be admitted, in any Calfe whatsoever. Nay we are bound to leave our very Prayers, to save the Life of a Good Man in the same Instant. But'this, in fine, must give Place to Devotion, Ceremony to Devotion; and so it runs on in a Gradual Subordination of one Thing to Another, throughout the whole Series of our Lives.

L.
The Calfe is alter'd.

A Country-fellow went to the Judge about a little Bathe he had with his Lordship. My Lord, says he, there's an ill-conditioned Boy of mine has God's one of your Lordship's Cowes, and I am come to offer you what Satisfaction you please. Why then, says the Judge, you must either pay me for my Cow, or forfeic your Bull. Ay but my Lord, says t'other, I am mistaken in the Story: 'Tis your Lordship's Bull that has killed one of my Cowes. Oh! my dear Master Friend, says the Judge, That alters the Calfe.
LII.

An Ox and a Crocodile.

There is no New Thing, for Men first to Make their own Gods, and then to Worship them when they have done: as the Egyptians, for Example, that dedicated Temples and Altars indifferently to all Sorts of Creatures. There happen'd a Dispute one betwixt Two of their Gods, an Ox, and a Crocodile, whether should have the Preference. The Ox valid himself upon the Antiquity of his Title, the Purity of his Life and Manners, the Merit of his Publick Services, and the Reputation he had in the World, for the Symbol of Patience, and Power, ever and above the Credit of Jupiter's transforming himself into the Figure of a Bull. But with what Face, says the Ox, can any Creature pretend to the making of a God out of a Crocodile? a Mungrel, bred out of Purrfection; a Bloudy, a Ravenous, and an Infallible Monster? Shall Men, says he, set up for their Patron, and Protector, the Common Enemy of Mankind? The Crocodile, standing the Ox in the Face, at these Words, Thou fool, says he, not to understand, that Gods, and Kings, must make themselves Terrible, to be Great; and that Virtue is no Match for Power. Men are not Honest, for Honesty's sake, but Force, and Fear, do the Work of Loyalty, and Conscience. Nay when you have said your Words, to all Sorts of the Truth, and Skill the more dreadful, the more Venerable. Wherefore, as you love your self, let there be no further Dispute between your Divinity and mine, for fear I should convince you of your Mistake, by Breaking your Bows, and making a Breakfast of you.

The Moral.

He that sith is more Fear that sith made Gods, said a great deal in a few Words, toward the Moralizing of this Fable, though upon a False Foundation. The Dutch have an Unlucky Alobe [God Help's the strongest] giving to understand, that Force Governs the World, and Sense Consciences the Cause, whatever it is; for, to comprize all in a word; He that gets Oppress'd, gives Laws to all the rest.

LIII.

The Husband-Confess'd.

A Man of Honour, that had spent some Considerable Time Abroad in the Service of his Prince and Country, and made his Fortune by his Sword; This Cavalier had the Opportunity of making a Tripp, for a Month or Two, from the Camp to his own House, to see how Squires went at Home. And there did he find such Roaring, Reveling, and Gambling, such a Gang of Fuddlings, Finsal Fopps, and his Wife one of the Crew too, that the Man of War began to lay Things and Things together, and to compute upon Profit and Loss, what he got by being made a Knight in the Field, and a Cornet at Home. This Faire gave him a Gumbling, but says he to himself, Few Words among Friends, and I must try if I can fish-out the Mystery some other way.

The Soldier, upon This, put himself into the Habick of a Priest; took-up a Confessionary; and who but his own Wife, the First Person that offered her self to the Shirt? She began with Qualms, and Scuppers, and so from Pecudler, the went higher and higher, by degrees, till she came at last to Sins of the First Magnitude.

I do Confess, says she, that I have taken to my Bed, a Gentleman, a Knight, and a Priest: As she was going further, her Husband in a Rage discover'd him, the Poor Woman had been quite Undone else. Ah Thou Traytref! says he; little doit thou think who is thy Ghostly Father now. Yes yes, says she, I speak to my own Husband; and You your self are all Three in One. Were not you a Gentleman Born, and has not the King made you a Knight? And have not you made your self now a Priest? Well! 'tis a Strange Thing that a Man of your Sense should not understand all This without a Key to't. 'Tis very Right says the Husband, and if I had not been as Blind as a Beetle, I must needs have seen through it. But Heaven be prais'd that it is as it is; and I bless my Stars with all my Heart that it is no worse.

The
The Moral.

When Follies will be Peeping, they must take what follows, and this along with it; that Liars will find no end of themselves. But this is so over with a Cate, that it may be a Question at last, whether the Bare Jestously, or the Certain Truth of Things of This Nature, be the Greater Plague of the Two: before than it falls on many times to be the Crime, and the Punishment, both in one. What the Husband could not discover upon the Square, must be gotten over by a Trick, and the Question of his Wives Honesty juggled into a Cate of Confidence, between the Soldier, and the Prist. But Religion serves for a Countenance to all manner of Wickedness: And then for a Plausible Come-off, what would a Body desire more, than to see all Parties pleas’d in the Wind-up of the Story, as it runs in This Novel.

LIV.

The Contented Cuckold.

Occurs, in his Discourses, tells us of a Man of Quality, that fell directly in Love with a Woman he had never set Eye on, purely upon the Fame of her Worth and Beauty. This Amor was so sooner in his Head, but he took-up a False Name, and staid his Courtier immediately to the Place of her Abode, where he found her at her Window, much beyond what he had ever heard, or imagin’d.

His next Business was to gain Access to her, and no better way for that, he thought, then to put in some how or other for a Domestick in the Family. Upon this Project, he dispatched himself for the Present, of his Train and Equipage, and dealt artificially with the Master of the House where he lodg’d, to try if he could help him to the Service of some Honourable Person where he might live Cheap and Easy. This Plansey succeeded to his Will, for whither should mine Hold carry him, but to the Husband of his Beloved Lady, who received him with a Singular Respect!

The Master of the House was a Lover of Field-Sports, and while he was abroad one Day at his Game, the Lady, in her Husband’s Absence, play’d a Mate at Chess with her New Servant. This Encourager brake the Ice of the Amor: inform’d that, by one Thing after another, it gave Light to a Discovery of the whole bargain: that is to say, who he himself was, the End of his Disguise, and finally, the Reason of This Adventure. The Affair was by this Time no longer a Riddle: so that after some Necessary Precaution of Honour, and Secrecy, and the Exchange of a Perusalem, the Lady made no Difficulty of promining him a more effectual Proof of her Kindness, betwixt That and the Next Morning: only, says she, do you come to-me to my side of the Bed about Midnight, and take me by the Hand so as to Wake me; and with that he depart’d.

It was now toward Evening, and the Husband coming Home weary from his Sport, fats sooner then usual, and to Bed. At the Set-time comes the Gallant according to his Direction, and taking the Lady by the Hand, She at the same time turn’d her self toward her Husband. My Dear says she, there’s a Thing comes into my Head, and I have the greatest Mind in the World to ask thee One Question. Which is the Man of all thy Servants thou hast the Best Opinion of? Why without all Dilpore says he, it is the Young Man that came last: but how comes this Whimsey into thy Head, I prehce? Nay my Dear Heart, says she, I’ll tell thee immediately, and make thee the Judge of the whole Matter: I had the same Opinion of this Fellow that thou thyself hast, till this very Afternoon, when thou went abroad a Fishing: and then had he the Impudence, to tempt me to Lewdness, and truly very little sight of offering to Force me to it. But for fear of the worst, I put him off with an Apoignament to meet him betwixt Twelve and One This Night under the Pine-Tree, in the Garden, and if you have a Mind to lay him open in his Villany, put on my Gown and Head-Dress, and go your way according to the Assigment. The Poor Man was so Ravish’d with the Quaintness of the Contrivance, that up he tarries, and without any more to do betakes himself to his Poet.

The Lovers were now left to Themselves, and the next Thing to be done was to give the Cavalier His Lection too. Take you, says he, a Swinging Cudgel, and away into the Garden about your Business, and if my Case should happen to fall in your way, thrust it rudely before me, and spare neither my Rights nor my Reputation. Call me all the Trencherous Judges in Nature. Np, Hojdy, say; I did all this but to try if you could be safe to the Belt Husband, the Belt Matter, the Belt Friend, and perhapse the Belt Man too, upon the Face of the Earth, That was my End, then
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then Beati of a Woman ! But at I am a True Man, my Master shall have the whole Story this very Morn'ing, Ralse at this Rate, says she, and lay it on upon the Shoulders of him, till you see him Home again. Who knows but This Drabbing may make him keep his Bed another time!

The Young Man played his Part incomparably, and never gave off till he saw Man and Wife together again. No sooner had the Husband set Foot in the Chamber, but his Wife call'd out to him to know, if he had seen the Villain or no? Yes, says she, and Felt him too; and then she told her the Story, with a Thousand Acknowledgments for the Blessing of that Night's Providence. Well well! my Dear, dear Life! says he, I am certainly the Happiest Man under the Cope of Heaven, in a Duty-ball Wife, and a Faithful Servant ------ make me thankful for't.

The Moral.

Love and Adventure, are, in Truth, more little than Romance; all Villiery, and Men of that Frame are apt to do upon them known not what, as well as they know not whom: and when these merry Amours are once in Motion, there's no thought of Bonding them: for it is now come to a Tryal of Skill which shall out-wit the Other, and carry the Point: So that what was only Whimsical, at first, turns to a Nicety of Honour in the Pursuit.

We may gather from hence, the Force of Imagination and Industry, especially when the Design is carry'd on with Art and Vigour. The Creditor's First Work was to form an Idea of his Mistress, and in the next place to find out a Woman to answer that Idea: and then the Woman herself to be a Party to the Project, with a Conjunctive of Craft, Wit, and Intrigue, not to be refuted.

There was nothing now wanting to the Crowning of the Invention, but to make the Husband himself a Mediator between the Two Lovers, which was done here so effectually, that he was Cuckolded, and Cudgele'd, and Thankful for't: but there's no contend'ing with Fate and ill Luck.

LV.

St. Arigno and Martellino.

Bocaro has a Pleasant Phrase of one Arigno, a German, and a Poor Innocent Wretch that dy'd in Thebes. There went a Rumour, that the Bells rung out of themselves upon the Moment of his Departure, which was cry'd up for a Miracle.

MORALIZ'D.

racle, and the Man consequently for a Saint; insomuch, that the Body was depos'd in the Church, and several Cripples and Sick People came thronging to it to be Cured. There were Three Persons particularly, that had a Great Curiosity to see the Sight; that is to say, Stecher, Martellino, and Marquis; but the Place was so crowded and gaudy, there was no coming at it. Well well! says Martellino, I have a Crocket in my Head that will do the Job, only leave it to me to act the Part of a Lame Man, and you Two shall be my Supporters, to lead me up into the Church for my Cure. Do as I say, and my Life for yours. This Devil shall bring us all up to the Saint. Martellino puts himself prettily in Pocket, and, with the help of his Two Cutches, gets in good Time to his Journey's end, crying out all the way they went, for the Lord's Love good Christian People, make way for a Poor Lame Man.

When Martellino had rest'd himself a while upon the Body of the Saint, he came by Degrees to the use of his Fingers, his Hands, and his Arms, and all his Limbs again. The Miracle of this Recovery was celebrated with a Peal of Acclamations, to the Honour of St. Arigno. All crying out with one Voice, a MIRACLE, a MIRACLE! Yes yes; a Doughty Miracle no Question on't, says a Florentine that was there Present, to Cure a Counterfeit Rogue, that never said any Thing at all; a fellow, that to my certain Knowledge was at Straight and Sound, at any Man in this Company. This brought the Rabbit, at such a rate upon Martellino, with Fifts, Scores, and Count'ls, that they would undoubtedly have Murder'd him, if Marquis had not immediately charg'd him before a Justice for a Pick Pocket. Upon this Acclamation, the Officers took him out of the Hands of the Multitude; and, as it happen'd, treated him worse themselves. But his Two Friends got him off however in the Conclusion, with a Pap, and a Vindication, to carry him Home again; and a Piece of Good Counsel over and above; never to play the Fool again with an Impetuous, and a Superfluous Rabbit.

H
The Moral.

'Tis no wonder to find Counterfeit Miracles, where there are Counterfeit Miracles, and Counterfeit Saints to Advance and Support them. But this concludes nothing, either to the Scandal, or the Credit of any Religion, unless People will make an Article of Faith, of an Imposture. The Mutilated, we see, are equally Vicious in both the Extremes, of either Crying up, or Exploding these Dark and Wonderful Operations, whether True or False. The Best way will be to Think Reverently on the One hand, and to Act with Common, and Sobriety, on the Other; without running into the Caprices of a Question, whether Miracles be real'd or not? They may be found as Necessary, for ought we know, for the Maintenance of the Christian Faith, as they were for the Introducing of it. But in one Word, the whole World's a Cheats, and all that's not; and there's no Drawing of Inference from Impostures.

LVI.

An Ignorant Statuary.

A Young Novice of a Carver, that was just setting up for himself, got the Best Marble Block he could lay his Hand on, to begin withall. This Man was the Greatest Master of his Art upon the Face of the Earth, in his own Opinion, and the worst that ever Writ was, in every Body's eye. His Father indeed was a Famous Man in That Way; and working in the same House he'd seen, he was still at hand to let him Right when he did amiss, and to hold him to his Proportions; for without Symmetry, he told him, all the rest was but Hopp-hazzard. But let the Father say what he would, the Son did what he liked, and play'd his Chisell'd Chisel, without either Fear or Wit. In short, when he had proceeded almost to the finishing of his Project, our came to Herod a Figure, that the very Spectacle transport'd him to discharge his Choler upon the Marble.

A Tho' Ungrateful Wretch, says he, Is this the Fruit of a Six-Months' Labour? Is it for Thee, that I have ground the World and all that's Pleased with, to be paid at last with a Phantom, instead of a Man? Why what a Hawk's Noose have we got here! and what a Sparrow-Mouth! How is this Forehead Touch'd? And here's a Hand again, twice too Long for the Arm. What a Buffet Belly's here! and a Pair of Mil-Snaps, Crook'ed Shanks to support it. Well well! says the Wide-mouth'd Statue, and who's to Blame, I believe you, that I am no Handsomer! You had Matter enough to work upon, but you spoil'd it in the Making. Now if you had taken Direction and Good Advice, when it was offer'd you, the mending only of Two Faults would have done the Work: that is to say, you took away too Much, in some Places, and too Little, in others.

The Moral.

When a Conceited Noddy, that can do nothing considerable of himself, will neither take Warning from what he does amiss, nor Counsel how to do Better, such an Undertaker must needs run into a Thousand Errors; when he has neither Rule nor Judgement to walk by; but with the Statue here in the Fable, let the Matter be never so Fair, he'll be sure to spoil all in the Manage. And whence comes all this row, but either from Underdoing or from Over-accomplishing, and for want of Hitting at the True Medium, between too Much, and too Little. This is the Case, in one Word, not only of our Statuaries, but of every Man living, in all the Miscarriages and the Extravagances of Humane Life.

LVII.

Stumptown Laws.

The Common way of Restraining Luxurious Excesses, by Stumptown Laws, has been still found either too Loose, or too Rigorous. But the happily and the Lascivious, had the good Luck to hit upon a more Effectual, and Prudential Mean between both: which was in truth, rather an Allowance of them, upon such and such certain Conditions, then a Point-blank Prohibition; as for Example.

There was a Law enacted among them, that no Women but Common Whores should presume to wear either Gold or Purple. And Solace went the same way to work too, among the Liabilities, by a Decree that no Woman should dare to walk the Streets with more then one Maid-Servant to attend her, unless she were Drunk, not to wear any Jewels, unless she were a Profest Prostitute.

This was the Cafe of the childish Virgin's too, that in a Fit of the Spleen, took up a Humour of laying violent Hands...
Hands upon themselves; and the Senate could not find any way of reclaiming them, but by Publishing an Order, that what Woman forever should be found guilty of her own Death, her Body should be drawn stark Naked thorough the Marketplace.

The Moral.

An Imaginary Honour works more upon some People, than a Sense of Conscience and Duty. It makes Men Brave, as some Cates; "I'll be, in Others, and keeps many a Woman Honest, in despite of all Charms, and Temptations; so that Pride, and Shame do the Office of Virtue; which is a Good Effect, even of a Bad Cause. Laws of this Nature cannot be said yet to Curb the Intemperance of a Luxurious Mind; but rather to Stifle and Smother, or at least to Dilute it. The Foulness of Criminals make it a Point of Honour, at the very Gibbet, to be True to one another; and how Falsely ever to the Publick, not to be Rogues yet among themselves.

LVIII.

A Butcher and his Dog.

A Butcher was playing his Dog at a Ball, the Ball, first To’d the Dog, and then the Master, who fell Stone-Dead upon the Place. They try’d all Manner of Bear-Garden-Cordials to bring him to himself again: but when they saw nothing would do: Well! says one of the Heroes of the Pit, there’s the best Backward-Man in the Field gone. PLAY ANOTHER DOG.

The Moral.

What is the whole World now, at this Rate of Proceeding, but a Larger Bear-Garden? And it is much the same Thing in Courts, Courts of Justice, and great Councils, as we find it here in this Encounter. ‘Tis all but Feeding and Proving, as we say; fencing and Toyling and Tussling one another to Pieces, till the End of One Dispute is made the Beginning of Another. As in effect, what’s the Plying of another Dog, but the Calling of another Cabbage; and carrying on the Sport all this while, into a Rehearsal, Ends in Contention!

LIX.

A Dog that was afraid of Rain.

It was observ’d in a Family with all Sorts of Dogs in’t, that one Curr among the rest would never be gotten out of the House in Rainy Weather. His Fellows took Notice of it; and would never let him be quiet till they told him the Meaning of it: which, in short was this: I was terribly feast once, a great while ago, and I have been afraid of Water, says he, ever since. His Companions told him he talk’d like a Fool, for Rain-Water was Cold, and there could be no Danger in it. Well, well! says he, let it be here, or let it be Cold, ‘tis Water still; and how shall I know whether it be the one or the other, till I try it? and by that time, it will be too late to prevent the Mischiefs.
FABLES and STORIES

The Moral.

This Dog's Caution, is as good as a Lecture of Humane Prudence to Mankind: for we are so many times from avoiding Reflections on Evil, that we repeat the very Evil it self; and in Defence of Conscience, and Experience, run into the same Snares over and over again. The Dog does well to Deliberate, but fails for want of Distinguishing. A Cardinal, and a Prelate, may look like one another, but the Mutilate is never the less Moral, for the Inconscionable Reason. The Taking of one Thing for another may be Fatal in some Cases, and so may the very Double, and Drift, in others.

Tis the Common Misfortunes of Human frailty to take Good for Evil, and Evil for Good, and we are at a loss many Times to make a Right Judgment of Things, and to determine which is which; that is to Say, we are blinded by Propofalions, against the Lights of Truth, and Partial in Favour of what we wish for and Desire. Tis good, in short to be Cautioned, but it is nevertheless (as) Wise and Prudent, and not to be Searched. Tis Folly to Fear without a Cause, but a Direct Madness, not to be Wary where there is a Reasonable Ground for't.

LXI.

A Gentleman and his Lawyer.

A Gentleman that had a Suit in Chancery, was call'd upon by his Council to put in his Answer, for fear of incurring a Contempt. Well! says the Cavalier, and why is not my Answer put in? He was to have it from your Answer, says the Lawyer, without knowing what you meant. For of your Scruples! says the Client again, pray do I pray you the Part of a Lawyer, and Draw me a sufficient Answer, and let me alone to do the Part of a Gentleman, and Swear it.

The Moral.

This may serve for a Plain and a Short Reflection upon the Corruptions of a Degenerate Age, when Men Take Oaths, and Break them, indifferently, without any REGARD to Faith, Faire, and Justice. And yet there is something in the Frelilique, of doing even an If Thing, with the Gayer of a PleasandHumours; that seems in some Degree, to assure for the Iniquity at play. There are but too many Libertines of This Kind, that think it below the Dignity of a Man of Courage to Boggle at any Thing, for fear of Insult or Damnation.

There goes a Story, that in Old time when People kept Lent, and Fasting Days, Two Travellers, on a Day of Abstinence, call'd for a Couple of Pudding to Supper. The Woman of the House told them, the duck not dress any Pudding, but a Matter of a Mile further, they might have what they would. Very Good, says one of the Travellers, and why not here as well? says the Woman, They are only SWORN There, and may do what they please; but for as that are BOUND, it would be our Undesiring. This is no more then to say, that Interest Governs the World, and that more or less, Mankind is all of a Piece.

LXII.

The Queen of the Rats.

A Fleeting Droll that had his Breeches Ratten, consults Cans in a Grave and Formal way, about that Accident might Prevent. Cans gave him a Word of Comfort, and bid him set his Heart at Rest, for there would come no Mischief on't; but, says the Philosopher, if your Breeches had Eaten the Rats, it might have been Dangers.

The Moral.

Every Man living has his Weak-side, and Laughs at Thofe Fooleries in Another, that he Practices himself. Nay we govern our Lives, in a Great Measure, by the Doctrine of Good Luck and Bad; as the Falling of the Sun, for the Purpose, or the Gryphons of a Horse, and so for Things Left, we consult the Oracle of the Sirens and Sheers. But Men should have a Care, while they pretend only to make Sport with Thofe Foppsies, that they do not infensibly convey a Superstition Opinion of them. There is much of This in the Books of Fortunes-tellers, and t alofe that we call Gipsy, or Cunning Women. We are Enfrond before we are aware, and Wickedness in Jeft leads us to Wickedness in Earnest. There are Implacable Consequences with the Devil as well as with Men; and People that are over-Curious, seldom fail of being over-Credulous.

LXIII.

States to be Lett.

There was a Bill set up in Capital Letters over the Palace-Gate of a Great Prince, with this inscription upon it, [HERE ARE SLAVES TO BE LET!] This Liberty, at first, gave Great Offence, but upon second Thoughts, finding
finding that the same Conceit would have been as True, and as much to the Purpose, any where else; it was look'd upon to have no more in it than a Common Cafe.

The Moral.

There are many Words, Papers, and Things, that pass for Say, and Liab, purely for want of understanding the True Force and Meaning of them; as this Bill upon the Court-Gate for one. 'Tis with Men in the World, as it is with Beasts in the Market: They are all to be sold if the Buyer can but come up to the Price; only One Man is a Slave to his Pleasure; another, to his Ambition, a Third, to his Avarice, a Fourth to his Revenge, &c. So that it is but finding out every Man's Weakness, and stinting the Days to the Palate, and we shall All be found Mercenary, upon some Terms or other: so that this Bill upon the Palmer-Gate, would have done every Joe as well upon the Church Door it fell, Issues of Court, or Chancery; and where not? So that Quod debet est restand may pass with a very slender Allowance, for the Malice of all Mankind!

LXIV.

A Basket shot upon a Practice of Hasty.

A Parliament Officer, in the Days of King Charles the First, receiv'd a Market-Ball upon a Practice of Party he had in his Pocket, which Providential Deliverance was ascribed by the Party, to the Righteousness of the Cause. One of the King's Common Soldiers afterwards, receiv'd a Market-Shot at the Second Newbury, upon a Pack of Cards. He took the Bullet and the Cards immediately out of his Pocket, and call'd to his Comrades to bear him Testimonies; that he was now Even with the Colonel for his Practice of Party.

The Moral.

Let this be understood now as a setting up of Vanity against Devotion, or a Redinding of Holy Duties, as if there were no Difference between a Sett of Cards, and a Prayer-Book. But yet it may serve for a Caution to us, not to lay the Sire of Things in the Wrong place: for neither the One nor the Other signifies any Thing to the Morals of the Cafe: and upon the whole Matter, a Man had better be j['ed] by a Pack of Cards, in a Righteous Cause, then by a Book of Devotions, in a Reckless: so that was the very Condition of the Cafe.

LXV.

Dionysius and Philemonus.

Dionysius had the Greatest Ambition in the World to get the Name of an Excellent Port, though one of the Worst perhaps that ever put Pen to Paper; and yet there was a Tragedy of his that had the Approbation of almost all the Eminent Writers of his Time. Never such a Piece, they cry'd, never so Divine a Composition! The left Man that had the Sights of it was Philemonus; a Poet of the First Form, and a Man Generous, Frank, and Well-natur'd; over and above. Dionysius, in fine, gave him the Book to peruse, and bad him strike out what he did not like. Philemonus made Short Work of it, and Cried the whole Copy with a Deelecta, from one end to the other. Upon this Affront, he was taken up and carry'd away to the Mines, where he was kept at hard Labour, and half Smother'd, to take down his Stomach. When he had chew'd upon it a while, Dionysius sent for him out, and put the Tragedy into his Hands once again, to consider of it upon Second Thoughts. Philemonus fell to reading of it again, but start'd up in a Passion, before he was got a Tenth Part through, he begg'd Leave to be gone. Dionysius ask'd him whether 't was, says he, 't en to the Mines again, for of all Slaves the Flatterer is the Bafel.

The Moral.

'Tis a hard Choice, when a Man must either Sacrifice his Integrity, or his Freedom, as in the Cafe here of Philemonus, and in Truth, one of the Common Hazards of a Court-Life; But Men that are Embarrass'd in That Interval, must take their Fortune in all the Folly, and Vanity that attend it. Here's a Primer setting up for a Port, in Despite, both of Nature, and of Reason: beleeve that he falls short of his Pretense, even in That too, and in the Opinion of a Judge of his own Chaining. He makes it Dangerous, in a Good Man, to act according to his Honour, his Confidence, and his Duty; and Punishes That Faith and Honesty, which all Fools, and Generous Prisoners will take care to Reward. But Philemonus finds Firm yet, under the Mains of Oppression, and Disgrace; and may serve both for an Encouragement, and an Example, in That Resolution, rather to suffer any Thing, than to sink under the Infamy of a Paragon, or a Tragick.

LXVI.
FABLES and STORIES

LXVI.
The Love of Confiance and Martuccio.

There was a Treaty of a Match in the Isle of Lipari, betwixt a young Couple, Martuccio Comitito, and Confiance, by Name, but the Father of Confiance brake it off, with a Contemplous Reflexion upon the Man for his Poverty. This Affront went to near the Heart of Martuccio, that he got himself a Boat and a Crew, and so put to Sea upon Adventure, with a Vow never to see his Country again till he should have made himself Considerable in the World: He had not been long at his Trade, before he Struck into a Compeetene Fortune; but he went on so long, grafting at more, that in the end he lost all he had gotten, in an Encounter with some Saraceni-Pirates, that sunk his Ship, and carry'd Martuccio himself a Prisoner to Tunis.

Ill News, they say, flies space, and the Rumour of This Disaffaire came presently to Lipari, where Confiance, upon the Tidings, got privately into a Little Boat, and in the Transport of an Ungovernable Defairt, set the Boat a-drifts, and made out to Sea with it; laying her self down at her Length, and at the Mercy of the Waves. Providence, in thire, so order'd the Matter, that the Boat was wafted a-hither, by the Favour of a Gentle Gale, not far from Sfax, and about a Hundred Leagues from Tunis; and This was the very Night after the Embark'd.

A Poor Woman, as she was drying her Nettes upon the Shore, took Notice of a Barque under Sail toward the Land, and no Body in it. Upon This, she went direttly down to the Sea-side, and there did the find a Lady in the Bottom of the Boat, so fell asleep, that she had much ado to wake her. She look'd about her a little Wildly at first, but coming to her self by Degrees, and the Woman finding by her Diers that she was a Christian, she put several Questions to her in Latin, and so got from her by little and little, the Short of the Story, Neither was the Lady her self les Inquisitive on the other hand, to know where she was? And being told that she was upon the Coast of Barbary, it went to the very Soul

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Soul of her to find her self at the Mercy of so Inhabitable a People. But the Poor Woman, to Comfort her what she could, took the Lady, in Pure Pity and Good Nature, to a Homely Cottlage of her own, where she gave her the Best Entertainment the Habitation and her Condition could afford. Upon This Occasion, she told the Lady that her Name was Caroprega, and for her Quality, and Business, she was a Servant to a Certain Fisherman. Confiance, finding her Honour and Safety in so good Hands, committed her self wholly to the Advice and Conduct of This Woman, who accordingly took her into her Particular Care.

Pray give me leave in the First place, says Caroprega, to go back and look after my Nettes, and I shall then wait upon you to Sfax, and put you into the hands of a Saraceni-Lady, that I am sure will treat you as her own Friends and Blood. Caroprega did as she said, and the Lady had Confiance Welcomme, with all the Tenderness and Fierceness imaginable. There were several Women at Work upon Embroideries, and other Curiosities, and not so much as One Man to be in the Company. But Confiance, in the Mean time, was Lifted into the Family, and Behaved her self to the Perfect Satisfaction of the whole Houle.

In This Interim, there happen'd a War between the Then King of Tunis, and a Powerful Pretender to That Title, who was already in the Head of a Mighty Army, to affright his Claym. Martuccio spake the Tongue, and as he was talking of This Matter with one of his Keepers. Well! says he, if I were to advise the King, he should certainly carry the Day. This came to the King's Ear, and Martuccio was presently sent for, and consulted in't.

Sir, says Martuccio, the Great Execution in your way of Fighting, is by Bow and Arrows; so that if you can but make your Arrows Urleful to the Enemy, and serviceable to your self, the Work is done. Right, says the King, if that were possible. Why then with Submission, says Martuccio, let your Bow-strings be Gentle, and they'll fix any Arrow: but then the Nock of your Arrow must be so Small, and Little too, that a Round, Hard String will not receive them. By This Means your Arrows will be of no Use to the Enemy, and Theirs Advantageous to you. The King took the Council
and got the Victory by it, and Martuccio, of a Slave, became a Favourite; before his Reputation he got for so memorable a Piece of Service.

Upon the Fame of this Glorious Exploit, and of Martuccio's Preferment, Suspicion was out of all Patience to know the Truth of Things, and so made the Saracen-Lady her Confidant in the whole Story of the Adventure, and of the Puff-putor who she had to go to Tunisi as soon as possible. The Lady took Boat with her immediately, and away to a Kingman of hers upon the Place, and Caraprea along with her. Upon her Arrival at Tunisi, she found out Martuccio himself, where she gave him the First Tidings of his Misfortunes, and brought the Two Lovers together. The Tenderness that naturally pas upon Surprizes of this Quality, are only to be exprest by those that feel them.

But to conclude; when they had pour'd out their Hearts to another, the History of this Amour was carry'd to the King; who was so sensibly mov'd with the Providence of that Deliverance, and the Generous Conduct of their Affections, that he made them Both Rich Presents, gave them leave to Marry after their own Way, and a Palfy for Lipara, where they were receiv'd with all Joy and Magnificence, and the Marriage completed in Form with the Due Rites and Solemnities; neither were the New-married Couple wanting in any Respect of Generosity, and Gratitude, to their Obliging Benefactresses.

The MORAL.

The First Article of this Novel shews us, in the Contemplation that was put upon Martuccio for his Poverty; that it is many Governors the World, with little or no Regard to Blood, Breach, or Merit.

It shews us again, that a Great Mind forbearst all the Difficulties of a Crost Fortune; and that Providence turns all the Disappointments that attend Glorious Undertakings, to our Honour and Advantage. What was it but Providence, that made the very Winds and the Seas, Friends to a Hopeless, Helpless Lady, in the Extremity of an Innocent Diffidence! And it was the same Providence again, that turn'd Barbarity it self to a Place of Refuge; and inflamed the Hearts of an In- fidel Prince, and an Inoffensive People, with all the Softness of a Christian Charity, and with a Generous, Grateful Gratitude, over and above.

The old Lyon and a Young.

A Lyon that was engag'd in a Foreign War, committed his only Son and Heir, in the Interim of his Absence, to the Care of a Favourite Minstrel, to see him brought up according to his Birth and Quality. He was as yet too Young for Lelions of State, and Military Exercises, so that his Present Entertainment was only among the Pleasures of the Forests, where he had all the Drols of the Woods and the Mountains to divert him.

At the End of some SixMonths, the Old Lyon return'd Victorious. And there did he find the Young Lyon conning over all the Phantasmatical and Ridiculous Cries, Matins, and Affluents of his Play-fellows: as one while he would be imitating the Jack-Puddling-Tricks of an Age; the Blow of a Bear, the Limp of a Badger, the Grinace of a Monkey, and the like: another while, the Bray of an Ass, the Growl of a Swine, the Howl of a Wolf, the Meow of a Kitten; and all this, for want of forting the People about him to his Dignity and Business. So it was, in fine, that it brake his Heart to find that he was like to have a Buffon for his Royal Successor.

This Plague of the Old Lyon and the Young, is the very History of Mankind from the Beginning of the World to this Day. A Knock in the Cradle, as we say, spoils all; and it is the work of an Age to Repair the Miscarriage of an Hour. A False Step in the Inception, is so many Times, as Soul, Body, and Estate are worth: and the most Necessary and Important Offices of Human Life are, effectually. Thus early Care and Providences, which we do neither duly Consider, nor rightly Understand.

Children are, effectually, Form'd among the Neros, and those about them, and whatever they See, or Hear, even before they come to the Exercise of Reason, and the Knowledge of Good and Evil, is no other than a Livery to them; for Showings, is Thinking. Wherefore we cannot be too careful in the Choice of Servants, and of what Examples we set before them. And not only for their Honesty and Diligence neither, but for their very Manners, Behaviour, and Aderies; Voice, Com- portment, and Manner, Good Manners over and above; for if there be any Deformity, as Crookedness, Lankness; any Uncouth Sight, as Squinting, Gogling, Dizziness of the Eye, and the like; any Scurf, or manner beho-
and got the Victory by it, and Martucio, of a Slave became a Favourite; before the Reputation he got for so memorable a Piece of Service.

Upon the Fame of this Glorious Exploit, and of Martucio’s Preferment, Confiance was out of all Patience to know the Truth of Things, and so made the Saracen-Lady her Confidant in the whole Story of the Adventure, and of the Pollionate Defile she had to go to Tana as soon as possible. The Lady took Boas with her immediately, and away to a Knight of hers upon the Place, and Carapresa along with her. Upon her Arrival at Tana, she found out Martucio himself, where she gave him the Firth Tidings of his Misfortes, and brought the Two Lovers together. The Tendernesses that naturally pass upon Surprises of this Quality, are only to be express’d by Those that feel them.

But to conclude; when they had pour’d out their Hearts one to another, the History of this Amour was carry’d to the King; who was so sensibly mov’d with the Providence of that Deliverance, and the Generous Conduct of their Affections, that he made them both Rich Presents, gave them leave to Marry after their own Way, and a Pies for Liparis, where they were receiv’d with all Joy and Magnificence, and the Marriage completed in Form with the Due Rites and Solemnities; neither were the New-suited Couple wanting in any Respect of Generosity, and Gratitude, to their Obliging Benefactresses.

The Moral.
The First Article of this Novel shews us, in the Contemplation of this Man, for his Poverty; that it is many govern the World, with little or no Regard to Blood, Bravery, or Merit.

It shews us again, that a Great Mind blemishes all the Difficulties of a Craft Fortune; and that Providence turns all the Disappointments that attend Glorious Undertakings, to our Honour and Advantage. What was it but Providence, that made the very Winds and the Seas, Friends to a Hapless, Hapless Lady, in the Extremity of an Innocent Distress? And it was the same Providence again, that turn’d① Barbary into a Place of Refuge; and inspir’d the Hearts of an Injured Person, and an Insolvent People, with all the Sentiments of a Christian Charity, and with a General, Liberall Gratitude, over and above.

LXVII.

An Old Lyon and a Young.

A Lyon that was engag’d in a Foreign War, committed his only Son and Heir, in the Internum of his Affinity, to the Care of a Favourite-Minister, to see him brought up according to his Birth and Quality. He was as yet too Young for Letters of State, and Military Exercises, so that his Present Entertainment was only among the Pleasures of the Forests, where he had all the Drolls of the Woods and the Mountains to divert him.

At the End of six Months, the Old Lyon return’d Victorious. And there did he find the Young Lyon coming over all the Phantastical and Ridiculous Cries, Murmurs, and Afflams of his Playfellows: as one while he would be imitating the Jack-Puddling-Trick of an Age, the Sound of a Bear, the Limb of a Badger, the Grime of a Manky, and the like: another while, the Bray of an Ass, the Great of a Swine, the Howl of a Wolf, the How of a Kitten; and all this, for want of forting the People about him to his Dignity and Business. So it was, in fine, that it brake his Heart to find that he was like to have a Buffon for his Royal Successor.

The Moral.

This Plancy of the Old Lyon and the Young, is the very History of Mankind from the Beginning of the World to this Day. A Knock in the Credos, as we say, spoils all; and it is the work of an Age to Repair the Misfortunes of an Hour. A False Step in the Inquisition, is as much a Misfortune, as Soul, Body, and Estate are worths: and the most Inexplicable and Important Offices of Human Life, are, effectually, Those early Cares and Provision, which we do neither duly Conclude, nor rightly Undertake.

Children are, effectually, Form’d among the Nurses, and things about them, and whatever they see, or hear, even before they come to the Exercise of Reason, and the Knowledge of Good and Evil, is no other then a Ladder to them; for Seeing is Teaching. Wherefore we cannot be too Careful in the Choice of Servants, and of what Examples we set before them. And not only for their Honesty and Discretion neither, but for their very Make, Perfume, Behaviour, and Adorns; Voice, Countenance, and finally, Good Manners over and above; for if there be any Deformity, as Crookedness, Lamefoot, any Unnatural Sight, as Squinting, Gagging, Disfigurement of the Mouth, and the like; any Nativity, or whatsoever
by little and little, and as they cool'd in their Fidelity and Affections, they secretly with'd for a more Competent Governor in Mahomet's place; for the Common Good both of the Empire and People. But fee what came on't in the Conclusion.

As Mahomet was walking once in his Garden, up comes Mustapha, a Man of Great Honour, and Bravery, directly to him: and after the decency of an Exculpation for what he had to say, enter'd into a Free Discourse upon the State of the Publick. He lay'd it before the Emperor, how he had lost the Hearts of his People, and how Cheape he had made himself and his Dignity, by a False Dilution of Order and Government; even to the Degree of endangering the very Foundations of the Monarchy, and all This for a Pitiful Babby of a Woman. He, says he, you stand upon the Brink of a Precipice, and pray 'tis long before you Degenerate from the Character of your Victorious Ancestors. This put the Emperor upon the Febet, who was so divided betwixt his Honour, and his Inclinations, that he had much ado to resolve which way to turn himself. But in the Conclusion, he gave Mustapha a Gentle Reproof for talking more than became him: but that for This once he would pass it all over out of a Respect to his Paft Services. And he told him further also, that it should not be long, before he would give himself and the World to understand, that he was no Slave to his Pleasures.

And now, Mustapha, says he, go you and order all the Bassis and Military Officers in Constantinople, to attend me at Morrow at Court: for I am resolved to eat in Publick. And Mustapha says Mahomet, I would have you there too; and pray dress your selves as Fine as Hanis says, upon you. When every Thing was ready, and the Company gathered together, up comes the Emperor Himself, after a long Expectation, with his Mistref of his Left hand, and the Nobility receiving him with an Honour and Veneration answerable to the Quality of the Occasion.

Mahomet advances into the Middle of the Room, and There makes a Stop, with all his Courriers about him. When he had View'd them all with a Stern Countenance; one after another: My Masters says he, you see This Lady here. Is there any Man living, do you think now, that will blame me for being Captived...
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vated by *Divine a Beauty*? They all agreed (according to the Court-Humour and Way) that his Love was so well placed, he could not do either left then he did, or better. So much for that then, says Mahumet, and I am now about to show you that no Temptation under the Sun can transport me to the doing of any Thing unwise of my Family. With that Word he took his Miftree by the Hair with his Left Hand, and Cut off her Head with his Right, in the Face of all the People; and Those Words in his Mouth, upon the Finishing of the Work: [you are all satisfied, I hope, by this Time, that the Emperor is still Master of Himself.] Brantome tells us of such another Act of Barboury, in the Story of a Nobleman that surprized his Wife in the Arms of her Gallant. He kill'd the Corallion upon the Place, and then in Revenge, bound them Body to Body; till the Sound of the Dead Corallion poiroy'd the Living.

The Morall.

Whoever reads this Horrible Outrage, will naturally reflect upon the Snares and Miftrees that attend a Lascivious, and an Unlawful Love: especially in a Prince that abandon's himself to his Pleasures, and to the Humour of Parasites, and Bejwells; to the neglect of his Fame, his People and his Duty. We find in Mephisto's Part, the Benefts, and the Necelfry, of a Faithful Servant, and the Danger of attempting a Good Office in to Determien a Crisis. We are told also in the Clofe, that Violent Pleasures run all into Extremes, and that Tendernefs it felt degenerates into a Brutal Cruelty, as if it were a Piece of Tyranny, to be Inhuman. And the fame Morall agrees likewise with the Last Inference of Brantome.

LXIX.

Apoll's Reverence to Truth.

Octavini makes Apoll to have fo great a Veneration for Truth, that he forbid the very Poets Themselves the Life of any Extravagant Fictions in their Writings, that are not to be found in Nature. The Poets mov'd by their Council for a Revolution of the Decrees, unless the Prohibition might extend to Poets, Historians, and the rest of the Virtue, as well as to Poets: for what are Courtiers without Fraud; Statemen without

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without Interest; Flesh and Blood without Paffion: and Princes without Ambition; but as arrant Fables, as Phantoms, Bajifek, and Centaurs! and if the World were but well examin'd, a Body might find as many of the One as of the Other.

The Morall.

'Tis a Hard Cafe for Poets to be bar'd the Use and Ornament of Unnatural Fictions; and for Orators and Historians, at the fame Time, to be left at Liberty, in their Characters, and Images, to make use of mere Extravagant Figures: but it is a Humour in Fictions, to make a Beauty of whatever we have got before us, though the Devil Himself should fit for the Piffaro. For what are all our Deductions and Addreffer, but Common-Pieces of what People Ogle to be, impos'd upon the World for what they are? Now These high Flights are all made up of Flattery, and Fiction, without the least resemblance of the Original.

LXX.

Truth and Faithfulness.

In the Days of Simplicity and Plain-Dealing, Truth had so much Credit in the World, that Truth it self, in the Person of the Arrantfe Hypocrite under the Sun, fell directly in love with her. The Difjembler had Wit and Words at Will, and moving an Innocence in the telling of his Tale, that his Miftrees immediately enlaide to entertain a Treaty, and then needed hardly Two Words to the Bargain; only the defir'd the Medlefer to tell his Matter, that she could do nothing without an Examen; for That was a Thing not to be done in a Hurry. The Spark, upon This Encouragement, tricks himself up immediately as fine as Fingers could make him, and so away in That very Instant upon a Visit to the Lady: where he found Truth waiting at the Door, with a Transpen- tere Silken Veil thrown over her, and little better then flark Naked, ready to receive him. His First Complement ran much upon the Topique of Oaths, and Prophecies, of the Infinite Veneration he had for her: and all Thofe Hyperboles accompany'd with the moft tender Tenderness in Nature. Well! Sir, says Truth, to deal freely with you, if you Mean as you say, you must e'en flrip to the First Place, as Naked as you fee me, for I am revolv'd, both to fee and to know, what
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I am to trust to. He told her it should be done, and so marched off in a Transport at the Graces of so Excellent a Person: But in This Interim, reflecting within himself, what a Monster it would make Him appear, to have all his Private Deformities and Imperfections lay'd open, he took such a Check upon the very Thought on't, that in the same Moment he turn'd his Back upon his Ador'd Misfit, Truth, struck up a League with Diffusion, and so they Two went their way together and made a March on't.

The Moral.

Nothing more Common then Hypocrisy, Fraud, and Imposture, under the Name, or Majesty, of Conscience, Good Faith, and Plain-dealing: and no such way to expose the Cheat, as by stripping quite Naked on Both Sides; for Truth hath nothing to cover, that force be afraid of. We are all apt however to fluster our selves in the Puffification of Thirt Truth, and that we love it, and understand it as we ought to do: when yet between like Imagination, Love, Opinions, and Corrupt Affections, we find that we do neither This, That, nor O'other, as we should do: but look at Things through False Lights, and set them off with False Colours; whereas Truth is never so Glorious as in the Native Simplicity of her own Beauty, abstracted from the Vanities of External Pomp and Splendor.

This is so mind us all, that we value our selves more upon the Ornament of Appearances, then upon the Dignity of Conduct, and Good Manners: and that we take more pains to seem to be, what we are Not, then to Be what we seem. So that Truth is but a kind of an Imaginary Point; a Mark set up rather to be flat at then Hit, and he that comes nearest, Wins the Prize. Now at this rate, the whole Story of our Extravagant Pretenz to Virtue, and Wisdom, comes to little more in the Conclusion, then Paradoxe, and Declamation.

LXXI.

The Lyon Concert.

It is the Humour of some Beasts, as well as of some Men, to make bold with their Superiors: witness the Case of a certain Lyon, that had his Crown hatched'd from his Head by a Crew of his Rebellious Subjects. They had no Exception, they say'd, either to his Quality, or to his Virtues; but he was Superannuated, and too Old to govern. The Pretent King was no sooner depos'd, but the People came immediately to the very Point

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Point of Cutting Throats who should succed him. Now the Pretenders, in Nomination, were a Fox, a Munk, and a Bear. The Fox valu'd him upon the Royal Faculties of Policy, and Intrigue, the Ape for an Obbliging Turn of Address, and the Buffoon-arte of making People Merry. But the Bear told them, in Short, that no Prince could keep the Crown on his Head without Power; and that neither the Fox's Quickness, nor the Ape's Velocity in the Exerting of his Good Grace, signify'd any Thing at all to the ordering of a State: The Voice, in one Word, pas'd for the Bear, but when they came to the Coronation, his Head was so out of Shape, that the Crown would not fit steady upon it. They try'd the Peares Head next, and this was as much too Little, as they found the Bakon's Head, afterward, too Big: and so they concluded among themselves, that no head would fit it so well as That which was made for't.

The Moral.

Akin has touch'd a Great deal of Profitable Matter under this Cover. It is much Easier to Unseat one Government, by the Art and Power of a Faction, than to establish Another out of The Confusion. Scouragery will hardly be well but upon the Right Shoulders. Popular Dilies are still follow'd with Wiles, Inconveniences: And it is the same Thing for the Multitude to take upon them to Reform, and to take upon them to Govern. Allow them to Introduce some Laws, and they'll endure None: and from the Liberty of Blaming the Administration, they'll advance to the Freedom of Controlling it. Wherefore the Provision of the Laws was one amiss, in the Case of New Laws, when they order'd that no Man should offer a New Law but with a Rope about his Neck. The Prince must be tac'd, whatever the Person is, and the Person must be so too, for the Prince sake.

This Fable strikes likewise upon the Danger of Innovations, and shews us that it is a Thing next to Impossible, for any State to continue long, where the People are made Judges of the Inequality of the Rulers.
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LXXII.
Three Wishes.

Here are some parts of the World, they say, where Spirits do the Office of Servants; and they do it with wonderful Care and Address, and, (which is a Great Matter,) without Noise too. They look to the Manage of the Houses, they Dress the Gardens; Till the Grounds, and in all Caves of Husbandry and Conveniences, they contrive the Profit, the Credit, and the Pleasure of their Masters; provided always, that no other Creature presume to intermeddle in their Province.

One of these Spirits, that had been a long time in the Service of a Rich Burglar, happened to be call'd away by his Principal to attend some other Commission; but out of the Affection he bare to his Master and Mistress, he obtain'd a Favour for them, as a Token of his Respect.

I have order'd, says he, to his Master and Mistress, to make ready to be gone; and perhaps at a Day's Warning; for the Time is Uncertain: but I am allow'd however to make you this Offer before I go. Behold your Jalovey of what you have the Greatest Mind to in This World; put your Demands into Three Wishes, or no more; and I am to assure you in the Name of my Superior, that they shall be all made good to you.

The Master and Mistress lay'd their Heads together, and the First Thing they pitch'd upon, was WEALTH. Their Offers were immediately fulfill'd with Treasure; their Barns and Granaries with Corn; their Vaults and Cellars with Wine, and other Precious Liquors: and all in such Plenty too, over and above, that they wanted Stowage for their Stores. Under these Circumstances, there was such a Buffle, with Toffing and Tumbling Things, to Range and keep them in Order; such a Route with Clerks, Registers, and Waziers, that they had hardly an Eating, or a Sleeping time, for the Perpetual Hurry. To say nothing of the Hourly Dread they were in, for fear of These, House-Breakers, Disparate Debts from Beggary Lords; Extortious Seizures, Unmerciful Publicans, and Tax-Gatherers. So it was in fine; that they made it their Second Wishes, to be deliver'd from the Miseries of a Superfluous Plenty; which they had brought upon themselves by the Indiscretion of the Former.

They were now reflect'd by This Wish, to the Blest State of the Mediocrity they enjoy'd before; but the Third was yet to come, and the Spirit upon the very Point of taking his Flight. In This Ditfress, they call'd out in all Hallo for WISDOM, as the only Security they could depend upon, against the Passions of Humane Folly, and the Iniquities of Fortune.

The Moral.

This Levity, of Wishing, and Unwisdom, is, in one Word, the Great Bane of a Confused Human Life; and the Doctrine is briefly this. Our Hopes are out of This World; and therefore let every Man lay a Foundation of Happiness to himself, in the Satisfaction of his Conscience, and the Faithful Discharge of his Duty, both to God and Man: without luting out into the Vanities of Intelligible Appetites and Desires. He that's Sick of the Present, and thinks to Ease himself by Shifting, shall never be well; for every Change is but a Transition from One Present, and one Unwisdom, to another; and there's no thought of pleasing any Man that cannot Please Himself. To fum it up all in a little. The First Wish shows us what we are when we are left to our selves. The Second, is only making the Best of a Bad Game, and re-announcing in One Breath what we fought and prays'd for in Another. The Third is Solomon's First Choice, WISDOM; the only sure and steady Guide in all Difficulties: if it had but been the First Wish, instead of the Last; for upon This Fitch, it was an Ait of Necessity, rather than a Motion of Free Will.

LXXIII.

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The Force of Jealousy and Revenge.

Any a Good Woman leads the Life almost of Hell it self, under the Implacable and Incorruptible Jealousies of a Barbarous Husband; and commonly, the Better she deserves, the Worse she is treated.

Because gives an Instance of This, in the Case of the Fair Wife of one Arriving, a Rich Merchant. She was neither to be for, nor to be seen; but close kept up, with hardly the Benefit of Common Air. This Usage for her Wits at Work, ei-
ther for Eafe, or for Revenge; and she thought her self at
laft of one Philep, a Proper Young Fellow, the very Nex
Door to her, and only a Wall between them: so that if
the could but open a Way of Communication thorough that Par
tition, the Work the thought would be as good as half done.
She took her Time once, in her Husband's Absence, to exa
min every Inch of this Wall, where the Spy'd at left the
Glimmering of a Light, that struck through a Chink in a
Dark Corner, into a Fair Chamber in the Nex Houfe; and
the Place cover'd with a Hanging. Upon this Discovery,
the she made her Maid her Confident, who, upon further En
quiry, found That Apparant to be Philep's Quarter. Upon
This Intimation, her Maid's ready made the Crack
wide enough for a Whispering-Hole, and there began the In
trigues.

Christmas being now at hand, the Woman defir'd leave of
her Husband to go to Confiffion, as other People did. Very
Good, says he, and what have you to Confiffion? I before you; Why
my Dear, says she, your Wife is Fieh and Blood as well as
her Neighbours; but you are no Priest, to take her Confiffion.
The Man was nettled at this, but told her however, that
the might go, provided she went early in the Morning, and
to his own Chaplain, or to some other Priest at left of his Recommen
tation; and upon Condition to come back im
mediately, fo soon as the Work was done.

She went to Chappel at the Time appointed; though not
so early neither, but her Husband was there before her. She
went first to the Chaplain, but he was busy it seems, and re
commended her to another Holy Man; (as he call'd him) which
was, in Truth, her Husband, in a Priest's Habit, and a Confiffion fe
at. In the Course of her Confiffion, she declar'd, that having been tempted, and provok'd to Lewdnefs, beyond her
Strength, by an Unmercifull Husband, she had a Friar that lay with her every Night, and her Husband at the fame
time in Bed with her himself. This Story would have made
her Husband hard Mad, if his Curiosity to hear it out, had not
restrain'd him. Well, says he, how is it I know not, but
This Friar does his Business certainly by the Black Art; for all
the Doors of the Houfe fly open to him whenever he comes; and his
but muttering a Few Words before he enters; and my Husband falls
profently

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presently into so Profound a Sleep, as if he lay under some En
chantment. But Daughter, says the pretended Confiffor, I
do not find any Repentance in you for what you have done, or
the least Christian Resolution never to do it again. No no Sir;
says she, I would not tell you a Lie, when I am upon so Holy a Duty.
I rather Do Repent, nor ever Can Repent, of any Thing I ever
did with that Friar; I love him so dearly. Why then says he,
your Case is desperate, and you can have no Abolition. But
you shall have my Prayers however, for the Grace of a True Penitence;
and yet let me see ------ I could send one to you -------
No no Sir, says she, (cutting him short at that Word) yet
there be no sending to our House, I believe you, for my Good Man
has a Placemat that the very Bats behind the Hanging, are all
Cock-killers; and if the Bats have shadow make Horns at him,
they are not likely to be made. PUFFY.

After Confiffion, he goes to Math, and to Home again ac
according to Covenants; and there did the find her Husband in
his own Shape, and most confoundedly Malty, but he put it
off with a Flamm as well as he could. He was to go abroad
by and by, he said, and see her no more till next Morning, where
fore prays, says he, I wish the Faire well Lucky, and Blesed, for
fear of Thiery. She told him every Thing should be done,
and so he went away for That Night.
The Husband was no sooner out of the Door, but up goes
the Wife to the Whispering place, with a Particular History of
the whole Affair; and hinting, as by the By, how easily any
Man that had a Mind to it, might flip out of the Catter of the Nex Houle into their Catter Window, while the Hufband
stood watching below at the Street Door; which was
certainly his Design, as it appeared by the Sequel.  
Philip took the matter right, and by that Light found a
Way to his Master's Chamber, where he entertain'd the Wife
Above-Stairs, while the Cockkill was waiting Below for the
Faire at the Street Door. When they had been at this Lock
several Nights successively, and no tidings of the Faire; the
Man call'd out to his Wife in a Rage of Impatience, recite
ted her every Article of her late Secret Confiffion, with the very
Name of her Baron the Faire, or he would have her Heads
Blood; elle. The Woman refrained to do the One, and Dis
claim'd the Other. Why you Impudent Baiter, she says; he did not
not you own This very Thing to your Confeffer I well! then says
thee, I did own it, and it is all True. You your self are That
Frier, and That Confeffer that lies with me every Night: the
Frier I am in Love withall, and the Confeffer to whom all your
Doors fly open. Alas I knew you as well in your Guide,
and in the Confeffionary, as if I had been in your Arms. I saw
the Juggle all the way thorough and thorough, and Laughter
at the Foppish Formal Story of your Lying abroad That
Night. But I hope you will take This for a warning, without
giving your self or me any further Trouble. You cannot but
see how Basin this Beatyly Jealousy has made you, where-
fore prethee lee it be no more: and know, that if I had
a mind to put a Slippery Trick upon you, all the Caution
in the World should never hinder me. The Man was so
Convinc'd of his Wives Virtue, and Innocence, that there
needed no more Cats-play to bring her and her Lover together,
and from That Time forward, he faded up for his Wives Hon-
estly to his Lives End.

LXXIV.

Eustas and Everita.

T

is no News for a Rich Man to be Jealous of a Hands-

om Woman; neither is it any New Thing again,

for a Crafty Wench to cry Quixes with a Suspicious Husband,

and to pay one Afront with Another.

The Husband here, according to Boccaccio, being a Notable

Tricks, his Wife found it the Bell of her Play to encourage the

Humour in him, and rather then fall, to set out his Hand

now and then with a Clapping Cup, her self too. And at

This rate, she had little more to do, then to give him his

Load, and to Bed with him, and there leave him to Sleep-

out his Debauch: while she in the mean time made her Ap-

pointments as the Occasion lay fairest for her Hand.

Chet's falling into This way of Fudding all on a faddain,

and the Care she took to keep her self Sober, and her Husband

Addle, put it into Traps's Jealous Noddle, that there was

Roguery a Breeving, and he propounded to himself the find-

ing of it out, by This Means.

He

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He past away the next Day from Morning to Night among

his Pot-Companys, Dry and Sober; but coming Home late,

and in Appearance, Wallowing Drunk; he play'd his Part to

well, that they had him to Bed upcast, and his Wife gave

him the Slip to meet her Gallant. When Tefom had lain a

long while, Wathing, and Hearkening, and no News of

his Wife, it came into his Head he heard somewhate like

the Creaking of the Street-Door, when he went first to Bed.

Upon This Conceit, up he gets, and finding no Wife in the

House, and the Door only Latch'd, he Bided it on the Inside,

and so up to the Window he goes to wait the Return of his

Lady. Between One and Two in the Morning, Home comes

the Good Woman, and mightily surpriz'd she was, to find the

Door Bar'd within, but as she was trying to force it, her

Husband call'd to her from a Window above. No no, Chet,

says he, go your ways back again, like an Impudent Gaff as you are,

to the Place whence you came. Alas my Dear Heart! says she,

upon my Truth I have been only to Visit a Sick Body, and

therefore prethee let me in. When she had ply'd him a Pretty

while, with the most Moving, Tender Words that the

Tongue of a Woman could utter, and he never the Better

for't, the presently chang'd her Note, and treated him to An-

other Tune.

Thus Beatyly, Brutal Sott; says she, to use a Loving Wife,

and an Innocent Woman, at This inhumane rate? But by all that's

Good I'll be reveng'd of thee; Carcass, Reputation, and Estates, shall

all pay for't. This very Well here, and the whole Neighbour

hood shall bear Witness against thee: and the Government shall deal with

thee accordingly. With That Word the took her leave of the

World, and Tumbling a huge Stone into the Well, the

Noys of the Fall brought down Tefom in all Haste to fetch up

his Wife. The Night was as Dark as Pitch; and the Woman

slip into the House, lock'd the Door after her, and so up Stairs, where the rung him such a Peale for his De

bauchery, as brought all the Neighbours to their Windows to

hear it. She call'd him a Hundred Guzzling Jealous Knave,

and Rattled him with a Vengeance, for the Ill Hours, and

the Lewd Company he kept, his Whoring, Drinking, and

Lying, which was no other then an Appeal to all the Peo-

ple within hearing. Finally, the succeeded so well in't, that

when
every Body sided with the Woman, and the Story puffing from one to another till it came to her Kindred, they took the Afront to heyously, that they Cudgel'd the Man into a Patience Sense of his Duty, till he begg'd Pardon for what he had done, promised Amendment for the future, and that he would never be Drunk, or Jealous again: so that by This time all Partys were pleased; the Amour went on, and Tafana Liv'd and Dy'd, a Contented, and a Thankful Cuckold.

The Moral.

The Humour of the Two Foregoing Novels, is Romantic to the Highest Degree, and yet at the same time there's little more in't than the History of Human Life. For what are all the Contingent Brawls and Squabbles, we meet with every Day that goes over our Heads, up-on the Subject of Loose Amours, but the Playing of a Prize between Jealousy and Revenge; and the putting of it to the Question between the Two Parties, which is the Aromatic End of the Tale. Bide that he that's Jealous without a Cause, must be pleas'd at last, without Amends.

LXXV.

The Punishment of Ingratitude.

A Common Soldier that had the Honour to be known to Philip of Macedon, for a Brave Fellow, gave the King an Account of a Storm he had been in at Sea; the Loss of the Vessel, and how narrowly he himself came off, with his Life. He begg'd at the same time, a certain Farm for his Subsistence, which the King granted him, and order'd him to be put into Possession of the Estate.

The Proposer, perceiving that he was now to be undone by a Man that he had faviour'd; apply'd himself immediately to Philip, with the Naked Truth of the Fact. Sir says he, my Dwelling is in such a place by the Sea-side; where I heard an Out-cry one Night of some body in Distress: and upon going out to see what it was, there did I find the Ruins of a Wharf, and a Man Paddling in the Sea, half Surpriz'd, and Labouring for Life. I took him up, and carry'd him Home with me, where he was Tendered and Treated like a Child of the Family. At the end of Three Days, finding himself in a Travel-

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Travelling-Condition, he would needs be gone: so that I gave him a Vissioun, and he went away, with a Thousand Protestations that his Kindness should never be forgotten. And who should This be new out of the whole World, but the very Man that Begg'd my Pledge! The King was so transported at This Barbarous Story (for the Soldier told him only of his Danger, and not one Word of his Benefactor) that he order'd Panfasos to put the Poor Creature into his Eftate again, and the Soldier to be Compensation, and Stigmatis'd, with These Words upon his Forehead. THE UNGRATEFUL GUEST.

The Moral.

There is an Ingratitude, in the Concealing of Benefits; in the Forgetting of them, and likewise in not returning Good for Good: but the Highest Pitch of all, is the Repaying Good with Evil, especially where Confidence, Policy, and Humanity fall in over and above.

The Ungrateful Man is the Common Enemy of Mankind, and therefore nothing lets then a Mark of Infamy to make him known to all People, will reach the headmosts of his Crime. So that This Inscription, is as much as publishing him by a Proclamation, to be the Worf of Mifers. It would be a Blessing to the World, if all Court-Beggars of This fort might be Banned, for an Example, and a Terror to all Infamous Paragles, and for the Honour of their Mifers.

LXXVI.

An Essay against Liberty.

It has ever been the Policy of all well-govern'd States, to keep a Guard upon the Prefet; for an Arbitrary Liberty That way, strikes at the Foundations of Faith, Government, and Good Manners. Boccalini speaks of a Commision ered for the Suppression of all Sorts of Seditious, Scandalous, and Defamatory Libels: And the Commissioners, it seems, extend their Authority to the taking up of Pimps, Bands, Common Prostitutes, Finneutes, Court-Minions; and the whole Tribe, in a Word, of That fort of Cartel, out of their Rich Chaises, and Gilt Coaches. This was so Heyously taken, that they were complain'd of for exercising an Absolute Power. But they insi

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sifted upon it, that their Communion comprehended all sorts of Fables; and that there was as much Difference between Those Inflances, and the Common Extravagances of the Printing-Press, as between a Proclamation in the Market-place, and a Quack's Bill upon a Piping-Pest: for the One carries a kind of Authority in the Face of it, whereas the other comes Creeping into the World, without either Warrant or Credit.

The MORAL.

The Supressing of All Masques in Paper, and leaving Men to Liberty, in Conversation, looks like a Privilege for Lewdness, than a Censure of it. Prolific Exempla do Fifty times more Mischief then Private Pamphlets: for Men are not so much wroght upon by the Regress of Wickedness, as by the Precedent.

LXXVII.

A Lynx and a Wren.

A Lynx was ranging abroad for her Prey, up comes a Hansman to her Den, and shoots her Whelp. The Damned runs stark Mad upon't, and nothing less than the Blood of the Murderer to sate her Revenge. When she had spent several Days and Nights in Quest of him, to no purpose, and kept the whole Forrest waking with Furious Exclamations, her Injurious wrought more upon her at last, than her Conscience; and when she had round'd her Self quite envious, down she lay to take a little Rest. This Refreshment brought her to herself again, and several of the Beasts paid her their Condolings Compliments; only a certain Bear of her Old Acquaintance, took somewhat more Freedom with her then the Rest, and read her a Lecture of Good Counsel upon the Subject of Patience, and Moderation: But This prov'd only a Blowng of the Coale, and put her again into her Fits.

Aha, says the Lynx, the Affliction of a Mother is a Tender business; and then for a Poor Innocent to be so Barbarously Destroyed! Not altogether so fast, I believe you, quoth the Bear, as if the Calfes and the Pigs that you have worry'd, had had no Parents. But That was no Barbarity I warrant ye. Put the

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the Calf now, that all the Fathers and Mothers that you have made Childles, should run Bellowing up and down as you do, what a Bawling would here be. Consider with your Self, that they that live in This World, must abide the Fortune of This World. We are Born to Eat, and to be Eaten; and it is most certain, that by some Way or other, and at some Time or other, Death must be every Creature's Lot.

The MORAL.

There's no great Danger of Immoderate Grief; for between Humane Beauty, and Occasional Pleasure, Nature will do the Part of Physiology; and Violent Passions will lay themselves asleep: not but that they may be more or less Intractable, till the First Heat be over. We are partial in our own Fruits; and the Miser, the Termen, and the Misfortune that we endure ourselves, are still Magnified beyond all other Peoples, for want of Consideration Abroad, and Temper at Home. All Men have their Coffins, as well as their Infirmities, and are as Susceptible of the Loss of Friends and Relations, as their Neighbours. And what's the Difference now at last, between the Injuries we Do, and those we Suffer, but that we lay the One to the Heart, and we never mind the Other?

LXXVIII.

A Kite, a Pullet, and a Duck.

A Kite made a Scoop at a Pullet, and the Pullet cry'd out for Help: down comes a Hawk, powdering upon the Outcry, and Truffles the Kite. The Hen takes this Rescue for a Providential Deliverance in Favour of her Innocence. But This was a Rescue, it seems, according to the way of the World, which the Poor Pullet was not aware of: that is to say: when the Great and the Mighty take upon them to Deliver the Weak, and the Oppressed, its but to remove a Lighter Burden, and lay a Heavier in the Place. In the Conclusion, they went both to Pox, only the Pullet had the Favour to be left Eaten.
The Moral.

'Tis a Common Thing in the World for People to take their Opposites for their Predecessors, and their Predecessors for their Opposites; and instead of being delivered from One Tyrant, to be saved by another. The Pupil cries out for Succour against the Kite. The Hunt brings off the Pupil, and kills the Kite: But who shall rescue the Pupil at last from the Hand?

This is no more than to say in Plain English, that might overcomes Right; and that in the Course and Order of the World, the Weak lies at the Mercy of the Stronger. So that upon the Main, the Question is not so much the Goodness of the Cause, as the Advantage of the Prize. And all the Gaudy Pretences of Humanity and Honour, are, in truth, little more than a Secret Spirit of Self-interest, working under the Masque of Generosity, and Conscience.

LXXIX.

Two Old Dogs and Two Young.

A Country Fellow had Four Dogs to look to his House and Flocks; Two of them Old, and the Other Two Young. The Two Young ones were Hardy, and Forward, and perpetually Teazing the Wolves. The Other Two were now past Hunting, and could only Bark, and Encourage the Chafe. The Two Latter advis'd their Companions not to be too Eager in their Business, but rather to spare themselves, and Husband the Game; for it's only for the Wolves-like, they cry'd, that we are Entertain'd; so that whenever we destroy Them, we destroy our selves; for what will our Master care for us, when he has no longer any need of us?

The Moral.

The Dogs Husbanding the Chafe, is the same Thing with Soldiers Husbanding the War: every Creature has the Wit to look to one: say the very Dogs as well as their Masters: and let the Servants be never so Bold, Faithful, and Industrious, there runs a Vein of Private Interest, yet along with it: so that it is but Common Prudence, even in the Ordinary Affairs of this World, for Men to make themselves Necessary one to another, though it were but for the sake of Good Society. For These Reciprocal Advantages are no other, then the Links of That Mighty Chain, that ties the World, and the several Parts of it, together.

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Ridicul'd. Apollo's Quiver was to seek; Mars mist'd his Lance; Nereus his Trident; Mercury's Wings were gone; say the very Mother her self did not come-off foot-free; only Pallas, under the Protection of her Honour, and Prudence, escap'd untouch'd. Jupiter was well enough pleas'd, however, with the Farc, and after a Thousand Bulles and Faith Words, a Toy took him in the Head to throw a Plate of Killing Comfits between them. This put them presently upon the Scramble, and so from Scuffling they fell to Strokes. At Cupid was looking about for Arms, his Sister took a Needle, and at Two Pushe struck both her Brother's Eyes out. This Diff after put all into a Confusion. Venus fell to tearing her Hair, Beating her Breasts, and washing the Blood from the Child's Eyes with her Tears; trying over and over if Kifing would bring him to himself again. But the Wounds were so Deleterious, that Pray do him good to understand, that it was not in the Power of Herbs to Cure them.

The Sister was so transported with this Accident, that she could hardly believe what she saw; and in this Passionate Confinement, she stuck'd up the little Instrument with her Brothers Blood yet reeking upon it; and she was just upon the Point of putting out her own Eyes, in Revenge of her Brother's, Jupiter held her Hand, and bid her preserve those Eyes for the Service of her Brother, who now stood in need of a Leader. Made of (or Folly) undertook the Office, and did as she was Commanded, and ever since serv'd Cupid for a Guide, though she her self wanted another.

The MORAL.

He that call'd Angry a Short Measure, might have call'd Love too, for they are not nearer akin in the Table, than they are in the World, and in the Daily Practice of Human Life. In short; the whole Affair of Love is a Mystery, from one end to the other. The Bosom, the Arms, the Quiver, and the Ensign of Cupid's Divinity, have all of them their Allegorical Meanings; but to run through the whole Mythology, would be Pedantic, and Tedious.

The True Issue of this Phancy is to expose the Wild and the Ridiculous Tranports of This Ungovernable Passion; and to Forewarn People of the Calamitous Consequences that attend it; for it spares neither Friend nor Foe; neither Things Sacred, nor Profane; but preys forward at a venture in the Dark, without either Fear or Wit, committing the Conduct of Love to Folly that Blanded it.

LXXXI.

A Conspicuous Spectator.

A Pragmatical Smatterer in Letters, and a Severe Faultfinder wherever he came, publish'd an Idle Tract, under the Title of, "Notes upon several famous Authors;" and present'd his Remarques, with a Pompous, Formal Dedication, to an Eminent Patron of Learning in the Place where he liv'd. This Prince, or Nobleman, (or whatever else you'd call him) found immediately upon dipping up and down in the Book, that the main drift of the Discourse was only to expel the Reputation of a Great many Excellent Men, under a Pretence of writing Observations upon their Errors, in his own Words and without any Use or Benefit to Mankind.

The Great Man accepted the Present, and put the Author in Hope of a Considerable Reward. Go, says he, presently to my Steward, and ask him for Four Bushels of the Best Wheat he can lay his Hands on. It must be well Thrashed, and then do you take Care that it may be thoroughly Winnow'd: Pick out all the Chaff as clean as Fingers can make it; put it in a Bag, and then bring it to me. The Man brought the Chaff, and the Nobleman bad him try what he could get for it, and take the Money to Himself. Alas! says he, People will give nothing for Chaff. Why then, says another, again, try if you can make a Friend with it. But that would not do neither, for no body would thank him for it, he said. Very Good, says the Great Man, and what's the Difference at all, between Tract in a Book, and Tract in a Bag?

The MORAL.

Calamity is the Office, and the Burthen of the very Devils Themselves. And more to Bitter upon Others, as Thole that have not one Grain of Wit, Worth, or Good Nature Themselves. There are a fort of Talkers, and Pick-Thanks that prey upon their Neighbours, and create Fats, where they cannot Find them. They are undeniably a Leeds Generation of Men, and yet it may be a Question, whether the Instruments, or the Encouragers, and Patrons of This Uncharitable Practice, are the more Pernicious Members of a Christian Commonwealth; for the One only ministeriates Mistrust of Scandal, and the Other gives Authority to't; besides the Prospect, over and above, of a Reward. Now there is
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no better way of dealing with these People, than according to the Inten-
tions of this President, by taking care that they may get nothing by
their Inquiries, but Mockery, and Contempt.

LXXXII.

Papyrius and his Father.

Papyrius was the Son of an Eminent Roman, and so Preg-
nant a Youth, that his Father took him one Day with
him into the Senate-House. Upon his coming back, his Mo-
ther must needs know what the Counsel was upon. The
Boy took himself to be under a kind of Honourable Truth,
and so put her off as long as he could, till he found she
would take no Denial; and then, he up and told her in a Grave
way, the Greatest Secret in Nature. Madam, says he, they
have been very hot upon a Debate, whether it were better for
the Commonwealth, to allow of a Plurality of Wives, or a Plurality
of Husbands; in short, it came to such a Heat, that they
were en glad to Admonish: but if you should open your
Mouth of this now, to any Creature, it would be the Un-
doing of your Son.

In this very Instant, away scanpers the Woman, to make
a Party among the Ladies for a Plurality of Husbands. And it
came to such a Hurry, that the Days to the Senate-House were
all prefixed with Out-Cries, and block'd up with Petitioners
upon that Subject, that the Counsel took the People to be
all raveng-Mad, till Papyrius unfold'd the Riddle. This RIst
produced an Order, that no Children, under such an Age, should
have Admittance into the Senate-House; Papyrius only Excepted,
who from that Time forward had a Privilege to go in and out
at Pleasure.

The Moral.

In this Instance of Papyrius, we have the Character of an Ingenious,
Forward, and a Generous Youth, deliberating within himself between
his Duty to a Parent, and Truth to his Country; under the Difficulty
of Delaying himself without giving offence to either.

We are further given to understand, that Truths of Confidence,
thought with any Express Stipulation, or Caution, are yet, in the very
Nature of them, as Sacred as if they were guarded with a Thousand
Secrecies.

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LXXXIII.

A Soldier Punish'd for Railing at Alexander.

In the War between Alexander and Darius, a Foul-mouth'd
Fellow and one of Darius's Mercenaries, fell a Railing at Alex-
ander. A Great Officer Cudgeled him for his Insolence, and
told him; Sirrah, says he, you are bid'd to fight with your Hands,
not with your Tongue; and to Behave your self like a Soldier, not
like a Scold.

The Moral.

Let the Administration of Princes be what it will, there's a Venera-
tion yet Due to their Character; and he that Fumbles upon the Roy-
al Dignity, for the Inquiries of the Perkin, punishes the Innocent for the
Guilty. Befide that Foul Language, in such a Case, is a Contradiction
to all the Manners of Policy and Honour. When Princes come once
to be inflamed upon by the Multitudes, All Cursed Heads are concerned
in the Quarrel. The Practice turns the Out-rage into a Licence, and
when the Humour is once in Motion, no body knows whose turn it
may be next.

The Discipline of Armies was much in the right. When any of
his Nobility Misbehav'd themselves, he caus'd them to be Slip'd, and
their Cloths Whit'd by the Common Hangman, without so much as
Touching their Bodies, out of a Respect to the Dignity of the Or-
der.

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LXXXIV.
LXXXIV.

Sounder Sleep in a Cottage than in a Palace.

Certain Great Men, that had the World at will to all Manner of purposes, for the Delight and Service of Human Life: as Glorious Palaces, Rich Furniture and Equipe, a Splendid Train of Servants, the Best of Every Thing to Eat and Drink; Delicious, well-ordered Gardens, Waterworks, Plants, Walks; and a Revenue to answer all This Pomp and Expense; a Healthful State of Body, with a Wife that was a Woman of a Thousand, and a Hopeful Stock of Children to crown the Blesting.

This Man, I say, though in the Full Possession of all that Fortune could bestow upon him, found himself yet uneasy in his Condition, to the Degree of envious, even Drudges, and Slaves. He took no Rest Night nor Day; one while the Fault was in his Chamber, another while in his Pillow; his Fortune or some such other Folly, never reflecting all This while, upon the Cares, and Anxieties, that attend Invidious Fortunes, and ill gotten Estates.

With this Whimsey in his Head, he fends up and down among his Subjects and Tenants, to try who and who Sleeps best, and to take an account of the Ordinary Means of their Repose. At this rate, he went on, Trying, Shifting, and Enquiring from one Thing to another, till he came to be sensible in the Conclusion, that the Fault was not in his Lodging, but in his Mind.

The Moral.

'Tis not Treasure, or Power, that lays, either the Head, or the Heart at Rest; but a Quiet Conscience, and the Candid Simplicity of a Tender Mind. He's the only Happy Man, that neither Defies nor Fears the 1st of what he has. Men are distressed, Repleted, and Uneasy, between an Unbearable Thirst, after what they have Not, and a Solicitous Appreciation for what they Have.

He's in a Great mistake, that looks for Those Blessings in a Court, that are only to be found in a Hut, or a Cot. How flat asleep was Amelius, (the Boy-man) upon Bed of Bull-cowls, and Sea-weeds; and how Quiet is his miserable Cottage, when the whole World was in a Turmoil about him, and Julian Cæsar, at the same Time, knocking at his Door;

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LXXXV.

The Sea and the Banker.

The Sea and the Banker had a Most Quarrel once, upon the Subject of Freedom, and Refinance. What have you to do, says the Sea, to interrupt me in my Course? And pray what Privilege have you again, says the other, to afford us, in our Posts, and Station? Is it not enough, that your Waters are allow'd to make what Havock they please in your own Dominions, and to run Riot in your own Province, unless you may break in upon the Rights of your Neighbours, and swallow up all in an Universal Deluge? Do not you know, that he that Gave you your Empire, Enjoined it with a Thus far shall your Proud Waves go and no Further? Neither is it in our Power to change Place, and give way, if we had never forgot a Mind to, for Providence hath made us Immovable, and placed us here on purpose to keep you in order.

LXXXVI.

The Morning and the Evening Stars.

The Morning and the Evening Stars had such a Conquest of their Dignity, and Glory, that they looked up the Sun, only as a Superfluous Light, that was set-up rather for Ornaments, and Delight, than for Benefit, or Necessity. Upon This Consideration they call'd a Council of the Lesser Stars, and joyn'd all together in a Petition to Jupiter, to this following purpose.

That
FABLES and STORIES

That whereas his Highness had entrusted the Sun with the care of illuminating, warming, and comforting the World, and administering due justice to all Places and People: yet so it was, that without any regard to the True End and Intent of his Foundation, and Commission, he Burned up one Half of Mankind with his Scorching Heat, while the other half lies burning in Fruity and Snow; and at the same time, while one part of the World have their Eyes put out with the Flashes of his Dazzling Beams, he leaves the Remainder to grope out their way in the Dark; over and above, the Partiality he shows to the Cursum Production of Gold and Silver, in preference to Salutary Medicines, Gummys, Plants, &c. Now the Prayer was this.

That Jupiter would be pleased to transfer the Charge and Office of the Sun, to the Stars, upon Good Security, for the Better Government and Satisfaction of the Universè for the future.

Jupiter's Answer was, Le Roy s'en auroit: which according to the Style Royal, is only a Civil way of Refusal.

THE MORAL.

The Quarrel of the Sea with the Banks, is no other then an Expostulation of the Multitudes with Sovereign Power. They wrangle for Liberty, by which Liberty, is understood a Freedom of Out-slay, or a Licence of running down all before them without Coercion.

Neither was that Arrogant Remonstrance of the Stars to Jupiter against the Sun, one jot better. It is not for Men to take upon them to mord a World of God Almighty's making; or to approve the Orders and Methods of Providence, as who should say, The Divine Wisdom is of One Opinion, and Human Folly, of another. But there is nothing so Sacred as not to fall in some form or other, under the Lash of Cæternity, and Damnation.

LXXXVII.

Four Sisters.

There was a Brood of Four Sisters; and the Elders (Peggy they call' her) was such a President for Sanclity, and Morificition, that the Mother would be Twisting the Other Three every Hour of the Day, with their Sister Peggy. Twill be long enough before you'll be like your Sister Peggy for cry'd.

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cry'd. Peggy would never have done this, I warrant ye, nor Peggy would never have done that: and Twenty Good-nurses, with Peggy full, for the Burden of the Song.

Now This same Sister Peggy of theirs, was a notable Revelation-Girls, and never without Heaven and Heavenly Things in the Mouth of her, though they never came near her Heart: a Friday-Face for every Day of the Week. A Short-hand Book still at her Girdle, and a Cramm of Comfort at her Bed's Head. The very Thought of a Play-House or a Dancing-Board, would put her into Fits. She dragged the Inside of a Puriple-Chapel more than all the West of the Gospel, and her Cliffer-Devotions were heard farther then a Prerogation. As for the Other Three Sisters, they lies Civilly, and Socially, all this while in the Innocent Enjoyments of the Lawful Comforts of Life. They would divert themselves now and then, 'tis true, at a Comedy, a Ball, or the like; but with the least Colour of Scandal, or Offence, to Government, Honors, or Good Manners. But This did not hinder the Mother from hitting the Girls in the Teeth yea with the Her Hellish Liberties. Ye j'ye, the'd cry, you are like to be hopeful Birds. When will you resume the World! I wonder, in your Sister Peggy has done! Oh never fear us, Good Madam, cry'd the Wrenches, but by that time we know as much of the World as our Sister Peggy, we shall think every joke as ill as the done. Now Poor Peggy had had Three Cups already, and Two Baldards.

The MORAL.

Two Figures answer: Combs's Description of an Hypocrice so it stands applied elsewhere. The Hypocrice was Godward, he says, that once was born, but the Arrant Rascal among his Neighbours, in the whole Parish, meaning the One in Jett, and the Other in Earnett. Now the Hypocrice varnishes his Manners, as some Ladies do their Faces, and the One is put as much a Saint, as the other is a Beauty.

It falls under the same Head, the Story of a Cautious that was given to the Famous Harry Martin. Here's a Cautious of a Man, says one, for he's an Arrant Knave. Ay says Mr. Martin, and I'll tell you a worse Thing of him then That too, he's Godly Knave, and One Godly Knave, is worth Fifty Arrant Knaves, I'll judge by the Evangelists.

Boccalini tells us of a Notorious Wretch of That Kind, that was taken up, first, and who'd Noted. It was a Strange Thing, says he, to see upon the laying of him open, with what Honour and Deference People stood staring and Pointing at him as the most Execrable of Monstrosities: and yet says he; let him be but put into his Old Mester, and Drift again, and the
FABLES and STORIES

the same Fool shall Tramp after him, and adore him. There is nothing in short to Hideous, and Loutish, as an Hypocrite in his Pure Naturals: nothing so Abominable in the Sight of God and Man, as we find it over and over, in Scripture, and Experience.

LXXXVIII.

A Calling Young fellow that would needs learn Rhetorique.

There was a Pert kind of Talkative Blade, that would needs have Ioniocrates teach him Rhetorique: and after a Great deal of Twottle Twaddle stuff for a Prologue, he fell to Treat with him about the Price. Why Sir, says Ioniocrates, I must have twice as much of you, as of Another Blade; for I shall have twice as much Work to do. You must be first Taught to Speak; and then in the next place, to Hold your Tongue: which will be the Harder Task of the Two.

The MORAL.

This is as hard a Thing for a Man to know when to Speak, as when to Hold his Tongue, and to Govern himself in Both Cales with Modesty and Prudence: But the Difficulty will be where to Begin: for they are effectually Two Works in one. Some Men are Silent for want of Matter, or Affurance; and some again are Talkative for want of Sense, but in short; there's nothing Right without the Due Circumstances. And there is one Unhappiness in the Cale too, that the Woff Speakers are commonly the Longest, and Men of Pomp, rather than of Sense. There was a Tendid Haranguer, that when he had run himself out of Breath, and his Auditory out of Patience, with a Long-winded Speech, asked a Friend of his to tell him freely what he had Bell in? Who gave him this Answer, that he like'd that Bell which was left out. To come to my Point; The Skill of managing this Province aright, is in truth the Master-piece of a Sober Man's Life; for we are always either Talking, or doing nothing, in a Constant Succession of Speech and Silence, by Turnes: so that a Due Provision upon this Topicque answers all Cases.

LXXX X.

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LXXXIX.

Partridges and a Setting-Dog.

A Covey of Partridges, that went in Fear of the Pochers, made an Interest in a Setting-Dog for a Good Word to his Companions to be easy to them. The Spaniel undertook upon Honour, that not a Dog should touch them: for we are reduc'd, says he, so far as you have any of your People in the Winds, to fall down flat upon the Ground, and look another way, without advancing one Step further.

This Covey of Partridges had the hap some few Days after, to see this very Spaniel abroad with his Master a Setting. The Dog spots, all on a Sodain, and made his Point; and the Birds were over joy'd to see the Cur to True to his Articles. But the Intrigue was double, it seems; for the same Signal serv'd the Fowlester, as well as the Partridges: so that upon drawing his Net over them, the whole Covey was taken.

The MORAL.

This is the Way of the World, and a Great Part of the Bus'ness of it, too: The Knave impose upon the Fool; and the Woff are a Prey to the Stronger. The very same way of Manage holds in all Publicke Bodies, and Societies; in Courts, Camps, and Palaces, as well as in Fiddles, Cottages, and Purses, and with the same presence of Honesty and Good Will. The Master-piece is the doing of the Trick with a Good Grace, as the Setter plays his Game here under the Conceusion of a Friend, and a Plain-dealer.

If the Spaniel could have deliver'd himself in any other Words than what the Moralist put in his Mouth, his Civility would have beenocompanied with all the Prowess of Good Faith, and Knobis, that we our selves make use of in Deceiving and Trepanning one another. What's the Correspondence here between the Poacher, and the Setter, but (as in the Language of the Sharper's) a Direct Grafe-Bite, as they call it, carried on against a Bubble by a Brac of Rods. All Men, in short, would Live, though it were but like Wild Beasts, one upon another, and make advantage of the Treson without betraying even the very Traier. This is it in fine, that paves for the Wildeness of the World; which is no more, in few Words, than the Knack of Wheeling one another, and the very Cafe here in the Quietus of the Dog and Partridge.
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XC.
The Mad Men too many for the Sober.

A Certain Person that was upon a Visit once to the Mad Folks, took notice of one Particular Man among the rest, that look'd a little Soberer then his Fellows: and asked him in a Grave way, what he was in for? Why, says he, we live in a Mad World and the Mad Men are too many for us: that is to say, they have put all the Sober People in Bondage.

The Moral.

We are all Mad, more or less, and in some respect or other, every Man of us; and the Best Quarter we can pretend to in This World, is, according to Horace's Advice, for the Greater Madmen to bear with the Less. Men of Sense and Virtue lie equally at the Mercy of the Stronger Party; that is to say, at the Mercy of Sharpers and Conmen; and under This Divinity, we do but suffer the Common Lot of Humane Nature.

XCII.
A Lame Man and a Blind.

There were Two Men upon the Way together: One of them, Lame, and the Other, Blind. There was no Travelling, they knew, without Legs, and no finding the Way without Eyes: so that they Resolved the Matter between themselves after This Manner. That which we cannot do apart, we may compase by helping one another. One of us wants a Supporter, and the Other a Guide. So that this is but the Blind Man's carrying the Lame, to bring us to our Journey's End. By this Means, the One found Eyes, and the Other, Legs; which was no more than a Neighbourly Office in a Common Cause.

The Moral.

This Whole Race of Mankind are but so many Members of the same Body, and in contributing to the Ease or Convenience of our Fellows, we are not only Serviceable to the Whole, but Kind to our selves. Every Man living has his Imperfections and Defects: so that the helping of one another is as well an Office of Expediency, as a Virtue. What one Man Wants, another Supplies; and the mutual need we have one of another, is the very Band of Humane Society. Without these Failings there would be neither Friendships nor Company; so that it is become our Interest to be both Charitable, and Sociable, when our very Wants, and Necessities, are converted by Providence into Blessings.

MORALIZED.

 XCII.
The Lyon's Proclamation against Horned Beasts.

A Master-Lyon lay fast asleep in his Den, without any other Guard upon his Person, than what he might provide himself from the Awn of his Characters, and the Duty of his Subjects; several Horned Beasts brake up upon him in the Dead of the Night; Goring and Wounding him to such a Degree, that it might, very well have cost him his Life: but Who they were, or upon what Grounds, or Provocation, This Outrage was committed, no Mortal could imagine. The Lyon was so enraged at the Insolence of this Affront, that a Great Council was immediately called, to advise upon some way for the Discovery of the Offenders, or at least for the Security of the Lyon's Royal Person, for the Future. They found, upon the Debate, that there was no Tracing of it home to the Conspirators; so that the Lyon was fain to content himself with Banishing all Horned Beasts, upon Pain of Death, a Hundred and Fifty Mile from his Palace. Upon the Publishing of this Proclamation, there were whole Sheets of Spies, Catch-piles, and Enformers, dispatched away every where up and down, to search for, seize, and Apprehend all Offenders against the said Edict.

This was no sooner made known, but all the Bulls, Unicorns, Antilopes, Stags, Rams, Goats, and other Horned Creatures in the Forest, met at a General Rendezvous, with a Resolution, to bring and Baggage, to Troup away together, before the Time set for their Departure was elapsed. While Things were in this Hurry, and Confusion, up comes a Troup of Hares, to enter their Names among the Exiles. Frayn says one of the Company, how come the Hares to be so much concerned in a Proclamation against Horned Beasts? Well! says one of the others.
FABLES and STORIES

Heres again, but what if a Thorough-pac'd Jury should find our Ears to be Hears, how shall we disprove them?

The MORAL.

Heres the King of the Beasts reading a Lecture of State, and Political Precepts to the Kings of Men: and when Woods and Deserts come to Hold forth to Courts and Palaces, they will be sure of the Whole World for their Auditory.

Kings and Lions must not step without a Guard; their Safety, as well as their Dignity, requires it: And This Step may be understood, either of a Prince's Bare Nespol of his Charge, or the abandoning of himself to himself and Pleasures. The Beasts are Popular Preachers, that take their Time in the Dead of the Night, while the Lion is out of Condition of Defence, and the Conspirators in loud Danger of Discovery.

We are given further to understand, by the Heres marching off with the Beasts and the Giants, for fear their Ears should be taken for Hears, that there is no disputing or contending with Power, for every Charge is a Proofs, where the same People are Parties and Judges. And it is much at the same rate, with Honest, or Orthodox Men, in State, or Religion, that is here with Happy Beasts in the Field, 'tis but saying they are Totters, or Harquebus, to make them so.

XCIII.

A Publick Life and a Private.

Here's a great deal to be said Pro and Con, upon this Subject; The Cafe, the Innocence, the Blessings, in short, and the Comforts, of the one, comp'red with the Dignity, the Duty, and the Utility, of the other. A Man lives in the One Cafe to his Country, in the Other to himself. The One in short, is a Life of Thoughts, the Other, of Allion.

The MORAL.

God saw that it was not Good for Man to be Alone; and the very Words of the Blessing upon the Creation, were Encrease and Multiply: So that an Absolute Solitude would disappoint the Intent of the Blessing, and the main End of the Great Work. We are Taught to Pray, in the Name of a Community; not My Father, but Our Father; that is to say, One and all. Man is naturally a Sociable Creature, and a Member likewise of a Body, as well as a Part of the Whole; neither can he discharge himself in his Duty, but jointly with the Congregation. The Life of a Reticle, is in many Cases little less than a Departure from the Office and Duties of every Individual owes to the Common Service of Mankind. So that Publick

MORALIZE.

Publick and Private are to be taken by Turns; and in so doing, the Quiet of the One Relieves us against the Hurry, and the Importance of the Other. But nothing could be Fretther, or more to the Purpose upon this Argument than that of the Old Philosopher, 'It is a Fine Thing says he, to be Alone, but a much Finer Thing to be Talking of it to Good Company,' which comprises the Comfort of both Conditions in one.

XCIV.

A Pike and Little Fishes.

The Redex, Daces, Gudgeons, and the whole Fry of Little Fishes met in Council once, how to deliver themselves from the Tyranny of the Pike; with a Proclamation, at the same time, one and all, to give over Spawning, and utterly to extinguish the whole Race: unless their Pottery might be better Secund against the Outrage of that Unnatural Monster.

The Substance of this Complaint was digested into a Petition to Jupiter, who divided his Answer into Two Articles. Furt, says he, as to your Fancy of a Total Failure, Nature has made it absolutely Impossible: Belide that your Conspiration is in some for Necessary, for if there were not Defrauding on the One hand, as well as Encroaching on the Other, the Whole World would be too Little for any one Species of Creatures.

And then again, for the Voracious Humour of the Pike, there is no Room left for Reasoning in the Cafe: for it is a Resolution founded in the Laws of Providence and Nature, that the Stronger shall Govern: over and above, that Tyranny is no New Thing in this World, and whoever shall pass by Transformation into a Pike, will go the same way to work Himself too.

The MORAL.

We have here the Lively Image of a Popular League, and Complaint against Arbitrary Power: that is to say, against Government it is felt, under the Scandal of that Obscure Imputation; though but in the Exercise of an Authority according to the very Order and Insett of Nature: And what's the Grievance at last? The Pike devours the Little Fishes, and the Fry have a Mind to favor the Pike: the One being but the Humour of the Multitude; and the Other the Ordinance and Appointment of an Almighty Creator.
FABLES and STORIES

It is but natural to follow this Expedition with a Menece; and the One as Reasonable as the Other. And what does all this amount to now, but a Threat rather to Destroy the whole Race of Little Fillets at a Blow, then to lay them at the Mercy of the Pikes, to be ear-nip Piece-meal? Now the Pike has not only Reason on his side, but Pre-emption also, and Authority, against the Clandestine Envy of an Impetuous Rabble. And at worst, where Arguments cannot prevail, he does himself right by Force, which is a Remedy that holds among Men, as well as among Fillets.

XCV.

Semiramis's Monument.

Semiramis erected her own Monument, and left it behind her with this Inscription: "What King or court wants Money, let him but open this Boneture, and he shall find enough." Darin took the Hint, and brake it up; and instead of the Treasure he sought for, there was only a Second Inscription in these Words, "Nothing but an Inhuman, and a Sacrilegious Wretch, would ever have put this Scandalous Affront upon the Aflers of the Dead."

The Moral.

There is nothing so Sacred but the Love of Money will break through it; and it is all a Cade which way it comes, whether by Right, or by Wrong; whether out of the Mine, or out of the Monument. This is to tell us in the first place, that Covetous Men will tick at nothing; Secondly, it shews us how liable those People are to Mischances, that indulge themselves in their Inordinate Appetites: and Thirdly, let but any Covetous Consider, how pitifully out of Countenance That Great Man look'd, when he found himself Fooled by a Woman, into an April-Brand; and that his Purchase at last, was only Inanity, and Contempt, instead of Wealth, and Glory.

XCVI.

Vocatini's Tale of Thieving in the Night.

He that would thrive in the World, must live in a Conformity to Times, Persons, and Humours. Let him but Gain his End, and no matter by what Means; for Success carries Virtue and Reputation along with it. It is the Manner-piece of a Courtier, or a Man of Business, to Play with all Bajises; for he that Rides by Small Arts, Gets more Credit in the Carrying of his Point, than he loses by the Indirect Way of coming at it. Masts are as much thrown away upon Politicians, as a Lecture of Chafinity would be upon a Common Stranger; and to no more purpose then it would be to treat the Blind with Fireworks, or the Deaf with a Band of Fiddlers.

The Moral.

The Wife Men of This World do the Business of This World, according to the Ways and Methods of This World, without ever troubling their Heads about the Purposes of Honour and Conscience. And this is no more at all then following the Fashion, and speaking the Language of the Place where we live. There must be no thought of Incorporating Honesty with Politicks, and Every Man for Himself; holds as well in practical Prudence, as it does in Common Speech. The whole Mystery, in fine, of Humane Wisdom, is but a Desperate Faculty of accommodating Matters to serve a Turn. Men of Innuendos, we fee, Sail with all Winds; so that let the Weather-cold look which way it will, the Mill shall be still kept going.

XCVII.

No Fence against the Ears and Will of a Woman.

An Old Daring Fellow, that had a Sparkish Young Wench to his Wife, would be every Foot making his Brags, that what with Guards, Spies, and Other Artificial Ways of Discovery, and Prevention, he had found the Main Chance that he defdy'd the Devil himself in a Petticoat to deceive him. He counted every Hair of his Wive's Head, Morning and Evening; and kept such a Watch upon her in the Night too, that he slept with One Eye Open. And then in the Daytime,
time, she was never out of his Sight, without a Governor at her Heels, that kept as close to her as her Shadow: over and above a Huge Common-place-Book, with a Table at’t of all the Slippery Tricks that were ever put upon Poor Husbands by Woman-kind, since the Days of Adam.

The Wife happened to be coming from Church One Day, with her Keeper at her Back-side, and down comes a Pin-pot from a Window, upon the very Head of her. The Innocent Creature was forc’d by this Accident into the House whence it came, where she was receiv’d with Twenty Compliments, and Excuses, for That Unlucky Mischance. While this past, away trotted the Gammar as fast as her Stumps would carry her, to her Master with the Story, and for Clothes to shift her Miftress. The Husband cry’d out immediately. A Vox upon all ill! Loo, says he, for I am Bubble’d, I percease. This Device is a Note beyond Blas, and my Book says nothing on’t.

This he said, and this he found to be True, in the Conclusion, and that it was a Scene concerted betwixt the Wife and the Gallant, to get quit of the Old Woman only for a Kissing while.

The Moral.

There’s no way of Curing a Husband, but by making him Sure; and it may be a Question at last, whether the Greater Plague of the Two, the Fidility, if it be not True, or the Folly of being Troubled at it, if it Be; for there is no contending with the Wit and Will of a Franklin Woman; especially when she is so agay by Provocation, Spite, and Deception; as well as by Indignation. Nay, it is a Point of Honour guard’d, on the Woman’s Part, to get the Better of a Man that will be putting of Things to a Tryal of Skill betwixt Man and Wife.

XCVIII.

A Poor Man’s Last Will and Testament.

A Poor, Indigent, Beggarly Creature; Weak in Body but in stout Heart, lest for a Notary to draw his Will, which was as follows.

There are Two such Persons, says he, (naming them,) Men of Quality and Estate, that have ever show’d themselves my Generous Friends, and I should be much to blame, not to leave them some

Taken of my Love for a Remembrance, before I depart This Life. This Formal Gravity let every body long to hear what Legacies; for they all knew the Man, (Lincolnsh.) not to be worth a Groat.

I do bequeath, says he, my Aged Mother to the Care of Arcerus, my Particular Friend, to be by him provided for and Maintained, out of a Repeal to my Memory when I am gone.

And to another Friend of mine, (Philoxenus) I bequeath my only Daughter, to be by him disposed of in Marriage, with as Fair a Fortune as he can well spare.

This Testament look’d like Romance, then Matter of Fact, till the Two Friends appeared, and undertook the Truth. Philoxenus dy’d in Five Days, and upon his Death, arcerus took the whole Charge upon Himself; and having a Daughter of his own too, he dispose of her, and of his Friend’s Daughter, both in a Day, and gave them Two Talents a piece for their Portion.

The Moral.

IT is one Good Office to minister the Occasion of Another; and a High Obligation, to furnish the Opportunity, and the Means of doing a Generous Thing. How many Glorious Spirits are bury’d in Obscurity, for want of Light to show themselves by! A Brave Man delivers nothing more than Matter well dispose’d to work upon: Rather can we do an Honesty and a Good Man a Greater Favour, than to put him in a way how he may honourably oblige another: besides that it is a Singular Influence of the Good Opinion I have of the Man, and a Nicey well judge’d, with a Repeal to Pity and Prudence, on both Hands. It was, in short, a Thought Sublime in it self; Judicious in the Application, and as providentially Illustrated in the Execution.

XCIX.

Pytheus an Ambitious Prince.

T Here was a Golden Mine discover’d in the Grounds of one Pytheus, a Perfin Prince, of an Inestimable Value; and his Heart was so set upon it, that there was nothing but Delving and Refining, Day and Night, without so much as allowing, either Himself, or his Workmen, Liberty for the most necessary Offices of Nature; inform’d that divers of
them Perish'd for want of Food, and Rest. In this Dis-

trefs, the Wives and Relations of Thee Poor Men joy'd

in an Address to the Wife of Pytho, to interfere with her

Husband on their Behalf. She gave them the Hearing,

and bad them go their ways Home again, and hope the

best.

She sent at the same time for some of the most Exquisite

Artists among the Goldsmiths, that the thought might be

trusted with a Secret she had to impart. So she gave them

a Particular Account of her Husband's Diet, and orders to

provide an Entertainment, all in Gold, according to that

Bill of Fare. By the Time that the Precious Collation was

preapd, Home comes the Husband, tied, and half starv'd;

and calls for Supper. The Word was no sooner spoken, but

in comes a Golden Table, with a wonderful variety of Delict-

cyes upon it, all of the fame Mettle. Pytho stood in Admi-

ration at the Curiosity of the Workmanship. But Wife says

he, after a little Paul, pretres let me have somewhat to eat, as

well as to look upon: and so he call'd for one Thing after

another, and it was all brought in Plate fill. This Mock-

ery ( as he understood it ) put him into a Free, and to him

told his Wife, over and over, that he did not call for Gold,

but Meat. Why Sir says she, sure you talk Idle. There's

no such Thing as Meat in Our Country. Here's no Planting,

no Fishing, or Sawing, no Fruit, no Corn, no Vaccine, no

Harvest. Here's nothing but Digging and Mining, and That

which comes of it, is all we have to truft to; so that we

must either Eat Gold, or Starve. The pretty Sharpness of

this Hint brought it effectually upon the Husband, that

from thence forward he divided his Cares, bewray his own

Separate Interest, and the Publick Good.

The Moral.

Avarice is so Boundless, and Invisible, that in a Narrow Seat the

Love of Money takes up the whole Man: The Fetching it out of the

Mine, and the Transporting of it into the Coffers of a Miser, is but the

Removal of it from one Hiding-place to another, and from the Bed where

Nature had lodg'd it, into a Pouch, where it lies every jot as Dead, and

Uselect, Propriety, without Enjoyment, is not one jot better than a

Vainish Person. For the Owner lives in Want, though in the Puffi-

ceon, of That which he neither Does, nor Dares, make Use of: and it is

to Him the same Thing, as if it were utterly Lost. He is no longer a

Member

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Member of the Community, but fees up a Private, and a Distinct In-

teres against Mankind, in withdrawing himself from all the Officers of

the Human Society. This was so farly upon Men of Peace, and Fig-

gure, that there's no way but under the Mask of an Embobin, or a

Fable, to escape a Scandalum Magnatum, and bring Their Mock-worms
to their Wits again.

C.

The Chinese Immorality.

The Chinese are so strangely posset'd with the Phaen

of a Scarcity of Immorality, to be acquire by Natural

Means, that though they fee the Patrons, and the Aslitters of

This Doctrine, daily expiring before their Eyes, such is their

Masnies yet; that they go on, Believing, and Embracing it,

even in a Contradiction to Common Sense, and in contempt

of the very Death it fell.

This was the Case of an Emperor we read of in the Hi-

story of China. His Heart was so set upon the Perfumition,

that he took up a Resolution of parting with One Life in

Hand, for the Gaining of Another to Come : a Practice frequent

among Those People. There was a quick Impulse, it seems,

that had prepar'd the Draught that was to do the King's

Work; and there it stood upon the Table before him, ready

for his Hand. But in the mean time, a Particular Friend of

his lay upon the Watch, advising him against it, to try if

it were possible to prevent the Milk, and finding that

neither Argument, nor Incommodious, would prevail upon

him, he took his Time, as the King was looking Another way,

snatch'd up the Cup at unwares, and Drink'd off the Dye at a

Gulp. The King immediately in a Rage bid his Hand upon

his Daggers, with Bloody Macerations for presuming to supplant

him in the Right he had to That Bleffed Draught. How's That

Sir? says he, with an Honest Affurance, will you pretend to

take away the Life of a Man that has a Portion of Immorality in

his Guts, and Cannot Dye? If it be possible for you to kill me,
do but say where I am to Blame: for either I am Immortal, or

You are Impose'd upon. This Dilemna brought the King to his

Wits again, and to a True, though a Lateفحfe of understanding

the Treasure of so Excellent a Friend.

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The Moral.

W. F. have here a Glorious Instance of the Heroical Bravery of a Tender Friend, and a Loyal Subject, both in one: for what could be greater, than for a Servant to lay down his Own Life to save his Master's; and at the same time to deliver him from the Snare of so Diabolical a Machine.

It shows likewise how miserably a Prince may be misled, in being brought up by a Friend for an Enemy, and an Enemy for a Friend; and when he's once out of the way, there's nothing like Seditious Counsel and Experience to bring him to himself again: but that he that buys his Wisdom with the Loss of so much a Minister, pays dear for his Learning.

We have here likewise an Instance of a Pagan, doing more for the acquiring of a Philosophical Immortality, than many a Christian would do for the Purchasing of a Blessed Eternity. But Embarrass'd are the Deeds of Common Sense and Reason, and to the lost Officers of Friendship and Advice.

A Country-man to Jupiter.

A Country-man ran Bawling to Jupiter with an Ostracism, that the Sheep eat up all his Grass. Jupiter gave them a Check for't, and bid'em take that Rebusque for a Warning. But they went Ostracism still, and upon a Second Complaint: Jupiter order'd the Wolves to look after them. The Wolves were no sooner in Office, but up comes the Humpkin again, with another Ditto Story, what Havock they were making, just at that instant, with the Whole Flock. Why then, says Jupiter, we must see to the Hunkins, to take Care of the Wolves. Well, says the Countryman again; but what if the Hunkins at last should prove Motto-mongers themselves too? Where shall we be next?

The Moral.

Levity is a Reflection Sicknese of the Mind, that makes a Man Ironic, whatever he does, and which way ever he turns himself. He flits, only for Varnish, and One Change is as Infirm to him, as Another. He governs his Life by Humour, not by Consideration, Choice, or Judgment; and afflicts, not only Without Reason, but Against it: for heulle as well from Good to Bad, from Bad to Worse, and still Wear of the Priest, whatever it is.

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If the Sheep must Eat no Grass, the Mayor must Eat no Matson: so that for a Revenge upon his Fox, he goes the ready way to starve himself: But Nature must not be put out of her Course, to gratify the Caprice, or the Avarice, of a Phantastical Churl, who laid rather the Bounties of Providence should be Perverted, or Lost, than Employ'd upon the Ends they were intended for. But so it is, that the very Grunting of our Prayers, generally Speaking, would be one of the Heaviest Judgments could betell us.

Grudge the Sheep their Grass, and the next Work will be to turn them over to the Wolves to look after them; and then from the Wolves to the Hunkins, to secure the main Change: that is to say, we Pray our selves out of a Happy Condition into a Miserable, and from there, into a Worse; and so Proceed till we are undone, till Recovery: so that upon the whole Matter, we are Ungrateful to Providence, Enemies to our Selves, and Malevolence one toward another.

Now This is for want of Searching into, and understanding the Nature of Things, and the True Measures of Human Affairs. It is the Great Art, and Philosophy of Life, to make the Belt of the Priest, whether it be Good or Bad; and to Bow the One, with Reformation, and Patience, and to Enjoy the Other, with Thankfulness, and Moderation.

A Courrier and a Flock of Sheep.

A Courrier, a Divine, a Physician, and a Lawyer, were taking the Air together; they made a Stop in their Walk, at the Sight of a Flock of Sheep; and Engraved themselves a while, with Observations upon the Husbond of that Creature. Look ye, says one of the Company, which way ever the Leader goes, the Rest follow, and upon This Ridiculous way of Proceeding, the Virago took an Occasion to Reason the Matter with the Animals. Pray, with your leave, Good People, says one of them, why do you not rather Govern your selves by Choice, and Inclusion, than by Chances, and Examples? without so much as considering whether you do Well or Ill? If your Leader happens to be in the Righ, much Good may it do you, but if he, you are all Lost.

When he had gone Thus far, a Grave Rascal at the Head of the Company took the Word out of his Mouth, and turn'd the Argument upon the Course. Gentleman, says he, You that are so Severe and Critical upon Others, should do well in the
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The First place to examine your selves. Where's the Virtue, I beseech you, of your Formalities, your Caps, and your Habits; and what was the Original Invention of them, more, then a Phantastical Whimsey? Or what is there more in your following, and continuing the same Mode, and Fashion, then one Minick treating upon the Heels of Another? Briefly, what are you, in your Doctrines, Maxims, Practises, and Pretenions, but so many Two Footed Sheep, that Govern your selves more by Imagination, then Reason?

The Moral.

Let no Man presume to Contend, or Defend Another, without putting it first to the Question, whether He Himself be not Guilty of what he Blames in his Neighbour. Here's an Expollution between the Doctor, and the Sheep; and upon the Balance it appear'd that the Villains have the more to answer for of the Two. We are to gather from hence, that Men, Generally Speaking, are led by Example, as well as Brutes; and follow their Leaders at a Venture, without any Regard to the Equity of their Proceedings; provided they do but tread in the Steps of him that marches before them. So that at this Rate, we Live at Hap hazard, without either Charity, Judgment, Rule, or Measure.

CII.

Two Rams Fighting.

Here pas'd a Quarrel betwixt a Couple of Rams; partly upon Honour, partly on Provocation: insomuch that they put themselves in Poultry, like a Brace of Bulleys, and fell to battering one another. This Combat was no sooner over, but a Second Couple of These Sparks entered the Lists, and did the like. When the Humour was once a foot, the whole Flock took the same Freak, and fought it out, from the Captain himself, to the Pup of the whole Troop. But in the conclusion, a Good Tender Charitable Wretch puts in with a Word of Wholesome Advice, to make all Friends again. Good People, says the Bigoted Mediator, do but think what a Shame it is, for the very Embleme of Innocence, and Patience, to behave it self so Outrageously, and like Wolves and Tigers, then Muttons. Director says one of the Rams, pray's give me leave to tell you that Disturb it as natural.

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rad to Us, as the very Blood in our Veins; and that without Fighting and Scuffling, the World itself could not be kept alive. And pray's observe, that where'er you see People live in Peace, 'tis not for want of Good Will to be Troublesome, but for want of Force. And for your Better Satisfaction, do but take a Sober View of the World we live in, and then tell me, which is the Quieter Company of the Two, Men, or Beasts.

The Moral.

Here's a Short Account of almost all the Quarrels under the Sun, Publick or Private; some for a Crown, Others for a Mitre, and Example works with Men, just as it does with Rams and Bulls; besides that, as small a Matter puts the Humour in Motion. A Spark from the Stroke of a Flint sets the whole Town in a Flame; A Match at Foot-Ball puts the whole Body of the People in a Turn. One Box, and One Provoking Stroke draws on another: And This Ungovernable Rage, when the Blood is once fir'd, turns Reasonable Creatures into Brutes. To talk of Religion, Morality, Humanity, or Good Nature, is quite beside the Purpose; for we live by President, and learn to be Quarrelsome one of another.

CIV.

A Contest between Gold and Iron.

Here was a Mortal Quarrel betwixt Gold and Iron, and the Question was this: which of the Two was the Greater Cull to Mankind, or the Greater Blessing. The Dispute would have been endless, if the Court they appeal'd to, had not tyr'd them up to this Way of Proceeding: that they should be heard in their Turn, only allowing Gold the Privilege of leading the Cause.

Curst be the Hour, says Gold, that Fir'd brought Iron out of the Bowels of the Earth; and Curst be the Finder, and the Workman, as well as the Work it self: for what is it upon the Main, but the Common Instrument of Wars, Murders, Murther, Affarations, Scurrility, and Rebellion, without putting any Difference between Things Sacred and Profane! The Protect'n Enemy of Peace, and Order, the Embroiler of States, and the Subverter of Governments; an Advocate for Rapine, and Violence, a Promoter
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You should do well now to consider, says the Other Party, that Iron is only Passive, in all the Harm it does, and no more than a Tool in the Hand of the Master-workman, acting in Subordination to the Ends of Gold. What is it but Gold, that fetches it out of the Mines, and brings it to Light? That Models, Fashions, and applies it? What is it in War, but the Author of Blood and Confusion! What is it in the Hands of a Rebel, a Braver, or a Cut-Throat, more than a Prostitute Mercenary that serves for Wages? Is a Church, or a State, to be Betray'd? Is a Friend, or a Virgin, to be Corrupted? Is a Vow, an Oath, or a Contract, though never so Sacred, to be made Void? Why is the very Province of Gold, to Bind, and to Loose; to Dis pense, to Distinguish, and to Abolish, in all these Instances. Neither is the Court, the Bench, the Camp, or any other Body of Men, any better Proof against that Irresistible Temptation.

But to pass now, says Iron, from the MILFABIES that Occur in the Abuse of Things, to the Advantages that naturally flow from the Right Use of them. How were it possible for Mankind to subsist, without Navigation, Building, Tillage, Diggings, Planting, Sowing, Arts, Manufactures; Arms to Defend their Rights, Lives, Liberties, Religion, Laws, and Country, against Invasions and Oppression? Nay and I might have said, without Nec essaries for Food and Rayment! In fine, this does so naturally depend upon the Help and Service of Iron, that there were no living in this World without it.

Now to take you at your own way of Reasoning, says the Other side. If, upon the Whole Matter, Iron be only Subservient to Gold, in all the Hurt it does, it may be so likewise in all the Good it does, since it is Gold that lets Iron at Work in whatever it does. To say nothing of a Thousand other Offices of Bounty, Charity, and Humanity, over and above, that are call into the Account by Providence, in Favour of Gold.

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The MORAL.

All the Works of Providence, and Nature, are Good, and God Himself hath pronounced them so, in the very Creation of them. 'Tis the Right Use, or the Abuse of Things, that makes them either Profitable, or Hurtful to us; and it is the Privity of our own Corrupt Affections, that draws Evil out of Good, and turns the Blessings of Heaven to our Condemnation. The same Reason holds in the Case of Wine, and Women, Fire, and Water, &c. as it is here with Gold, and Iron; all depends upon the Application of Things in Due Time, Place, and Manner.

CV.

A Dastard Dumb Gardener.

A Difculate Cavalier, that had a Month's Mind to a Little Un's-Pleese, berought himself of This Stratagem for the Compelling of his End.

There was a Monastery of Delicate Virgins, which, as he understood, wanted a Gardener. He took up the Habit of a Day-Labourer, and so went to this Cloyster, as by Chance, to look for Work. The First Man he met was the Steward of the Hourfe; whom he gave to understand that he was both Deaf, and Dumb, and in very great Need of the Office. The Steward gave him to eat, and made some little Tryal of him about the Grounds, wherein he acquitted himself much to the Stewards Liking. As he was up and down the Hourfe, the Lady Abbess took Notice of him, and enquir'd what he was, and what might be his Business. Why Madam, says the Steward, it is a Poor Deaf and Dumb Creature, that I suppose would make a very Good Garder, and we want one at present: Befide that there would be no Danger of bringing a Scandal upon the Monastery, for entertaining a Miserable Wretch, under his Circumstances. The Lady told him his Opinion was much of his Opinion, and therefore, says she, pray ye let him be taken-in, Cloathed and Provided for. Now the Man was all This while within Hearing of the Difcurfe. So saith, so Doe; and the New Garder was put immediately into Per feption of his Charge.
The Novels were wonderfully pleas'd with the Thought of
so innocent a Diversion, in the Company of a Man that was
Des'd and Dumb, and whatever they said or did, would be sure
to keep Council; so that they had their Tongues more at
Liberty than before. The Little Officer, in the Intermis,
whether he was Digging, Weeding, Planting, or whatever else
he was a doing, took Care to Emprove every Thing to his
Edification; till in the End he was able to give almost as
Good an Account of the whole Enclosoe, as either the Fa-
thers, or the Physicians themselves.

This Gardening-Trade went on, till the Death of the Stew-
ard; but the Cavalier, finding by this Time that he had a
Great Charge upon him, apply'd him self to the Lady Abbe to
be dismissed, which with some Difficulty he obtain'd. It was
a Surprize, no doubt on't, to the Good Lady, to hear a Dumb
Man Speak: but by the Favour of the Court, This Recovery
of his Speech was enter'd upon the File, as a Miracle, and so
he depart'd.

The Moral.

The Moral of this Novel is, that a Man should take
Care to be wise..., so that he may not lose his
Life, or Reputation, by doing any thing that is not
right.

CVI.

Exemplary Justice in Canudos.

Canudos, the Son of Cyrus, was a Prince famous for the
Severity of his Government, and the strictness of his
Inexorable Justice. This Prince had a particular Favourite
that he made a Judge; and this Judge reckond himself so
fear in the Credit he had with his Master, that without any
more ado, Causes were Bough'd and Sold in the Courts of
Justice, as openly as Provisions in the Market.

So soon as Canudos came to understand how this Ungrate-
ful Wretch had Profitted his Royal Dignity for Gold; to-
gether with the Liberty and Property of his People, and the
Honour of his Administration, he caus'd his Minion to be ta-
taken, and Degraded, his Skin Strip'd over his Ears, and
the Seat of Judgment Cover'd with it: and he order'd his
Son, in the Conclusion, to succeed the Father in his Char-
acter and Office.

The Moral.

Exemplary Crimes require Exemplary Justice, lest the Punishment ought
to be likewise Invidious. There's a Great Difference betwixt the
Fiercest of a Cholerick Out-rage, and the Solemnity of a Severe Ani-
malwrath: so that the Reger here, upon the Father, is well dis-
guish'd from the Gress they'd do to the Jew-she it would have been most
Unquestionable to Confound the Guilt of the One, with the Innocence of
the Other, and to Destroy the Family for the Peron.
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CVIII.
A Complaint to Simonides.

A Great Man belonging to the Court, that had a mighty Mind to pass for some body in the World, was Tampering with Simonides to write a Copy of Verstes in his Commodation, and he'd be thankful to him, he said. Simonides told him, that he had a Box at Home with Two Drawers to it; one for Thanks, and other for Many. When I open the one, says he, there comes out, at first, a Delicious Fragrance, but then is immediately gone, into Eau de Toilette. But in the many Drawers, I find Meat, Drink and Clothes, and all Necessaries for the Use and Comfort of Human Life. Now pray Sir, let me know, that I may be upon some Certainty, which of the Drawers am I to trust to for my Acknowledgment?

The MORAL.
Many a Man would be glad of a fair Reputation in the World, that's loth to go to the Price of it: So that there's no dealing with Courtiers and Great Men, altogether upon Truth. Court-pay is but Stones, or as Barclay has it, a Civilization that costs a Body nothing. Wherefore it will become a Wileman to take care of the Main Chance, and to provide the best he can, in the first place, for Things Necessary and Ufeful. We live in a World of Interest and Defigo, and that which we call Court-Help-money, will not keep the Devil out of a Man's Pocket.

CIX.
Cymbales and Praxaptes.

Cymbales was a most Intemperate Drinker, and Praxaptes took the Freedom to advise him against it, as a Practice that puts People out of the Command and Government of Themselves, Body and Mind. Well! says Cymbales, but to shew you that Wine has not such a Power over me, fetch your Son hither. The Young Man was brought; and now, says he, let him stand before me with his left Arm over his Head. As he stood in that Posture, Cymbales took a mighty Draught.

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Drunk, and follow'd it with an Arrow, that struck him directly thorough the Heart. 'Look ye,' says Cymbales to the Father, 'Wine does not spoil my Arm, you see.' No no Sir, says Praxaptes, Apollo Himself could not have mended that Shot.

The MORAL.
'Tis a Dangerous Polit, that of a Prime Minister, to an Intemperate, Praysh Prince; that will neither understand nor earnestly, any further, than is gratifies his Honour. He takes Good Counsel, for an Affront, or a kind of Reproche; as who should say, This Man thinks himself Wiser than his Master. He makes no Difficulty of sacrificing the Beloved Friend he has in the World, to a Prostitute; and in this Wanton way of Cruelty, he makes it Death to be Honest; not that it highly concerns a Prince to support the Dignity of his Crown and Authority, by all Reasonable Severities, where the Justice of the Case shall require it. But to Trifle away Men's Lives in a manner, as we call it, and to spill Human Blood, purely for the Scoundrel, This is to turn Governors into Tigers, and disorder'd States, into more Tolerable Devils.

CX.

Columbus's Discourse.

When Columbus, to his Immortal Honour, had newly perfected his Discovery of the West Indies, the Spaniards went up and down in Clubs and Cabals, vilifying the Action, and derogating from the Glory of the Work. They said nothing in the But news, they said, but Another body might have done it as well as He. The Poltrest, they cried, was Safe and Easy; the Thing it self Obvious, and it lay every day as fair for a Spaniard, as for an Italian. Columbus had the hap to be Inognito at one of these Meetings, and when he had set full a while, as a Person not at all concern'd in the Discourse, he call'd for a Hen's Egg, which was immediately brought him. He took it, and after viewing and turning of it one way and another, Gentlemen, says he, I would gladly see any Man here set this Egg upright now upon the Table. They fell to Whispering, and Fleering one upon another, and after several Trials, concluded the Thing was not to be done. Pardon me, says Columbus, there's nothing easier in Nature: so he took the Egg, Crack'd it, and set it up on-end. The Company, upon Second Thoughts, took the Hint as he intended it.

The
CXL

A Huntsman and a Stag.

Some body had put it in the Head of a Weak Lord to set up for a Huntsman: He provides himself an Equipage upon it; and so away over Hedge and Ditch to the Chase; with his Wood-men, his Currs, and his Tew about him. He kept up with the Dogs to the very Fall of the Stag: but so Bruis'd, and Battered, with prelling through the Boughs, and so Sick of his Adventure, that Tird and Harried as he was, he turn'd his Rage upon the Poor Animal, after this Manner. Sirrah! says he to the Stag: I may thank you for all this: but upon my Honour, I'll be Revenge'd upon your whole Generation: for I will not leave you so much as a Copper, or a Thicket, to put your Heads in. The Words were no sooner out, but People were immediately employ'd to cut-up the Woods and lay all Waft. It was not long after This, before the Hunting-Humour took him again as before, and wonderfully pleased he was, to think what Riding he should have, now there was nothing left to hinder him in his Career. And he had Field-room enough, 'tis true, but the Game was gone.

CXII.

A Country-man and Wife.

There was a Frolicking Country-man, that was pretty well to put in the World, and he might thank a Good Stock of Bees for't. As he was fucking a Comb one day, a Bee caught him by the Tongue: The Pain put him into such a Rage, that he threw down all his Hives upon it. The Bees fell so expostulate the matter with him, what a Fool he was to do himself a Mischief because he was Angry at another body: especially considering that it was Their Labour and Industry that both Raised and Maintained him, and if he would not take the Sweet and the Sour one with another, they'd e'en leave him to shift for himself. Upon this Disguise, they forsake the Poor Man, to his utter Ruine.

CXIII.

A Burgher and a Pear-Tree.

Shatter-Brain'd Rich Burgher, but a Man Curious enough in his Gardens, Pluck'd a Pear, and Tasted it: but the Pear it seems was Barking Naught: He took This to Heymouth, that he order'd the Tree immediately to be digg'd up by the Roots. Alas Mafter! says the Tree, if the Fruit be not good, it has not been a kindly Year, you know, and pray do not make me answerable for the Iniquities of the Seasons Befide, that the Burden of Sound, and Pleasent Fruit I have upon me, might have compounded, methinks, for here and there One Rotten Piece.

The Moral.

Two These Phraenies above are much upon the same Turn. But shall we call it Anger now, or Malice, for a Man to Pick a Quarrel with the Buffles, and the Brellas, for Scarthing him; the Bee, for Stingging him; a Pear-Tree for putting his Mouth out of 's Self? and when all is done, for wreaking a Revenge upon himself? This may seem to be an Extraordinary Case, but in truth all Passion in Excess have the same Effect upon us, in Proportion to that of a Furious Choler, only they work several ways.
The Other throws Two Aces. The Dice were no sooner upon the Table, but up starts the New Curver, from his Prayers, with a Bloody Oath in his Mouth. *Ambas Are* by ————, says he.

The Moral.

This Story has in it the very Image of Humane Nature. It lays us open in our Prudery, and Corruptions; the Vanity of our Pretentions, and the Weakness of our Resolutions. How Tender, and Devout we are, when we find our Selves upon a Pinch; how Ready to Promise, and how Backward to Perform; how False, in fine, and Fickle we are upon the Main.

CXVI.

A Battle between the Birds and the Beasts.

Here happen'd a Battle once between the Birds and the Beasts, with the Lynx and the Eagle at the Head of them, and it was a Battle hard-fought: The Beasts, being terribly Gall'd from above, with Darts out of the Air, and from the Tops of Houses. In the Heat of the Encounter, up comes a Griffin, toward the Place of Action, which put both Generals to a little Plunge what to do: for between his Wings and his Head-first, the Eagle was afraid he would have my'd with the Beasts, and the Lynx, on the other hand, so Suspicious that he would have taken part with the Birds. Upon This, they both sent Deputies to the Griffin by content, to know what he was, and to learn his Business. His Answer was, that being neither Bird nor Beast, he could not concern himself in the Quarrel; but as he was a Partaker of Both, he could not but have a Kindness for the one as well as the Other; and so advised them to bethink themselves of an Accommodation. They took his Counsel, and made the Griffin the Umpire of the Controversy: who immediately order'd both Armies to Disband, and so put an End to the War.
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The Moral.

'Tis hard, that Humanity, and Good-Faith, should be found only in Emblem, and in Fables; and that Reasonable Creatures should be sent to School to Birds and Beasts (as in this Case here of the Griffin) to learn their Duty. Mundane, either is, or Ought to be, all of a Piece; So that every Individual is bound to promote the Common Good, and the Well being of the Universe. This was the Griffin's Part and Province. He had a Fellow-feeling of the Colonies of both Parties, and made in his Bush'ets, as well as it was his Interest, to Reconose them: not like a Trimming Incendiary, to play Fafnl and Loose on both Sides, and without either Honour or Confidence to make the Buff of a Bad Game.

CXVII.

Two Chimeras.

Two Whimsical Chimeras, that were abroad upon Adventure, happen'd to encounter, head to head, full east, upon the way: They gave one another, the Time of the Day, enquire'd what Business, and the like: and to be short, their Questions and Answers were all Frenzied, and the very Counter-part, the one of the Other.

What a Jaunty Bear I bad, says one of them, up and down the World, to look for Lodgings! I have been among the Men of the Long-Robe, Church-men, Lawyers, Statesmen, Projectors, School-men, Musicians, Chymists, Small-Places, and what not! I took a Ramble from thence among the Sparks of Love, and Pleasure; and every Nook was so covering full of Whimsy, that there was not Room enough left in all their Skulls for so much as one Maggot more. Very Good, says t'other, and just such another Job have I been upon, and just as much purpose too: for take them one with another, Men, Women, and Children, Young and Old, Rich and Poor, there's never a Barrel better Barring.

The Moral.

This is to tell us, that there is nothing Pure or Perfect in this World: But he's the Wise Man that is the least a Fool; the Honeste, that's the least a Common; the Hopteit that's the least an Hypocrite; and the Scoffeit that's the least a Midian. This is to say, the Virtue and the Knowledge of this World, is all but Visionary, and Phantasick. Man, at the

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the Beef, is but a Composition of Good and Evil, and that which we call Human Wisdom, we find to be little more than Vanity, and Illusion.

CXVIII.

A Cock and a Nightingale.

T was a Doleful Story that a Cock told a Nightingale; how Barbarously she was us'd in the World. People would stand staring and gaping at her, like an Owl the fixed; and Twisting her for bringing up other People's Brats at her Fire-side. Nay if I do but happen to pitch my self over any Body's Head, 'tis as much, they say, as if I called him Cockold. Now, says the Cock, if I were but put into your Dwarf a little, and into your way of Singing, I shally, I might redeem my Credit. Alas for thee, thou poor Ignorant Creature says the Nightingale; there goes more to the making of a Songster then thou art aware of: The Cock's Pipe, I tell thee, was never made to bear a Part in a Consort of Nightingales.

The Moral.

All Creatures are uneasy, for want of something or other; and we find them fill so Uncanny when they have Composed it, as they were before: for in truth, it does not prove to be the Thing they took it for. Now this comes of indulging our selves in Extravagant Appetites. The Cock would be a Nightingale; that is to say, Human has made Me One Thing, and we bid rather to another. Now this Riddiculosity is not only Vexatious, but Vain, and Impious, to the Highest Degree: There's no prescribing Rules and Measures to the Sons of the Almighty; but the Laws of God, and Nature, are Firm, and Unchangeable.

Q. 2

CXIX.
FABLES and STORIES

CXIX.

A Cock-Venting of his Services.

A Cock was making his Bragg how much all People were beholden to him, from the very Prince to the Beggar: as Church-men, States-men, Merchants, Mechanics, &c. for calling them up a Mornings to their Tasks and their Business: by which means, they make their Fortunes, and Qualify themselves for all Functions, Public and Private. This Vanity puffed well enough, till People came to consider, that he did as much Mischiefe to the Sick, with his Bawling, as Good to the Sound, with his Crowing: for this which was a Benefit to the One, was Death to the Other.

The Moral.

It is the Good Will that stamps the Obligation, neither is it, in truth, to be called an Obligation, when the Good Office is done, more by hap-hazard, then by Intention, and Choice. The same Action falls out many times to be the Making of one Man, and the Ruin of another: so that as a Man may Mean well, and yet do a Scandalous, on the one hand, he may likewise do Good, with Malice in his Heart, on the other.

CXX.

A Dog Terramen's.

There was a notable Fierce Dog, that had the keeping of a Cattle in a Wood; and look'd so well to his Charge, that so long as he kept his Station, there was not a Wolf durst loo his Head near that Quarter; but the Difficulty was, how to remove him. The Wolves call'd a Council about it, and came to this Refusal, that the Cat was too Brave, and Generous, to be wrought upon by any Thing but Ambition. Upon this Consideration, they sent a Couple of the Gravel of their Brethren, to the Dog with a Compliment from the whole Body, giving him to understand, that out of the Reverence they had for his Wisdom and Courage, they were now to present him with a Tender of the

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the Crown, if he would but shew himself in the Field in the Head of his Subjects, and do them the Honour to receive it. By this Artifice they drew him out into an Ambush, where the whole Herd fell upon him, and tore him into a Million of Pieces.

The Moral.

Every Man lives in his Blind-side, as well as every Dog; only One Man is led by his Ambition, Another by his Pleasure, a Third by some-what else, and provided the Point be gain'd, no matter whether it be by one or the other. Here's a Premeditated Treachery, Form'd, and Executed, against a Generous Creature, whose very Generosity was the Temptation and Encouragement to That Conspiration: a Powerful and Sacred is the Confidence of Virtue, that the Bait of Ambition puts many Times for Joint, and Glorious, under the Recommendation of That Cover.

CXXI.

A Penitent hart put to't.

A Poor Fellow was chid by his Ghostly Father, for not coming oftner to Confession. Well! Sir says he; it shall go hard, but betwixt this and to Morrow Morning, I'll consume not a Somewhat or other for you. He was as Good as his word, and the next Morning he discharged his Confidence upon it. I have indeed, says he, Eaten Roots and Drunk Water, with more Pleasure then became a Good Christian, but he was heartily sorry for it, he said, and defir'd Abolution, which was not refused him.

The Moral.

This is a Right Praiseworthy Holyfast, that Sains at a Great, and Swallows a Camel; but that which is Pride and Vanity in one Man, may be pure Simplicity in another: As a Poor Woman that was call'd upon to ask God Forgiveness at the Point of Death. Alas! says she, I never offend'd him in my Life. Now as to the Abidance Necessary, as well as to the Christian Life, and Practice of Confession, it pulls for a kind of a Pulpit point; not but that it seems as Reasonable, to lay open our Souls to our Ghostly Fathers, as our Curers, and Eaters, to Physicants, and Lawyers.

CXXII.
CXXII.

No Philyra like an Unsettled Mind.

A Woman that was as Happy in every Body's Opinion, as the Blessings of This World could make her, fell into a Dereal Melancholy all on a Fadain, and no Mortal could imagin the Reason of it. Now her Misfortune was This. Her Husband, in a kind Fir, bad her ask him any One Thing in This World, that was in his Power, and the should have it, provided she came to a Resolution in Twelve Hours what it should be. Eleven of the Twelve were already gone, and This Miserable Wretch directly at her Wits End what to pitch upon.

The Moral.

If an Angel from Heaven should offer us the Choice of any One Thing, (One and but One) out of the whole Creation, it would almost break our Brains to be so Content'd. And yet at the same time we find our selves Uneasy under the Dispensations of Providence, without so much as Knowing what we would be at; only the Present does not please us, and we are consequently never to be pleas'd, beside that the Complacency of what we will, is not more Difficult than the Refusing upon it.

CXXIII.

No Philyra in Other People's Matters.

A Gentleman's Servant was taken Notice of to be fainting up and down the Garden, one time, with his Hands in his Pocket, when his Master's House was a Fire. The People of the House call'd out to him for Help; and his Answcer was, that he was never cast for Meddling in Other People's Matters. It was the Answser of a Girl too, upon the Burying of her Mother Alive, She confess'd indeed that she saw the Body Heave when it was laid into the Grave, but it was none of her Business; and truly for her part she was loth to make any Words out.

The Moral.

There's no Rule that is not liable to some Exception or other, saving that very Rule is felt. A Man has Room enough to Avoid being Pragmatical and Troubleome, without being Inhuman. But in all these Cases, Reason has a Distinguishing, and a Diliguing Power, and we are led to the Government of Ordinary Prudencs, in Agreeing with Common Honesty, and Good Manners.

CXXIV.

An Invitation for To Borrow.

A Grave Holy-man was invited over Night to a Dinner Next Day. If you have any Thing, says he, to command me at PRESENT, I am at your Service, but This late [to MORROW] is a Thing I have not thought of, This being a Test; for I have spent every Day should be my Law. It was well laid of Diniofing, to one that desired to speak with him if he were at Leisure. His Answser was, he had no Time to Spare, and consequently was never at Leisure.

The Moral.

There is no such Thing as to Morrow, to a Man that Husband's his Time, and knows how to make a Right use of it. And so Morrow, is not only one of our Power, but our Brains lies with the Preparing for other wise, we shall spend One Day in computing upon Another. The Man does not live as he should, that does not reckon upon every Day as his. Or I might have said [every Moment] for Time is but a Flux of Instants, and every Breath we draw is a New Interval.

CXXV.

A paper patch.

There was a Treaty of Marriage for a Foot between a Well-willer to Good-fellowship, and the Father of a Brisk Lais. The Affair went comfortably forward, on Both Sides; only the young Man was afraid the Girle might be somewhat of the Youngest for a Marry'd State. But the Father bad him se
CXXVI.

No Match like a Deaf Man and a Blind Woman.

A Club of Good Companions were discoursing at Liberty upon the Subject of Marriage, and when they had talked over all the Joys and Hazards of That Blest, or miserable State, it came at last to This Refulse: that considering the Common Licence and Practice of Marry’d People, and the Insupportable Plague of That Condition, where they cannot agree; the only Happy Match under the Heavens would be a Deaf-Man, and a Blinde Woman, which at the same time puts the Husband out of Reach of the Womans Tongue, and the Wife out of ken of her Husband’s Debauches.

The Moral.

This is to tell People what they are to trust to in a Marry’d State, at the Ordinary rate of Man and Wife. Happy is the Match, says our Author, where the one is Deaf, and the other Blind: which imports no more, then, that where they cannot agree, ’tis their Wile let Court to Hear and See, and say Nothing.

There was a Body of a Malefactor hanging in Chains, and Two Men under the Gibbet, Gaping at the Spectacle. One of them was the Husband of a Shrew, and the other a Disgraced Courtier; and there did they stand blest the Man upon the Gallowes, that was now put the Danger of falling into either of their Conditions.

CXXVII.

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CXXVII.

MARYMAN was a Great Influent of Moderation: and much in the Right, certainly, in his Daily Practice of giving Thanks, for the Blessings of Course Fare, and a Good Stomach; which was his Confess Grace.

The Moral.

There is no Pleasure to speak of, in the most Delicious Excesses of Eating and Drinking, without the Blessings of Health, and Appetite, to give them a Relish: all the Rest is but Quain and Surfeit, with a Vomited Palate, and a Falt Digestion, to take off the Edge of the Delight. It is no more, in short, than a Pain and Instructive Lecture upon the Text of Temperance, Sobriety, and Moderation, and the Blessings that attend a Virtuous Life.

CXXVIII.

A Sovereign Antidote to Prevent the Pest.

Take a Well-drawn Picture, says Boccalini, of the most Fouldeed Beauty that ever appear’d in Fleth and Bloud: and then touch it over again, with Rotten Teeth, Bleer Eyes, or Nose at all: let it be as Lothen, in fine, as Venom and Corruption can make it. Carry This Picture fill about with you, and whenever you have a Jusancy for a Woman you fancy, do but take a Sober View of This Picture, and your Life for yours, it shall keep you Safe and Honest.

The Moral.

This Preservative against the Pest, will serve us every jot as well in a Thousand other Cases: and a Sober Consideration, in the Empravement, and Application of the Hints, will do the Office of such a Picture. ‘Tis but laying by all, This comes of Drinking, Blaspheming, Quarrelling, Cheating, Lying and Slauderung: Oppression, Sacrilege, Murder, Rebellion, &c. and it will do the Work every jot as well as [This comes of Whoring] with a Picture to set it out. For This Precacious, or Forlight, would have the same effect upon us, in all other Cases of Vice, and Iniquity, if Men would but duly examine what they are about, and...
The Consequences of their Misdemeanors. In one Word, it would be enough to keep a Man Honest, and Virtuous, if he would but lay to himself before it be too late, that the End of Those Things is Death: and if he would but do what he Ought to do, out of a Sense of Conscience, and Honesty, rather then wait to be Frighted into't by the Phancy of a Squeamish, and a Beatty Difficult.

CXXIX.
Trade and Empire Inconsistent.

AS one of the Emperors was taking the Air by the Seaside; up comes a Goodly Ship with her Sails aloft, and Sweeping along before a Fair Wind into the Harbour. The Statelye, and Bulk of the Vessel, together with the Depth of her Lading, Occasion'd a very Particular Enquiry after her Cargo, what it was, and to what Owner the belong'd. Answer was made, that she was Built, Rig'd, trim'd, and Maintained, upon the Account of the Emperor. The Emperor (though he had the Scandal to the Highest Degree, and call'd his Wife to him); but in a Temperate way, and without any Shew of Displeasure. Pray'd his Lordship, to let him know what a Pritiful State he was reduc'd to: I took my self for a Roman Emperor, and I am so sure, I perceive, then a Miserable Broker. Pray thee what Trade are we to drive next? And at That Word, he gave a Peremptory Order for the Burning of both Ship and Lading.

The Morall.
The Privileges of Sovereignty are Incommunicable: and it is not for the Dignity of a Prince to Prophane the Sacredness of his Character with Common Thoughts and Business. The Line of Partition between Sleep and Sbuffs, cannot be too tenderly touch'd: for whatever the Rights of Prince and People come to entrench, the Order of Government is Confounded, and the Political Union Dissolv'd.

CXXX.

Love and Death.

AS Love and Death were Travelling the World, they happen'd to take-up in the same Inn together. Next Morning they Pos'd away in a Hurry, and by Misch'ke chang'd Arrows, so that Love kill'd the Young People, and Death made the Old Men in Love. The Fable tells us, that ever since This Unlucky Adventure, Love and Death have shot at Random.

The Morall.
Love and Death are the Great Burdenst of the World; which is all but doing and undoing, and the One finds work for the Other. But there's a Time for all Things, and nothing can be either Natural, or Graceful, but as it answers That Criterium.

CXXXI.

A Wonderful Cure.

There were Two Men lay desperately ill, the one of a Lethargy, the Other of a Phrensy. They were Both given over by the Doctors, and for the last Experiment, put to Bed together. The One was ready to Perish for want of Sleep, and the other for want of Somewhat to Rowze, and keep him Waking. The Mad Man fell so Outrageously upon his Bed-fellow, with Kicking and Cuffing, that in the end, he tir'd himself quite out, and drop'd intently into a Slumber: while the other, by the Force of This Agitation, was brought out of his Dozing Fit to somewhat of Sense and Motion; so that in the Conclusion, Nature, and Providence, did the Part of the Physician.
The Moral.

It is no New Thing for the Divine Wisdom to draw Good out of Evil; and to improve the very world of Calamities to our Advantages: and yet This Providential Interposition does not hinder Nature all this while from going on in her Course, but by a Regular Mediation of Causes and Effects, turns One Diffile into a Remedy for Another, and makes Two Sick Men each the Other's Doctor.

CXXXII.

A Discourse upon Charity.

There was a Question started in very Good Company, upon the Subject of Charity to the Poor. They all agreed upon the Main, as to the Piety, the Humanity, and the Necessity of the Office, only there appeared some Difficulty about the Regulation of it. This Discourse led naturally to the Case of Common Beggars; and as the Point was managed, the Scandal on the One hand, was look'd upon as a Discouragement to the Virtue on the Other. What are Those Vagabond Beggars, they cry'd, but the worst of Cleats and Impostors; they conjure People in God's Name, and make a Trade of their Hypocrisy! A Pack of Unprofitable, Slothful Drones, that are only a Burden to the Publick, and take the Bread out of the Mouths of the Industrious! Counterfeits, to all intents and purposes, in the Story both of their Wants, and of their Misfortunes; and so shamefully False, that they turn Good Nature it self into a Snares. They are the Men of the World that have the most of Heaven and Holy Things in their Mouths, and the least of it in their Lives. Their Religion, in fine, carries them no farther than the Church-Porch, and there they Drop it; for not one of a Hundred of them, ever goes further. The Conversation, in short, Ended just where it began. They had all unanimously a High Veneration for Good Works, in the General Notion; but there were so many Rubs thrown in the way, they could never agree upon the Practice.

Moraliz'd.

The Moral.

There's a Great Difference between Speculation, and Practice; and no Reconciling of our Confessions to our Conversations. We are all agreed upon the Pity of Good Works, but mightily at a Loss for want of a Rule to guide us in the Ordering of them: that is to say, with a Respect to The Quanta, the Nature, the Prejudice, the Proportion; The Duty I owe to my own Family and Relations, and That which is Tenderness and Humanity I owe to Mankind: and all These Niceties fall naturally into That Question.

CXXXIII.

A Remarkable Example of Zopyrus.

Zopyrus was highly celebrated by Darius for a Trick he put upon the Babylonians. He Hacked and Mangled himself all over; cut off his own Ears, and Nose, and in this Ruffian Condition went over as a Defector, to the Babylonians. He was known to be a Man of Skill, and Courage, and, upon the Credit of that Character, they made him Governor of the City, which he afterwards betrayed to Darius.

The Moral.

The Character of Zopyrus here, is not all of a Piece. It was kind, and Brave, to stand the Shock of so Extravagant an Experiment, for the Publick Good. But let the World say what they will of the Man, the Allion is not to be brought into President: for Good Faith is the first Thing indifferently either to Friend, or Foe; and Treachery is nevertheless Treachery, because it is to an Enemy. But it was Pity however yet, that Zopyrus was not as Hespid, as he was Brave, and that his Courage had not a more Illustrious Master to work upon.

CXXXIV.
FABLES and STORIES

CXXXIV.

Tame Pigeons and Wild Birds.

There past a Debate once betwixt a Flight of Tame Pigeons, and a Troup of Wild Birds, which led the Happyer Life of the Two. The Pigeons were utterly against the Beggarly way of living upon the Ramble, and lying expos'd to Guns, Snare, and Dogs, and all the Injuries of Wind and Weather; beside the Fatigue of scouring up and down the Fields for Meat, and the Tedious Hazzards of Hard Winters. Now if you'll come over to us, they cry'd, and do as we do, you'll find your Meat and Drink ready provided for you; Nefts made to your Hands, and a Good House over your Heads to keep you Warm and Dry, with a Happy well come, over and above.

So far's well enough, says one of the Birds, but what says mine Help all This while? Who pays the Reckoning? Nay for That, says a Formal Pigeon, we have it all Grate; without any manner of Payment, Tax, or Duty. 'Tis true indeed, we commonly Breed once a Month, and prefer our Landlord with a Brood for an Acknowledgment, so soon as they are fit to be Eaten. Truly a Notable Bargain says one of the Other Party, to Sacrifice your Children for Meat, Drink and Lodging!

The Moral.

Every Thing is Best in its own Natural State, and here's a Question started betwixt a Servile, Lazy, Luxurious Condition of Ease, and Plenty, and a Generous and Indulging Course of Freedom, with all the Comforts that attend a Life of Exercise and Health. There are but too many Men of the Humour of these Pigeons, that Pamper their Own Caretles, and never care what becomes of their Pottery.

CXXXV.

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A Dog and a Bitch.

A Gentleman had a Brave, Trusty Huse-Dog, that had stood all Trials, of Flattery, Menace, and Reward, and nothing could ever Corrupt him in his Duty to his Master, till an old Experienced Sharpener, that had serv'd his Time out to the World and the Fleth, bethought himself of a Certain Craft-Trick, that he had heard of. Who knows, says he, but the same Eait that serves for a Man, may serve for a Dog too: and so he Lipt himself with a Gang of Good fellows, took a Bitch along with them, and away they went upon Adventure. The Huse-Dog had his Midst no sooner in the Wind, but away he steals after her, like a Difcreet Whoremaster, without Barking or Baying, or so much as one Word speaking. When the Huse-Keeper had once quited his Poff, the Thieves took the Opportunity and Robbed the House, while the whole Family were all asleep in their Beds.

The Moral.

Every Man living has his Inclination; as a Bag, for the Purpose, a Bastin, a Wench; some Appetite in one or other; and some Baits or other will do the Work. The same Temptation serves also to treny and Exploit Palaces and Governments, as well as Private Houses: where Professors do the very Office of this Bitch in the Fable, and Corrupt the Guards. There is nothing so frequent in History, Sacred and Prophane, as Influences of Humane Fruity upon This Topique. David was a Man after God's own Heart. Solomon was pronounc'd the Wisest of Men, and Haman the Strongest; but they were all Three Captivated and Overcome by Women.

CXXXVI.

Religion is for Gentlesfolks.

A Sober Good Woman, that was treating with a Maid Servant about Work and Wages, ask'd her, among other Quetions, what Religion she was of? Alack-a-Day! says the Poor Innocent Girl, Religion is for Gentlesfolks.

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The Moral.

There's a Pretty Air of Simplicity and Respect, in This Poor Creature's Answer, and the Application of it may be This. That the Religion of a Servant is one Thing, and the Religion of a Master is another: for all People are to serve God according to their Talent, and in their Station. She might as well have said that her Husband was to live Honestly and Dutifully in her Calling, without prying into Mysteries that she does not understand. When it comes to That once that every Private Person shall set up for a Guide, we shall even have at many several Churches, as there are Whimsical Noodles.

CXXXVII.

A Persian Law.

The Persians pass'd a Law that left the People at Liberty to do what they pleas'd, for the First Five Days after the Death of the present Governor: upon a Premumption, that the Misery of so Licentious a Confusion, would make them more sensible of the Blessings of Order and Peace.

The Moral.

There's no such Judgment to be made of the Good or Ill of Government, or Confusion, as by Comparing them; and there's no Expedient like an Interval of Anarchy, to shew the Necessity of a Regulation.

CXXXVIII.

An Apo and Cupid.

An Old, Crafty Apo, that had been dogging Cupid, in several of his Walks, and Adventures, found an Opportunity at last of Filching away his Bow and Arrows, and other Ensigns of his Commission, with a Design to get the Trade out of his Hand, and set up for a Cupid Himself. This Mischief Droll had already Commit'd, by obversation, the way of Handling his Arms: so that there was little more now to be done, than immediately to enter upon the Rumble, and go abroad into the World to try his Fortune.

There

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There happen'd to be a very Pretty Lady, just in our New Archers way; and the Mark lay so Fair, that he Struck her to the very Heart. Never was Poor Girl in such a Taking! She could neither Eat, Drink, nor Sleep, nor give any Account all This while what it was that all'd her, but Sighing, Weeping, and Exclaiming was her whole Entertainment.

This Proof of his Power made him take himself for a God indeed; and such was this Vanity, that he would have dishonoured Beauty with him as well as Divinity. The Languhishing Looks of This miserable Creature, gave him to understand her Secret Thoughts, and Longings, for his Part, was as Nice and Ineffable as Another Narcissus. But his Reign however lasted not long, for no sooner had Cupid found out This Unfeigned Importunity, but he stript him of his Borrow'd Equipment, and upon the Unmasking and Unmasking of This Counterfeit, the Poor Woman found the way to her Wits again.

The Moral.

This Story of Cupid with his Trinkets about his, may pass for an Invention diverting enough, to palliate the Scandal of many a Pantomimical Piece of Flee and Blood. The Prance of the Boy Cupid here, and his Archery, points at Touch and Apprise, in some Cases, and as a Stock-joke of Imagination and Humour, in some others; who considers neither Beauty, Shape, nor Perfed, but like the Green-Swallow, feeds upon Chaff and Cher-cakes. How many Men have we seen, little better than Apes to look upon, and yet making Love to Delicate Fine Women? Nay, which is more yet, Succeeding in their Addresses too; while the Prance supplies all Defects on the one hand, and the Apo as Conceited of himself on the other, as the most Accomplish'd Cavalier. But Time and Satiety will bring People to their Senses again, though too late many Times, to recover either their Peace, or their Credit; after so Gross and so Mortal a Mistake.

CXXXIX.

The Alchymist.

A Chemist, Pretender, that had written a Discourse Plausible enough, upon the Transmutation of Metals, and turning Brasses and Silver into Gold; thought he could not place such a Curiosity better then in the Hands of Lovelace, and
and so he made his Helpes a Present of it. The Pope received it with great Humility; and with this Compliment over and above. Sir says he, I should have given you my Acknowledgment in your own Mettle, but Gold upon Gold would have been False Heraldry; so that I shall rather make you a Return of a Dozen of Empty Purfes to put your Treasure in; for though you can make Gold, I do not find yet that you can make Bags.

* The Moral *

Parenting, in many Cases, is but a more respectful Way of Bagging; and Parents, in those Cases, are rather Affiants, than Obligations; especially when they reproach the Receiver with the Want of that which all People would be thought to Have. There are some Parents, of Heart, and Good Will, and Others again, that are Mere Morder and Baster. Where the Parent is Self is either Slige or Sharp, or carry some Severe Immanence along with it, the Return it may be allowed to be so too, as in our Philosophers priducing to teach the Pope to make Gold; what does it but intimate an Avaricious Disposition in him, that could be pleased with such a Present! The Pope gave him so many Empty Bags for a Reward, which was only Another Way of telling the Moneysheep he was a Fool for his Pain. Besides that there’s an great Necessity in the Matter of doing the Things, as in the Thing itself. But the Parent’s Mediam I know in all these interchangeable Receptions, is to keep within the Compass of Prudence, and Convenience; without either making them a Burden to the Giver, or a Reproach to the Receiver.

CLX.

Some Physicians then of any other Profession.

Upon a Conference in Ferrara about Men of Trade and Business, and how mightily that Place was o’erlook’d with People of that Quality; it came to a Question at last, what Employment had most Professors of it. One said, Lawyers, Another, Doctors, some said one Thing in fine, and some another; but in the Conclusion, upstarts one Geminelli, a pleasant Kind of a Companion, and offers a Bet on the Physician’s Side against any other Calling. How can that be, says one of the Company, when to my Certain Knowledge there are not above a Dozen of them in this Populous City.

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It came at last to a Wager between a Nobleman and Gemelli, and the Cafe left to a Tryal.

Gemelli went out early the next Morning to the Church-Door, with his Chops all muffled up in Seacloth, and Flannel. Every Body would be asking the Poor Man what he did, as they went to their Devotions, whom Anwer was, that he had upon him at that Instant, a most Tormenting Fit of the Tooth-Ache. One told him this was good for’t, and another that; and so as they gave him their Opinions and Advice, he took all their Names, and Prefcriptions in Writing. When Church was done, he wandered up and down the Streets, picking-up more Names and Receipts till he had a Matter of Five Hundred upon the Roll.

In this Pickle, he went to the Count Himself with whom he had the Bet, who, without ever Dreaming of the Preflogue, perfectly took the Hist of his Tooth-Ache, and gave him a Remedy that he call’d an Infallible Cure; with Directions how to use it. Away goes Gemelli at that Instant, puts his Trade and his Trinkets together, and all under the Title of *A Life of the Famous Physicians of the City of Ferrara* After a Three-Days pretended Tryal of the Infallible Cure, back goes Gemelli to the Count again, to Acknowledge the Sovereign Virtue of his Medicine, and at the same time presents the Nobleman with a Formal Catalogue of his Ditters, and their Remedies. When the Count came to find his own Name at the Head of the List, and several other Persons of Quality marshalled in their Order under him, he was so well pleas’d with the Conceit that he yielded the Wager Loth, and ordered the Payment of the Money.

* The Moral *

There’s Quaking in all Trades; and Moneymakers in Religion, and Policy, as well as in Physick. What are all our Empirical Church and State Reformers, but so many Corner-cutter, and Tooth-drawers, in another Way of Dabbling? One values himself upon Remedies for all Diseases, and Playfitters for all Sores; Another, for Expedients in Cales of Mice-government, and Mule-administration, and the one prefers as much to the purpose as the Other. And what’s the Ground now of all This Oftention, Vanity, and Pretence, but that People take more Pain to Appear Wise than then they Are, than really to Be what they ought to be; as the Hot-headed Enthusiast takes the Syren for the Spirit, and implopes upon the World the Fumes of his Melancholy, for Revelations.
CXLI.

A Thieve and a Hang man.

It fluck most abominably in the Stomach of a Thieve at the Gallows, to think of going to his Mafter, and leaving his Mafter behind him that taught him his Trade. But the Hang-man told him, he was well enough serv’d for conning his Lezton no better. Nay for that, says the Prisoner, the Bench will bear me witness that I am Master of my Profession. Yes yes, says other, you are pretty good at the Hanging-Part, but you should have study’d the Shifting Part of it, and Then you would have taught you to do the same Thing in a Whole Skin, that would have brought another Man to the Pillory; Nay the Whipping-Post, or the Gibbet it self perhaps.

The Moral.

Many a Little Rope is Hang’d, when a Great one comes Off: and the Greater Rope commonly Hangs the Less; and not so much for Stealing neither, as for Beggling, and hanging himself needlessly in the Noise of the Law, Public Law in fact, are Savages, only for Woodcocks; and so far from endangering Men of State, and Justice, that they are at the same time, as instrusive, on the one hand, as they are Pining on the other: insomuch that the Lawyers are effectually of Council for the Criminals: and the Nicety of the Case is no more then This, which way a Man may Break the Law, and yet escape the Forsure.

CXLII.

A Spanish Spectacle.

Spaniards, under the Laffi, made a Point of Honour of it not to mend his pace for the Saving of his Carriage: and to march’d his Stage out, with as much Gravity as if he had been upon a Procession: Insomuch, that one of the Spectators advis’d him to consider, that the longer he was upon the Way, the longer he must be under the Scourge, and the more hurt he made, the sooner he would be out of his Pain. Noble Sir, says the Spaniard, I kill your Hand for your Courtesy; but

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but it is below the Spirit of a MAN to Run like a DOG. If ever it shall be your Fortune to fall under the same Disciplin, you shall have my Content to walk your Courage out at what rate you please your self. But in the Mean time, with your Good Favour, I shall make bold to use my own Liberty.

The Moral.

There are certain Affections of Gravity, and Form, that some People had rather Dye than Depart from; and provided they do not shrink at the Execution of the Punishment, they never trouble their Heads at the Shows, the Scandal, or the very Confession of the Crime; but make a vanity of it to bear the word of Extremities with a Stout Heart. We have a Generous Instance of an Affrageur, that forsook his own end, to the very Year, Month, Day, and Hour. He liv’d perfectly in Health, till the last Minute of his Time, and then Hung himself, for the Honour of his Profession.

There goes a Story also of a Gentleman-Thief under a Sentence of Death for a Robbery upon the High-Way, that petition’d the Court for the Right Hand in the Cart, to the Place of Execution; out of a Respect to his Bloud and Expiration. Nay we have heard of a Gentleman Censor too that charg’d his Son upon his Death to maintain the Honour of his Family. And so of a Cavalier Liberal, that had the Choyce offer’d him out of Three very Fine Women for a Mistrefs. He was to Tender upon a Pure Point of Honour, and Good Breeding, that he had not the Heart to meddle with any One of them, for fear of Disobliging the Other Two.

CXLIII.

A Spaniard without a Spirt.

Here happen’d a Quarrel about a Mistrefs, betwixt a Spanish Virtuou, and an Italian Poet: they fought upon’t, and the Spaniard was Mortally wounded: who finding his Condition desperate, gave it in Charge to a Friend of his, by all that was Dear and Sacred, to see his Body decently Buried, without Stripping. The Man was a proper Handom Fellow, well-Dressed and a very Rich Buffon about his Neck: Now These Things being put together, made the People so much the more Curious to see his Skin. And what was the Secret at last, but the Spaniard had never a Shirt to his Back; so much was the Affection of a Phantastical Punitio of Honour, dearer to him then his Life.

The
CXLIV.

An Ass and a Little Boat.

There was an Ass that was ready to Choak for want of Drink, by the Side of a Deep River; but the Bank was so Steep, there was no coming to the Water. This Ass Step to a Boat that lay moor'd there among the Willows, to Refresh himself. When he had taken his Soup, and Cool'd his MOUTH a little, he fell to Knabbing the Offer that fann'd the Veil. till in the end, he loosed the Band, and set the Boat a drift: so away goes the Ass with the Boat, and the Boat with the Ass, down the Current: and they were Both cast away together, in the Sight of several Lookers-on. This Ass came to a Land-fort betwixt the Two Masters, of the Ass, and the Veil. What has another Man's Ass to do with my Boat, says the One? And what has another Man's Boat to do with my Ass, says the Other? It came, in short, to a Trial, and upon hearing the Cake, and Council on Both sides, it was found special.

There goes a Story of Two Drunken Gaffers in a Bright Starry Night, that looks much the same way. As says one of them, would I had but as many Fat Bullocks as there are Stars in this Sky! With all my Heart says the other, if I had but a Meadow as large as this Sky is. And pray what would you do with your Bullocks then? Why I'd put them in your Future says he. But you should not, says one. But I would.
CXLVI.

A Turtle and a Ring-Dove.

No more, says the Inconformable Turtle, my Deear is dead, and so is the whole world to me, and all that's good in it. In this Transport of Sorrow, away the flyes to an Old Ruinous Tower, among the Owls, and the Bats, and with a full Resolution never to move out of her Hole again. But it so fell out, that a Beautifull Wind-Pigeon had taken up his Quarter in the same Retreat: and as he was not altogether a Stranger to the Art of working upon the Passion, to be made use of the Occasion to give the Comfortless Widow a Taste of his Skill That way, though, for any Thing that the minded him as yet, he might as well have Preach'd to the Dead.

When he had made his Approaches by Degrees, and came to amplify upon the Subject of the Deceased, in the Loss of fuch a Blessing, and the Misery of the Unsupportable an Affliction, the Widow began by little, and little, to lend an Ear to the Discourse, and, of her own accord, with Sobbs and Tears, to enter upon the History of their Amours, with the Charming Virtues, and Tendernesses of the Person that was now gone: never considering that while he was enlarging upon her own Calamity, on the One hand, she taught the Pigeon to manage his Pretext on the Other. The Ring-Dove, in a word, acted his Part so well, that the Turtle was by Degrees prevail'd upon, to try if the could Recover Those Satisfactions in the One, which She had lost in the Other.

The Moral.

There was never any such Thing under the Sun, as an Inconformable Widow. Grief is an Incurable Disaise, but Time, Patience, and a little Philosophy, with the Help of Hugeness Frailty, and Addle, will do the Business. Lamentations and Out-cries, are but matter of Course, and Good Manners, and the Pudder that is made all This while for the Death of her Husband, is but a Turn of Art, toward the Invigoring of Another - especially when the Passion is regulated according to the Methods of Skill and Good Nature. But let it go as it will in other respects, the same Providence that hath made the Separation of Friends Necessary, hath order'd it fo likewise, that the Wound shall not be Mortal. Life and Death are but according to the Course of Nature. The Loss of Friends,

CXLVII.

The Inconformable Widower.

Tis a Common Thing for Men to love their Dead Wives better then their Living ones. As for Example. There was a Certain Cavalier and his Lady, that had liv'd a matter of Five or Six year together, in a kind of a Conjugal Slip-slip one with the other. The Woman at first fell desperately Sick, and the Man, in Appearance, ran stark Mad upon't; especially when the Nurse brought him the Dismal News that his Poor Lady was departed. The Word was no sooner said, but away flyes the Widower like Lightning to his Wives Chamber: Tears-off all his Buttons for half, Strips, and to Bed to her, with a Thousand Vows and Protestations, that Death it self should never part them. He carry'd the left to far, that the Woman came to herself again, and liv'd many a Fair Day after; but the Husband however took it for a Warning, and parted Beds upon't.

CXLVIII.

A Cuckoo by the Courtsey of England.

Tis minds me of Another Widower too. The Breath was farsee out of his Wives Body, but the whole Town rung immediately of his Lamentations, and Out-cryes, and particularly of the Incomparable Virtues and Qualities of the Deceased. A Familiar Friend of his Spake a word of Comfort to him in the Heat of his Passion, and told him, that he hop'd his Lois would not be so heavy as he fancied it: for I have been told, says he, that This Incomparable Lady of yours was Flesh and Blood as well as other People. Why truly says the Husband, I have heard as much my self; but pray'c
praye what saies the Law in the Café? If a Man be a Cuckold by a Former Wife, does he remain a Cuckold as long as he lives? Yes surely, says this other, by the Courteys of England, he does: for whatsoever a Man has in the Right of a Former Wife, he holds it for Life.

CXLIX.

A Warm Wife for a Cold one.

I have heard of another Man also, that was upon the very point of breaking his Heart for the Loss of such another Wife. When he had tir’d out all his Friends with the History of his Misfortunes, one of his Companions took him up bluntly, and ask’d him what he would be at? He, says he, you would have your Wife again, that’s impossible, for she’s Dead and Gone, pull all Recovery: but if you find your self dispos’d to deal upon the Truck, what do it now, byitsu of my Warm Wife, and your Cold one?

The Moral.

Two Stories Above, are much of an Air and Humour, and a body might have furnisht Ten times as many of the same Make and Composition, as Good Cheap: beside that they are Matter of Fact, as well as of Morality, and Allusion. But whether they be taken as a Reality, or as a Fiction, they are nevertheless Edifying, either in the Emblem, or by the Example: beside that they agree also in This necessary and Instructive Precaution, to have a Care whom, and how far we Trust.

Now Emblem in This Cafe duty consider’d, is but a kind of History in disguise, and may pass on way for the Semblance of what we would Reproach, and the Other way for the Thing it self. But whether it be a Copy, or an Original, it matters not, so long as it is made subservient to the Conduct of Human Life. We are to be taught in short what we are Not to do, as well as what we Are; and even from the Lowest of Practices to draw Sublimer Doctrines. These Influences of Hypocrisy, Perfidy, and Foolish, are nevertheless Odious: for being at the same time whimsical and Ridiculous. As there are many Accidents a body cannot forbear laughing at, though they make his Heart Ache. But Men of Parable and Mystery, walk safe however under the Protection of That Cover. Mythology does the Office of a Dark Lantern, I see Every body, and No body sees Me.

CXXXV.
FABLES and STORIES

Will, That Tower there, from this time forward, shall be my Habitation. In the same Moment the made a Stoop, and took Pedition of it, and there the Timbrel'd for That Bear. Now the Master of the Place, happening to be a Faulconer, watch'd the Airy so close from the Egg to the Bird, that taking his time when the Dann was abroad a Forrager, he Dill'd the Eagle, and defroy'd the whole Brood.

The Moral.

This is to say, that Youth is Ruff, and Inconsiderate; and confuses neither the Reason, nor the Nature of Things, but wildly astonish'd at any Regard to the Power, Wisdom, or Authority, either of God or Man.

It holds forth likewise another Doctrine to us, which is, that we judge only by outward Appearances, and Sacrifice the Peace and Comfort of our Lives, to vain Opinions, and Mithakes.

The Rambles of this Eagle, from a Nest to a Palace, out of a Majestick and Contemplation of her Former Course of Life, together with the Mortal Contemplations that Rul'd upon it, may pass for a Reflexion upon the Vanity, the Pride, and the Ambition of those Men, that when they might have been Quiet, in the Innocent Simplicity of a Private Retirement, choose rather to expose themselves to the Stares and Dificulties of a Court-Life; and to the Extreme Hazard of Body, Soul, and Estate.

CLII.

A Swallow and a Duck.

A Swallow, that had a little out-stay'd her Time of changing Air, took Wing at last, and away. As she was in her Course, she met a Duck, in the Head of a Troup of Fowl of the same Feather, and took her to task, for so extravagant a Ramble. Why what a Mad Fool art thou, says the Duck, to be wandering now for Relief, into a Place where thou wilt be burn'd to Death; when thou left Us, at the same time, clipping away into Frost and Snow, to avoid Those Hazts.

The

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The Moral.

INCLINATIONS, and Avenues, are the Injustices of Providence, which hath so order'd it, that One body's Meat is another body's Poison, and as the same time, replenish'd all Parts of the Universe with People agreeable to the Climat, and the Species: some for one place, some for another; some for Summer, some for Winter, and some for both, and yet Three very Diversities, and Diffords, have their Share in the Beautiful and Eminent of the Whole. God and Nature never made any Thing in vain, and there is not one Spice of Grains upon the Ground, but the Entire Mass of the Earth would have been Imperfect without it.

CLIII.

A Spark wou'd be a Star.

A Spark, that was carry'd up by a Cloud of Smoke, to a Mighty Height into the Air, flatter'd it self all the way it mount'd, with the Hope of being a Star. And what was the End of it? But so soon as ever it was gotten as High as the Fire could carry it, down it fell again with Noise and Splendor, into Dust and Ashes.

The Moral.

Nothing can be more Lively, than the Resemblance of a Popular Pretender, to the Circumstances of this Phantastical Star. It is the Breath of the Common People that elevates the One, as the Exhalation does the other. And what is the Airy Hugour of mounting Still higher and higher, till the whole Prose drops into a Final, and a Fatal Disappointment; that is, I say, but the Last Twinkling of a Faint Light, that vanishes in That very Moment into Dust and Smoke. This is the Phantasy, and the Fortune, sooner or later, of all Those People that take Sparks for Stars, and venture the Whole Summ of their Well-being upon That Flame.

GLIV.
FABLES and STORIES

CLIV.
A Pygmy and a Hare.

A Pygmy had drawn a Brake of Grey-Hounds upon the Course, so to the Life, that a Strange Dog gave a Snap at the Hare, and Tore the Picture. The Master of the Houle fell to Rating and Beating the Poor Dog in a most Violent Manner. Here know you the Pygmy's a while years Work, says he, in one Quarter of an Hour. Als Sir! says the Dog, it was your own Fault, to draw the Picture so like the Hare, that there was no knowing one from other.

The Moral.
This is the very way of Popular Passions toward Publick Ministers. To but drawing Great Officers like Wolves and Bears, and then for the Rabble to worry them under that Mistake: as they did with the Clergymen that were Baited to Death in the Amphitheaters.

CLV.
A Pyramis would change Top for Bottom.

I t blew a Hard Wind, that shook a Pyramid, and the Top of it would gain have chang'd End for End, with the Bottom, for fear of being blown down. No no, says the Lower End; That's a Thing as impossible to Campas, as it is unreasonable to Propose: for when the Peculiar is once affright'd, we are ty'd up in Spite of our Hearts to the Order of the Matter-Workmen.

The Moral.
Providence has allotted to every Species of the Universe its Proper Place and Station; and there must be no refining upon the Methods of Divine Injunction. Now if this Pillar had been turned Top-down, to have placed One end, it must have torn'd once again to please the Order; for the Lower end would have found it as unsafe under the fear of being Cruth'd to Pieces by the Weight, as the Top was under the Apprehension of being blown down with the Wind. So that we are never the better for Shifting neither: but the Mischief upon the Main this; we do not Know when we are well, and then 'tis no wonder if we never Think our selves so.

CLVI.
Achates, the Son of a Potter.

A Galiarchus, from the Son of a Potter, came afterwards to be King of Sicily. Now the Difficulty was, under These Circumstances, how to reconcile the Honour of his Dignity to his Trade and Business. Upon This Advancement, he call'd his People together, and showed them a Choice Collection of Earthen and Golden Vessels, that he kept by him in Store. Look ye, Good People, says he; These Pieces (pointing to the Former) are the work of my Hands; and These Other, of my Industry.

The Moral.
A Mean Extraction is no blot upon any Man that is not ashamed of himself, and Ambitious to be thought Greater then he is. The Modesty of owning the Truth, astonishes the Pretended Wise. No Man is to blame, for what he cannot help: but on the contrary, to be highly Honour'd for Illustrating his Birth by his Virtue. The People were so Smitten of the Stroke of This Affection, that all Disagreements were compounded upon it, bewitching the King, and the Potter.

CLVII.
Amsa, an Egyptian Potter.

Hermes tells a Story much of the fame Turn with That Above. There was, he says, one Amsa, an Egyptian Potter, that was advanced to the Crown from so Mean a Condition, that he was hard put to it at first, to gain the Love and Reverence of his People: but he set himself in the end of This Invention.

There was a Large Golden Vessel, provided expressly for the Service of the King's Friends to wash their Feet in. Amsa order'd That Basin to be melted down, the Melt to be cast into an Image, and That Image to be set up in a Publick Place, and Dedicated to Divine Worship. It was no sooner erected, but People came flocking from all Quarters, with a Pissionate Zeal and Devotion, to This New Idol. The Thought
succeeded so well, that the King call'd his Subjects together upon't, and in a short Speech, made a Pertinent Application of it to his Own Case. Look, says he, the God here that you at present adore, was no more the other Day than a Common Uterine, but it was founds Consecrated, and set apart to Holy Use, 'tis but according to your own Practice, and the Natural Reason of the Thing, to repute it Sacred. By This Innuendo, he brought them to a Love and Understanding of their Duty.

The Moral.

In Cases of Imperfections, or Defects, which we cannot help, as in Blood, Fortune, or the like, 'tis good Discretion for a Man to begin with Himself; provided it be done with such a Spirit of Generosity, and Address, as may turn the Matter to his Honour, instead of a Reproach, as we find it for Example in the Case before us.

And we may gather further from it, that it is Wiliam and Jusitice that fits a Man for Government, where Prudence, and Virtue, supply the Want of Fortune, and Quality. Now he that advances himself by a Conspicuous, and an Honourable way of Deceiving it, is a much Greater Prince than he that's hardly Born not. 'Tis the Royal Character that makes the Person Sacred; for Sovereignty puts all Defects, and consecrates the Head, whatever it be, that Honestly worships it.

CLVII.

Extreme Justice in Charonda.

One Charonda, a Great Man among the Sinhurans, took a Walk into the Fields one Morning, with his Sword by his Side; and found the People, when he came back again, all in a Desperate Tumult. Upon This, an Assembly was presently call'd; and Charonda hurst away in such Haste to the Council-Chamber, that he forgot to leave his Sword at the Door. He was no sooner in the Room, but there was a Hubbub rais'd against him. No marvel, they cry'd, that Charonda should be so eager to have it Destroy'd for any Man to enter the Council with his Sword on; and He himself the First Man to break his own Law; but Charonda made that Law, they said, for Other People, not for Himself. No no my Masters, says Charonda, I made it for my self in the First place, and it shall be my Care to see it put in Execution too; and in That very instant he threw himself upon his Sword in the Middle of the Court, The
FABLES and STORIES

The Moral.

This Caffe of the Bee-Thief, is the Caffe of a World of Repressentatives, Deputies, Trustees, and the like, that Act in the Name of their Principals, and then set up for Themselves. But it is natural for the Deposees of other People's Fortunes not to Forget their own. The Thief, however, was in the End, we see, attended with a Malediction, and there are few Cheers that sooner or later come-off better.

CLX.

Drones and Bees.

There was a Parcel of Drones Buzzing about the Hires, in a Conspiracy to Debauche the Bees. Why what a Sensible Humour is it for you, they cry'd, to lye Moiling and Toiling your Hears out, like so many Slaves, for the Service only of Apothecaries, Druggists, Confectioners, and other Linquists and Pharmacists! If nothing else will serve 'em but they must have Wax and Hony, let them 'em make it themselves. Had not you better put away your Time easily as we do, that neither Want any Thing, nor Fear any Thing, but reckon our selves secure, without either Tax, or Pillage?

The Bees gave them the Hearing, and this Short Answer: that the Omitting of their Scandalous Sloth, was no Argument against the Exercise of an Honest Industry. Tis true, they say, we work for others, but it is upon such Terms, that we our selves have the First Fruits of our own Labours, and our Masters are well enough pleas'd with our Leavings. Now so long as we have sufficient for our own Families, what do we care who has the Rest, which is only Superfluous?

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The Moral.

They that confound their Rule, and their Apples, in Preference to Particular Duties, and the Good of the Community, are those Drones in the World, that are here figured out to us in this Fable: besides that the very Prosset is against Common Sense and Honesty, over and above. They would have the Bees lose working, which is the ready way to starve the Drones. But this is the Council and Oversight of Idle People, that set up for Lives of Eafe and Pleasure, in Opposition to the most necessary Offices of Humanity and Virtue.

CLXI.

An Ant and a Lyon.

There was a Time when a Proteckl Pigmire had the confidence to read a Lecture of Good Advice to a Lyon. I do not fent-up, says the Ant, for a Politician, but if you'll take my Counsel upon the Point of manners, and Good Husbandry, my Life for yours, you shall never Repeat it. Ales! I am but a Diminutive Creature, you see, and a small Matter you'll say will maintain me; and yet I have enough to do, let me tell you, with hard Labour: one part of the year, to keep my self from Starving the other: Now to my thinking, you should do well to go the same way to work, and lay up somewhat in store for a Rainy-Day. Soft and fair, my little friend, says the Other, This may do will enough for a Pigmire, but not for a Lyon: for the Rules of Providence and Thrift, were never made for Princes, but for beggars.

CLXII.

An Ant and a Mouse.

The Pigmire was no sooner turn'd off by the Lyon, but away she rushed to a Mouse, upon the same Errand. How comes it, says she, that you that are a kind of a Com-Merchant your self, with a Pair of Good Shoulders to bear a Burden: that you, I say, should lie idling all the Harvest-Time, without making any Provision for a Hard Year, as we...
we do, you see, and I thank my Stars! for, our Stores are never empty. Well well! says the Mufle, but that's none of my Business; for I am under another way of Government. There is a certain Peril of Quality that does not come with us, and so we must keep Hoole together. We have a matter of Thirty Servants for the getting-in of our Harvest; besides those that flow it up afterwards in our Granaries and Barns. Now this is all for the Service of the Mufle in the first place. And were we not a Company of fine Folks do you think, to drudge out a Livelyhood by our own Labour, when we may have it better Cheep by the Sweat of other People's Brows?

The Moral.

We may gather from these Two Fantasticks, that it is but left Labour for People to inculcate Good Husbandry to those that live upon the Soil, where the Servile Industry of the One, serves only to support the Pomps and Luxury of the Other; besides that it does not become Private Persons to break in upon the Functions of Publick Ministers, which is the same Thing with an Act prefering a Lyon.

And the same Principle, again, to the Mufle, is the Case of many a Well-meaneing Officious Wretch, that is more Bold as we say, than Welcome, one of a Publick-Spirited Zeal to the Common Good. And what comes on at last, but the turning of him off from one to another, with his Labour for his Pain; and affliging him a Reward for his Services in the other World, unless he had rather content himself with the Empty Charitable in this, of an officious Confissions Fools.

CLXIII.

A Man and His Wife Parted.

A Man and his Wife were parted, and the whole World could not prevail with the Husband to take the Woman Home again: fo good a Creature, they said; fo Modest, fo well Humoured, fo Agreeable a Companion, and the Mother of fo many Pretty Children, c. c. The Husband said nothing to the contrary, but gave them this Short Answer. 'Look you, says he; holding out his Foot. Here's a Clever, well-made Shoe, and a Pretty Thing it is to look upon; but all this while I am very uneasy in it: Pray, good People, says he, do but lay your Heads together now, and tell me where it wrongs me.'

The

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CXXIV.

A Reverend Judge, that had Books, Baggis, and Infirmities without Number, and phantasy'd, there went no more to the Managing of a Bisk Young Lady, then the splitting of a Law-Cafe, or the turning over of an Old muly Record. This Judge, in Cold Blood, and for fear of a worse business, as he pretended, committed Matrimony with the Fam'd Beauty of the Country. The Story tells us; his Habitation was in Pisa, his Name Ricciardo Chiricciola, and his Wife's Name, Bertolone. They had no sooner pronounce'd the Words 'I Riccirio, and I Bertolone take thes, so and so' but away goes the New-married Couple Home in Court, to Celebrate the Nuptials.

The First Part of the Virgin's Entertainment, was the History of her Husbands Doubtful Exploits, in Times gone and Past: and the First Preface This Man of Law and Morals, made his New Spouse, was a Gay Almanack, with the Bride-grooms grave Readings upon't. He took a great deal of Pains to make it appear, that there was One Saint at least for every Day of the Year, beside Martyrs, and Confessors; Feasts, Vigils, and Common Feasting Days, appointed by the Canon. He preach'd Night and Day to her upon Texts of Temperance, and Mortification, and was still laying it before her, how great a Fort it was of a Christian Duty to keep those Times Holy, by abstaining from the Vanities of the World and the Flesh.
The woman could not but Edify under This Doctrine, and Discipline; and so, for Meditation, she got her Husband out of Town to a Country-House he had near the Seaside, where she might be at Liberty, both to divert herself, and to Con her Leiton. While they were in This Retreat, the Good Man took the Opportunity of a Glorious Day, and with Two Boats, one for Himself, and Another for his Lady, and her Friends, they put out to Sea a Fishing. As they were at their Sport, up comes a Notorious Pirate, and carries off Lady, Vessel and all, in the Sight of her Husband, who immediately made all the Sail he could for Pieta, with a Complaint in his Mouth, that the Action was against Law. The Pirate's Name was Pagamino; who was so Charm'd with the Good Graces of his Fair Prisoner, that he treated her with all possible Softness, Affection, and Respect; and so Tenderly, in Fine, that the Saints, the Almacks, and the Exiling Days, and the whole Trade of Mortification-Stuff, in one Quarter of an Hour, were all run out of her Head.

The Lady it seems was carry'd away to Minos, and the Judge no sooner heard of it, but away goes he after her, to treat with the Pirate about her Ransom. I cannot deny, says the Pirate, that I have a Young Woman in my House; but for matter of Wife, or Widow, or whether your Wife, or whome else, I can say nothing to. You seem however, says Pagamino, to be a Man of Honour, and if you please to have it so, the shall come to you itself. If the owns you for your Husband, you shall have her again upon your own Terms, but otherwise, you must not think to take away my Wife (for so she is in effect) upon a Pretence that I have taken away Yours. Nay That's very Fair, says the Judge, and I am content to call my Cause upon that Issue.

The Judge, and the Pirate, upon This, took their Places in the Hall, and the Lady was brought into the Room, where she talk'd freely enough to Pagamino, but not one Word to the Judge, (to his very great Amazement) any otherwise then as to a Stranger. Who's mee, my Life! says he, am I to alter'd by my Sorrows and Affliction for the Loss of so dear a Wife, that thou hast quite forgotten thy poor Husband Ricciardo, that has taken This Journey now to purchase thy Redemption at any rate!

Indeed, says Bertolomeo, with a smile, (as if Ricciardo had talk'd Idle) if you speak to me Sir, you are mistaken in your Woman. Do you not know me then, says he, to be Ricciardo de Chiosca, and your Husband? Sir says he, I do not care for flattering Men in the Face, but I cannot say that ever I saw you in my Life before. The Husband, imputing This to the Awe the Fright of Pagamino, begged the Favour of a Word or Two by her self, which was readily granted, upon Condition, that he should not offer to Kill her without her own Good Will and Consent. Upon This, they went together; and when the Old Formal Pope had laid on all the Rhetorick that Love and Law could inspire him with, only to make her own him for her Husband. The Lady told him in one Short Word, that she knew, very well who he was, and that in the Eye of the Law, in truth, he was her Husband, but in all other Respect, no more to her than the greatest Stranger in the World. But briefly, says she, Here I am, and Here I am belov'd, and pleased, and Here I am resolve'd to continue. Ricciardo minded her of her Honour, Family, and Relations; the Malign Sin of Adultery, and a Thousand desperate Consequences, but This was talking to the Deaf, saving only that it brought the good Man to a Sigh and Sense of his Folly, and to away he goes back again to Pieta, as he came, where he found himself already the Scorn and May-game of the Town. The very Thought of This Indignity brake his Heart, and his Widow he left to Pagamino, who made a Match on't, and liv'd afterwards together a very Happy Couple.

The Moral.

If This Judge had but been as good a Philosopher, as he puffs here for a Lawyer, he would have known, that the Fundamentals of Nature are at least as Sacred as Thine of Government; without troubling his Head with Almacks, instead of Proclamation. But when an Old Eye will be fidgeting up for a Beaa again, at Fourfoure, we fee what comes o'er; and let him e'en take what follows. Now if the Gravy had but consul-ted the Blood in his Veins, when he took Counsel of the Mayor in his Head, he would have gone another way to work: without affronting the Wisdom and Order of Providence, that appoints all Things to be done in their Proper Season. And then for his Discipline of Mortification, and Temperance, it makes the Remedy look more Richedion, then the Milk. 'Tis a long Story; but carry'd on from end to end of the Adventure with
CLXV.

One had a Mind to see Bedlam.

In the Year One and Forty, there was a Country-fellow that had been to see almost all the fine Sights about the Town; as the Lyons, the Bears, the Play-Houses, the Lord-Mayors Show, the Tombs, and the like, but all was as good as nothing, till he had seen Bedlam too. So they had him one Morning, in a Boston, to the Commons Lobby, and told him Bedlam was within there, and if he did but peep into the Next Room, as People went in and out, he might see the Mad-men. The House it seems was in a Heat, and such a Noife and Hurry along with it, that upon opening the Door, the Bumpkin cou'd off at the Fright of it, with an Outcry all the way he went, that the Mad Men were all broke lofe.

The Moral.

When the Principals themselves are Mad, it is but natural for their Deputy to be so too; and the Country-fellow that in these Days took St. Stephen's Chapel, for Bedlam, might very well be excus'd a Mistake in Two Things so near alike. The Fancie was diverting enough, but not much Fathlying, unless with This Application of it, that the Whim- sy of the Company, mufes the very Earnest of Common Prac'tice: and that the People were every jot as Mad as they seemed to be.

CLXVI.

The Sheep League against the Wolves.

A Shepherd found his Flock so infested with Wolves, that he call'd his Sheep together, and told them the Matter with them in a Formal Speech. You are a Great Number, says he, and your Heads are arm'd, the Wolves not near so many, and they have no Horns; so that if you would pluck up your Hearts, and stand upon your Guards, they would not dare to meddle with you. The Sheep were one and all for putting it to a Proof, and upon the Fifth Wolf that appear'd, they were one and all again, for betaking themselves to their Heels.

The Moral.

There's no contending with the Order of Providence, or the Infinities of Nature. Wolves will be Wolves, and Sheep will be Sheep still, in despite of all Arguments, and Refolutions to the contrary; and without any Regard to the Men, of the One, and the Few, of the Other. This Project has somewhat in the Face of it, of one of Cromwell's Plots; with a Confederacy of Sheepe on the one side, against a Herd of all sorts of Beasts of Prey, on the Other; never considering the Disproportion of an Unarm'd Innocence, to the Force of Discipline and Power. Now the Moral Mistake as it was in the Shepherd, not in the Sheep, in the very lurtog of so Impracticable a Propos'd. But this was it however that the Poor People call'd Lifting, and which we find celebrated in our History from time to time by the Glorious Name of so many Rising.

CLXVII.

An Embassy from the Wolves to the Sheepe.

A Certain Wolfe, that was bitter at New-Tricks, then at A Feast of Arms, was sent from the Body of his Brotherhood upon an Embassy to a Flock of Sheep. And the Account he gave of his Commission was to This Effect: I am come bitter, says he, in the Name of my Principals, to offer you a Peace; upon Condition you break off your Alliance with the Dogs, which are my Master's Sworn Enemies.

I am likewise, says the Ewe, to mind you that the Greatest Adversary you have in the World, is the Creature that takes upon him to be your Patron, and Protector; and calls himself your Father. He leaves you neither Wool upon your Backs, nor Blood in your Veins; but first Fleeces you, and then
then gives you up for a Sacrifice, either to the Priest, or to
the Butcher. The Story consider'd of the Proposal, and return'd
their Answer by one of the Dogs that guarded the Flock.

The Moral.

The Case of King Charles the First, is the direct Moral of This Fable,
and it is but turning the Endless into a Remonstrance, to make out the
Parallel. This Proposal of the Water to the Sheep, is but the Method
of those Days, in Tampering with the Multitude. The Condition
of their Cattle off their Dogs, and their Masters, is no other in plain
English, than the Removing of the King, and his Ministers; and by the
Feasting and Feasting of them, is only meant the Exercise of an Arbitrary
Power over the Lives, Fortunes, and Liberties, of the People. These were
the Pretences of those Times, which ended in the universal Ruins, both
of Church, and State; and there is no better to be expected where the
Waters are of Counsel for the Sheep.

CLXVIII.

A Peacock and a Swan.

As a Peacock was flattering along the Bank of a Delicate
smooth River, and Finding himself in the Beauty of
its Plumes, all the Swans thereabouts came flocking up
towards him, in Admiration at the Majesty of his March,
and the Gracefulness of his Person. When they had spoken
a World of Fine Things of him, in Their way, one of the
Company, in the Name of the rest, pronounced him the
most Glorious Creature under the Canopy of Heaven. The
Peacock answer'd vainly enough, that Nature had done her
part, but yet upon the Comparison, that a Peacock was not
to be nam'd the same Day with a Swan. Alas! says the Swan,
if you speak of the Whiteness of our Feathers, there are
Hundreds of other Creatures that may be Beauty with us
upon That Account: but for the Curiosity and Enamel of
your Colours, 'tis an Excellence peculiar to your Selves; be-
side that if you saw us Under Water, as you do Above, I
am persuav'd you would change your Opinion. At That
Word, the Swan Repeal'd, and the Peacock, an Ill
favoured Pair of Black Legs, enough to turn his Stomach.
The Peacock, that was Conscious to himself of the same
Elegancy, turn'd it off in a Blunt Carleel's Way, that he was
as Free to thwaw his Black Legs, and his Feet, as his very
Train. The

The Moral.

We have all of us Mixture of Good and Bad, as well in our
Manners, as in our Shape, Colours, Conditions, &c. which may serve to
keep us from being either Vain, on the One hand, or despising on the
Other. People do naturally think well of themselves, and as naturally
desire to be thought well of by others: but still every Man has his De-
fects, and there is as much Art needed in the Exposing them on some
Occasions, as there is in Covering, and Disguising them in others: but
in what Cases, and in what Manner, must be left to the Direction of
Ordinary Prudence.

CLXIX.

S simonides expired by Providence.

S imonides found a Dead Body upon the way in his Travels,
and out of pure Humanity put himself to some Trouble
and Cost to give it a Decent Burial. As he was going a
while after to put himself aboard a Vessel for a Voyage, This
Man appear'd to him in a Vision, and, perceiving him as he
look'd at his Life, not to be fit to be in such a Certain Boat, which
was the Ship that he desir'd for his Passage. Upon telling his
Dream next Morning, the Company laugh'd at him, and
were on their way, but S imonides stay'd behind. The Vessel
was scarce clear of the Port, but the Ship was broken all to
Pieces by a Terrible Storm, and the Passengers drown'd every
Man of them.

The Moral.

P rovidence hath fo order'd it, for the Well-being and Comfort of
Mankind, that all Good Officers are, sooner or later, or in some manner
or other, attended with a Reward: so that we are the better several
Ways for doing our Duty, provided only that it be done out of a Right
end; and without either Vanity, or Hypocrisy, at the bottom.
GLXX.

A Religious Intrigue.

There was a Haughty High-spirited Dame, and an Honest Wealthy Tradesman, that, as Luck and Friends would have it, came to be Man and Wife. The Woman was Handliom and Agreeable enough, but one that valued her self more upon her Family then upon her Beauty. She did vouchsafe however, now and then for Fashion-sake, to keep her Husband Company; but upon such Terms, he might have had a Miffres better Cheap. While This Wabling and Unsealy Humour was upon her, she took a Phancy for a Man that fell in her way by Chance, and relented neither Day nor Night for the Thought of him, but how to come at him was the Question; Letters or Message, she durst not venture upon, but chose rather to observe his Haunts and Walks, and so, by Tracing him from place to place, to get some Knowledge of his Worns, and Acquaintance. While she was upon this Train of Discovery, she found no Man so great with him, as a Certain Capuchin Friar, a well-meaning Creature, and consequently the Frier for her purpose; as a Person, by his very Character, the best quality'd Agent for a Coen-betwean. The First Thing she did, was to find him out in his Current, where she desired him to receive her Confession; and after Ablution, she told him, that, with his Leave, she had somewhat further to say.

Sir says she, there is a Certain Person, such a kind of a Man, and he goes commonly in such and such Cloathes, (marking him fo to the Life, that the Friar knew him by the Description.) This Gentleman, says she, as I understand, comes often to your Reverence. He has the Look of a Sober, Vertuous Man; but I could wish he would leave Dogging me up and down as he does. I cannot so much as stand at my own Door, or Windows, or hardly walk the Streets, but he's putting his Tricks upon me. Alas Sir, a Lady's Honour is some Left then Restored; and a Modest Woman cannot be too tender of it. I was thinking to have told him my Mind another way, but upon Second Thoughts, one Word of yours, I fancy, will do the Work; at least if you can guess at the
nour is in Safe Hands, and praye leave it to me to menage with This Gentleman. The Lady took Heart at This Encouragement, and so flipp'd Ten Ducats more into the Hand of the Holy Man, for a Farewell. He sate immediately upon This, and gave the Gentleman another Scouring.

Why what's all This for? says the Friar. Cannot an Honester Woman be Quiet in her own House, but you must be rezing her with Malignes? How long have you been a Dealer in Parfes and Girdes? I bezech you: The Gentleman not being intrusfrated in This Mystery, was fain to fith it out, with Doubts, and put-offs. As for his Part, he said, he knew nothing of any Parfes and Girdes. Why then, says the Friar, in a Fulleon, Falle Wretch as thou art; This is the very Parfes, and This the Girde, shewing him Both. You know your own Trinkets again faire when you see them. The Man took the Matter now by the Right Handle, and looking extremely out of Countenance, ow'd the Prefents, submitted, and beggl'd Pardon, with a Solemn Oath, that he would never Trouble the Lady again in That Kind. The Friar took his Word; gave him his Bawbles again, as he call'd them, bad him be Wiser hereafter, and so dismissed him for That Bout.

Away goes the Gentleman once again, as before, finds the Lady at her Window, and in his Passage gives her a Sigh of the Parfes, and the Girdes, as by Chance, to the Full Satisfaction of them Both.

The Husband of This Persecuted Lady being call'd out of Town about Business, some Short time after, away goes the Wife to the Friar again, in a more Forlorn Flight then before. 'Sir says he, This Devil has heard of my Husband's being gone out of Town, and what does He, but over the Garden. Wall This Morning by Break of Day, mouns a Tree that leads to my Window, opens the Calemet, and had certainly got into my Chamber, if I had not wak'd that very Moment, and threaten'd to call out [Thieves] Why there's no living for a Virtuous Woman, at This Lewd-rate. Good Dear Daughter, says the Religious, make no more Words of what's past, but leave him yet once again to my ordering, and it ever he troubles you, any more make an Example of him. Well! Father, says she, I am all Obedience, and to the went her way.

It was not long before the Friar gave the Gentleman another Schoolding, and he laid it on to some Tune too. Art not Thou aham'd, says he, thou Beflity Man, that a Woman's Husband cannot be out of the way a little, but thou art presently ramping over the Garden-wall, Climbing of Trees, and creeping in at Windows, like a Common House-breaker. Nay you are disovered, let me tell you, in every Step you set: wherefore out of my Sight once for all, and never look me in the Face again. He might as well have said nothing: for This was the Last Scene of the Fryer's Part in the Story. So that the Other had no more now to do, but to follow the Instructions, and to go about his Business.

The Moral.

This Story points at the Danger of Unequal Matches, whether in Respect of Age, Birth, or Fortunes: for instead of creating an Union, it establishes a Fducation; that sets People's Heads at work in a Phantastical Emulation how they may Out-Trick one another, under the Countenance and Privilege of this Holy Mixture. When People find themselves unlesly once, upon This Account, and that what is once Done cannot be Undone; it is but Natural to try if they can mend themselves Abroad, when they find there's no Quiet to be had at Home.

In the Manage of Confidence with the Friar, is excellently well set forth, the Mercantile Flavour of a Witty Woman, when that wandering Maggie has once taken Possession of her Brain, and it was then Another Piece of Art, to pitch upon a Religion to go between, and affix in the Good Office: for there's no such Pimp, as a Reverend Fool, where That which is honest Beatitude on the one side, is pure Matter of Confidence on the other.

In one Word more; This Romantic way of Shuffling and Cutting, has Two Handles to it: for it both Teaches Villany, and Designs it, and at the same time, serves both for a Cautious, and a Loffish.

CLXXI.

The Love of Riccardo and Catharina.

Catharina, according to Boccace, was a Beautiful Young Lady; the Hope and Comfort of her Aged Parents, and as Good as she was Handsome. Riccardo was a Cavalier of Honour on the other hand, and had so fair a Reputation with the Father and Mother of This Lady, that he was as Free in the House with them as a Child of the Family. They were
were Both well defended, and by the Frequency of Visits and Interviews, had contracted such an Agreement of Inclinations and Manners, that they thought they could not place their Affections better then mutually One upon the Other. It was very rare, that they could get a Private Word together, and their Time was so short too, that their Talk was rather Hint, then Discourse. Such an Occasion Prefenting it fell to Ricarda's, Well Madam, says he, in a tone Whisper as he pass'd by her; I am Dead if you do not Love me. And That's my C腓e too, says she, in the same way of Myster y; but how shall we meet? Do but you get Leave, says he, to Lodge in the Garden-Gallerys, and let me alone for the Rest. And there the Dialogue brake off.

Catharina took Occasion next Day to tell her Mother that her Chamber did not agree with her; she was hat-less, and out of Order, for want of Rest. Now the Gallery-Chamber, she said, was Open and Airy, and the very Chirping of the Birds would be some sort of Relief to her, when she could not sleep. They Reason'd the Matter a while, till her Mother promised to move her Father about it, and so she did, but the Old Man was so Froward, and Cross-grained, that there was no enduring of him. Here's a Stir indeed with a Phantastical Fop, says he, as if the Girl could not sleep without a Fiddle.

The Peevishness of This Reply kept Catharina waking the Next Night, in Good Earnest: and she fell so ill upon's, that the Mother pref'd her Husband yet once more about it. Why what are you a doing, my Dear, says she, We have but One Poor Child in the World, you see, and That's to be cast away, it seems, What is it to us, I prethee, whether the Girl lies in one Chamber or in another? At This rate the lay Tezing of him, till at last, all in a Fret, Well! says he, Young Lasses are like Watermen, they Look one way, and Row another. But if nothing else will serve, let but see the Locking of her up a Night, and setting her out again next Morning, and you may e'en lodge her where you have a mind to.

Ricarda, understanding that his Miftrels had gained her Point, mounted the Garden-Wall That Night, and got up to the Chamber-Window, where he posted himself upon Duty till toward Break of Day, and then drew-off again.

This went forward, Night after Night, till at length, having quite overwatch'd themselves they fell fast asleep, Hand in Hand, at the Window.

While they were in This Pastime, in comes the Master of the House, before any of the Family were stirring, with the Tidings to his Wife, that his Daughter was turn'd Bird-song, and had caught a Nightingale. Pray's says he, come along with me now, and tell me if the Girl was not much in the Night, to take the Gallery Chamber for the Better Sleeping-Room. This put the Mother into such a Freak, that the whole Town should have rung of the Story, if her Husband had not given a Timely Stop to't. Come come says the Old Man, some Wiser than some. In such a Cafe as This, the Id's Noise the better. Here's an Innocent Love carry'd on, without either Fraud, or Dishonour; the Attempt indeed is Capital to the Poor Fellow, but by my Faith, I should be loath to take the Fortitude. I see no Exception at all to the Young Man, either in matter of Years, Blood, or Fortune; and for the rest, what have we more to do, then to call a Preist immediately, and make a Match once. The Wife was of the Husband's Opinion. And the Resolution was no sooner taken, but the Young People awak'd in the greatest Confusion imaginable. There past however some Necessity Decencies of Supplication and Submission, to the Father and Mother, and all was afterwards made up by the Solemnity of a Formal Marriage, to the Satisfaction of all Parties.

The Moral.

We have here the Rife, the Propof, and the Conduct of a Virtuous, Faithful Love: without any Substantial Exception, either to the Parties, or the Manner. The Plot was Innocent, and carry'd on within the Bounds of Modesty, and Good Manners: and after some pretty Harmless Turns in the Course of the Relation, here was a Match Concluded at first, to the Honour of the Proceeding, by the Votary Content of Parents. So that the Romance in the Galton, may pass servilely for a Prefident in the Embrae, and an Example in the Edification, upon the main, to others to Govern themselves according to the Instructs of This Story.
CLXXII.
A Hope and Spectacles

Poor Short-sighted Mids, that had try'd Surgeons, Occulists, and Receipts innumerable for the helping of Weak Eyes, and never the better, came at length to make Tryal of Glasses, and provided the most Artificial Spectacles were to be gotten; but when all was done, that which was a Help to a Man, did no Good at all to a Mid.

The Moral

Art may Cover, or Disguise Natural Defects, but it can never Supply them; for the Works of Nature are all Perfect in their Kind, and whoever goes about to Mend them, makes them Worse: behold that it is a Folly, and a Presumption, unpardonable, to pretend to the Curing of Those Eyes, that in the very Forming of them were created Blind.

CLXXIII.
A Lyon, an Ape, and a Wolf.

A Lyon that had been hard prey'd by a Faction among the Beasts, came at last to have all his Enemies under his Feet. This Lyon was too Generous, not to do some sort of Honourable Right to his Friends and Allies that stood by him in the Action: and so thought it reasonable, for those that had born a part in the Hazard, to have their Share likewise in the Glory. Upon this Consideration, he invited his Fellow-adventurers to a Collation with him in a Wood near at hand there, where he provided an Entertainment of all Varieties answerable to the Occasion: as Bread for the Elephants, Oats for the Horses; Hay for the Oxen; Soup for the Dogs, Nuts for the Squirrels, Apples for the Monkeys, and the like: The Guests were all highly pleased with the Treat, only a Wolf and an Ape took it in Dudgeon, that there was neither Carrion, nor Thistles.

The Moral

There needs no more than the History of Life and Death, to make a Man Sick of the World; upon the very Sight of doing the same Thing over and over again: as Eating and Drinking, Sleeping and Waking by Turns, &c. And what's the whole Story of Life, but a Scene of Vanity, which a Body can hardly think of without a Glance: besides the Blest Prospect of a New and a better Life after This.

CLXXIV.

This Chapter upon Reading the Fifth of Genesis.

It is written in the Fifth of Genesis, that all the Days that Adam liv'd, were Nine Hundred and Thirty Years; and he Dy'd: and all the Days of Seth were Nine Hundred and Twelve Years, and he Dy'd: the Days of Enos were Nine Hundred and Five Years, and he Dy'd. The Days of Methuselah were Nine Hundred and Sixty Nine Years, and HE Dy'd. One Gurius; upon the bare hearing of This Chapter read; quitted the World, and Retire'd.

The Moral

There needs no more than the History of Life and Death, to make a Man Sick of the World; upon the very Sight of doing the same Thing over and over again: as Eating and Drinking, Sleeping and Waking by Turns, &c. And what's the whole Story of Life, but a Scene of Vanity, which a Body can hardly think of without a Glance: besides the Blest Prospect of a New and a better Life after This.
CLXXV.

A Penitent that gave his Confession in Writing.

There was a Formal, Outside-Christian, that under Pretence of an Ill Memory, kept a Diary of his Sins in Writing; and when he had filled a Large Roll with the History, he went to his Ghastly Father with it for Absolution by Consent. The Holy Man found it was like to be a Tedious Business, and so for Brevity's sake Absolved him by the Lamp; enjoying him, for his Penance, to read that Catalogue over twice a Day for Six Months to come from the Date of his Absolution.

The Moral.

People do with their Sins, as Unthrifts do with their Debts; they never think of them till they grow Heavy and Dangerous, and then they blunder up an Account in General, and so make Even indifferent with God and Man, upon the Grofs; as if a Formal Confession, at the Last Gasp, were a Sufficent Composition, for the Corruptions, and Miseries, of a Long Life.

CLXXVI.

Dauphin and the Oracle.

There was one Dauphin, a Foul-Mouth'd Ill-natur'd Fellow, and for Ungovernable a Tongue, that he never spair'd any Thing Sacred or Prophane that came in his way: no not Crowned Heads Themselves; as he fell upon the King of Pergamus for One; nay and his Infolence went yet higher.

He pretended an Errand one time to consult the Oracle about a Horse he had lost: and the Answer he received was This: that he should find his Horse very Indently. Upon This Answer, he put it presently about, that the Oracles were a Pack of Cheats: for he had lost no Horse, he said, neither had he any Horse to lose. Upon his return he was taken up by the Order of Attalus, and cast down a Precipice that was call'd the Horse. This convin'd him in the End, that the Oracle was so far in the Right. And it may serve for a Caution to us all, how we Trust with the Divine Power, under what Form or Disguise ever.

The Moral.

There must be no Bantering, or Buffoning, with Holy Things: neither is Religion felt ever the less Sacred for being expos'd in Superstitions, or set Dollar'd Drest: provided we do but preserve a Veneration for the One, without partaking in the Corruptions of the Other. But be it as it will; this Lewd Plaistilical Wretch would be trying Experiments, and he left his Life for a Concern.

Moraliz'd.

CLXXVII.

A Huntsman and an Old Bitch.

A Famous Dog-mutter, as he was abroad one Day upon his Sport, happen'd to cast his Eye upon an Old Decrepit Bitch, that lay Languishing, and Three Quarters Fur'd by the Way-side upon a Dung-Hill. This Miserable Creature had been once his Servant, but so alter'd, by Age, Neglect, and Hard Usage, that she was hardly to be known: The Gentleman however flood so long musing, and bethinking himself, that the Bitch gave him to understand, by the Licking of her Lips, the Wagging of her Tail, and her Creeping to him upon her Belly, what she would have said if she could have spoken. The Mutter was so delight'd with the Good Nature and Tenderness of the Creature, that he took every Thing by the Right Handle, and put her some Questions, to which in her way she return'd this Answer.

Sir says she, I had once the Honour to eat of your Bread, but bewrayd my Present Condition of Want and Misery, and a Broken Leg over and above, I may well be out of your Memory; unless I should presume to mind you of an Old Servant, by this Notable Token; that at the Fall of a Mighty Stagg, (much spoken of in those Days) I had Forty Terrors in the Field, that came out of my own Loins, and the Patter of them all is as This Day to be seen in the Prince's Gallery. The Gentleman had so great a Kindness for the whole Strain, that he immediately order'd the Bitch to be Walled
WAH'ID and Clean'd, taken into the House; and provided for from his own Table. The President of this Bounty to a Try'd Servant, encouraged another to put in for the like Provision; but the Matter march'd off, and adjourn'd the Second Cause till Another time.

The Moral.

Old Friends, and Old Services, are never to be forgotten; and it is the Interest, as well as the Duty of all Men of Honour and Honesty, to Live, and Act, according to that Principle: for Gratitude is not only the Recognition, or the Requisition of a Good Office, but it Creates, and Strengthens Friendship over and above.

Here is likewise recommended to us an Instance of a Generous Justice, under the Direction of a Distinguished Bounty, which does yet more enhance the Value of the Favour; for the Refusal of the same Thing to One, which is Granted to Another, makes it a work, not of Fissipany, but Choyce. It would be well all this while, if Men would Live as they Prefer'd, and Govern themselves by Just and Grateful Measures.

CLXXVIII.

A Gardener and a Dog.

A Widow Woman, that had nothing to live upon but the Profit of her Orchards and Garden-stuff, was forc'd abroad once, and mightily at a Loss whom to entrust, with the Care of her Fruits and Plants in her Absence. She had in the House, a Tame Fox, a Hog, an Ape, and a Goat; and they all offer'd their Services to look to the Yards, and keep all Safe when she was away.

For my Part, says the Ape, there can be no Danger of Mice; for a Handful of Nuts, and an Apple a Day, is enough to do my Business. And then for my Particular, says the Hog, I am no Climber of Trees, but a little Rotten Fruit, and a few Wind-falls will serve my Turn. Well! says the Fox, and no body will Tax me, I am sure, for a Ravenet of Roots, and Apples. No nor me neither, says the Goat, I am no CoJack; I rob no Orchards; but a Handful of Herbs is as good to me as a Feast.

The Widow thank'd them all for their Good Will, but says she to the Fox, you'll be too Crafty I fear, for a Poor Country-

MORALIZED.

Country-Wench, beside that you are so False and Sly, there is no Truth in you; and then for the Ape, says she, he'll be too Lavish and Expensive; the Goat, I must confess, is no Pepper-Merchant; but then he'll do more Hurt with Knab- bing, and spoiling the Trees, than he could do otherwise with Eating the Apples; but now in the left Place, the Hog is utterly Intolerable, for he shall Rub more Plants to Death in one Day, then a whole Herd of Swine is worth. So that I must even leave the Care of all to my Dog: for he is no Gutter of Fruit, He kills no Plants, but keeps Thieves at a Distance, and finally for his Honesty, the whole Earth is not able to Corrupt him.

The Moral.

There's no Danger in trusting a Servant that lies under the Double Leaf of Honesty and Interest, to be True to his Master: that is to say, when a Justice of Inclination is supported and encouraged by the Advantage he reaps from the doing his Duty; and nothing to be gotten on the other hand, by absolving his Patron. 'Tis Notice further, that the Woman's All was at Stake here, and she did well to deliberate, before she came to a Resolution.

CLXXIX.

An Athenian and a Spartan.

An Athenian put Five Questions to a Spartan, and received Five Answers to them.

Q. 1. What Walls do you like Best?
A. Those that will Defend Themselves.
Q. 2. Why did the Athenians give no Written Laws at all?
A. Because Good Manners need no Laws.
Q. 3. Why do you make use of such Heavy Mony?
A. Because Men should be the sooner weary of it.
Q. 4. Why do you wear such short Daggers?
A. To be so much nearer the Enemy.
Q. 5. And why such Short Speeches?
A. To bring one another sooner to the Point.
The Moral.

We may learn from hence, the Grace, the Force, and the Advantage of Brevis, and Resolution. It surpasses an Adversary; whereas a tedious Story drawn out at Length, and in Poultr'd terms, tells a Man where you will be at Last, Half an Hour before you come at it; and gives an Enemy time to think on't, and to prepare for a Reply.

CLXXX.

A New Convert.

In the Long Inter regnum betwixt Forty Two and Sixty, there was a Pleas'd Droll of a New Convert to the Church of Rome, that were very gravely to a Particular Friend of his with These Words in his Mouth. I am told, says he, within These Three or Four Days, that they are come over to be one of Us, prethee deal clearly with me now. Art thou a Damn'd Heretic, or a Popish Dog?

The Moral.

There is a Spirit of Contradiction, that turns Religion into a Foll'my and makes Chrisians no better than Aphilans: a People that reckon upon the Killing a Man of another Religion, as the nearest way to Paradise. These Men lay more Stress, in fine, upon the Opposition, then they do upon the Truth, as if it were a Mark of Grace to be violent, and Bitter. We must one another to Peace, under a Pretence of Zeal, and better Information; contrary to Good Manners, as well as Good Nature, and in Defiance of a Profession, that hath Charity is Jeff for the Foundation of it.

CLXXXI.

A Man that phane'd himself Deaf.

There was a Man in a Desperate Fit of the Spleen, that phane'd himself Deaf. There was no Eating or Drinking in the Other World, he said, and to nothing of Meat or Drink would go down with him. The Phancy was so Strong upon him, that he was in a fair way to have star'd himself, if his Friends had not brought-him-off by a Trick. Come, come, says one, let us lay the Dead People together: and so they put him to Bed to a Man that was to act the Part of a Corpse, and a Sheet thrown over them. When they had been a while in Bed together, in comes a Servant, and very formally covers a Table in the same Room, and sets Meat upon it. Upon this, up rives the Counterfeit, goes his way to the Table, and falls to Eating. Why sure This Man is Mad, says his Bedfellow, Dead People do not Eat I hope. Do not you Deceive your self, says the Impostor, for the Dead have their way of Eating and Drinking as well as the Living. Do not you try a little your self, and you'll find it so. That's more, I must confede, then I was aware of; and so up he gets to his Companion, and they Two together made a very Good meal on't. This Collation did the Work, and the Splenetic Man never heard more of his Vapours.

The Moral.

There is nothing Wonderful in This Story, to say Man that duly considers the Force of Imagination, and the Authority we have for the Credit of a World of Thee Phantastical Reports. One Man phanes himself a Merchant; and His Head runs altogether upon Shipping, and Accounts. Another, with Lucian's Coher, sets up for a Prince, and takes State upon him accordingly. A Third conceives himself to be made of Better, a Fourth, of Giants, and the One is afraid of Melons, and the other of Breaking. Now These Whimsey's be true, are within one Degree of Madness; but as they are Phantastical Diversions, they must be curious with Phantastical Remot's: that is to say, one Frenz must be cur'd by Another, and when a Man is once Fooled into a Fit of the Spleen, there's no remedy in Nature like Fooling him Out on't again. This do I take to be the Hint of This Fable; as we find it upon Experience, to be the very Truth of the Case.
FABLES and STORIES

CLXXXII.

Democritus and Heracleitus.

There were Two Famous Philosophers, Democritus, and
Heracleitus, both give themselves wholly up to the Thought
of the Vanityes, and the Miseries of Humane Life. The
One was perpetually Laughing, and the Other was Crying, and People
would be asking them one after another what the Reason of
it was. It makes me Mad, says Heracleitus, to think of the Descri-
able Condition of Mankind. We value our selves, it's true, upon
the Prerogative of our Reason, and yet, compare'd with other Ani-
mal's, the better Brutes of the Two: Slaves to our Passions and
Appetites; Blind and Deaf to the Ways and Means of Happiness,
and most Unfortunate in the very Enjoyment of our own Wishes.
Now the very Gods of this World, the Princes, I mean, do they
not Hear with other Men's Ears? See with other Men's Eyes? Walk,
and Work, with the Hands and Feet of other Men? Are they not
Guided by other Men's Understandings? Led by Parasites and Buffoons?
And finally, how do they maintain themselves in all this Pleasure and Greatness?
but either upon the Borrow, or upon the Spoil? And now, says he, would not This Foolery make any
Man Loath the World, that has but the least Grain of Sense in him?
Well, says Democritus, and this Wretched Stuff makes me
Laugh as fast as my Brother Cries. As for Example;
Can any Thing be more Ridiculous, then for a Man not to know
what is right, and at the same time to set-up his Self upon Con-
tingenies, without any Certainty at all? Nay and without taking any
Warning too, from the Case of one Misfortune, to the Avoiding
of another. The Merchant, and the Seaman, are no sooner cast ashore
out of one Wreck, but they are presently replaching for another. The
Marine's Swindler has no sooner deft one Woman, but he's ready for
another. The Drunkard has no sooner cast his Stomach of one De-
bate, and sleeps out the Quaff, but the First Thing he does the
next Morning is, in the Good-fellow's Language, to call for a Hair
of the same Dog, to set him Right again. Whoever heard of a
Losing Gamester that gave over Play; or of a Man, after the Death
of one Strew, that was not ready for another, even before the Former
was Cold in her Grave.

The Moral.

This Follie is no other, in effect, then a Compendious Division of
the World into Fools and Knaves; under the Cover of a Philosophical
Reading upon the Miseres; and Weaknesses of Humane Life: in order to
the bringing of People to a True Knowledge, and a Right Sense, of
their Condition and Duty. It tells us over again in the Words of the Wise-
Man, that All Things under the Sun are Vanity and Vexation of Spirits;
and that Divine Authority, as well as Natural Reason have pronounced them
so to be.

CLXXXIII.

Wine is an Unwholesome Medicine.

In the Freedom of Cups and Company, we are apt to mis-
pute the Drowning of Care: for, the Allaying of them.
Now two or three Glades does the one, but it will take
as many Bottles perhaps, to do the other. There's a Great
Difference between the Right Life of Wine, and the Abuse of
it: and it is with this Medicament, as it is with all others, we
are to keep within the Dose: There are Thole, 'tis true, that
cannot Sleep sober, and upon any Finch, either of Fortune,
or of Confidence, the Good-fellow flies as naturally to his Faddis,
as the Quack does to his Unwholesome Medicine. It was a Plea-
sant Pug-off, of a Droll when one told him he had gotten a
very Plain Woman to his Wife: Yes, says he, I know I have,
but I am not drinking to make her Handsome.

The Moral.

In some Cases we use Wine as a Cordial, in others, as a Opiate: If
it cannot Remove the Trouble, it will at least Soothe, and Dose it:
which is, in some Measures, the Work of Philosophy and Virtue, only
is another Way of doing it.
CLXXXIV.

Under a Greater Gotten Fire.

There was a Time, in the Days of almost an Universal Paganism, when every Particular Nation had its Particular Gods: It was Then put to the Question, which of Those Gods should have the Preeminence. And, for Quietness sake, they came to an Agreement among themselves, that he that made all the Rest should have the Preference. Upon This Resolution, the Chaldeans, that worship’d the Fire, carry’d their God about with them from place to place, to make Tryal of his Power; and gave quickly to understand, that the Gods of Mrtle, Wood, Stone, and such Materials, were not able to stand before him. This put the Chaldeans in such a Haff, for the Advantage they had obtained, that an Egyptian Prince let his Brain upon the Rack, how to take them down in the very Transport of their Vanity and Glory.

They had a fort of Earthen Vessels, with a World of Little Holes in them, that they made use of for Percolation; that is to say, for drawing Water thorough them, to as to leave the Sediment behind. The Priest took one of these Vessels, stopp’d the Holes with Wax, Painting it over with Curious Colours, and when it was Thus Dried up, he fill’d it with Water; Clap an Antick Head upon’t, and so put it up for a God. The Caldeans brought the Point quickly to an Issue, by setting Fire to it, and upon the melting of the Wax, the Water dripp’d thorough the Holes, and put out the Fire; which decided the Controversy, and the Egyptian God carry’d it.

The Moral.

When People are divided about their Gods, ‘tis no Wonder to see Religion, and Religious Worship managed with Craft and Imposture, and the Cause maintained by Trick. The Story of this Fable, seems to have somewhat in it of the Counsel between Miher and the Magicians, though the One but in Favour of an Idol, and the Other in Proof of the True God. The Devil has his Mock-Priests, his Amts and his Sacrifices, in a Counterfeit imitation of the Almighty Himself; and never is Dangerous as in the Shape of an Angel of Light. The Doctrine will be The.

CLXXXV.

A Lyon and an Ape.

A Certain Lyon, when the Good Humour was upon him, sent for an Ape to entertain him with a Lecture of Morals; and the First Point he read upon, was the Subject of Self-Love: which, says he, is the Root of all Evil; and neither Prince nor Peasant can acquit himself of his Duty, either Public or Private, till he has mastered this Weakness. But it must be the Work of Time, for Rome was not Built in a Day. The Advantage of it will be this, that whoever is once in Possession of this Habit, he shall never do any Thing afterwards, that is Ridiculous, or Unjust. And now, says the Ape again, for a further Explanation: what is it that makes any Creature Ridiculous, but Unreasonable Actions, and False Opinions! which are effectually, from no other Ground then a natural Propensity to the indulging of our own Infirmitie and Errors? And what is it again, but the same Vanity, that transports us to the Approving of those Failings in others, which we Practise, and allow of in our Selves? When at the same time, we reckon all People to be little better then Fools, that do not Act, and Think, just as we do! At this rate, we are link’d into a kind of Confederacy against Sobriety, Truth, and Virtue: out of an overweening Partiality in Favour of our own Imperfections and Mistakes. One Fool, in fine, cries up Another, only for what he finds, and values in Himself: as there’s no Mischief in the Ear of one Ape like the Brazen of Another. What is it, in fine, but Self-Love, that has been the Foundation of all the Iniquities that ever were committed? Whether out of Ambition, Cruelty, Pride, Malice, Revenge, Avarice; or in short out of any other Affection whatsoever? For it comes all to a Cafe, when we Sacrifice a Virtue for the Gratifying of a Lust. This Reasoning of the Ape brought him off with a whole Skin at last; for it imprinted in the very Lyon
The Moral
This is not the first Prince that has asked Council of an Ape; but this is the first Ape perhaps that ever gave his Master any Advice he was the better for. Not but that Belshazzar's Ape, in some extraordinary Cales may be allowed to Rebuff the Prophets. But be it as it will, we may gather this Doctrine from what is before us: there is nothing so ridiculous in Nature, but a Good Ape may be made one: for Truth and Religion carry an Ape with them under what Shape soever they appear, and from what Hand soever they come.

CLXXXV.
A Traveler's Advice to kill Grass-Hoppers.

Boccalini's Traveller was so Distracted in the Heat of the Dog Days, with the Noise of Grass-Hoppers in his Ears, that he alighted from his Horse in great Wrath to kill them all. Now this, says the Author, was only playing the Fool to no Manner of Purpose: for if he had but kept on his Way without minding them, they would 'en have gone Sputtering-on till they Burst, and the Man never the Worse for't.

The Moral
This is to shew us how small a Matter puts us out of our Business and Duty. For what is Humane Life but a Palliate toward Eternity, and all we have to do in this World, is only to lay a Foundation for the Blessings we hope for in the next, without either Wanting, or Loitering, upon the way. We meet with This Herosman, and These Grass-Hoppers, more or less in all Conditions of Life. Every Trifle diverts us from the Office of the Great Work; and when we should be attending the Duties of our Reasonable Being, we are carry'd away by Vanities and Pleasures, like Spaniels that run out at Check, after Dance and Crowns, without ever finding their Game.

CLXXXVII.
A Dog and a Crocodile.

The Dog, they say, about the River Nile, are said to drink running, and to take here and there a Lap, for fear of the Crocodiles. A Certain Crocodile, taking Notice of a Dog that kept himself upon That Guard, gave him a Rebuff for't. Had not you better, says the Crocodile, take a Hearty Soup once for all, than run squinting up and down Thus: as if you were afraid somebody would do you a Mischief? Why truly, says the Dog, I had rather go That way to work, but that I am not willing to venture my Carcals for a Mornings-Draught.

The Moral
We should do by the World, in some respects, as the Dog does by the River: that is to say, we should content our Selves with a Tast of Internal Refreshments, without making a Meal of them; and to to sate them for a Relish, nor for a Diet. Too much of the World, and dwelling too long upon it, are both Equally Dangerous, and nothing but a Mad Man, will venture Body and Soul, for the Gratifying of a Liquorish Palate, Folly and Blindness, says the very same Thing to a Man, that the Crocodile does to the Dog: and in Cates too, of the most Deterrent Extremities. [What are you afraid of? Here's nothing will hurt you.] This Public, upon the Main, preaches Temperance, in the Gratifying of our Appetites; and it strikes also at the Unfeigned, Carboy Humour of Talking Things, and then leaving them; and so Skipping from This to That, without sufficiently any Thing to Digest.

CLXXXVIII.
Crate's Wit.

Crate depos'd Many for his Children in the Hands of a Trustee: if they prove Fools, says he, let them have the Estate, but if Philosophers, let it be given to the Poor.
The Moral.

This Conceit looks a little Phantastical, and yet, he that considers the General Practice of the World, will find most Events disposed of according to Crusius’s Will. This is not to be understood, as if Philosophers were to live upon the Air, like Camelines; but it teaches Temperance and Good Government, in the Hint, that Nature contents it self with a little, and that the Endowments of the Mind are much above the Goods of Fortune, and a Poor Philosopher much more valuable than a Wealthy Idiot.

CLXXXIX.
The Fig Tree and the Olive.

There are Natural Aversions among Trees and Plants, as well as among Men and Beasts: and this was it that engag’d a Pomegranate once, as the Emblem of Union and Agreement, to try what might be done toward the Reconciling of the Fig and the Olive: Two Plants that will hardly live in the same Air. The Pomegranate fell to reasoning the Matter, from the Practice of Other Trees, the Scandal of the Example, and the like: but when he saw there was nothing to be done, that way, he charg’d the Fig-Tree with downright Cruelties, and ill Nature. The Fig-Tree excused himself, that the Antipathy was none of his Fault, but a Fatal, and an Incurable Opposition, between the Two Families. It ever had been so, and ever would be so, and there was no Remedy.

Now whoever considers but the very Leaves of These Two Trees; the Shape, the Colour, the Fruit, the Tall, or the Sire, the Trunk, the Bark, and the Root, &c., he will find that no Two Things can be more Contrary than the One of These is to the Other: so that the only way to preserve them, is to keep them strangeth, and He that brings them together is an Enemy to Both.

The Moral.

He that contends with Natural Aversion, does the same Thing as if he undertook to Cure Incurable Diseases. There is no Forcing of Nature against the Laws, and Those that by the Virtue of This Inbred Antipathy, were Born Enemies, are never to be made Friends.

CXC.
A Sea-man well provided for.

A Poor Terpaulin, that was taken up for a Long Voyage, left a Bonny Young Wife behind him, but in a Miserable Cottage, with nothing in this Earthly World but Bare Walls, not so much as a Cob in her Pocket to keep the Devil out, and scarce a Rag to cover her Nakedness. After a Matter of Five Years Absence, the Sea-faring Man comes back again; finds his Habitation in Excellent Order, and Furnished from Top to Bottom, with a Brave Boy of some Three Year Old into the Bargain. The Matter of the Dwelling was wonderfully pleas’d at the Sight of such an Improvement; only the Thought of a Child humbled him a little. Upon This, he fell to thrifting his Wife from Point to Point; how This, and That, and ’tother came about. Why my Dear, says he, This is all by Providence. What? Child and all? says the Husband. Yes indeed, Child and all, says the Woman. Well! says the Good Man, what must he be? but yet by your Favour Wife, when Providence had furnished her Houfe for me, I should have been well enough content to have been the Father of my own Children.

This was much such Another Providence, as That of the Good Woman’s Great Belly in London, in the Revolution of Forty one, when her Husband had been Three Years in Plymouth. ’Tis true, says hee, my Husband has been Three Years away, but I have had very Comfortable Letters from him.
The Moral.

Providence, and Religion are made use of as a Common Pia, or at least, a Cover for all manner of Wickedness, as well in the Contrivance, as in the Execution of it. Thus it was in the Troubles of King Charles the First, when our Days of Humiliation, and Thanksgiving, ran directly contrary to the True Reason of the Case. But we are not now so much upon the Text of Hypocrisy as upon the Subject of Humane Frailty: and there's no need either of Argument, or of Embleme, to convince us of the Infirmities of Flesh and Blood.

CXCI.

Books Sold by the Foot.

A Country Gentleman, with more Mony then Brains, that had a mind to be taken for a Man of Letters, built himself a Fair Spacious Room for a Library: and when he had fill’d and fited it up for his Turn, he contracted with a Book-seller to furnish it with Books, from Top to Bottom, at so much a Foot; the Books to be Bound, Guilt, and Letter’d after the Bell Fashion, and the Choice of them left to the Stationers Honefly and Difcretion.

The Moral.

He that buys Books by the Foot, may as well pretend to purchase Learning by the Pound, but he that’s Master of a Fair Study of Books, values himself upon being Master also of all that’s Good in’t. This Fact has something in it of the Humour of another Perfon that I knew. (For This is all Izinger) He had a Great Mind to get himself the Reputation of a Hard Student, and so kept a Candle burning in his Study all Night still, and He himself fast a sleep in his Bed all the while.

This Whimsy, of Vanity, and Difcretion, is no more then what we meet with every Day of our Lives, in all Shapes, and Places. In use Word for all, it’s but the same Thing over and over again as a Thousand other Innances; and the whole Backup of our Lives is Semblance and Disguise.

CXCII.
CXCV.

A Fox and a Lyon.

The Fox is an Animal qualify'd by Nature for a Sharpier and a Parodist: And one of the Fallest, and Smoothest of the Kind perhaps, made his Court to a Lyon with a Design to supplant some of the most useful and necessary of his Friends and Servants, that he had about him. He began with him upon the Ordinary Method of a Court-Blatery: as the Charms of his Person, the Majesty of his Countenance, and Motion; the Transcendent Excellencies of his Mind, and the Generosity that is so inseparable from his Family, and Extraction: But then Sir, says the Fox, Your Authority-Royal is above all the rest, as is seen in the Extent of your Empire: for all Living Creatures are your Subjects, and it is at your Pleasure whether they shall Live or Dye. Nay there are some Caves wherein you cannot alter your Prerogative, but with your People's Noses and Liberties under your Feet. The Lyon was too Brave to encourage so Fine a Discourse, and told him, with Indignation enough, that in the Making of his People Slaves, he must be fure to lose their Hearts, and that he could not feize their Eflates, without a most intolerable Injustice. But in the Cæffe, says he, of a False and a Fawning Minister, that lays Fretts for Honest Men, and creates a Fronde in the King and his Subjects, nothing can be more Reasonable then to Sacrifice such an Instrument to the Well being of the Publick; and in That Moment he Struck the Fox Dead at his Feet.

The Moral.

Craft, or Cunning, is that which Sir Francis Bacon calls a Sniffer, or Crooked Wisdom; which is all made up of Trick, and Self-Love, without either Faith, or Judgment. The Fox, here in the Woods, does the Part of an Evil Minister in a Pott of Stew. That is to say; he gives Advice for By-ends, without any Regard to the Honour of his Master, or to the Common Good of King and People.

This Fable here sets before us the Danger of taking Court-Faceln into the Favour of the Government, for Princes must of Necessity either clear their Hands of Corrupt Ministers, or run the Hazard of being

CXCVI.

A Ratt retires into a Holland Cheefe.

A Rat that had been at Rack and Manger upon his Neighbours Cheefe and Bacon, till he could live no longer upon the Spoil, took-up a Fic of Mortification; renounced the Vanities of the World, said his Prayers, and so retir'd into a Holland Cheefe, that serv'd him both for a Cell, and a Castle; and supply'd him with Necessaries for Back and Belly, all in one. He was no Looner in his New Hermitsage, but up comes a Troop of Begging-Deputies to him, in the Name of his Distressed Brethren, for a Charity, let it be never so small. They were fo petter'd, they said, with Cats, and Tramps, that they were e'en perishing for want of Sustenance. Alas for you! says the Recluse, My Business is of Another World you see; but give me my Prayers however, and my Blessing; and wish that Word, he flung the Door upon the Commissioners; and left the Brotherhood to shift for Themselves.

The Moral.

'Tis a Common Thing for People, when they are Old, and Unsteady, to turn Religious; and then call it a Sinking of the World, when they are past the Guff, and the Pleasures of it. But they have commonly the Wit at the same Time to provide Necessaries, without troubling their Heads about Things Superfluous. Let this be understood with all Due Reverence, to the Right Use, or Intent of a Mortification, and a Meaner Life: and with this, that Christian Charity is as much a Duty on one Side of the S graze, as it is on the other; and that the lower Descriptions will do little in such a Cafe as This, without the Relief.
FABLES and STORIES

Undone Themselves. But This is enough said to keep both Sides up
on their Guard, the One not to Attemp't such an Innuence, and the
Other not to Suffer it.

CXCV.
The Advertisement of Epaminondas.

Epaminondas had a Summ of Mony lent him for a Present;
the Court-Ward for a Bloys:) He excused himself, as
to the Mony, but invited the Commissioners that brought it,
to Dinner with him. The Entertainment was a Choice Col-
lection of the Court, and the worst-ordered Meats and
Drinks that could be got. So soon as the Meal was over, the
Matter of the Feast bluntly defied the Deputies to let him
know their Business; but they were surpris'd at their Dis-
appointment in this Treat, that they had not one word to say.
Well! my Masters, says Epaminondas. If this be all, you
had e'en better go back again to him that lent you: and pray'e
carry your Bill of Fare along with you; which will give him
to understand, that Epaminondas is not to be Corrupted.

The Moral.
Victor is all of a Piece, and true to it fell in all the Parts of it: so
that Temperance is no longer a Virtue, than while itstands good
against all Appetites, and Temptations whatsoever. Upon This
Ground it is, that Epaminondas draws an Inference from the Plain Sim-
plicity of his Meats and Drinks, upon the Account of That sort of Me-
deration, to the Contempt of Money, &c. besides the further Illustration
of the Matter, by the Grace of an Embleme.

CXCVI.
The Contempt of Death.

'Tis no purpose to Fear, what it is impossible to Avoid:
beside that upon the whole Matter, Death is the very
same Thing still, whether we dread it or not. There goes a
Story of a Brave Man, that was threaten'd with an Infamous,
a Lingering, and a Tormenting Death, unless he would sub-
mit to the doing of a Base thing, below the Dignity of a
Man of Honour, and Justice. Tin bold do well, says he, to
frisklen your Couriers with these Bugbears: for Death is but
Death at last; and for the Matter of it, it's the same Thing to
me, whether I lie in the Earth, or upon a Gibbet.

The Moral.
No Man was ever yet so Mad, as to think he should never Die; or
perhaps so unreasonable, as to do so much as secretly to Wish it, or to
Hope for it, in Contradiction to the manifest Decrees of Providence, and
the unalterable Fate of all Created Things. So that if the Mortality be
Certain, and the Period of Life Uncertain, what have we more to do,
then to make every Hour of our Lives a Preparatory toward That In-
visible End? especially considering, that when we have once matter'd
That Terror, we have nothing left us in This World to Fear.

But we are now to Distinguish between the Resignation of a Soul, and
the Renunciation of a Christian: or, I might have said, between the Mo-
tions of Philosophy, and the Impulses of Religion; for That is the Point
in Question, between the Mortality of the Life, and the Christian Profess
of a Future State.

MORALIZ'D.

CXCVII.
The Church Complaining of the Church Doers.

A Church that was Robb'd, brought an Action against the
Doors, for betraying their Trust, and letting in the
Thieves. The Doors held it out, they said, till they were
broken all to Pieces and Thrown off the Hinges: so that
They, on the other hand, laid the Blame upon the Church,
for receiving them, and letting them make such Havock when
they were got in. And then, why were they fitt'd at left,
they cry'd, to go out again?

The Moral.
'Tis a Common Saying in the World, when a Mischief is done,
that nobody did it; and when we have shuflled the Blame off from one
to another, as far as it will go: we bespeak our selves in the Conclusion
to the unutter'd Satisfaction of Comforting our Selves that others are as
Guilty as we are: as if it were some sort of Mitigation, either of the
Crime, or of the Calamity, to go to the Devil with Company.

CXCVII.
FABLES and STORIES

CXCVIII.

As to Jupiter

A S Jupiter was upon the Bench hearing of Causes, up comes a Troup of Representative Aفس to him, in the Name of their Companions, with a Long Story of their Grievances. They let forth in their Petition, that the World had taken up a Lewd Cadmon, whenever People had a Mind to mark any one for an Egremous Coxcomb, This or That Blockhead, they'd say, was a very Aفس, and so cast a Scandal upon the whole Arcadian Brotherhood. Why might not an Oxc, or a Hg have done every jot as well as an Aفس ? Not that they pretended to pet-up for Philosophers neither; but they took it ill to be branded with a particular Reproach, when the Common Appellation of a Reaf would have done as well. Jupiter took the Matter into Consideration, and gave the Deputies This Answer; Gentlemen-Commissioners, lays he, you come to me for Redress, and I do not find you have any Wrong done you: but if sticks in your Stomachs, I perceive, that the Reaf of your Fellow-Brothers, are not Branded for Company.

The Moral.

'Tis a Common Thing for Men to Complain without a Cause, and to find Themselves uneasy in whatever Condition they are in, without understanding, either what they Would have, or what they Afs. Now what's the Grievance all this while here! but the Aفس takes it ill to be called by their Name, and to be disbelieved by their Nature? It is no Crime, or Shame, for anything to Be, what Providence hath Made it, or consequentially to be Ruled, or Understood, for what it Is. But the Aفس here in the Fabes, have a Mind to Cover their Ears under the Foe's Skin, and to Appear Wiser, and Better, then, in Truth they Are. Why should not all Beasts fear alike they cry? Now That's not so much an Argument, as the Caprice of an Ill nature'd Envy and Recrimination, as if we were ever the Better for being in Ill Company.

CXCIX.

Syril and his Generous Act.

Upon the taking of Perseus by Ascaul, Syra gave a Peremptory Order to put every Creature to the Sword in it, but I'd only except, who had done him some Good Offices which he was willing to acknowledge. This Brave Citizen, being given to understand what a Resolution Syra had taken in his Favour, put himself in a Disguise, and went out of his House into the Crowd, to Perish for Company: chusing rather, as he said, to fall in a Common Rrathe, than to become a Deeter for his Life to the Destroyer of his Country.

The Moral.

This Example of Syra may pass for an Instructive Lecture upon the Duties of Honour, Humanity and Gratitude; even to an Enemy. If any Man would be before a Condemned Act of Bravery, This of Syra's Heft should be the President; whether in respect of the Justice of the Cause, the Firmness, and Temper of the Resolution, or the Manner of doing it. The very Intention of it was Honourable, and Sincere, without any Mode of Vanity and Puffon. We have heard of Several that have Disguised themselves to Save their Lives; but for a Man to put on a Disguise, on purpose to Exploit his Life; This is certainly a New Way of Gallantry: not but that there Is more in it at last of the Horn, then of the Philosophor.

CC.

The Phoenix chosen King.

The Government of the Birds was in Old Time an Eléctive Monarchy, and there happened in a Sede vacante once, a Notable Debate among their Representatives, about the Choyce of a New King. They put up in the First place, the Eagles, Vultures, Goshawks, Falcons; and in short, all the Birds of Prey, as the Party that stood fairest for the Election: for a Prince, they cry'd, must be Martial, Strong, and Resolute: he can never Govern as he should do else. It was then Objected on the Other Side, that no true Lover of his Counry's
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try's Liberty would give his Vote for a Ruler that liv'd upon
Rapius, and the very Heart-Bloud of his People. This in-
gle Stroke quite dash'd the First Motion.

The Next that pretend'd were the Estriches, the Jays, the
Peacock, and other Birds that value themselves upon a Sparkish
Outside, and the Beauty of their Plumage. But Kings, they
said, were not for Slew, but Born'stfs; and that it is not
the Feather in the Cap, without Brains in the Head of a Man,
that qualifies him for Government: so that the Second Can-
didates succeed'd no better than the Former.

There came on in the Third Place, the Parrots, and the
Starlings, and the rest of That Phantastical Crew, that value
themselves upon the Faculty of Excellent ready Speakers: but
they were answer'd with the Sentence of the Wise Man: [In
many Words there is much Folly.] And it was then rejoin'd upon
the Question, that to have the Tongue run before the Wit, is the
Quality of a Buffoon, not of a Governor: so that these Blas
came off not one jot better then their Fellows.

The Fourth that stood in nomination, was the Crow, a
Bird in high Reputation for Wisdom, Experience, and Foresight.
His Friends in the Council stuck to close to him that he was
within a Hair's breadth of carrying it; but yet after a long
Tug, the Vote pass against him. His very Advowses could not in
truth deny him to be so qualify'd as his Friends render'd him: but
then his Wisdom they said, was a Wisdom of Interests, and a
Sagacity that only led him to his Prey, and to the Gratifying of a Deprav'd Appetite; for Carrion
was his Dayly Food: but it was Unlucky, ill-
bo'ding, and his Experience serv'd only to subminister to his Cor-
ruption.

With That, up stood an Eminent Member at the Bord,
and mov'd for the Phoenix. If you'll a King, says he,
beside Exception; a King to your very Wise and Livly,
your selves to the Phoenix: a Creature, that, for a Generous
Bravery of Mind, a Gracious Person, a Charming Eloquence,
A Confess'd Wieldom, and Inflight into the Darkest Sec-
retes and Intrigues of Raison of State, is as much beyond all
the rest of the Competitors, as an Angelical Perfection is
beyond the Common Faities of Fleth and Blood; he has nei-
ther Wife, nor Children, to divert him from attending his
Charge;

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Charge; no Passions to transport him, but you may live easi-
ly under him, without the Burden, either of Laws, or
Taxes.

As the Member was going on, the Assembly interrupted
him in the Middle of his Harangue, crying out a PHOENIX,
a PHOENIX, with a Nomine Contradicta, and Couriers
were immediately dispatch'd away thorough all Quarters of
the Earth to try and find him out, and to give him an Invita-
tion, in the Name of the Free-born Subjects of the World, to
take Possession of his New Government. In one Word,
when they had search'd every Corner of the World without
getting any Tidings of him, they return'd a non est inventus,
and came back again just as wife as they let out.

The MORAL

Nothing will save us but that which is not to be had, and if we
can have that, we will have nothing at all. This Relies Delphi
tion holds in our Appetites, as well as in our Governments: There is
nothing Perfect under the Sun, and if nothing Imperfect will content
us, we must never be satisfied. This World, in fine, is no Reaping-
Field. All Men have their Failings, and all their Works have their
Imperfections too. We depart from the ways of Providence, and then
Punish to our selves Inventions of our own, and when we have spent
our whole Lives in Quest of Those Phantastical Satisfaction, we come
at last to be convince'd that in This State of Mortality there is no true
Peace and Happiness to be found.

When One Government fails, another must support it, or all falls to
Pieces. But it is easier to find the soul of a Governor, then to agree
upon the Perion. Power is Necessity, but the Bounds and Manage
of That Power are the Nice Point. Let a Prince have Power to Govern,
they say, but not to Oppress: which is all one with saying let the
Prince have a Conditional Power over the Subject, and the Subject an
Absolute Power over the Prince. Now all Mortals are agreed upon
the Necessity and Providence of Order and Power, but then when it
comes to the Limits, the Qualifications and the Extent of That Power,
and who shall Execute it, so many Men, so many Minds. One's too
Rapacious, Another too Formal and Punctual, a Third too Tattiestrate;
Fourth too Fisckidious and Morose: so that there's no pleasing of all
Parties but by setting up an Impeccable Project as the Chimera of a
Phoenix. This is the Releaf of all the Popular Politicks, when Men will be
Religion upon the ways of God and Nature. In one Word, let him
that Mends the World Govern it.
The Moral

This is no more then to say, that several Men may be very Good Christians, in several Religious Professions. (I say in several, not in all.) And thus Christian Charity, in These Nice Cases, attains in some Measure for the Infirmity, Where it is impossible for all People to be of a Mind, it is certainly Venial to Differ, where we cannot Agree; loving always, the Duty, and Rejoicing we owe to Public Order, and the Civil Peace.

CCII.

A Christian and a Jew.

Here was a Mighty League of Friendship struck up betwixt Two Merchants, John, and Abraham, the Former, a Christian, and the Other a Jew; and a Couple of Moral Fair-dealing Men they were. The Christian persuades to Hand upon the Jew to make him a Professor, that he brought him at last to This Mischief; I'll go to Rome, says Abraham, and if I find the Court of Rome, the Pope and the Cardinals, such People as you tell me they are, I'll come over to your Church without any more ado; but otherwise, I'll e'en flink where I am. Nay then, says John to Himself, fired Confess; for let the Faith be never so Orthodox, he will find such Work with the Boys, and the Wenchers there, and so many Prolific Examples of Luxury and Lewdness, that the Spectacle would sooner make a Jew of a Christian, then a Christian of a Jew. But prethee tell me now, says John (with This Conceit in his Crown) why shouldst thou put thy
thy self to the Charge, the Rique, or the Trouble, of a
Dangerous, and a Tedious Journey, for a Thing that may be
as well done here upon the Place? Come, says Abraham, to
be short with thee, I am absolutely resolved to go. Nay
if the Thing be refused, says Johannes, there's no more to be
said; but otherwise, if you would but have stay'd till the
next Sabbath, I'd have gone with you my Self.
Upon this Resolution, Abraham immediately took Horse,
and away Post to Rome: where he found Men and Matters
miserably out of Order, just as the Other pacey'd them:
with Corruptions, Simony, and Avarice to the Highest Degree,
over and above.
The Jew had quickly enough of his Experiment, and made
as much haste back again From Rome, as he had done That.
He was no sooner got Home again, but his Friend was pre-
ently at him for an Account of his Voyage, and how Things
and Things were where he had been. The Story he gave of
the Place, the People, and their Manners, was so Difmal a Hearing
to Johannes, that his Heart went pis-a-pas all the while he
was telling it.
But all This, says he at last, is so far yet from Difcour-
gaging Me to turn Christian, that on the Contrary, I am fully
Convinc'd by it, that if the Religion of Rome were not Right,
the Earth would swallow up the Place, for the Immorality of
the People.

The Morall.
This Way of1 Inquiring the Truth of the Religion of the Place, from
the Immorality of the People, where they go to in their Wickedness
without Control, is a Better Argument for a Turk then for a Christian:
and it has somewhat in it of a Paste that was made up of against a Cen-
tral Idol Pseudos in the Time of the Popish Plot. He was charg'd
with Writing a Traitorous Libel, but deny'd the Thing, and appeal'd to
the Unlikeness of the Conduits. It was agreed, they said, there was
no Resemblance at all in the Hands. But the Doctor had Two Hands, his
Pistol-Hand, and his Plot-Hand; and the one not one jot like the other.
Now This was the Doctors Plain-Hand, and they insisted upon it, because
it was not Like his Hand, that therefore it Was his Hand. Now This
is all Maggot, and suitable to the Levity of the Figure. But to bring
it to a Siver Point. People should have a Care how they Judge, either
to Approve, or to Condemn, by Success. Religion is Inseparable from
Good Manners; though there are a fort of Men that think the very
Name of a Christian Pseudos sufficient to atone for the want of Good
Works.

CCIII.

CCIV.

Of Storks and Burpals.
A Civilian of Padua order'd his next Heir, upon a Severe
Penalty, to see him Burn'd according to his Appointment:
and not to suffer any Thing that look'd like Sorrow
or Mourning, at the Ceremony: but on the contrary, to ac-
company the Corps with Instruments and Mufecians of all
Sorts,
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Sorts, to the Number of Fifty Persons; one Half to go be-
to the Body, and the other Half to follow it; with a Sa-

tary to be allowed them for the Service. He ordered also

twelve Maidens in Green to Walk under the Biers, as Gay

and Jolly as they could make themselves.

This way of inverted the Common Practice of the World,

has somewhat in it of the Theban Humour, who account it

a kind of Contradiction to the Nature and Reason of the

Things, to Lament at the End of their Miferies, and to Rejoice

at the Beginning of them.

The Moral.

There must be no Trifling with the Altars of the Dead; no Dres-

sing up of Funeral Subscriptions with the Levities of the Nege. The De-

cration is too severe for so Playfull a Practice: but if the Civilians had

stopt short at the Vanity, and Offetration of his Consort; the Pleasure

would have yielded a very awful Moral; that is to say, the Moral of a

Caution to us, not to Cry when we Should Laugh, or to Laugh when we

should Cry, but to do every Thing in the Proper Place and Season.

CCV.

A Milk-Slaud and a Frighting Poyle.

A Bonny Lady, with a Poyle upon her Head, as the was

carrying her Milk to the Market, fell to casting off of it

up all the way she went, what a pretty Account That Stock

of hers might come to in a short time, with a little Good

Huswifery. The Milk, says she, will bring me so much

Ready Money. That Money will, say me to many Eggs; Those

Eggs, so much Poultry; and, with the Fox's Leaves, That

Poultry will make me Muffets of a Pig; which Pig may be

empow'd into a Fat Hog; and That Hog will be as good as

so much Money in my Purse. Now with that Silver I shall

quickly strike into a Cow and a Calf: and Then, says she,

comes a Sweet-Heart, &c. Upon the Transport of That

Thought, down comes the Poyle of Milk, which put an end

to the whole Story of the Eggs, the Poultry, the Pig, the Hog,

the Cow, the Calf, and all the Whimseys that went along

with it.

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The Moral.

This is it that we call building Castles in the Air; and a natural

Train of Idle Imagination one upon the Heel of another. The Poor

Wretch, plancy'd her kid in the Turn of a Hand, from a Poyle of Milk

to a Cow and a Calf; and Then, in an Unlucky Hour, the Plancy of a

Sweet heart, takes her in the Crown, and spoils the whole Manage:

which gives us to understand the Force of a Cavetious Love.

CCVL

An Eagle and other Birds.

A Company of Birds were got chattering together in a

Congregation, and every one of them severely setting

up for it, and its own Kind, some in one way, and some

in another. The Hen, said her self upon a Rank Wing; the

Crow put in for his Skill in Assyry, the Nightingale, for a

delicate Mellow Pipe, the Peacek for a Beauty, the Partridge for

Craft; the Wren for his Mettle, the Duck for her Faculty in

Pudding; and the Hen for the Credit of being reputed Weather-

wife. Well! says the Eagle, and what is all this now to a Sharp Piercing Eye: which, without Vanity, is my Ta-

lent in Perfection: or if any of you make a Double one, let

but me carry him up into the Air and he shall fee the Experi-

ment. The Wren, upon This, Mounts the Eagle, and the Eagle

with the Wren upon her Back, works her self up to her Pitch;

and when she was now at Lifting, the call'd to the Wren
to look down and tell her what she saw Below? Alas! says

the Wren, I have much ado to discern the very Earth, at This

Distance: but yet at the same time, says the Eagle, do I see

a Black Sheep yonder without a Tail, and you shall fee me im-

mediately make a Scoop at it, and Seize it. And what was

This Black Sheep at last, but a Fowler's Bait for some Bird of

Prey. The Eagle push'd at it, and fell into the Snare her self.

Ah! says the Wren, if you had been but as Quick-sighted to De-

cover the Danger, as you were to fly out the Quarry, you would much

more easily have found out the Man with his Birding-Tackle, in

the one side, then the Sheep without a Tail, on the Other.

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The Moral.

Christianity bids us love our Neighbours as our Selves, but Nature, at the same time, whispers us to Begin our Charity at Home, and that every Man in his own nearest Neighbour. This is the Case in Common Practice, and in the Imagination works more upon us, yet than the Precept. We are all partial to our Selves, and there is no Creature so Deformable, but it has somewhat or other to value it tell upon. The Common People of the North are for up for Shares in the Government, which is no more than the same Thing in the Word, that we find in the Common Course of Human Life.

Perfidious, or Clear-sighted, is a Necessary Qualification, 'tis true, for Rulers; as it enables them to see through Men, and Things; But let them have a Care however of being misled by their Affections, and Hanped in Vain Imaginations: for in These Cases we are apt to mistake Poverty for Liberty, Judgments, for Blessings, and Death for Life; as the Eagle here was so intent upon the Prey, that she never dreamt of the Snake. But This is the Fate of Inconsiderate Affairs, when Men give themselves up to Phancies, and Prepossessions, without looking into Consequences, and Events.

CCVII.

A Cat and a Rat.

A Cat, a Rat, an Owl, and a Weasel, took up their Quarters apart in a Hollow Tree. Fufs, being an Early Riser, went Abroad one Morning upon the Hunt before the Cat, who was just waking up, and seen them into a Snare, where the Cat crying out for Help, till at length, a Rat came in as to her Rescue. Oh my Dear Friend, says the Cat, what a Providence is this to fall into the Hands of the Creature of the whole World! I have the Greatest Kindness for thee, but I am a little. Well! says the Rat, in the Language of the World) and what shall I have for my Pain? an Everlasting Friendship, says Fufs, and a Sett of Teeth and Claws, eternally at thy Service: besides that for the Owl, and the Weasel, thy two Mortal Enemies, let me alone to secure thee from any Mischief that way. Oh your Servant! Fufs! says the Rat; I shall have a Befriended Time on's, when I deliver up my self to your Provisions; and so away he scour'd; But in his Passeage Homeward, there did he spy the Weasel watching him at his Hole: and as he was taking a Tree to avoid the Weasel below, he discovered an Owl waiting for him above. He was now upon a Fork'd-Path; and of Two Evils chose rather to go back again and set the Cat at Liberty. This was no sooner done, but up comes the Matter of the Grounds, and the Two New Allies immediately parted upon. Some short time after this, the Cat happen'd to see her Old-Friend the Rat again, but so curiously Shy, and Sulficious, that Fufs took it extremely ill, and Rebuilt him for it. Why, says she, Can't Thou imagine that I can ever be so Base, as to forget the Obligation I have to the Preserver of my Life? No no, says the Rat, I am Confident you will never forget the Kindness; but then I am afraid on the other hand, you will never forget your Nature neither.

The Moral.

This Case of the Cat and the Rat, is a Common Case in the World; and it holds out The Moral to us, that Interest takes off the Edge of the Rivalship Aversion; and make even Mortal Enemies not only Neccessary, but in some sort, and upon some Occasions, Friendly one to another: that is to say, when an Alliance, or a Compromise for a Common Defence requires it: as in This Instance of the Rat sending the Cat at Liberty, for fear of the Owl and the Weasel. But when all is done, there's no Trooting to Falls and Faithless Creatures; for no Obligation will change the Nature of them; but Cats and Rats will be Cats and Rats still.

CCVIII.

A Wolf and a Half-Shot.

Ocellad's Wood-Man made a Shot at an over-grown Wolf, but being only Half-Shot, the Beast turned upon the Man, and woud him almost to Death. The Government it seems took notice of it, and made a strict Enquiry into the Matter, and treated the Wood-man worse: then had he done the very Beait Himself: that is to say, they punished him for the Attempt, to the Amusement of all People, to see it made a Crime to Affright a Wolf. But Anluer was made, that the Man did not suffer as a Criminal, but as a Fool, for he should either have made sure work on't, or then have done nothing at all.

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The Moral.

Boccaccio, in his Great Works, strikes at Great Men, and it is not the Violence, but the Immoderation of the Action that is here condemned; and his playing the Child with Small-Balls when a Madder-Ball would have done the Business. The Devil is This. Strike fire, go on and all, that is to say, within the Compass of Honesty, and Honour; or if you see you cannot gain your Point, off with your Cup, after the Court-way, and cry Your Humble Servant.

CCIX.

Paradise, or Heaven Gates Open.

There was a Comedy exhibited under the Title of Paradies, or Heaven Gates open; and St. Peter at the Door to answer all pretenders. The First Three that presented themselves to crave Entrance, were Two Emperors of Germany, and a King of Spain, but they were all repuls'd; for want of Necessary Qualifications. After Them, came Another Prince upon the same Errand, and in the Person of Harry the Fourth of France, (who was then Incognito upon the Place) and desir'd Admission. St. Peter treated him like a Man of Honour, but told him however upon the Main, that Heaven was not a Place for Whoremasters. Well! says Harry to himself, we shall see by and by whom it is a Place for, and so he withdrew to make his Observation.

The next that offer'd himself was a Poor Forlorn Creature, with hardly a Shilling in his Pocket, or a Penny, or a Friend in the whole World to trust to. No sooner had St. Peter got this miserable Wretch in his Eye, but he cau'd Heaven-Gates immediately to be thrown open, with This Declaration, that Heaven was not prepared for all Eternity for such as he was. Sayst thou to Old Boy, says the Jolly Prince, Happy are my Subjects then; for by all that is Good, I'll send them every Man of them to Heaven for That Trick, for I'll make them all as Poor as That Rogue.

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The Moral.

This Comical Conceit was never designed for a Moral, but it will naturally enough bear one, without any Violence to the Text. The Republic of so many Princes and Peoples, and the Gates flying open to a Poor, Forlorn Creature, gives us to understand that the Poors and Vainest of this World are not the way to Paradise; and it may likewise serve for a Check to the Arrogance of the one, and for an Encouragement to the Hopes of the Other. This must not be perverted however, either to the Dishonour of Crowned Heads, as if it were a Crime to be Great, or to the Advantage of Bogary, as if it were a Fortune to be Poor. But we leave it to a Thonid Temptations in the One Condition, that we are free from the Other. To wrap up all in one Word, the Authority of Governors is undoubtedly Sacred, and the Innocent Simplicity of the Needy shall not go without a Reward, for God is no respecter of Persons. Now as to the last whimsey of the King's sending all his Subjects to Heaven, &c. it is only a Satirical Stroke upon Oppression, in the Exercise of an Absolute Power.

CCX.

Xerxes's Way of Taming the Babylonians.

The Babylonians were a Stubborn People, and Xerxes could find no better way for the taking down of their Stomachs, then by indulging them in their Appetites and Pleasures: as Wine for the purpose, Women, and other Sensual Liberties, debarring them at the same time the use of Arms, and all Military Exercises.

The Moral.

The same Method that breaks down one Government, will serve to bring down Another: that is to say, the Dissolution of Order and Good Manners. Ill Husbands are fitter Contradict then Discharged, because that is Morally Impossible, for a Nation to be, as the same time, both Martial, and Effeminate.
A Murder strangely Discover'd.

Plutarch has a Remarkable Story of one Beissur, that Murder'd his own Father, and kept it a long while Secret: but being one time in Company with some Friends at supper, he fee'd a Swallow's Nest, and starting immediately upon it, struck it down with his Lance, and so destroy'd the whole Brood. This was so ill-natur'd a Thing that every Body cried shame on't. Well then! says Beissur, why should these Birds Bely me, and say that I murder'd my Father? This Surprise created such a Suspicion, that upon fitting the Matter, it was discover'd to be so indeed, and the Parricide was brought to Justice for it.

The Moral.

Innocent Blood cries aloud for Vengeance, and the Blood of a Father is yet a further Aggravation of the Crime. This is the Short of the Tale. And it tells in moreover, that in Cases of this Quality, a Guilty Conscience seldom fails to cooperate with Divine Justice, in the Punishment of the Criminal.

The Great Rogues hang up the Little ones.

There was a huge Crowd of People got together, with Guards and Officers about them, and every Body enquiring what might be the Business. Some laid one Thing, some another, till one of the Company at last bad them have a Little Patience and He'd tell them. Yonder says he, has been a Squabble, it seems, about a Chaff, or a Robbery as we call it: the Great Rager have gotten the better on't, and are carrying the Little Rogues to the Gallowes. Or if you would have it in a few Words, they are going to do Justice upon Half a Dozen Poor Fellows for robbing the Treasury.

The Moral.

There was a Time in the Memory of Man, when it was True, according to the very Letter, that the Great Rogues hang'd up the Little ones. And it was moreover True, according to the Moral, that the Bench deferred the Giber better than the Prisoner. And This is no more than a Common Cafe, where Inquiry takes upon it fell, both the Name, and the Administration of Justice.

A Trimming Mechanique.

In the War between Anthony and Augustus, a Mechanique had the Providence to secure a Faving After-Game on't; and his Project was This. He taught a Couple of Parrots their Lesson; the one was to cry [Long Live Antonius] and the Other, [Long Live Augustus] so that whether forever got the better on't, one of the Birds would be sure to be on the Stronger Side.

The Moral.

The Witted of This World is the Skill of Tracing Causes into their Effects, and at the same time making such Use of the Present, as may render it subservient to the Advantages of an After-Game. It is, in fine, an Honesty, and a Prudential way of providing against all Fires, and making a Friend of the Stronger Part. Not but that there may be Hypocrisy also, in Signes and Tokens, as well as in Words as long as, if they be not kept within their Just Bounds and Measures.

Fire and an Earthen Pot.

An Earthen Pot, that had been along while Burning and Baking in a Sharp and Lingring Pain, made carnall Suit to the Fire to be dali'd all to Pieces, and put out of its Mifery: for then says the Pot I shall be thrown aside and lie Quiet and forgotten, among the Rubbish. This was hard pref'd, and no Argument wanting in fine; that might move
move Compassion. Well! says the Fire. And what if you should be Ground to Pieces now, you'll be never the more at Ease for't: but People will be still Bearing and Ramming of you into Floors and Pavements, and doing you some Mischief or other, in fine, to the World's end.

The Moral.

There's no Thought of Living in this World, but upon the Common Conditions of Human Life. That is to say, effusively, in a Continual Transition from one Misery to another, from the Cradle to the Grave. When the Fire leaves us, the Restless Begins; which is no more in the Moral, than that one Unwillingly makes Way for Another, and goes on in a Train of Succession, till we have finished our Course.

CCXV.

P. Familus and the King of Persia.

A King of Persia, that was overthrown by Paulus Emissus, and taken Prisoner, call himself at the Conqueror's Feet, and Beg'd his Life. Out of my Sight, says Emissus, thou Scandal of my Victory! I flatter'd my self, that I had overcome a Great Prince, and when all comes to all, the only a Fittful Wretch it seems, that has not the Soul of a Woman in him.

The Moral.

Victory is but the Chance of War, and a Battle may be Lost without any Dishonor to him that is overcome: but for a Prince then, to fall down upon his Knees to his Master; and beg his Life; the Spider is to Lodestone that it makes the Villain Himself adorn'd of his Conquest.

CCXVI.

Alexander and Xenocrates.

Alexander would needs bestow a Bounty of Fifty talents upon the Philosopher Xenocrates, but the Good Man made a Scruple of Receiving it: for he said, he had no need of it. Well! says Alexander, but some Friends of yours may have Occasion perhaps for such a Summ. Alas! says the Philosopher, I have so many Friends it would not be every Man a Mouthful, and at the same time, the Great Alexander has not Friends enough to make so to Receive it.

The Moral.

If the Philosopher had been a Courtier, he would not have dealt so Blandly with his Great Patron: but his Pleasure may be sold for an Ex- cuse, upon the Points of Interest, and Good Manners. But the Truth of the Quidnunc lies upon this, that Sovereign Princes have few Friends, and it is not so much a Favour, as a Demonstrative Truth; for there can be no Friendship but would be Equal.

CCXVII.

A Plague among the Beasts.

In the Time of a Terrible Plague among the Beasts, the Lyre laid the Affliction to Heart and consulted the History of Past Times for Presidents, and a Light how to Govern himself in the Like Case. Upon a Diligent Enquiry into this Matter, he found several Instances of national Calamities, that were pour'd down upon the World still in the Lewdness of Times; and that the usual Method for the Removing of Those Judgments, was for the People to examine themselves one by one, and the most Guilty to be made a Sacrifice for the Common Safety. The Lyre, upon this Consideration, calls a Council, and proposes a Scurrying, and for Example, offers to lead the way himself. I do confess, says he, my Intemperate Love of Mutton, and that I have devour'd a Multitude of Poor Innocent Sheep; may Shepherds and
and all sometimes, without any Provocation or Offence. This am
herself sorry for; and if you shall think fit to lay the Judgment at
my Door, for This Iniquity, I am ever ready to offer up my Self for
the Decease.

Alas! Sir, says the Fox, you are too Nice and Scrupulous
to think of Sacrificing a Prince to a Rakish Scabbed
Sheep, and then to talk of a Tenderness for Shepherds too!
Why These Shepherds are M BN, and our Professed Enemies;
a fort of Tyrants that fet up for our Masters, and to Lord it
over the whole Creation. The Glavering Counters were all
in the same Tune: and so for the Bears, the Wolves and the
Tigers, and all other Beasts of Force and Prey, to the very
Humors, and Multitudes, they all paid their Mutilation ye,
for Petty Saints. But it came in the end to the AJs Turn to
Speak, and it was much to This purpose.

It was my Duty says the Aj to be extremely Sharp set once in a
Dilectate to Make the religious House, where
the Graf was Tender and in Great Plenty: but my Worthy Friends,
says the Ajs, the Temptation was Strong, and the Opportunity
Fair, so that without mixing the Matter, I must confess that I
crop a Multitude of that Grapes, though my Conscience told me
at the same time, I had no Right to it. As he was going forward,
the whole Herd interrupted him by Confident. Enough enough,
they cryd, For That Sacrifice to the Crime that has brought That
Judgment upon us, and we shall never need to look farther for a
Sacrifice.

The Moral

This Fable looks much better in the Morality of the Application,
then it does in the Original Design, and my Exception is to the confounding
of Holy Matters with Prophecy. The Drama herein however is true
upon the main, that we are Punishd for our Iniquities, and that Crying
Sins seldom fail of being followd with Exemplatory Judgments.

We are likewise to observe, that as all the Beasts, from the Lion to
the Ajs are Parties to the Provocation, so the Caele holds in the same
Proportion from the Sovereign to the Slave. The Beasts of Force, and
Prey, come all well enough off, for the most Notorious Cruelties, and
Oppressions; and the Ajs only left at Stake to Expiate for all the rest.
And what is This more at last than the very Practice of the World,
where the Weak and the Inoffent are delivered up to atone for the
Sins of the Mighty.

CCXVIII.

A Fig-Tree and Thunder.

There was a Fig-Tree that stood upon a Rising Ground,
with a Pretty Rivulet running at the Foot of it. The
Situation was so Pleasant, the Fruit so Delicious, and Invi-
ing, the Boughs and Leaves so Large, Thick, and Inter-
\woven, for the Advantage of a Refreshing Shade; that it be-
came a Common Receptacle, and Rendezvous for all sorts of
Birds. There fell one Day, after a Violent Heat, so Dread-
ful a Tempest of Thunder and Lightning, that the Birds
were forc'd to look out for Sanctuary elsewhere. They had
no sooner quitted the Tree, but it took Fire, and the Fruit,
and the Leaves were all consumed in a Moment. But after
some Half an Hour, the Storm blew over, and several of the
Birds return'd to their Former Station, though so strangely
alter'd, that they scarce knew it again when they saw it.
In the Conclusion, the Turtles, and some other Generous-fe-
\rated Birds, came and Perch'd there once more, without taking
any Difguise at the Sulphurous Vapour, that the Thunder
had left behind it. The Fasulnes, Kites and other Birds of
Prey, flood in Admiration at their Courage, and would fain
draw them off to a GreenOak at hand there, where they
might be Safe and Easie: but for playing there any Lon-
ger, in Defiance of such a Judgment, they did not fee any
\rour of Duty, they said, Honour, Satisfaction, or Securi-
ty, in the Adventure; but the Turtles and Their Companions
were of another Opinion however, and so Sentible of the
Obligations they had to That Fig-tree, that Living or Dying,
Happy or Miserable, they were resolv'd to Stand or Fall to-
gether.

The Moral

This Fable is a Lively Figure of the Course of the World. In
Propriety we live Sociably enough one with another, like the Birds at
their Common Rendezvous. In Adversity, the Birds of Prey, like
Men of Interest, and Time-servers, play a Game of their own
part, in contradiction to all the Rules and Methods of Honour and
Virtue.
FABLES and STORIES

CCXIX.
A Lyon and a Bear.

There was an Outrageous Bear, so Fierce and Malicious, that no Creature fear'd him, that was not either too Nimble, or too Strong for him. He went on Dominating a pretty while, before his Master, the Lyon, knew any thing of the Matter, and confederately before any Order could be taken about it: but so soon as ever the Story came to the Lyon's Ear, he presently call'd his People together, and put himself in a Condition to Ferrit him out of his Hold; sending him an Express Command by the Fox over and above, to return to his Duty. The Bear had so little Regard, either to the Commissioner, or to the Commission itself, that the Messenger had much ado to get off with a whole Skin. Upon this Instance, the Lyon marched immediately and begirt the Wood where he was. But the Bear was Strong, and Bold, and Depended much upon the Huffs of his Party, and what Wonders they would do for him; whenever it came to a Push. But when the Bears were made sensible of the Danger, and that the Lyon himself was at the Head of them, there was no longer any Faith or Courage to be heard of in the whole Party: but every Creature shifted for itself, some one way, some another: One takes a Tree, Another creeps into a Hole, or the Crag of a Rock, till at last, the Bear was left Single and Naked, and abandon'd to the Brute of the Main Shock.

In this Distrefs, the Bear was once in the mind to sell his Life as Dear as he could, but upon Second Thoughts, considering the Desperate State of his Condition, and that he had a Generous Enemy to deal withal, he chose rather to call himself at the Lyon's Feet, and Submit. So soon as the Lyon had him in Sight, he fell to lathing of himself with his Tail, and grinding his Teeth at him with all the Fire and Rage in his Eyes imaginable; but when he saw him upon his nearer Ap-

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Approch'd, Trayling his Belly upon the Ground, in the Potture of a Supplicant and a Penitent, he layd aside all the Signs of Fierceness and Indignation, and advanced fairly toward him with the Countenance of a Disposition to pardon him. There were thole about him that peck'd violently against it. Can you imagine, they cry'd, if this Bear should ever come to have you at his Mercy, as you have Him at Yours, that you are to expel the same Quarter? No Matter Lyon the Lyon, let him do like a Bear, I'll do like a Lyon.

The Moral.

There is no Tyranny & Outrageous unsupposable as that of a Corrupt Minifter under a Credulous and an Easy Mifer, and the Inference advances by Degrees to the very Defiance and Contempt of the Governoor: especially when supported by the Cunions of an Impetuous Rabble; (as we find it repeated in the Copy here before us.) And encouraged by the Headlefsness of a Careless Prince.

The Sequel of this Fable gives us further to understand the Danger of Reaping a Sleeping Lyon, and that there is no Truth at all to the Faith and Courage of a Brual Multitude, nor the Lyon no fronter than his Head, but all his Enemies fly before him. It may be likewise observ'd, that this is well nigh the Fate of all Tumultuary Comotions, where the Sovereign is not warring himself.

We are told again, that Victry is but a fall of Wits, if it be not managed with Honour and Moderation; and that there will never want officious Incendiaries in such Causes to put Princes upon Extremes. But it is not for the Dignity of the Royal Character to commit Common Measures.

CCXX.
An Eagle and her Young.

There was a Calf of Eagles in an Ayre, and the Fledgler of the Two was still prefling the Dam to let her take her liberty in the World, as other Eagles did. The Old one told her, that she had neither Wings, Strength, nor Producion, for such an Adventure; and that she was too young to be trusted Abroad upon the Rambles. The Dam went on in this Discouraging way, till she found that she would take no Denial, and so took her at last into a Gentle Flowery Meadow where she might fall Safe in Cafe of any Mil-

Ap-
MARRIAGE; and there, for Quiet's sake, she gave her leave to make her First Experiment. She was no sooner upon Wing, but down the came Fluttering into the Grass, crying out all the way she fell, that no body should ever take her at that Sport again, till her Feathers were better grown; but yet within a Few Days she was at her Mother again, only to lead the way and give her leave to follow. The Dumm put her off for the present, and went out a Forranging, charging the Eagle upon her Bleffing not to fly abroad till the return.

In this Interval, up comes a Kite to the Young Eagles, and sets her so desperately aying upon Roving, that without any more ado, the Springs into the Air, and after a Short Struggle with an Insufferable Difficulty, down she drops screaming upon the Sand. The Old Eagle poaks away to her upon the Cry, and finding the Kite with her that had debauch'd her, she tore him to Pieces upon the place, and carry'd the Young one away to her Nest.

The Moral.

The World will be at a fine Pease when Children shall take upon them to be wiser than their Parents, or Subjects than their Governors: but as it is one Fault in Youth (though in truth a Natural Infirmity) to be Rash, Prejudice and Importunate; so is it so los an Overight, in the Superior, to Gratify an Unreasonable Request out of a Mitaken Falsohood, and Facility of Good Nature. The Best Remedy either for the Curing, or Preventing Disorders of This Quality, will be for all People so set in their Proper Stations, without breaking in upon one another's Province. The giving way, in fine, to one Importunity, implies kind of Right to the Liberty of another, and when they have gain'd one Point by Force of Suit and Suppllication, they'll take the rest without Asking; especially with a Kite in the Ear of the Eagle, by the way of a Privy Counsellor.

CCXXI.

Promises are either Broken or Kept.

The Old Saying, that Promises are either Broken or Kept; has more in it perhaps than every Body is aware of: for they must be Warrantable, both in the Matter of them, and in the Circumstances, to make them Binding. If it be truth, says Aristotle, I promise it, if I speak I only said it: and That's the Condition of the Obligation in all such Cases.

The Moral.

Good Faith is the Pillar, and the Cement of Human Society; which first Makes us all of a Piece, and then when we are Incorporated, Keeps us together. It highly concerns us to Promise nothing but what lawfully we may, and what we intend, honestly to Perform. So that Aristotle was much in the Right, in his Opinion, that no Promise can be Binding that is not Truth: For every such Contract is a Void Act in the Infirmity, unless we can find out a way to reconcile the Two Contradictions of Good and Evil.

CCXXII.

Life is but a Stage at Chefs.

The whole History of Mankind is but a Stage at Chefs; where several Orders of Men have their several Walks and Stations assigned to them, and when the Game is out, they are all jumbled one with another into the same Bag.

The Moral.

This Allusion does naturally mind us of the Condition of Burthen of Mankind. So long as the Laws is a Playing; the World is in Ailment, and all sorts of Men, from the Prince to the Peasant, have their Parts in't; but to Soon as the Game of Life is over, we are all hustled promiscuously into the Grave together: Kings, Noblemen, and Peasants, without any Distinction of Ages, Sex, or Degree.

CCXXIII.
FABLES and STORIES

CCXXIII.

A Panther and a Lyon.

A Panther, that had been a long time Master of a Considerable Forest, laid it heavily to Heart to find that the Lyon had put an Elephant over his Head, in Possession of it. The Panther found it at the Affront, and at the Lyon Himself, and entered immediately into a Plot upon the New Governor, with a Resolution, to destroy Lyon, Beasts, Forest and all. The Practice was so Notorious that there could be no doubt of the Conspiration, and the Resolution taken was This.

There was a Toyle to be set for the Lyon, and only the most Daring of the Beasts to be taken into the Party. But the attempt carry'd so many Difficulties along with it, that the Confederates themselves flipp'd their Neckes out of the Collars, and one after another, fell to Rebuking the Panther, Some Blam'd him for his Cruelty: others for his Raffines, and some again for his Arrogance, and Overweening. This Wrought so far upon the Lyon, that he resolved to pardon all the Accomplishes, and only to make the Principal an Example; resolving likewise to see the doing of the Execution Himself. When he had waited a Good Half Hour, with Gall and Revenge in his Thought, up comes at last the Panther, advancing toward him, with such a Gravity of March, and Courtesies, and with a Coat so Curiously Powder'd, that the Lyon's Heart would not serve him to go thorough with his Work. Ne, ne, says he in a Paffion, it shall never be said of me, that I took away the Life of so Beautiful a Creature, wherefore let him live; but with a Chain about his Neck, that I may have it in my Power, if ever he should relapse, to take him up again.

The Moral.

The Story hereof the Panther and the Lyon, is just the Case of many a Prince and Subject, the Former puts the Latter out of Commissi- on, and the Other enters into a Conspiracy upon against his Master: which is but according to the Common Practice of the World, where Men are as Mercenary as this Bead, and do their Duty more for Profit then Confidence.

MORALIZED.

"The Lyon's Generous Behaviour toward the Panther, when he had him at Mercy, for the Beaver of his Conclave, and the Grandeur of his Person, shews us the Force of a Glorious Resolution, and Address, upon the Spirit of a Gallant Enemy; but we are to take this Prudential Caution along with it, not to serve a Thief from the Gallows to cut our own Throat: that is to say, a Good and a Wise Man, will be as Merciful and Tender as is possible, without Hazarding the Main Chance.

CCXXIV.

Thyrsis and Amarante.

Well well, says Thyrisia Amarante, I am surely a Miserable Creature, and yet if you your self were but in my Condition, you would not change That Misery for all the Glory under the Sun. But pray let me tell you my Story, and take it up-on my Credit for the Truth of it, for you shall be the Laft Woman in the World that I tell a Puffl Thing to. Out with it and wellcome then, says Amarante, and tell me frankly what it is that troubles you.

Why, says Thyrisia, it paffes in the World by the Name of Love. That's a Gay Word, says Amarante, but how shall I know that same Love when I see it? Pray how do you find your self when the Fire is upon you? Why it makes me Sick, says Thyrisia, but at such a Rate, that I would not for the whole World be well again. It makes me do, I know not what, I know not why, and puts all other Things out of my Thoughts, to make way for One. It makes me fly all Company, and yet I cannot endure to be alone; for wherever I go, I am still haunted with One and the same Image; it makes me Blind, Dumb, and Incomprehensible to every Thing else, and I cannot forbear Blistering and Sighing, at the very Name of it. It is, in fine, what I cannot live without, and yet, I dread to think on't. Amarante fluttered at That Word, and cry'd out all on a Sodain, Ah Thyrisia, Thyrisia! says she, this is no News to me any. This while, for Thy Grief and Mine are the very same. That obliging Him put the Youth quite out of his Wits with Joy, till with one word more the spoil'd all. This this, says he, is my very Cufte with Ciclimanu.
The Moral.

We have here before us the Lively Symptoms of a Wayward, Unsteady Love: a Passion that will never let us be well, Full nor Filling: but makes us equally Miserable both Ways; and then leaves us Comfortless, without, nor only the Hope, but as much as the very Deer of a Carr. We neither know what we syde, nor what we would be, but a Phantasmal Delight must have a Phantasmal Remedy.

CCXXV.

A Sheep a Goat and a Pig.

A Country-man took a Sheep a Goat and a Pig in his Cart to Market with him. The Pig's Eyes were as if Twenty Daggers had been at the Heart of him: and the other Two as Quiet all the way as if they had been asleep. But the Pig, in short, was so Troublesome and Vexatious, that the Carter gave him a Rebuke for it. 

Hark ye Sirrah, says he, here are your Better, the Sheep and the Goat, that 

make none of these Scrutinies; and what do you lie buzzing at? Yes yes, says the Pig; the Sheep and the Goat, are well enough for they have Wool and Milk to Compound for; but the Poor Pig is sure to go to Poll as a Creature that's Good for nothing in this World but to be Eaten.

The Moral.

It may pass for a Note upon This Text that all unreasonable Creatures are Subjected by Providence to the Use and Service of Man; some for our Necessities, others for our Convenience. It may serve likewise for Another Hint, that Those very Creatures themselves, how Irrational soever we may pronounce them, have yet some Distinguishing Merits of the State of their Condition. As the Sheep and the Goat, that have Wool and Milk to compound for their Lives withal, are nothing so Solicitous as the Squalling Pig, that's good for nothing till he be Dead.

CCXXVI.

An Old Citizen and a Flagon.

There was an Empty Flagon, that had still the Flavour of the Noble Wine that had been left in it. An Old Woman took it up to her Head, and when she had flun'd heartily at it, Oh how Divine Spirit! says she, if there be such a Fragrance in thy very Lec, and Reliques, how Precious a Cordial sert thou in thy Primitive State and Figure!

The Moral.

A Good Name is a Sweet Ointment, and Shadow, in his Age, applies the Honor of this Moral to his own Cate, both as his Glory and as his Exquisite. It points at the Difference between the Force of Youth, and Spirit, and the Failings of Old Age; intimating at the same time, that the Memory of an Honourable and a Virtuous Life, ought to be kept Sacred: and not without Allowances for Natural Decays; for the Bare Good Will is Sufficient, when the Ability is gone, and the very Love and Saviour of Goodness is the Virtue of That Sense.

CCXXVII.

A Notable Scruple.

A Man that made a Conscience both of an Oath, and of a Law-suit, had the Wit yet to make a Greater Conscience of Lying an Estate for want of Swearing, and Swearing to Defend it; so that upon consulting the Chapter of Diversifications, he compounded the Matter: with certain Salts, and Separates. Thus take (says he to a Friend of his) of Swearing, and Swearing. Why for the one, it is my Attorney Such: and then for the Other, what signifies the Killing of the Book with a Calves-Skin-Cover and a Pad bored Stiffening between a Man's Lips and the Text?

The Moral.

At this Rate it is that we go on Trifling with God and Man. We are not Free to do This, nor Free to do That; but we are yet Free enoug at last to do the same Thing the Wrong way. We Create Scruples, 

E e 2
not so much out of a Confidence for the Thing, as from an Aversion to the Authority of the Ache in the Manner of doing it. Government, how necessary soever in the Constitution, is yet made Tyranny in the Exercice, and in the Order of it: but be it what it will, One way, we are sure, that an Universe Liberty is a most Diabolical State of Confusion the Other; for it crosses the very Decrees and Revolutions of Heaven it self. Now this Way of playing Fools and Louts with Capitol Companion, may do well enough out of the Mouth of the Puritan in the Dedem- nity; i.e. that Casting of Dashes may be Lawful, though not Quoiting: but there's no Room for this Way of Foolery and Affection, in the Solenem of a Religious Discourse. The Conference will be this, in fine; that all People shall be in the Right, where every Man takes upon him to be the Judge in his own Case, and to Ablide Himself.

CCXXVIII.

A Fox and a Wolf.

The Beasts call'd a Chapter for the Choice of a President, and the Fox put in for a Pretender as a Matter in all the Faculties of Art and Legerdemain. The Court was so puff'd in Favour of his Sagacity and Conduct, that he had certainly carry'd his Point, if a Pauling Mole had not thrown a Rub in his way. A Notable Proof indeed, says the Mole, of his Sagacity and Conduct, to build a House without either a Back-Door, or a Chimney top; and there lie chocking to Death for want of Air. When was it heard of, that a Poor Mole, Blind and Contemptible as we are, was ever Guilty of such a Blunder?

The Moral.

There is as much Difference between Wit, and Wisdom, as between the Tallest of a Boffin, and of a Steward: and yet it is no New Thing in the Ordinary Course of the World, for the one to pass for the other. As the Fox had carry'd it in this Case from all the Other Competences, if the Silly Mole had not made it appear to the Beed, that Reverends Talent was only Whimsy, and Quirk, without either Fortitude, or Judgment. And it is further to be observ'd, for the Aggravation of the Reproach, how Judicious the Crafty are Confounded, out of the Mouths of the Simple.

CCXXIX.

MORALIZED.

CCXXIX.

An Extravagant Dream.

A Loose Prodigious Fellow dreamt he had lost all his Money at Play, and in the Heat of that Phoney got out of Bed in his Sleep and Hung'd Himself. A Miserable Penurious Wretch had much such Another Dream, and when he was going to rife, with a Full Resolution to lay Violent Hands upon himself too, his Heart would not serve him to be at the Charge of a Halter.

The Moral.

True Love of Money works all manner of Ways. One Man hung himself for the Loss of it, Another Man forbears Hanging himself, to Save it. To lay nothing of the Risques that People incur for the Gathering and Gaining of it. It is to be noted that This was but in a Dream neither, to show the Force of Mischief and Blasphemy, and that Men are Govern'd by the same Affections, Sleeping and Waking.

CCXXX.

A Nonconforming Minister.

Here was a Minster turn'd out of his Living for not Conforming. Well! says he, If they go on at this Rate, it shall cost Five Hundred Men's Lives before I have done with them. The Poor Man was taken up by a Warrant, and carry'd before the Council, where he was strictly Examined, and call'd upon to explain himself. Why my Lord, says he, I have a Wife and a Family to maintain, and if I may not be allow'd to Preach for a Livelihood, I must Practice Physick to keep Life and Soul together; and there may be more Danger perhaps in a Pill, than in a Text.

The Moral.

This Point will bear a Defiant more ways than one: for not only Body and Soul are as Stake, with a Respect to particular Persons, but Publick Order, over and above. The Com'off however is Airy and Pleasant
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Pleasant enough, and within a very little of a True jest: for it may be a Question at last, whether the Emp秭ick or the Salmiacick is the more Dangerous Instrument in a State. But there must be no Playing Tricks with Holy Things, and Quebling upon the Sacredness of Authority.

CCXXXI.

The Mountebanks Treat.

A Mountebank, that was just about to change his Quarter, gave Notice of it to his Customers and Benefactors: that so many of them as would be pleas’d to take their Leaves of him the Next Morning, he would make them a Present of Eighteen-Pence a piece, for a Parting Acknowledgement. The Company met at the appointed Time, and Place: and immediately out comes the Doctor, with a Glass in his Hand. Look ye my worthy Friends, says he, I am now about to be as good as my Word. This Glass is my Never-failing Cordial: you paid me Half a Crown a Bottle for it before, and you shall have it now, for a Shilling, so that there’s the Eighteen-Pence a piece I promised you.

The Moral.

Take the whole Body of Mankind, one Man with Another; and we are as Arrant Quacks, in the Vanity of our Dealings, and Presences in the World, as this Mountebank is upon the Stage. What is Human Society it self, (with Reverence be it Spoken,) but a Corporation of Rooks and Sharpers, that Confid one another more or less by a kind of Agreement and Consent? For all manner of Cheating, but what the Law holds off, goes for nothing. And This holds, from Philosophers, and Sixer-Members, to the very Turkey-puddings and Tumbler at a Seraglio-Fair. We do all deal, in fine, more or less, upon the Juggle, but not without Flablest Commissions for what we do; neither are we without Great Examples of Men in Authority, that make a Trade and a Lively-hood of passing other People’s Money in their Own Pockets for the Publicke Good.

CCXXXII.

Moraliz’d.

A Prince and his Valet de Chambre.

A Prince’s Valet de Chambre fell desperately in love with his Master’s Lady; there was no Corruption her, and the very Attempt would have been certain Death. This Difficulty did not hinder him however from setting his Brains a work how to Complain, yet, which he found was not to be done at last, but in the Person of his Master.

The Prince was a Man of Business, and indefatigable in attending the Functions of his Office. He would be early and late at Council, and so lodge sometimes in a Chamber apart from his Lady, upon those Unfavorable Occasions, though not without giving her a Visit sometimes, and so back again to his own Bed. This Practice of his ran mightily in his Servants Head, and so did his falling in that Manner from one Bed to the other. He went commonly in such a Dressing-Gown, with a White Wand in one hand, and a Dark Lantern in the other. Upon Two Knocks at the Door, the Waiting-Woman was ready within hearing to let him in, and then waited in the Ante-Chamber, with the Lantern, and the Wand, for his coming out again: for in the Bed-Chamber there was no Light at all.

The Prince had been late up one Night, and what did me This Spark, but take his Masters Gown, Wand, and Lantern, counterfeited the same Knock, and away to Bed to his Lady, flitting the Light still going and coming, in the Eyes of the Waiting-Woman. One time when he had laid his Implements down where he found them, away goes he to his own Bed again, and upon This very Nick of Time, it came into the Prince’s Head to give his Lady a Visit. The Wench, and the Princes were both a little surpriz’d at his coming again so soon, and the Prince himself took Notice of it, but without making any Words out at present. He gathered from his Lady’s Discourse that some body had been there before him, and knowing that there were no Strangers in the House, he concluded that This Impostor must be one of his Family: and so from Bed to Bed he went to try what Discovery he could.
could make among his Servants. He found them all fast asleep and their Poles in Excellent Order, saving only one of them that Bear very Quick and Unequal. This Disorder gave him so Strong a Suspicion of the Man that he took a Pair of Scissors and cut off the Right Lock of the Fellow’s Hair, and so left him. The Man had his Wits about him, it seems, and so soon as ever the Master was gone, away goes he, and cuts off the Right Lock of all his Fellow-Servants too. The Prime early next Morning, commanded all his People to ascend him, and finding them all in the same Case, and Crop alike: Well! says he, let the Man I look for mend his Manners, and there’s an end on’t for this Bout.

The Moral.

There’s no setting Bars or Bounds to the Licence of a Raging Lout. Dangers and Difficulties serve only to set the Invention at work and to enlame the Spirits into a Revolution. When the Wit is once in Motion, and the Point brought to a Question which shall carry it of the Two; it breaks through all the Scruples of Honour, Duty and Confidence; and Surmounts all Opposition. Now such a Precedence of Mind will never fail of encountering One Trick with Another: as it fell out in the Fable de Clambers Counterpart of the Lost here. But to conclude, the Princes Moderation upon the Refusal, is so far Inductive, that as there are more Cuckolds in the World than Poachers, so there are some Cates wherein it may be great Prudence for a Man to put his Horns in his Pockets.

A Sheep and a Shearer.

A Sheep made an Escape out of the Hands of the Shearer, and so away he scoured with a Dog at the Breech of him, toward the Next Thicker. The Thorn and Brambles were so Troublesome in his Follow, that by the Time he was gone half way up to the Woods, he had left his Fleece behind him in the Bushes; besides the Harraffling of his Carcass, and the Tearing of the Fleesh from the Ribs over and above. And this was not all neither, for to complete his Misery, the Shepherd’s Dog was now come up, and taking him by the Throat carry’d him back to his Master. The

The Moral.

This may pass for a Leaven to Those that do not know when they are well, and take the most necessary Rules and Methods of Order, and Discipline, for a Preservation: never considering that their Services are only a Tribute to their Governors for their Natural Care; without which, the Wolves would be worse to them, than either the Dogs, or the Brambles; but the Law, and the Ministers of the Law, will be too Hard for them at last.

A Gilly Fog.

As a Parcel of Gambolling Young Fellows were together trying Feats of Activity, up and down one of the Company with a Challenge. Look ye my Masters, says he, you shall see me Stand upon one Leg now, a whole Hour together; and I defy any Man of the Club to do it after me. Nay, says one of the Gang, there’s none of this Company will pretend to sure, but I’ll shew you a Goofe that can.

The Moral.

It is natural enough for Children to Speak, and to Do Childish Things; and it is but Congenious to have it so. But People should have a Care how they Train up Youth to the Practice and Liking of Tho’ Fooleries, for if they be not for Right in time, they are Lost for ever. He that values himself upon the Faculties of a Goof, is in the ready Way to live and dye a Goof: for all Habits are Incurable Defects.

A Crew of Rats.

A Company of Rats that had vishual’d themselves upon the Spuhl, with Cheese and Bacon, liv’d quietly and comfortably together so long as their Provision lasted; but so soon as ever the Common Stock was spent, they fell into Confusion among themselves every one for himself, and Worry’d one another.
MORALIZ'D.

A Sump'ter-Bagge and a Spanish Jerker.

A Cavalier that was bound by his Office and Profession, to serve his Prince on Horseback every Campaign, had a Spanish Jerker for his own Saddle, and a Good Stabbed, Dredging-Jade, for his Man, and his Luggage. The Sump'ter was to be made ready once by Peep of Day; and fell into such Fakes, that if his Matter had not come in the very Nick, there would have been no getting the Horse to take his Burden. The same Humour of Kicking and Flinging at the Servant, took him up again Morning. No No; he'd carry no Clock Bagge, he said; his Matter had abode him, and he'd bear it no longer. The Matter, upon this, fell to Expostulate the Matter with the Sump'ter. Hark ye, says he, what's all THIS Noise and Bluster for? Why, says the other, I have serv'd you Ten Years now, for the Preferments, only of an Aib, to carry your Burdens; and here's an Upstart, of a Matter of Three Years standing, fit apart for the Particular Service of your Person. Now why may not we Two carry the Matter and the Valets by Turns? Alas alas! says the Matter, thou'rt never cut out for a Horse of Manage, nor my Finical Spaniard for a Sump'ter; so that to do as you would have me do, would be the Ruine of you Both.

The Moral.

There are some certain Ends, Offices and Services, peculiarly a-fitted by Providence to such and such Creatures; and the World is never so well in Order, as when every Part of the Creature keeps firm to its Proper Port and Burthen; for in so doing, it contributes to the Harmony and Agreement of the Whole. And yet such is the Pervert-Craftsman of Flee and Blood, that not One Man of a Thousand finds himself Easy in the Station where the Divine Wisdom hath placed him: but he must be Lifting-out into Immense Apparatus, and encroaching upon some Province or other he was never made for. The Sump'ter would be a Horse of Manage; and the Subject, in a Contradiction to the very Angel of his Name, writes himself Free Born, and to every Schemer
FABLES and STORIES

A Cocker and a Parrot.

A Prating Mimick of a Parrot, that had run thorough the Course of his Studies under the Discipline of a Cocker, came at last to be advanced for a Summer of Money, from his Masters Stall to the Service of a Great Man at Court; who laid a Strict Charge upon his MAJOR DOMO, to see that the Poor Bird should want for nothing. The Steward turn'd him over to the Valet de Chambre, and so they handed him from one to another, with the Best Words in the World wherever he went. He was, in short, so great a Favourite, that Court was made to him on all hands to joy him of his Promotion. Yet, says the Parrot, I have gotten a Gay House over my Head, this true; but well save my Good Old Master the Cocker still for my Money. There was no turning me ever from Pith to Piller in Those Days, but my Master took Care of me himself, without troubling me up and down from one Place to another, till I am ready to starve at last for want of Meat and Drink.

The Moral.

Here that does not know when he is well, seldom better himself by the Change of his Condition. Witness the miserable Difference between This Bird here, in a Cocker Stall, and his Cate afterward, upon his Removal to a Palace: that is to say; by virtue of the Good Faith, the Care, and the Tenderness, that was put within in the Former, and the Refits, Starving Difficulties and Neediness of the Other. The Application of it may be This, that there's no tricking to the Gaudy Vanities of a Court-Life, no depending upon Gay Words, and Fair Promises, but a Cap and a Cring, is all, we see, that poor Parrot got, to keep himself from Starving.

CCXXXIX.

The Fool makes the Jester.

There was an Innocent in a Musical Family, that valued himself mightily upon a Notable Stroke he had in all their Company. And what was that Stroke now, but the Drawing of the Organ-Bellows, which, as he thought, made all the Music. He took his Opportunity one time, when the Organist was out of the way, and invited the Young Fellows of the Parish to a Dile of Music. This Idea took him self, for
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to his Old Foul; Drew the Bellows, Burnt the Carvers' Ways, and Stole the Potatoes.

The MORAL.

There's hardly any great Thing done in This World, but one Fool or other takes the Credit of it; and This holds in Counsels, Treasons, Military Affairs, and likewise in all other Matters, even of the Highest Importance, from the Minister of State, to the Bellows-Burner in the Story, as well as in Politics, and Fables.

To give one Instance for all: What a deal of Glory and Opulence was there, among This sort of Pretenders, upon the Restitution of King Charles the Second, who brought the King? when almost everybody had a Claim on't, but Thos. that Did it. And there were little more, in fine, to the Credit of the Title, than a Fullome, Tousled Relation, with a [Then said I] at the end only, for the Burden of the Song. And a Man can hardly put his Head into the World, once at This Day, without Caes in Abundance to answer the Intent of This Endorse. That is to say, there's hardly any Thing well done, but some Fool or other had the doing of it.

CCXLII

A Wonderful Antipathy.

As a Club of Virtuosi were Philosophizing upon the Subject of Occult Qualities, one of the Company took the Hint, and told a Story of a certain Lady that had undoubtedly been chock'd with a Piece of an Apple-Tart, if her next Neighbour at the Table, had not very dextrossly got it out of her Throat. Well said! they cried; but what is this, Occult Qualities? Oh very much, says the Reporter, for the Woman was a Tender-Conscience Creature, and the Tart, it seems, was Bormi'd with a Piece of the Asphyxia, and the Antipathy she had to that kind of Trade, would have been as much as her Life was worth, if she had not been feebly relieved.

The MORAL.

This has more Feas in it, than Enough, but the Leaviness of the Conceit must not Discourge the Sober use of it. There are fine Fooletyes must be Laught out of Conscience, whereas This is One; and there's no other way of dealing with them. We make it our Business to Cre-
The Moral.

Here's a Proposal of a Better Understanding between a Gnat, and a Quarrelsome Ant, with an Envious Reflection upon the Differ, as the more Dangerous Enemy of the Two: for the Differ makes bare the Scutcheon, and then comes the Empire and makes a Carvei of it. This is but too much the Practice of the World, and the Truth of the Case; for he that Cures his Patient, lays Violent Hands upon Himself, and acts against his own Interests. There were Two Dollars upon a Constitution about a Sick Man, one said he would Lose, either that he would Die, and in The Interest, the Patient marches off, and leaves both his Physicians in the Right. I know what it would come to, says the one, and I could have prevented it, says the other. As for Life and Death were no more then a Chance at Cuffs or Fists; and Physick only a dealing by Gufes.

CCXLIII.

Lost Gtung with a Gzer.

As Cepid was entertaining himself among the Flowers and the Roses, a Bee got him by the Finger, and away goes he with a Lamentable Story to his Mother of a Serpent that had Stung him. Alas! for thee, Poor Simple Wretch! cries the Mother, to make such a Beast of a Prick Finger, and at the same time to be so Insensible of the Anguish of so many wounded Hearts.

The Moral.

This is a Common but a very Natural Infirmity, for Men to be Tender in their own Case, and Hard-hearted in their Neighbours; to lay nothing of the Injustice of it. And it is remarkable again, that none are so Unmerciful to other People, as Those that are most Partially Indifferent to themselves: but we have no better Rule to govern our selves by, upon this Subject, then to do as we would be done by, and to make our Neighbours our own.

CCXLIV.

An Honest Good F fellow.

A Certain Officer (in the Days of Cavalier and Roundhead) that had been up all Night playing the Good-Fellow, had the Fortune, betwixt Ten and Eleven the next Morning, as he was staggering homeward, to encounter the Lord Mayor of London and his Brethren, upon their March to White-Hall. The Gentleman was Hot-Headed, and taking the City-Troop for a Party of Round-heads, he drew, like a Man of Honour, and advanced up to the Body. Ten that are a Horse-back says he, five by foot by Flight; but for the Foot, Turn all DEAD MEN, every Mother's Son of ye.

There goes Another Story much to the same Purpose; of Two Toping Companions, that, when they had been Guzzling till their Heads ran round, paunch'd themselves in a Storm at Sea; threw the Chairs and Stools overboard, that is to say, out of the Window, to save the Vessel.

The Moral.

There is not any Thing so Trivial but some Good use or other may be made of it, and the Moral Application of Things Said or Done is the Art of Life. As in the Case of These Two Extravagants, for the purpose: nothing can be more Phanatically Ridiculous then the Foolery of the Story, and yet at the same time a Woman may be the better for't: that is to say, we may gather from hence, that after all the disorderly Fumes and Vapours of War, and Pomp, we are still Accountable for the Exercise of our Reason; as the Hot-Headed Soldier did the very same Thing upon This Immaginary Encounter, that he would have done otherwise, if he had been wholly upon Duty: so that at this Rate, the Understanding and the Wits work in our Sleeps, and render us Answerable for the Immorality of our very Dreams.

CCXLV.

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CCXLV.

A Scolding Wife.

A Poor Man had so Bitter a Cross-grained Shrew to his Wife, that she would never be Quiet, Full nor Falling; but let him Work or Play, Drink or not Drink, or in fine do what he would, she never wanted Somewhat or other to Quarrel at. When This Wretched Man had try'd all Manner of Ways and Means, Fair and Foul, and found that neither Counsel nor Correction would do any Good upon her, he brook'd himself at last to a Plan of Encountering her, in her own Way. The Man got himself a Cat-Pipe; and just as the Evil Spirit came upon the Wife, the Husband put in with his Pipe, to make one in the Comfort: This Humour of setting up one Squeak against another, made her so bloody-

The Moral.

He that has a Shrew to his Wife, labours under Two Intolerable Difficulties: Nay, and many a time and oft the Doctors of the College are all agreed upon't, that there's no Remedy in This Case but Patience. The Intent of This Whimsical Conceit, is, to set forth the Impossibility of Placing a Reluctant Woman, and the Vanity of attempting it: for how should any body place a Creature that cannot please it Self? But the Poor Man did all that was to be done, however, toward making the Belt of a Bad Game; and after the Tryal of all Fair, and Sober Experiments, he brought the Quarrel at last to a Conclusion, by setting up one Cat-Pipe against another: that is to say, the held is out.

CCXLVI.

An Eagle and Young Ravens.

I t was obser'd by an Old Experience'd Eagle, that, for several Years last past, her very Race was degenerated, and that hardly one Bird in an Age came up to the Dignity of the Kind. Upon This Remark, the put to many Raven's Eggs to her own and Hatch'd them all into one Brood, for an Experiment, to try if she could mend the Stain. The First Discovery put her in some hopes of Gaining her Point, but the took Notice yet that one of the Little ones would be full Jobbing and Jolling his Companions, and that he would forswear Sweet and Fresh Meat for Carrion. When the young ones came to be Fledge, they put them to the Eagle's Test, both for their Eyes and Merit; and so did hang'd them the Ayres. Two of the Ravens, with one Eagle, mounted directly into the Face of the Sun, but for the rest they perish'd in the Attempt: crying out to the Damned all the way they went, to consider that she was their Mother. No no says the Old one, I could save you if I would, but I am no longer your Mother, then while you behave your selves as my Children.

The Moral.

It is with Men, in This Particular, as it is with Birds; and the same Thing again, with Dogs, and Horses, that it is with Men. They are all subject to degenerate from the Virtue and Dignity of the Race; and when they are ones fallen off, there's no Thought of letting Matters Right again, but, according to the Methods here in This Fable, by casting the Strays. And if That Experiment shall happen to fail short upon the main, it will teach us however to distinguish between a Genius, and a Jackdaw Bragg; and give us moreover to understand, by the Figure of an Instructive Allusion, that Princes, as well as Eagles, must stand all Tests of Honour, and Bravery, to make them Worthy of the Crowns they wear.
CCXLVII.

A Lamb and his Companions.

T is with Sheep as it is with Men; he that has most Flea
upon his Back, shall be most made of. This Phancy
ran in the Head of a Certain Lamb that had a mind to set up
for a Farrier. His Project was this. He went Begging
and Blearing to his Companions one after another, only for
one Song of Milk to keep him from Starving. By this False
and Scandalous Practice, (after indeed for a Fox or a Wolf,
then for a Sheep,) he gain'd so far upon the Charity and Good
Nature of the Rest of his Companions, that they left them-
svhes as lean as Rakes, to fill others Belly. While Matters
were at this pass, up came the Butchers to Buy their Provi-
sions, and not one Sheep of the whole Flock would serve
their Turn save only That Difember, and Him they took off
at a Considerable Price: but for the Remindter, they were all
bewitch'd, they said, and one with another, not worth Three Half-
penes a Score.

The Moral.

By this Far Sheep here in the Fold, may be understoned a Rich Men
in the World; and little do they think, either of them, while they
lie wallowing in their Prosperity, and Plossy, that they are Both hinging
up for the Shambler, and that Defraudion, in the end, is the Fair
that commonly attends ill gotten Earnings. The very same Thing that
This Lamb does for Milk, Men do for Money; they juggle, they swinge,
they Counterfeit, and all this, as Artificially, as if they had been Train'd
up at the Fowine of Fraud in old. (And where's That you'll say) But Wealth is fine, is a Snare, Men in Power are the Butchers, and the
whole World is their Market.

CCXLVIII.

While a Mad Man was asleep, his Sons and his Mem-
bers were all at Liberty to Lament their Misfor-
tune. His Eyes complained that they were only treated either
with Odious Familiar, or with Wanton Speeches. His Hands,
exercising Rapture and Violence, his Ears, entertain'd with Ob-
scene and Blasphemous Words, and Ungrateful Sounds; his Tongue,
accustomed only to Bravos, Raffity, and Detraction; or some-
what else to be Reported of; his Stomach, Nourished with
Surfeits: his Head only Food, was all this while, and he gave
This Reason for't, that the Grievances of the Rest were only Particu-
lar, but the Head felt All.

The Moral.

It was somewhat an Extravagant Thought, to fancy how a Mad
Man, Waking, should be so Sover in his Sleep, as to pass off true a Judg-
ment upon the Vices and Vanities, of this World and the Miseries of
Human Life. Now This, upon the whole Matter, is but an Appeal,
from our Sons to our Condemnors. "Tis the Brutal Part of us that Com-
plain, but it is the Refining Part that Suffers, in the Misfortunes of
the Whole.

CCXLIX.

A Fox makes a Taciturn Visit to a Philosopher.

An Insigni Incontinent Compend made a whole Afternoons
Vist to a certain Eminent Philosopher, and at Night,
when the Persecution was over, he brought himself off with
This Favour. Sir, says he, I should not leave you so soon, but
that I am afraid I may be Troubled: No no Sir, says the Good
Man, not in the least, for I have not so much as Thought of
you ever since you came in.

The
The Moral.

In the First Inventions of Pain, and Torture, for the most Execrable of Man's Follies, had but a little better behought themselves, they would never have condign'd any Criminal with one Grain of Sift in him, to the Rack, the Boar, the Gibbet, or any other Corporal Punishment: but rather to the Mortification of a Tender, Taking Plead, as the more Insupportable Plague of the Two: for the One only affects the Body, but the Other Wounds the very Soul.

CCL.
A Crow and an August

The hole that we call Fortune-tellers, were in Old Time call'd Augusts: a sort of People that make a Judgment of Things to come, partly by the Flight of Birds, and partly otherwise, and they were Men of Great Credit in the World for their pretended Foretelling.

As one of these Prognosticators was abroad a Stargazing, up comes a Wizard of a Crow to him, and accosts him after this Manner. Sirs, says the Crow, with Honour to your Profession, what may be the Result of the present Event? I do not know that ever we did any Creature Harm. Well! says the Cunning Man, but it is generally observed, that you are filli hovering about Churchyards, Lay-lands, and Places of Execution; and that your Haunts are much among Carcasses, and your Waste, in Time of War, and Plagues, look'd up at For-holdings. Very Good! says the Crow, but yet for all your Wisdom, We are not the Animals that you take us for. We do not eat Carcass for the Love of Horseflesh, or for the Dead Body-fake, but for want of Better Commons.

The Moral.

There is no Judgment to be made of a Man that sells more out of Necessity, than Charity, and lies under a Force, perhaps, that every day contrary to his inclination. Now People are apt to make the word of Things in these Doubtful Cases, as it fell out here with the Crow, and the Crow. The Bird, it seems, lay under an ill Name, for keeping Dustily Haunts, and Lead Company; when there was no more in it as little, than a Sharpish Sponging for a Dinner; not for the Love of the Carcias, but

but as the Cose flood, the Crow had only Halpin's Clous before him;
That, or Nothing.

CCL.
A Young Lobster and her Brother.

Alas! my Dear Mother, says a Young Lobster to the Old one, pray'st do but see what a Nasty Pickle your Poor Child is in, with Sluttery and Bealyness all over! But yonder are my Sistres, I warrant ye, Gaffing and Jaffing together, I know not how many of them, and sparkling in their Bravery and Scarlet, as Glorious as the Sun. Now a Body would think, that we are that all of the same Breed, should be all in the same Liverly. Well-a-day! says the Mother; thou Poor, Silly Wrench! Their Finery makes Thee Ugly; and yet at the same time, those very Sistres of thine, would give the whole World if they had it, to be but as Plain, and as Homely as thou art, without Fooling away their Lives for a Gay Coat.

The Moral.

'Tis better, they say, to be Ever'd, then Pity'd: that is to say, 'tis better to be in a Good Condition then in a Bad, provided always that we distinguish right between the One and the Other, and that we do not Ever where we should Pity, nor Pity on the other hand, in the Wrong Place. For them are, that the Harts upon the Mountains and the Glories of this World, as the Reflections of it: to the Degree even of taking Life for Death, and Death for Life: in the Influence of a Nice Foolish Lobster here, that, by a miserable Mistleth, chose rather to be Dead, than Dirty.

CCLII.
Two Brothers sent for a Surgeon and a Midwife.

There were Two Brothers sent out in all haste; the one for a Surgeon, and the other for a Midwife; but they stood gaping at a Mauvebank, so long by the way, that in This Interval their Father was Dead of a Plague, and their Mother, of a Misery's, for want of a Timely Assistance.

The
The Moral.

Just as this Boyish rate do we trifle away our Precious Minutes, in the great Emergencies of Life and Death; every Foolsey diverts us from our Duty, though we know, at the same time, that the Comforts of Soul and Body, and of a Blissful Eternity it self, depend upon the Right Application and Improvement of those very Moments. We are together from hence, that every Thing is to be done in the Right Place and Season; and that Lost Opportunities are never to be recover'd. Delay is Dangerous.

CCLIII.

Rome taken by a Strange Accident.

As the Emperor Aurelianus was Marching up to Rome with a Mighty Army, and his Troops posted in a Readyness to give the Almant; up starts a Horse in the Middle of the Field, and such a Clamour and Confusion upon That Accident, that the Garison took a Pandick Fright upon't, under an Apprehension that the Enemy was just falling on upon the Town. In this Confussion, they quitted the Walls, and the Imperialists, taking Advantage of That Mistake, entered the City.

The Moral.

Here's a Short Lecture upon the Force of Imagination, and the Invisibility of Human Affairs; where the most Terrible of Creatures does the Office of a Mighty Army, and more, perhaps, than the Power and Politicks of an Emperor, in the Head of a Hundred Thousand Men, could have done without it. A Man might bring Infrances insensible of These Impediments, by Fear, Plague, and Pandick Terrors. But it may serve, once for all, to tell us, that in Matters even of the Greatest Concernment, the World is govern'd rather by Imagination, then by Reason, and we Live but by Guilt.

CCLIV.

Moraliz'd.

An Elephant and a Rhinoceros

There pas'd a Challenge between an Elephant and a Rhinoceros; Time and Place appointed, and both ready for the encounter. How come you, says the Rhinoceros; that is a Beast, to take upon you the handling of a Sword, which is a Weapon Favourite to Men? And then again, how come you to consult the Stars about the Succession of Empires, and to write down the Revelation in Magical Letters upon the Sand? Well! says the Elephant; the Skill of managing a Sword, is no Crime I hope, unless it be one to defend my Country. And then for my looking up to Heaven, 'tis no more than we all do, Morning and Evening, in Acknowledgment of the Benefits we receive from above; And so for my writing with my Trunk upon the Sand, it may serve to inform you, that we are Capable of Discharging even the Nicest of Human Offices. This is not either to Decline, or Delay the Combat; and so they Both Fled to their Arms; the One advancing his Trunk, and the Other his Horn. While they were now coming to the very Pughs, they found themselves surpriz'd, upon the Sight of a Frog and a Mouse, that stood there, hard by there, and ready to engage. Pray'th'not a little, says the Rhinoceros; and before we go any further, let us understand the meaning of This Quarrel here. Now the Subject of the Dispute, it seems, was only which was the most Beautiful Creature of the Two; the Frog, or the Mouse. Now the Calf was so Ridiculous, and the Example so Scandalous, that the very Shame of Playing the Fool after such a Copy, made them Friends again.

The Moral.

It was a Thousand Pities that the Frog and the Mouse did not put it in for Second to the Two Champions; the Elephant and the Rhinoceros, which would have made the Figure yet more Ridiculous, and consequently more suitable to the End it was intended for. Here are Two Quarrels Stated in This Allegory; One of them between a Horse and a Fiddler, upon a Dispute which was the Greater Philosophic, or Strategem of the Two; and the Other, between a Frog and a Mouse upon the Question, which
FABLES and STORIES

which of the Two was the Greater Beauty? Just at This Solmly rate of
Fasting, People manage in This World, till the very Shame of it, lays
the Fops, in Mew, and Scandalous Company, without the least Touch of
Honour, and Conscience, brings them to their Senses again.

CCLV.

A Lynx and a Calf help.

Upon the Tiding of a Lynx being deliver'd of an Illeg.
Mule, the Beasts of the Forrest came a Thronging to
Court, to joy her of her Son and Heir; and a Mule sent in
his Compliment among the Rest; but she was so busy in
a Lecture to her Son, upon the Graftfulness of his Mew,
March, and Pabion, that she was not to be spoken with at
that time.

The Mule made Another Attempt a while after, and she
was then so taken up in a Loffe to him upon the Dignity of
his Blood, Family, and Furniture, that no Mortal was to come
at her till that was over.

The Mule, after this, came once again, but she was thereto
intent upon the Topique of the Duty, and the Mystery of
Government, and the Royal Arts of keeping the People in Obed-
dience, by a Political Tempestrament of Love and Fear in the
Administration of Justice, that there was nothing coming to her
Then neither.

These Repulses put the Mule out of all Patience. Here's a
pretty Business indeed, says the Mule, to make such a Clatter
for our Beast to get the Sight of another! The Lynx overheard
This Grumbling, and called out to him. "Hark ye, says she,
the Inflation of a Prince is never the Less a Matter of Im-
portance, because a Mule does not understand it.

The Moral.

We may imagine This Forrest to be a Court, the Lynx to be a Prin-
cess, and the Repeated Gratulations of Joie for the Blessing of a Young
Prince, to be a Great Measure, matter of Court, and the Distilled
Office of Good Subjects upon such an occasion. The Mule may pass for
an Imperious, unmanfully Intruder, that pretends to Privacies of
State, without any Presence of Bur'nee; and without any Sense, either
of Honour, or of Consequence. His Exploitations against his Superior,
our,

CCLVII.

A Cavalier and an Ape.

There was a Man of Wit and Quality, mighty of This
Humour; and so confounded a Mixture in him of the Bu-
ffoon, that his whole Life was a Faire, and never any Thing
pleas'd him but was Serious. He had about him all Sorts of
Drolls, and Mimbles, as Foxes, Puppies-Dogs, Kitelets,
Squirrels, &c. And so for Birds, he had his Parrots, Jack-daws, PSTS,

H 2

Jays,
A translation of the text into a readable format:

**FABLES and STORIES**

Fapers, and Starlings; but his beloved Fooler, above all the rest, was a Gameyone Ape he kept.

This Ape took his Master upon the Easy Pin once, and got a Deputation from him to do whatever he had a mind to, in his Master's Jurisdiction, for the Space of one whole Day. He began the Break among the Papers, and the Lascivious. His next Step was to the Women's Dressers, and so by Degrees he went higher and higher, till he came to Dip in the same Plate with his Master. From This Liberty, he advanced to Kissing and Caressing of him, Riding upon his Shoulders, and playing Monkey-Tricks upon his very Head; and his Master wonderfully pleased all this while with the Finale. In the Confidence of this Freedom, the Ape told him that the Barber had left Three or Four Haires out of Order in his Beard, which with his leave he could set right, he thought. His Master bad him do't and welcome, and in that Instant he plucked off one of his Moustaches. He was turn'd out of the House for't, with Shame, and Indignation, but the Mischief was done first.

**The Moral.**

There is no Government so Scandalous and Wretched, as where Drudges, and Buffons fill the Places of Ministers of State. It makes the Administration look like a Farce; and where those Political Libertines are encouraged, they hop at nothing till they get the Government under their Feet. Some People have visitated Palaces, and their Mouths are out of Tune to any thing that is Salutary, and Comfortably Practical. This is directly the Humour of the Cavalier here, he takes an Ape for his Favourite, and at next Word the Buffon Rides his Master.

**CCLVIII.**

A Warning that Frogs have no Teeth.

Here was a Thanksgiving Day appointed by Ecclestone's Virtues, for the Blessed Providence of creating Frogs without Teeth; for there would be no living otherwise without Bubbles; for a Defence against Those Bawling Animals, that are made up of Mouth, and Noise.

The

**MORALIZ'D.**

We have a Common Saying among us, that Heaven finds Crafty Cows Short Horns; which carries the very same Innuendo with This Fable. Where there is Moll-Neck, there is commonly Lead Danger. But it is the Practice of Politicians however, to supply the Want of Courage, with Reckless and Glasses; and there is no way of encountering Their Unmanly Improvidences, but by saying nothing, and Defying them.

**CCLIX.**

A Plot to make a Cow Calve.

There was a Cavalier taken up in the Late Times for Treasonous Practices against the State. The Officer that had him in Custody, had him for some time over Plotting against the Government. Plotting against the Government says the Prisoner; why when did you ever hear of any Man that Plotted to make a Cow Calve? Now That's the Short of the Case. The Cow is half way through her Rocking already; and when her Time is out, she'll Calve in spite of all your Hearts. And now make your leap of the Parable.

**The Moral.**

True Allusion was most unluckily adapted to the Present Occasion; when every Thing was working toward a Change: as appear'd afterwards by the Event. The Application will be this. That Differently Governments do in naturally breed Plots and Factions, as Cow des Calves; especially when the Two Supports of all Political Societies are subverted; that is to say; Reward, and Punishment.

**CCLX.**

A Short Rule of Life.

It is the Part of a Wise, and a Good Man, neither to Say, nor to Do, any Thing that he may be the Wisest, and Cannot be the Better for.
The Moral.

This Short Lession will do a Great deal toward the Regulation of our Words and Actions; and we can never fail of finding a Place for the Practice of it to the whole Course of Humane Life. It forces us against the Incumbrances of Inconsiderate Paffions; the Temptation of Dangerous Conduits; and it keeps us, upon the main, within the Compart of Virtue and Deference. How do we trouble our Heads with Metaphysical Speculations, and School-subjects, which might be Honestly and Vanity left alone, and are yet Dangerous to the highest Degree to be Misacted in. But not to Clog the Morality of This Precept with needless Inferences to uphold it; every Step we set, and every Breath we draw, furnishes Matter to work upon. And it is but applying the Rule to the Example, to make good the Assertion.
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