FABLES
OF
ÆSOP
And other Eminent
MYTHOLOGISTS:
WITH
Mozals and Reflections.

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The Second Edition Corrected and Amended.

LONDON,
WE have had the History of Ælop so many times over and over, and depl'd up so many several Ways; that it would be but Labour lost to Multiply Unprofitable Compositions 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 greater part of those Compositions that pass the World in his Name: For, the Story is come down to us so Dark and Doubtful, that it is Impossible to Distinguish the Original from the Copy: And to say, which of the Fables are Ælop's, and which not; which are Genuine, and which Spurious: Beshide, that there are divers Inconsistencies upon the Point of Chronology, in the Account of his Life, (as Maximus Placentius, and Others have Deliver'd it,) which the whole Earth can never Reconcile. Vavator the Infante, in a Treatise of his, de Ludicra Dictione, takes Notice of some four or five Gross Mistakes of this Kind. [Plancius (says he) brings Ælop to Babylon, in the Reign of Lycterus; where there never was such a Prince heard of, from Nabonassar (the first King of Babylon) to Alexander the Great. He tells also of his going into Egypt in the Days of King Nectanebo; which Nectanebo came not into the World till well nigh Two Hundred Years after him. And so he makes him Greet his Master, and, having his first Entrance into his Master's House, with a bitter Sentence against Women out of Euripides; (as he pretends,) when yet Ælop had been Dead, a matter of Fourscore Years, before 'Tother was Born. And once again, He brings him in, Talking of the Pyrenean Fries, in his Fable of the Ape and the Dolphin: A Port, that the very Name of it was never thought of, till about the Seventh North Olimpianiad: And Ælop was Murder'd in the Four and Fifth.] This is enough in all Consequence, to Excuse any Man from laying over much Stress upon the Historical Credit of a Relation, that comes so Blindly, and so Various and Transmitted to us: Over and above, that it is not one jot to our Business (farther than to Gratify an Idle Curiosity,) whether the Fact be True or False, whether the Man was Straight, or Crooked; and his Name,
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Name, &c. or (as some have it) Lochman: 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 His own, but of several other eminent Men that have Written after his Copy, and abundantly Contributed in those Labours, to the Delight, Benefit, and Instruction of those that come after them.

There are, in True, a certain Set of Morose and Intractable Spirits in the World, that look upon Precepts in Emblem, as they do upon Gays and Pictures, that are only fit for Women and Children, and look upon them to be no better than the Follys of so many Old Wives Tales. These are a sort of People that are Resolv'd to be pleas'd with nothing that is not Unloosely Some, Full Natural'd, and Troubleless: Men that make it the Mark as well as the Prerogative of a Philosopher, to be Magnifical, and Chair'd: As if a Man could be Wise and Honest, without being Inhuman; or, I might be said, without putting an Affront upon Christian Charity, Civil Society, Decency and Good Manners: But they are not aware All this white, that the Foundations of Knowledge and Vertue are laid in our Childhood; when Nothing goes Kindly down with us, that is not Sear'd and Adept to the Palate and Capacity of these Tender Years. To us is the very Nature of us, first, to be Invisive; and Flashing after New and New Sights and Stories: And, as it, No less Solicitations to Learn and Understand the Truth and Meaning of what we See and Hear: So that without the Indulging and Cultivating of this Disposition, or Inclination, on the One hand, and the Appliing of a Profitable Moral to the Figure, or the Fable, on the Other, here's the Sum of All that can be done upon the Point of a Timely Discipline and Inflation, toward the Turning of an Unfavourable, and a Fortunate Life. Most Certain it is, that without this Early Care and Attention, upon the Main, we are as good as Lost in our very Cradles; for the Principles that we Imbibe in our Youth, we carry commonly to our Graves; and it is the Education, in short, that makes the Man. To speak all, in a Few Words, Children are but Blank Papers, ready Indifferently for any Impression, Good or Bad (for they take All upon Credit) and it is much in the Power of the first Comer, to Write Saint, or Devil upon't, which of the Two He pleads. Wherefore let the Method of Communication be never so Natural and Agreeable; the Better, the Worse still, if the Matter be not Suited to the Prudence, the Piety, and the Tenderness, that is Requisite in the Exercise of such a Function. Now This is a Necessity that Depends, in a Great Measure, upon the Care, Providence, Sobriety, Conduct, and Good Example of Parents, Guardians, Tutors, &c. Nay it Depends

in the very Choice of such Nurses, Servants, and Familiar Companions, as will apply themselves Diligently to the Discharge of this Office.

As it is beyond All Dispute, I suppose, that the Delight and Genius of Children, lies much toward the Hearing, Learning, and Telling of Little Stories; So this Consideration holds forth to us a kind of Natural Direction to begin our Approaches upon that Quarter, toward 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 Reason of Things, may be Artificially and Effectually Infus'd, under the Cover, either of a Real Fact, or of a Supposed One: But then Those very Lessons of themselves may be Gilt and Sweeted, as we Order Pills and Poisons; so as to take off the Disgust of the Remedy; for it holds, both in Vertue, and in Health, that we love to be Instructed, as well as Physick'd, with Pleasure. This is an Article that would both bear and require a Volume; But without dwelling any longer upon it, I shall content my self with some short General Thoughts, 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 either, to keep them clear of any Thoughts, Word or Deed, that's Foul, Scandalous, and Dishonest; but there are Twenty Injurious Twits and Twaddle, Frothy Jells, and Living Writings, that look, as if they had no Hurt in them; and yet the Winning of us to the Love and Pity of these Lovers, Leaders, and Instructors to a Misunderstanding of Things, which is no less Dangerous than a Corruption of Manners. Briefly, that there's no need of entertaining them with these Poppetoes, having so much Choice of Useful Matter at hand, and as Good Cheap. Briefly, in the Case of this Method of Instruction and Inflation, let the Fancy or the Figure be Clear and Perspicuous, and the Design in the Direction it can never fail of being too. But without this Guard and Caution upon the Conduct of the Affair, this Humour of Mythology may turn to a Proportion instead of a Nourishment: And under the Pretense of a Lecture of Good Government, Degenerate into an Encouragement to Vanity and Debauch. For 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 Conceived an Ill Train or Habit, it will Cost as much time to Bleed out what is to Forget, as to Pufi this him of what he is to Retain in his Memory.

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Let it not be Undersold now, as if the Thing it fell were Childish, because of the Application of it: so as if Boys and Men were not Indifferently of the same Maker, and Accountable more or less for the same Faculties and Duties. So that the Force and Dignity of this Way of Operation, hold good in all Cases alike; for there's Nothing makes a Deeper Impression upon the Minds of Men, or comes more Lively to their Understanding, than these Instractive Natures that are Instilled to them by Glasses, Inquisitions, and Surprises; and under the Cover of some Allegory or Riddle. But, What can be said more to the Honour of this Symbolical Way of Moralizing upon Tales and Fables, than that the Wifdumb of the Ancients has been still Writ up in Veils and Figures; and their Precepts, Counsels, and judicious Monitions for the Ordering of our Lives and Manners, Flamed down to us from all Antiquity under Immundus's and Allusions? For what are the Egyptian Hieroglyphicks, and the whole History of the Pagan Gods; The Fables, and Fictions of the Wise Men of Old, but in Essefls, a kind of Philosophical Mythology: Which is, in truth, no other, than a more Agreeable 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 Enlising Use of Apologies in Holy Writ: And that our Blessed Saviour Himself, has not only Recommended, but inculcated, this Way of Teaching by Parables, both in his Doctrines and Examples, as the Means that Divine Providence made use of for the Gaining of Idolaters and Infidels over to the Christian Faith? What more is it that brings, even David himself to a Sight and Delineation of his Sin in the Matter of Uriah, and to a Snee 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 forc'd away a Poor Man's Only Lamb from him, that he Lov'd as his Own Soul? How did David take Fire at this Iniquity in Another Man, till upon second Thoughts his Conscience brought it home to his Own Cafe, and forc'd him to pass Judgment upon Himself: Now This is but according to the Natural Buffs of Human Frailty, for every Man to be Partial to his own Blind-Side, and to Excuse against the very Counterpart of his Own Daily Practice. As what's more Ordinary, for Example, than to have the most Arbitrary of Tyrants, set up for the Advocates and Patron of Common Liberty; or for the most Profilicate of Scribes and Artists, to False themselves upon a Wear for the Powers, and Purity of the Gospel! In two Words, What's more Familiar than to see Men Fighting the Lord's Battles (as they call it) against Blasphemy, and Prophanenests, with One hand; and at the same time offering Violence to his Holy Altar, Church and Ministers with the Other! Now these People are not to be dealt withal but by a Train of Mystery and Concealment; A Downright Admonition looks like the Reproach of an Enemy, than 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 Wretches of our Failings. Some People are too Proud, too Sturdy, too Impudent, too Inconsiderate, either to Bear, or to Mend upon the Liberty of Plain Dealing. Others are too Big again, too Powerful, too Vindicative, and Dangerous, for either Reproof, or Council, in Direct Terms. They Flate any Man that's but Conformity of their Wickedness, and their Mystery is like the Stone in the Bladder! They are Many Things Good for't, but there's no coming at 't; and neither the Pulpit, the Stage, nor the Preface, Darres so much as Touch upon't. How much are we Oblied then, to those Wise, Good Men, that have furnished the World with so pure, and so Pleasant an Exposition, for the Removing of All These Difficulties! And to shew them 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 Tainting them for what's Amis? and by That Means Flushing the Light of their Own Conscience in their Own Faces. We are brought Naturally enough, by the Judgment we put upon the Fuses and Failures of our Neighbours, to the Sight and Scope of our Own, and Especially, when we are led to the Knowledge of the Truth of Matters by Significant Types, and Proper Reenactments; for we are much more Afflicted with the Images of things, than with the True Reason of them. Men that are Shot-free against all the Assaures of Honour, Conscience, Shame, Good Faith, Humanity, or Common Justice, have yet some Weak side or other, like Achilles's heel, that may never die; and This Consequence of Application, by Stunts and Classics, to King, What dost thou? comes up to the very Strenth of this Topic. There's no Meddling with Princets, either by Text, or Argument; Glory's Fathers Signify so more than Spiritual Bug-bears, in the Cafe of an Unaccountable Privilege. Tell the House of Israel of their Signs, and the House of Jacob of their Transfigurations; what a Joy, in Change of Times and Humours, calls for New Measurts and Monitors; and what cannot be done by the Dist of Authority, or Perussion, in the Chappe, or in the Closet, must be broughht about by the Fable of the Rigging Lion Preaches Caution, and Moderation. To
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to the Excesses of Cruel, and Ambitious Rulers, by showing
them that Tyranny is the Source of Humane Nature, in Opposi-
tion to All the Blessings of a Well-order'd Government; and that
they do but Plague other People, to their Own Ininfamy, and Ruin.
The Old Lion in Diligence, Reads a Lesson to us of the Improvi-
dence, and the Desperate Consequences of a Rousous, and Care-
less Youth. The Fox in the Well, holds forth to us upon the
Chapter of a Late Repentance. The Frogs Petitioning for a King,
his People have a care of Supporters with Heaven for they know not
what. It is certainly True, that the most Innocent Illustrations of this
Quality may be open to a Thousand Abuse and Mistakes, by a Discorded
Mis-application of them to Political, or Personal Meanings; but
These Capricious Fault Finders, may as well pick a Quarrel with the
Decalogue it self, upon the same Pretence; if they shall come once to
Apply to This or That Particular Wicked Man, the General Rules that
are Deliver'd for the Government of Mankind, under such and such
Prohibitions; as if the Commandments that Require Obedience, and
Forbid Murder, Unleaven'd, Theft, Calumnies, and the like, were
to be Stroked out of the Office, and Indulged, for a Libellous Immune-
do upon All the Great Men that come to be Concern'd in the Pains and
Forfeitures therein Contain'd. In fine, 'tis the Confidence of the Guilt-
y, in All Tho' Causer, that makes the Scape. Here is enough said,
as to the Dignity, and Unshakableness of This way of Informating the Under-
standing what we Ought to do, and of Disposing the Will to Act in a
Conformity to that Perception of Things; having to Clear an Evidence
of Divine Authority, as well as the Practice of the Bell of Men,
and of Times, together with the Current of Common Content, A-
greeng 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 Or-
ders of them, in a very Few Words. When I first put Pen to Paper upon This Design, I had in my
Eye only the Common School-Book, as it stands in the Cambridge
and Oxford Editions of it, under the Title of {Æropi Phrygii
Fabulae; ut cum Nonnullis Variorum Atque Novarum Fabulis Ad-
jectis:} Propounding to myself at that Time, to follow the very
Counts and Series of that Collection; and in One Word, to Try what
might be done, by making the Bell of the Whole, and Adapting Pro-
per and Useful Directions to the several Parts of it, toward the
turning of an Excellent Latin Manual of Morals and Good Counsels,
into a Tolerable English One. But upon Jumbling Matters and
Things together, and laying One thing by Another, the very State and
Condition of the Cafe before me, together with the Nature and the Rea-
son of the Thing, gave me to understand, that This way of Proceeding
would

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would never Answer my End. Insomuch, that upon this Consideration, I
Refitted other Performances of the same Fables, and made my Bell of the
Choice. Some that were Twice or Thrice covered, and only the false name
Thing in other Words; These I struck out, and made One Specimen
serve for the rest. To say Nothing of here and there a Trival,
and Loofe Conceit in the Middle, more than This; that such as they are, I
was under false Show of Obligation to take them for Company, and in
short, Good,Bad, and Indifferent, One with another, to the Number
in the Table, of 393 Fables. To these, I have likewise subjunct a Con-
 siderable Additions of other Select Apologies, out of the most Ce-
lebrated Authors that are Extant upon that Subject, towards the Finis-
hing of the Work. As Phædrus, Clementins, Atius, Neveleus,
Aphthonius, Gabrias, or Babrias, Raddon, La Fontaine, Ælrope
en Belle Humeur, Audin, &c.

Another Man in my Place now, would perhaps take it for a Notable
Stroke of Art, and Good Breeding, to Complement the Reader with Twen-
ty Varleties of Apologies, and Excuses, for such an Undertaking; As
if the Endless, and the most Necessary Part of a Man's Life, and
Busines, were a thing to be Asunder'd. Now all that I have to say
in what I have done; and let the Performers do what it will, I Con-
found my self yet in the Confidence of a Good Intention. I shall not
Charge any of my Failings upon the Importancy of my Friends, though
I have not wanted Earnest, and Powerful Influences and Encouragements
to proceed upon This Work; nor and above the Improbity of a Natural Ca-
ruptcy and Inclination that led me to it. But these were Temptations
that I could have Similarly resisted, or put by, in favour of a Curiosity
that in a manner, fell Labour; if it had not been for Another Motive, that
I shall now tell the Reader in Confidence, and so Conclude.

This Rhapsody of Fables is a Book Unwittingly Read, and Twisted in
All our Schools; but almost at such a Rate as we Teach Pyes and
Meaning of them: Or to take it Another way, the Boys break their Teeth
upon the Stiles, without even coming near the Kernel. They Learn
Childs Instation; so that they break that together, and the One is Mark Non-
self, as we have it, even at the Bes, falls Infinitely short of the
several English Paradigms and Expressions upon Ælrope, and Divers of his
little too far from the Precise Scope of the Author upon the Preci-
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rals are so Inipid and Flat, and the Style and Diction of the Fables, so Coarse and Uncouth, that they are rather Dangerous, than 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 stillly told too, is but One Fully Graffed upon Another. Children are to be Taught in the first Place, what they Ought to do. 2dly, The Manner of Doing it: And in the third Place, they are to be Instructed by the Force of Instruction and Good Example, in the Love and Practice of Doing their Duty; whereas on the Contrary, One Step out of the Way in the Instruction, is enough to Perish 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 Words, or the Meaning of them, the Book must stand or Fall to its Self: But that I need 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 done of all the Translations, or Reflections before-mentioned, which have serv'd, 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 Deit to Obviate a Common Inconvenience, or, to speak Plainly, the Moral Error of pretending to Erect a Building upon a False 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-Paintings of the Preface, to the Author, and that they Confess the Errors for other Mistakes.

THE
THE

LIFE

OF

ÆSOP.

CHAP. I.

Of Æsop's Country, Condition, and Person.

ÆSOP (according to Plutarch, Camerarius and Others) was by birth, of Ammorion a Town in the Greater Phrygia; (though some will have him to be a Thracian, others a Samian) of a mean Condition, and in his person deformed, to the highest degree: Flat-Not'd, Hunch-Back'd, Blobber-Lipp'd; a Long Misshapen Head; His Body Crooked all over, Big-Belly'd, Baker-Legg'd, and his Complexion so swarthly, that he took his very Name from's; for Æsop is the same with Asop. And he was not only Unhappy in the most scandalous Figure of a Man, that ever was ever 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 it some Measure, for the Unseemly 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 set them Right again, and that for that good Office, he was upon their Prayers, brought to the Use of his Tongue: But Camerarius whom I shall Principally follow, has no Faith in the Miracle, And so he begins his History with the

(a)
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In the tracing of him to Samos, and thence Prosecurus it through the most remarkable Passages of his Life, to the Lai 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 cut off, 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 Grotesque to be taken Notice of. Upon this Argument and Occasion: Let it suffice, that (according to the Common Tradition) he had been already Twice Brought 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 amongst the Antients, that it was when Cyrus Govern'd Lydia; as also that Xanthus, a Samian, was his Master. Herodotus will have it to be one Ithome a Samian too, but still according to the Current of most Writers, Xanthus was the Man.

CHAP. II.

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

It was ÆSOP's Fortune to be sent 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 Weekling, 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 so took up their Luggage, and away they Trudg'd together. About Noon, they had their Dinner delivered out of ÆSOP's Basket, which made his Burden Lighter by one half in the Afternoon, than 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 Now to Understand, that ÆSOP was not so Arrant a Fool as they took him for; and that they Themselves had not half the Wit they Thought they had.

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went his way immediately, and fetch’d a Vessel of Warm Water; took a Large Draught of it, in his Master’s Presence, and wish his Finger in his Throat brought it all Clear up again without any Other Mixture. After This Experiment upon Hamfoll, he gave his Master to understand, that if he would be pleased to put his Accurs into the Same Tuff, he should quickly see what was become of his Vests. The Proposal seem’d so Reasonable, that he Order’d Agatopous 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, Vests and all. Upon This Evidence of the Treachery and Filthiness of Agatopous and his Companion, the Master Order’d them to Soundly Lath’d, and made good the Old Saying, Harm Watch, Harm Catch.

CHAP. IV.

The Sale of Æsop to Xanthus.

UPTON the Merchants’ Arrival at Epilosus, he made a quick Riddance of all his Slaves but Three. That is to say, a Musician, an Orator, and Æsop. He deist’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 shew’d them there in the open Market, with Æsop for a Fool between 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; and 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 just 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,

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like, Interrogated Æsop what he could do. Nothing at all, says he, How comes That says the Philosopher? My Companions, says the Other, Undertakes 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 Wits; but says he, That Unlucky Shape of yours will set People a Hooting and Crying at you wherever you go. A Philosopher says Æsop should Value a man for his Mind, Not for his Body. This pretence of Thought gave Xanthus a High Opinion of the Wisdom of the Man; and so he had the Merchant set him his Lowest Price of That Miserable Creature. Why says he, you had as good Cheapen a Daughit; 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 ado 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 in humour for the Entertainment of this Monster, without throwing the House out at the Window. My Dear, says he, You have been often complaining of Careless Servants; And I have bought you one Now that I am Confident will fix your Turn. He shall Go and Come and Wait and Do everything as you would have him; Oh, your Servant Sweet heart says she, but what did he Cost you? Why, Truly very Reasonable; but as Present He’s a Little Tann’d and out of that you must know, with his Journeys, says the Husband, and so he Order’d him to be Call’d in. The Cunning Gipsy soon ask’d the Master pretently. Some Monster
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Monsier says fhe, I'll be Hanged elle. Wife, Wife, says Xanthus. If you are a good Woman, that pleases Me much, pleases you too. While THESE Words were between his Lips, up comes Aesop towards them, gave them a Fierce Look, and immediately discharged her Choler upon her Husband. Is this a Man, or a Beast? says he, and what Clearest Proof in the World Could you have given me? Now, of a Insufferable Hatred and Contempt? Aesop said not one Word all this while; 'till Xanthus,Rose up, him with a Reproof. Oh Villain! says he, to have a Tongue and Wiz at Will upon all other Occasions, and not one Diverging Syllable now at a Pinch, to Pacify your Mistresses! Aesop, after a short Paufe upon's, Bolted out an old Greek Saying, which is in English to this Effect, From Lying at the Mercy of Fire, Water, and a Wicked Woman, Good Lord Deliver us. If the Wife be heartily angry before, This Scorn made her more Mad, and the Reproach was so cutting too, that Xanthus himself did not well know how to take it. But Aesop brought himself of again from the Malice of any ill Intention, by a Passage out of Euripides to this Purpose. The Repining of a Tempestuous Sea; The Fury of a Devouring Fire, and the Plaguing Want of Necessaries for Life, are Three Dreadful Things, and a Body might reckon up a Thousand more; but all this is Nothing to the Terrible Violence of an Impetuous Woman, and therefore says he, Make your self as Glorious on the other side, in the Rank of Good Women. Pausanias the Jupiter, in his De Laudibus Di- elini, takes Notice of a Blunder here in the Chronology of the Story. For Aesop was Murder'd at least Four thousand Years before Euripides was born. But to follow the Thread of the Relation; Upon this Oblique Admonition, the Woman came to her self again, And took Aesop into her good Graces, who render'd his Master and Mistress All the Offices of a Faithful Servant.

Chap. VI.

Aesop's Answer to a Gardiner.

SOME Two or Three Days after the Encounter above mentioned, Xanthus took Aesop along with him to a Garden to buy some Herbs, and the Gardener letting him in the Habit of a Philosopher, told him the Admiration he was in, to find how much farther Those Plants grow that Grow of their own Accord, than Those that he fets Himself, though he took never so much Care about them. Now you that 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 Aesop brake out into a Loud Laughter. Why how now Ye have You, says Xanthus, what do you Laugh at? Aesop took him aside and told him, Sir, I laugh at your Master, that Taught You no better: for what signifies a General Answer to a Particular Question? And is 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 fort of Resole. Xanthus told the Gardener, that it was below a Philosopher to bully his head about such Trifles; but says he, If you have a Cartload to be better Informed, you should do well to ask my Slave here, and see what he'll say to you. Upon This, the Gardener put the Question to Aesop, Who gave him this Answer. The Earth is in the Nature of a Mother to what She brings forth of her Self out of her own Bowels; Whereas She is only a kind of a Step-Dame, in the Production of Plants that are Cultivated and Afflicted 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 Gardener, upon this, was so well satisfied, That he would take no Money for his Herbs, and offered Aesop to make Use of his Garden for the future, as if it were his own.

There are several Stories in Pausanias, that I shall pass over in this Place (says Cameroonius) as not worth the while: Particularly The Fables of the Latinius, the Bath, the Sack, Sotus, and several Little Tales and Jests 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 Fable, but if they be Proper and Ingenious; and to convince, 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 Mistresses home again, which the had left her Husband; Which is drawn from the Model of a Greek History let out by Pausanias in his Description of Batia. The Other, upon the Subject of a Treat of Neats Tongues, which was taken from Bias, as we have it from Plutarch in his Convivium Septem Sa-pientiarum.
C H A P. VII.

Æsop's Invention to bring his Mistresses back again to her Husband, after he had Left him.

The Wife of Xanthus was well-born and wealthy, but so Proud and Doinlnging wheathal, as if her Fortune and her Extraction had Entitled her to the Breaches. She was Horribly Beld, Medling, and Expensive; (as that sort of Women commonly are) Easfly put off the Hooks, and Magnifus hard to be pleased again: Perpetually chattering at her Husband, and upon All occasions of contrariety, Threatening him to be gone. It came to this at Last, that Xanthus's stock of Patience being quite spent, he took up a Revolution of going another way to Work with her, and of trying a Course of Severity, since there was nothing to be done with her by Kindness. But this Experiment, instead of mending The matter, made it worse; for upon harder Ueage, The Woman grew Delirous, and went away from him in Earnest. She was as Bad 'tis true as Bad might well be, and yet Xanthus had a kind of Hankering for her still: Before that there was matter of Interest in the Cafe; and a Pefiliment Tongue she had, that the Poor Husband Dreaded above all things Under the Sun: but the man was willing however to make the Best of a Bad Game, and so his Wits and his Friends were set at Work, in the fairest Manner that Might be, to get her home again. But there was No good to be done in it terms; and Xanthus was so visibly out of Humour upon't, that Aesop in Pure Pity bought himself Immediately how to Comfort him. Come Master (says he) Pluck up a good heart; for I have a Project in my Noddle that shall bring my Mistresses to you back again, with as good a Will as ever the went from you. What does me Aesop, but away Immediately to the Market among the Huchers, Poulters, Fihmongers, Clothiers, etc. for the Best of every thing that was in Season. Nay he takes private People in his way too, and Chops into the very house of his Mistresses Relations, as by Midlake. This Way of Proceeding fet the whole Town a Gog to know the Meaning of all this Buffle, and Aesop innocently told everybody that his Master's Wife was run away from him, and he had Marry'd another; His Friends up and down were all Invited to come and make Merry with him, and This was to be the Wedding Feast. The News flew like Lightning, and happy were they could carry the First Tydings of it to the Run-away Lady: (for everybody knew Aesop to be a Servant in that Family.) It Gathered in the Rolling, as all Other Stories do in the Telling: Especialy where Women's Tongues and Passions have the spreading of them. The Wife, that was in her Nature Violent, and Unstayed, order'd her Chariot to be made ready Immediately, and away the Folts back to her Husband; falls upon him with Outrages of Lookes and Language; and after the Eating of her mind a Little; No Xanthus, says she. Do not you flatter your self with the hopes of Enjoying another Woman while I am alive. Xanthus look'd upon this as one of Aesop's Master-pieces; and for that Bout All was well again between Master and Mistresses.

C H A P. VIII.

An Entertainment of Neat Tongues.

Some few days after the Ratification of this Peace, Xanthus Invited several Philosophers of his Acquaintance to Supper with him; and Charges Aesop to make the Best Provision he could think of, for their Entertainment. Aesop had a Wit waggish Enough, and this General Commination furnished him with Master to work upon. So soon as ever the Guests were set down at the Table, Xanthus calls for Supper, and Expected no less than a very Splendid Treat. The First Service was Neat Tongues fized, which the Philosophers took Occasion to Discourse and Quibble upon in a Grave Formal way, as The Tongue (for the purpose) is the Oracle of Wisdom, and the like. Xanthus, upon this, calls for a Second Course, and after That for a Third, and fo for a Fourth, which were all Tongues, over and over again still, only several ways Drest to So Boil'd, Others Fry'd, and Come again ferv'd up in Soupe, which put Xanthus into a Furious Passion. Thou Villain, says he. Is this according to my Order, to have Nothing but Tongues upon Tongues? Sir says Aesop, without any hesitation, Since it is my ill fortune to fall under this Acquamation, I do Appeal to All These Learned Persons, whether I have done Well, or ill, and pay'd that Respect to your Order which I ought to do.

Your order was, That I should make the Best Provision that I could think of for the Entertainment of These Excellent Persons, and if the Tongue be the Key that Leads Us into All Knowledge, what
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what could be more proper and suitable than a Feast of 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 cheer; and Mr. Major Donne, 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 best of meats one day, and the worst 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, injustices, frauds, and all manner of Lewdness; for Countesses must be first agitated, the matter in question debated, resolved 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 pleasant liberty of Æsop, galls 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 Bullets to do of your own, I perceive, by the pleasure you have to meddle in other people's matters; you would find some other employment else, than to irritate a master against his servant.

CHAP. X.

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

Xanthus laid hold of the present occasion, and was willing enough to be furnished with a staff to bear 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 lose your coat for ye. Æsop, the next day, walked the whole town over, on this errand; and at last, found out a slovenly lazy fellow, rolling 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 presently to asking what kind of man his master was? And what, says he, are we going just now? (for this poor devil look'd up-on a meal's meat Grains, as a bleeding drop into his mouth out of the skies.) Come, (Says Æsop,) we are going this very moment; and wonderfully glad he was, to have found by the booby's discourse, that he had met with a man to fit for his purpose. Away they went together, and so into the parlour, where the blackhead throws himself down dirty and beastly as he was, upon a Rich Cushion. 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 sent 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 but a loving and obedient wife to him, and do as he bade her, he would now have her longings 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 whisper, Xanthus takes a turn in the parlour, and calls aloud to his wife. Heirick ye sweet heart, says he, go fetch some water, and wash the feet of my guest here. Away she goes, brings a basin to the side of the couch, where the clown was laid at his length; and bade him put forth 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 'twas fitter for the maid to do, than the mistress; well says he, if it be the custom of the family, 'tis not for me to be against it: and so he stretches forth his feet to the washing.
So soon as ever the Company had taken off the edge of their Somachs; Xanthus calls for a Bumper, and puts it into the hands of the Clown, making No doubt but he would have Allowed his Host the Honor of being his Taifer. The Fellow, without any Scrupe, Whips up the Drink, and gives Xanthus the Poet again Empty, who was now the Second Time Disappointed on the Matter of Cutisity, or No Cutisity of All. He had a Mind full to be upon Poor Aesop’s bones, and made another Tryal of the Humor of his Gueft. There was a particular Difh 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 Laid in the very Parlour. The Bumpkin 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 Pies, and the Clown Gurtled Upon them without mercy. Xanthus Resolves then upon Another Tryal; Calls for his Pastry-Cook and tells him, Sirrah, says he, you spoil 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 Mifterfes, for it was All put in that the Deliver’d. Nay Wife, says Xanthus, if it ficks there, By All that’s Sacred, I’ll Treat you no better than if you were a Slave bought with my Money. Wherefore Strip Immediately and Prepare for a Dog-Whip. Xanthus thought with himself; that if any thing in the World could move this Barbarous Brute, he would have put in a World at Least to have a Woman of Honour from fo Scandalous an Indignity, But says this Loggerhead to himself; There’s an old Saying; What have We to do to Queens other Peopls Eyes? And I’ll en keep my self Cleas of Other Peopls 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 so they might take the Lath by Turns. In one word, Xanthus miffed his Aim at last; and though he was troubled at the Mis-carriage, he could not but Laugh yet at the Simplicity of the Man, and Confes, that Aesop was in the Right, in bringing a Person to him that had no Cutisity at all.
finding they were like to set out his hand ; Sir, says he, 'tis the Humour of Bacchus, they say, first to make men Chearful, and when they are past That, to make 'em Drunk, and in the Conclusion, to make them Mad. Xanthus took Offence at Aesop; and told him, That was a Lecture for Children. (Laoxia makes this to be the saying of Anarchus.) The Claps went round, and Xanthus by this Time had taken his Load, who was mightily given to talk in his Drink; and wherever he 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 Pumping him with several Questions. 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 Houfe and Land upon't, that I don't my self. They Agreed upon the Wager, and presently off went their Rings to Seal the Conditions. But Early the next Morning, Xanthus missing his Ring, thought it might be slip off his Finger, and asked Aesop about it. Why truly says Aesop, I can say Nothing to the Losing of your Ring: But I can tell you that you Left your Houfe and Land last Night: and so Aesop 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 Confide Aesop, (whose advice before he had rejected) what was to be done in the Cafe. I shall never forget, says Xanthus, how much I owe you for your Faithful Services; and so with these Words Aesop 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 Deliver the Obligation, and to gain you Credit by it over and Above, That's the Point I suppose that will do your Business. The Time appointed, says Aesop, is now at hand, Wherefore do you let a bold face upon it, and go to the Sea-side, with all your Servants and your Thinkers about you, and put on a Countenance, that you are Juff Now about to make good your Undertaking. You'll have Thousands 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 forfeit your Houfe and Land, upon Such or Such a Confederation. 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 lay 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 confed the Agreement, and the Matter of Fate as you have heard it; and I am now about to drink up the Sea; see the Rivers that run into it. And therefore let all the Jolts be Stopped, 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 to clear a Cafe. That they did not only agree to the Reason and Justice of Xanthus's Case, but hifed his Adventur out of the Field; Who in the Conclusion made a Publique Acknowledgment, that Xanthus was the Wiser and Better Man of the Two; But defined the Contract might be made void, and offer'd to Submit Himself farther to such Arbitrators as Xanthus Himself should direct. Xanthus was so well pleased with the Character his Adversary had given him, of a Wife Man, That All was Pass'd over, And a small End made of the Diff'rance. Plutarch makes this to have been the Invention of Bias.

CHAP. XIII.

Anesop Baffles the Superstition of Augury.

In the days of Aesop, The World was mighty addicted to Augury; that is to say, to the Gathering of Omens from the Cry and Flight of Birds. Upon this Account it was, that Xanthus one Day sent Aesop into the Yard, and bade him look well about him. If you see Two Crown (says he) you'll have good Luck after it, but if you should Chuck to spy One Crow Single, 'tis a Bad Omen, and some ill will betide you. Aesop kept out and came immediately back again, and told his Master that he had seen Two Crow. Hereupon Xanthus went out himself, and finding but One (for the Other was blown away) he fell Outragedly upon Aesop for making Sport with him, and order'd him to be Therefor'd, but just as they were whipping him for the Execution, he comes One toInvite Xanthus abroad to Supper. Well Master, says Aesop, and where's the Credite of your Augury Now? When I, that saw Two Crow, am to be beaten like a Dog, and You, that saw but One, are going to make merry with your Friends? The Reason and Quickness of this Reflection, Pacified the Master for the Present, and from'd the Poor Fellow a sound Whipping.

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CHAP. XIV.

ÆSOP finds hidden Treasure.

AS Xanthus was walking once among certain Monuments, with ÆSOP 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 ÆSOP, let me see a Little if I can Uncipher it. And so, after laying Things and Things together a While, Mutter, says he, What will you give me, if I find you out a Poc of Hidden Treasure now? One Half of it, says Xanthus, and your Liberty. So ÆSOP fell to Digging, a Matter of four Yards from the Stone that had the Inscription; and there found a Poc of Gold which he took up and Delivered to his Master; and Claimed his Promise. Well, says Xanthus, I'll be as good as my Word; but you must fulfill theo me how you came to know there was Treasure, by the Inscription: for I had rather be Master of that Secret, than of the very Gold it self. ÆSOP innocently opened the whole Matter to him. Look you Sir, says he, Here are the Letters: a: e: i: o: u: which are to be thus Interpreted, are Hands for θεῖας; β for βιονία; γ for γενές; δ for διαίης, e for ειπες; η for είπες; ι for ιδίος; κ for κείμενος; τ for τεκνός, in English, the Four Parts from this Place, and you shall find Gold. Now says Xanthus, if you are to go as finding out Gold, you and I must not part yet. Come Sir, says ÆSOP, (perceiving that his Master play'd Fast and Loose with him) To deal freely with you, this Treasure belongs to King Dionysius. How do you know that? says Xanthus. Why by the very Inscription, says ÆSOP; for in that Sense, are Hands for θεῖας, β for βιονία, γ for γενές, δ for διαίης, ε for ειπες, η for είπες, ι for ιδίος, κ for κείμενος, τ for τεκνός, in English, Give Dionysius the Gold you have found. Xanthus began to be a fraid when he heard it was The King's Mony, and Charged ÆSOP to make no Words on't, and he should have the One Half. This, well, says ÆSOP; but this is not so much your own Bonny yet, as the Intention of Him that Bury'd it; for the very Same Letters direct the Dividing of it. As for Example once again. Now: are Hands for θεῖας, β for βιονία, γ for γενές, δ for διαίης, ε for ειπες, η for είπες, ι for ιδίος, κ for κείμενος, τ for τεκνός; 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 ÆSOP was presently laid by the Heels, for fear of Babbling, crying out as Loud as he could, This comes of truing to the Faith of a Philosopher! The Reproach Nettleth his Master; but however he caused his Shackles to be taken off upon't, and Admonished ÆSOP to keep his Licentious Tongue in a little Better Order for the future, if ever he hoped to have his Liberty. For that, says ÆSOP, Prophetically, I shall not Need to Beg it of you as a favour, for in a very few days I shall have my Freedom, whether you will or no.

CHAP. XV.

ÆSOP Expounds upon an Augury, and is made Free.

ÆSOP had thus far born All the Indignities of a Tercious Slavery, with the Contumacy of a Wife Man, and without either Vanity or Abjection of Mind. He was not ignorant however of his own Value; Neither did he Neglect any Honesty 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 happened There upon a Very Solemn Day. The King, it seems, that had the Town-Seal upon't was laid somewhere in Sight, Where an Eagle could come at it; she took it up in the Air, and drop't it into the Bofome of a Slave. The Samians took this for a Foreboding, that Threatned some dismal 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 declared some few Days time for further Consideration. Upon This, he brook himself to his Study, and the More he Be his Brains about it, the further he found himself from any hope of Exounding The Secret. This put him into a deep Melanchollly, which made ÆSOP very Importune, and Impatient, to know the Cause of it; with Affurances, That he would be his Master in The Affair, Whatever it was, to the uttermost of his Power. Xanthus hereupon laid the Whole Matter before him, and told him in Condition, that he was not only lost in his Reputation, but in Danger to be Turn to Pieces by the Rabble. When ÆSOP found how the Cause stood, 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: (c)
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I need not tell you my Wifers. That so many Heads to Many Minds, and so many several Men, so many several Conceptions of Things, Nay and further, that every several Art, or Profession requires a Different Faculty or Disposition, that is more or less peculiar to itself. It is the Custom of the World for People in All Cities where They are either Ignorant or Difefual, to Repair to 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 Functions a part One from the Other. Wisdom, its true, may be called properly enough the Knowledge of Things Divine and Humane, but will you therefore expect that a Philosopher should do the Office of a Shoemaker or a Barber, because the Trades are conversant about Humane Things? No No Gentlemen, a Man may be a Great Philosopher without any Skill at All in the Handling of the Anvil, or the Scissors. But if the Quæfis 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 than repair to Philosophers for satisfaction. But for Reading upon Rodatives; or Commenting upon the Flight of Birds; or the Evasion of Beasts. These are Things quite Beside the Philosophers Business. If there be any thing you desire of that falls under the Coignance of Philosophy, I am ready to force you in; But your present Point being Augury, I shall not take leave to acquaint you that a Servant I have at home, is as likely to make a Right Judgment that may as any Man I know. I should not Prefume to name a Servant; But to make use of one; If the Necessity of your present Difficulties, were not a very Competent and Reasonable Excuse.

Here's your Speech, says Äsop; and your Credit fav'd whether They'll hear me or Not. If they lend for me, The Honour will be yours, in case I Deliver my folio to their Liking; and the Disgrace will be Mine then if I Mistake. His Matter was pleaded beyond Measure with the Advice, but he did not as yet understand Whether it Tended.

Xanthus Pretended himself Early the next Morning before the Council, Where he Dilated Upon The Matter according to his Impressions, and to proceed'd To his Servant for the Clearing of the Difficulty. The People with one Voice cried out: Where is he? Why does he not appear? Why has one of Master brought him along with him? In short, Äsop was immediately fetched into the Court, and at the very First Sight of him, They All burst out a Laughing by Consent. This Fellow, says one, may have Skill perhaps in Divining, but he has Nothing that's Humane about him. Another asked Whether he was Born, and whether or no Blocks had the Faculty of Speech in his Country. Äsop, upon This, Address'd himself to the Council.

You have here before ye, (says Äsop) an Ungenerous Figure of a Man, which in truth is not a Subject for your Contempt, Nor is it a Reasonable Ground for your Defiance, upon the Matter in Quæfis. One Wife Man values Another for his High-Handings, not for his Beauty; Before that the Deformity of my Person is so Incapacity at All as to your Business. Did you never taste Delicious drink, out of an Ill Look'd Prefet? or did you never drink Wine that was Vapid, or Egregiously out of a Vessel of Gold? "Tis Sagacity and Strength of Reason that you have Discerned for, not the force of Tirolek Limine, nor the Delicacies of Colour and Proportion. Wherefore I must Beseech ye 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 anything to say for the Common Good, That he would Speak it. Yet your favour, says he, It is for that End I presum'd, that ye have called me hither, and it is with a Great Zeal for your Service, that I stand here before ye: But when I consider the Weight of the Matter in hand, and the Office That I am now to Perform, it will at little value with your Honors Perhaps, to take the Opinion of a Slave into your Councils and Debates, as it will with my Condition to offer it. Beside the Äsop I am of my Master's Displeasure upon the Event. But All This may yet be Obliviated, my Power secured, my Masters gratified, and your own Dignity preserved, 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 ordered the Quæfis to pay down the Money. When Xanthus heard that the thing must be done, He could not Deceitly stand Haggling about the Price; But making a Virtue of Necessity, he chose rather to Perform Äsop to the Common-Wealth, than to Sell him. The Samians took it very kindly, And Äsop was Pretently Manning'd and made a Citizen in Form, Proclaim'd a Freeman; and after this Ceremony, he Discour'd upon the Subject of the Prediction. 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 Bason of a Slave that has no Power over himself, pertains the Loss of your Liberties, if you do not look to your selves in Time; And that same Patient Prince has a Design upon ye. This put the Samians all a Fire to bear the Ablue of the Prediction. In some short time after there came Ambassadors from Gafnis the King of Lydia, to Demand a Tribute on the Behalf of their Master, and Threatened the Samians with a War in the Case of a Refusal. This Affair came to be Debated in the Council, where the Majority

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was rather for Peace with Slavery, than for running the Risque of a Dispute; but they would not come to a Revolution yet, without first consulting Aesop What They had best to do; Who gave them his Thought upon't in Words 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 Ragged at the Entrance, but pleasant and Smoothly till the farther end go. Secondly, The Way of Servitude or Slavery, that seems to be easy at first, but you'll find it afterwards to be full of Inconceivable Difficulties. The Samians, upon Theirs 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 Croesus came to understand the Resolution the Samians had taken, and how Inclining they were to a Compliance, till Aesop, by the Power only of a few words, Diverted them from it, he Resolv'd to send for and Discourse with Aesop. So He made an Offer to the Samians, upon their sending Aesop to him, to put a Stop at present to the course of his Arms. When Aesop came to hear of their 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 Times, (says he) When some Beasts talked better Since than Many Men do now a days, there happened to be a Fierce War between the Wolves and the Sheep. And the Sheep, by the help of the Dogs, had rather the Better on't. The Wolves, upon this, offer'd the Sheep a Peace, on Condition only that they might have their Dogs for Fodder, The Silly, credulous Sheep agreed to't, and as soon as ever they had parted with the Dogs, The Wolves brake in upon them, and Devor'd them at pleasure. See Fab. 45.

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

The Life of Aesop.

CHAP. XVI.

Aesop Presents himself before the King of Lydia.

Immediately Upon Aesop's Arrival in Lydia, he Preferr'd himself before the King, who looking upon him with Contempt, Hatred, and Indignation; Is This a Man says he, to hinder the King of Lydia from being Master of Samos? Aesop 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 this 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 Grasshopper. She found he was about to kill her, and Plead'd 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't. All my Beneficence is my Song; and what will you be the Better for my Death? The Youth's Heart relented and he set the Simple Grasshopper at Liberty.

Your Majesty has now that Innocent Creature before you: There's Nothing that I can pretend to but my Voice, which I have ever employ'd so 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 bad him ask any thing further that he had a Mind to, and it should be Granted him. Why then, says Aesop, (with that Veneracion, Gratitude and Reckess that the Cave required) I do most humbly implore your Majesty's favour for my Country-Men the Samians, The King Granted him his Request, and Confirmed it under his Seal; Belide that the Piety of making that Petition his Choice, was a further Recommendation of him to his Royal Kindness and Esteem.

Aesop, soon after this, returned to Samos with the News of the Peace, where he was Welcome with All the Inflammations of Joy and Thankfulness Imaginable; Informed that they Erected a Statue for him, with an Inscription upon it, in Honour of his Memory. From Samos he returned afterwards to Croesus, for whose sake he Composed several of those Apologies that Pass in the World to this Day under his Name. His Fancy lay extremly to Travelling.
The Life of Æsop.

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Villany upon another, Counterfeits his Fathers Name and Hand to
Certain Letters, wherein he Promises his Assistance to the Neigh-
bour Princes against Labyrinth. These Letters Ænus 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
Sence of his Duty to his King and his Country%, swallow'd up
All other Respects of Reverence and Modesty that a Son owes to
a Father. The King took All these Situations for Influences of
Ænus's Affections to him, without the least Suspicion of any
Fraud in the Matter. So that without any further Enquiry, he or-
dered Æsop to be put to Death. The Perions to whom the Care
of his Execution was Committed, being well Afforded of his
Innocence and of the Kings UnGovernable Passions, took him out
of the way, and gave it out that he was Dead. Some few Days
after this, there came Letters to Labyrinth from Ænus the King of
Egypt, wherein Labyrinth was Defined by Ænus to send him a
certain Architect that could raise a Tower that should Hang in the
Air, and likewise Resolve All Questions. Labyrinth was at a
Great Loss what answer to return, and the Fiercenes of his Dis-
pleasure against Æsop being by this time Somewhat Abated, he
began to Enquire after him with Great Pain, and would often
Protest, That if the Parting with one half of his Kingdom could
bring him to Life again, he would Give it. Ænus and Others
that had kept him out of the Way, told the King upon the Hearing
of This, That Æsop was yet Alive; so They were Commanded
to bring him forth; which they did, in All the Beatinets he had
Contracted in the Prison. He did no sooner Appear, but he
made his Innocence so manifest, that Labyrinth in Extreme Dis-
plesure and Indignation, commanded the Faller Accuser to be put
to Death with most Exquisite Torments; But Æsop, after All this,
Interceded for him, and Obtained his Pardon, upon a Charitable
Prenipation, that the Sence of so Great a Goodness and Obliga-
tion would yet Work upon him. Ærhotus tells this Story of
Cambyses the Son of Cyrus, and Æsop, and with what joy Cam-
byses received Æsop again, after he was Supposed to be put to death
by his own Order; but Then it Varies in This, that he Cauted
Those to be put to Death, that were to have seen the Execution
done, for not Obeying his Commands.

CHAP. XVII.

Æsop Adopts Ænus. Ænus's Ingratitude and Fals-
nefs, and Æsop's Good Nature.

It was the Fashion in those Days for Princes to Exercise Try-
alls of Skill in the Puting and Resolving of Riddles, and In-
tricate Questions; and He that was the Best at the Clearing or Un-
tying of Knotty Difficulties carry'd the Prize. Æsop's Faculty lay
notably that way, and render'd him so servicable to the King,
that it brought him both Reputation and Reward. It was his Un-
happiness to have No Children, for the Comfort and Support of
his Old Age; So that with the King's Consent, he Adopted a
Young Man, who was Well Born, and Ingenious enough, but
Poor. His Name was Ænus. Æsop took as much care of his In-
stitution as if he had been his own Child, and Train'd him up in
those Principles of Virtue and Knowledge that might most pro-
bably render him Great and Happy. But there's no working up
on a Flagitious and Perverse Nature, by Kindness and Disciplina,
and it's time loft to think of Mating him to Incurable an Evil: So that
Ænus, after the Manner of other Wicked Men, heap a One

The Life of Æsop.

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The Life of Aesop.

CHAP. XVIII.

Aesop's Letters of Morality to his Son Ennus.

Upon Aesop's coming again into Favour, he had the King of Egypt's Letter given him to Confer of, and Advised Laborious to Send him for Answer, That Early the next Spring he should have the Satisfaction he Deiired. Things being in this State, Aesop took Ennus Home to him again, and so ordered the Matter, that he wanted neither Counsels nor Instructions, nor any other Helps or Lights that might Dispose him to the Leading of a Virtuous Life, as will appear by the Following Precepts.

My Son (says he) Worship God with Care and Reverence, and with a Sincerity of Heart void of All Hypocrisie or Offension: Not as if that Divine Name and Power were only an Invention, to Fright Women and Children, but know That God is Omniscient, True and Almighty.

Have a Care even of your Most Private Affairs and Thoughts, for God sees Thorough 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 none Good.

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

Follow the Duties of your Religion, and you are Safe; have a Care of Immodest Affections.

Apply your self to Learn More, so long as there's any Thing Left that you do not know, and False Good Counsel 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 Beasts.

There's no Permanent and Invincible Good, but Wild and Victor, though the Study of it Signifies Little without the Practice.

Do not think it impossible to be a Wise Man, without looking Sure upon it. Wisdom makes Men Severer, but not Inferior.

It is Fortune not to be Vain.

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

The Life of Aesop.

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

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 Starving 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 Reliefs.

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

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

Let no man Despair in Adversity, nor Pursue in Prosperity, for All Things are Changeable.

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

Have a Care of Luxury and Gluttony, but of Drinking 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 Seafon.

Love and Honour Kings, Princes and Magistrates, for they are the Bands of Society, in Preserving of the Society, and Preserving the Innocent.

Thefe, or such as these, were the Lessons that Aesop read daily to his Son; but so far was he from minding upon Them, that he grew Every Day worse and worse, shewing that it is not in the power of Art or Discipline to Reckons a Perverse Nature, or (as Euripides says) to Make a Man Wise that has no Soul. But however, according to Neeleus, he came soon after to be TOUCH'd in Conscience for his Barbarous Ingenuity, and Dye'd in a Raging Mortal 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 Resolving All Manner of Questions; But I shall lay no more of That Romantick part of the History than that he went into Egypt, and Acquainted himself of his Communion to Amasis with Great Reputation. From thence back again to Babylon, Laden with Honours and Rewards; from whom he got leave to Return into Greece; but upon Condition of Repassing to Babylon by the First Opportunity.
The Life of Aesop.

Chap. XIX.

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

When Aesop had almost taken the Whole Tower of Greece, he went to Delphos, either for the Oracle fake, or for the fake of the Wise Men that frequented that Place. But when he came thither, he found Matters to be quite otherwise than he expected, and so far from devouring the Reputation they had in the World for Piety and Wisdom, that he found them Proud, and Avaricious, and Herupon Delivered his Opinion of Them under this Fable.

I find (says he) the Carisfas that brought me Fishter, to be much the Sage of People at the Sea Fide, that see something come Hailing toward them a great way off at Sea, and take it at first to be some Mighty Matter; but upon Driving Neerer and Neerer the Shore, it proves at last to be only a heap of Weeds and Rubbish. See Fak. v. 89.

The Magistrates of the Place took Infinite Offence at this Liberty and pretentiously enter'd into a Conspiracy against him to take away his Life, for fear he should Give them the same Character elsewhere in his Travels, as he had done there upon the Place. It was not so Safe they thought, nor so 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 Bifemels and Delign. To Which Purposse they caused a Golden Cup to be Secretly convey'd into his Baggage, when he was packing up to Depart. He was no fooler out of the Town upon his Journey. But immediately Puton and taken upon the way by the Officers, and Charged with Sacrilege. Aesop deny'd the Matter, and Laughed at them All for a Company of Mad Men: But upon the Search 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,

...Then, with much ado to be heard a few Words, and so told them the Story of the Frog and the Mouse in his Fable. This wrougth nothing upon the Hearts of the Delphians, but as they were Bawling at the Executioner, to Dispatch and do his Office, Aesop on a Sudden gave them the Slip, and Fleed to an Altar hard by there, in hopes that the Religion of the Place might have Protect him, but the Delphians told him, that the Altars of the Gods were not to be any Sanctuary to those that Robbed their Temples; Whereupon he took Occasion to sell them the Fable of the Faddle and the Horle to this Following Eulogy, As it Hands in the Book, Num. 371.

Now, says Aesop, (after the telling of this Fable) you are not to Flatter your Selves that the Prophers of Holy Altars, and the Oppressing of the Innocent, shall ever Escape Divine Vengeance. This Enraged the Magistrates to such a Degree, that they commanded the Officers Immediately to take Aesop from the Altar, and Dispatch him away to his Execution. When Aesop found that Neither the Holiness of the Place, nor the Cleanliness of his Innocence was sufficient to Protect him, and that he was to fall a Sacrifice to Subordination and Power, he gave them yet one Fable more as he was upon the Way to Execution.

There was an Old Fellow (says he) that had great both his Whole Life in the Country without ever seeing the Town, he found himself Weary and Desponding, and Nothing would serve, but his Friends must needs show him the Town once before he Dye. Their Affes were very well acquainted with the Ways, and so they caused them to be made Ready, and turned the Old Man and the Affes Loose, without a Guide to try their Fortune. They were overtaken Upon the Road by a Terrible Tempest, so that what with the Darkness, and the Violence of the Storm, the Affes were Beaten out of their Way, and Troubled 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 Destroy'd, since Dye I must, by the befall of Affes; by Affes. And that's my Fate now in suffering by the Hands of a Barbarous, Nuttish People, that Understand Nothing either of Humanity or Justice, and All Contrary to the Eyes of Hospitality and Justice. But the Gods will not suffer my Blood to be Murvedge, 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 Pulled him Off Head-long from the Rock, and he was Dashed to Pieces with the Fall.
The Life of Aesop.

The Delphians, 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 Wickednes it was had brought these Ca-

lomities upon Them. The Oracle gave them this Answer, That they were to Expiate for the Death of Aesop. In the Conscience of their Barbarity, they Erected a Pyramid to his Honor, and it is upon Tradition, that a Great Many of the Most Eminent Men among the Greeks of that Season, were afterwards to Delphi up-
on the News of the Tragical End of Aesop, 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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**THE**
A Cock and a Diamond.

A Cock was turning up a Dung-hill, he spy'd a Diamond. Well (says he to himself) this sparkling Foolsery now to a Lap-dy in my place, would have been the Making of him; but as to any Ute or Purpse of mine, a Barley Corn had been worth Forty on't.

The Moral:

Industrious in an Honest Calling, shall never fail of a Blessing. To the purse of a Wise Man to Prefer Things Necessary before Matters of Curiosity, Ornament, or Pleasure.

Reflection.

The Moral is well to be meant by the Diamond, the World and the Possesse of it, by the Dung-hill. To the poetical Man, that Abandon 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 Modesty. The Cock lives by his own Labor, and maintains his Family out of it. His Scrapping upon the Dung-hill, is but Work in his Calling; The precious Stone is only a Gown. 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 Sufficed out; andlocals it aside as a thing not worth the hunting. What is all this now, but the puffing of a true Esteem upon the matter in question, in preferring that which Providence has made and pronounced to be the Staff of Life, before a glittering Gown-Gown, that has no other Value, than what Vanity, Pride and Luxurie, have set upon't? The Price of the Market to a Jeweller in his Trade, is one thing, but the intrinsic Worth of a thing, to a Man of Staff, and Judgement, is another. Nay, that very Lap-dy himself, with 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
Aesop's FABLES.

Briefing of Providence, before the dazzling and the splendid Curiosities of Mode and Imagination: And finally, that we are not to govern our Lives by Fancy, but by Reason.

FAB. II.

A Cat and a Cock.

It was the hard Fortune once of a Cock, to fall into the Clutches of a Cat. The Cat had a Month’s Mind to be upon the Bones of him, but was not willing to pick a Quarrel however, without some plausible Color for it. Sirrah (says he) what do you keep such a bawling and screaming a Night 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 never was such an incontinent Rascal: Why, you make no more Concern 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 Mistress. Come come, says the Cat, without any more ado, ’tis time for me to go to Breakfast, and Cat don’t live upon Dialogues; at which word he gave him a Pinch, and so made an end, both of the Cock, and of the Story.

FAB. III.

A Wolf and a Lamb.

As 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 the Sny in his Eye, but away he runs open-mouth’d. Villain (says he) how dare you lye muddling the Water that I’m a drinking? Indeed, says the poor Lamb, I did not think that my drinking there below, could have fou’d your Water so far above. Nay, says the other, you’ll never leave your chopping of Logick, till your Skin’s run’d over your Ears, as your Fathers was, a matter of six Months ago, for prating at this Lawyry 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 thou Impudence, cries the Wolf, haft thou neither Shame, nor Concern? 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’en pay some of your Fore-Fathers Scores before you and I part, and I wish our

FAB. IV.

A Frog and a Mole.

There fell out a Bloody Quarrel once betwixt the Frog and the Mole, about the Sovereignty of the Fens; and whilst Two of their Champions were Disputing it at Swords’ Point, Down comes a Kite Powdering upon them in the Fens, and Gobbles up both together, to Part the Fray.

REFLEXION.

Pride and Cruelty never want a Pretence to do Mischief. The Plea of Nor Guilt goes for Nothing against Power: For Ascending is Proving, where Males and Force are Joyous in the Prosecution.

When Innocence is to be oppressed by Mischief, Arguments are the only things; say the very Merit, Virtues, and good Offices of the Person accused, are improved to his condemnation: 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 turned upon him as a Crime. Nay, such is the Consequence of a Thoughtful Cruelty, that People shall be charg’d (rather than fail) with things utterly impossible, and wholly foreign to the Matter in question. The Lamb it self 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, and under the Anguil Name and Pretence, of Loyalty, for the posture, shall be call’d Rebellion, and the Extent of the most Necessary Powers of Government, shall pass Superstition: Tendents of Innocence shall be cal’d Phanaticism, Simplicity and Faction 5 and the very Articles of the Christian Faith shall be there. Villainies have not the same Consequence, when there are Great Interests, Poret Meditations, Preachers, Friends, Advocates, Plausible Colours, and Flourishes of Wit, and Rhetaurique, Interpreted so as well as of Blending them, so that the Cause of the Innocent must be Re- mitted at last to that Great and Final Decisive, where there is no longer any Place for Flattery, Partiality, Corruption, or Error. But as to the Bat and the Lamb, they shall never expect better Quarters, especially where the Hearts Blood of the One, is the Nourishment and Entertainment of the Other.
Æsop's FABLES.

FAB. V.

A Lion and a Bear.

Here was a Lion and Bear had gotten a Fawn between them, and there were they at it Tooth and Nail, which of the Two should carry off. They fought it out, till they were e'n glad to lie down, and take Breath. In which Infante, a Fox paling that way, and finding how the Fawn was with the Two Combatants, seized upon the Fawn for his Own Use, and to very fairly scamper'd away with him. The Lion, and the Bear saw the Whole Action, but not being in condition to Rife and hinder it, they past'd this Reflection upon the whole matter; Here have we been Worrying one another, who should have the Booty, 'till this Curled Fox has Bobb'd us both off.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

'Tis the Fate of All Gotham Quarrels, when Fools go together by the Ear, to have Knaves run away with the Stake.

REFLEXION.

This is no more than what we see Dayly in Popular Factions, where Pragmatisms commonly begin the Squabbles, and Crafty Knives reap the Benefit of it. There is very rarely any Quarrel, either Publicke, or Private, whether between Perfons, or Parties, but a Third Watches, and hopes to be the Better for't.

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 none of the Slipshod Arguments for the Necessity of a Common Peace, that the Litigants Fear one another to pieces for the Benefit of some Third Interest, that makes Advantage of their Disagreement. This is no more than what we find upon Experience through the whole History of the World in All Notable Changes, and Revolutions, that is to say, the Contentious have been fill made a Pry 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 fill Treads upon the Heel of the Workmen, People may talk of Liberty, Privacy, Conquests, Right of Title, &c., but the Main Business and Earnest of the World, is Money, Entertainment, and Power, and how to Comprise Those Ends; and not a Ruth matter at all, whether it be by Force, or by Cunning, Might and Right are Inseparable, in the Opinion of the World; and he that has the Longer Sword, shall never want, either Lawyers, or Divines to Defend his Claim. But then comes the Rife, or the Fox, in the Conclusion, that is to say, some Third Party, that either by Strength, or by Craft, Masters both Plaintiff and Defendant, and carries away the Booty.

FAB. VI.

A Dog and a Shadow.

A Dog was crossing a River, with a Morsel of Good Flesh in his Mouth, he saw (as he thought,) Another Dog under the Water, upon the very same Adventure. He never considered 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 Covers, All Lose 5 which may serve for a Reproof to Those that Govern their Lives by Folly and Affectation, without Consisting the Honor, and the Justice of the Case.

REFLEXION.

This is the Case of unreasonable, and Infallible Divers 5 in Love, Ambition, and the Like 5 where People are still reaching at More and More, till they lose All in the Conclusion.

There are more Meanings of Subsistence and Shadow, of Mistaking One for Another, and Losing All by Chopping at More than the Bare Bone. Under these Heads are comprehended all Inordinate Desires, Vain Hopes, and Misperable Disappointments. What shall we say of those that spend their Days in Gaming after Court Favours and Preferments; Service Follies, and Slavish Attendance? That Live, and Entertain themselves upon Illusions in Vision; (for Fair Words and Promises, are no more than Empty Appearances) What is all This, but Sacrificing a Man's Honour, Integrity, Liberty, Reason, Body, Soul, Fortune, and All, for Shadow? We place our Trust in Things that have no Being; Slander our Minds, Disrepute our Thoughts, Entangle our Elances, and Sell our selves, in One Word, for Bubbles. How wreathed is the Man that does not know when he's Well, Fatiplate Appetite, or Humour! Nay, and he Mislies his Aim, even in his Departure. When that 5, while he Squanders away his Herb, and forfeits his Distinction, in the Pursuit of One Variety after Another. Ambition is a Ladder that reaches from Earth to Heaven 5, and the First Round is but to make Inches in a Man way towards the Mounting 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 Foot-Hold left him to come down by. Every Man has what's Sufficient, at Hand, and in Catching at more than he can carry away, he loses what he Had. Now there's Ingratitude, as well as Disappointment, in all these Rambling and Extravagant Misions; Befide, that Advaris is always Beggerly; for He that Wants, has as good as Nothing. The Dier of More and More, relies by a Natural Gradation to Moft, and after that, to All 5. Till in the Conclusion we find our Selvs Sick and Weary of All that's possible to be had; Solicitous for something else, and then when we havepunct our Days in the Quest of the Meanest Things, and at the Feet
ÆSop's FABLES.

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

A Lion, an AIF, and some other of their Fellow-Foresters, went a Hunting one day; and every one to go shrewd and shrewd-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, Hands off says the Lion: This Part is mine by the Privilege of my Quality; This, because I'll have it in spite of your Tomb: This again, because I took most Pain for; and if you Difpute the Fourth, we must en Pluck a Crow about it. So the Confederates Mouths were all Stop, and they were away as mute as Filibers.

FAB. VIII.

A Wolf and a Crane.

A Wolf had got a Bone in its Throat, and could think of no better Instrument to Eate 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 claimed his Promiss. Why how now Impudence! (says the Wolf) Do you put your Head into the Mouth of a Wolf, and then, when I'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 Recompence.
Æsop's FABLES.

The MORAL.

One Good Turn they say requires another; but yet 'tis that has to do with Wild Beasts (as some Men are No Better) and comes off with a Whole Skin, lets him Expel No Other Reward.

REFLEXION.

This Fable will bear Divers Morals; as First, That it is but Due Gratitude to be Thankful to our Preferrers. Secondly, The Crane's Good Fortune can hardly Exeute his Facility. And then the Crane did ill again to Inust upon a Reward; for a Good Office pays it self; neither was he reasonably to Expect that to Perdition a Creature 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 a Reward, in not Chopping off his Head when he had it at Mercy.

The Cafe of the Crane here, is a Cafe of Confidence; for its a Nice Business to Determine, how far Wicked Men in their Difficulties May be Reliev'd; How far they Ought to be Reliev'd; and to what Degree of Lodi, Labor, and Difficulty, a Sober, a Wise, and a Good Man may Interpose to their Redresses. He may Give, he may Lead, he may Permit, so far as Generosity and Good Nature shall prompt him; provided always that he go no farther than the Confidence of the Casual, or of the Adivsion 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 Largerfs of his Heart shall carry him beyond the Line of Necessary Prudence, we may reckon upon it only as a more Illustrious Weakness.

Here is a Fition of One Crane that say'd, that there might not want One Inflance of an Encouragement to a Dangerous Act of Charity: But this One Inflance is not yet sufficient to justify the making a Common Practice of it, upon the same Terms. 'Tis possible for One Biot not to be Hit or to be Over-looked perhaps. And so 'tis as possible for One Ill Man, either not to think of the Miscifion he could do, or to slip the Occasion of it; but such a Deliverance however, is a Thing to Thank Providence for, without flattering upon a Reward for the Service. The Bone in the Throat of the Wolf, may be Under-lined of any fort of Pinch, or Calumny, either in Body, Liberty, or Fortune. How many do we see Daily, Gaping and Struggling with Bones in their Throats, that when they have gotten them drawn out, have Attempted the Ruin of their Deliverers? The World, in short, is full of Praches and Examples to Answer the Interoce of this Fable; and there are Thousands of Confidence that will be Touch'd with the Reading of it, whose Names are not written in their Foreheads.

FAB. IX.

A Countryman and a Snake.

A Countryman happen'd in a Hard Winter to Spy a Snake under a Hedge, that was half Frozen to Death. The Man was Good Nature'd and Took it up, and kept it in his Bosom, till Warmth brought it to Life again; and so soon as ever it was

Æsop's FABLES.

was in Condition to do Miscifion, it bit the very Man that sav'd the Life on'. Ah thou Ungrateful Wretch! Says he, Is that Venomous Ev Nature of thine to be Satisfied with nothing less than the Ruine of thy Preferrer?

The MORAL.

These are Some Men like Some Snakes; 'Tis Natural to them to be doing Miscifions, and the Greater the Benefit on the One side, the More implausible is the Malefice on the other.

REFLEXION.

He that takes an Ungrateful Man into his Bosom, is well nigh sure to be Bitten; and it is no longer Charity, but Folly, to think of Obliviating the Common Enemies of Mankind. But 'tis no New thing for Good Nature'd Men to meet with Ungrateful Returns. Wherefore Friendships, Charities, and Kindness, should be well Weigh'd and Examined, as to the Circumstances of Time, Place, Manner, Person, and Proportion, before we Sign and Seal. A Man had much better take a Tyger into his Grounds, than a Snake into his Bosom. How many Examples have we seen with our own Eyes, of Men that have been pick'd up and Reliev'd out of Starving Necessities, without either Spirit, or Strength to do Miscifion, who in requital have afterwards confid'd against the Life, Honor, and Fortune of their Patrons and Redeemers. Did ever any of these Human Snakes lose their Venom for lying under some Temporary Incapacity of Using it? Will they ever be the less Dangerous and Maleficious, when Warmth shall bring them to themselves again, because they were once frozen and Benum'd with Cold? The very Goulash Encourages an Abate, where the Will to do Miscifion only waits for the Power, and Opportunity of putting it in Execution. Facility makes the Innocent a Prey to the Cruel: The Snake after his Recovery, is the very same Snake full up, that he was at first. How many People have we read of in Story, that after a Pardon for One Rebellion, have been taken in Another with that very Pardon in their Pockets, and the Ink fear'd dry upon the Parchment? Now all this is no more than the Precedent in a Fable: Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'll Cut your Throat.

FAB. X.

A Lion and an Ass.

An Ass was so Hardy once, as to fall a Mopping and Bray'ing at a Lion. The Lion began at first to fiew his Teeth, and to Somack the Affront; but upon Second Thoughts, Well! says he, I fear on, and be an Ass still. Take notice only by the way, that's the Bafes of your Character that has sav'd your Carcase.
Aesop's FABLES.

The Moral.

It is belated the Drygale of a Great Mind to Entertain Contests with People that have written Quality nor Courage; Ride the Poley of Contending with a Miserable Wretch, where the very Competition is a Scandal.

Reflection.

Scoundrels are apt to be Indolent toward their Superiors; but it does not yet become a man of Honor and Wildom, to Contend with Mean Rascals; and to Anowel Every Fool in his Poley. One Indiglory is not to be Reveng'd by Another. The very Contest sets the Maller and the Man upon the Same Level; and the Line was in the Right, not to Call away his Diligence upon an Affo, where there was only Reputation to be Lost, and None to be Gotten. The very Beasts of the Forrest will Rise up in Judgment against such men. Contemn in such a Cafe as This, is the only Honorable Revenge.

Fab. XI.

A City Friend and a Country House.

Here goes an Old Story of a Country Muse, that Invited a City Sitter of hers to a Country Collation, where the Ishp'd for Nothing that the Place afforded; as Musty Crusts, Cheese-Paings, Musty Oatmeal, Ruffy Bacon, and the like. Now the City Dame was so well bred, as Seemingly to take all in Good Part; But yet at last, Sitter (says he) after the Civilled Fashion) why will you be Miserable when you may be Happy? Why will you lie Pinning, and Pinching your self in such a Lonesome starry Court of Life as this is, when 'tis but going to Town along with me, to Enjoy all the Pleasures, and Plenty that Your Heart can With? This was a Temptation the Country Muse was not able to Refuse; for that away they Trudg'd together, and about Midnight got to their Journeys End. The City Muse shew'd her Friend the Larder, the Pantry, the Kitchen, and other Offices where she laid her Stores; and after this, carry'd her into the Parlour, where they found, yet upon the Table, the Reliques of a Mighty Entertainment of that very Night. The City Muse Car'd her Companion of what the like'd best, and so to's they fell upon a Velvet Coach together: The Poor Blamkin that had never seen, nor heard of such Doings before; Bles'd her self 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 Wench's, their Dogs and their Bottles, and put the Poor Muse to their Wits End, how to save their Skins. The Stranger Especially, that had never been at This Sport before; but she made a Shift however for the present, to flink into a Corner, where she lay Trembling and Panting 'til the Company went their Way. So soon as ever the House was Quiet again, Well; My Court Sitter, says he, If This be the Way of Your Town Gambling, I'll turn back to my Cottage, and my Mouldy Crust again; for I had much rather The Knabbing of Crusts, without either Fear or Danger, in my Own Little Hole, than be Miserable of the Whole World with Perpetual Cares and Alamuts.

The Moral.

The Difference between a Court and a Country Life. The Delights, Innocence, and Security of the One, Compared with the Anxiety, the Lendings, and the Disasters of the Other.

Reflection.

The Design of this Fable is to set forth the Advantages of a Private Life, above Thole of a Publick Life, which are certainly very Great, if the Blessings of Innocence, Security, Meditation, Good Air, Health, and Sound Sleeps, without the Rages of Wine, and Lust, or the Corruptions of Idle Examples, can make them to: For Every Thing there is Natural and Gracious, Thore's the Direction of All hearted Esteems for the Body, The Entertainment of the Place, and of the Rivers, without any But Interest to Corrupt, either the Virtue, or the Peace of the Lives. He that's a Slave in the Town is a Kind of a Poxy Prince in the Country. He loves his Neighbours, without Poxy, and lives in Charity with the Whole World. All that he sees in his Owns to the Delight of it, without aspiring the Propriety. His Doings are not Troubled with either Daunt, 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 Brawls or Quarrels, of any sort whatsover. He sees no Bloody Murders; He hears no Ablaze intelligences; He lives free from the PLAGUES of Insatiation and Envy. This is the Life in fine, that is the Greatest, and the Wifid Men in the World, Have, or would have made the Choice of, if Cares and Business had not Hinder'd them from so Great a Blessing.

This against Common Jullie, to pass Sentence without hearing Both Sides: And the Only way to come to a True Ultimate upon the Odds between a Publick and a Private Life, is to Try Both. Virtue is only Glaubion in the Native Simplicity of it, and while it holds no Communication with Irreligion, Snobs, or Ornaments: Wherefore Aesop has done wisely to Call the Quizzon upon the Experiment, Far from Justice (says the Aesop) for on the Times, what signifies the Splendor and the Luxury of Courts, considering the Sixth Attendance, the Envious Conspiraquy and the Moral Disappointments that go along with it. The Frowns of Princes, and the Envy of Thole that Judge by Honour, or Appearance; without either Reason, or Truth! To Say nothing of the Immemorial Temptations, Vices, and the Fruits, of a Life of Pomp and Pleasure. Let a man but see the Pleasures of his Palace against the Sorrows of Glutancy and Excess, The Suffering of his Mind against a Pampered Carcase; The Reflusions of Tare bearers and Back Friends, against Fair Words and Prolenions only from...
Aesop's Fables

Fab. XII.

A Crow and a Moule.

Here was one of Your Ruffian Crows: that lay Battering upon a Moule, and could not for his Blood break the Shell to come at the Fifth. A Carrion-Crow, in this Intrinns, comes up, and tells him, that what he could not do by Force, he might do by Strategem. Take this Moule up into 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 took his Advice, and it succeeded accordingly; but while the One was upon Wing, the other Moule Lurching upon the Ground, and flew away with the Fifth.

The Moral.

Charity begins at Home, then say 5 and well People are kind to their Neighbors for their Own Sakes.

Reflection.

It is no longer an Amity of Virtue, but of Deform, when we seek our Own Interest, under Colour of obliging Others, and men of Frankness and Simplicity, are the most easily Impud'd upon, where they have Craft and Treachery to deal withal. The Impudence, in Truth, can hardly Merit, where there is a full Confidence on the One side, and a Plausible Advers and Delusion on the Other side, where to be Good is to be Wary, but so as not to be Inexcusable, where there is but any place for Charity it is too hope for better things. Nothing but that which the Family of whom we are to judge gives good Faith of mens Intentions, but by the Light we receive from their Works. We may let this for a Rule however, that where the Advocate is to be guided by the Better for the Council, and the Advised, in Man the Dangers, is to be the works for't, there's no Meddling. The Crow's Counsel was good enough in itself; but it was given with a fraudulent Intent.
Aesop's FABLES.

The MORAL.

A Prince that does not frequent Friends to Himself while he is in Power and Command to oblige them, must never expect to find Friends when he is Old and Inconstant; and no longer able to do them any good. If he Governs Tyrannically in his Youth, he will be sure to be Treated Contemptuously in his Age, and the more Invidiously and Insolently will be the affronts.

REFLEXION.

This may serve for a Leflon 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 Youth, shall most certainly fall Unpity'd in his Adversity: And the Injuries his Enemies are, the more unaccountable is the Inviolence, and the Forward will he be to Trample upon him.

The Cafe of this Miserable Old Lion may serve to put Great Men in mind, that the Wheel of Time, and the Cible 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 Ages, but the Reputation, Virtue and Confidence of a well-spent Youth. Nay Age it self, is well sufficient to Deface every Letter and Action in the History of a Meritorious Life. For Old Servants are bury'd under the Ruines of an Old Carcasse: But there are none yet that fall so Unapted, so Juili, so Necessary, and so Grateful, to Sacrifice the Rags and Scorns of common People, as those that have raise'd 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 Wickedness. It is a kind of Arrogance, in such a Cafe, to be Hostil, where 'tis both a Faltion, and a Cruelty to be Other.

FAB. XIV.

An Old Lion.

A Lion that in the Days of his Youth and Strength, had been very Outrageous and Cruel, came to be Reduced by Old Age and Infirmity, to the last Degree of Mility, and Contumacy: Insomuch that All the Beasts of the Forest some out of Injustice, others in Revenge, some in fine, upon One Pretence, some upon Another, fell upon him with Confiscation. He was a Miserable Creature to all Insects and Purposes; but Nothing went so near the Heart of him in his Distrefs, as to find himself Battred by the Heel of an Ape.

FAB. XV.

An Ape and a WHelp.

A Gentleman had got a Favourite-Spaniel, that would be still Toying, and Leaping upon him, Licking his Cheeks, and playing a Thousand pretty Gamboles, which the Master was well enough pleased withal. This Wanton Humour succeeded so well with the Puppy, that an Ape in the House would needs go the same.
Aesop's FABLES.

Reflection.
There is nothing so little, but Gratitude may come to Stand in need of, and therefore Prudence and Diligence ought to have a place in Clemency, as well as in Piety and Justice. 'Tis Doing as we would be done by, and the Obligation is yet stronger, when there is Gratitude as well as Honour and Good Nature in the Cause. The Generosity of the Lion, and the Gratitude of the Mouse, The Power, the Dignity, and the Eminence of the One, and the Meanest of the Other; do all Concur to make the doing of this a very Instructive Fable. Who would have thought that Providence should ever have laid the hand of a Lion at the Mercy of a Mouse? But the Divine Wisdom that brings the Grateful Ends to Pass by the most Defensible Means, Orders the Reward of Virtue, and the Penance of Vice, by Ways only known to it, in token of an Approbation of the One, and a Dislike of the Other.

Here's a Recommendation of Clemency and Wisdom, both to Obedience to the King, inparing the Life of the Mouse, and to his Own; and has left us this Fable, an Influence of a Grateful Beast, that will stand upon Record to the Confusion of many an Ungrateful Man; that it is safe, against those that in their Prosperity forget their Friends, to their Loss and Hazard, fly by, and becoard them in their Adversity. This is a Sin of odious and Dangerous an Example, that it puts every Piety, and Gratitude it self out of Countenance. And then the Tenderness of the other side, is Matter of Interest, and ordinary Prudence, as well as of Virtue. If this Lion had killed the Mouse, what would the other Have had of done afterward, when they should have found the same Lion in the Toil? 'Have a care Good People; for this is he that killed our Sister, and we cannot live this Life, without Hazarding our Own. Both the Huntsman Kill Him, we are free He'll never Kill Us; Befide what we shall have one Enemy the fewer fort, when he's gone. Now the Reason of Aesop's Mouse here, works quite another way. This Lion, (says he) gave Me my Life, when he had it at Mercy, and it is now My Turn, and Duty, to do what I can to preserve Him. No Fitth, in fine, can be so Great as not to work for the Force, and Consequences of this President.

Fable XVI.
A Lion and a Mouse.

Upon the Roaring of a Beast in the Wood, a Mouse ran presently out to see what News: and what was it, but a Lion Hampered in a Net! This Accident brought to her mind, how that the self, 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 to be That very Lion; and so let her freely to Work upon the Conspiring of the Net; Gnaw'd the Threads to pieces, and in Gratitude Deliver'd 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 Inconsiderable, but his Prince, 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 one of Another.
R. E.
Aesop's FABLES.

REFLEXION.

The King's Death-bed Devotion and Repentance works like the Charity and Piety of a great many Penitents we meet with in the World: that after the Robbing of Temples, the profligating of Altars, and other Violences of Rape and Oppression, Build an Hospitall perhaps, or some Little Alms-House, out of the Ruines of the Church, and theplots 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 Wickect Life to stuff to the Hazzards of an Uncertain State, and Defloication at the point of Death. When Men come to that Height Extremity once, by Languace, Pain, or Sickness, and lie Agonizing between Heaven and Hell, under the Stroke either of a Divine Judgment, or of Human Frailty, they are not commonly so sensible of their Wickedness, or so Effectually touch'd with the memory of a true Repentance, as they are Distracted with the terrors of Death, and the Dark Visionsary Apprehensions of what's to come. People in that Condition do but discharge themselves of Burdenous Reflections, as they do of the Cargo of a Ship at Sea that has sprung a Leak: Every thing is done in a Hurry, and men only part with their Souls in the one Cafe, as they do with their Goods in the other; to Fish them up again, so fast as the Form is over. Grace must be very strong in these Conflicts, wholly to Vanquish the weakasness of Diseased Nature. That certainly is none of the time to make Choice of for the Great Work of reconciling our Selves to Heaven, when we are divided, and confounded between Anguish of Body, and of Mind: And the Man is worse than Mad that Ventures his Salvation upon that Deseperate Issue. We have abundance of these Sick Votes in the World, that after a Scurrilous Life, spent in the Robbing of the Church, would willingly be thought to Die in the Bosom of it.

F A B. XVIII.

A SWALLOW and other Birds.

There was a Country Fellow at work a Sowing his Grounds, and a Swallow (being a Bird famous for Providence and Foresight) call'd a company of Little Birds about her, and bad 'em take Good Notice what that Fellow was a doing. You must know (says the Swallow) that all the Fowlers' Nets and Snares are made of Flax, 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 tooke Root; and then again, till it was springing up into the Blade. Upon this, the Swallow told 'em once for All, that it was not yet too Late to prevent the Milkchief, if they would but beheld themselves, and wait Heavily about it; but finding that no Heed was given to what she said, She 'en had adieu to her old Companions in the Woods, and so betook her self to a City Life, and

F A B. XIX.

The Frogs Chuse a King.

In the days of Old, when the Frogs were All at liberty in the Lakes, and grown quite Wary of living without Government, they Petition'd Jupiter for a King, to the End that there might be some
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some Distinction of Good and Evil, by Certain Equitable Rules and Methods of Reward and Punishment. Jupiter, that knew the Vanity of their Hearts, threw them down a Log for their Governour, which, upon the first Dath, frightened the whole Multitude of them into the Mud for the very fear on't. This Panicke Terror kept them in Awe for a while, till in good time one Frog, Bolder than 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-crop of him, Insoomuch that the Dread they were in before, is now turn'd into Infolence, and Turnpike. This King, they said, was no tame for them, and Jupiter must needs be Entreated to send 'em another: He did it, but Authors are Divided upon it, whether 'twas a Stork, or a Serpent; though whether of the Two forever it was, he left them neither Liberty, nor Property, but made a Prey of his Subjects. Such was their Condition in fine, that they sent Mercury to Jupiter yet once again for another King, whose Answer was This: They that will not be Contented when they are Well, must be Patient when Things are Amiss with them, and People had better Rest where they are, than go farther, and fare Worse.

The Morals.
The Mobiles are Contable without a Rule: They are as Reflexive with one, and the other they shift, the Worst they Are, so that Government, or No Government; a King of God's Making, or of the People, or none at all; the Multitudes are never to be satisfied.

REFXLXION.

This Fable, under the Emblem of the Frags, sets forth the Murmuring, and the Unrests and Discontent of the Common People; that in a State of Liberty will have a King: They do not like him when they have him, and go Change again, and grow Sicker of the next, than they were of the former. Now the Bases of the Frame only this: They are never satisfied with their present Condition; but their Government is still either too Dull, or too Rigid. To a Madness for him that's Free, to put himself into a State of Bondage, and rather than bear a Left Misfortune to Hazzard a Greater.

This Allusion of the Frags runs upon All Four (as they say) in the Reflection of the Multitude, both for the Humor, the Murrain, the Importance, and the Subtle Matter of the Fable; Redress of Grievances is the Question, and the Devil of it is that the Passions are never to be pleased. In one Fit they cannot be Without Government; In another they cannot bear the Tare out. They had Absolute Freedom to be a Direct State of War; for where there's no Means of either preventing, Stopping, or ending it, the Weakest are full a Prey to the Stronger. One King is too Soft, and Easy for them; another too Firy! 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 Answer is at last, that if they left again they shall be still Worse; By which, the Frags 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 Thing, and its Policy, 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.

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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 Doves-Hoafe in Two Days, than the Kite could have done in Twice as many Months.

The Moral.

To a Dangerous Thing for People to call in a Powerful and Ambitious man for their Protector; and upon the Clemence of here and there a Private Person, to hazard the Whole Community.

Reflexion.

I t is Highly Dangerous, and Improvident, for a People in War to call in an Enemy-Prince to their Defence. This is no Trufling a Perfidious Man, nor any Enmity like the Pretended Protection of a Treacherous Friend.

There is no Living in this World without Inconveniences, and therefore People Should have the War, or the Honesty, to talk up with the Leaff, 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, upon Pretence that they were Trufling, by making them Inconvenient, and whence is this, but from a Mistaken Opinion of the Present, and as Falsely Judging of the Future! And all for want of Rightly Understanding the Nature and the Condition of Things, and for want of Forethought into Events. But we are Mad upon Variety, and to Sick of the Present, (how much sooner Without, or Against Reason,) that we Abandon the Wild, and the Providence of Heaven, and Fly from the Grievances of God's Appointment, to blind Chance for a Remedy. This Fable in One Word was never more Exactly Moralized than in our Broths of Famous Memory.

The Kite was the Evil Companion; The First-Burn People that Complain'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 at Last! The very Guardians that took upon them to Reveal the Pigeons from the Kite, deliver'd the Whole Doves-Hoafe, devour'd the Birds, and staid the Spoil among them, themselves.
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FAV. XXI.

A Dog and a Thief.

A Gang of Thieves were at work to Rob a House, a Safisfied the Alarm, and fell a Baying: One of the Company Spoke him fair, and would have Stop'd his Mouth with a Club: 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 sell the Safety and Liberty of my Whole Life to come, for a piece of Bread in Hand: For when you have Riffled my Master, pray who shall Maintain Me?

The Moral.

Fair Words, Pretences, and Flatterers are the Methods of Treachery in Courts as well as in Cottages, only the Dogs are Truer in their Masters than the Men.

REFLEXION.

When Ill Men take up a Fit of Kindness all on a sudden, and appear to be Better Natural than Usual, be Good Discretion to suspect Fraud, and to lay their Words, and their Promises, together: The Greater the Trufh, the Greater is the Treachery, and the Safer is the Villain too. This Moral reaches to All sorts of Treasoners whatsoever.

It were well if All Two-Faced Servants were but as Faithful to their Masters as This Two-Headed Animal. A loaf of Bread was as much to Him as a Bag of Quinac to a Great Officer; And why should not the One make as much Confession of Betraying his Patron for Gold, as the Other of doing it for a Club? Beside the Right Reasoning 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't, as a kind of Tacit Composition, that does as good as say [Far so many Many I'll steal your Eyes, and let You Rob my Master.] Here's an Emblem now, of the Frontline, Fidelity, and Duty of a Truly Servant, on the One hand, and of the Flatterer, Avarice and Vainosts that are Employ'd by Evil Men to Corrupt him on the Other.

Under the figure of This Faithful Truly Servant is Couch'd a Lecture to All Men of Evil, let them be Councillors, Officers, Traders, or what you will. For there are Good and Bad of All Kinds and Provisions. So that Aesop's Dog is a Reproach to False Men. Publick Perfons have their ways of Temptations, and Adultery, as well as Private. And He that sufferers a Government to be Abused by Cardsharps, or Neighbours, does the Same thing, with Him that Maliciously and Corruption false himself to Cozen in. This holds as well too in the Private Cafe of being either Principal or Accessory to the Robbing of a House, Only the Former, is 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 Abud, there are a Thousand Quits to avow the Stroke of the Law, though None to Avoid the Guilt of the Sin. There needs no Contract Express, No Explicit Confession for the Content, and the Affirmation is imply'd in Receiving the Presents; Or according to the Word in Fahrenheit, the [acknowledgment:] which is only a Seizer 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 is done; though there's room yet for a Distinction, even in These Cafes, between what's done Openly and Barefaced, and a Thing that's done in Flissinger under a Screen of Secrecy and Concealment. But the Confidence at last is the Bell Judg. of the Fraud. And without any more Words, the Dog in the Fable performed All the Parts of a Truly Servant.

FAV. XXII.

A Wolf and a Sow.

A Wolf came to a Sow that was just lying down, and very kindly offer'd to take care of her Litter. The Sow as Civilly thanke'd her for her Care, and defir'd she 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 not to be believ'd, nor trusted in All Cases; for People generally speaking are kind to their Neighbours for their Own Sakes. [Tomes Donats, &c. Donations.] A Wife Man will keep himself upon his Guard against the whole World, and not Particularly against a Known Enemy, but most of all against that Enemy in the Shape of a Friend. As the Sow had more Wit than to entertain a Wolf for her Nurse.

FAV. XXIII.

A Mountain in Labour.

When Mountains cry out, people may well be Exculp'd the Apprehension of some Prodigious Birth. This was the Case herein 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, One comes at last a Ridiculous Mouse.
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The MORAL.

Much ado about Nothing.

REFLEXION.

WHAT are the Extravagant Attempts and Enterprises of Vain Man in the World, but Morals, more or less of this Fable? What are Mischief Pretences, without Conceit, or Effort, but the Vapours of a Dissenter, that like Sickly Dreams, have neither Life nor Connexion? And the Disappointment is not All neither; for men make themselves Ridiculous, instead of Terrible, when this Tyranny shall come to End in a Blust, and a Mountain to bring forth a Mouse.

FAB. XXIV.

An Afoe and an Ungrateful Master.

A Poor Afoe, that what with Age, Labour, and Hard Burdens, was now worn out to the Stumps in the Service of an Imoerciful Master, had 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 (lays the Afoe to himself) is according to the Course of the Ungrateful World. One Casual Slip is enough to Weigh down the Faithful and Affectionate Service of a Long Life.

FAB. XXV.

An Old Dog and his Master.

A Old Dog, that in his Youth had led his Master many a Merry Chase, and done him all the Offices of a Truly Servant, came at Lafl, upon falling from his Speed and Vigor, to be Loaded at every Turn with Blows and Reproachest 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 wait as good a Grace, and Every jot as much Justice, Hng me up, because I'm Old, as Beat me because I'm Impotent.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

The Reward of Affection and Fidelity will be better Work of another World; Not but that the Confusion of Well Doing is a Comfort that may last for a Remorse even in This; in Defeat of Ingratitude and Injustice.

REFLEXION.

These Fables are a Reproof to the Ungrateful Cruelty of thence that will neither Forgive One Sin, nor Reward a Thousand Services, but take more Notice of a Particular Unhappy Accident, than of a General Liable Practice. But One Stumble is enough to Deter the Character of an Honourable Life. It is a Barbarous Inhumanity in Great Men to Old Servants, to make the Failings of Age to be a Crime, without allowing the Full Service of Their Strength and Youth, to have been a Virtue. And This is found in Governments, as well as in Courts, and Private Families; with Masters and Mistresses, as well as in States.

'Tis a miserable Thing, when Faithful Servants fall into the Hands of Infible, and Unthankful Masters Such as Value Services only by the Profit they bring them, without any Regard to the Zeal, Faith, and Affection, of the Heart, and pay them with Blows, and Reproachest in their Age, for the Life, Strength and Industry of their Youth. Nay Human Folly it self is Imputed to them for a Crime, and they are Treated worse than Beasts for not being more than Men. Here's an Old Drudging Cows went off to Sift for Himsell, for want of the very Teeth and Heels that he had left in his Masters Service. Nay, if he can but come off for Starving too, he pulls for an Act of Mercy. Under these Circumstances, the Base Sons of a Calamity is call'd Grumbling, and a Man does but make a Face upon the Boot, he's presently a Male Content. It may be a Question now whether the Wickedness, or the Impudence of this Iniquity be the more Peculiar for over and above the Inhumanity, 'tis a Doctrine of ill Consequence to the Master Himself, to shew the World how Impossible a Thing it is for a Servant to Oblige and Praise him: Nay, it is some sort of Temptation also to Impiety and Injustice, when Virtue and Duty came to be made Dangerous.

And yet it is not One Master perhaps of Twenty, all this while, that either directs, or takes Notice of these Indignities. It goes a Great Way, to even, Rather to Permit them. One while the Master is not Aware of what is done, and thus in other Cases, it may fall out effectually to be his Own Act, even against his Own Will: That is to say, when the Patron's of Imperial, and Ill Natural Servants are Covel'd with the Name and Authority of their Parents, in the Abuse of a Truth that was Plac'd in him for Honour, and for Nobler Ends. It is Congruous enough yet to Apply the Moral of this Fiction, rather to the Driver of the Afoe, and to the Huntman that Manag'd the Chase, than to the Master Himself; But the Eff and Dog were beaten however, for being Old, and fierce, in Deprive of All the Bonds and Inflations of Honour, Piety, and Good Nature.
An Ass, an Ape, and a Mole.

An Ass and an Ape were Conferring Grievances. The Ass complained mightily for want of Water, 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 Un satisfy'd with the Miserable Condition they Liv'd in, and called a Council to Advise upon't. 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 Frights, Perpetually in Danger; And therefore I am absolutely of Opinion that we had Better Die once for All, than live at this Rate in a Continual Dread that Worr's 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 Scudded with that Determination to the Next Lake. Upon this Hurry, there leapt a Whole Shoal of Frogs from the Bank into the Water, for Fear of the Hares. Nay, then my Masters, says one of the Graveyard of the Company, pray let's have a little Patience. Our Condition I find is not altogether so bad as we fanc'd it; for there are those ye see that are as much Affrighted 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 makes us know what's Fit for us and Every man's Own Lot (well Understod and Manag'd) is Undoubtedly the Best.

Reflection.

'Tis the Intent of These Two Fables, to shew, that no People are so Miserable, but that some Time or Other, in some Thing 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 so Worse with Themselves. It is the Difference of the Miserable to shew them that there are Others yonder More Miserable, and there is not anything to Timorous, but something else is afraid of it. There are Those, 'tis true, that Die for the Very Fear of Death, and Plunge themselves into Certain Misery, upon the Bare Apprehension of it; but this comes rather from their Spleen, than their Misfortune.

Since it is thus Nature Providence for the Necessities of All Creatures, and for the Well-Being of Every One in its Kind; And since it is not in the Power of any Creature to make it Better or worse by Providence, it was Decreed to be; why, then, must it be so? With our selves Other than what we Are, and what we Must continue to Be: Stop the Thing is Bounded, and the Whole Matter Predestinated. Every Name of the Creation has its Place Ascribed: Every Creature has its Proper Figure, and there is No Disputing with Him that Made it so: Why have not I this, and why have not I that? These Questions be a Philosopher of Bedlam to ask; and we may as well CRY at the Heavens, the Abridgment of Day and Night, and the Disposition of the Stars, as Expound with Providence upon any of the Trifles of Gods Works. The Ape would have Harp, and the Turkey would fain be in Bed with my Lady. The Ape would have a Tail, and why should not a Muntain Complain that he is not a Maker of State or Justice? But in short, the Poor, Wretched, Blind Mole puts in with her Doctrine to take up the Querrel.

And what's the Cafe of the Hares now, but an Affront to Fortify us against Panic Frights and Terror, for Trivial Causes; whereas the Fears are a great Deal more Terror than the Dangers? In All these Cases, we fancy our selves much more Miserable than we Are, for want of taking a True Estimate of Things. We fly into Transports without Reason, and Judge of the Happines, or Calamity, of Human Life, by Pale Lights. A Vain Enquiry into the Truth of Matters will Help us in the One, and Comparison will let us Right in the Other. The Dogs and the Eagles frighted the Hares; The Hares Frighted the Frogs, and the Frogs, Twenty One to One, Frighted something else. This is according to the Course of the World, One Fears Another, and some body else is afraid of him.

It may seem to be a kind of a Malicious Satisfaction, that One Man derives from the Misfortunes of Another. But the Philosophy of this Reflection finds an Answer Another Ground; for our Comfort does not Arise from Other people being Miserable, but from this Inference upon the Balance, That we suffer only the Lot of Human Nature: And as we are Happy or Miserable, compar'd with Others, So Other People are Happy or Miserable compar'd with Us: By which Judgments of Providence, we come to be Convin'd of the Sin, and the MISTAKE of our Injudiciousness. What would not a man give to be Kind of the Eyes or the Body? Or Supposing an Incurable Poverty on the One Hand, and an Incurable Malady on the Other, Why should not the Poor Man thank himself Happier is his Rags, than the Other in his Purple? Or the Rich Man Envies the Poor Man's Health, without considering, his Wants and the Poor Man Envies the Others Treasure without considering his Difficulties. What's an Ill Name in the World to a Good Confidence within Ones 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
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FAB. XXVIII.

A WOLF, Kid, and GOAT.

A wolf that was going one morning for a mouthful of fresh gruel, 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 finds out the roguesy, and bad the wolf flew his beard, and the door should be open to him.

The MORAL.

There never was any Hypocrite so disguis'd but he had some mark or other yet to be known by.

REFLEXION.

Here is Prudence, Caution, and Obedience recommended to us in the Kids refusal to open the door; and here is likewise set forth in the Wolf, the Practice of a Fraudulent, and a Beauty Impostor. This Moral runs through the whole Business of Human Life; for so much as the Plot is carried on against the Simple and the Innocent, under False Colours, and Foign'd Pretences. There are Wolves, in Palace, as well as in Mythology; and if the Kids obedience had not been more than her Sageness, 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.

FAB. XXIX.

A DOG, a SHEEP, and a WOLF.

A dog brought an Action of the Cafe against a Sheep, for some certain Measures of Whear, that he had lent him. The Plaintiff prov'd the Debt by three Positive Witneses, The Wolf, the Kite, and the Roller. (After Proofs or Arguments) The Defendant was call'd in Cafe and Damage, and for'd to tell the Wool off his back to satisfy the Creditor.

The

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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 Witneses are in a Conspiracy against the Privity.

REFLEXION.

No Innocence can be safe, where Power and Malice are in Confederacy against it. There's no Fence against Subornation, and False Evidence. What greater Judgment can befall a Nation than for Sheep to be made Trifflers, and Wolves, Kites, and Runners to set up for Witneses? 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 overruled by the killing Lenity of it. 'Tis the Perfidy that does the Business; but 'tis the Evidence, True, or False, that governs the Perjury. So that, as it sometimes falls but the Honour of the Public may come to be Concern'd in the Defence and Support of an Undetected Perjury. The only Danger is the giving too much Credit to the Oaths of Witneses and Runners. That is to say, of Witneses so Profligate as to bring a Scandal even upon Truth it self, where it is Afflicted.

FAB. 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 happened to let his Foot upon't. The Snake bit him, and he Di'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 Mark upon your Eye, and the Death of the Child in your Thoughts, there's no Trusting of ye.

The MORAL.

In Matters of Friendship and Trust, we can never be too Tender; but yet there's a Great Difference betwixt Charity and Falsity. We may Expect Well in many Cases, but let us be without featuring Much, and Ail upon, for New Converts are Slippery.

REFLEXION.

'Tis ill Trusting a Recogniz'd Enemy; but 'tis worse yet, to proceed at One Step, from Cenency and Tenderness, to Confidence and Trust Especially where
Aesop's FABLES.

where there are so many Memorials in Sight for Hatred and Revenge to work upon. 'Tis Generous however to Forgive an enemy through Excess, but Hazardous to Grace him in the doing of an Ill-thing, with the Countenance of a Defence to his Mist. Nay, a Base Conversion of Pardoning has but too often the Force of a Temptation to Offend again. 'Tis a Nice Business to indulge the Left hand, without Punishing on the Right, for these must be No Sacrifices of a Faithful Friend to the Generosity of Obliging a Mortal Enemy. But the Cafe is then most Deplorable when Reward goes over to the Wrong side, and when Interest shall be made the Test and the Measure of Virtue. Upon the whole Matter, the Countryman was too Easy; in proposing a Reconciliation (the Circumstances only considered) and the Snake was much in the Right on the other hand, in not entertaining it from a man that had so many Remembrances at Hand still, to Provoke him to a Revenge. Wherefore it is highly Necessity, for the one to know how far, and to Whom to Trust, and for the other to Understand what he is to Trust to. 'Tis a great Error to take Facility, for Good Nature: Tenderness, without Discretion is no better than a more Pardonable Folly.

F A B. XXXI.

A Fox and a Stork.

Here was a Great Friendship once between a Fox and a Stork, and the Former would invite the Other to a Treat. They had several Soups ferv'd up in Broad Dishes and Plates, and so the Fox fell to Lapping Himself, and bad his Guest Heartily Welcome to what was before him. The Stork found he was Put upon, but felt 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 Expense, but the Stork in fine, would not be said Nay; So that at last, he promised him to come. The Collation was ferv'd up in Glusses, with Long Narrow Necks, and the Beak of Every thing that was to be had. Come (says the Stork to his Friend) Pray be as Free as if you were at home, and so fell to very Spiritually Himself. The Fox quickly found this to be a Trick, though he could not but Allow of the Convivium as well as the Justice of the Revenge. For such a Glass of Sweet Meats to the One, was just as much to the Purposo, as a Plate of Porridge to the Other.

The Moral.

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

H E.

F A B. XXXII.

A Fox and a Carved Head.

A s a Fox was Rummaging among a Great many Car'd Figures, 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 so Exquisite an Outside of a Head should not have one Grain of Sense in't.

The Moral.

'Tis not the Barker or the Taylor that makes the Man's and 'tis no New Thing to see a Fine Wrought Head without so much as One Grain of Salt in't.

RE F L E X I O N.

Many a Fool has Fair Out face, and Many a Man of Fortune, and Title has not so much as Common Sense. We have a Whole World of Heads to Answer the Drift of This Emblem: But there is No Judging however by the Senes, of Matters that the Senes can take No Cognizance.
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F A B. XXXIII.

A DAW and Borrow'd Feathers.

A DAW that had a mind to be Sparkish, Trick'd him self up with all the gay feathers he could muster together; and upon the nape of the Stool's, or Borrow'd ornaments, he Vail'd 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 DAW had nothing left him but Cover his nakedness.

The Moral.

We steal from one another all manner of Ways, and to all manner of Purposes, Wit, as well as feathers, but where Pride and Bigotry meet, people are apt to be made ridiculous in the Consequence.

Reflection.

Every thing is Beast, and every Man Happish, in the State and Condition wherein Nature has plac'd them; but if Daws will be feering up for Peacocks, or after lions, they must Bower, and content themselves to be Laugh'd at, for their Pains. The Allusion of the DAW here, and his Borrow'd Feathers, extends to all sorts of Impostors, vain Pretenders, and Romancers, in feats of arms, state, love, or the like. It Points also at the empty Affectation of Wit and Understanding: in which cafe, it faces us as it does with men that set up for Quality, Birth, and Bravery, upon the Credit of a gay Outside; for Authors may be Censur'd upon the Tick, as well as Tattlers: Nay, we have seen fons, even of our First-rate Writers, that have been better at Disguising other Peoples Works, than furnishing any thing of their own. That is to say, upon the taking of them to pieces, the stuff and Tenement is found to be wholly Stool's, and New Borrow'd: and Nothing in short, that they can Assumee to themselves but the Needle and Thread that Tack the Composition together. Now when the FABULIST comes to the Script of their Borrow'd, or Filler'd Ornaments, there's the DAW in the Fable truly Moraliz'd.

F A B.

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F A B. XXXIV.

An Ant and a Fly.

There hap'ned a warm dispute between 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 Talier to gods and Princes, in all their sacrifices and Entertainments? Am I not serv'd in Gold and Silver? And is not my Meat and Drink fill of the Bell? And all this, without either Momy or Pains? I Tarry upon Grains, and kiss what Ladies Lips I please. What have you now to pretend to all this while? Why, says the Ant, you value your self upon the Accents 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 Accents of an Intruder, or 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 them wherever you come. Your very Breath has Maggots in it, and for the Kiss you brag of, what is it but the Perfume of the Last Dunghill? You Touch'd upon, once Removed? 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 Course of your Scandalous Life, is only cheating or Sharpening, 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 Sover Advantages, and the Scandalous Enrages of the One and the Other.

Reflection.

This Fable Marks out to us the Difference between the empty Vanity of Ointment and the Substantial Ornaments of Virtue. It shows 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 Industry is Beef. 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 contends her self with the Virtue of Sobriety, Retirement, and Meditation. She lives upon her own, honestly Gnesen and Polld's, without either envy or Violence, whereas the Fly is an Intruder, and a Common Swoll-Feast, that Springs upon other people's Tomatoes.
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A Man can hardly fancy himself a Truer Image of a Plain, Honest, Country Simplicity, than the Ass’s part of the Dialogue in this Fable. She takes pains for What the Eats; Works No body; and so Creates No Enemies; She wants Nothing, and the Beasts of Nothing Lives Connected with her Own, and enjoys all with a Good Conscience. This Emblem recommends to us the Blessings of a Virtuous Privacy, according to the just Measures of Right Nature, and in few Words, comprises the Sum of a Happy State.

The Fly, on the Contrary, leads a Lazy, Voluptuous, Scandalous, Shantling Life; Hatred wherever she comes, and in Perpetual Fears and Dangers. She Flutters, in flight, from place to place, from Feast to Feast, Brags of her Interests at Court, and of Ladies Favourites: And what’s this Miserable Insect at last, but the very Picture of one of our Ordinary Trencher-Squirrels, that spend their time in Hopping from One Great Man’s Table to Another, only to Pick up Scrape, and Intelligence, and to Spill Good Company! I cannot see one of these Offspring, Humble Companions, Skipping up and down from Lovet to Lovet, and making himself Necessary, wherever he thinks fit to be Trouble; I cannot hear a Fiduciary Pop Remonstrating, 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 to her feet? What Discourse past? Where he is to eat to morrow? What Company, What Dish, What Wine, Who loves Who, and what Intrigues are afoot in Church and State, &<t. Without More Words I cannot hear the Chat, nor see the Vanity of these Pragmatical Empty Bagge Bodies without thinking of the Fly in the Fable. And this Application was the True End of Writing it.

A Frog and an Ass.

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

The Moral.

Between Pride, Envy, and Ambition, men fancy themselves to be bigger than they are; and other People to be less; and this Swelling self, till it makes all Fly.

Reflection.

This Fancy is a Lath upon Thrice that set up to live above their Quality and Fortune, and pretend to spend Penny for Penny with men of Twenty times their Estate, and therefore must needs Buffet in the Conclusion! But Pride and Ambition Puff all men forward, not only to Excesses, but Impossibilities, though to the Certain Undoing of the Wretcher and the Meaner. When they come to Vice, Poverty and Misery with these that are both too High and too many for them. Men that would be bigger than God has made them, must e’en Expect to fall to Nothing. This Affectation strikes upon All the Weaknesses of Pride, Envy, and Ambition, and every thing that we do not take Emulation for Envy. In one Word, when men’s Hearts and Thoughts are puffed up into a Desire of Things Inequal, the Tumour is Incurable. But they are Weak Minds commonly that are Tainted with this Evil. They take False Measures, both of themselves, and of Others, without considering the Limits, Bulk, Fortune, Ability, Strength, &c. in truth, the very Nature of the Things, Manners, or Person in Question. They set up Competences for Learning, Power, Influence, Policy, &c. They Confine their Betcara, despite their Equails, and Admire themselves: But their Greatness all this while is only in Imagination, and they make All fly with the Frog at last, by Straining to be Bigger than they are, and Bigger than it is possible for them to be.

A Fable.

An Ass and a Wolf.

An Ass had got a Thorn in his Foot, and for want of a Better Surgeon, who but a Wolf at last, to draw out with his Teeth! The Ass 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 went’d him, and went his way.

A Fable.

A Horse and a Lion.

There was an old Hungry Lion would fain have been Dealing with a piece of Good Horse-Flesh that he had in his Eye; but the Nay he thought would be too Fleet for him, unless he could Supply the want of Teeth, by Artifice and Address. He puts himself into the Garb, and Habit of a Professor of Physick, and shadowing to the Horseman of the World, he sets up for a Doctor of the College. Under this Pretence, he lets Fall a Word or two by way of Discourse, upon the Subject of his Trade; but the Horse Smelt him out, and presently a Groom came in his Head how he might Countermine him. I got a Thorn in my Foot, Torber F 2 day,
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day, says the Horse, as I was Crossing a Thicket, and I am en quire lame on't. Oh, says the New Physician, Do but hold up your Leg a little, and I'll Cure ye immediately. The Lion presently puts himself in posture for the Office; but the Patient was too Nimble for his Doctor, and so soon as ever he had him Fair for his Purpuse, gave him a Terrible a Rebuke upon the Forehead with his Heel, that he laid him at his Length, and got off with a whole Skin, before the Other could Execute his Design.

The Moral of the Two Fables above.

Harm Watch, Harm Catch, is but according to the Common Rule of Equity and Intoleration, and a very Warrantable Way of Decreasing the Deceiver.

REFLEXION.

There's no trifling to the Fair Words of Those that have both an Interest, and an Inducement to Defray us. Especially when the Design is carried on under the Mask of a Friendly Office. It is but reasonable to Oppose Art to Art, and where would Effect Fail to Play, to Encounter One Trick with another: Provided always that it be Man'd without breach of Faith, and within the Comps of Honour, Honesty, and Good Manners.

The Wolf had the same Design upon the Ape, that the Lion had upon the Horse; and the Matter being brought to a Trial of Skill between them, the Countermove was only an Act of Self-Preservation.

FAB. XXXVIII.

A Horse and an Ape.

In the Days of Old, when Horses spoke Greek and Latin, and Ape's made Synglingus, there happened an Encounter upon the Road; betwixt a Proud Pamper'd Hare in the Full Course of his Carriance, and a Poor Creeping Ape, under a Heavy Burden, that had Chopped into the same Track with him. Why, how now Sirrah, says he, D'y see not thee an Ape, and Drapings; do what Matter I belong to? And D'y not Understand that when I have that Matter of mine upon my Back, the Whole Weight of the State refts upon My Shoulders? Out of the way thou Flail with Insolem Animal, or I'll Treat thee as I do. The Wretched Ape immediately Slunk aside, with this Envious Reflexion between his Teeth: [What would I give to Change Condition with That Happy Creature there.] This Fancy would not out of the Head of him, till it was his Hep forty Few Days after to see this very Horse doing Dung-Cart, why how

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how now Friend (says the Ape) How comes This about? Only the Chance of the War, says the Other, I was a Soldiers Horse, you must know; and my Master carry'd me into a Battle, where I was Shot, Hack'd, and Maim'd; and you have here before Your Eyes the Catastrophe of My Fortune.

The Moral.

The Fox and the Fatt, of Pride and Arrogance. The Mouns of Placing Happens in any thing that may be taken away, and the Blemish of Freedom in a Mean Effort.

REFLEXION.

We are to Gather from hence, that people would never Enter the Pomp and Splendour of Greatness, if they did not consider, either the Care 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 prepar'd for the worst that can befal him. Now This is a State of Tranquility never to be Attain'd, but by keeping perpetually in our Thoughts the Certainty of Death, and the Lubricity 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 Wickendness of a Pernicious Arrogance, the Fate that Attend the Rite of it; and the Means of either Preventing or Supressing it. The Folly of it: The Wretched and Ridiculous Estate of a Proud Man, and the Weakness of That Error that is Grounded upon the mistaken Happines of Human Life.

A Body may be Allow'd to graft a Christian Moral upon a Pagan Fable, which is but Pride and Arrogance that fell through Lucifer out of Heaven, and afterwards, Adam out of Paradise [it shall be as God.] was the Temptation; an Impotent and a Prematurous Affecration of Vanity. Glory was the Sin, and a Maleficient Temporal and Eternal was the Punishment. Now if the Character of an Literally Ambition, which so far prevails upon the Angels Themselves in their Pride's, and upon Mankind in a State of Innocence, how Stiff a Guard ought on them to keep upon our selves, that are the Children of disobedience, and being the Seats of This Deadly Vanity into the World with us in our very Vents.

It is highly Remarkable, that as Pride, and Envy are the Two Passions that above All Others give the Greatest Trouble to the Sons of Men, so are they likewise the First Emotions of the Mind that we take Notice of in our Approaches to the Exercise of our Reason. They begin with us in the Army of our Natures, and, in the very Details of our Mothers for what's the meaning of All the Little Wrangles and Contentions else, which Child shall be made male, or else what Baby shull have the Upper Hand? Scarcely These Affections are in truth Connatural to us, and as We our selves grow up and Gather Strength, so do They; and pair Infallibly from our Inclinations into our Manners. Now the Corruption must needs be won, where Human Folly strikes in to Early with it, and the Progress no less Morals, where it is offered, to go on without Control. For what are the Extravagancies of the Lowest Life, but the
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the very same Inflant at the mercy of the men they most Delphic. (The Silver, being Ten Thousand Talents, is given to Thes, (Says Abraham to Human) The People also, to do with them, as it seemed good unto Thes. Either, Cap. 5. v. 11.) Who would have imagin'd now, that the Stiff Creoles of a Poor Captive, should ever have the Power of Human's Seat to Unseat him? Or that the want of a Cap, or a Cringe, should to Mortality Discompose him, as we find afterwards is did! If Large Possessions, Vomitous Titles, Honourable Charges, and Probable Commissions; If a Plentiful Hiss, Court Favours, or the Flowing Bounty 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 three in Truth, need any Great Matter to Undictate him. But he was as sure to sink under the Infirmity of his Own Mind, as if he had been Door'd to Sink, in the Face of a Common Ruiner.

When Human (as Mencius in the King's Gate, (Says the Text) that he fixed not up, nor Mess'd for him, he was full of Indignation against Mencius. Nevertheless, Human Restrain'd himself, and when he came Home, he sat and call'd for his Friends, and Terch. 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 Promised him, and how he had Advanc'd him above the Princes and Servants of the King, Tea, Ellises the Queen (says he) did not so much come with the King, as a Banquet that he had prepared; but, my self; and to morrow am I invited unto her also with the King. [Yet All this Availeth Me Nothing, so long as I see Mencius the Jew sitting at the King's Gate, Either, Cap. 5. v. 9, 10.]

This Influence of Human's Cafe they serv'd: in a Good Measure, for a Moral to the Arrogance of the Jew; hence the Fables only Human's Pride was the most Invidious and Malicious of the Two. To Wind up the Story: Mencius was an Eye-sore to Human, and a Glares of Fifty Cakes High was prepar'd for him by the Order of Human, Cap. 5. v. 9. But the King, upon Examination of the Matter, Ordered Human Himself to be Hanged. (As they Hanged Human upon the Gallows he was prepar'd for Mencius, Cap. 5. v. 10.) Human's Pride, in fine, was a Torment to him, and he was not only punish'd by it, but For it, but by a Righteous Judgment of Retaliation, he suffer'd Death Himself upon the very Gibbet that he had provided for Another.

How Wretched a Creature was Human now, even in the Careless of his Royal Mutter, and in the very Captivity of all his Glories! And how Vulgar again were all the Mikes and Bens, of his Character and Powers, that were not able to support him against one Slighting Look of a Sorry Shovel! He had the World at Will, we see; but All was as good as Nothing. He was, so long as he was Mencius, the Jew sitting in the King's Gate. Where's the Seber Man now, that would not rather chuse to be Mencius in the Gate, upon those Terms, than be Human in the Palace? The One had a Blindness that was a Conscience that Fear'd Nothing but God; the other was Hanged with a Fantatical Weakness of Mind, that makes a Man Dead Everything, and that, in awe of his Own Shadow! A Word, a Thought, an Imaginary, a Conscience is enough to check his very Batement of the World that he has built. He Smites every Bolt that's Level'd at his Vices, to be Poun'd at his Person, and finds himself Wounded in the Morality of the most Innocent Reproofs. He's a Slave to All Puffiness, All Accidents, and All forces of Men. A Jeff, a Banner, a Lampoon, Nay a Glance, an Infatuation, or a Base Calumny, with the Help of a Guilty Confidence, and a Suggestious Grip of Application, is enough to Murder him, for he Convinces himself to be Struck at, when he is not so much as Thought of; as I dare appeal to the Confidence of a Thousand Top Gallant Spark's, that will fancy their Own Cafe to be the Key to This Moral. He makes himself Oidios to his Superiors, by his Hastehecten for his Equals, by a Relish of False or False Competitions; and then he never fails of a Vindictive Hatred and Envy, from those that are Below him; so that he's Feat with Enemies on All hands, the Meanness of which is not without Mary and Many a Way to the Weakening of a Malice, and to the Grandifying of a Revenge. As to the Wretchedness of his Condition, 'tis all a Cafe to Him, whether he be Ten'd out of his Life by a Judgment of Fies and Lies, or Stung to Death by Fiery Serpents. And he is not only Tormented by Others, but the very Tormentor of Himself too. Nay, rather than want a Conducible Ground of Trouble, he Creates it. His Pride is a Continual Drought upon him, and a Thrift never to be Quench'd. His Confidence, his Fancy, his Fears, Jealousies, and Mifatates, Every thing helps on towards his Undoing. And now to the Infinite Variety of Plagues that Wait upon Pride, there is likewise as Great a Diversity of Imperious Humours for This Misery to Work upon. As for Example, There is a Pride of Stomach, a Pride of Popularity, a Pride of Brow, Equippage, and Parade. There's a Pride of Tongue without either Brain, or Heart to Support it. There is an Abode, (In fact,) and there's a Suntly Pride: But to Conclude, there is All this, and a Thousand times more of the same Kind and Colour, that lies Naturally Conceal'd under This Allegory. And not One Influence at last, that is not verify'd by Mary and Many an Example.

Now as to the Envy of the Aes it was a Double Folly; for he Mifakes both the Horris Condition, and his Own. This Madness to Envy any Creature that may in a Moment become Miserable; Or for any Advantage that may in a Hour be taken from him. The Aes Envy the Aes to Day; and in some Few Days more, the Aes comes to Envy Him: Wherefore let no man Deprive, so long as it is in the Power, either of Deaths, or of Chance, to Remove the Burden. Nothing but Moderation and Greatness of Mind can make, either a Prophetic, or an Adverse Fortune Easi to us. The Only Way to be Happy is to submit to our Lot; for No man can be properly paid to be Miserable that is not wanting to Himself. It is Certainly True, that many a Jolly Cobler has a Merrier Heart in his Stall, than a Prince in his Palace.
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FABLE XXXIX.
A Bar and a Weasel.

A Weasel had fezd' upon a Bar, and the Bar begg'd for Life. No, No, says the Weasel, I give No Quarter to Birds. Ay (says the Bar) but I'm a Mouse you see, look on my Body elie: and fo the got off for That Bout. The same Bar had the Fortune to be Taken a While after by Another Weasel, and there the Poor Bar was forc'd to beg for Mercy once again. No, says the Weasel, No Mercy to a Mouse. Well (says Tother,) but you may see by my Wings that I'm a Bird, and fo the Bar leap'd in Both Capacities, by Playing the Trimmer.

FABLE XL.
A Bar, Birds, and Beasts.

Upon a Desperate and a Doubtful Battel between the Bird and the Beasts, the Bar found, till the found that the Beasts had the Better ont's, 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 she went then to Tother Party, where she was trim'd by a Council of War as a Deferrer; Script, Banish'd, and finally Condemn'd never to see Day-light again.

FABLE XII.
An Esteche, Birds, and Beasts.

The Esteche is a Creature that Passes in Common Reputation, for Half Bird, Half Beast. This Amorphous 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 flowering his Feet to Prove that he was No Bird, and upon flowering his Wings, and his Beak, to prove that he was No Beast, they were Satisfied 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 Cases, is Poul, and Difhonesty in others Laudable, and in some again, not only Lest, but Necessary. The Nasty lies in the skill of Distinguishing upon Cases, Times, and Degrees.

REFLEXION.

We are here taught in some Cases to Yield to Times and Occasions; but with a Saving still, to Honour, and to Conscience. 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 Condenses the Double Prætices of Trimmers, and All Fads, Shuffling, and Ambiguous Dealings. He gives also to Underland, that Those 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 Diversities neither. From the Emblem of the Bar and Weasel, we are to Gather, that there are Certain Ways, Cases, and Occasions, wherein, Disguises, and Artificial Evasions are in some Measure Allowable, provided only that there be No Scandalous, or Malicious Departure from the Truth. This Shifting of the Bar in the Paw of the Weasel, was but making the Beel of what he had to say, and to shew for Himself, toward the saving of his Life. There was No Breach of Faith, or of Truth in't; No Abandoning of a Duty, Nor Thought of Treachery; Nor in Effect, any thing more is't, than a Fair Christian Way of putting out False Colours. The Bar that Beel Shewing, may serve for the Characters of a Time-servant Trimmer. He betrays his Party, Frits, in withholding his Affiliation. Secondly, In going over to the Stronger Side, and Declaring Himself an Open Enemy when his Fellow had the Worth on't. His Judgment, in fine, was just, and if All Double Dealers and Defectors were serv'd as this Bar was, it would be an Example of Terror to Reprobates, and of Encouragement to Honest Men.

The Esteche Case seems to be Different from the Other Two. He Fought, though it's not laid 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 than Fraud, that brought him off. Now there are many things in an Affair of this Quality that may be Warrable, even upon the Nicest Scruples of Honesty, in him that suffers the Violent, which Per- chance would not be so in the Aggressor.
Fab. XLII.

A Wolf and a Fox.

A Wolf, that had a mind to take his Eafe, Stor'd himself Privately with Provisions, and so kept Cloie awhile. Why, how now Friend says a Fox to him, we haven't seen You abroad at the Chace this many a day! Why truly says the Wolf, I have gotten an Indispension that keeps me much at Home, and I hope I shall have Your Prayers for my Recovery. The Fox had a Fitch in't, and when he saw it would not Fudge. Away goes he presently to a Shepherd, and tells him where he might surprise a Wolf; if he had a mind to't. The Shepherd follow'd his Directions, and Defroy'd him. The Fox immediately, as his Next Heir, repairs to his Cell, and takes possession of his Stores; but he had Little Joy of the Purchase, 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 a Sharpener at his crafty, they flux upon their own kind's And'tis a Pleasure Scene enough, when Thieves fall out among themselves, to see the Cutting of One Diamond with Another.

Reflection.

'Tis Imprudent for an Earesious Man to be Happy. He makes the World his Enemies, and the Mitchell that be does to Others, returns in a Judgment upon his Own Head. There's No Trusting a Crafty Designing Knave. I do not speak of the Troll of Privacy and Confidence only; but a Wise Man would not so much as Venture himself in such Company, nor let him come within diffiance of so much as knowing how to put a Trick upon him. This Fable shows us the Danger of such Conversation. And it shews us likewise the Jilt Fate that attends the Treacherous, even of Own Traitor to Another. The Wolf had a Design upon the Fox; the Fox had a Counter Design upon the Wolf; (which was no more than a Couple of Crafty Knaves well Matched) And the Shepherd did Justice upon them Both.

Fab. XLIII.

A Stag Drinking.

A Stag was Drinking upon the Bank of a Clear Stream, he saw his Image in the Water, and entered into this Contemplation upon't. Well! says he, if these Puffy Shanks of mine were but Anwerable to this Branching Head, I can but think how I should Defy all my Enemies. The Words were hardly out of his Mouth, but he Discover'd a Pack of Dogs coming full Cry towards him. Away he Scours cross the Fields, Calls off the Dogs, and Gains a Wood; but Puffing through a Thicker, the Birds held him by the Horns, till the Hounds came in, and Plucked him Down. The Left Thing he said was This. What an Unhappy Fool was I, to take my Friends for my Enemies, and my Enemies for my Friends! I trusted to my Head, that has Betray'd me, and I found fault with my Legs, that would otherwise have brought me off.

The Moral.

He that does not thoroughly know himself, may be well allowed to make a False Judgment upon other Matters that most Nearly concern him.

Reflection.

This is to shew us how perversely we Judge of many Things, and take the World for the Better, and the Better for the World; upon a very great Mistake, both in what we Defile, and in what we Admire. But we are rather for that which is Fair, and Puffable in Appearance, than for That which is Plain and Profitable in Effect; Even to the Degree of Preferring Things Temporal to Eternal.

He that would Know Himself, must look into Himself. 'Tis only the Reflection, or the Shadow that he sees in the Glass, Not the Man. 'Tis One Thing to Fancy Greatness of Mind; Another Thing to Pradicate it for a Body may Promise, say and resolve upon many Things in Contemplation, that he can never make good upon Tryal. How did the Dog despise the Dog here, at the sight of his Armed Head in the Fountain? But his Heart was quite to another Tune, when the Hounds were at the Heals of him. We are likewise taught here, how Subject Yein Men are to Glory in that Which commonly Tends to their Loss, their Misfortune, their Shame, and their very Destruction; and yet at the same time to take their Bell Friends for their Enemies. But there's a Huge Difference betwixt a False Conception of Things, and the True Nature and Reason of them. The Stag, Puffed himself in his Horns, that afterward Shackled, and were the Nuisance of him; but made Fight of his Puffy Shanks, that it had not been for his Branching Head, would have brought him off.

Fab.
Aesop's FABLES.

FAB. XLIV.

A Snake and a File.

There was a Snake got into a Smith's Shop, and fell to Licking of a File. She saw the File Bloody, and still 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 on't. In the Conclusion, when the could Lick no Longer, she fell to Biting; but finding at last the could do no more Good upon't with her Teeth than with her Tongue, the Fairly left it.

The Moral.

'Tis a Madness to bland Biting and Snapping at any thing, to no manner of purpose, more than the Gratifying of an Inconstant Horse, in the fancy of Having Another, when in truth, we only Wound our Selves.

Reflexion.

This Fable sees the Maliciousity of some Spectacular 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 Case of those that will beTrying Matters with their Superiors, and Biting of which is too Hard for their Teeth. There's no Contriving with an Adversary that's either Inoffensive or Inexcusable: And the Rule holds, in Matters, not only of Actual Force and Violence, but of Fortune and Good Name, to do no better than Downright Madness, to Bite where we have No Power to Hurt, and to Constern where we are sure to be Worthy. The Doctrine is this, That Every Man should Consider his Own Strength and Act accordingly.

FAB. XLV.

A League betwixt the Wolves 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 Shep, to Treat about a Peace, and in the Mean Time there were Holloges given on Both Sides; the Dogs on the part of the Shep, and the Wolves Whelps on the Other Part, till Matters might be brought to an Issue. While they were upon Treaty,

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FAB. XLVI.

An Axe and a Forrest.

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 it. The Matter seem'd so small,
Aesop's FABLES.

FAB. XLVII.

A Tree and a Wedge.

A Workman was Cutting down a Tree to make Wedges 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 Milery that I am to be Destroy'd by the Fruit of my own Body.

FAB. XLVIII.

The Eagle and Arrow.

An 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 Con- sideration went nearer her Heart, the fain, than Death it self.

FAB. XLIX.

A Throstle taken with Birdlime.

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

The Moral of the Four Fables above.

Nothing new, nor a Man in his Misfortune, than to find himself Undone by his Own Folly, or any thing Necessary to his own Ruine.

REFLEXION.

The Fables of the, Axe Handle, and the Wedge, serve to precaution us not to put our selves Needlessly upon an Alteration, 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 so aptly to be done by his Own Improvisation, as Nothing sfterward more Ridiculous, than to Blame Fortune for our own Faults. Though we are so Fraild by Nature, in respect of our Souls and Bodies, that One Part of a Man is ill Wounded by the Other. Nothing so much Troubled the Eagle and the Throstle, as the Thought of afflicting to their own Deformation.

There's No living in this World without an Exchange of Civil Offices, and the Need we have One of Another, is a Great Way toward the Making of us Love One Another. How is this Amity, and Communication to be sustained, now, but by the Commerce of Giving and Receiving? Reason, and Experience, are Sufficient to convince us of the Necessity of such a Correspondence: And this Fiction of the Axe and the Arrow, and so of the Tree and the Wedge, shews us the Danger of it too, if it be not Manag'd with a Provident Respect to All the Niptness of Circumstances, and Contingencies in the Case. People having got a Goutlam, ye true, of computing upon the Present Need, and Value of Things, without ever keeping the Consequences of them: As if all our Askings, and our Grant- ings were to be Governed by the Standard of the Market. To use a Phrase, says One, and it was so small a Thing, say Another; and yet a Man's Life, Honor, and Estate is Worth. Alas! What's a Handle for an Axe, out of a whole Fowle? What's the Writing of a Man's Name, or the laying Ay, or No to a Question? And yet the very Safety and Honour of our Prince and Country, and the Support of our Well-being lies upon a Time at Stake upon the Issue of doing either the One or the Other. Nay and in the People, we have to do with it or never to Juli and Honest, it is yet a Temerity, and a folly Irresolvable, to Deliver up our selves Needlessly into Another Power. For He that does any thing rashly, must be taken in Equity of Consequence to do it willingly: For he was Free to Delib- erate or Not; 'Tis Good Advice to Consider, First, what the thing is that is Decreed. The Character of the Person that Asks, 1. What we may be made out to the Decree of him that Grants the Request, and so to Resolve how far in Duty, Humanity, Reprobation, Justice, and Respect, we are to Comply with it. Whereas there is Moral Right of the Once Hand, No Secondary Interest can Discharge it on the Other, A Die fates. A Man may Contribute to his own Ruin, Several Ways but in Cases not to be Foreseen, and so not to be Prevented, it may be his Misfortune, and the Man not to blame. We are not to omit Precuation however, for fear an ill Life should be made of these Things that we do, even with a Good Intentions but we are ill to Distinguish between what may Profitably and what will Probably be done, according to the Best Measures we can take of the End of Asking; for there would be No Place left for that of Humanities, because the Possibility of Actual Good for would wholly Divert us from the Exercise of Charity and Good Nature. There may be Great Mischiefs Wrought yet, without any thing of H a Pre.
The Belly and Members.

The Comruits of Rome were gone off once into a Direct Passion 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'. The Sedition, in short, ran so High, that there was no Hope of Reclaiming them, till Memmius Agrippa brought them to their Wits again by This Apology:

The Hands and the Feet were in a Desperate Mutiny once against the Belly. They knew No Reas't, they said, why the One should lye Lazying, and Pampering it fell with the Fruit of the Others Labour, and if the Belly would not Work for Company, they'd be no longer at the Charge of Maintaining it. Upon This Mutiny, they kept the Belly so long without Nourishment, that All the Parts Suffer'd for't: Inform'd that the Hands and Feet came in the Conclusion to find their Miflake, and would have been willing Then to have Done their Office, but it was now too Late, for the Belly was so Pin'd with Over-Fasting, that it was wholly out of Condition to receive the Benefits of a Relief: which came to other Underhand, that the Belly and Members are to Live and Dye together.

The Moral.
The Publick is but One Body, and the Prince the Head only so that what Member foresees with'out his Service from the Head, is no Better than a Negative Traitor to his Country.

Reflection.
This Allegory is a Political Reading upon the State and Condition of Civil Communities, where the Members have several Offices and every Part contributes respectively to the Preservation and Service of the Whole. 'Tis true, their Operations are more or less Noisy, but the Mechanical Faculties can no more be Spared than the Intellectual, and those that Serve in Council under an Appearance of Relig, are yet as Buffe, and as Necessity, in their Functions, as those that are Actually and Vifibly in Motion. Here's a Caution in fine, to the Members, to have a Care how they withdraw themselves from their Duties, till it shall be too late for their Superiors to make use of them.

There is no Inconvenience in the State of a Body Natural, and Politique, that the Necessity of Government and Obedience cannot be better Represented. The Motions of a Popular Faction are so Violent, and Unreasonable, that neither Philosophy, Prudence, Experience, nor the Holy Writ is feit, has the Power (ordinarily speaking) to Work upon them. If People would allow themselves Time for Thought and Consideration, they would find that the Conservation of the Body depends upon the Proper Use and Service of the Several Parts, and that the Interest of Every Single Member of it is, wrap up in the Support, and Maintenance of the whole, which obliges them all to Labour in their Respective Offices and Functions for the Common Good. There are Degrees of Nourish (no doubt on't) in both Cases, and One Part is to be Subservient to Another, in the Order of Civil Policy, as well as in the Frame of a Man's Body: so that they are mightily out of the way, that take Eating and Drinking, and Un-Eating, and Un-Drinking, in a course of Viciousness, 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 Faculties, and Duties of our Reasonable Being: For Every Member has its Proper, and Respective Function Assigned it, and not a Finger suffer'd but the Whole Feels on't.

An Ape and a Fox.

An Ape that found many Inconveniences by going Barely, went to a Fox that had a Well-Spread, Bullsey Table, and begged of him only a little piece on't to Cover his Navel: For (says he) you have enough for Bod', and what needs more than you have Occasion for? Well, 'tis (says the Fox) be it More or be it Lefs, you get not one Single Hair on't; for I would have ye know, Sirrah, that the Table of a Fox was never made for the Batroocks of an Ape.

The Moral.
Prudence has Afford'd Every Creature its Station, and its not for Us to Judge Corrupting the Works of an Incomprehensible Wisdom, and an Almighty Power.
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REFLEXION.

THIS is to Reprove the Imperiality, Ulicefis, and Unaccountable Demands of Those that shall ask what Another cannot Part with, unless he be a Stark Fool, or a Mad-Man. And, 2. That which if they should obtain would be of No Use, or Benefit to them at all. The Old Moral carries it to Those also that will Part with Nothing to the Poor, even out of their Superfluities: But it seems to be Abominably Wretched, for neither did the One want, nor had the other Any Thing to spare.

There are Certain Rules to be observed, as well in Asking, as Denying. Things against Nature are unaccountable on Both Sides. Things Impossible are Ridiculous in the very Proposal: and Things which the One cannot Spare, and the Other will be never the Better for, fall naturally within the Comps of Exceptions. That is to say, Those Things that we know not what to do withal if we Had them, and Those Things again, which Another Cannot Part with but to his own Loss and Shame. Those Points are the very Conditions of This Fabll. Here’s a General Caution against Errant Definitions, and yet let the Reckful be never so Just, it is Possible however, that a Man may Oppose a most Unaccountable Request for an Unaccountable Reason. As in the Case for the Purpose, of an Ill Natural Denial, out of a Dislike of the Man, rather than of the Thing it self.

The Application of This Fabll to Avarice, that will part with Nothing, seems to be Wendell, for it strikes more properly upon the Folly of People’s not being satisfied with the Appointments of Nature. An Avaricious Man, would be a Fundament, as a Fox without One. Why should not Any One Creature Envy the Whole, as well as any One Part of Another? And why should not an Ape be as much Troubled that he has no Wings, as that he has no Tail? Tis Grumbling Humour for Envy in it, Avarice and Ingratitude, and sets up itself in fine against all the Works of the Creation.

FAB. LII.

A Lark and her young Dizes.

There was a Brood of Young Dizes in the Corn, and the Lark, when the went abroad to Forage for them, laid a Single Charge upon her Little Ones, to pick up what Nests they could get against she 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 Defined his Friends to Do’t. Well, well, says she, there’s no Hurry in That matter, and so she went out Proging for Provisions again as before. But upon the Third Day, when they told their Mother, that the Master and his Son appointed to come Next Morning and do’t Themselves: Nay then,

FAB. LIII.

The Stag and the Oxen.

A Stag that was hard set by the Huntsmen, betook himself to a Stall for Sanctuary, and prevailed with the Oxen to Conceal him the Beef they could, so they covered him with Straw, and by and by in comes the Keeper to Dries the Cellar, and to Feed them; and when he had done his Work he went his Way without any Discovery. The Stag reckoned himself by This Time to be out of all Danger; but One of the Oxen that had more Brains than his Fellows, advised him not to be too Confident neither; for the Servant, says he, is a Puzzling Fool, that heeds Nothing; but when my Master comes, he’ll have an Eye Here and There and Every where, and will most certainly find ye out. Upon the very Speaking of the Word, in comes the Master, and He spies out Twenty Faults, I warrant ye. This was not Well, and That was not Well; till at last, as he was Prying and Grasping up and down, he felt the Horns of the Stag under the Straw, and thus made Prize of him.

The Moral of the Two Fablls above.

He that would be sure to have his Bees’ nests Well Done, must either Do it Himself, or for the Doing of it, Elect that many a Good Servant is Spared by a Careful Master.

REFLEXION.

INTEREST Does more in the World than Faith and Honesty for Men are more estimable in their own Case than in Another’s; 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, than I am of my self. Every Man’s Business is Be Done when he looks for it with his Own Eyes. And in short, when Every Man looks to Own, the Care is taken for All.

We are likewise given to understand, in the Misfortune, and Misfortune of the Stag, how Rare a Felicity it is for a Man in Difficulties, to find out such a Patron as has the Will and the Reluctance, the Skill, and the Power, to Relieve him; and that it is not Every Man’s Talent neither to make the Belf of a Bad Game. The Morality of this Caution is as good a Lesson to Governments,
Aesop's FABLES.

For a Prince's Leaving his Business
Wholly to his Ministers without a Stiff Eye over them in their Several Offices and Functions, is as Dangerous an Error in Politikers, as a Master's Committing All to his Servant in Government. It is Effectually a Translation of the Authority, when a supermarkets trusts himself implicitly to the Faith, Care, Honesty and Discretion of an Injurour. To lay nothing of the Temptation to Bribery and False Dealing, when so much may be Gotten by his with so little Hazards, either of Discovery or Punishment. Beside the Deleterous Inconvenience of Setting up a Wrong Interest, by drawing Applications out of the Proper Channel; and Committing the Authority and Duty of the Master to the Honesty and Discretion of the Servant. Men will be Free to themselves how Faithful ever to One Another.

Fab. LIV.

A Fox and a Sick Lion.

Certain Lion that had got a Politique Fit of Sicknes, made it his Observation, that of All the Beasts in the Forest, the Fox never came at him; And so he wrote him Word how ill he was, and how Mighty Glad he should be of his Company, upon the Score of Ancient Friendship and Acquaintance. The Fox return'd the Complement with a Thousand Prayers for his Recovery; but as for Waiting upon him, he declin'd to be Encourag'd; For (says he) I find the Traces of abundance of Feet Going in to Your Majesty's Palace, and not One that comes Back again.

The MORAL.

The Kindness of Ill Nature'd and Deceitful People, should be thoroughly Consider'd, and Executed, before we give Credit to them.

REFLEXION.

There's but a Hair's Breath here, betwixt an Office of Great Piety, Humanity and Virtue, and an Action of Extreme Folly, Improvishment and Hazzard. But the Fox saw through the Complement, and that it was, in Truth, but an Invitation of him to his Own Funeral. We meet with many of These Dangerous Civilities in the World, wherein 'tis a Hard Matter for a Man to Save, both his Skin and his Credit.

'Tis a Difficult Point to Hit the True Medium, betwixt Trusting too Much, and too Little, for fear of Incurring a Danger on the One Hand, or giving a Scandal on the Other. Complements are only Words of Courte, and though One External Civility may be Current Payments for Another, yet a Man would be lost to Venture his All upon a Figure of Speech, where the Meaning is so Nicely Divided betwixt Jell and Earnell. 'Tis a Safe Thing to Subject a Friend, or an Honest Man Nay 'tis a Safe Thing to Supplant any Man, that but Looks like One; so

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as to Wound him; That is, either in a Word, or in a Thought. But then 'tis Death perhaps to be Imposed upon by an Hypocrite under That Mask. So that the Character of a Wise Man, lyes at Stake upon Matter of Judgment, One Way, and of a Good Natural Man, the Other Way. The Middle Course is to Hide our Diakruts where we are doubtful, and to be Free, and Open, where we may be Secure. There's No Living without Truthing some Body or Other, in Some Cases, or at Some Time or Other; But then if People be not Cautious, and, and, and, Where, and Where, the Mistake may be Mortal; for there must be somewhat of a Truth to make way for a Treachery; since No man can be traits'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 Lion's Design was well enough. Govern'd under the Disguise of a Counterfeit Sickneis, and a Dulled Tendernes and Respect, for the Drawing of the Fox into the Toyle. For there was the Civillty of an Invitation, on the One hand, and some Colour of a Right to a Visit, though but out of Comparsion and Good Manners, on the Other. But the Poor Sycophancy, and the Paris of the Feets Spoil'd All. This Fox in One Word more, bids us be Careful how we Trust in Any Cate without looking well about us: for 'tis Half the Business of One part of the World to put Tricks upon the Other. The Heart of Man is like a Bow, it looks Fair to the Eye, but when we come to lay any Weight upon it, the Ground is Fall from under us. Nothing could be more Obliuging and Respectful than the Lion's Letter was, in Terms and Appearance; but there was Death yet in the True Intent and Meaning on't.

Fab. LV.

A Fox and a Wensel.

Slam, Thin-Gutted Fox made a Hard Shift to Wriggle his Body into a Hen-Roost, and when he had fill'd his Guts well, he squiz'd hard to get out again; but the Hole was too Little for him. There was a Wensel a pretty way off, that flood Leering 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.

The MORAL.

Temperance keeps the Whole Man in Order, and in a Good Disposition, either for Thoughts or Actions, but the Indulging of the Opposite brings a City, both upon the Body and Mind.

REFLEXION.

In a Middle State, both of Body, and of Fortune a man is better Directed for the Office of Humane Service, and the Functions of Reasonable Nature; and the Heart is also free from Cares and Troubles. There are Unwieldy
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Unworthy Minds as well as Unworthy Bodies, and the Furies 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 Indissoluble Companions, and it is against the Nature of This Reconcilable Union, for the One to be a Clog to the Other. The Foist's here, is the Cafe of Many a Public Misanthrop, that comes Empty in, but when he has Cram'd his Gutts well, he's fain to squeeze hard before he can get off again; and glad to Compound with his very Skin for his Circum.

F A B. LVI.

A Bear and a Horse.

A Bear happen'd to be Wallowing in the Water where a Horse was going to Drink, and there grew a Quarrel upon't. The Horse 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 Horse, who carry'd him to the Bear, and had the Satisfaction of seeing his Enemy Kill'd before his Face. The Horse! 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 Horse came by this Time, to Understand, that his Liberty was gone, and No Help for't, and that he had pay'd Dear for his Revenge.

F A B. LVII.

A Stag and a Horse.

Upon a Dispute between a Stag and a Horse about a piece of Pasture, the Stag got the Better on'and beat the Other out of the Field. The Horse, 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 Horse came to his Terms, and for the Gratifying of a Precedent Pasion, made himself a Slave all the days of his Life. Strachans made use of this Fable, to Divert the Humours from Chufing Phalaris the Tyrant for their General. This Horse's Cafe, says he, will be Yours, if you go on with your Proposals. To True, You'll have your Revenge, but you'll lose your Liberty; Upon which Words the Motion fell.

The

Moral.

Let every Man take a True Measure of himself, what he is able to do, and what he can before he comes to any Perpetuity Reflection how to Proceed. He is a Madman, that to avoid a Prayer, or a Holy Feast, runs Blindfold into a Greater sin and for the Gratifying of a Present Humor, makes himself a Slave All the Days of his Life.

REFLEXION.

These Fables lay Open to us the Folly of Those People that make themselves Slaves to their Revenues; for no Man should be Angry with Another, as to Hurt Himself for't. We thought like wise Consider, that there's More Hazard in the Skein of a New Powerful Friend, than in the Hallowly of an Old Dangerous Enemy; and that the Greatest Empires upon the face of the Earth have had their Fall from the Pretence of Taking up Quarrels, or Keeping the Peace.

These Fables tell us that it is a Rule of Good Discretion in all Matters of Quarrel, and Concozv, for Him that is Worth'd to have a Great Care Whom he calls to his Aid; Especially when there's more of Passion than Necesity in the Cafe. The Horse might have Quenched his Thirst with Troubled Water; or he might have Stay'd the Curing of it; Or Chang'd his Waiting-Place, or when he was for'd out of One Pasture he might have taken up in Another, which would have Fed'd all his Liberty upon the Main, though not as to this Particular. But his Stomach was too Great, it seems to Digg'd 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 Maller; and if at any time he does but Slacken his Pace, or is like his Zeal, or in his Mistle, the Snare is immediately in the Flank of him: Or if he be Lur'd, the Bit's upon the Check, to keep him to his Duty. The Stag was too hard for the Horse; and the Horse flies for Success to One that's too Hard for Him, and Rides the One to Death, and Oncight Kills the Other. It were Well, if Puff'd, to keep All Potent Enemies to the Behaviour in such a Cafe as This, Especially if they Appear under the Shape of Friends: But if People will Venture Life, Liberty and All, for the Claving of an Ichi, and lay Violent Hands upon Themselves, there's no Fence for't.

That which Men are to Horses, is 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 Anatomy of Servitude, and Drudgery; and in the Carrying of some Fort of Burdenthat are a Shame to the Bearer. They Teyl and Moyl in the Intercell of their Masters, that in requital, break the very Hearts of them for their Pleasures; and the Fees they are of their Feathers, the more Scandalous is the Bondage. When they have done All that Horses can do, they are Led'd, Squeak'd, Kevid'd, andill Treated, for not being able to do More: They are Hur'd on without either Respect or Reason; And after they have carry'd their Riders Safe over All Loops, and thorough All dangers, and by All Ways and Means Contributed to the Rich, Credit, and Security of their Masters, what comes of them in the End, but to be Strain'd, Found'd or Broken Wind'd; Old Age.
Aesop's FABLES.

Ages Overtakes them, and they are e'en Glad to take up in a Mill at last with Grains and Thistles, and there spend the Remainder of a Wretched Life in a Circulation of Misery and Labour. If any Man of War, or State, shall find this Cafe to be his Own, and Himself Touch'd in the Moral of This Fable, let him keep his Own Counsel, and learn to be Wise hereafter, and we may learn This Lesson of the Short, too, not to Sacrifice our Honour, Liberty, and Conscience, to a Foul.

F A B. LVIII.

'Two Young Men and a Cook.

Two Young Fellows Slipt into a Cook's Shop, and while the Matter was Busy at his Work, One of them Stole a piece of Fiend, and Convey'd it to the Other. The Matter Miss'd it immediately, and Challeng'd them with the Theft. He that Took it, Sware He had None on't. And he that Had it, Sware as Desperately that He did not Take it. The Cook Reflecting upon the Conceit: Well, My Matters, (says he) These Frauds and Fallacies may pass upon men; but there's an Eye Above that sees thorough them.

The MORAL.

There's No Putting of Tricks upon an All-Seeing Power; as if He that Made our Hearts, and knows Every Node, and Corner of them, could not see thorough the Childish Fallacy of a Double-Meaning.

REFLEXION.

This Fable concerns tho' that think to deceive God with Fallacies of Words, Equivocations, Mental Reservations, and Double Meanings; but though Frauds and Deceits may pass upon Men for a Season, they are as Open as the Light yet to Him that Seeth the Heart. A Man had better be a Downright Arrogant, than in such a Cafe as this, an Equivocating Hypocrite: For he that Denies a Providence, or Doubts whether there be any God at all, is much more Pardonable, than Another that Acknowledges, and Confesses an All-Seeing and an Almighty Power; and yet at the Same Time, most Unphilosophically Affronts it. 'Tis a Great Unhapiness that Children Should be so much Addicted (as we see they are) to this Way and Humour of Shuffling: But it is a Greater Shame and Mischiefs, for Parents, Governors, and Tutors, to Encourage, and Allow them it, and so (Effectually) to Train them up to One of the most Dangerous Corruptions they are Capable of, in Counteracting the very Ground-Work of a Foul and Treacherous Life, There must be No Parodying or Playing Tricks with Things Sacred. Truth is the Great Lesson of Reasonable Nature, both in Philosophy, and in Religion. Now there is a Truth

Aesop's FABLES.

Truth of Opinion; a Truth of Folly, and a Truth in Simplicity and Severity of Thought, Word, and Deed. The Last of the Three is the Truth of Foolish People for a Turn of Wit; but they are not aware all this while, of the Desperate Consequences of an Ill Habit, and that the Practice of Falsifying with Men, will lead us on Insensibly to a Double-Dealing even with God Himself.

F A B. LIX.

A Dog and Butcher.

A Butcher was Busy about his Meat, a Dog runs away with a Sleeps Heart. The Butcher saw him upon the Gallop with a piece of Flet in his Mouth, and called out after him. Hark ye Friend (says he) you may e'en make the Bell of your Pincaste, so long as Yave made Me the Wiser for't.

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

No man is to Account any thing a Loss, if he gets Wisdom by the bargain: Besides, that Dog and Bin is a Right. It is in some Proportion, in the Business of this World, as it is in that of the Next, in the Cafe I mean, of Losses, Misfortunes and Disappointments: We are in Both Repays the Better for them (Provided they be not Mortal, that is,) for they are Monitory and Instructive. Affliction makes a man both Honef and Wife; for the smart brings him to a Taste of his Errors, and the Experience to the Knowledge of it. We have know how many Advantages to back the Reason of this Moral, Hang a Dog upon a Crab Tree (we say) and he'll never lose his Virtues. And then we have it again in that Common saying, The Ignorant Child Dreads the Fire. 'Tis Wanting Many times, whether it be in Opinion, or in Travelling, that lets a man Righ in his Judgement, and brings him into the way. The Dog running away with the Flet, Does as good as bid the Cook look Better to another Time.

A Dog and a Sheep. See Fable and Moral 29.
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**FAB. LX.**

A Wolf, a Lamb, and a Goat.

A Wolf was following a Goat. 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 Naffy Stinking Goat! Well, says the Lamb, but my Mother has Place for me here for my Security; and you'd fain 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 Foolish Enemy, on the Other, in Oppression to That Command, Disobedience would be Undoubtedly the Ready Way to Destruction.

**Reflection.**

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 what they are, and all they should have withdrawn the Lamb; or the People, from their Religion and Allegiance, and gotten them out of the Pale, and Precedence of their Parents and Governors, they'll make a Feat of them Themselves. What's the Wheeling of the Lamb out of the Station where Authority had Place to him, to go home again for a Belly full of Sweet Milk, but a State Trick of Invading the Multitude into a Feels Paradis, without Underhanding One word of the Matter in Question! But some Lambs are Wiser and Honester than some Men: And this Very Lamb's Answer might have been the Mouth of a Good Christian, and a Good Subject. For a Conclusion; The Wolves Preaching to the Sheep, and the Feats Preaching to the Geese, hold forth the same Moral.

**FAB. LXI.**

A Cat and Venus.

A Young Fellow that was Passionately in Love with a Cat, made if his Humble Suit to Venus to turn a Puss into a Woman. The Transformation was wrought in the Twinkling of an Eye, and Out she comes, a Very Buckf bem Lady. The Doting Swain took her home to his Bed, and had Fair for a Letter to his Friends; But as the Loving Couple lay Snuggling together, a Toy took Venus in the Head, to try if the Cat had Change'd her Manners with her Shape; and so for Experiment, turn'd 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 to Have an Affront, that she turn'd the Madam into a Puss again.

**The Moral.**

The Extravagant Transports of Love, and the Wonderful Forces of Nature, are incomparable; The One carries us Out of our Senses, and the Other brings us Back again.

**Reflection.**

This is to lay before us the Charms and Extravagances of a Blind Love. It Covers all the Imperfections, and Confiscates neither Quality, nor Merit. How many Noble Whores has it made, and how many Imperial Suors! And let the Deleth's be never so Grost, it either Palliates, or Exceiveth them. The Woman Leaping at the Mouse, tells us all how Impossible it is to make Nature change her Base, and that if one takes her out at the Doors, she'll come in at the Windows. Here's the Image of a Wild and Fantastic Love, under the Cover of an Extravagant a Fable, and in all but Fancy at least, for men do not see, or Take, or Find the Thing they Love, but they Create it. They Edifie an Idol, in what Figure or Shape they please; Set it up, Worship it, Dote upon it; Pursue it; and in fine, you Mad fool. How many Paupers have we seen in the World, Ridiculous enough to Answer Cat into a Woman, and for that Culy again to take That Cat for a Woman: What is it Left now, for a Pop to Form an Idea of the Woman be Let this Suffer for the Imputations, and Illusions of That Passion. We are further given to Understand, that No Counteriet is so Sturdy, and so Equally Drawn, but Nature by Stunts will thre2l her Self though it's for Puss, even when she's a Madam, will be a Mustier still. To the Same Thing with a Hypocrite, which is only a Devil dealeup with a Ray about him, and Transform'd into an Angel of Light. Take him it the Lands in his way, he Shall Leap at the Sunlight from the very Throne of his Glory, as Puss did at the Mouse; and Pick your Pocket, as a French Foot Leaf at a Toff, in the Middle of his Paternoster.
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Fab. LXII.

A Father and his Sons.

I t was the Happ of a very Honest Man to be the Father of a Contentious Brood of Children. He call'd for a Rod, and had '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 snapt it all to pieces. This (says he) is the True Emblem of Your Condition. Keep Together and Your Safe; Divide, and Your Undone.

The Moral.
The Breach of Unity puts the World, and all that's in't into a State of War, and turns Every Man's Hand against his Brothers, but so long as the Band holds, 'tis the Strength of All the Several Parts of it Gather'd into One.

Reflection.
This is to Intimate the Force of Union, and the Danger of Division. What has it been but Division that has Expos'd Christians 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 Bulls do by the Impulse of an Animal Instinct. For they, we see, will make Head, One and All against a Common Enemy; whereas the Generality of Mankind Pecking at One Another, till One by One, they are all Turn to Pieces, Never considering (with the Father here) the Necessity and Strength of Union.

Fab. LXIII.

A Laden Ass and a Horse.

As a Horse 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 Horse would not; and so his Fellow-Servant sunk under his Load. The Master, upon This, had the Ass Flay'd, and laid his Whole Pack, Skin and All, upon the Horse. Well, (says 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 Afford One Another.

Reflection.
The Bodies of the World, is more or less, the Burthen of Every Man that lives in't: And if the Great and the Small do not Joy in One Common Assistance, 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 takecare One of Another.

We have here set forth the Mischief of Ill Nature, and Improvidence, both in One; and the Folly of not Heeding the Duty, as well as the Common Necessity of Helping One Another. [This is None of My Business!] We cry: never considering, that in Things Requisite to be done, What One Cannot, Another Must. Bedecke, that in the Café of a Fellow-Servant, or an Honest Neighbour, I am as much bound to give him a Cup of Drink, as a Heavy Burthen, as I am to give him a Cup of Drink, or a Morbid 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 Certaining off That Link of the Chain. But the Musters and Calamities that follow upon departing from the Known Rules and Manner of Political Order, are sufficient to Enlighten us in the Reason of Political Methods, and There's the Duty of Civility, and the Foundations of Governing Prudence. Bedecke, that we are likewise Mord't of a Sense of Tenderness, Honour and Justice.

The Churlish Humour of this Story is too much the Humour of Mankind, even in the Café 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 Fellow, 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 falls, 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 House 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 Thrush and a Swallow.

A my dear Mother! says the Thrush, Never had any Creature such a Friend as I have, of this same Swallow. No, says he; nor ever any Mother such a Fool to her Son as I have, of this same Thrush: To talk of a Friendship betwixt People that cannot so much as live together in the same Climate and Season. One is for the Summer, Tother 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, Matches, Societies, Fraternities, Friendships, Partnerships, Commerce, and All Manner of Civil Dealings and Contracts, to have a Strick Regard to the Humane, the Nature, and the Disposition of Those we have to do withall.

REFLEXION.

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 Unitng Those that Nature it self has Divided. And this Caution holds good in all the Bagges of a Sober Man's Life; as Marriage, Studi, Pleasures, Society, Commerce, and the like: 'Tis in some Sort, with Friends (Pardon the Courtesies of the Illustration) as it is with Dogs in Couples. They should be of the Same Size, and Humour, and That which pleases the One should Fieate the Other; But if they Draw Several Ways, and if One be too Strong for Tother, they'll be ready to Hang themselves upon Every Gate, or Style they come at. This is the Moral of the Friendship betwixt a Thrush and a Swallow, that can never Live together.

FAB. LXVI.

A Pidger and a Pigeon.

A Country Pidger was making a Shoot at a Pigeon; he trod upon a Snake that Bit him by the Leg. The Surprise Startled him, and away flew the Bird.

The Moral.

We are to Distinguish betwixt the Benefits of Good Will, and those of Providence: For the Latter are immediately from Heaven, where no Human Intervention Intercedes.

REFLEXION.

The Mischief that we Medicate to Others, falls commonly upon our Own Heads, and Ends in a Judgment, as well as a Disappointment. Take it Another Way, and it may serve to Mind us how Happily People are Divered Many Times from the Execution of a Malicious Design, by the Grace and Goodness of a Preventing Providence. A Pidger's not taking Fire may save the Life of a Good Man; and the Innocent Pigeon had Dy'd, if the Special Snake had not Broken the Pidger's Aim. That is to say: Good may be drawn out of Evil, and a Body's Life may be Save'd without having any Obligation to his Preferer.

FAB. LXVII.

A Trumpeter taken Prisoner.

Upon the Rout of an Army there was a Trumpeter made a Prisoner, and as the Soldiers were about to Cut his Throat; Gentlemen, (says he) Why should you Kill a Man that Kills No Body? You shall Die the rather for That; cry's out of the Company, for being so Mean a Rascal, as to Set other People together by the Ears without Fighting your Self.

The Moral.

Evil that Provokes and Invites Mischief is the Door of it. 'Tis the Man that Kills Mr, the Bullets is only a Pistal Instrument to serve his End that Directs it.

K
REFLEXION.

This is to Reprove Thofe (according to the old Moral) that Set up Men in Power to do Publiek Mischiefs, which is much Worse than any Man’s Doing a Pribate One Himself: And only a Safer Way of Committing greater Outrages.

The Trumpeter’s Plea is fo to Arrange a Shuffle here, that an Incendiarie at the Bar, or in the Pulpit, has as much to say for Himfelf: He that Courtof, Encourages, or Abets a Mischief, Does it. The Seditionary Lawyer, or Divining, tells No body with his own Hand, but by a False God, perhaps, upon a Law, or a Text, he may Cufce Ten Thousand Swords to be Drawn, without Spilling One Drop of Blood immediately Himfelf. Shall any Man now, that Wilfully, and Maliciously, procures the Cutting of whole Armies to Pieces, fit up for an Innocent? As if the Lives that were taken away by his Infligition, were not to be Charged upon his Account. He that Covers Murder, Oppofition, Sieige, Rebellion, with a Cloak of Statute and Statutes, makes God and Government, Effectively the Authors of the Wickednefs: And Thofe are the Bait, and Wort of Broads, that Employ Travelling Mercenaries under them to do the Work.

What is This, but to Engage our Bibles, and our Law-Books in a Conspi- racy againft Themselves? Shall He that gives Fire to the Train, pretend to Walk his Hands of the Hurt that’s done by the Playing of the Mine? Vain and Corrupt Corruptions are as Catching as Powder; as Eafily Enflaved, and the Fire afterwards as Hard to be Quaff’d. That which a Man Cauéto be Done, he Does Himfelf, and in all a Law whether he does it by Practice, Precept, or Example. In One Word, He that knows the Follies of the Mobile is Answerable for the Following Confuguration. When the Men of the Long Robe have once Preach’d the People to Fender, the Loath Spark foys them a Fire: fo that they have no more to do than to Inculcate the Doctrine of Diabolical, and fo leave the Multitude to chew upon’t. A Trumpeter in the Pulpit is the very Emblem of a Trumpeter in the Field: and the Lance Charge holds Good against Both. Only the Spiritual Tran- peters are the more Perimious Instrument of the Two; for the Latter ferves only to Rouze the Courage of the Soldiers without any Doctrine of Application upon the Text, whereas the former infics Faince over and above, and Preaches Deaths and Damnation, Both in One, and gives ye the very Chapter and Verse for’t.

FAB. LXVIII.

A Dog and a Wolf.

There was a Haggard Carrion of a Wolf, and a Jolly Sort of a Gentle Dog, with Good Fieh upon his Back, that fell into Company together upon the King’s High-Way. The Wolf was wonderfully pleas’d with his Companion, and as Inquisitive to Learn how he brought himself to That Bleffed State of Body. Why, says the Dog, I keep my Master’s House from Thieves, and I have very Good Meat, Drink, and Lodging for my pains.

Now if you’ll goalong with Me, and do as I do, you may fare as I fare. The Wolf Struck up the Bargain, and fo away they Traveled together: But as they were Jogging on, the Wolf spy’d a Bare Piece about the Dog’s Neck, where the Hair was worn off. Brother, says he, hoow comes this I prethee? Oh, That’s Nothing, says the Dog, but the Freezing of my Collar a little. Nay, says the other, if there be a Collar in the Cafe, I know Better Things than to fay my Liberty for a Crust.

The Moral.

We are fo Dand’d with the Glare of a Splendid Appearance, that we can hardly Difparj the Inconveniences that attend it. ‘Tis a Comfort to have Good Meat and Drink at Command, and Warm Lodging: But Fie! that fells for Freedom for the Cramping of his Guts, has but a Hard Bargain of it.

REFLEXION.

In this Emblem is set forth the Refting of Liberty, and the Sordid Meanness of false Wretchés that sacrifice their Freedom to their Lusts, and their Palates. What Man in his Right Senses, that has whereabouts to Live Free, would make himfelf a Slave for Superfluities! The Wolf would have been well enough Content to have Eater’d away a Rugged Coat, and a Raw-Bon’d Carcafe, for a Smooth and a Fat One; but when they come to talk of a Collar once, away, Marlows, He or His Old Trade in the Woods again, and makes the Better Choice of the Two.

To speak to the First Part, we are liable to be Impos’d upon by Out- sides and Appearances, 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 Reprood of Edgar Apparent, and Our Hasty Judgments, that will give themfelves time to Baffle Accounts, and Compute beforehand, whether they are to get or Lose by the Bargain. It holds as well again Intemperate Curiosities, and Ruthful Judges. That is to fay, against the Folly of the One, and the Wickednefs of the Others; for if we come once to take Erel for Good, our very Players are turn’d into Jests: But what with a Certain Flock of Prying into, and Meddling with Other Peoples Matters, and a Natural Loveliness that puts us upon Shifting and Changing, we fell Indubitably into a Thousand Inconveniences; and when it comes to That Case, that we find our Felves Ugly at Home, and no Refling Place in our Own Thoughts, (where Reft is Only to be had,) we are glad to run away from our Selves, and Hone about (for where He never to be found, This is the Common Root of all our Wandering and Errors. We Spend our Time, and our Peace, in Pursuit of Things which Cannot Refi our Busi- ness, and which will Certainly Deteriorate us. This is it, and Thus it must be, so long as we take Every thing by a Wrong Hand, and only Calculate upon our Own Masterliness, without any Allowance for the Comforts that we Enjoy; And so reckons upon our Neighbor’s Enjoyment as the Other’s. But without any Knowledge of the Hardships that They Endure. Oh, that I had such a Palaver! Says One, Such an Eflay’d Sack’d Reformer! This Ought I Train! That Lovely Woman, Sir. Nay, the Enrages Fronts Defcends to the very Point, and
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new Thetie Curiosities may be Spacious Enough in the Contemplation; but what of This House, at the Foot of the Acoume, should Prove to be Haunted, That Gay Furniture Borrow'd? Too Fine Woman Clapt; The Curie of Sacrilege cleaving to such an Inheritance, and all the rest of the Owe of Fools, perhaps Usurp'd for? (to their Inconveniences are No New Things in Nature.) Who would not rather take up with the Wolf in the Woods again, than make such a Clatter in the World upon Thee Scandalous Condition?

For the Obviating of All Cases of this Quality, Children should be Early Instructed, according to their Age and Capacity, in the True Estimation of Things, by Opposing the Good to the Evil, and the Evil to its Good; and Compounding or Qualifying One Thing with Another. What's Plenty without Health? What's Ease without Plenty? And what's Title and Greatness, with Carking Thoughts, and a Troubled Mind to Attend it? What does The 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 Manifold, and to All manner of Purposes Profitful; 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 Æsop is so Tender of, it is to be Understood of the Freedom of the Mind: A Freedom to Adress the Motions of Right Reason; and a Freedom, in fine, not to be Parted with for All the Sensual Satisfactions under the Sun. It is, I say, a Freedom under Those Limits which there should be that without a Violence to the Order of the Universe, and to the Duties 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 above Them: But the Cafe wherein All men are upon the Behaviour is not here the Question. To Wind up the Mael, in short: Liberty is a Jewel and a Blessing. The Wolf was well enough pleased here with the State of the Dog's Body, but he had no fancy to his Collar.

The MORAL.

There's No Contending with Necessity, and we should be very Tender how weynish That to Submit to. To one thing, to be as Liberal to do whose Would Loose Another Thing to be as Ready as we Must.

REFLEXION.

This is a Common Thing for a Master to Sacrifice a Servant to his Own Ease, and Intered, but there's No Meddling with Men of That Inhuman Nature, where the Domestike, how Faithful soever, can never be Secure. This is according to the Old Morals, but not without some Force (in My Opinion at least) to the Natural Instinct of the Fable. The Farmer has no Liberty of Choice before him, but either to do what he does, or to Perish: And in so Doing, (with all respect to the Rules of Honesty) he does what his Duty, without any way Incurring the Charter of an Ill Natura Man, or a Cried Master. But there may be also Another Doctrine arise from this Which, That in Cases of Extreme Difficulty, the Laws of Convenience, and Ordinary Practice must give place to the Laws of Necessity.

This was the Naked Truth of the Farmer's Cafe.

A Camel at First Sight.

U pon the First Sight of a Camel, All people ran away from it, in Amazement at so Monstrous a Beasts. 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 Beasts it was, they Try'd it, Bristled it, Loaded it with Packs and Burdens; Set Boys upon the Back o't, and Treated it with the Last Degree of Contempt.

A Fox and a Lion.

A Fox had the hap to fall into the Walk of a Lion, (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 Still; but Nothing to What he was Before.
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The moral.

There's no Contending with necessity, and we should be very tender how we confute those that would pettifog. It's one thing to be at liberty to do what we would do from a thing to be so a thing to do what we would.

Reflexion.

'Tis a common thing for a master to sacrifice a servant to his own ease, and interest; but there's no meddling with men of that inhospitable humour, where the domestiques, how faithful soever, can never be secure.

This is according to the old moral; but not without some force (in my opinion at least) to the natural laws of the Fable. The farmer has no liberty of choice before him, but either to do what he does, or to perish; and in so doing, (with all respect to the rules of honesty) he does but his duty; without any way injuring the character of an ill-natured man, or a cruel master. But there may be also another doctrine raised from it, which is, That in cases of extreme difficulty, the laws of convenience, and ordinary practice must give place to the laws of necessity. This was the naked truth of the farmer's case.

Far. LXX.

A camel at first sight.

Upon the first sight of a camel, all people ran away from it; 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 it, 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, bridled it, loaded it with packs and burdens; set boys upon the back of it, and treated it with the last degree of contempt.

Far. LXXI.

A fox and a lion.

A fox had the hap to fall into the Walk of a lion; (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 frightful still; but nothing to what he was before.
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Before. 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 Acquaintance with him.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

Novelties Surprise us, and we have Naturally a Horrour for Strange, Mysterious, Mysterious, or something that surprises us, for upon Cusan and Experience, All these Things grow Familiar, and Easy to us.

REFLEXION.

Things that at first seem Terrible, become Easy to us when we are Wonted to them, say the Old Metall, 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 to 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 not only Seem Terrible, but are found upon Experience to be more Dangerous than we took them for; as in the Strength, the Nimbleness, the Fireproofness and the Appetite of a Lion. These are Things, I say, that the Better we Know them, the More we Dread them: So that though we have Prepossessions, as well where there is No Peril, as where there is. Yet Time Teaches us to Distinguish the One from the Other. The Allusion would much better be held in the Case of a Bastard, where the Soldier grows Every day less apprehensive of the Hazards, by seeing so many People Escape; and by Comparing upon the Disproportion of Those that Outline 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 Prophecy 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 Unusual Deformity of the Camel. But I could With, the Fox had been More and More afraid of the Lion, the other he Saw him; and the Doctrine would then have been to Govern our Passions by those Truth and Reason of Things, not by Appearance; but it holds however, that Curosus gives a Great Way in Making Matters Indifferent to us. ’Tis much the same with a Fox too, forwade the People, and Puss, Lion, and All of State, that is here bewrists the Fox and the Lion. Men look upon the First Opening of a Publick Fall, as if Heaven and Earth were going together; Not a Shop Open, The Streets Quiver, and so Difmal a Countenans Every where, as if it were to Rain Fire and Brimstone the Next Moment. The Second Day is a Little Uneasy too, but not half so Frightful as the Former: and it in Ten or Twelve days more, the Air goes quite off, and the People come to their Wits, and fall to their Trade again, without any further Heed to the Matter.

FAB. LX.XII.

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 Brithwood, and the Other Timber’d upon a Tree hard by. The Eagle, One Day when the Fox was abroad a Foraging, fell into his Quarters and carry’d away a Whole Litter of Cubs at a Sweep. The Fox came time enough back to see the Eagle upon Wing, with his Prey in the Foot, and to lend many a Heavy Curle after her; but there was No overrating her: It happen’d in a very Short time after this, upon the Sacrificing of a Goat, that the same Eagle made a Snatch at a piece of Flibb upon the Altar, and the took it away to her Young: But some Live-Coles it seems, that Stuck to, set the Neft a fire. The Birds were not as yet Fledg’d 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 Blood Gaping under the Tree to see the End of: 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 Freelies to Himself the Punishment of Faithfuls, and Oppressing Governours, and the Vindication of his Own Werufep and Altars.

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 Sooner, or Later, Vengeance will Overcome Oppressors. It does likewise Condemn Treachery, and breach of Faith, even toward the most Fervous. The Morality of This Fiction looks several Ways. Here’s first a League between an Eagle and a Fox; which would be a most insipid and trivial Alliance, if it were not in the case of that Princeful Birds Departure from the Dignity of her Character, and from the Obligation of Royal Justice: So that Aesop has aptly enough Match’d a Faith-Breaking Prince with a Perfidious Subject, and Fancy’d a Knave’s Favourite, as the Fervous Mini- ner for such a Governor. In the Eagles Destroying the Cubs Cubs, there’s Power Executed with Oppression, and the Curles of the Fox that Pur- fied the Oppressor, were not sent in Vain neither, as apposes by the Scul,
ÆSOP'S FABLES.

We are likewise to take Notice that Justice is Sacred, and that No Provocation, either of Insubordinate Language, or Behaviour, can Warrant the Violation of it.

And it is further Suggested to us, that when People are in a Train of Wickedness, One Sin Treads upon the Heel of Another. The Eagle begins with an Intimation upon the Rights of Hospitality, and Common Faith, and at the Next Step Advances to Sacrilege, in Robbing the Altar. And what follows upon it now, but a Divine Judgment, that lets fire to her Nest, and Avenge the Cause of the very Fox, though One of the Fullest of Creatures! From hence we are to Gather These Two Doctrines for our Instruction. First, That the Meditations of Temporal Sovereign Powers are subjected only to the Animal's vacation of the supreme Lord of the Universe. And Secondly, That in the Case of Tyranny it is, it is not for Private Men to pretend to any Other Appeal.

FAB. LXXIII.

A Husbandman and a Stork.

A Poor Innocent Stork had the Ill Hap to be taken in a Net that was laid for Goose and Crane. The Storks Plac for her Self was Simplicity, and Piety: The Love the bore to Man kind, and the Service he did in Picking up of Venemous Creatures. This is all True, says the Husbandman; But They that keep Ill Company, if they be Charg'd with 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 (over and above the Contagion of Bad Examples) for as Birds of a Feather will Flock together, so of the Good and the Bad be taken together, they must Expect to go the Way of All Flesh together.

REFLEXION.

This is to bid men have a Care what Company they keep; for when the Good and Bad are Taken together, they must Go together. Not but that a man may lie under some Obligation of Duty and Respect, to Villain, Earl, and Correspond with Many People that he does not like. And this may be well enough don't too; provided it be out of Decency, Discretion, or Good Manners, rather than upon Choice and Inclination. We cannot Honestly let a Civil Enemy into a Town that's Belong'd, or hold any Fear of Intelligence with him (though hot in a Bare Curiosity) about the Affairs of the Garrison. Let a man Consider now, how much more Dangerous, and Unwarrentable it is to take an Enemy into our Souls, than into our Forts. With all Honour yet to a Brave Adversary, apart from his Cause.

FAB. LXXIV.

A Boy and False Alarms.

A Shepherd's Boy hadotten a Roguy Trick of crying ['tis 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 Jest, that they would not Believe him at first when he was in earnest: And so the Wolves Brake in upon the Flock, and Worry'd the Sheep at Pleasure.

The MORAL.

'tis must be a very Wise Man that knows the True Bounds, and Measures of Fooling, with a respect to Time; but Masters, Persons, &c. But Religion, Business, and Causes of Consequence must be Excepted out of That Sort of Liberty.

REFLEXION.

A Common Lyre (calls the Old Moral) shall not be Believ'd, even when he speaks True: But there's a Great deal more in't, of which hereafter.

There's not One Man of a Thousand that Understands the Juif, the Scribe, Warranteed, Decent, and Precise Limits, of that which we call Bantering, or Fooling; But it is either too Courtsy, too Rude, too Churlish, too Social. Now the Loaf Error or Mistake in the Management of This Humour, lays People Open to Great Cruelty, and Reproach. 'Tis 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 Transcend the True, and
and Fair Allowances of Wit, Good Nature, and Good Breeding. The Skill and Faculty of Governing This Freedom within the Terms of Sobriety and Delineation, Goes a Great Way in the Character of an Agreeable Conversation; for That which we call Railing, in This Sense, is the very Source of Good Nature, even in Matters the most Serious, the Good Humor Flatters, for want of Refreshment and Relief: But there's a Medium yet between Old Fool, and Old Philosopher. I mean, a Proper and a Direct Mixture, that in Some Particulars both, and renders Wisdom it self more Graceful, and Effectual for it. The Custom, in Short, of the One, is Evil, and with the Spirit and Quickness of the Other; and the Gaiety of a Diverting Word serves as a Vehicle to Convey the Force of the Intent, and Meaning of it: But the Main drift of all of this Fable, is to shew us the Dangerous Consequences of an Improper and an Unfavourable Mixture: With All Respect however to the Ornament and Advantage of a Fanciful Freedom of Expression, within the Compuls of Sobriety and Honesty. To Conclude; The Shepherd's Boy went too far upon the Fable, that he did not Understand.

**F A B. LXXV.**

An Eagle and a Daw.

An Eagle made a Sop at a Lamb; Trufed it, and took it Cleverly away with her. A Mimical Daw, that law this Exploit, would needs try the same Experiment upon a Ram: But his Claws were so Shackled in the Pleece with Logging to get him up, that the Shepherd came in, and Caught him, before he could Clear Himself: He clipped his Wings, and carried him Home to his Child to Play withal. They came Gaping about him, and ask'd his Father what Strange Bird that Was? Why, says he, He'll tell you Himself that he's an Eagle; but if you'll take My Word for it, I know him to be a Daw.

**The Moral.**

'Tis a High Degree of Vanity and Folly, for Men to take More upon them than they are able to go through without; And the End of Their Undertakings is only Mortuary and Disappointment in the Conclusion.

**Reflection.**

The Vain and Dangerous to Enter into Competition with our Superiors, in What Kind soever, whether it be in Art, Letters, Experiments, Strength of Body, Arts and Sciences, or the like. 'Tis Impracticable for any Man, in fine, to take a True Measure of Another, without an Exact Knowledge and a True Judgment of Himself. Nay the Example of any thing is above our Force; with Vanity, and Pudgament, most certainly ends in a Mis

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A Dog in a Stranger.

Charlith Envious Gar was goeso into a Stranger, and there lay Growling and Snarling to keep the Hosts from their Provender. The Dog Eat None himself, and yet rather Ventred the Starving his Own Carcasse than he would suffer any thing elie to be the Better for't.

**The Moral.**

Every pretends to No Other Happines than what it derives from the Mercy of Other People, and will rather Eat Nothing is left then Starve itself that Would.

**Reflection.**

We have but too many Men in the World of This Dog's Hoonours, that will rather Punish Themselves, than not be Troublesome and Noxious to Others. There's an Envy of Good Things too as well as of Good Men; but this Fable is so well known that it is Moraliz'd in a Common Proverb. If some Men might have their Wills the very Sun in the Firmament should withdraw his Light, and they would submit to Live in Perpetual Darkness Themselves, uppon Condition that the rest of the World might do so for Company. Whosever their Neighbour Gets They Life, and the very Bread that One Eats makes the other Moaner which is the Genuine Moral of the Fable. There is in this Malevolence, somewhat of the Punishment, as well as of the Sense of the Damned: They take Day, Light in Other Peoples Miseries, and at the same Time are their Own Torturers. This Diabolical Envy 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 Supercesive Ill Must not suffer to be This Execrable Paffion. No Man should Eat, Live, or Breath Common Air if he could hinder it: To the Destruction of his Life, and the Delight of his Soul to Bield all Sorts of Honest Men, and not only to biffen their Characters, and their services, but to Range them in the Number of Publick Enemies: And he had Twenty times rather for the Government Sake, than have it thought that any Hand but his Own should have a Part in the Honour of Saving it. Now He that betray's his Master for Eggs, will never fail of doing it for Money; For
Aesop's FABLES

For the Gratifying of this Canke'd Malice is but Another way of fel-
ing him, Only the Spirit is Antecedent and Subservient to the Corruption.
But this Care Every is not Altogether the Envy of the Dog in the Fable. For there's a Mixture of Avarice and Interest in the Former, whereas the Other is a Spotted Malice purely for Michael-faile. The Dog will rather Starve himself than the One shall Eats; but the Courter will be sure to Look to One whoever else goes to the Devil.

F a B. LXXVII.

A Sheep and a Crow.

There was a Crow that 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 Confer Whom I have to do with-
all. I can be as Quiet as any body with Those that are Quarrel-
some, and I can be as Troublesome as Another too, when I meet
with Those that will Take it.

The M O R A L.

'Tis the Nature and Practice of Drolls and Buffoons, to be Injurious
toward Those that will be Ires, and as Slight as Others that are more
than their Match.

R E F L E X I O N.

'Tis No New Thing, for an Innocent Simplicity to be made the Sport
of Bantering Drolls, and Buffoons. This is to tell 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 farther to keep this Check upon the Injurious, that there are
Others as much too Hard for Them, as They are for Those that they
Oppress. This Crow is much of the Humour of the Mob. They are
Tongue Valiant, 's True, and as Bold as Atehado 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 Guide of the World, God Threatens Kings, (as Dr. Dods has it)
Kings Lords, & Lords of Us. He that's a Tyrant over One Man is a Slave
unto Another.

F a B. LXXVIII.

A Camel Praying for Horns.

T it hath in the Camel's Sotnach, that Bulls, Stags, Lion,
Bears, and the like, should be Armed with Horns, Teeth, and
Claws, and that a Creature of his Size Should be Left Naked and
Defenseless. Upon This Thought he fell down upon his Marrow-
bones, and begg'd of Jupiter to give him a pair of Horns, but
the Request was to Ridiculous, that Jupiter, instead of Granting him,
Ordered him to Crops, and so Punish'd him with the Lots of his
Ears which Nature had Allow'd him, for being so Unrea-
sonable as to Ask for Horns, that Providence never intended
him.

F a B. LXXIX.

A Fox and a Hare to Jupiter.

A Fox and a Hare Presented a Petition to Jupiter. The Fox
pray'd for the Hare's Swiftness of Foot, and the Hare for
the Fox's Craft, and Wyliness of Address. Jupiter told them,
that since every Creature had some Advantage or Other Peculiar
to it self, it would not stand with Divine Justice, that had pro-
vided so well for Every one in Particular, to Confer All upon
any One.

F a B. LXXX.

A Peacock to Juno.

The Peacock, they say, laid it Extremely to Heart, that
being Juno's Darling-Bird, he had not the Nightingale's
Voice super-added to the Beauty of his own Feates. Upon This
Subject he Petition'd his Patroness, who gave him for Answer,
that Providence had Allow'd Every Bird its Proportion, and so bad
him Content himself with his Lot.

The M O R A L of the Three FABLES above.

The Beauties of Heaven are in such manner Distributed, that Every Living
Creature has its Share; though, that to Disire Things against Nature,
is Effectually to Blame the very Anchor of Nature is just.

R E.
The Fables

Fable LXXXI

An Old Weazel and Mice.

An old Weazel that was now almost past Mousting, try'd what she could do by her Wits, when she found she could live no longer upon the Square, and so Conveys her self into a Mow-Tab for the Mice to come to her, since she could not go to them. They came thick and threefold for a time, as she expected they should, till at last, One Experience'd Sager that had baffled Twenty Traps and Tricks Before, Discover'd the Plot, and quite Spoy'd the Jeft.

The Moral.

The Want of Force, Strength, and other Abilities to compass our Ends must be supplied by Industry and Invention.

Reflection.

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 Fudges too, and Double Dealers: and after that, Discovery, there's no Pulling the same Trick upon the mice and at last here over again. A Body would think now that Reasonable Creatures should at least have the Wits of a Vermin: and not run their Nicks over and over into the same Noose: But in Defpite of Claps and Surfeits, Men we see will be Whoring and Fuddling on still. And the same Bait of Liberty and Property will lave for the Common People in salvation. Even after they have been Choak'd, begg'd, and payd with it have Hundred times before.

Fable LXXXII

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 Present of the Fruit on't. He lik'd the Apples to very well, that Nothing would serve him but Transplanting the Tree into his Own Grounds. It Wishes mildly 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 Gratifie an Extra-

Aesop's Fables
Aesop's FABLES.

vagant Appetite: Whereas if I could have Contencted 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 Biases, or Inverting the Methods of Providence. Irregular Defies 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 Perpendicular Marches for the Purpose; For Marrying is but a kind of Transplanting, and an Old Fellow with a Young Wench, may very well pass for a Counterpart of This Fable.

Far. LXXXIII.

A Fox and a Goat.

A Fox and a Goat were down by Content into a Well to Drink, and when they had quench'd their Thirst, the Fox 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 fell upon your Hinder Legs with your Fore Feet Cloze to the Wall, and then flretch out your Head; I can easily whip up to your Horns, and so 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 so 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 Joke. If you had but half so much Brain as Beard, says he, you would have beheld your fell how to get up again before you were down.

The MORAL.

A Wise Man will Debate Every Thing Pro and Con, before he combs to Fix upon any Resolution. He knows Nothing to Chance more than Need's must. There must be No blustering out of Season.

Far. LXXXIV.

Cocks and a Partridge.

Cook-Master bought a Partridge, and turn'd it among his Fighting Cocks, for them to feed together. The Cocks beat the Partridge away from their Meat, which the Lay'd the more to Heart, because it look'd like an Aversion to her purely as a Stranger. But the Partridge finding That very Cocks afterwards, curting One another to pieces, the comforted her self with This Thought, that She had no Reason to expect they should be Kinder to Her, than they were to One Another.

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The MORAL.

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

REJECTION.

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 Evil Nature, as we do between Violences in Hot Blood, and Theft of Deliberate Spite and Intention; which we find in the Common Cases of Malicious, 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't, there's No Remedy but Patience. The Gods 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 Troublesome to Other People as well as to One Another.

FAB. LXXXV.

A bragging 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 Achievements and Adventures in his Travels; and particularly he told of a Leap he took at Rhodes, that Nobody there could come within Six Foot on't. Now this (says he) I am able to Prove by severall Witnesses upon the Place. If this be True (saying one of the Company) there's No Need of going to Rhodes for Witness: Do but You fancy this to be Rhodes, and then you'll be the Leap.

The MORAL.

Travellers have a Sort of Privilege to Romane it in, and to Tell Stories so large, and for Those that Doubt the Truth of the Matter, they had as better put it over than go to Disprove it.

REJECTION.

'Tis Fools to Appeal to Witness for the Proof of any thing, when 'tis not a Public Matter, whether the Fact in Question be True or False; and so it is also to talk of Proofs that are not within Call: But Van Bouffors are Naturally Impertinent; for they Talk at Random, without any Regard to Truth and Judgment. There may be a Double Life made of this Fable: First, as a Directive to Those that spend their Time in Idle Company: Secondly, as a Caution to Those that are Tainted with this Levity, not to make Themselves Ridiculous any longer. Nature has given upon the Tongue of That Man's Tongue, that will be always telling Stories with an [I told this,] and [I told that,] Travellers, they say, may lie by Authority; and yet our Traveller's Privilege here was not sufficient to Protect him in his Vanity from Making Sport to the Company.

FAB. LXXXVI.

An Impostor to the Oracle.

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 something in my Hand says he, Is it Dead or Living? If the Oracle should say 'twas Dead, he could flew it Alive; If Living, 'twas but fleeceing it, 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.

Pretexting leads People to Insecurity in a Truce, and by Inseparable Decrees to Ambition; for when a Man has once call'd off a Reverence for Religion, they are come within One Step of Languishing in it.

REJECTION.

'This Points at the Folly and Wickedness of Those Men that think to play Faust and Loofe with God Almighty, who sees the very Thoughts of our Hearts. This way of Fooling in Holy Things is much a Bolder Sort of Iniquity, than it is commonly Taken for. He that pretends to Doubt of an All-knowing Power, has as much Right to Doubt of an Almighty Power too, and the bringing of One Attribute to 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 Act in Religious Matters, so as to Own, and to Recognize the Force, and Aims of the Devil in their Actions, as well as in their Words: But when they come to Bawling and Bawling, upon't, with an [If it be so and so:] The Scandal of the Supposition is not to be Bent: for such a Way of Seeming to Affirm a Thing, is but one Remove from a Flat Denial of it. Such was the Impulse Question here to the Oracle: which Implies both the Doubt of a Divine Omniscience, and a Consequence to Disprove the Truth of the Matter, with a Raster at the End on't; and so makes a Condemnation Wickedness.
Aesop's FABLES.

FA B. LXXXVII.

A Woman and a Fat Hen.

A Good Woman had a Hen that laid her Every Day an Egg; Now the 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 Experiment; but the Hen grew Fat upon't, and gave quite over Laying.

The MORAL.

Eats that has a Great Deal already, and would have More, will never think to have enough till it be lost All; and that's Impossible: wherefore we should for Bounds to our Desires, and Content our Selves when we are Well, for Fear of Losing what we had.

REFLEXION.

Here's a Figure of the Folly, and the Midst of Vain Delights, and an Immoderate Love of Riches. Covetousness is enough to make the Miser of the World as Poor as He that has Purl. Nothing; for a Man may be brought to a Miser of Bread, by Getting, as Well as by Prostitution. 'Tis a Miser of a Body that has enough already, to Hazard All for the Getting of More, and then upon the Misadventure to leave himself Nothing. This was the Woman's Cafe and Fault here. In Few Words, there's a Just Medium between Eating too much, and too Little; and this Dame has Undoubtedly Hit upon't, when the Matter was so Order'd, that the Hen brought her Every Day an Egg. But when she came to Enlarge the Hen Allowance for her own Profit, Upon an Opinion that more Corn would Produce more Eggs, her Avarice misled her into a Disappointment, which was both a Judgment upon the Sin in the Lots of what she had before, and an Error in the very Point of Measure. And Good Husbandry is for Repletion Obstructs the most Necessary Offices of Nature.

FAB. LXXXVIII.

A Man Bit by a Dog.

One that was Bitten by a Dog, was Advis'd, as the Best 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 ye've a mind to Draw All the Dogs in the Town upon me; For that will Certainly be the End on't, when they shall find themselves Rewarded instead of Punish'd.
Aesop's Fables

Fab. XC.

A Thunny and a Dolphin.

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

Fab. 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 Blew a Dreadful Storm, and when the Vessel was just ready to be swallow’d up, One of ’em ask’d the Master, which part of the Ship would be First under Water; to 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.

In a Wretched Satisfaction, a Revengeful Man takes, even in the Losing of his own Life, provided that his Enemy may go for Company.

Reflection.

There is some Comfort in Company, even in a State of Adversity. Society is to Necessity, and Agreeable to Manhood in All Cases, that Death is Certainly the More Uneasy for a Man’s going alone into Another World; but the Contemplation Pointed at in this Fable, is that which an Envious Man takes in the Ruine of his Enemy. There is a Memorable Incidence to this Purpofe, of a Gentleman that had an Elate for Lives, and Two of his Tenants in the Lease: One of them Dies, and the Other defers his Landlord to lay Both Farms into One, and Accept of him for his Tenant. The Gentleman fairly Expects Himself, and away goes the Man in a Rage to his Wife; told her how it was, and Swore a Great Oath, that he would be Revenge’d of his Landlord. This was in Harwell-Town, and he went out next day to his Reapers, but they’d so long, that his Wife set 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 Poyson’d himself, and the Revenge upon his Landlord was the Defeating him of his Elate by Dethroying the Last Life in his Lease. In One Word, Revenge floops at Nothing that’s Violent and Wicked. It Divides the Dearth-Friends, Embroils Governments, and Teirs Families to Pieces. But to lay no more on’t. The Histories of All Ages are full of the Tragicall Outrage’s that have been Executed by this Diabolical Passion, befide, that it hurdieth People into a Brutal Contempe of Death, (as in the Fables above) where they may but see their Ene mies fall for Company.

Fab. XCVII.

A Fortune-Teller.

There was a kind of a Petty Conjuror, that made it his Profefion 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 furrs 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 came You to be so Good at telling Other Peoples Fortunes, and Know so little of your Own?

Fab. XCVIII.

A Cunning Woman.

A Certain Dame that had pass’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, the wai Taken up, Arraigned, Try’d, Convicted, Condemn’d to Die, and at last Executed for a Witch indeed. D’ye hear, Good Woman (says one to her, as she was upon the Way to her Execution) Are the Gods so much Fainter than 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. B. XCIV.

An Astrologer and a Traveller.

A certain Star-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 Counsel; Friend, says he, Make a Right Use 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 Superstitious Credulity on the Other, to the Setting up of a Fortune-Teller.

REFLEXION.

This serves for a Reproof to the Ignorance and Confidence of Figures, Phlogisters, and Star-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 the Fables strikes upon the Vanity and Arrogance of Empiricks, and Impostors Themselves, and upon the Folly of the Fond Believers of them. The Cacus holds the Fable against Unlawful Curiosities; Sickly, and Superstitious Fancies and Dreams; False-Bodings of No Luck; at the Crossing of a Hare, the Spilling of Salt, &c. This Humour, let it look never so Little, and Silly, (as it pulleth many times only for Erotique and Banter) is One yet of the most Pernicious Snares in Human Life, when it comes once to get Possession and to Gain Credit; Especially among Women and Children, where the Imagination is strong in the One, and the Disposition as Fain 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 Harkening after These Juggling Astrologers, Gypsies, Witches, Fortune-Tellers, Conjurors, Sooths, Using Women, &c. To lay Nothing of the Fooleries of Fortune-Tellers, and a Hundred other Vulgar Ways of Enquiry into the Event of Amours, Marriages, Life and Death, Travel, Play, or the like, which is all but a Tincture of the same Capital Infirmity. If these Pretenders were not better Supported by the Simplicity and Devotion of the Inquisitive Folks that Consult their Oculars, than they are by any Conjury of Promises and Conclusions, or by the Ordinary Way of Tracing Canals into their Effects, the Trade would not find so much Need for there's No Proportion at all between the Means, and the End. Not but that the Things they seem to Prophecy, come many times to pass; yet still the nearer the Mark in their Conjectures, the more dangerous is the Prophecy on the One Hand, and the more Dangerous is the Credulity on the Other: For Those People that take upon them to Resolve such Doubts, Scruples, and Difficulties, are as not be Known by any Natural Precedents of Reasoning: and these Men that will be Prying by Unwarrantable, and Forbidden Ways, into the Secret Councils of Almighty God, are Both Judged by Punishment: The One in Telling the Truth, and the Other in Hearing it; for it Havens the One in his Confidence, and Prejudice, and the Other in his Conspicacy, and Superstition; Over and above the Feats that are done by Conspiracy and Intelligence; for how shall any man pretend to tell Me my Fortune that knows nothing of his Own?

There are Murderers' and Smugglers' allies in State as well as in Science; Nay and perchance, the Vainers, the more Ignobles, and the more Mischievous of the Two; for All These Fables are Moralised in History, Practice, and Conversation, and the Fiction, March'd, at least, if not Outdone, in Matter of Fact. And Those Ordinary Errors have been made use of in All Ages too, as Tools of State; sometimes for the Government, Other while against it, as the Occasion lay forrell for the Game that was then a Playing. It goes a great Way, when Natural Curiosity, Vulgar Prejudice, and an Artificial Application of Active to Passive, shall be Affiliated with the Shame of Astrological Judgments and Calculations over and above; though without our Considerers here, their Ignorance and Prejudices lay them Open in the Conclusion, to the Scorns and Contemps of the Common People.

Aesop's FABLES.

FA. B. XCIV.

A Doctor and his Patient.

Pray Sir, How do ye Find your Self? says the Dr., to his Patient. Why truly, says the Patient; I have had a Violent Sweat. Oh the Bees Signs in the World quoth the Dr. And then a little while after he says it again, with a Great Pleasure of Find your Body? Alas, says the Doctor, I have just now Fitch a Terrible Jet of Horror and Shaking upon me! Why this is all as it should be, says the Physician, there's a Mighty Strength of Nature. And then he comes over him a Third time with the same Question again; Why I am all forell'd, says the Doctor, as if I had a Drop in my Body, Bees 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 to Well, says he, that I am e'en ready to Dye, of I know not how many Good Signs and Tokens.

The Moral.

A Death-bed Flattery is the Way of Treachery.
REFLEXION.

This gives us to Understand the Practice of the World, and that Flattery and Timely serving Enter us into the most Solemn Offices of Mankind. To Flatter Foolish Men into a Hope of Life where there is None at all, is much the same Thing with Betraying People into an Opinion, that they are in a Virtuous, and a Happy State, when they are Over-run with Passion, and Drunken their Souls. The One has the same Pernicious Effect upon our Minds, that the Other has upon our Bodies, for it makes us Careless of Both. There are Certain Decencies of Form, and Civility, 'tis true, that purely regard Matters of Conversation, and Good Manners; And these Respects ought to be Prefer'd; but Ceremonies of Mode and Complement, are mightily 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 Weals have their Dilemmas, Intermittences, and Pests, as well as Natural Bodies. And that a Glowing Council is as Dangerous on the One hand, as a Wheeling Priest, or a Flattering Physician is on the Other. There is hardly such another Pest in a Community, as a Corner of Parasites, that feed Government with False Representations and Reports of Men and of Things. They first Betray their Masters to Dignification and Ruine; and then when they find the Veil of Sinking, Save themselves in the Long Boat. So much the Better, quoth the Dollar, Ay, Ay, says the Empirical Statesman. That's as we'd have it. When at the same time the Dilemma is as Mortal to the Government, on the One hand, as to the Patient on the Other.

FAB. XCVI.

A Fowler and a Black-Bird.

A Fowler was Bending his Net, a Black-Bird call'd to him at a distance, and Ask'd him what he was doing. Why says he, I am laying the Foundations of a City; and if the Birds man draw out of Sight, The Black-Bird Mysterious Nothing, flew prefently to the Bait in the Net, 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 Shame so Great, but it will pass upon a Weak Man that is Pragmatically, and Inquisitive.
F A B. XCVIII.

A Boy and his Mother.

A School-Boy brought his Mother a Book that he had stole from One of his Fellow-Slaves. She was so far from correcting him for it, that she rather encouraged him. As he grew bigger, he would be full keeping his hand in Vice, with what great Value, till he came at last to be taken in the Matter, and brought to Justice for it. 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 Pretense of a Whisper, Bit it Clear off. This Inspious Unnatural Villain turn'd Every Body's Heart against him More and More. [Well Good People (say the Boy) Here You see 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 Whipt me soundly for the Book I stole when I was a Boy, I should never have come to the Gallows for Pilfering now I'm a Man.]
Bargain of Figs; gets his Freight aboard and away presently to Sea. It happened to be very Foul Weather: So that the Mariners were fain to Cast their Whole Lading Over-board, to save Themselves and the Vessel. Upon this Miscarryage, our New Merchant-Adventurer brooked himself to his Old Trade again, and it happen'd One Day, as he was Tending his Sheep upon the very same Coast, to be just such a Flattering Tempting Sea again, as that which Betray'd him Before. Yes, yes, says he, When the Devil's Blind! You'd be' fain more Figs, with a Vengeance, Wou'd ye?

**The Moral.**

Men may be happy in all Spheres if they will but suit their Minds to their Condition. A Shepherd may be as Easy in a Cottage, as a Prince in a Palace, with a Mind Sui ted to his Station; but if they will be Launching out into Trade, or Business that they do not understand, they have nothing left them to trust to when they are onceBeyond'd, but the Edge of some Kind Providence to put them in the Right Way Else again.

**Reflection.**

Affliction makes People Honest and Wife. Every Man living has his Weak Side, and no Moral was ever yet so much at Ease, but his Shoe Wring him some where or Other; or he fanc'd it on earth, and then it did so. The Shepherd would needs be a Merchant, and the Merchant, if he had succeed'd would still have been Hankering after something else. His Levity was a Fault, and his Miscarryage was a Judgment upon him for it. The favoring of his Person after the Loss of his Goods was a Providential Mercy to him, and the bringing of him Home to Himself again, was to Convincethe Him of his Error, and to fiew him, that he was well at First, if he would have kept to. He was in a State of Ease, Peace, Innocence, and Safety: And he that will Sacrifice all those Blessings to a Red Leg Aprentice, decide to be Miserable. Our Shepherd's Cafe, in short here, is every Man's Cafe that Quits a Moral Certainty for an Uncertainty and Leaps from the Honest Business he was brought up to, into a Trade he has no Skill in.

**Fab. C.**

An Old Man and a Lion.

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

**Fab. D.**

House, in short, was to be the Young Man's Prison, and the Father made himself 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 Filled 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 Striking 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 lay too Little as too Much Stress upon a Dream; for some Dreams are Monitory, as Others are only Imaginative, and upon the Main, the Least we Fear'd them the Better, for when that Fear has once taken Possession of a Fantastical Head, the Disposer is Invincible.

**Reflection.**

To no Purpose to think of Preventing, or Diverting Fatitudes; Especially where the Event Looks like the Punishment of a Superstition; as it fares with Those that Govern their Lives by Forebodings and Dreams, or the Signs of ill Luck, as we use to say: They are still Astonish'd and Un ease. History is full of Examples to Illustrate the Doctrine of this Fab. The Father was to blame for laying so much Stress upon a Foolish Dream, and the Son was Little left to Blame, for being so much Transgressed at the Impression of that Fancy upon the Father: But they were both Justly Punished however, The One for his Pullion, and the Other for his Superstition.

**Fab. E.**

A Fox that lost his Tail.

There was a Fox taken in a Trap, that was glad to Compound for his Neck by leaving his Tail behind him. He was so Unconceit'd a Sight, for a Fox to appear without a Tail, that the very Thought on't made him'en Weary of his Life; for 'twas a Loss never to be Repair'd: But however for the Better Countenance of the Scandal, he got the Master and Wardens of the Foxes Company to call a Court of Assizes, where he himself appear'd, and made a Learned Discourse upon the Trouble, the Uilefolds, and the Indecency of Foxes Wearing Tails. He had no sooner say'd out his Say, but up rises a Cunnin' Snap, then at the Board,
Aesop's Fables.

Board, who def'd to be Inform'd, whether the Worthy Member that Mov'd against the Wearing of Tails, gave his Advice for the Advantage of Thole that Had Tails, or to Palliate the Deformity and Disgrace of Thole that had None.

**The Moral.**

When a Man has any Notable Defect, or Infirmity about him, whether by Nature, or by Chance, it's the Best of his Flaws, to try the Humour, if he can turn it into a Fasion.

**Reflection.**

'Tis the way of the World to give Other People Counsel for their Own Ends. Paradosing is of Great Life and Service in many Encounters and Incidents that we meet withal in the World; but the Faculty must be so Tenderly Manag'd, as not to Grate upon the Truth, and Reason 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 Figure in the very Tryal of Wits; but when This Talent is Employ'd upon the Topique of Convenience, and Profit, it is a wonderful Force that it has upon the Affections of the Common People. The Fox carry'd it as far as 'twould go; but he had too Hard a Task on't, to Overtake a Multitude to their Own Pain and Loss.

We may Improve a Doctrine from This, that Every Man has his Weak Side, either by Mischance, or by Nature; and that he makes it his Business to Cover it too, the Bell he can. In case of the Word, it is some sort of Use to have Company in our Misfortune. It puts a Body out of Countenance to be in a Fasion 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 Carry'd a Point as far as it will go, and can make no more out, 'tis a Stroke of Art and Philosophy, to look as if we did not do so much as With for a Thing that is not to be Had. Every Man's Present Condition has somewhat to be Say'd for it. If it be Unlikely, the Skill will be, either how to Mend 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 Forsaken his Honour and his Conscience, seems to be much in the Condition of the Fox here that had lost his Tail, and takes us much pain too, to persuade All his Companions to follow his Fasion. He lays down his Arguments, and gives his Reasons, Nay, and he endeavours to Prove it by Scripture too, that men, in such a Case, ought to go to Old Nick for Company. We are to Consider here, that the Devils have their Traps as well as the Woodman, and that it is the Cafe of many a Lawyer and Diviner, when they come once to be Hamper'd, to rub off as well as they can, though they leave their Consequences behind them, as the Fox did his Tail, and then Pouch up the Blasted Doctrine and Consequences of No Consequences, as well as No Tail.

**Fab. CII.**

A Fox and a Bramble.

A Fox that was dole Purrid, took a Hedge, The Buffes gave way, and in Catching hold of a Bramble to break his Fall, the Prickers ran into his Feet. Upon This, He layd himself down, and fell to Licking his Paws, with Bitter Exclamations against the Bramble. Good Words, Reynard, says the Bramble, One would have thought you had known Better Things, than to Expect a Kindness from a Common Enemy, and to lay hold on That for Relief, that Catches at Every Thing else for Milkchief.

**The Moral.**

There are some Malicious Nature's that Place all their Delight in doing ill, from, and That Man is hard put to 't, that is first brought into a Difficult, and then forc'd to Fly to Such People for Relief.

**Reflection.**

'Tis Great folly to Fly for Protection to People that Naturally Delight in Milkchief. The Fox Blames the Bramble here, but he may Thank Him. They that make themselves the Common Enemies of Mankind, by Breaking All the Secret of Good Faith, Truth, and Peace, and by lying in Wait for Innocent Blood, let them Turn their Heads which way they will, they shall be sure of an Enemy in the Face of them; Nay, they meet with their Punishment, where they look for Safety, and which way forever they go, Divine Justice either Meets them, or Pursues them. The Fox's Charging his Misfortune here upon the Bramble, is the very Cafe and Practice of Wicked Men, that Snarl at the Instrument, without so much as Thinking of the Providence. But the Bramble did only according to its Nature, and Consequentially was not to Blame.

**Fab. CIII.**

A Fox and a Crocodile.

T'here happen'd a Contest betwixt a Fox and a Crocodile, upon the Point of Blood and Extrication. The Crocodile Amplied'd Wonderfully upon his Family, for the Credit of his Ancestors. He (says the Fox, smiling upon't) there will need no Herald to Prove your Gentility; for you carry the Marks of Your Original in Your very Skin.
The Moral.

Great Blusters and Liars have the Fortune still some way or other to Distinguish themselves.

Reflection.

There are some False-hoods so Bold and Notorious, that they carry their Contradictions in the very Reafon and Precedence of the Matter, without any other Evidence.

Fab. Civ.

A Fox and Huntsmen.

A Fox that had been Hard-run, begg'd of a Countryman that he saw at Work in a Wood, to help him to some Hiding-Place. The Man Directed him to his Cottage, and thereto he went. He was no sooner got in, but the Huntsmen were presently 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 Our Fox steals the Fox, without One Word speaking. Why now, says the Man, Han't ye the Manners to take leave of your Hoft before you go? Yes, yes, says the Fox; if you had been as Honeft 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 Confidence is as Answerable for his Fingers, as for his Tongue.

Reflection.

There's No Trufthing 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 Confidence, 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 Confide the Truth, Facts must not be broken; if the Common Enemy, his Council is not to be kept. The Wood Man did as good as Tacitly promise the Fox a Sanctuary, but not being in Juris, he promised more than he could perform; for a Subsequent Promise to Conceal the Fox could not Discharge him of a Prior Obligation to Destroy him. 'Tis true, it would have been more Generous to have don't at first, and while he had as yet No Colour of any Tye of Honour upon him to Prevent him. The Fox begg'd for Protection, which he had No Reason to Expeft. First it was upon Force, and Necceffity, not Choice. Secondly, it was at his own Peril, without any Considerations for his own Security. Thirdly, it Committed himself to the Mercy of a Man that was bound to Keep him. Fourthly, The very Address was scandalous; for he must needs have an Ill Opinion of the Countryman, so much as to Imagine that he could be wrought upon to betray his Country for the sake of a Beast, but let the Reft be as it will, there's no Excuse for the Woodman's Double Dealing.

Fab. Civ.

A Man and a Wooden God.

A Man that had a Great Veneration for an Image he had in his Houfe, found, that the more he Pray'd to't to Prosper him in the World, the More he went down the Wind still. This put him into such a Rage, to lie Dogging at his Prayers so much, and so Long, to do Little Purpose, that at last he Dafh'd the Head on't to pieces against the Wall; and Out comes a Considerable Quantity of Gold. Why This 'tis, says he, to Adore a Pervert and In- fenfible Deity, that will do More for Blows than for Worship.

The Moral.

Mofl People, Clergy as well as Laiy, Accommodate their Religion to their Profit, and reckon that to be the best Church that's most to be got by.

Reflection.

This Fable runs better in the Humour, than it does in the Moral. It lays before us the Unprofitable Vanity of False Worship, and gives us to understand, that the more zealously we are in Wrong Way, the Worse. An Idol is an Abomination in the sight both of God, and of Good Men; and yet we are so to Govern our Selves, even in the Transports of That Abhorrence, as still to prefer a Reverence for Religion it self, in the very Indignation we Express for the Corruption of it. So that the Liconic 1 of this Buffalo went a little too far perhaps, for there must be No Playing with Things Sacred, nor Jetting, as we lay with Edge-Tools. We have the Moral of this Abandon'd Libertine up and down in the World in a Thousand Several Shapes. All People that Worship for Fear, Profit, or some other By-End, Fall More or Less within the Intendment of this Emblem. It is a Kind of Condived Deceit for Men to be Religious no longer than they can Save, or Get by. Put forth thy Hand now (says the Devil to the Almighty in the Cafe


Aesop's FABLES.

FAB. CVI.

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 Kitchin he went, to see what Good Cheer was toward: But as he was there, Waggings his Tail, and Licking his Lips, at the thought of what a Meal he was like to make off, the Doggie Cook got Styly behind him, and Spoli'd the Jell. 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 Squalch, away he scamper'd, howling like Mad, with I know not how many Prick-Ears 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 Houle again.

The MORAL.

Love Me, love my Dog, says the old Proverb, and there's something of Good Manners, or at least of Good Nature in'ts, for there are certain Descen-""
and over, and not one Penny of Mony to be found there; but the Profit of the Next Vintage Expounded the Riddle.

The Moral.

Good Council is the Best Legacy a Father can leave to a Child, and it is still the Better, when it is so wrapped up, as to begot a Curiosity as well as an Inclination to follow it.

Reflection.

There's No Wealth like That which comes by the Blessing of God upon Honest Labour and Warrantable Industry. Here's an Incentive to an Industrious Course of Life, by a Consideration of the Profit, the Innocence, and the Virtue of such an Application. There is one in Great Comfort in Hand, beside the Hope and Assurance of more to come. The very Exercise procures us Health, and consequently All the Pleasures and Satisfactions that Attend it. We have the Delight of Seeing and Reaping the Fruit of our own Labour, and the Inward Joy of Contemplating the Benifits of Another World that shall be Superadded to the Advantages of this. Aesop very well understood, that Naked Boths and Precepts, have Nothing the Force that Images and Parables have, as upon our Minds and Affections: Before, 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 Infus'd and Surpriz'd. It was a Touch of Art in the Father to Cover his Meaning in such a manner, as to Create a Curiosity, and an Earnest Desire in his Sons to find it out. And it was also a Tackle 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 Fiduciary Obligation.

Fab. CIX.

A Fisherman and his Pipe.

A Fisherman that under stood Piping better than Netting, set himself down upon the Side of a River, and there his Tackle, but not a Fish came near him. Upon This, he laid down his Pipe, and cast his Net, which brought him up with a very Great Draught. The Fish fell a Frisking in the Net, and the Fisherman observing it, What Sorts are Thee (lays he) that would not Dance when I play'd to 'em, and will be Dancing now without Musick!

The Moral.

There are Certain Rules and Methods for the Doing of All Things in This World; and therefore let Every Man stick to the Subjects he Understands, and was brought up to, without making One Profession Interfere with Another.

Fab. CXL.

Large Promises.

There was a Poor Sick Man, that according to the Course of the World, when Physicians had given him over, betook himself to his Prayers, and Vow'd a Sacrifice of a Thouland Oxen...
Æsop's FABLES.

Oxen ready down upon the Nail, to either Apollo, or Asculapius, which of the Two would Deliver him from this Diffic. Ah my Dear, (says his Wife) Have a care what You Promise; for where would you have These Oxen if you Should Recover? Sweet Heart (says he) thou talke'st like a Fool. Have the Gods Nothing else to do, dearest, than to leave your Business, and come down to Sue me in an Action of Debt? They Reford'd him however for that Bout, to make Trial of his Honesty and Good Faith. He was no sooner up, but for want of Living Oxen, he made out his Number upon Palle, and Offer'd them up in Form upon an Altar. For this Mockery, Divine Vengeance surpriz'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 Coast, and he should find a Considerable Treasure. Away he went, and as he was looking for the Mony fell into the Hands of Pyrates. He begg'd hard for his Liberty, and Offer'd a Thousand Talents of Gold for his Ransome; but they would not Trust him, and so he was carried away, and sold afterwards as a Slave for as many Greats.

The Moral.

The Devil was Sick, the Devil a Monk would be;
The Devil was Well, the Devil a Monk was He.

REFLEXION.

This Fable applies it self to Those that Promise more in their Adversity than they either Intend, or are able to make good in their Prosperity; but they must not think to bring themselves off at last with a Conceit; for in the Sight of God, an Equivocating Juggling Sham, is as much as a Grofs, Downright Lye.

'Tis the Practice of the World for People in Distress to serve God and Man in Several Respects, both Alike: That is to say, when they lie under any Heavy Affliction, or Propose to themselves any Considerable Advantage, and find they have Need of Others Help, how do they Beg, Vow, Promise, Solicite, Swear, Sign and Seal and yet Conscious to Themselves 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 Extrem to Another, are Unnatural Motions in the Course of our Lives and Humours. Here's first a Bad and a Knowtful Promise; for the Promise knew he was not able to make it Good. When he has broken the Ice, he Advances, from Cozening of God, to make Sport with him, and pays him with Palle for Fieh: But Vengeance Overtook him in the Conclusion, and gave him to Understand, that God will not be Mocked. The Moral of This Sick Man, is the Cafe of Every Soul of us in the Making and the Breaking of our Vows.

Æsop's FABLES.

Fishermen Disappointed.

S One 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 them in hope of a Sturgeon at least, but upon bringing the Net Ashore, it prov'd to be Only One Great Sone, 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 than the Rest, You are to Consider, my Matters, that Joy and Sorrow are Two Sisters that follow One Another by Turns.

The Moral.

All Our Pursuits in this World are but the Catching of a Tarrot, as we say, but it is some Comfort yet to Consider, that when Things are at the Worst they'll Need.

REFLEXION.

Hopes and Disappointments are the Lot and Entertainment of Human Life; The One serves to keep us from Desperation, the Other from Defeat. 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 ever 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 Honest Endeavours: So neither are we, on the Other hand, to lay more Stress upon the Event of Things, at Best, than the Matter will bear: That is to say, we are to Compute, that upon Ballancing the Account, the Profit at last, will hardly Counterbalance the Incumbrances that go along with it.

The Fisherman's Cafe in the Fable is many a man's Cafe in the World; as with a Wife for the Purposé, with an Officer, with an Estate, with a Court Commission; He's fair to Try Hard for's before he can Catch it, and Measures the Blessing all the while by the Difficulty of Obtaining it. And what's the Patience at last when he comes to Call up his Account but Great Stones and Little Fishes: His only Comfort in, That this World will not Last always, and that Good Luck, and Bad Luck take their Turns.

Æsop's FABLES.

Death and an Old Man.

An Old Man that had Travell'd a Great Way under a Huge Burden of Sticks, found himself so Weary, that he call'd it Down,
Aesop's Fables

Down, and call'd upon Death to Deliver him from a more Miferable Life. Death came presently at his Call, and Asked him his Bus'ness. 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.

Reflection.

'Tis Matter of Guiltom, and in Passion, rather than in Earnest, that Men in Pain and Misery are so ready to call for Death: For when he comess, they with him away again. It may be said to be the Motto of Humane Nature, rather to Suffer than to Die, 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 Gripe makes us think we are Weary of the World; but our Tongues run quite to Another Tune when we come once to parting with it in Earnest. Then, 'tis Call the Doctor, Pathocracy, Surgeon's Purge, Pian, Lawyer, Barren, Swain; 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 Off with my Burthen, but Help me Up with it.

Aesop's Fables

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 Dazzle 'em quite up with Ointments, and while he was in That Pickle, to carry off a Spoon or a Porringor, or somewhat or Other, at the End of his Visit. The Woman's Eyes Mended, and fill as she came More and More to her self again, there was Every Day les and les left in the House to be seen. The Doctor came to her at last, and told her; Mitrefrs, says he, I have Ditchd my Part, Your Eyes are Perfectly Well again, and pray let me be Paid now according to Our Agreement. Alas, Sir, says she, I'm a Great deal Worse than I was the First; Minus you Undertook me; for I could see Place, Hatching, Paintings, and Other Goods of Value about my House, 'll You had the Ordering of me; but I am now brought to such a Pile, that I can see nothing at all.

A Cat and Mice.

There was a House Militantly 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 Puss's Sport, unsetles the could find a way to Trepam them Down again. So the Leap up to a Pin that was driven into the Wall, and there Hung like a Pole-Cat in a Warren, to Amuse them. The Mice took Notice of it, and One Wiser than the rest Stretched out his Neck to learn the Truth of the Matter, and so soon as ever he found how 'twas.

Ay,
Ah, says he, You may Hang there 'till Your Heart Akers; for if you were but a Dish-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 Sheln, or Pretence whatsoever for he forfeits his Discretion, even though he should happen to save his Carcass, and his Fortune.

Reflection.

What we cannot Compuls by Force, must be Attempted by Invention and Address, but then on the Other hand, in All Cafes of Hazzard, Things would be well Weight'd and Examin'd before we Trust. This Fable is the Fiction of a Cafe not Altogether Incredible. To a Common Thing for an Old Jade to Counterfeit Lamme, for fear of Hard Riding: For a Duck to run Flapping and Fluttering a way, as if she were Maim'd, to carry People from her Young: as there's a Story of a Fox that was Hard Hunted, and Hung himself up by the Teeth in a Warren among the Vixens to put the Dogs to a Loss. Without any more Words, Twenty Innuences might be given to show how That which we call Impuls, or Infinity, comes to Reason: For the Cats Policy was no Other in truth, than That we call Sleeping Dog, Sleep; and there was the very same Forethought, and Defin't not 'tis, which in a Conjunction of Law and Equity pulps for Malice Prevents.

Fable CXVI.

An Ape and a Fox.

Unten the Decease of a Lyon of Late Famous Memory, the Beasts Met in Council to Chafe 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, tho' the Fyvven Ape with his Grimaces and Gambolkes, carry'd it from the Whole Field by me know not how many Voices. The Fox (being one of the Pretenders) Stomach'd it Extremly to see the Choice go against him, and prettily Rounds the New-Eleph in the Ear, with a piece of Secret Service that he could do him. Sir, says he, I have Discover'd some Hid- den 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 shall This Treasure be, but a Baize in a Dutch. The Ape lays his Hand upon't, and the Trap springs and Catches him by the Fingers. As then Perfidious Wretch, cry's the Ape! Or thou simple Prince, rather, reply's the Fox. You a Governor of Others, with a Vengeance, that has't Wit enough to look to your own Fingers.

The Moral.

Governors Should be Men of Business rather than Pleasures. There's One Great Pity in Making an ill Choice of a Ruler, and Another in the Acceptance of it; for it Exposes Humour to Scorn.

Reflection.

Rashness, and Want of Consideration, is ever Unfortunate. Men should not take a Chance upon them that they are not Fitted for it. If it Singing, Dancing, and Shewing of Tricks, were Qualifications for a Governor. Boden, says, that this Fable, shews not only the Vanity and Malignity of the Fox, but the Imprudence of the Electors in the Choice of Ministers and Officers, that are not made for Business. Here's first an Ape made a King, for shewing Tricks, and making Fools Face: And the Fox is then to put a Stop upon him, in Exploiting him for Sport, to the Scorn of the People.

Here's an Ape chosen King, in Succession to a Lyon, which stands for a Short, and a Plain Representation of the Bell and the Woful Governments under the Dignity of the One, and the Indignity of the Other. It furs forth the Cafe and Unhappiness of Elective Kingdoms, where Carousing and Falshion has commonly too great a hand in the Election. Nor is there any Wonder, to see Diploms and Tumblers Advanc'd to Charges of Honor and Profit, where Ignorance and Popularity Sways the Choice: And nothing so fit as an Ape, for a Commission of State, where a Gambole, or a Grimace pulps for a Qualifying Title to the Exercise of Power.

It is no Wonder again, where People are so Mistaken in the Faculties and Capacities of Government, that they depair also from the Veneration that's due ro't; and when the Main Ends of it fall come to be Dis appointed. For every Jack-Fuddling, with Aesop's Fox here, will be Ridiculing Palpable Weakness, and Exploiting thole (almost Sacred) Imperfections, and Defects which they ought to Cover. What's a Character of Honor upon the Shoulders of a Man that has neither a Soul Answerable to't, nor a True Sense of the Dignity, but a Mark set up for every Common Fool to thrust his Nose at! When Apes are in Power, there will never want Foes to Play upon them.
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, fays he, that so long as I'm at the Forge, you are all taking your Nap; but loo loo 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.

Reflection.

That which Men do by Reason, Beasts do by Inheritance. There's No Living without Food and Rest; and Nature appoinits the Season, both for the One, and for the Other. A Dog Wakes to his Dinner, as a Man that's to Travel next day, does for his Journey, and his Business. He lies down to Sleep with the Hout in his Head, and when the Time comes, he needs neither Clock nor Cuck to call him. Cullum puts Nature into a Method of Expecting, and Ascending all the Offices of Life at such and such Certain Hours and Seasons, as we are used to: And there needed no more than This, to make the Master's Dinner Time, the Dog's Walking Time.

A Roasting-Mule.

Here was a Favourite-Mule, that was High Fed, and in the Pride of Hell and Mistle, would still be Braying of his Family, and his Ancesters. My Father (says he) was a Collier, and though I say it that should not fay', I may take after him. He had no sooner spoke the Words, but he was put to the Trial of his Heels, and did not only show himself a jade; but in the very Heat of his Oft-Braying, his Father fell a Braying, which Minded him of his Original, and the Whole Field made Sport on't, when they found him to be the Son of an Ass.

The Moral.

A Braggling Fool that's Baited out of a Pincushion, and £ts up for a Man of Quality, is Ashamed of Nothing in the World but of his own Father.

Reflection.

This touches the Cafe of Those Men Upstairs, that when they come once to be Prefere'd, forget their Fathers, and have not the Wit to Consider, how soon Fortune may let them Down again where the took'em up; but yet at last, when they come to be Minded of their Original, it makes a Proud Fool sensible of a Scandalous Extravagance, that has no Shame at all for a Scandalous Life.

It's hardly safe to Deny upon a Bragging Mule; 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-Created Vanity of Those Brutes, there are None so forward neither, to Befetter Men of Blood and Quality, as those that have most Reason to be Ashamed of their Descendants. This Pride of Pedigree is Easily run down, if there be not Power Joyn'd to the Obliteration; But where there is Authority given to the Fiji, as well as to the Foot, the Indignation that it raises makes the Infection Indispensable. Nothing Dull'd the Confidence of the Male like the Braying of the Mule in the very Interior, while he was Dilating upon his Genealogy. As who should say, Remember your Father, Sirrah. This comes to the Cafe of a Spaniard, that was Wonderfully upon the Hull about his Extravagance, and would needs Prove himself of such a Family by the Spelling of his Name; a Cavalier in the Company, with whom he had the Counterface, very Civilly Yielded him the Point, for (says he) I have Examined the Records of a certain House of Corrections, and I find your Grandmother was Whipt there by That Name. We have in fine a World of Bragging Mules among us, that don't care for being Minded of their Braying Fathers; But his the Fate of Those Vain-Glorious Fops to be Thus Met withal, and your Counterfeit Men of Honour feldon Come off Better. Wherefore let every Man look well about him before he Roasts of his Pedigree, so for if his dog nor an Ass to his Father.

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 Poor Creature beg'd hard only for a Reprieve. Alas (says he) I'm as Lean at present as Carrion; but we have a Wedding at our House within these Two or Three Days, that will Plump me up: you shall see with Good Cheer. Pray have but Patience till Then, and when I'm in a Little Better Cafe, I'll show you my self.
The Moral.

Experience Works upon Many Brutes more than upon Some Men. They are not to be Cud'd twice with the same Trick; and at the World, a Bad Shift is Better than None.

Reflection.

'Tis good to Provide against All Chances 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-follicious. Part Dangers make us Wiser for the Future; as the Dog, after he had been Snapped 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-Cafe of Conference; and the Wolf play'd the Fool in Taking his Word, for That which he was oblig'd not to Perform.

Fab. CXX.

A Lion and a Bull.

In the Days of Yore, when Bulls liv'd upon Mutton, there was a Lion had a Defile upon a Mighty Bull, and gave him a very Civil Invitation to come and Sup with him; for, says he, I have gotten a Sheep, and you must needs take Part on't. The Bull Promis'd, and went; but so soon as ever he saw what a Clutter there was with Huge, Over-grown Pots, Pans, and Spits, away-he cou'dr'd Immediately. The Lion presently call'd after him, and ask'd him, Whither is such Haste? 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 than a Mutton.

The Moral.

When a Man has kept no Interest and no Injunction to Betray, he's there! No Trusting him.
Aesop's FABLES.

Fab. CXXII.

A LIONESS and a FOX.

Numerous Ills pass in the World for a Blessing; and this Confidencemade a Fox call it in the Teeth of a Lion, that she brought forth but One Whelp at a time. Very Right, says the Other, but then That One is a Lion.

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

There are more Fools in the World than Wise Men, and more Knaves than Honest Men; so that it is not Number, but Excellency that Enhances the Value of Any thing. The most Copious Writers are commonly the Arrantest Scribblers; and in much Talking, the Tongue is apt to run before the Wit. In Many Words there is folly, but a Word in Stencil is like Apples of Gold in Piles of Silver: Says the Oracle of Truth it fell. And we have it from the same Authority, that our very Prayers, when they are Loud and Long, are in the Sight of Heaven no better than so much Babbling; and that they have more in them of Hypercysty and Oiliation, than of Affection and Judgment. The Great Creator of the Universe, whose single fiat 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; Pause'd upon every Days Work, Confounded it, Review'd it, and Pronounced it Good, and Proceeded. Right Reason Moves, in some Proportion, by the same Steps and Degrees with this Inimitable Example: It Deliberates, Projects, Executes, Weighs, and Approves. Nature does Nothing in Haste, and Human Prudentes should Govern it self by the same Manners. A Plurality of Voices, 'tis true, carries the Obedience in all our Debates, but rather as an Expedition for Peace, than an Erection of the Right; for there are Millions of Errors to one Reason, and Truths: And a Point is not to Ely to be Hit: In a Word, the Old Saying is a tried One, that Wise Men Propose, and Fools Determine. Take the World to pieces, and there are a thousand Sorts to one Philosopher: and as many Swarms of Fyres to One Eagle. Lions do not come into the World by Letters.

Fab.
Fable CXXIV.

A Fawn and a Stag.

A Fawn was reasoning the Matter with a Stag; why should he run away from the Dogs Hill; for, says he, you are Bigger and Stronger than They. If you have a Mind to flay, you are better Arm’d; and then y’are Flee’ter if you’ll Run for’t, I can’t imagine what should make you so Fearful of a Company of Piryful Cams. Nay, says the Stag, ’ts All True that you say, and ’ts no more than 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 Hounds 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 Practice to our Philosophy: He that is naturally a Coward is not to be made Valiant by Counsels.

Reflection.

Nature makes Infamy well nigh Infamable; and Men that are Cowards by Complexion, are hardly ever to be made Valiant by Discourse. But they are Conspicuous yet of the Scandal of that Weakness, and may make a fault perhaps to Reason themselves now and then into a kind of Temporary Resolution, which they have not the Power afterwards to go Thorough with. We find it to be much the same Case in the Government of our Affections and Appetites, that it is in Thee Bodily Faculties of Temperament and Composition. Providence has Arm’d us with Powers and Faculties, sufficient for the Controlling of all the Enemies we have to Encounter. We have Life and Death before us; That is to say, Good and Evil; And we know which is which too: Beside that it is as our Choice to Take or to Refuse. So that we understand what we ought to do; but when we come to deliberate, we play Boory against ourselves: 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 Infamy 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 Outbrave and break thorough it: But in the Conclusion, we shrink upon the Trial; We betake our selves from our Heads to our Heels; from Reason to Fitch and Blood; from our Strength to our Weakness, and suffer under One Common Fate.

Fable CXXV.

Jupiter and a Bee.

A Bee made Jupiter a Present of a Pot of Honey, which was so kindly Taken, that he had her Ask what she would, and it should be Granted her. The Bee defr’d, that wherever she should set her Sting, it might be Mortal. Jupiter was loth to leave Mankind at the Mercy of a Little Scurril Insect, and to bad her have a care how she Kill’d any Body; for what Perfon forever the Atraçqu’d, if she left her Sting behind her, it should cost her her Life.

The Moral.

Scurril Prayers are no better than Curfets in a Disguise, and the Granting of them turns commonly to the Mischief of the Pettitioner.

Reflection.

Cruelty and Revenge are directly contrary to the very Nature of the Divine Goodness, and the Mischief that is Defign’d for Other People returns commonly upon the Head of the Author.

How many Men are there in the World, that put up with 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, Feed, and Protect them. Will Heaven hear THESE Prayers, shall we think, (or Curfets rather) and not Punish them? This Bee did not Pray for a Power to Kill, without a Previous Disposition and Design to put that Venemous Power in Execution. She had Mischief in her Heart already, and only Wanted some Destructor Faculty, anviable to her Will; and so pray’d to Jupiter, as Men do in many Cases to the Jehovah, for the Blessing of an Ability to Commit Murder.

Fable CXXVI.

Wasps in a Honey-Pot.

There was a Whole Swarm of Wasp’s got into a Honey-Pot, and there they Clow’d and Clam’d themselves, till there was no getting Out again; which brought them to UNDERstand in the Conclusion, that they had pay’d too DEar for their Sweet-Meats.

The
The Moral.

Loose 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.

REFLEXION.

These Wages in a Honey-Pot are so many Sensual Men that are Plung'd in their Lusts and Pleasures; and when they are once Glued to them, 'tis a very Hard Matter to Work themselves Out. We have an Emblem here of those Foolish Vaporous Men, that Sacrifice the Peace, the Honour, the Comfort, and all other Substantial Satisfactions of Life, to the Temptation of a Liquorish Palate. And so for the Liberties of Wine, Women, Feasting, and Jolly Company; The Pomp and Splendor of Courts and Palaces, &c. It comes All to the same Point; for when Men are once Dipp'd what with the Engagements of Sons, Cuffion, Facility 3 Nay and I might have said, with the very Shame of Departing from what they have given themselves up to, they go on with Aesop's Flowers, till they are Stifled in their very Pleasures.

Fab. CXXVII.

A Young Man and a Swallow.

A prodigal Young Fellow that had sold his Cloths to his very Shirt, upon the Sight of a Swallow that came before her 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 starv'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.

Extraordinary Cases are Exception out of the General Rules of Life: So that Irregular Accidents and Influences are not to be drawn into Prudence.

REFLEXION.

Every Man Stands or Falls by his Own Reason; and it is No Excuse to say that I was Milled by Example, or Conjecture, when I had the Means before me of informing my self Better. If this Prodigal had but Considered the Almanack, or his own Experience, it would have set him Right in the Course of the Seasons, or the Old Proverb Methinks might have fairly d' him, that One Swallow seated no Summer. Unluckily the Proverb persevered though fall out to be the Auncient of the Two, and the Oration of that Proverb; But there are Certain Extravagants among People of all Sizes and Professions, and there must be no Drawing of General Rules from Particular Exceptions.

Fab. CXXVIII.

Mercury and a Carpenter.

A Carpenter dropt his Ax into a River, and put up a Prayer to Mercury to help him to get again, Mercury Div'd for't, and brought him up a Golden One: but That was not the Fellow said: And so he Plung'd his Second Time, and Fetch'd up Another, of Silver. He said That was nor 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 no Juett 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 Spread, it came into a Knave's Head to Try the Same Experiment over again. And fo away goes He and Down he Sits, Sniv'ling and Yelping upon the Bank of a River, that he had Dropt his Ax into the Water there. Mercury that was at hand it seems, heard 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 sees through the very Heart of thee.

The Moral.

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

REFLEXION.

Heaven hates Dillenbrot, and Hypocrites, as it Loves Men of Truth and Integrity. He that fancies he can Improvpe upon Jupiter takes him for a Cally.

Baudin moralizes the Matter thus: that Mercury's called upon, and Sent as the Patron of Artizans. 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, shews 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, Delighting 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 Conscience, and makes good his Profession, with his Practice: Receiving in the End, the Befalling 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 Chest of a Rotten Heart. He acknowledges a Divine Power, but at the
F A B. 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 Thieves, and that Palate, that stood gaping under a Vine, and licking his lips at so goodly a Cluster of Grapes that had Spy'd out there; he fetch'd a Hundred and a Hundred Leaps after it, till at last, when he was as Weary as a Dog, and found that there was No Good to be done; 

Fabi (says he) *they are as Sour as Crabs*; and so away he went turning off the Disappointment with a Job.

F A B. CXXX.

A Wolf and a Lion.

A Wolf and a Lion were abroad upon Adventure together, Hark! (saying the Wolf) Don't you hear the Barking of Sheep? My Life for Yours Sir, I'll go fetch ye a Purchase. Away he goes, and follows his Ear, till he came just under the Sheepfold; But it was so well fortify'd, and the Dogs after so Near it, that back he comes Sneaking to the Lion again, and tells him, There are Sheep Yonder (saying he) 'tis true, but they are as Lean as Carrots, and we had e'en as good let 'em alone till they have more Fleets on their Backs.

The Moral of the Two Fables above.

*F is Master of Skill and Address, when a man cannot Honesty Compass what he would be at, to appear Easy and Indifferent upon All Repulses and Disappointments.*

F A B. CXXXI.

A Boy and a Snake.

A Boy was Grooping for Eels, and laid his hand upon a Snake, but the Snake, finding it was Pure Simplicity, and not Malice, Admonish'd him of his Mistake; Keep your Self Well while you are Well, says the Snake; for if you Meddle with Me, You'll Repent your Bargain.
Fables of Aesop.

The Moral.

'Tis the Intention, Morally Speaking, that makes the Allusion Good or Bad; and even Brutes themselves will put a Difference betwixt Harms of Ill Will and Insubance.

Reflection.

'Tis Wisdom as well as Justice, to Distinguish betwixt Actions of Misventure, and of Design. Every Thing has at least Two Handles to it, and both Parts should be well Examined, 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 Snake says to the Boy, Every Man's Reason says to Himself. What is his Taking a Snake for an Egg, 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 as Like, in several Instances, as One Egg is to Another? How shall a Man know, at first Bluff, Hypocritic from Vertue; True Charity from Offence; or the Devil Himself, with a Glory about him, from an Angel of Light? Time and Examination may do Much, but the Boy was Copping, and in the Dark, and so might Well be Mistaken. The Snake told him of his Error, and the Danger of it, but Pa'd it over, because there was no Ill Will in't. This is the very Cafe of Our Reason to us, in all our Misdoinings: It Checks us for what's Past, and Advises us for the Future, to have a care of False Appearances: Just as the Snake did to the Child here.

Fable CXXXII.

A Fowler and a Partridge.

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

The Moral.

Of all Scandalous and Lurid Offices, That of a Traitor is Certainly the Basest; for it Underscores the very Foundations of Society.

Reflection.

Trachery, in Sinning against Faith, Honour, and Human Society: A Village, in whom this Power to be Appro'ed, how Consplic to some Cafe, to be made use of. The Fowler's here, was a Wife, and a Generous Resolution: upon the Partridges Propsed, 3, for all Traitors are Mercenaries 5 and Whoever Betrays One Master for Another, will Betray Another for a Better Price. But as all manner of Treachery is Abominable in the Sight both of God and Man, and Bands Reprehended in this Fable: So there are Certain Kinds and Degrees of it, that are yet more Execrable and Oidious, One than Another. There is first a Treachery by Complexion, which was the Partridges Cafe. Her Heart Fail'd her, and she would fain have compounded for her Own Life, by the Betraying of her Fellows. This was an Unhappy Infringement, but the Weakness of his Heart, does Not Excuse the Perfidy, though it may fum in some Measure to Exonerate the Crime, by the Poor Creatures lying under almost an Inseparable Frailty. 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 Thole Judges that Dip in the Dirth with their Masters, and then for so many Pieces of Silver, deliver them up to be Crucify'd? What shall we say to Thole that Sell their Country, their Souls, and their Religion, for Money, and Rare Divinity at so much a Pound? And then to Conflaminate the Wickedness, Findeth the Work with Malice, that they begin with Avarice.

Fable CXXXIII.

A Hare and a Tortoise.

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

The Moral.

Up and be doing, it is an Edifying Text; for Allin is the Business of Life, and there's no Thought of ever coming to the End of our Journey in time, if we Sleep by the Way.

Reflection.

Unnecessary Delays in all Profiting Affairs are but Just so much Time Lost, before the Hazard of Interposing Contingencies 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 looks upon Sleep in the Middle of Business that requires Action, does not know whether he shall live to awake again: Or with the Hare in the Fable here, Own-deep his Opportunity. A Prodigal Diligence brings so many vantages,
to our Journey's End, than a Flustering Way of Advancing by Stops and by Stops's for'tis Perseverance Alone that can carry us Thorough Stitch.

F A B. CXXXIV.

Apples and Horse- Turks.

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-Turds would be every foot crying their Fall, Alack a day! How We Apples Swim!

F A B. CXXXV.

A Peach, an Apple, and a Blackberry.

There happen'd a Controversie once betwixt 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 Root of it is This, that it first thinks it self so.

Reflexion.

'Tis a Vanity Common in the World, for Everyone pretending to be a Man of Taste and a Patron of Arts, to make himself One of the Party fill with his Letters. They cry We to Every thing, 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 Nothing at all.

[We] Apples cry the Horse-Turds; [We] the Kings Officers, cry the Fellow that carry's Guts to the Bears; [We] cry the Sheep to the Right, to the Court, to the Church, to Parliaments, and Councils. There's Nothing so Great, but the Little People cry [We] to fill. [Well] do This, and [Well] do That, and [Well] Undertake for This and That; this is it in a Familiar Way, the Common Style of the Licentious Multitude, to the Scandal of all Honorable Commissions, and of Those that Manage them. And This Humour of [Wring] holds as well in Matters of State, and of Understanding, as in the Point of Honour and Quality. 'Twas [We] in the Person of the Fifth Wife and the Broom Man [We] again in the Resolutions of Bil.

Inquests, and Grab-alls; that took upon them to Prescribe in Matters of Religion and Government. [We] wont's left our Religion, was the Cry of Every Ignorant Atheist. [Well] stand up for our Properties was the Beggars Song that liv'd upon the Alms Basket. And [We] for our Liberties, cry the Slaves of All Times and Interstate Nays and Noes to freights laid as Common Cheers upon the Tongue of our Consciences. So it was [We] again in the Name of the Multitude that did Every thing that was thought Worth the Doing. Now if the Dregs of the People Opening, and Crying [We] to Every thing; the Mob has a Wide Mouth, and there's No Stopping it. But the Arrogance of the Fables Assamming at This Rate, is Nothing to the Meaness of their Superiors when they shall depend to keep such Company's or to make use of such Tools or Engines. To half so bad for the Apples to cry [We] Horse-Turds, as it would be for Men of State, and Caball, to cry [We] Tinkers and Carr-Men. But this is a Supposition, not to Enter so much as into the Thought 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 Beggars, on the One Hand, is Every jot as Empathetical, as We Princes, on the Other.

F A B. CXXXVI.

A Hole and her Dam.

Mark (says a Hole to her Dam) Here's a Strange Smell Methinks; And then she was at it again, There's a Mulberry-Tree I perceive. And so a Third Time, What a Clattering of Hammers do I hear. Daughter says 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 than you can See.

The Moral.

New Labour under Many Imperfections that No Body would take Notice of, if themselves were not Over-solicitous to Conceal them.

Reflexion.

Boasters are Naturally Fallacies, and the People of All Others that put their Shams the Worst together. Their Imperfections would not be Half so much taken Notice of, if their Own Vanity did not make Proclamation of them; As a Blind Lady that I knew, was never Well, but when she was Dicing of her Colour. 'Tis a Strange Thing, the Impudence of some Women! Was a Word often in the Mouth of a Precise Dame, who her self was as Common as the King's High-Way. I knew Another that was never without Lamen Did in her Mouth, to Correct an Unfair
Aesop's FABLES.

vour Vapour of her Own, and yet would be Perpetually Invaering a
gainst Foul Breaths. Now This way of Covering Defects, Scandal or
Inconveniences, is the Only Way of Exposing them.

FAB. CXXXVII.

WALPS, PARTRIDGES, and a Husbandman.

A Flight of Walps, and a Covy of Partridges that were hard
put to it for Water, went to a Farmer, and begg'd a Soup
of him to Quench their Thirst. The Partridges offer'd to Dig
his Vineyard for't, and the Walps 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 MORA L.

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

REFLEXION.

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 still with a Delimitation by way of
Preference, that it is to be Employ'd in the First Place upon Those that
have the Faithful Right to't: 'tis One thing I must Confess, to Condition
for a Good Office, and Another thing to do it gratis; so that the
Husbandman took the Proposal by the Right Handle in that Respect:
but his beingprovided of Servants already, to do his Work was no Ex-
cuse for his Want of Charity to relieve his Distressed Neighbor.

FAB. CXXXVIII.

Jupiter and a Serpent.

Jupiter had Precedents made him upon his Wedding Day, Greater,
or Less, from All Living Creatures. A Serpent brought him a
Gift in his Mouth for an Offering. The Thing was Accept-
able enough, but not the Prentice; for (says Jupiter) though
Gifts are Welcome to me, of Themselves, it must not yet receive
any from a Serpent.

The MORA L.

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

REFLEXION.

A Good Man would not Willingly lie under any Obligation to a Per-
don of a Low Character and Conversation; for besides the Danger he Incurs,
it would not be for his Credit neither, where Prentices are Scand-
als, and rather vices than Virtues. 'tis a Kind of Incumbrance upon
the Freedom of a Generous Mind, to be in debt to an Ill Man, even upon
any Score whatsoever, that does but carvethe Face of Good Will, or Re-
spect; for 'tis a Debt that a Man's both Ashamed of and Worthy of till 'tis
paid off. He lives uneasily under the Burthen of it, and Consequent,
it is the Debt of All Others that ought first to be Answer'd. And there's
Something more in it yet too, which is, that when All Common Services
are made even, the Morality of the Obligation still remains; for Tho'noth
Cancelling the Bonds of Honor and Justice. Kindnesses are to be
paid in Specie, as well as Money. That in to say, there must be Affili-
tion in the Retum, as well as Justice. Now as there can be No True
Friendship between a Good Man and a Wicked Man, there should be no
Incomposition between them that looks like Friendship, and therefore the
Laws Commerse the Better. As Jupiter, we see, would have Nothing
to do with the Serpent.

FAB. CXXXIX.

A Flea and a Man.

A Fellow finding somewhat Prick him, Popp'd his Finger upon
the Place, and it prov'd to be a Flea. What are thou, says he,
for an Animal, to Suck thy Livelihood out of my Car-
es! Why 'tis the Livelihood, (says the Flea) that Nature
has allotted me, and my Singing is not Mortal neither. Well,
says the Man, but 'tis Troublesome however; and now I have
ye, I'll fence ye for ever Hurting me again, either Little or Much.

The MORA L.

Live and Let Live, is the Rule of Common Justice, but if People will be
Troublesome on the One Hand, the Obligation is Discharged on the other.

REFLEXION.

It is as Natural for a Man to Kill a Flea, as it is for a Flea to Bite
a Man. There's a kind of self-Preservation, both sides, and without
Any Malice or Eater Hand. The Flea cannot live without Nutri-
tion, nor the Man without Air. So that there's only a Piece of Disgrace
on the One Hand; to prevent a Lingering Death on the Other. (Tho' Flea
lets Life, it is, truth no better) There are in the World as many Ill-
Illustrations of this Fable, as there are Instances of Patience, Pragmatical
and Improvident People that Bode, by good Men of Government and State.
Disgraces have much in them of Flea-Biting; That is to say, they
A *Fable*.

**CXL.**

**A Flea and Hercules.**

There was a fellow, that upon a Flea-Biting call’d out to Hercules for Help. The Flea 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 Pet at Last if we cannot have our Asking.

**Reflection.**

’Tis an Ill Habit to turn Offices and Duties of Piety into Matters and Words only of Course; and to Squander away our Willows and our Prayers upon Paltry Fooleries, when the Great Concerns of Life and Death, Heaven and Hell, lie all at Stake. Who but a Mad Man, that has so many Necessary and Capital Duties of Christianity to Think of, would ever have made a Deliverance from a Flea-Biting a Part of his Litany? It makes our Devotions Ridiculous, to be so Unfeeling on the One Side, and so Over-feltible, and Solicitous on the Other. By this Foolish and Impertinent Way of our Proceeding toward the Almighty, Men Slide by little and little into some Sort of Doubt, if not a Dire Disbelief 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 Pet at the Refusal, nay and in Revenge to give over Praying for Good and All; and so to Resign our Heaven for a Flea-Biting.

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**CXL.**

**A Man and Two Wives.**

It was now Cock-Looke, and a Certain Middle-age Man, that was Half-Gray, Half-Brown, took a fancy to Marry Two Wives, of an Age One under Another, and Happy was the Woman that could please him Best. They took Mighty Care of him to All manner of Purposes, and still as they were Consti-}
to do, we should Distinguish between Lawful and Unlawful, Prudent and Foolish, a Left Prevent Good, and a Consequence of greater Evils, that we be not Betray’d by the Fair Appearances of Things Spectious; Frauds and Falsities, Glittering Outfides, &c. into Inconveniences and Milhakes. When a Man wants any thing, let him look for it in Time, and Consider Well before hand what Occasion it has for’t, and upon What Terms it is to be Had; for there may be such Conditions that a Man would not Comply with, even for the Saving, or Redeeming of his Life. There are Other Cafes, where a Man must Part with More for the Getting of a Thing, than That Thing is Worth. Some again, where a Body runs the Rig in of an Absolute Ruin, for the Gaining of a Present Supply: Wherefore there’s No Remedy either Way, without a Strict Calculation upon 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 Honorable Man, to Purchase such a Friend: I am in Prison; but I will not play the Knave to let my cell at Liberty. These are All, Necessary Deliberations upon the Matter here in Question. Let us see how we shall get out again, says the Frog, before we go in.

F A B. CXLIII.

A Dog and a Cock upon a Journey.

A Dog and a Cock took a Journey together. The Dog Knew’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 Usual Hour) which brought a Fox that was abroad upon the Hunt, immediately, to the Tree; and there he stood Licking of his Lips, at the Cock, and Wheddling him to get him Down. He Proteled he never heard so Angelical 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 Fox did as he was Directed, and the Dog prettily fain’d and Worry’d him.

The Moral.

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

REFLEXION.

'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 Cleverer Way yet, to Encounter the Strategem, and to Defeat One Sham with Another, as the Simplicity of the Cock here was too hard for the Wiles of the Fox. Experience makes many a Wise Man of a Fool.

F A B. CXLIV.

A Bat, Bramble and Comorant.

A Bat, a Bramble, and a Cormorant 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 Bramble’s, was in Cloaths; and the Cormorant’s, in Brails. They Put to Sea, and it so 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 Misfortune, the Bat never Sits abroad till Night, for fear of his Creditors. The Bramble lays hold of All the Cloaths he can come at in Hope of Light upon his Own again: And the Cormorant is still Suing upon the Ship side, to see if he can find any of his Brails cast up.

The Moral.

The Impression of any Notable Misfortune will commonly stick by a Man as long as he Lives.

REFLEXION.

Things that a Man has once set his Heart upon, will hardly be ever got out of his Head, but Every Hint and Occasion will be putting him in mind of ’em again. Ill 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 Lust Impression sticks Closer to us. There was a Miserable Wretch in Bedlam that had loft his Wits upon the Firing of a Ship at Sea, and his Head was still running upon Fire and Water; infomuch that the very Sight of either of them would put him into an Outrageous Fury. Another that was Mad for Love, would be Bearing his Brains perpetually upon Anagrams and Sonnets. Oliver’s Encyclopedia, Data, directly
directly Bible-Mad, and up to the Ears full in the Dark Prophets, and the Revolution. In the Year 1688, When the Original Contraband were met in Council about settling the Government, a very good Poor Woman carried her Little Trunks and Boxes to Weld-Howse for Protection, for fear of the Mob. The Howse was Riddled, and her Trunks went away with the Ref. Upon this Loss the she lay Idle-Hated; and to This very Day she flings like the Bramble in the Fields, near the place full, (where the Innocent Creature Lives) Catching of People by the Coats, and Asking them about her Trunks and Boxes: Pray, says she, When shall I have my Things again? My Trunks are not come home yet, &c. The Doctrine upon the Whole is no more than This, That we are not to let our Hearts upon the Things of This World; for All Emotions of the Mind have somewhat in them of This Freak; and the only Way to be Happy and Quiet, is to make all Contingencies Indifferent to us.

F A B. CXLV.
A Lark in a Net.

Airark 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 she) What am I to Dye for now? I am no Thief; I have Stolen neither Gold, nor Silver; but for Making Gold with One Pintful Grain of Corn am I now to Suffer.

The Moral.
'Tis to no Purpose to stand Rejoicing, where the Adversary is both Party and Judge.

Reflection.
'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 Miserable Grain of Corn, when she was Hungry. But This is All For'd, 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 Question, and the Lard Exploitable, and Pleads Not Guilty, but the Belly has No Ears, and the Bird-Catcher is so Intent upon his Intercell, and Appetite, that he gives no heed at all to the Equity of the Plea, which is but according to the Course of the World, when people Measure Right or Wrong by the Rule of their Own Preference or Likes. 'Tis Passion and Partiality that Governs in All these Cases.

F A B. CXLVI.
A Hatter Burying his Gold.

A Certain Covetous, Rich Charl Sold his Whole Eftate, and put it into Mony, and then Melted down That Mony again into One Mals, which he Bury'd in the ground, with his very Heart
Aesop's Fables

The Moral.

We are liable to Many Unlooked Accidents, that no Care or Forsight can Prevent: But we are to Provide however the Best we can against them, and leave the Rest to Providence.

A Stag and a Lyon.

A Stag that was close Pursu’d by Huntsmen, fled for Safety into a Lyon Den; and as he was just Expiring under the Paw of the Lyon, a Miserable Creature that I am, says he, to fly for Protection to Men, to the most Unmerciful of Beasts!

The Moral.

There are Harder and Gayer Ways, even of Ruin it self as this Common we seek for Men under a Capital Sentence to Petition even for the Change of the Death.

Reflection.

This is a Common Case for People to be Reduced to This Miserable Choice: That is to say, by what Hand or Means they’ll rather Perish under the Certainty of an Inevitable Destruction One Way or other. The Ancients have Morals’d it This Way. But it seems to Me (under favor) that the Stag’s was a Forc’d Paty, and a Chance rather than a Choice, he did not fly from the Huntsmen to the Lyon for Protection, but it fell out, that while he fled to Avoid a Life Danger, he ran into a Greater; We find This to be the Case of many Men, as well as Beasts, that are Forc’d to Fly for Refuge, to Murderers and Oppressors, instead of Patrons and Protectors.

A Goat and a Vine.

A Goat that was hard Pursu’d by the Huntsmen, took Sanctuary in a Vineyard, and there he lay Clofe, under the Cover of a Vine. So soon as he thought the Danger was Over, he fell presently to Browsing upon the Leaves; and whether it was the Kufling 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 Discover’d, 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 Forsakes all the Measures of Religion and Society, by making it Dangerous to be Charitable and Good Nature’d.

Reflection.

Ingratitude is Abhor’d 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 Explores the Balance of That Horrid Vice, and it Preaches Thankfulness and Justice. The Obligations of Hospitality and Protection are so Sacred, that Nothing can Absolve us from the Discharge of Those Duties. ’Ts True, that This particular Influnce 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 Launch into the History and Practice of Humane Nature, we should find Nothing more Common there, than one Rebellion Started upon the Pardoning of Another; and the very Minions of Proud Link’d in Conspiracies against their Masters. But Those 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 Fines, to answer This Moral, in Secula Seculorum.
Away Scource the Lyon, and the Ajax after him: Now 'twas the Crowning of the Cock that Frighted the Lyon, not the Branding of the Ajax, as that Stupid Animal Vainly Fan'd'd to Himself, for to force them they were gotten out of the Hearing of the Cock, the Lyon turn'd shott upon him, and tore him to pieces, with the Words in his Mouth: Let never any Creature hereafter that has not the Courage of a Hare, Provok'd a Lyon.

The Moral.

The Force of Unaccountable Aversions, is Inseparable. The Fool that a Wife and Brace Only in his Own Company, runs on without Fear or Wit, but Naive dies no Business.

Reflection.

Many a Braggling Currant is Ruin'd by a Mistake of Fear in an Enemy, and a Fancy of Courage in Himself. Baudelaire Remarks upon the Lyon's Aversion to the Cock, that there's Nothing so Great, but it has its Failings, and so he makes the Pursuit of the Lyon to be a Particular Mark of the Ajax's Weakness. Master will have the Fear to be Counterfeited, with a Design to Surprize the Pursuer; but this False seems still to look Another way.

It may appear a very Extravagant, Surprising Encounter, that Ajax has Exhibited to us in this Fable. Here's a Lyon running away from a Cock, and an Ajax Pursuing a Lyon: That is to say, here are Two of the most Unlikely Things in Nature brought together, in the Simplicity of Fear in the One, and of Resolution in the Other. But the Moral is not your Wofe yet for the Seeming Disproportions of the Figures and the Characters in the Fable, are well enough Suited to the Truth, and Life of the Currant.

The Flight of the Lyon must be Imputed here to the Natural Aversion that he has to the Growing of a Cock. This is the Tradition; but it shall break No Squares whether it be so or no: For the Philosophy holds good in other Instances No less Wonderful, whether it be True or Fable in this. How many Inorable Disagreements do we Meet with, in the Business of Meals, Drinks, and Medicines; in Plants, Minerals, and Living Creatures? Now these Impulses are no more to be Controlled, than the Primary, and the Unchangeable Powers and Laws of Nature: And these 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 Greek Qualitites, which is All One with saying that we do not Understand how they Work, or What they Are. Now 'tis One Thing to Submit to an Absolute Force, Another Thing to Fly and Yield to a Natural Inclivity: So that 'tis No Departure from the Dignity of a Lyon to Fly, when Nature Drives him: Neither is it at all to the Ajax's Reputation, to Pursue, when Vanity, Folly and Ralnshild Transport him.

The Ajax, we see, lies under Many Mistakes here, and the More, and the Grooser she, the more Suits the Bill to his Character. How many such Ajax's are there in the World, that Huff, Look Big. Stear, Defy Cock, Swagger, at the same Time, Folly, Blustering Rate; and Nothing more Familiar than for a Whiffington Fop, that has not so much as One Grain of the Soul, or Soul of a man of Honour in him, to play the part of a N Fay
The Moral.
Where the Matter in Controversy will not bear an Argument, 'tis a Turn of Art to bring it off with a Parable.

Reflection.
'Tis an Ordinary Thing for People to Boast of an Interest where they have None, and then when they are Detected, 'tis a Streak of Art to divert the Reproach, by Emproving a Sipetull Word, or Thing, to his Own Advantage. This way of Dialogue, is a kind of Tick-Tack; Where the One's Business is to keep from making a Blot, and the Other's is to hit it when 'tis made. It is a Happy Pretence of Mind, to Anticipate Another Man's Thought, by Considering well beforehand what Contradiction, or Ac~ lusion his own Words will bear; for Otherwise, the Calling out an Inconsiderate Blunt, is but the Setting of a Trap to Catch Himself. As the Sow's Appealing to Pigs here, was as Good as an Answer thrown into the very Mouth of the Dog, which the Mouse Easilily foreseen would be turned back upon her in the Bitterness of a Reproach: For the Reply lay so Open, the Other could not Well Miss it: 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 Sow turn'd off the Scandal here with a Jest.

FA B. CLIII.
A Sow and a Bitch.

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

The Morae.
The Question among all sorts of Contestants is not Who does Most, but who does Best.

Reflection.
We are not to put an Estimate 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 than our Sows. See the Moral of A Lepre~t and a Fox. Fab. 58.

FA B. CLIV.
A Snake and a Crab.

Here was a Familiarity Contracted between 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, set upon him in his Sleep, and Strangled him; and then looking upon him as he lay Dead at his Length: This had never befall'n ye, 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 and Open way of Dealing, and a Simplicity of Manners.

Reflection.
Good Counsell is left upon an Habitual Harlot's of Ill Nature: And in the Cafe it must be a Diamond that Costs a Diamond; for One Fraud is best Undermin'd and Disappointed by Another. This Fable is a Figure upon a Figure, in Opposing the Straightness of the Body of the Snake after he was Dead, to the Crookedness of his Manners when he was Living. But the Lascivies of Hypocrisy will bear out the Harlot's of the Allusion.

FA B. CLV.
A Shepherd and a Wolves Whelp.

A Shepherd took a Sucking Whelp of a Wolf, and Train'd it up with his Dogs. This Whelp fed with 'em; Grew up with 'em, and whensoever they went out upon the Pounce of a Wolf, the Whelp would be sure to make One. It fell out sometimes that the Whelp Scared, and the Dogs were forc'd to go Home again: But thisDomestic Wolf would be still Hunting on, till he came up to his Brethren, where he took part of the Prey with them; and so back again to his Master. It happen'd now and then that the Whelps abroad were 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.
Wolf Men are no more to be Reckned a Family, and the Lion of the Predaceous Species the Blood, in the very Vines of the Whole Family.

Reflection.
ILL Dispositions may be Supposed, or Distempered for a while, but Nature is very hardly to be Altered, either by Counsel, or by Education. It may do well enough, for Curiosity, and Experience, to try how far Ill Natures Men and Other Creatures may be Wrought upon by Fair Usage, and Good Breeding; But the Inclination and Cruelty
THE King of Beasts was now grown Old, and Sickly, and All his Subjects of the Forreft, (having only the Fox) were to pay their Duties to him. The Wolf and the Fox like a Couple of Sly Knaves, were full putting Tricks One upon Another, and the Wolf took this Occasion to do the Fox a Good Office. I can Affure your Majesty, says the Wolf, that 'tis Nothing but Pride and Infolence that keeps the Fox from showing himself at Court as well as his Companions. Now the Fox had the Good Luck to be within Hearing, and so presented himself before the Lyen, and finding him Extreamly Enraged, begs his Majesties Patience, and a Little Time only for his Defence. Sir (says he) I must preface my Speech upon my Respect and Loyalty to your Majesty, 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 far and near, and since your Unhappy Indisposition, to find out a Remedy for ye, which with much ado I have now Compaft at large, and it is which I promised my self will prove an Infallible Cure. Tell me immediately (says the Lyon) what is it then? Nothing in the World, says the Fox, but to Play a Wolf Alive, and Wrap your Body up in the Warm Skin. The Wolf was by All this while; and the Fox in a Snarling way advised him for the Future, not to irritate a Prince against his Subjects, but rather to Sweeten him with Peakable and Healing Councils.

The Moral.
The Befriends of a Pickpocket is the Bafle of Offices, but yet Destriving enough sometimes, when One Rascal happens to be Encountered with Another.

Reflection.
There's Nothing more Common in the World than these Wolves Back-Friends, in all our Pretenions; whether it be in Law, in Government, or in a Hundred other Sorts of Company and Competition; Especially for the running down of a Man that's Declining in his Credit already. Calumny is Base at best; though Pleasant enough sometimes, when it falls out, that One Rascal is Countermining Another. But let the Reproof be never so True, it can hardly be Held, Where the Office is done in Hugger-Mugger; and where the Intention 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 Belieued, to the Wrong of Honest Men, and the Innocent Left without Means of Defence.

He that would Live Clear of the Envy and Hatred of Potent Calumniators, must lay his Finger upon his Mouth, and keep his Hands out of the Ink-Pot; for to do a Good Office upon the Point of Opinion, Intelligence, Brains, or Confidence, where this Wolsthus Emmer prevails, is little better than a Stanleem Magnanimus, or a Libel upon his Superiors: But where it happens, that there's a Fox and a Wolf in the Cafe; and One Sharper to Encounter Another, the Scene is Destriving enough.

The Moral.
A Wolf and a Drunken Husband.

A Woman that lays under the Mortification of a Faddling Husband, took him once when he was Dead Drunk, and had his Body lay'd in a Chamber-House. By the time that the thought he might be come to Himself again, away goes she, and Knocks at the Door. Who's There? (says the Porter) One, says the Woman, that brings Meat for the Dead. Friend, says he, Bring Me Drink rather. I wonder any Body that knows me, should bring me One without Tother. Nay then, says she, the Humour I perceive has taken Possession of him; he has gotten a Habit, and his Cafe is Desperate.

The Moral.
Vices and Habits become Another Nature to us, and we may almost as well be Taken to Pieces, and New put together again, as Mended.
Æsop's FABLES.

REFLEXION.

THE Intent of this Fable is to Work a Reformation of Manners, by shewing that Evil Habits are very hard to be Cur'd; for they take Root by Degrees, till they come in the End to be past both Remedy and Shame. 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 Th' Grib that can never Sleep without their Load, nor Enjoy One Easy Thought, till they have laid All their Cares to Rest with a Bottle. Tis much the Same Thing with Other Sensual Pleasures, where Mens Bodies and Minds are given up to the Entertainment of them. But the Extravagance is never so Desperate, as when the Understanding is Taken up with the Study and Meditation of Th' Grib I speak of, which the Body is no longer in Condition to Practice, and that's the most Depraved, Hopeless, and Incurable State of an Evil Disposition; for Drink upon Drink is made use of for a Remedy.

FAB. CLVIII.

A SWAN and a GOOSE.

The Master of a Houfe 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 Dressed for Dinner. But the Place was so Dark, that the Cook took One for 'Tother. This Mistake had Cost the Swan her Life, if she had not Sung in That very Instant, and discovered her fault, by which Means the both fav'd her Life, and Expref'd her Nature.

The MORAL.

A Man cannot be too Careful of what he does, where the Life of any Creature is Concerned.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S a Providence attends Innocency and Virtue, the Power of Right is Masque apart. 'Tis a Rule that goes a Great way in the Government of Sover Man's Life, not to put any thing to Hazard that may be Secretly Industry, Consideration, or Circumstance. And this Caution reaches to a Thousand Caises in the Ordinary Course of Life. Men should Look before they Leap; Deliberate before they Resolve; Try, Weigh, Examine, and be th' best they can be; and the Matter before they Execute. We fall into four Inconveniences out of Pure Lazynes, and for want of taking Pains to Perform our selves Better; Into Others, out of Rashness; by doing Things in a Hurry, and Fling over Head at a Venture. Now there's no Excuse for a Blunder upon any of these Topics, where there was both Time and Means to prevent it. What are we the better for the Facility 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 BLACK man.

A Man gave Money for a Black upon an Opinion that his Swardy Colour was rather Sluttish then Nature; and the Fault of his left Martin, in a Great Measure, that he kept him no Cleaner: He took him Home with him, and try'd All manner of Walkes to bring him to a Better Complexion; but there was no Good to be Done upon him: besides, that the very tampering Caft him into a Diseafe.

FAB. CLX.

A RAVEN and a SWAN.

A Raven had a Great Mind to be as White as a Swan, and fanc'd to Himself that the Swan's Beauty proceeded in a High Degree, from his own Walking and Dye. The Raven upon this quit'd 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 Cost him his Life too for want of Sustenance.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

Natural Inclinations may be Moulded and wrought upon by Good Counsell and Discipline; but there are Certain SPECIFIC Properties and Impresses, that are never to be ALTED or DEFALD.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Vain Thing to attempt the Perfecting 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 Color, or the Condition of Life, that Providence has Allotted 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 Amis. And then's as Great a Madness to attempt any Alteration upon them, because What Nature does, God does; whose Decrees are Unchangeable, and All his Works are Perfection in the Kind; but next to the Force of Natural Impulsions, we may reckon That of Customs and Habits.

FAB. CLXI.

A SWALLOW and a CROW.

Upon a Dispute betwixt a SWALLOW and a CROW, which was the Greater Beauty of the Two: Yours, says the CROW, is only a Spring-Beauty, but mine lasts all the Year round. The
The Moral. Of Two Things Equally Good, that is the best that lasts longest.

Reflection.

The Greatest of Temporal Blessings, are Health, and Long Life; and the most Durable of Good Things must Consequentlie be the Best. The Question here is, between the Great and the Small, has somewhat in it of the Caffe berser of Virtue and Sentimental Pleasures, as (for the purpose) of Youth, Wine, Women, and All other Entertainments whatsoever, that may serve to Gratify a Carnal Appetite. Here is a Temporary Oppos'd to Eternal; Joys that shall Endure for Ever, Fresh, and in Vigor, to Satisfactions that are attended with Satiety and Surfeits, and Flatten in the very Tasting.

FAB. CLXII.

A Nightingale and a Bat.

A Nightingale was Singing in a Cage at a Window, up comes a Bat to her, and Asks her why she did not Sing all the Day, as well as in the Night. Why (says the Nightingale) I was Catch'd Singing in the Day, and so I took it for a Warning: You should have thought of This then, says T'other, before you were Taken; for as the Cafe stands now, Yare in no Danger to be Snap-Singing again.

The Moral.

A Wrong Reason for the Doing of a Thing is worse than No Reason at all.

Reflection.

There's No Recalling of what's Gone and Past; so that After-We comes too Late when the Mistick is Done. That is to say, it comes too late for That Bait. But it is not Amiss however, for a Man that has gone astray, to call to Mind where he went out of his Way, and to look back what's Past, if we would take a View of what's to Come. A Fault Committed, or a Misfortune Incurred, cannot be Recall'd 'tis True; but yet the Meditating upon One Fall may help to Prevent Another. Wherefore is 'tis Good, upon the Point of Common Prudence, to be Thoughtful, provided we be not more Solicitous then the Thing is worth, and that we make a Right Ule of Thole Reflections; that is to say, an Ule of Repentance, where we did Morally Amiss; an Ule of Rectifying our Judgments, where we did Fortuity; and an Ule of Caution in Both Cases, never to do the same Thing over again. This is no more then what a Conscience, Equity, and Reason 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 Sham Fallacies upon the World for Current Reason, as the Nightingale was taken Singing in the Day when she was at Liberty. And what's This to her Resolution of Singing only in the Night, now she's in the Cage.

FAB. CLXIII.

A Toy and a Cloaths.

Such People were Roasting of Cockles, and they Hiss'd in the Fire. Well (says a block-headed Boy) These are Villainous Creatures sure, to Sing when their Hoots are a fire o'er their Heads.

The Moral.

Nothing can be Well that's out of Sustain.

Reflection.

There's a Time for Jell, and a Time for Earnest, and it is a Dangerous Mistake, not to Distinguish the One from the Other. The Fool's Conscion here, had both Clownery, and ill Nature in't, for there's Nothing more Brutal, or Barbarous, than the Humor of Injuring over the Miserable; Nothing more Contrary to Humanity, and Common Sense, than this Scandalous Way of Grinning and Jeching out of Sustain. But a Childish Contempt does well enough out of the Mouth of a Foolish Boy; for it is but Congruous, that Silly People should be pleas'd with Silly Words, and Things.

FAB. CLXIV.

Two Travellers and a Bag of Money.

A Two Travellers were upon the Way together, One of 'em Stoles, and Takes up Something. Look ye here (says he) I have found a Bag of Money; No, says T'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 Hue 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 Undone. Oh Phew, says T'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.

This that will Enter into Leagues 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 in Good Fortune, will hardly ever agree to be Shariers in Bad. An Open, and an Honest Candor of Mind carrieth a Body Safe and Dry through all Ways and Weathers: Whereas in shifting and shifting, a Man puts himself off his Guard; and the fairest Rule that serves him at Two times, will not serve him at Another, Men are willing enough to have Partners in Loss, but not in Gain; one more than the Traveller alone that cries [I] have found a Purse of Profit, and his not the Traveller alone that cries [W] have lost my money, but 'tis the Curse of All People of Intemperance, to give two thing two Faces, and to Deal with the World, as the Spark did with the Oracle. The Bird shall be Dead or Living, which himself Pleases.

To improve 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 Purse of Gold in a Mithril, in a Bottle, in an Office, and in All other the vain Satisfactions of This World; And what's the End of all but a Sickness? as he believes, may perhaps be his Apparition, or, as he fancies, make his Fortune perhaps. He grows fretful and sick of his Purchase; His Confidence in the Hoc and C oci that pursues him, and he reckons upon it that he has gotten a Booty, he has only caught 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 the other Frog over to her in the Pool, where she might have been safe; but she was wonted to the Place, the said, and would not move. And what was the End on't now, but that the Wheel of a Cart drove over her; and the Cart-Frog was so near as to catch her in her Pieces?

The Moral.

Some People are so Lifeless and Stale, that they'll rather lie still and Die in a Ditch, than stir one Finger to Help themselves out on't.

REFLEXION.

CUSTOM is Another Nature; and what between Obligacy, and Sloth, it be never so ill, and inconvenient, People are very Hard yet to Quite.
and in Publick Cales as well as in Private: for there is Nothing more frequent, than for People to take their Oppressors for their Protectors, and their Protectors for Oppressors: As the Barer here Sarp'd the Thief, and fell foul upon their Keeper. This is the very Humour of the Mobile, when they Mif. take their Man.

F A B. CLXVII.

A Kingsfisheer.

THE Kingsfisheer is a Solitary Bird, that Wonts commonly by the Water-side, and Nestles in Hollow Banks to be out of reach of the Fowlers. One of Thee Birds happen'd to be forraging abroad for her Young Ones, and in This Interim, comes a Raging Torrent, that washes away Nest, 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 Apprehension of One Enemy, into the Mouth of Another.

The M O R A L.

'Tis many a wise Man's hap, while he is providing against One Danger, to fall into Another: and for his very Providence is turn to his Demise.

R E F L E X I O N.

MANY People apprehend Danger, Where there's None, and fancy themselves to be Out of Danger where there's most of All. As the Fellow gave God Thanks at Sea when the Ship's 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 State 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 Inundations, Earth-Quakes, Hurriances, Benthial Vapours and the like, and therefore it is Our Part, and Duty, to Hope, and Endeavour the Best, and at the Same Time to provide for the Work that can Befall Us. That which cannot be Help'd, must be Borne.

F A B. CLXVIII.

Fishing in Troubled Waters.

A Fisher-man had Ordred his Net, for a Draught; and still, as he was Gathering it up, he Dabb'd the Water, to Eject the Fish into the Bag. Some of the Neighbourhood that look'd on,

on, told him he did ill to muddle the Water so, and Spoil their Drink. Well (says he) But I must either Spoil your Drink, or have Nothing to Eat my self.

The M O R A L.

There's no Engaging the Mobile in a Contest, till their Heads are so muddled with Fright and Visions, That they can neither See, Hear, nor Understand.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Allegory is frequently Applied to those that make Advantage to Themselves by Embroiling the Publick; and by their Country A-fer, for the Destroying of their Own Eggs. 'Tis the Only Trade that many People have to live by, and the most Profitable Trade too, when the Occasion lies Fair for their Purpore. 'Tis with the Common People in this Cafe, just as 'tis with Fishes: Trouble the Waters, so that they cannot see their Way before them, and you Have'em Sure in the Bag before they know where they are.

F A B. CLXIX.

An Ape and a Dolphin.

Peopled were us'd in the Days of Old, to carry Gameome Puppies and Ape's with'em to Sea, to pass away the Time withal. Now there was One of these Ape's, it seems, aboard a Vessel 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 Pyramid, 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 Pyramid: Oh! exceedingly well, says 'Tother. (taking it for the Name of a Man) Why Pyramid is my very Particular Good Friind. The Dolphin, upon this, had such an Indignation for the Impudence of the Buffoon-Ape, that he gave him the Slip from between his Legs, and there was an End of my very Good Friind, the Atheniat.

The M O R A L.

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

**REFLEXION.**

*This* is the Honour of a great many Travelling Men; as well as Travelling Apes: Men that will be Talking of Places that they never Saw, and of Persons that they never Heard of. Their whole Conversation is made up of Counsels and Inquiries, Remarks of State, Embassies, and Negotiations, though they never were skill'd in at all. Neither Men, books, nor Sciences come Amiss to 'em: And after All this Extravagant Buz, a Gay Coat and a Grinsteo is the Uproot of what they can Pretend to. These Phantoms however are sometimes taken for Men, and born up by the Wellmeaning Ignorant Common People, as the Ape was here by the Dolphin; till in the Conclusion, their silly Head lays them Open. Their Supporters give them the Slip, and down they Drop, and Vanity. How many of these empty Chattering Fops have we daily put upon us, for Men of Sense and Business; that with Bolsoch's Prime Minister, shall spend ye Eight and Forty Hours together, Poring over a Map, to look for Artificial and Democracy, instead of Charity and Dolmotic, and take the Name of a Country for a Form of Government; Without any more ado, we have Ape in History, as well as in Fables, and not a Ruth matter whether they go on Four Legs, or on Two.

**FAB. CLXX.**

**Mercury and a Statuary.**

**Mercury** had a Great Mind once to Learn what Credighe had in the World, and he knew no Better Way, then to Put on the Shape of a Man, and take Occasion to Discurso the Matter as by the By, with a Statuary: So away he went to the House of a Great Matter, where, among Other Curious Figures, he saw several Excellent Pieces of the Gods. The first he chance'd was a Jupiter, which would have come at a very Eafe Rate: 'Well (says Mercury) and what's the Price of that Jove There? The Carver for That a Little Higher? The Next Figure was a Mercury, with his Rod and his Wings, and All the Emblems of his Communion. Why, This is as it should be, says he, to Himself: For here am I in the Quality of Jupiter's Messenger, and the Patron of Artizans, with all my Trade about me: And now will this Fellow ask the Fifteen Times as much for This as he did for 'Thoth: And by he put it to himself, what he Vull'd that Piece at. Why truly says the Statuary, you seem to be a Civil Gentlemen, give me but my Price for the Other Two, and you shall 'em have That into the Bargain.

**FAB. 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 Stole Tiresias' Oxen; and order'd 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 Conceived 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 Course from the Right-hand to the Left. That Eagle (says Tiresias) is nothing to our Purposes; wherefore Pray look again once. Mercury stood Gazing a while, and then told Tiresias of a Crow he had discover'd upon a Tree, that was One while looking up into the Air, and Another while down towards the Ground: That's enough (says 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 Pleacets.
The Moral.

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

Reflection.

Knaves Set up their Jugglers, and fools maintain them. There must be Forms however, Characters, and Hard Words, Grabbed Looks, and Canting Calculations, for the Colour of the Pretence; but people should have a Care yet, not to take a Confederacy for a Science.

F A B. CLXXII.

A Roman and a Greek.

Here was a Man had Two Dogs; One for the Chafe, Theatre to look to the House, and whatever the Hound took abroad, the House-Dog had his Part on't at Home. Tother Grumbled at it, that when he took all the Pains, the Maistre should Reap the Fruit of his Labours. Well, says the House-Dog, That's None of my Fault, but my Master, that has not Train'd me up to Work for my self, but to Eat what others have Provided for me.

The Moral.

Fathers and Masters have a Great deal to Answer for, if their Children and Servants do not Do as they should do.

Reflection.

MORE People are lost for want of a Good Education and Instruction, than for want of Honesty and Honourable Inclinations; and these are Misscarriages 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 Master Maintains the Hound, as well as the Hound the Master; and if the One did not keep the House 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 Industry 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.

F A B.
REFLEXION.

A Man that had a very Courtly Voice, but an Excellent Music-Room, would be still Pratiching in that Chamber, for the Advantage of the Ears. He took such a Conceit upon it, that he must needs be having his Parts upon a Publick Theatre, where he performed so very ill, that the Auditory Hid’d him off the Stage, and threw Stones at him.

The Moral.

A Man may Like himself so very Well in his Own Glass, and yet the World not Fall in Love with him in Publick. But the Truth sits it, We are Partial in our own Coffe, and there’s no Reading of Our Selvses but with Other Men’s Eyes.

REFLEXION.

There’s a Great Difference betwixt an Orator in the Schools, and a Man of Buse’d upon a Stage of Adition. Many a Man that Paffes for a Philosopher in Private, behaves himself mod. 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 Galles, and the One Helps out a Bad Voice, as the Other Countenances an Ill Fav’d Face: That is to say, the One Drows the Hardness of the Pipe, as the Other Covers, or Disguises the Courtesies of the Complexion. But Men must not think to Walk upon These Stiles, if they come to set up in Publick once.

The One, for an Italian Coper, the Other, for an English Beauty: Whereas
FA R. CLXXVII.

Thieves that Stole a Cock.

A Band of Thieves brake into a House once, and found Nothing int to Carry away, but One Poor Cock. The Cock paid as much for Himself as a Cock could say, but Insulted 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 forthwith for your Balling.

The Moral.

That which is Our Body's Meat, is Another Body's Payday: at the Treasur y of Thieves is the Security of Honest Men. One Foolish Word is Enough to Spell a Good Confes, and 'tis many a Man's Fortune to Cut his Own Throat with his Own Argument.

Reflection.

'Tis a Hard Matter for a Man that Argues against the Truth, and the Reason of a Thing, to Confuse with Himself, for having no Rule to Walk by, 'tis Foxy 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 Times, Persons, and Occasions. 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 turn'd upon him out of his Own Mouth. This Precedence of Mind, 'tis true, is not Every Bodies Talent; neither does This Reflection Enter into Every Bodies Thought; but it were better if it Were so, and so it Ought to be.

FA R. CLXXVIII.

A Crow and a Raven.

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

fas up for a Foreboder too; and so gets upon a Tree, and there stands Nodding and Croaking, just over the Head of some People that were Palling by. They were a little Surpriz'd at first, but so soon as they saw how 'twas. Come, my Matters (fays One of the Company) let's c'en go forward, for this is but the Chattering of a Foolish Crow, and it signifies Nothing.

The Moral.

How are Superfluous Men Hang'd Out of their Wits and States, with the Fancy of Omen, Forbodings, Old Women Tales, and Visions; and upon a Final Examination of the Matter, Nothing at All in the Bottom e'll!

Reflection.

The Affectation of Powers and Faculties, that are Above us, is not only Vain, and Unprofitable, but Ridiculous; for the Matter, upon Examination, will not abide the Tell, Your Emblems, Puff Par-Prophecies, Foresay-Tellers, and Buffon-Pretenders to State and Government, fall under the Lati of this Moral. And so do All your little Smatterers in Arts and Sciences of what Kind, or Quality soever: But there goes more to the Making of a Prophet, then Mocking or Croaking. 'Tis not the Crow and the Cap that Makes the Doctor; Neither is it the Superfluous Gravity of Countenances and Forms, that pretendly Dubbs any Man a Philosopher. Not but that a Fool may Put himself in the Garb, and so far imitate the Meen, and Mote of a Wise Man, as at first Bluff to Put a Body to a Stand what to Make of him: But upon further Consideration, the Original is as Easily known from the Copy, as the Alien his borrowed Skin was from the Lion: Or I might have said, as the Crow here from the Raven: Their Ears and their Tongues Betray them.

FA R. CLXXIX.

A Crow and a Dog.

A Crow Invited a Dog to Join in a Sacrifice to Minerva. That will be to no Purpose (fays the Dog) for the Goddess has such an Aversion to ye, that you are Particularly Excluded out of all Auguries. Ay, fays 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 Practice of the World, that Men take up Religious wars for Fear, Reputation, and Interest, then for True Affection.
REFLEXION.

THIS Pagan Fable will bear a Christian Moral, for more People Worry for Fear, and for Interest, then for Love and Devotion. As the Law do the Devils, That they may not Hurt 'em, It Teaches us farther, that we are not to take Pet, or Defend, under any Croft or Calamity that the Almighty is pleased to lay upon us. The Judgments of Heaven are just, and let them fall never to Heavy, they are yet less then we deserve. The Devil himself, when he was let loose upon Job, could not Transpire That Patient, Good Man beyond his Temper, or make him Quit his Hold. Reformation and Perfection are All that a Man has to Trust in, This Extremity. There's no Good to be done by Struggling, nor any way left as to make our Peace with, but to try by Faith, Prayer, and a New Life, if we can make our Offended Matter Once again our friend. So that upon the Uplift, Afflictions are but the Methods of a Merciful Providence, to Force us upon the only Means of setting Matters Right, bevis the Divine Justice and Humane Frailty.

F A B. CLXXXI.

A Raven, and a Snake.

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 Purchase that cost him his Life.

The Moral.

Nature has made All the Necessities of Life, Safe and Easy to us, but if we will be Hammering after Things that We neither Want nor Understand, we must take our Fortunes, even if Death it Self 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 Reputation, for a Little Dirty Interest. 'Tis much the same Thing between Us, and our Sensual Acquisitions, that it is between the Raven and the Snake here. Men of Eager Appetites Chop at what comes next, and the Purchase faldom falls of a String in the Tail of it. Nor is it to be Expected, that Passion without Reason should Succeed better. Our Senses are Sharpener upon All Flethy Pleasures, and if they be but fair to the Eye, Deluding to the Palate, Harmonious to the Ear, Gentle to the Touch, and Fragrant to the Smell, 'tis all we Look for, and all we Care for. 'Tis true, all this while, that our very Nature Requires a Doze of These Enjoyments; nay, and that Providence
dance it self does not only Allow, but Prehend it; for the Common Comfort and Benefit of Human Society, and of Mankind; for Life would be no longer Life without it. But the Crime and the Danger lies in the Excess, and in the Immoderate Love and Use of them. Was not the Apple in Paradise Fair to the Eye, and Grateful to the Tast, and yet there was Death in it. What were the Poets Sarson, but Figures of our Seducters, that Charm us by the Ear, and Tempt us to Step Overboard: That is to say, by Debauching us into Falsie Doctrine and Opinions, which do but Anfire, on the One side, the Moral of the Songs on the Other. And so for the Touch, and the Smell, the Former, 'tis true, has made more Havock in the World, but yet a Man may be Poyson'd with a Perfume, as well as with a Noxious Poison. To conclude, we have Snakes in our Beds, in our Cups, in our Dishes, and whoever dips too deep, will find Death in the Pot.
put on all Appearances in Matter of Opinion, Practice and Precedence, Suitable to the Humour they are to Joy in 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 Plume and Colour Bear them away, and Refuse to Entertain them. This is no more then what we find to be true in all Turnes of State. Double-Dealers may Pafs Misiler for a While, but All Parties Wash their Hands of them in the Conclusion.

F A B. CLXXXII.

A Dog with a String ac'ts feet.

A Country-Fellow took a Dog and ty'd a String to his Leg, and so gave him to a Little Boy to Play withal. The Dog 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 Starved. When he came to Die, he Reflectsed upon the Folly of Exposing his Life in the Woods, rather than Live in an Eafe Servitude among Men.

The Moral.

'Tis Fancy, not the Reason of Things, that makes Life fo Unhappy 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.

Reflection.

Men that are Impatient under Imaginary Afflictions, change contantly for Worse, as the Dog did here in the Fable; that Threw himself into a Straining Neeceity, rather then he would Submit to the Tolerable Inconvenience of an Eafe Refrainnt. This was a Republican Dog, that Knew not Liberty, nor Understanding that he that Lives under the Bondage of Laws, is in a State of Freedom: And that Popular Liberty, when it paffes Thole Bounds, 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 Humouer and the Fate of Forward Subjects. They Fancy themselves Unfree under the Errors of a Male-administration of Government, when their Quarel Strikes, in truth, at the very Root and Conditions of Government it self. 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 Caile: for where they cannot Find 'em, they can Create them; and There goes no more to't neither, then the Calling of Neeceary Justice by the Name of Oppregation. And what's the End only, more then This now? Thy Run away from their Masters into the Woods, and there, with Aesop's Dog, they either Starve, or Hang Themselves.

F A B.

F A B. CLXXXIII.

Jupiter and Fraud.

Jupiter Appointed Mercury to make him a Composition of Fraud and Hypocrifie, and to give Every Artificer his Dofe o'rt, The Medicine was Prepar'd according to the Bill, and the Proportions duly Observ'd, and Divided: Only there was a great deal too Much of it made, and the Overplus remained till in the Mortar. Upon Examining the Whole Account, there was a Miflake it seems, in the Reck'n'g for, the Taylors were forgot in the Catalogue: So that Mercury, for Bravery sake, gave the Taylors the Whole Quantity that was Left; and from hence comes the Old Saying: There's Finery in All Trades, but Mif in Taylors.

The Moral.

It is in some sort Natural to be a Knave. We were Made, so, in the very Composition of our Flesh and Blood: Only Fraud is call'd Wit in one Cafe; Good Husbandry in another: While 'tis the Whole Business of the World for One Man to Concom Another.

Reflection.

Lying and Couzening 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 Coursenance the Corruption of Flesh and Blood: And since Custom and Interest will have it so, that all TradeMen must use Fraud, more or less, even in their own Defence, the Practice being in some sort so Neeceary, it's not amiss to bring in Jupiter to justify it: but why is this Jallie and Double Dealing apply'd to TradeMen only, when it is Common to Mankind? And why among them, to Taylors above the Rest? when all the Business that falls in this World between Man and Man is Managed by Collusion and Deceit, in as High a Manner: So that the Composition might have been as well Prepar'd for Humane Nature. Are we not False, in our Pretended Civilities, Formal Complements, and Respects? in our Confidences, and in our Promises? Are we not False, in Promising, and Breaking? Is not He that Robs me of my Good Name, a more Abominable Cheat, than he that Cowzens me of a Yard of Damask? Is not He that Betrays me in his Arms, a more Deceitful Wretch, than He that Contents 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 laid fo't yet, that they Play Foul by Content. We Cowzen in our Words, and in our Actions, only we are Agreed upon's, that such and such Forms of Civility, like some Adulterate Quions, shall pass Current for so much. A Fashionable Imposture, or Hypocrifie, shall be call'd Good Manners.
Manners, and so we make a shift in some sort to legitimate the Abuse. In Jupiter's appointing their Fruits, we read the Power of Human Frailty that Diffuses us to Entertain them: For we are Falle enough by Nature without any need of Precepture.

**F A B. CLXXXIV.**

**Jupiter and Modesty.**

MAN was made in such a Hurry (according to the Old Fable) that Jupiter had forgotten to put Modesty into the Composition, among his other Affections; and finding that there was no Way of Introducing it afterwards, Man by Man, he Proposed the turning of it Loose among the Multitudes: Modesty took her self at first to be a Little hardly dealt withal, but in the End, came over to Agree to't, upon Condition that Carnal Love might not be suffer'd to come into the same Company; for where-ever that comes, says he, I'm Gone.

The MORAL.

Seduce Love, where neither Eyes nor Bouds. We are all Naturally Insatiable; only by Caution, and Fugitives, we have been taught to Discipline the Matter, and Look Discreetly; and that's it, which we call Modesty.

**REFLEXION.**

THE Extravagant Heats and Transport of Lovers, and Voluptuaries, take away all Shame. This Fable Hints to us the Wild Extravagances of an Unbridled Appetite, and that till that Devil be laid, there can be no Thought of Lexing Carnal Love and Modesty under the same Roof. Jupiter's forgetting Modesty in the Composition of Man, intimates the Difficulty of Admitting it, till Flesh and Blood have done the Friendly Office towards the People of the World; for there's hardly any Place for Counsel; till their Heats are in some Measure taken off; and it is no Wonder, that what Love comes to be without Reason, it should be without Modesty too; for when it is once past Government, it is consequentially past Shame. When our Corruptions, in fine, are Strong, and our Understandings Weak, we are apter to Hearken to the Motions of the Blood, and to the Vain Imaginations of a Deprav'd Affection, than to the Dry Doctrines and Precepts of Authority and Verity.

The Difficulty of keeping Young and Hot Blood in Order, does mightily Enforce the Necessity of an Early Care for the Training up of Children, and giving them a Tincture, before it is too Late of these Doctrines and Principles, by which they are afterward to Govern the Whole Frame of their Lives. For in their Tender Years they are more Susceptible of Profitable and Veracious Impressions, than afterwards, when they come to be Solicited by the Impulse of Common, and Vulgar Inclinations. They should

F A B. CLXXXV.

**Jupiter's Wedding.**

When the Toy had once taken Jupiter in the Head to Enter into a State of Marronry, he Refol'd for the Honour of his Celestial Lady, that the whole World should keep a Festival upon the Day of his Marriage, and so Invited all Living Creatures, Tag-Rag and Bob-Tail, to the Solemnity of his Wedding. They all came in very Good Time, having only the Tortoise. Jupiter told him 'twas Ill done to make the Company Stay, and ask'd him, Why so Late? Why truly says the Tortoise, I was at Home, at my Own House, my Dearly Beloved House, and [Home is Home, let it be never so Homely.] Jupiter took it very Ill at his Hands, that he should think himself Better in a Ditch, then in a Palace, and so he past'd this Judgment upon him; that since he would not be prevailed to come out of his House upon that Occasion, he should never Stir abroad again from that Day forward, without his House upon his Head.

The MORAL.

There's a Retreat of Slack and Affliction, as well as of Choice and Virtue; and a Bog is may be as Proud, and as Happy too in a Cottage, as a Prince in a Palace.

**REFLEXION.**

We are to Learn from hence (says the Old Moral) that the 's no Tripping, Dallying, or Delaying with Men in Power: And that Contentment in a Mean Condition at Home, is beyond all the Luxurious Treasures in the World; Abroad, with Pomp and Envuy: The Danger of Tripping with Great Men does not come up methinks, to the Full Force, and Instant of this Fable, which leaves rather to fict forth the Mistakes of Impotent Greatness, in Mis-judging the Equl, and Standard of Human Happiness. What's a Voluptuous Dinner, and the Frothy Vanity of Discordic that commonly attends the Pompeius Entertainments? Which is it but a Metaphor to a Man of Sins and Vices, to spend his time among People that raise God for Evil, and Punish where they should Reward, and Reward where they should Punish; The Tortoise was Forbidden the Company: That's to say, he was Benifited from the Fight of Vain, Wicked, and Unprofitable Examples: Jupiter gave the Tortoise the Honour of an Invitiation, but that Honour was yet to the Poor Tortoise's Loss; for He that's Transported out of his Nature, and out of his Element, let the Change be what it will, is a Loaf by the Bargain. A Plain, and a Homely Home, with Competency and Content.
is beyond all the Palaces under the Heavens; The Pomp, the Pleasure, and the Pleasures of them over and above; To lay nothing of the Surfeits that are gotten by Excesses of Eating and Drinking; The Reflets Nights, Fabulous Emerations, Feuds, and Disguits that Attend them; Besides the Slavery of being Ty'd up to other Peoples Hourls, Meals, and Fashions. He that has no Ambition, is Happy in a Cell, or in a Corrug; whereas the Ambitious Man is Miserable, even upon a Throne. He that thinks he has not Enough, Wants, and He that wants is a Beggar.

The Torsie came Late, for he came Unwillingly, which is the Cafe of many a Worthy Man. Quality have a Place to Formalities of Compliment, and Good Manners. The want took Snuff at the Contempt, and Punits him for'. And what was the Punishment? He sent him Home again. That is to say, He Remanded him to his Lot, and to his Choice. Such, in Short, is the Felicity of a Moderate, and a Steady Mind, that all Comforts are Wrap't up in't; for Providence turns the very Punishment of a Good Man, into an Equivalence to a Reward, by Improving that to his Advantage, which was intended for his Ruine; and making the Torsie's Beggars a Blessing to him.

**FAB. CLXXXVI.**

**A Wolf and a Sheep.**

A Wolf that lay Licking of his Wounds, and Extreemly Faint, and Ill, upon the Biting of a Dog, call'd out to a Shop that was passing by, Hark ye Friend (says he) if thou wouldst but Help me to a Soup of Water out of that fame Brook there, I could make I a Shift to get my fell something to Eat. Yes, says the Sheep, I make no Doubt on't; but when I bring ye' Drink, my Carcase shall serve ye for Meat to't.

**The Moral.**

It is a Charitable and a Christian Office to Relieve the Poor and the Distressed; but thus Duty does not Extend to Sturdy Beggars, that while they are Receiving Aims with One Hand, are ready to Steal out a Man's Brains with the Other.

**REFLEXION.**

That Shop has a Blessed Time on't that runs on a Wolf's Errand: But Aesop's Shop has more Wit: I perceive, then many of our Domestique Innocents. To a Courte-Mallet-Piece, to draw Chilins out of the Fire with other Peoples Fingers; and to Complement a Man into a Part of Honour, a purpose to have him Knock'd off Head in't: Now the Shop's Cafe in the Fab is as an Every-days Cafe in the World; when People are divided betwixt Charity and Diligence, how far to go, and where to stop. In Office, This General Rule to Walk by, that when we have to do with Known Wolves, we know likewise that they are not to be Confident in. But this Wolf (I must Confess) with a Loadkin over his Shoulders, might have past Muller for a Gutterkin in Sheep's Clothing; which would have made it a more Dangerous Imposture. We are to Gather from hence, that there's no Trufling to the Fair Words and Appearances of a Falle, and a Malicious Enemy; for their very Kupinetics are no better than theirs. Treachery is a kind of a Lay-Hypocrisy, and they are Equally Odious both to God and Man: Over and above the Corrupting of our Manners, the Hardening of our Hearts; the Distilving of all the Bonds of Faith, Confidence and Society, and the Extinguishing of Good Nature it self: And all This in our own Defence too.

**FAB. CLXXXVII.**

**Hares, Hares, and Eagles.**

Here goes an Old Story of a Bloody War between the Hares, and the Eagles; and the Hares would fain have drawn the Foxes into their Alliance; but very Franckly 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 Copc withal.

**The Moral.**

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

**REFLEXION.**

'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 Manfully too Strong for them both. 'Tis Hazardous to Contrad Unequal Friendships and Alliances, and there's an Inequality of Diposition and Humor, as well as of Power. The Falle are as Dangerous as the Fearsful: 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 Affiance and Defence; and He that Joins Interests with those that cannot Help him, stands as Single as he did before; which destroys the End of Common Unit it; and where there's no Hope of Reciprocal Aid, there can be no Basis for a Mutual Obligation: And it is the Same Thing in Business, Counsel, and Commerce, that it is in Arms and Force. The Cafe of the Hares and Foxes in a Confederacy against the Eagles, is a Common Cafe between Kingdoms and Common-wealths.
ÆSOP'S FABLES

F A B. CLXXXVIII.
An Ant formerly a Gnat.

The Ant, or Pismire, was formerly a Husband-man, that
secretly Fish'd away his Neighbour's Goods and Corn,
and for'd all up in his own Barn. He drew a General Circu-
lar upon his Head for't, and Jupiter, as a Punishment, and for
the Credit of Mankind, turned 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.

The which Some call Good Husbandry, Industry and Providence, Others all
Rising, Acquiring, and Oppression; So that the Poor and the Rich, in Man
Cafes, are hardly Distinguishing but by the Name.

ReFLExION.

WHEN Vicious Inclinations are brought once, by Custom, and Practise, to be Habitual, the Evil is Deleterious, for Nature will be full True
to her self, through all Forms and Stilements. And Custom is a Second Na-
ture. 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 them-
sefes to, when they Degenerate from the Dignity of their Kind: So that the
Metamorphosis is in their Manners, not in their Figure. When a Restless
able Soul defends to keep Company in the Dust with Arts, and Beasts, and
Abandon the Whole Man to the Sensuality of Brute Satisfactions he for-
feits his Peacock, and the very Privalage of his Character and Creation;
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 befall the Huf
band-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 Hulling toward them a great
Way off at Sea. They took it at first for a Ship, and as it
came Nearer, for a Boat only; but they prov'd at last to be no
more then a Float of Weeds and Rubles: Whereupon they
made this Reflection within Themselves, We have been Wait-
ing here for a Mighty Bar'nes, that comes at left to just No-
thing.

F A B. CXC.

A Thile Ass and a Lame.

As a Thile Ass was Airing himself in a Pleasant Meadow,
with a Coat and Carcafs in very Good Plum, up
comes a Wild one to him from the next Wood. with this short
Greeting. Brother (says he) I Eneve your Happiness; and fo he
left him: It was his Flap some short time after this Encoun-
ter, to see his Thile Brother, Groaning under an Unmerciful
Pack, and a Fellow at his Heels Goading him forward. He
Round him in the Ear upon't, 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 Provender at this Rate.
The Moral.

Between Envy and Ingratitude, we make our Selves twice miserable; out of Opinion, First, that our Neighbour has too Much; and Secondly, that We our Selves have too Little.

Reflection.

This is to Caution us against running the Rife of Disappointments that are greater than the Present Inconveniences, and where the Misery, and Hazards, does more than Counterbalance the Benefit.

In the Fable of the Hare and the Aes (Numb. 38.) The Aes finds himself Mistaken in his Opinion, both of the Foundation of Happiness, and of the Stability of it. His Mistake 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 too apt to think other People more Happy, and our selves Less, than in Truth, They, or We are: Which Saviour of a Malevolence on the One hand, and Ingratitude on the Other. Nay, it falls out many times, that the Eervous Person's are rather to be Envy'd of the Two. What had the Wild Aes here to Complain of, or the Hare One to be Envy'd for? The Former was but in the Plight that Wild Aes usually are; and in Truth ought to be. When they are in the Woods they are at Home, and a Forsett-Life, to them, is but according to Nature. As to the State and Rudezns of his Body, 'tis but Answerable to the Condition of his Lot. The Lame Aes, 'tis true, was Better Fed, but then he was Hard Wrought, and in the Carrying of Packs, he did but serve Mankind in the Trade that Providence had Alligned him for; for he was made for Burdens. 'Tis a Fine Thing to be Fat and Smooth; but 'tis a finer Thing to Live a Liberty and Ease.

To speak Properly, and to the Point, there is no such Thing as Happenels or Misery in this World (commonly so reputed) but by Contending: neither is there any Man made Miserable, as not to be Happy, or to be Happy, as not to be Miserable, in some Respect or Other. Only we are apt to Envy our Neighbours all the Advantages that we Want, without ever giving Thanks for the Blessings that They have, and We our selves enjoy. Now this Mixture in the Distributions of Providence, duly Consider'd, serves to make Us, as well as Necessary one to the other; and so to Unite us in a Confoence both of Friendship, and of Civil Convenience: For it is no less Requisite to Maintain a Truck in the Matter of Moral Offices, and Natural Facilities, than in the Common Business of Negotiation, and Commerce; and the Humane Society can so much Subsist without the One, then without the Other. One Man furnishes Brain, another Money, a Third, Power, Credit, Mediation, Intelligence, Advice, Labour, Industry; (to say Nothing of a Thousand other Influences Reducible 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, finds in Need of his Neighbour. Take away this Correspondence, and the very Frame of all Political Bodies drops to pieces. Every thing is left in force, as God has made it, and where God has
Here's a *Petition 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 Embroil'd, Diabol'd, or Alter'd. For the Sake of so many *Affs*. What would become of the Universe if there were not Servants as well as Masters? Beasts to Draw, and Carry Burdens, as well as Burden to be Drawn and Carry'd. If there were not Instruments for Drudgery, as well as Offices of Drudgery; If there were not People to Receive and Execute Orders, as well as others to Give and Authorize them? The Demand, in fine, is unnatural, and Consequentially both Weak and Wicked; and it is likewise as Vain, and Unreasonable, to Ask a Thing that is wholly Impracticable. But 'tis the Petition of an *Aff* at first, which keeps up the Congruity of the Moral to the Fable.

The Ground of the Request, is the Fiction of a Complaint, by reason of Intolerable Burdens. Now we have Grievances to the Life, as well as in Fancy; and *Affs* in Night and Blood too, and in Practise, as well as in Emblem. We have *Affs* in Society, as well as in the Fields, and in the Parable; And we have English too, as well as Arcadian Grievances. What? (Cries the Multitude) are not our Bodies the bane Clay, and our Souls the sacred Divine Inspiration with our Masters? Under these Annulments, the Common People put up to many Appeals to Heaven, from the Powers and Commands of the Lawful Superiors, over the Obloquy of Oppressors; and what Better Answer can be return'd to All their clamorous Importunities, than this of *Jupiter*? Which most Emphatically lets forth the Necessity of Discharging the *Affs* Part: and the Vanity of Proposing to have it done, in any Other Way. As who should say, the Business of Human Nature must be done. Lay your Heads together, and if you can find any way for it, do it, without one Foot 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.

**F A B. CXCII.**

*An Affs and the Frogs.*

An *Aff* Sunk down into a Bog among a Shoale of Frogs, with a Burden of Water upon his Back, and there he lay, Sighing and Groaning, as his Heart would Break: His ye Friend (lays one of the Frogs to him) if you make such a Business of a Quaquarine, when you are but just fallen into, what would you do I Wonder, if You had been here as long as we have been?

**The Moral.**

Custom makes things Familiar and Easy to us; but every thing is Best yet in own Element.

**F A B. CXCIII.**

*A Salt's Affs and a Raven.*

An *Aff* with a Gall'd Back was Feeding in a Meadow, a Raven Pitch'd upon him, and there Sate, Jabbing of the Sore. The *Aff* fell a Frisking and Braving upon't, which fit a Groom, that saw it at a Distant, a Laughing at it. Well! (says a Wolfe that was Passing by) to see the Injustice of the World now! A Poor Wolfe in that Raven's Place, would have been Percieved, and Hunted to Death, previously; and 'tis made only a Laughing Matter, for a Raven to do the Same Thing that would have Cost a Wolfe his Life.

**The Moral.**

One Man may better Steal a Hare, than another Look over the Hedge.


**Fab. CXCV.**

A Lyon, Afs, and Fox.

As an Af and a Fox were together upon the Ramble, a Lyon Met them then by the Way. The Fox's Heart went Pit-a-Pat; but however to make the Belt of a Bad Game, he fes 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 Curt my fell upon Your Honour for my Own Security. If you have a Mind to my Companion, the Af here, 'tis but a Word Speaking, and You shall have him Immediately. Let it be Done then, says the Lyon. So the Fox Prepares the Af to the Toy, and the Lyon, when he found that, 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 Traitor.

**Reflection.**

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.

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**Fab. CXCV.**

A Bird and a Swallow.

There was a Foolish Hen that sat Brooding upon a Neft of Snakes Eggs: A Swallow, that Observ'd it, went and told her the Danger on't. Little do you think, says he, when you are at this Instinct a Doing, and that You are just now Hurting Your Own Destruction; for This Good Office will be your Ruine.

**The Moral.**

'Tis the Hard Fortune of many a Good Natural Man to breed up a Bird to Pick out his Own Eyens, in despite of all Cautions to the Contrary.
FAB. CXCVI.

A Pigeon and a Crow.

A Pigeon saw the Picture of a Glass with Water in it, and taking it to be Water indeed, flew Rahily and Eagerly up to it, for a Soup to Quench her Thirst. She broke her Feathers against the Frame of the Picture, and falling to the Ground upon it, was taken up by the By-Standers.

The Moral.

Rash Men do many Things in Haste that they Repeat not at Leisure.

FAB. CXCVII.

A Pigeon and a Butternut.

A Pigeon that was brought up in a Dove-House, was Bragging to a Crow how Fruitful she 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 Consider'd.

Reflection.

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 Temperance on the Other Hand, is ever Dangerous: for Men are Subject to be Confused with Outward Appearances, and to take the Vain Images, and Shadows of Things, for the Substance. All Violent Puffons have somehow in them of the Raffines of This Pigeon; and if That Raffines be not as Fatal in the One Cafe, as This was in the Other, is a Deliverance that we are more Indebted for, either to the Special Providence of an Over-ruling Providence, or to the Meditation of That which we call Chance, then to any thing of our own Government and Direction. One Man may have the Advantage of Another in the Benefit of a Preceding Mind, which may Serve in a Great Measure, to Fortify us against Surprises, and Difficulties not to be foreseen: But a found Judgment is the Result of sound Thoughts, upon Due Time and Consideration, which way to bring Matters to a Fair Issue. This Precipitate Temper is little better than a Physical Madness; for there is something of an Alienation in it, when People proceed, not only Without, but Contrary to Reason. How many Iniances do we see daily, of People that are Hurry'd on, without either Fear or Wit, by Love, Hated, Envy, Ambition, Revenge, etc. to their Own Ruine: which comes to the very Cafe of the Pigeon's breaking her Wing against the Picture, and the Mid-carriage is Every jot as Ridiculous.

REFLECTION.

The Care, Charge, and Hazzard of a Brood of many Children, in the Education and Proof of them, does, in a Great Measure, Counteract the Blessing: Especially where they are gotten in a State of Slavery. Sorrow and Vacation is Entailed upon the whole Race of Mankind. We are Begotten to; We are Born in; and as it has Delivered to us, so it is by us to be Handed down to Those that come after us. The Streets of the Fable lies upon the Hazzard of having a Numerous Stock of Children, which
which must of Necessity, whether they Live or Dye, furnish Matter of Great Anxiety to the Parents. The Loss of them is Grieveous to us. The Mis- carriage of them, by falling into Lewd and Vicious Courses, is much Worse; And one such Disappointment is full as great to the Comfort of All the Rest. Nay, the very Possibility, or rather the Likelyhood and Odds, that one of such a Number will prove Ungracious and Rebellious, makes our Beds Un Cecil 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 Eat out the Belly of their Own Mothers.

A Woman and her Two Daughters.

A Woman that had Two Daughters, Bury'd one of them, and Mourners 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 Prostitutes; They are at His Service that bids Mef for them.

Reflection.

Funeral Tears are only Civilities of Course; but there must be Wringing of Hands yet, and Ejaculations, some where or other; and where the Relations are not in Humor for't, 'tis the Fashions to Provide Mercenaries to do the Office. The Moral of this will reach to All the Pontious Solennities of our Mourning Procedings, which upon the Whole, Amount to no more then Drifs and Paganery, to make the Show look Divine, and in many Sourer Faces that are Hid to Adorn the Apparatus. This was the Widow's Cafe, that Cry'd her self Half Mad and Blind with a Thousand Passionate Interjections, for the Loss of her Dear Husband. [Never to Dear, &c. Dear a Man!] This Woman, I say (when she had done All That, and Renounced the World, the Fiend and the Devil, with as much Solennity as ever she did in her Baptism) was at the Long-List prevail'd upon to hear the Will read: But when she found in the Conclusion, that the Dear Man she so often call'd upon, had left her nothing that he could keep from her, but her Wedding-Ring and her Apron-Strings, Up she flared, Wip'd her Eyes, Rais'd her Voice, [And is this all with a Few?] the cry'd; and with Tho't Words in her Mouth, the came to her self again. Now This Widow, in the Pure Strength of Fieh and Blood; cry'd as Arrantly for Money as the Mercenaries in the Fable.

Shepherd and his Sheep.

In Old time when Sheep fed like Hogs upon Acorns, a Shepherd drove his Flock into a Little Oak Wood, spread his Coat under a Tree, and up he went to make'em down some Malt. The Sheep were so Keen upon the Acorns, that they Gobbled up now and then a Piece of the Coat along with'em. When the Shepherd took Notice of it: What a Company of Ungrateful Wretches are you, says he, that Cloath all Other People that have No Relation to you, and yet Strip your Matter, that gives ye both Food and Protection?

The Moral.

The Belly has no Ears; and a Revenant Appetite Gull's up Whatever is Before it, without any regard either to Things in Person.

Reflection.

'Tis a fresh nightly in Fashion among some People to Affect a Singularity in their Lives and Manners; and to Live in a Direct Opposition to the Ordinary Rules of Prudence and Good Nature; As in returning Evil for Good for the Purpose; Nay, and in some Cases, Good for Evil too; where 'tis done more to be seen of Men then for God's sake, and where the Vanity of doing it Delights the Mind of the Vexer. The Fable will also bear this Moral, That Eager Appetites have more a Right Tall of Things; for the Coat goes down as well as the Acorns; but the main Strees of it falls upon Those that Rob Peter, as we say, to Pay Paul, and 'take the Bread out of their Miser's Mouths to give it to Strangers. And the Kindness of the Matter is yet a Further Aggravation of the Crime. We have abundance of Ca- les in Practice, as well as in Story, that strike upon this Topique. Have we never read of a Sacristian Convocation of Divines, at the same Time that they liv'd upon the Altar, Betray'd it; and while they Robb'd God himself of his Due, Divided the Spoils of the Church among the Rabble. Have we never heard of Men that Gobbled the Privileges and Revenues of the Crown, and then Squander'd them away in Donatives upon the Common People. Or, What shall we say of the Stealing Absolut, that turns all the Powers and Faculties of his Soul, as much as in him lies, to the Re- proach of his Maker, and yet at the same time too as Pleasans Company to the World as the Wife of a Libertine can make him. What is all. This now be a Sheep Stripping his Master, and Cloathing Strangers.
Aesop's FABLES.

FAB. CC.

Jupiter and a Herdsman.

A Herdsman that had lost a Calf out of his Grounds, sent up a Boy and down after it; and when he could get no Tidings of it, he besought himself to let him go to his Prayers, according to the Custom of the World, when People are brought to a Foreboding. Great Jupiter (says he) Do but shew me the Thief that stole my Calf, and I will 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, says he, but now thou hast brought me to the Thief, I'll make That Kid a Bull, if thou'lt but let me Quit of him again.

The Moral.

We cannot be too Careful, and Confident what Vows and Promises we make; for every Natural man Prayers turn many times to our Own Ruines.

Reflection.

This Fable Condemns All Rash Vows and Promises, and the Unsteadfastness of those Men that are first mad to have a Thing, and as soon Weary of it. Men should Consider well before hand what they Promise, what they Vow; and what they With so great exertion should be Taken at their Words, and afterward Repent. We make it Half our Business to Learn or Gain, and Complain those Things, which when we come to Understand, and to have in our Possession, we'd give the whole Earth to be Rid of again. Wherefore he that Moderates his Desires without laying any Store upon Things Curious, or Uncertain; and Refuses himself in All Events to the Good Pleasure of Providence, succeeds Better in the Government of his Fortune, Life, and Manners. The Herdsman was in a State of Freemen, yet, till he made himself a Voluntary Slave, by Entering into a Danger, and Unnecessary Vow; which he could neither Contract without Folly, nor Keep without Loss and Shame! For Heaven is neither to be Wheedled, nor Bribed. Men should so Pray, as not to Repent of their Prayers, and turn the most Christian and Necesary Office of our Lives into a Sin. We must not Pray in Our Breath to Find a Thief, and in the Next to get him of him.

FAB. CCI.

A Great Challenges a Lyon.

As a Lyon was Blustering in the Forrest, up comes a Great with him upon the Points of Honour and Courage. What do I Value my Teeth, or your Claws, says the Great, that are but the Arms of Every Bedlam Shot? As to the Matter of Resolution, I defy ye to put That Point immediately to an End. So the Trumpet Sounded, and the Combatants Enter'd the Lists. The Great Charg'd into the Nothri's of the Lyon, and there Twang'd him, till he made him Tear himself with his Own Paws. And in the Conclusion he Matter'd the Lyon. Upon This, a Retreat was Sounded, and the Great flew his way: But by ill hap afterward, in his Flight, he Struck into a Cobweb, where the Victor 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 Worshipp'd by an Insect.

The Moral.

'Tis in the Power of Fortune to Flummox the Pride of the Mightiest, even by the most Dispicable Means, and to make a Great Triumph over a Lyon: Wherefore let no Creature, how Great or how Little favour'd, Presume on the One side, or Dispair on the Other.

Reflection.

There is Nothing either too Great, or too Little, as not to be Liable to the Vicissitudes 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 Inflating Vanity of That Fly, it falls the next Moment into the Toyl of a Spider. 'Tis Highly Improvident not to Obviate Small Things; and as Ridiculous to be Buffeted by them, and it is not the Force neither, but the Importunity that is so Vexatious and Troublesome to us. The Very Tearing of the Lyon Gall'd him more than an Arrow at his Heart would have done. The Doctrine is This, That no Man is to Presume upon his Power and Greatness, when every Pifull Insect may find out a Way to Dismember him. But that Pifull Insect again is not to Value himself upon his Victry neither; for the Great that had the Better of the Lyon, in the very Next Breath was Worshipp'd by a Spider.
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 so betwixt shame and indignation, he put forth his paw, and pah’d out the guts on’t.

The Moral.

There’s no rising of first motions; but upon second thoughts we come immediately to our senses again.

Reflection.

The surprize of the Lyon is to teach us that no man living can be so preposterous 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 thorough all difficulties. It is another emphatical branch of this emblem, that as the Lyon himself was not thorough-proof against this fantastical alarm; so it was but a poor wrenched frog all this while, that discomposed him, to show the vain opinion and false images of things, and how apt we are to be transported with those fooleries, which, if we did but understand, we should despise. Wherefore 'tis the part of a brave, and a wise man to weigh, and examine matters without delivering up himself to the illation of idle fears, and panic terrors. It was in truth,
below the Dignity of a Lyon to Kill the Poor Creature, but This, however, may be said in Fleas for't, that he was ashamed to leave behind him a Witnes of his Weakness.

F A B. CCIII.

An Ant and a Pigeon.

A N Ant droped, Unluckily into the Water as the 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 fav'd her self by that Bough, and in That very In- stant, spies a Fellow with a Birding-Piece, making a Shoot at The Pigeon. Upon This Discovery, the presently runs up to him and Stings him. The Fowler starts, and breaks his Aim, and away flies the Pigeon.

The Moral.

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

Reflection.

The Practice of Requiring Good Officers 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 Tradition of Androclus's Lyon, the Gratitude of Elephants, Dogs and Horses is too Notorious to be Deny'd. Are not Hawks, Tigers, Bears, Wolves, Poets, and other Beasts of Prey Reclaim'd by Good Ulugs? Nay, I have seen a Tame Spider, and tis a Common Thing to have Lizards come to Hand. Man only is the Creature, that to his Shame no Benefactor: So that This Pigeon lets us a Lesson here in her Thankfulness to her Preserver.

F A B. CCIV.

A Peacock and a Pye.

I N the Days of Old, the Birds liv'd at Random in a Law- less State of Anarchy, but in time they began to be Weary of it, and Mov'd for the Setting up of a King. The Peacock Val'd himself upon his Gay Feathers, and put in for the Office: The Pretenders were heard, the Question Debated; and the Choice fell upon the Poll to King Peacock: The Vote was no sooner pass'd, but up stands a Pye with a Speech in his Mouth to This Effect: May it please your Majesty, says he, We should be glad to Know, in Case the Eagle should fall upon us in your Reign, as she has formerly done, how will you be able to Defend us?

The Moral.

In the Business of either Electing, or Changing a Government, it ought to be very well Consider'd before hand, what may be the Consequences, in case of such a Form, or such a Person.

Reflection.

Kings are not to be Chosen for the Beauty or the Gracefulness of their Persons, but for the Reputation they have in the World, and the Endowments of their Minds. This Fable shews likewise the Necessity of Civil Order, and the Danger of Popular Elections, where a Facheous Majority commonly Governs the Choice. Take the Plurality of the World, and they are neither Wise, nor Good; and if they be left to Themselves, they will Undoubtedly chose such as They Themselves Are. 'Tis the Misery of Elec- tive Governments, that there will be Eternally Corruption and Partiality in the Choice; for there's a Kind of a Tacit Covenant in the Cafe, that the King of their Own making shall make his Makers Princes too: So that they Work for Themselves all this while, not for the Publick; But the Pye's Question lopt all their Mouths, and it was wisely let fall too without a Re- ply, to Intimate that it was Unanswerable.
Barlandus's FABLES.

FAB. CCV.

An Impertinent Dr. and his Patient.

A Physician was told One Morning that a Certain Patient of his was Dead, why then the Lord's Will be done, says he: We are All Mortal, but if This Man would have for-born Wines, and Us'd Clysters, I'd have Warranted his Life: This Boot 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 stand Talking of it in no manner of Purpose Now the Man is Dead?

The Moral.

'Tis to no Purpose to think of Recalling Yesterday; and when the Seed is Stoll'n, 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 a Number for the Lost Year, to stand Talking what Might have been done, when the Time of Doing it is past. When a Battle is Lost, This or That, we say, might have Prevented it. When a Tomb is Emprov'd into a Rebellion, and a Government Overthrown by it, 'Tis just as much purport to say, This or That might have Savor'd All: As for our Doctor, here to-fay, when his Patient was Dead, that it was for want of going such or such a way to Work. We have abundance of These Wise Men in the World that are all looking backward without seeing One inch of the way before them. 'Tis far from the Experience of Things past, may be very Instructive to us towards 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. 'Tis the Business of a Substantial and Well Grounded Wisdom, to be fully looking forward from the First Indispensions into the Growth and Progress of the Event. It Traces the Advance of Danger step by step, and gives us Light, either toward the Preventing, or the Suppressing of it. We have in such an Instance as This, the means before us of a True and an Useful Perception of Things, whereas Judgments that are made on the Wrong-side of the Danger, Amount to no more than 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 Stomach upon the Business, when his Patient was Dead, it was just as much Purpose as if he had blown Wind in his Breeches.

FAB. CCVI.

A Lyon, an Afs and a Fox.

There was a Hunting-Match agreed upon betwixt a Lyon, a Fox, and a Afs, and they were to go Equal Shares in the Booby. They ran down a Brave Stag, and the Afs was to Divide the Prey; which he did very Honesty and Innocently into Three Equal Parts, and left the Lyon to take his Choice: Who never Minded the Dividend, but in a Jarge Worry'd the Afs, and then had the Fox Divide, who had the Wit to make Only One Share of the Whole, leaving a Miserable Partance that he Refer'd for Himself. The Lyon highly approv'd of his Way of Distribution; butPrefeed Reynard, says he, who taught thee to Carve? Why truly fays the Fox, I had an Afs to my Matter; and it was His Folly made me Wife.

The Moral.

There must be no Shares in Sovereignty. Court-Conference is Felicity. The Folly of One Man makes Another Man Wise; as an Oat Grows Rich upon the Ruins of Another.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable is sufficiently Moral'd Elsewhere; but it gives us further to Undertake, that Experience is the Mistress of Knaves as well as of Saints. Here was the Imprudence of the Afs, and the Craft of the Fox, both is One. He sav'd his Skin by the Modesty of the Division, and left enough for himself too, over and above! For Afsie are No great Venial Laws.

FAB. CCVII.

A Wolfe and a Kid.

A S a Wolfe was passing by a Poor Country Cottage, a Kid spy'd him through a Peeping-Hole in the Door, and sent a Hundred Curles along with him. Sirrah (says the Wolfe) if I had ye out of your Cattle, I'd make ye give Better Language.

B B

The
Barlandus's FABLES.

The MORAL.

A Coward in his Castle, makes a Great Deal more Blister then a Man of Honour.

REFLEXION.

The Advantages of Time and Place are enough to make a Paulinus Valiant. There's Nothing so Couragious as a Coward if you put him out of Danger. This way of Brawl and Clamour, is so Arrant a Mark of a Daftardly Wretch, that he does as good as Call himself so that Ulises. The Kid behind the Door has the Privilege of a Lord Major Fact. His under Protection: The One is Scourious, and the Other Sway; and ye Thiefs are the Two Qualities that pass but too frequently in the World for Wit and Valour.

FAB. CCLVIII.

An Ass to Jupiter.

A Certain Ass that serv'd a Gaiter, and did a great deal of Work for a very little Meat, fell to his Prayers for Another Master. Jupiter Granted his Request, and turn'd him over to a Potter, where he found Clay and Tile so much a Heavier Burden then Roots and Cabbage, that he went to his Prayers once again for Another Change. His new Master was a Tanner; and there, over and above the Encroach of his Work, the very Trade went against his Stomach: For (says he) I have been only Pinch'd in my Fleas, and Well Rib-Roasted sometimes under my Former Masters; 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 Condition, as of himself; And he that still Carries about him the Plague of a Reflexive Mind, can never be pleas'd.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a High Point of Prudence for any Man to be Content with his Lot. For 'tis Terra to One that he that Changes his Condition out of a Prettul Patience and Disatisfaction, when he has try'd a New one, Wither for his Old One again; and Briefly, the more we shift the World Commonly we are. This Arises from the Inconstancy of our Minds, and One Prayer does but make way for Another. Th'ole People, in fine, that are Defend'd to Drudgery may well Change their Mastes; but never their Condition.

He that finds himself in any Distress either of Carcafs or of Fortune, should do well to deliberate upon the Master, before he prays for, or Resolves upon a Change. As for Example now, what is it that Troubles me? Is there any help for it or not? What is it that our Matter of Necessity or Superfluity? Where am I to look for't? How shall I come at it? etc.

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 it is 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 fitt to be done but by our selves. In the One Case we are to seek abroad for Relief, and in the other, Whoever Considers his Reaon, and his Duty, will find a Certain Cure at Home: So that it goes a Great way in the Philosophy of Human Life, to Understand the Jill Measures of what we are able to do, and what we are Obliged to do, in Distinction from the Contrary; for Otherwise we shall spend our Days with Zeph's Ass in Hunting after Happenings, where it is not to be found, without ever looking furt where it is. 'Tis allow'd us, to be licentious of Boken Limbs, and Dificited Bodies: And Common Prudence fixes us to Surgeons and Physicians, to Piece, and Patch them up again. But in Thee Cases we Examine the Why, the What, and the How of Things, and Prople Means Accommodate to the End. 'Tis Natural to be Mow'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 Gal'd Back, and the Ass had Petition'd to Jupiter for Another Farrier, it might have been a very Reasonable Request. Now if he had but Pinch'd upon such a Particular Matter, it might have done well enough too: But to grow Weary of One Master, or of One Condition, and then to be presently Wishing in General Terms for Another: This is only an Inconsiderate Easopulation thrown off at Random, without either Aim or Reason. Upon the Whole Matter, it is but laying our own Faults at 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 Matter; it is such with Us in this Case. as it was with the Man that fell from his Horse and could not get up again. He was first he was Hur, he laid, but could not tell Where. That is to say, 'tis our Grievances are Fantastical where they are not Corporeal. 359. It is Another Error in us, that in All our Fantastical Disappointments, we have recourse to Fantastical Remedies. 356. Providence has Alleviated every Man's Condition for his State and Business. All beyond it 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. Their Things daily Weight'd, what can be more Providential then the Blessing of having an Amiableness within our powers against all the Strokes of Fortune? That is to say, in the World of Extremities, we have yet the Comfort left us of Confinacy, Patience, and Repignation.

B b
F A B. CCX.

A Woman and her Maids.

It was the Way of a Good Housewife Old Woman, to call up her Maids Every Morning just at the Cock-Crowing. The VVenchs were both to Rise so soon, and so they had their Heads together, and kill'd the Poor Cock: for, say they, if it were not for his Waking our Dame, she would not Wake us. But when the Good Woman's Clock was gone, they'd Mistle the Hour many times, and call'em up at Midnight: So that instead of Mending the Matter, they found themselves in a Worf'e Condition Now then Before.

F A B. CCX.

A Lyon and a Goat.

A Lyon spy'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, says 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.
Barlandus's FABLES.

Your Pretence is the Fillling of My Belly with Good Grains; but your Bus'ness is the Cramming of your own Guts with Good Goats-Feast: So that 'tis for your own Sake, not Mine, that you'd have me come down.

The MORAL.

There's no Trufing to the Formal Civilities and Invitations of an Enemy, and his Reservations are but Snare when he pretends to Advise us for our Good.

REFLEXION.

He that Advises another to his Own Advantage, may be very Reasonably Suspected to give Council for his Own Ends. It may so fall Out, 'tis True, as to be Profitable for Both; but all Circumstances would be Well Examined in such a Case before we Trust. This is the Song of your Men of Prey, as well as of your Beasts of Prey, when they Set up for the Good of the Goats and Common People. How many Fine Things we have had told us in the Memory of Man, upon the Subject of our Liberties, Properties, and Religion, and the Delivering of us from the Fears and Joys of Idiocracy, and Arbitrary Power! And what was the Fruit of All This in the End, but Vision and Romance on the Promoting Hand, and an Exchange of Imaginary Chains, for Real Locks and Bolts, on the Other! But Alas! Beasts far further into a Milk-Tree than our Mabin, and that the Eyes Invitation of the Goat from the Rocks into the Fad's Paradise of a Delicate Sweet Meadow, signifies no more in Plain English, than come down that I may Eat ye.


F A B. CCXLI

A Vultur's Invitation.

The Vultur took up a Fit of very Good Humour once, 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 God Nature in him.


BARLANDUS'S FABLES.

'Tis 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 withal! In which Case, the Butchery, and the Breach of Hospitality Represented 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 Those that Live upon, and Delight in Blood, there's no Trufing 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 forc'd upon Ill Nature, in their Own Defence, and to Dispose the Good Faith of Those, that give us All the Protestant's and Affair of Friendship, and Fair Dealing that One Man can give Another. Nay the very Sufpedion is an Affront, and almost sufficient to Authorize him for Revenge. He that Violates the Necessary Truth and Confidence that One Man ought to Repose in Another, does what in Him lies, to Dissolve the very Bond of Human Society; for there's no Treachery to Cloze, so Sure, and so Pernicious, as That which Works under a Veil of Kindness. We for Toys, Noses, Gains, Snare, and Trap for Beasts and Birds 'tis True; and we Cast Hooks for Fishes; but All This is done in their Own Haunts, and Walks, and without any Seal 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 Fools to be Guilty of.

F A B. CCXII

BUSTARDS and CRANES.

Some Sports-men that were abroad upon Game, spy'd a Company of Bustards and Cranes a Feeding together, and so made in upon 'em as fast as their Horses could carry them. The Cranes that were Light, took Wing immediately, and fly'd themselves, but the Bustards were taken; for they were Fat, and Heavy, and could not Shift so well as the Other.

The MORAL.

Light of Body and Light of Perch, comes much to a Par; Only the One saves himself by his Agility, and the Other stays because he is not worth the Taking.
REFLEXION.

CAMBRARIUS makes this to be an Emblem of the Taking of a Town, where the Poor scape better than the Rich; for the one is let go, and the Other is Plunder’d and Coop’d up. But with Favour of the Most-lifts, 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 Phanemic seems rather to Point at the Advantages that Some have over Others, to make Better shift in the World then their Fellows, by a Felicity of Make, and Conjunction, whether of Body or of Mind: Provided always, that they Play Fair, and Manage all Those Faculties with a Sure 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 her Self Foremost, with a Brace of her Cubs in her Arms, for the Greatest Beauties in the Company.

FAB. CCXIV.

An Eagle and an Owl.

Certain Eagle that had a mind to be well serv’d, took up a Resolution of Preferring Those that the Found most agreeable, for Perfon and Address; and so there pass 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 Mopping, and Twinkling, and told Her Majesty, that if a Gracious Men and Countenance might Entitle any of her Subjects to a Preference, the 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 spit out of her Mouth. Upon this the Bord fell all into a Fit of Laughing, and call’d Another Caufe.
FABLES
OF
ANIANUS, &c.

Far. CCXV.

An Oak and a Willow:

There happened a Controversie betwixt 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, then 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 recoiled it felt again, without receiving any Damage: But the Oak was Stubborn, and chose rather to Break then Bend.

The Moral.

A Stiff and a Stubborn Obstinate, is not so much Firmness, and Resolution, as Wilfulness. A Wife and a Steady Man bends only in the Presence of Rising again.

Reflection.

There are Many Causes, and Many Scations: wherein, Men must either Bend or Break: But Conscience, Honour, and Good Manners, are first to be Consulted. When a Tree is Ply'd with a strong Wind, the Branches may Yield, and yet the Root remain Firm. But Dilution 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 Complying, or of being Undone; is No Ease Matter to Distinguish, Where, When, How, or to What Degree, to Yield to the importunity of the Occasion, or the Difficulty.
Anianus’s FABLES.

FAB. CCVI.
A Fisherman and a Little Fish.

S an Angler was at his Sport, he had the Hap to Draw up a very Little Fish from amongst 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 Poffession, then 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 Morall’d Elsewhere.

FAB. CCXVII.
An Ant and a Grasshopper.

A s the Ants were Airing their Provisions One Winter, Up comes a Hungry Grasshopper to ’em, and begs a Charity. They told him that he should have Wrought in Summer, if he would not have Wanted in Winter. Well, says the Grasshopper, but I was not Idle neither; for I Sung out the Whole Season. Nay then, said they, You shall e’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 Slaue is the Life of a Brute; but Ability and Industry is the Bas’mest of a Great, a Wife, and a Good Man.
**Anianue's FABLES.**

**Reflection.**

HERE'S a Reptoo to Men of Sensuality, and Pleasure. The Moral Presents Indulgence, and Beats down Sloth; and Shows that After-wit is Nothing Worthy. It must be an Indolent Youth that provides against the Inconveniences, and Necessities of Old Age; And he that Fools away his One, must either Beg or Scaven in the Other. Go to the Ant then Shagard: (says the Wif Man) which in Few Words Summs up the Moral of This Fable. 'Tis Hard to lay of Lazinefs, or Luxury, whether it be the more Scandalous, or the more Dangerous and Evil; the Very Soul of the Slothful, does Effectually but lie Drowsing in his Body, and the Whole Man is Totally given up to his Senses; Whereas the Poor and the Comfort of Indigence, is Substantial, Firm, and Lasting: The Blessings of Security and Plenty go a-long with it, and it is never out of Season. What's the Grasshopper's Entertainment now, but a Summers Song! A Vain, and an Empty Pleasure: Let it be Understood however, that we are not to Pafs Avarice upon the World under the Title of Good Husbandry, and Thrift: and under That Cover to Extinguish Charity by not Distributing the Fruits of it. We are in the First Place, to Confirm our Own Necessity, but we are Then to Consider in the Second Place, that the Necessities of our Neighbours have a Christian Right to a Part of what we have to Spare. For the Common Offices of Humanity, are as much Duties of Self-Preservation, as what Every Individual Contributes to its Own Well-Being. It is in short, the Great Interest and Obligation of Particulars, to Advance the Good of the Community.

The Stefs of This Moral lies upon the Preference of Honest Labour to Idleness; and the Relief of Relief on the One Hand, is intended only for a Reproof to the Inconsiderate Loss of Opportunity on the Other. This does not hinder yet, but that the Ants, out of their Abundance, ought to have Reliev'd the Grasshopper in her Distress, though 'twas her Own Fault that brought her to it: For if One Man's Faults could Difcharge Another Man of his Duty, there would be no longer any Place left for the Common Offices of Society. To Conclude, We have our Failings, Every Mother's Child of us, and the Improvisity of my Neighbour must not make Me inhumane. The Ant did well to Reprove the Grasshopper for her Slothfuls; but she did ill then to refuse her a Charity in her Distress.

**Fab. CCXVIII.**

**A Bull and a Goats.**

A Bull that was Hard Pres't 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! I says 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 between 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 Heel to the very Death.

**Reflection.**

'Tis Matter of Prudence, and Necessity: for People in many Cases to set up the Injuries of a Weaker Enemy, for fear of Incurring the Displeasure of a Stronger. Bandan fancies the Bull to be the Emblem of a Man in Distress, and the Goat Injuring over him; and moralizes upon it after This Manner. (There's Nothing that a Courier more Dreads and Abhors, than a Man in Diff'rence; and he is presently made All the Fools, and Known to Nature up-on: For He 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 with our same Violence Me-thinks, to the Genuine Intent of This Figure; for the Goat was only Poffes; and his Business was, without any Intolence, or Injustice, to Defend his Free-Hold.

**Fab. CCXIX.**

**A Nurse and a Wolf.**

As a Wolf was Hunting up and down for his Supper, he pafs by a Door where a Little Child was Bawling, and an Old Woman Chiding it. Leave your Vixen-Tricks, says the Woman, or I'll throw ye to the Wolf: The Wolf Over-heard her, and Waired 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
Anansi's FABLES.

There was then Muzzling, and COkeing of it. That's a Good Dear, says she, If the Wolfe comes for My Child, We'll e'en Beat his Brains out. The Wolfe went Muttering away upon it. There's No Meddling with People, says he, that say One Thing and Mean Another.

The MORAL.

'To Fear more than Love that makes Good Men, as well as Good Children, and when Fair Words, and Good Council will not Prevail upon us, we must be Frightened into our Duty.

REFLEXION.

The Heart and Tongue of a Woman are commonly a Great way after. And it may bear another Moral; which is, that 'ts with Frank Men, and Frank Fashions too; as 'ts with Frank Children. They'll be sooner Quieted by Fear, and Rough Dealing, then by any Sense of Duty a Good Nature. There would be no Living in this World without Fear, Love, and Conditions. And Do or Do not, This or That at Your Peril, is a Reasonable, and Necessary in Families as it is in Governments. It is a Truth Imprinted in the Hearts of All Mankind, that the Ghettoes, Pillar's, and the Whipping Posts make more Converts then the Pulpits: As the Child... here for fear of the Wolfe, then for the Love of the Nurse.

FA B. CCXX.

An Eagle and a Tortoise.

A Tortoise was thinking with himself, how Irksome a lot of Life it was, to spend all his Days in a Hole, with a Houfe upon his Head, when so many Other Creatures had the Liberty to Divert Themselves in the Free, Fresh Air, and...
FAB. CCXXII.

The Goof and Gooflin.

WHY do you go Nodding and Wagging so like a Fool, as if you were Hipbo! says the Goof to her Gooflin. The Young One try'd to Mend it, but Could not; and so the Mother ty'd Little Sticks to her Legs, to keep her Upright: But the Little One Complain'd then, that she could neither Swim, nor Dabble with 'em. Well, says the Mother, Do but hold up your Head at last. The Gooflin Endeavour'd to do That too; but upon the Stretching out of her Long Neck, the complain'd that she could not see the Way before her: Nay then, says the Goof, if it will be no Better, then carry your Head and your Feet, as your Elders have done before ye.

The Moral of the Two Fables above.

All Examples Cannot serve the Best Dispositions, but we must Distinguish between Natural and Moral Actions.

REFLEXION.

'Tis Time to Advise Others to do what we either Do Not, or Cannot do Our Selves. There's no Croaking of Nature; but the Best way is to reflect Contemplation with the Ordinary Condition of Things. 'Tis but for much Labour thrown away, to Attempt the Altering of Inborn, or the Curing of Ill Habits.

Example Works a great Deal more than Precept; for Words without Precept can but Censure without Effect. When we do as we say, 'tis a Confirmation of the Rule; but when our Lives and Doctrines do not Agree, it looks as if the Leffon were either too Hard for us, or the Advice not worth the While to Follow. We should see to Mend our Own Manners, before we Muddle to Reform our Neighbours, and now Condemn Others for what we do ourselves: Especially where they follow the Nature of their Kind, and in so doing, Do as They ought to do. Let every thing move, March, and Govern itself, according to the Proper Disposition of the Creature; and it would be Every jot as incongruous, for a Goof to Walk like a Man, as for a Man to Walk like a Goof. This may be applied to the Leffons that are given us for the Ordering of our Lives and Families. But above All Things, Children should not be Betray'd into the Love and Praches of any thing that is Amus'd, by Setting Evil Examples before them; for their Talent is partly Imagination; and 'tis Ill-Trusting Mechicks in such a Case, without a Judgment to Distinguish.

This Allegory may pass for a very Good Lecture to Governors, Parents, and Tutors, to behave themselves Reverently both in Word and Deed, before their Pupils, with a kind of Awful Tenderness for the Innocency and Simplicity of Youth. For Examples of Vices, or Weaknesses, have the same Effect upon Children, with Examples of Virtue; Nay, it holds in Publick too as well as Private, that the Words and Actions of our Superiors have the Authority and Force of a Recommendation. Rest of Example, is so True, that 'tis Morally Impossible to have a Sober People under a Mad Government. For where Lewdness is the Way to Preferment, Men are Wreck'd by Intermitt, as well as by Instigation: But to Return to the Story of the Fable, Let a Goof Walk like a Goof, and leave Nature to do his Own Business his Own Way.

FAB. CCXXIII.

The Sun and the Wind.

There happen'd a Controversie betwixt the Sun and the Wind, which was the Stronger of the Two: and they put the Point upon This Illus: 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 originally a Storming, and threw Hallo-Show over and above the very Teeth of him. The Man Wraps himself up, and keeps Advancing still in sight of the Weather: But this Gulf in a short Time blew over, and then the Sun Brake out, and fell to Work upon him with his Beams; but still he Poetry forward, Sweating, and Panting, till in the End he was fore'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 Resolution will Support a Man against All the Violences of Malice and Fortune; but in a Well-meaning Quale, a Man's Heart and Resolution fails him, for want of Fit Matter to Work upon.

REFLEXION.

'Tis Part of Good Discretion in All Comports, to Consider over and over, the Power, the Strength, and the Intercourse of our Adversity; and likewise, that though One Man may be more Robust then Another, That Force may be Baffled yet by Skill and Adroitness. It is in the Business of Life, it is in a Storm, or a Calm at Sea: The Blaff may be Impetuous; but fallen lasts long: and though the Veil was Prove'd never to Hard, a Skilful Storm-man will yet beat up against it: But in a Dead Calm, a Man loses Sails, and lies in a Manner Exposed, as the Storm and Spectacle of Ill Fortune.
F A B. CCXXXIV.

An Aes in a Lyon’s Skin.

There was a Faux took an Aes in the Head, to Scour a broad upon the Ramble: and away he goes into the Woods, Masquerading up and down in a Lyon’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 Conclave, partly by his Voice, and partly by his Ears, to be Discover’d, and consequently Uncas’d, well Laugh’d at, and well Cudgel’d for his Pains.

The Moral.

The World abounds in Terrible Fantasies, in the Masque of Men of Honour, But those Braggadocio’s are Right to be Detected: for no Counterfeit of a Good Quality of Virtue whatsoever, will abide the Tryal.

Reflection.

There’s nothing more frequent, or more Ridiculous in the World then for an Aes to Dreads himself up like a Lyon: A Dance sets up for a Day; a Beggar for a Man of Estate; a Beggar for a Cavalier; a Poet for a Sword man: But every Fool has some Mark or other to be Known by, thorough All Dignities; and the More he takes upon him, the Arranter he makes himself, when he comes to be Unmask’d.

Every Fool, or Fools Fellow, carries More or Less, in his Face, the Signature of his Manners, though the Character may be much more Legible in some, then in Others: As the Aes was found out by his Voice, and by his Ears. Let him keep his Words between his Teeth, and he may pa’s Mulie perhaps for a Man of some Sense; but if he comes to Open once, he’s Lost. For Nature never puts the Tongue of a Philosopher into the Mouth of a Cow-comb: But however, let him be, in truth, what he will, he is yet so Conscious of what he Ought to in, that he makes it his Business to Pass for what he is not: And in the Matter of Counters, it is with Men, as it is with Fallie Money: One Piece is more or less Puffable then Another, as it happens to have more or less Sense, or Sterling in the Mixture. One General Mark of an Impostor, is This: That he One does the Original: As the Aes here in the Lyon-Skin, made Fifty times more Clutter then the Lyon would have done in his Own; And Himself Fifty times the more Ridiculous for the Dignity.

If a Man turn his Thoughts now from this Fancy in the Forest, to the Sober Truth of Daily Experience in the World, he shall find Aes in the Skins of Men, Infinitely more Contemprible then the Aes in the Skin of a Lyon. How many Terrible Aes have we seen in the Garb of Men of Honour! How many Infidel, and Illiterate Fops, that take upon them to Retail Politiques, and fix for the Picture of Men of State! How many

many Jude in their Mouths! How many Church-Rabbis that Write themselves Reformers! In one Word, Men do Naturally love to be thought Greater, Wiser, Holier Braver, and Juffer then they are; and in fine, Better Qualify’d in All Those Faculties that may give them Reputation among the People, then we find ’em to be.

The Moral of this Fable hits all sorts of Arrogant Pretenders, and runs Effusively into the Whole Beauties of Humane Life. We have it in the very Cabinets, and Councils of State, the Bar, the Bench, the Change, the Schools, the Pulpits, All Places, in short, are full of Quacks, Jugglers and Plagiaries, that set up for Men of Quality, Conscience, Philosophy, and Religion. So that there are Aes with Short Ears, as well as with Long, and in Robes of Silk and Dignity, as well as in Skins of Hair. In Consideration, an Aes of the Long Robe, when he comes once to be Detected, looks Infinitely Silier, then he would have done in his Own Shape: Neither is Aes’s Aes Laugh’d at here for his Ears, or for his Voice, but for his Vanity, and Pretension; for ’Other 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. CCXXXV.

A Fox and a Monkey.

A warm 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 Best in his own Trade, and the Greater is not to go beyond his work. We have of those Dunghill-Pretenders, in All Professions, and but too many of them that Thrive upon their Arrogance. If this worm had met with an Aes to Encourage his Vanity, instead of a Fox to Correl it, it might have been Advanced to a Doctor of the College perhaps: Or to some more Considerable Post in Honour, either in Church or State.

F A B.
F A B. CCXXVI.

A Curst Dog.

There was a very Good House-Dog, so Dangerous a Cut 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 shew'd him his Mistake. You are Mightly Out (says he) to take this for an Ornament, or a Token of Eftest, 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 Thieves that make a Glory of the Marks of their Shame, and Value themselves upon the Reputation of an ill Character.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Bad World, where the Rules and Measures of Good and Evil, are either Inverted, or Mistaken; and when a Brand of Infamy paffes for 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 Stamp that is set upon it by Men of Presidenc and Figure. What's more Familiar than an Oration of Wickedness, where Impiety has the Reputation of Virtue, as in the Excuses of Wine, and Women, and the Vanity of bearing up against all the Laws of God and Man. When Lewdness comes once to be a Fadion; it has the Credit in the World that other Fashions have; as we fee many times an Affection even of Deformity is felf, where some Exemplary Defect has brought that Deformity to be a Mode. The Fancy of This Dog was somewhat like the French Woman's Fear, that stood up for the Honour of her Family; 'tis Coar was Quarter'd; she laid, with the Arms of France, which was so fair True, that she had the Flower-de-Luce Stamp'd, we must not say Brand'd upon her Shoulder.

F A B. CCXXVII.

Two Friends and a Bear.

Two Friends that were Travelling together, had the Fortune to Meet a Bear upon the Way. They found there was no Running for't. So the One Whips up a Tree, and the Other throws himself Flat with his Face upon the Ground. The Bear comes directly up to him, Muzzles, and Smells to him; puts his Nose to his Mouth, and to his Ears; and at last, taking for Granted that 'twas only a Carcase, there he leaves him. The Bear was no sooner gone, but Down comes his Companion, and ask'd him, what it was the Bear Whispers'd him in the Ear. He bad me have a Care, says he, how I keep Company with Thieves, that when they find themselves upon a Pinch, will leave their Friends in the Lurch.

The Moral.

Every Man for Himself, and God for so All.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable has in a Few Words a Great many Useful, and Instructive Morals. The Man upon the Tree Preaches to us upon the Text of [Charity begins at Home] According to the Fable and Perverse Practice of the World when their Companions are in Difficults. The Bear passes a Judgment upon the Abandoning of a Friend in a Time of Need, as an Offence both to Honour and Virtue; And moreover, Caution us, above All Things, to have a Care what Company we keep. There's no Living in This World without Friendship; No Society; No Security without it; Besides that, the Only Tryal of it is in Adversity. And yet nothing Commoner in times of Danger, than five States-men, Sword-men, Church-men, Law-men, and in truth, all sorts of Men, more or less, to leave their Matters, Leaders, or Friends, to Bears and Tigers; Show them a Fair pair of Heels for't, and cry, The Devil Take the Hindmost.
**Fab. CCXVIII.**

A Horse-man's Wig Blown off.

There was a Horse-man had a Cap on with a False Head of Hair Tack'd on to it. There comes a Puff of Wind, and Blows off Cap and Whig together. The People made sport, he was 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 than I did my Own.

The Moral.

Many a Man would be Extremely Ridiculous, if he did not Spoil the Jest by Playing upon Himself first.

Reflexion.

'Tis a Turn of Art, in many Cafes, either of Defamity, or Malignance, where a Man lies open to a Reproach to Anticipate an Abuse, and to make Sport with Himself first. A Man may be Shame-faced, and a Woman, Modest, to the Degree of Scandalous. I knew a Lady had one of the Most Beautiful, Scrupulous Persons to her Daughter that ever was Born. Well, says she, I am mighty afraid, This Girl will prove a Whore; for she is so Infinity Modest, that in my Opinion, If any Man should ever Ask her for the Question, she would not have the Face to Deny him. A Frank Easy way of Openness and Candor agree best with All Honours; and He that's Over-solicitous to Conceal a Thing, does as good as make Proclamation of it. Wherefore the Horse-man here Laugh'd first; and so Prevented the Jest.

**Fab. CCXXXIX.**

Two Pots.

Here were Two Pots that stood near One another by the Side of a River, the One of Brass, and the Other of Clay. The Water overflow'd the Banks, and Carry'd them Both away: The Earthen Vessel keept Aloof from Tother, as much as Possible. Fear Nothing, saith the Brass Pot, I'll do you No Hurt; No, No, saith Tother, not willingly; but if it should happen to Knock by Chance, 'twould be the same Thing to Me: So that You and I shall never do well together.

**Fab. CCXXX.**

The Moral.

Unequal Fellowships and Alliances are Dangerous. Not that Great and Small, Proud, and Britle, Rich and Poor, may not Well enough together so long as the Good humour Lasts; but wherever there are Men, there will be Clashing some time or other, and a Knob, or a Controversy ensues 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 Leagues and Societies, to have the respective Parties Necessary to One another. And there needs no ill Will, or Malice neither, to do the Mischief, but the Dijestution, or Disproportion Alone is enough to do the Work. The fame Quantity of Wine that makes One Man Drunk, will not Quench Another Man's Thirst. The same Expense that breaks One Man's Back is not a Flea-hitting to Another: Wherefore, Men should fort themselves with their Equals; for a Rich Man that Converces upon the Square with a Poor Man, shall as certainly Undoe him, as a Brass Pot shall break an Earthen One, if they Meet and Knock together.

The Good Luck and Bad Luck.

Here was a Middling fort of a Man that was left well enough to pay his Father, but could never think he had enough, so long as any Man had more. He took Notice what Huge Estates many Merchants got in a very short Time, and so Sold his Inheritance, and betook himself to a Way of Traffique and Commerce. Matters succeeded so Wonderfully well with him, that Every body was in Admiration to see how Mighty Rich he was grown all on a Sudden. Why Ay, says he, This 'tis when a Man understands his Business; for I have done all This by my Industry. It would have been well if he had stop'd there: But Avarice is Infallible, and so he went Puthing on till for More; till what by Wracks, Bankrupts, Piracies, and I know not how many other Disappointments, One upon the Neck of Another, he was reduc'd in Half the Time that he was a Rising, to a Morble of Bread. Upon these Mifcarriages, 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. Fortune happen'd 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 Betfell him, and to take the Good to Himself.

F A B. CCXXXI.

A Country-man and Fortune.

A Labourer was at his Work a Digging, he Chops his Spade upon a Pot of Money; Takes it up, Bleses the Place where he found it, and away he goes with his Treasure. It fell out, that Fortune Saw and Heard All that was Past, and so the Call'd out to him upon the Way. Heart ye Friend, says she; You are very Thankful, I perceive, to the Place where you found This Money; but is the Jade 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. CCXXXII.

An Old Woman and the Devil.

This 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 that Bedlam Catch a Fall there by and by, and Break her Bones, and then fay't 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 the world, and there was she at it. The Devil Ought her a Shame, and the Devil put her upon't; But the Devil Clear'd himself by sufficient Evidence that he had no Hand in't at all.

REFLEXION.

These Four Fables run upon the same Bait; That is to say, the Moral is a Lash at the Vanity of Arrogating That to our Selves, which succeeds Well, and Ingratitude of making Providence the Author of Evil, which seldom escapes without a Judgment in the Twain: But our Hearts are too much set upon the Value of the Benefits we receive, that we never Think of the Befallers of them, and so our Acknowledgements are commonly paid to the Second Hand, without any Regard to the Principal. We run into Misfortunes, and Misfortunes, of our Own Accidents; and then when we are once Humbled, we lay the Blame of our Own Faults and Corruptions upon Others. This is much the Humour of the World too in Common Business. If any thing Haps, we take it to our Selves; if it Misdresses, we shouldest it off to our Neighbours. This Attitude, partly from Pride, and it Part from a Certain Frock'd Mpartiality of Nature. Nay, rather than Impose our Misfortunes on our Own Corruptions, or frailties, we do not Seek to Arraign Providence itself, though under Another Name, in all our Explanations against the Rigour, and the Iniquity of Fortune. Now this Virtue in the Publick is Effectually, God Himself, in the World. We are apt to Value our Selves 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 our Faults, as we do our Failures, at Other People's Doors. This is that was not well done, we lay, but alas it was none of our Fault. We did it by Confront, Advice, Importunity, or the Authority perhaps of Great Examples, and the Like. At this Rate we Blame our Own Weaknesses and Corruptions, and at the Same Rate do We Injustice alike to our Selves and Other Peoples Mistakes. 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 Implying to our Neighbours the Ill that they are not Guilty of, on the Other. This is the Sum of the Doctrine that's Potently at the End of the Tale and Conform of Dividing our Misfortunes between Fortune and the Devil.

The Moral of the Four Fables Above.

We are apt to Ascribe our Success in this World, and to impute our Misfortunes, to Fortune, and Confect. We Affirm the One to our Selves, and Charge the Other upon Providence.

Ec 2 FAB.
A Peacock and a Crane.

As a Peacock and a Crane, were in Company together, the Peacock spreads his Tail, and Challenges the Other, to shew him such a Fan as 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 Plumage, 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 preferr'd before the Ornaments of Beauty.

Reflection.

No Man is to be Distracted for any Natural Infirmity, or Defect; 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 Pleafed Providence. Nature is pleas'd to entertain her Felt with Variety. So 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 Graceli- ness of his Train. The Crane's Pride is in the Rankness of her Wing. Which are only Two Excellencies in several Kinds. Take them apart, and they are Both Equally Perfect; but Good Things Themselves have the Degrees, and That which is most Necessary and Useful, must be Allowed Preference to the Other.

A Tiger and a Fox.

As a Huntsman was upon the Chase, and the Beasts flying before him; Let me alone, says a Tiger, and I'll put an end to this War my Self: At which Word, he Advanced towards the Enemy in his Single Person. The Resolution was no sooner Taken, but he found himself Surpriz'd by a Body with an Arrow. He Faint'd upon it presently with his Teeth, and while he was Trying to Draw it out, a Fox Ask'd him, from what Bold Hand it was that he Receive'd This 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 Stratagems of Human Reason.

Reflection.

Boldness without Council, is no better than an Ignorant, which is commonly Worthy of Conduct and Defeat. 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 Designs of an Enemy. The Tiger left his Life for want of this Circumpection.

A Lyon and Bulls.

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

The Moral.

This is to tell us the Advantages, the Necessity, and the Force of Union; And that Division brings Ruin.
A Flea and a Bramble.

There goes a Story of a Fire-Tree, that in a Vain spiteful Humour, was mightily upon the Pin of Commending it self, and Defiling the Bramble. My Head (sals the Fire) is advanced among the Stars. I furnish Beams for Palaces. Mais for Shipping: The very Sweat of my Body is a Sovereign Remedy for the Sick and Wounded: Whereas the Rabid Bramble runs creeping in the Dirt, and serves for No Purpose in the World but Mischief. Well, sals the Bramble (that Overheard all This). You might have said somewhat of your Own Misfortune, and to My Advantage too, If Your Pride and Envy would have suffered 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 than a Fire-Tree.

The Moral.

Poverty Secures a Man from Thieves, Great and Small: Whereas the Rich, and the Mighty are the Mark of Malice, and Cruel Fortunes, and Still the Weal they are, the Nearer the Thunder.

Reflection.

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 Verify'd by Examples Innumerable, through the Whole History of the World, and that the Mean is best, both for Body, Mind, and Estate. Pride is not only Unwise, but Unsafe too, for it has the Power and Judicte of Heaven, and the Malicious Envy of Men to encounter at the same Time; and the Axe that Cuts down the Fir, is Righly Moraliz'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.
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 Benthought Himself; however of a Device at last that did his Business; 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, over and above the Infin'd of this Kind.

Reflection.

'Tis a Kind of a School Question that we find Startled in This Fable, upon the Subject of Reason and Instinct: And whether this Deliberative Proceeding of the Crow, was not rather a Logical Agitation of the Matter, than the Bare Analogy, as we call it, of a Simple Impulse. It will be Objeeted, that we are not to Draw Conclusions from the Fictions of a Cafe, but whoever Confutes his Experience, may satisfy Himself in many Inferences the come up to this Supposition. We are also taught, that what we cannot Comprehend by the Force of Natural Faculties, may be brought in pass many times by Art and Invention.

A Lion and a Man.

Here was a Controversie Started betwix a Lion 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 fo he shew'd him the Figure of a Man Cut in Stone, with a Lion under his Feet. I says the Lyon, if we had been brought up to Painting and Carving, as you are, where you have the 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.

A Thief came to a Boy, that was Blubbering by the Side of a Well, and ask'd him what he cry'd for. Why, says he, the String's broke here, and I've dropped a Silver Cup into the Well. The fellow presently Strips, and down he goes to search for it. After a while, he comes up again, with his Labour for his pains, and the Rogueth Boy, in the Mean time, was run away with his Cloaths.
A Man and a Satyr.

Here was a Man and a Satyr that kept much together. The Man Clapt his Fingers one day to his Mouth, and blew upon 'em.

What's That for? (says the Satyr) Why fays he, My Hands are extrem Cold, and I do't to Warm 'em.'

The Satyr, at Another time, found This Man Blowing his Porridge: And pray, fays he, What's the Meaning of that now? Oh! fays the Man, My Porridge are Hot, and I do't to Cool 'em. Nay, fays 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 Moral.

There's No Converging with any Man that Carries Two Faces under One Hood.

Reflection.

THE Moral of this Fable must be Abstained from the Philosophy of it, and taken in the Sense of carrying Two Faces under One Hood. It does forth, however, the Simplicity of the Satyr in Not Understanding how Two such Contrary Effeds should come from the same Lips; But it was Honestly done in him yet, to Renounce the Conversation of One that he took for a Double-Dealer; and that could Accommodate himself to make Fair with All Companies, and Occasions, without any regard to Truth, or Justice. It was This Fable that gave Rise to the Old Ager of Blowing Hot and Cold; which is taken for the Mark and Character of a Deliberator.

A Country-man and a Boar.

A Country-man 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 Wond'ring, and Discourting upon it. Sir, fays the Clown, If This Boar had had any Brains, he would have taken the Loss.

F 2
of Both his Ears for a Warning, never to come into My Corn again. These Words of the Silly Bumpkin fit the whole Company a Laughing.

The M O R A L.

An Incurable Foul that will take no Warning; there's no Hope of him.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Life and Conversation of some Men is so Brutal, as if they had only the Shape, without the Faculties of Reasonable Creatures. What's He better then the Bear in this Fable, now, that Abandons himself wholly to his Appetites, and Pleasures, and goes so many Repeated Tours, and Quails, One upon the Neck of Another, Drinks and Whores on still, in Depravity all Punishments, and Warnings. The Bear's Intemperance, and the Nose upon him afterwards, on the Cutting of him up, that he had no Brain in Head, may be Moral'd into the Figure of a Sentinal Man, that has neither Grace, nor Knowledge, but runs headlong on to his Ruine, without either Confidence, or Consideration.

F A B. CCXLVI.

A Bull and a Moosie.

A Moosie Pinch'd a Bull by the Foot, and then flunk into her Hole. The Bull Tears up the Ground upon't, and Tolles 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 Moosie puts out her Head, and Laughs at him. Your Pride (says she) may be brought down I see, for all Your Bluffing, and Your Horns, for here's a Poor Moosie has got the Better of ye, and You do not know how to Help your self.

The M O R A L.

There's no such way of Revengeing an Aggravan upon a Creature that's below an Honesty Man's Anger, as Nagging and Contempt.

F A B. CCXLVI.

A Cartier that had laid his Wagon Fast in a Slough, stood Gaping and Bowling to as many of the Gods and Goddesses as he could Mutter up, and to Hercules Especally, to Help him out of the Mire. Why ye Lazy Puppy you, says Hercules, lay your Shoulder to the Wheel, and Prick your Oxen eft, and Then's your Time to Pray. Why do ye Drudgery, d'ye think, and you lie Bellowing with Your Finger in your Mouth?

The M O R A L.

Men in Diff'rent must Work as well as Pray, they shall be never the Better off.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS is but after the Common Guide of the World, for People when they are put to a Plunge, to cry out to Heaven for Help, without Helping Themselves; whereas Providence Afflicts No Body that does not put his Own Shoulders to the Work. Prayer without Works, is Nothing Worth, either for Other People, or for Our selves [For Other People I say], because there is a Duty Incumbent upon us in the Exercice of Those Powers, and Abilities, which Providence has given us for the Common Good of Both. There must be the Penny as well as the Farthing. 'Tis not a Bare Lord have Mercy upon us, that will help the Cart out of the Mire, or our Neighbour out of the Ditch, without putting our Hands to the Work. What signifies the Sound of Words in Prayer, without the Affection of the Heart, and a fabulous Application of the Proper Means that may Naturaly lead to such an End: This is to say, Body and Soul must go together, in All the Offices of a Christian, as well
A Certain Good Woman had a Hen, that Laid her Golden Eggs, which could not be, the thought, without a Mine in the Belly of her. Upon this Premumption the Cur her up to Search for Hidden Treasure: But upon the Deception found her just like Other Hens, and that the Hope of Getting more had betrayed her to the Loss of what she had in Possession.

The Moral

This is the Fate, Folly and Mischief of Vain Desires, and of an Immoderate Love of Riches: Content want need, and Contenting Ones Covetousness.

Reflection

They that would still have more and more, can never have enough; No, Not if a Miracle should Interpose to Gratify their Avarice; for it makes Men Unthankful to the Highest Degree, not only in General, for the Benefits they Receive, but in particular Alto 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 Business is to make the Most 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 This Unreasonable Desire, but Loss, Sorrow, and Disappointment? The True Interest of This Fable is to Prove us with a just Sense of the Vanity and Folly of these Coveting Appetites. If the Woman could have been Contented with Golden Eggs, she might have kept that Revenue on still; but when Nothing less then the Mine itself would have her, the loss Hen, Eggs and All.
Fab. CXLIX.

An Ox and a Heifer.

A Wanton Heifer that had little else to do then 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; Blefs me, says the Heifer, what a Difference there is betwixt your Coat and Condition, and Mine! Why, What a Gall'd Nafty Neck have we here! Look ye, Mine's as Clean as a Penny, and as Smooth as Silk I warrant ye. 'Ts a Sav'f Life to be Yoak'd thus, and in Perpetual Labour. What would you give to be as Free and as Easy 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 Sifter, says he, and have not you Frisk'd fair now, when the Ease and Liberty you Valu'd your Self upon, has 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; But Mark the End on't, at whilst the One Labours in his Duty with a Good Conscience, the Other, in his Beef, is but Fasting up for the Slaughter.

Reflection.

THERE was never any thing gotten by Sensuality 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 Voluminous, the Proud, and the Delicate are Struck at in This Fable: Men that Set their Hearts only upon the Present, without either Entering into the Real, or looking forward into the End of Things. Little Dreaming that all this Pomp of Vanity, Plenty, and Pleasure, is but a Farthing of them for the Slaughter. 'Tis the Cafe of Great and Rich Men in the World; the very Advantages they Glory in are the Cause of their Ruine. The Heifer that Valu'd it Self upon a Smooth Coat, and a Plump Hab'er of Body, was taken up for a Sacrifice; but the Ox that was Defin'd for his Drippings, and his Raw-Bones, went on with his Work still in the Way of a Safe and an Honest Labour.

Fab. CCL.

A Dog and a Lyon.

What a Miserable Life doft thou lead, says a Dog to a Lyon, to run Starving up and down thus in Woods and Ditches, without either Meat, or Ease. I am fat and Fair you see, and it Costs me neither Labour, nor Pains. 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 serve 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 Appetites.

Reflection.

The Moral of this is the Same with That of Dog and Wolf, Fab. 60.

Fab. 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 he 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 see which of the Two Yields the Better Price.

The Moral.

Every Man has his Province Above him, and none but a Mad-man will pretend to Impose, and to give Laws where he has Nothing to do.

Reflection.

There's no Folly like That of Vain Glory, nor any thing more Ridiculous than for a Vain Man to be still Boasting of Himself: For 'tis against All Law and Equity, for a Body to be admitted a Judge in ones Own
OWN CAFE. A second Doctrine may be This (and we find it True by Experience) that Money governs the World; and that the Market Price is the Measure of the Worth of Men as well as of Things. As the Sturgeon left it to the Fishmonger to determine the Controversy between Him and the Pike.

FA B. CCLII.

A FOX and a LEOPARD.

AS a Leopard was Valuing himself upon the Lustrous of his Party-coloured Skin, a Fox gave him a Jog, and Whisper'd him, that the Beauty of the Mind was an Excellence, infinitely to be Preferred above that of a Painted Out-side.

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 Superlatives, in fine, are the Blessings of the Mind: Fools 'tis True may be allow'd to Brag of Foolish Things; but the Leopard's Beauty without the Foxes Wit is no better than a Fop in a Gay Coat.

FA B. CCLIII.

Demades the Orator.

THIS Demades was a very Famous Orator, and taking Notice as he was in the Middle of a Discourse to the People upon a Subject of Great Importance, that their Thoughts were Wand'ring upon Something else, he Stoped from his Text into This Digression. Ceres, (says he) a Swallow, and an Eel, were Travelling together upon the Way: They came to a River, it seems, and the Swallow Flyed over it; The Eel made a Shift to Swim thorough it;——And there he stopp. Well (says some of the Company) and what became of Ceres? Why (says Demades) The Goddess was mightily offended, to find so many People in the World that are Deaf to any thing they may be the Better for, and yet have their Ears Open to Fooleries.

The Moral.

People are some Reclaimed by a Side-Wind of a Surprise, then by Down-right Admonition and Counsel; for they'll lend an Ear to a Parable when Nothing else will Down with them.

Ggs. RE-
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 get Right by the Innuendos of a Parable, then by the Direc'd Reason. There are many Men that are infinitely 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 Confidence, when they find themselves Foole'd and Shamm'd (as we say) into a Conviction. This Fable tells us what we ought to do in the Case of Attending to Instructive and Profitable Counsels. It tells us also what we are apt to do, in Hark'n'ing after Fooleries; and losing the Opportunity of Hearing and Learning Better Things. And it shews us in fine, the force of an Allegory. Herein Jeff and Earnet, which in such a Case as this, is certainly the most Artificial, Civil, and Efficacious Measure of Reproof. I call it a Reproach; for 'tis 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 Ipeaks to us out 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 Pull-Flin, when they should be Learning their Lesson; Beside, that it is only Another way of calling a Man Foole, when no Heed is given to what he says. Now Demosthenes that Understood both his Business, and the Weak 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 Conjecture that led them Naturally to a Better Sense of their Interest, and their Duty.

A Fox and a Hedge-Hog.

As Sep brought the Samians to their Wits again out of a most Deceitful Situation with this Fable. A Fox, upon the Crossing of a River, was forc'd away by the Current into an Eddy, and there he lay with Whole Swarms of Flies Sucking and Calling of him. There was a Water Hedge-Hog (we must Imagine) 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 c'en Burfting-full 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 Star'd Hungry Wretches to take their Places, that will not leave so much as One Drop of Bloud in the Whole Body of me.

Ti
A Mouse in a Chest.

A Mouse that was bred in a Chest, and had lived all his days there upon what the Dame of the House laid up in, happen'd one time to drop out over the Side, and to Stumble upon a very Delicious Morielle, as she was Hunting up and down to find her way In again. She had no sooner the Taffle of it in her Mouth, but the brake out into Exclamations, what a Fool she had been thus Long, to Perfwade her self that there was No Happines in the World but in That Box.

The Moral.

A Contented Mind and a Good Conscience will make a Body Happy wherever he is.

Reflection.

'TIS well to be Content in what Place or Condition ever we are; without being yet so Fond of it as not to be prepar'd for any Change or Chance that may Befall us. A Good Patriot loves his Own Country Bell, but yet in case of Neediness, or a Fair Convenience, the Whole Globe of the Earth is an Honest Man's Country, and he reckon's himself at home wherever he is. The Mouse was Well in the Chest; but the found her Self Better afterwards in the World, which serves to tell 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 Farmer complain'd that the Beards of his Corn Cut the Reapers and the Thrashers Fingers sometimes, and therefore he directed Ceres that his Corn might grow hereafter without Beards. The Request was Granted, and the Little Birds Eat up all his Grain. Fool that I was (says he) rather to lose the Support of my Life, then venture the Pricking of my Servants Fingers.

A Country-man and a Hawk.

Country Fellow had the Fortune to take a Hawk in the Hot Pursuit of a Pigeon. The Hawk Pleaded for her self, that she never did the Country-man any Harm, and therefore I hope, says she, that You'll do Me No. Well I says the Country-man, and pray what Wrong did the Pigeon ever do you? Now by the Reason of your own Argument, you must c'en Expect to be Treated your self, as You your self would have Treated This Pigeon.

The Moral.

'Tis good to Think before we Speak, for fear of Condemning our selves out of our Own mouths.
REFLEXION.

THIS Fable holds forth to us several Morals. Rapine and Injustice, Meet in the End with Violence. One Murderer is Kild by Another. Adulterers are paid in kind, and One Wicked Man Punishes Another. It is but 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 in Avenging Themselves that are Oppres'd by the Less Mighty. And the Fable has This Project too, that Princes are as much Tyr'd to Vindicate their Subjects Caused as if it were their Own.

Tis no News for the Weak and the Poor to be a Prey to the Strong, and the Rich, and the Vindication of the Innocent is no Ill Plea, or Masque for the Oppression of the Guilty. Birds of Prey are an Emblem of Ruffian Officers. A Superior Power takes away by Violence from Them, That which by Violence they took away from Others: But it falls out too often that the Equity of Redress is forgotten, after the Execution of the Punishment. Now what is This way of Proceeding, but Drunking the Blood of the Widow and the Orphan at second hand? But He that takes away from a Thief, That which the Thief, to his Knowledge, took from an Honest Man, and Keeps it to Himself, is the Wicked Thief of the Two, by how much the Rapine is made yet Blacker by the pretense of Prey and Justice. Here's a Countryman takes a Hawk in the Chace of a Pigeon. The Hawk Reasons the Cale with him; The Country-mate Pleads the Pigeon Caused, and upon a Fair Hearing: The Hawk Bones Condemned out of her own Mouth, and the Innocent is consequently delivered from her Oppressor. Now here's One Violence Disappointed by Another; A Poor Harmless Wretch Protected against a Powerful Adversary: Justice done upon a Notorious Persecutor; and Yet after All This Glorious Remorse of a Publicque Spirituall Generosity, and Tenderness of Nature, the Man only got the Pigeon for the Hawk, that he might Eat it Himself! And if we look Well above us, we shall find This to be the Cafe of Most Meditations, we meet with in the Name of Publicque Justice.

FAB. CCLVIII.

A Swallow and a Spider.

A Spider that Observ'd a Swallow Catching of Flies, fell Immediately to Work upon a Net to Catch Swallows, for she lookt upon't as an Encroachment upon Her Right: But the Birds without any Difficulty, brake through the Work, and flew away with the very Net it self. Well, says the Spider, Bird-Catching is none of My Talent I perceive; and so she return'd 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 up on Tryall he made this Observation on't: Where the Water ran Smooth, he found it Deepest; and on the contrary, Shallop-est where it made most Noise.

The Moral.

There's more Danger in a Resolv'd and Silent, than in a Noisie, Bubbling Enemy.

Reflection.

Great Talkers are not always the Greatest Doers, and the Danger Greatest, where 's least Blustering and Clamour.

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 betwixt your Excellency, Men, and Men that are well Founded in Any Art, Science, or Professi- on. As in Philosophy, Divinity, Arms, History, Manners. The very Practice of Babbling is a Great Weakness, and not only the Flavour, 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 Trulling in the Cafe, so there's No Great Danger from them, in the Manage of any Design; for Many and Rait Words Betray the Speaker of them. As to the Man of Sci ence and Professi, that keeps himself Cloie, and his Thoughts Private, He Weighs, and Compares Things, and Proceeds upon Deliberation. It is good to see and found however, before a Man Flounders; for a Body may as well be Over-born by the Violence of a Shallop, Rapid Stream, as Swallow'd up in the Gulph of a smooth Water. 'Tis in this Cafe with Men as it is with Rivers.

A Pigeon and a Kite.

A Pigeon was Wondering once to a Pigeon, why she would Breed still 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, and a Better Rule in the Doctrine, than in the Practice. For Truth as you would be trusted, will not hold betwixt a Rascal and an Honest Man. There's no Dealing with a Sharpes but at his Own Play.

Reflection.

The Truer Hearted any Man is, the more Liable is he to be imposed upon: And then the World calls it Out-witting of a Man; when, in truth, it's only Out-knew'd. And oblig'd, even in Charity and Good Nature, to believe till he be Cousined. And we find the Country man's Observation Confirm'd by Daily Experience. This does not yet hinder a finer Sex of Heart from being a Ventrue to necessary for the Comfort and Security of Mankind, that Human Society cannot subsist without it. And therefore in a Thousand Pities it should be to Discountenance'd, and Abus'd, as in the Common Practice of the World we find it is. But it stands Firm however to the fame Tenor of Life. As the Pigeon kept still to the same Hole to lay her Eggs in what 'ere the Loft by.

A Cuckow and a Hawk.

By the Beak, and the Claws of a Cuckow, one would take her for a kind of Hawk, only the One Lives upon Worms, and the Other upon Flees: Inform'd that a Hawk Twitted a Cuckow One Day with her coarse Way of Feeding. If you'll look like a Hawk, Why don't you Live like a Hawk? The Cuckow took this a little in Dudgeon; but passing by a Pigeon House some short time after, what should the fce but the Skin of This very Hawk upon a Pole, on the Top of the Dove-House?
A Country-man and an Ais.

A Country-man was Grazing his Ais in a Meadow, came a Hot Alarum that the Enemy was just falling into their Quarters. The Poor Man calls pretendly to his Ais, in a Terrible Fright, to Scour away as fast as he could Scamper: for, says he, we shall be Taken alive. Well, quoth the Ais, and what if we should be Taken? I have One Pack-Saddle upon my Back already, will they Clap Another a top of that d'ye 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 so Low 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 to what Master.

Fox and a Knot of Goofips.

A Fox that was taking a Walk one Night Crost a Village, spied a Bevy of Jolly, Goofipping Wenchers, making Merry over a Dibh of Pullets. Why Ay, says he; Is not this a Plea World now? A Poor Innocent Fox cannot so much as keep into a Hen Roost, though but to Keep Life and Soul togeth'er, and what a Bawling do you make on't prettily with your Dogs, and your Barfards! And yet You your felvses can be Stuffing your Gusshere with your Hens, and your Capons, and not a Word of the Pudding. How now Bold-Face, crys in Old Trot. Sirrah, we Eat our Own Hens, I'd have you know: and what You Eat, You Steal.
The Moral.

There are Men of Pride, as well as Beasts of Pride, that Account Repine as good a Title as Propriety.

Reflexion.

This gives us to understand, first, that a Man may do what he will with his own; but he has Nothing to do with the Propriety of another body. Secondly, That People may do any Thing with Impunity where there's No body to call 'em to Account for't; And that which is Death for One to do is Lawful for Another.

There are several Stares of Fancy, that Off-hand look well enough; but bring them to the Test, and 'tis Nothing in 'em. The Foxes Reproach here upon the Collaps, was a Freilean Pleasent enough; but without any Colour, or Congruity of Reason; and the fallacy lies, from the same Thing done by several Perfons, to the same Right of Doing it: though under Circumstances so different, that there's no Parity at all between them upon the Collation. This Fock has somewhat of the Air of the Young Fellow's Conjecture to his Father, when he took him Ruffling his Grand-mother. Why may not I be with your Mother, says he, as well as I am with mine? Their Foxes should do well to Consider, that High-Way-Men, and Other Criminals have as much to say for themselves, where there's a Death of law, and Common Justice in the Place. This Influence of the Fox and the Collaps, comes to the Old Proverb; that One may better Steal a Horse than another look over the Hedge.

Fab. CCLXV.

The Fox and a Piece of Limb:

The Fox was Complaining of the Ingratitude of the Oxen. How often says the Fox, 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! cried the Oxen: Do not you see how we Pant and Groan, and how we are Goaded on, to do what we do? The Fox considered how Unwillingly they did it, and so Forbore them.

The Moral.

What we are for'd to do by an Overruling Power and Necessity, is not properly our Own Act.

Reflexion.

This is the Thing that is Done, but the Intention in the Doing of it, that makes the Action Good, or Evil. There is a Great Difference between what we do upon Jones, and what upon Inclination; and the Good Will is never the less Obliging, though by some Unlucky Accident it should be diverted to my Ruine. Where there is neither Privy nor Content, there can be no Malice, and consequently no Crime, or Disobligation. For all other Misadventures Amount to no more in Truth, than That which we call ill Luck, in the Common Accidents of Life, whereas the Fox was in the Right to Forgive the Oxen here, and so shall We be too, if after the Doctrine, and Example of this Fable, we forgive one Another.

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Abstemius's FABLES.

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 a-
mong them that was Knotty, and Crooked, and the Rest had it
in Derision. The Matter 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
Order'd, and This Ill-fav'rd Fiefe 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; Not
but that it is Better to fall Honourably in the Service of the Publique, then
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 Jutifie, or Protect Great Men in their In-
fluence over their Inferiors. The Beautiful Trees go all to Wreck here, and on
ly the Misshapen, and Defective Dwarf is left Standing.

F A B. CCLXVII.

A Spin and a Stool.

A Stock that was Present at the Song of a Dying Swan,
told her 'twas contrary to Nature to Sing so much out
of Season; and asked her the Reason of it? Why, says the
Swan, I am now Entering into a State where I shall be no lon-
ger in Danger of either Snare, Guns, or Hunger: and who
would not joy at such a Deliverance.

F A B. CCLXVIII.

The Intamshetable Widow.

There was a Poor Young Woman 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:
Thick 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 d'ye 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—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,
he Wipes her Eyes; Lifts 'em up, and cries Heaven's Will be
Done, and then turns to her Father, Pray Sir, says she, About
Your 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 quickly dried up, and that it is not impossible for a Woman to outlive the Death of her Husband 2nd after all the outrages of her Funereal Sorrow, to prepare to her self many a Merry Hour in the Arms of a Second Spouse.

REFLEXION.
Here’s the figure of a Worldly Sorrow, and of a Worldly Love, drawn to the Life, from the Heart and Honour of a Right, Worldly Woman. If specious One does the Truth, in Grief, as well as in Religion. 'Tis too fierce and notion, to be Natural; but the Obligation supplies the Place of the Duty. If the Wives Transport had not been Coincident, they would have been as Certain Death as the Husband’s Dicade: For Rich and Thos is not able to bear up under so intolerable a Weight. It is in short, only the Acting a i var, not the Discharge of a Flowing Passion; she takes the Hunt, Plays her Roll, Cries out her Dee time, and when the Fate is one, belies her self from her Imminence to her Philosophy; not forgetting the Politique Part all this while, of making her Mourning for One Husband, a Plead to the Drawing off of Another.

And this is not the Poor Woman’s Caife Alone, but many a Poor Man too; for the Extravagance holds for a Sick Wife, as well as for a Sick Husband. 'Tis Custom, Pravity and Good Manners, in fine, that in a Good Measure Rules This Affair. People proportion their Grievous to their Hopes, and their Tears to their Legacies. There is as much a Fasmony in the Mourning Face, as in the Mourning Dress; and every Looks must be in Mod, as well as Our Clothes. This Hunt Minds me of a Pileant Droll of a Rater, to an Honourable Lady of my Acquaintance that was sitting for her Périere. ‘Madam (says she) will your Ladyship be pleased to have your Lip dress a they wear o’er now’? It is a Nobile Part of Good Breeding, to know When, and How, and how Much, and how Long to Cry; and Every Thing must be done too as they do it now. I speak this, as to the Method of a Widow’s Letters: But when the Husband’s Dead, the Play is Done; and then it comes to the Old Bear Garden Cafe, when the Bull had Trefed a Poor Fowl that went to fave his Dog: There was a mighty Buffle about him, wit Brandy and Other Cordials to bring him to Himself again; but when the College found there was no Good to be done on’t. With, Go thy ways Jingle, says a Jolly Member of that Society, There’s the Best Husband-Man in the Field gone. Come, Play Another Dog. The Sick Husband here wanted for neither Slops nor Doctors, and Every Thing was in a Hurry too in Both Places Alike. The Man Dies and the Woman Binks her self. Well, says she, There’s the Best Husband-Man that ever Woman had to do withed. But, I’m Sir, a Tother Husband to the House that you were Speaking of? What is all This now, but directly to the Tune of the Butcher’s Backward-Man, and Playing Another Dog.
Abstemius's FABLES.

A FLy upon a Wall! 

What a Dust do I Raise! says the Fly, upon the Coach-Wheel; and what a Rare do I Drive at, says the same Fly again, upon the Horse's Buttock.

The Moral.

This Fly in the Fable, is Every Trilling Arrogant Pop in Nature, by what Name or Title soever Dignified, or Distinguished.

Reflection.

This may be Apply'd to well-nigh All sorts of Vain Perfons and Humours; As those that Assume to Themselves the Merit of Other Men's Services. Those that Talk, and Think, and Buttle, as if Nothing were done without them. All Meddlers, Boasters, and Impertinent, that Seal away the Reputation of Better Men for their Own. The World is Full, in fine, of thee Pragmatical Fliers, that Value themselves for being In at every thing, and are found Effectually, at last, to be juit good for Nothing.

It is the Fortune, and it is the Honour of Weak and Trilling Men to Value themselves upon Idle and Trivial Matters; and many times, in Truth, upon Jut Nothing at all; That is to say, upon a Falsh Perfumption that they Do Things, which they do Not Do, and Govern Affairs wherein they have No Manner of Interest. They Place a Reputation aloof upon Things that a Sober Man would be out of Countenance to Own, and Contend for the Credit of being the Authors of Follies. What a Dust do I Raise! says the jily Fly, And have we not Millions of Vain, Emptie Precedents in the World, that Talk at the same Rate, and with as Little Colour, either of Truth, or of Reason? Twas [I] that Advised, Brought about, or Prevented This and That; when yet upon the Upshot, This fame [I] was no more than the Fool, that fancy'd he play'd upon the Organ, when he only Drew the Bellows. Whence comes it now that Men Aggregate to Themselves thus, where they have Nothing to do, and Claim a Title, as Matter of Credit, to the Weakest Things in the World; but for want of Understanding the True Menifres of Honour and Virtue: The Moral of this Vaniety runs through All Degrees of Men, and All Functions. There's Nothing so Great; There's Nothing so Little, as not to afford Subject for this Buffe and Over-Wearing Conceit to Work upon; No, not from the Modelling of Common Weath: the Winning of Battles; The Saving, or the Recovering of Kingdoms, to the very Flies Raising the Dust here in the Fable.

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Fab. CCLXXI.

A ELf and a Snake.

YOU and I are so Alike, says the Elf to the Snake, that Methinks we should be somewhat akin; and yet They that Persecute Me are afraid of You. What should be the Reason of This? Oh (says the Snake) because no body does Me an Injury but I make him smart for't.

The Moral.

In all Controversies they come off best that keep their Adversaries in fear of a Revenge.

Reflection.

PATIENCE and Impudence, is an Encouragement to an Affront. The Divine Wisdom has appointed a Hell as well as a Heaven, to the End that Dead and Terror on the One Hand, may supply the want of Gratitude, Affectation, and Good Nature on the Other: What is it but the the Fear of Punishment that keeps the World in Order? And what but the Awe we stand 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 Stings, are no better than Bees; and when the Sacred Character is Diluted, 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 as much Difference, upon This Point, between One Governor and Another (the Resemblance notwithstanding) as there is betwixt an Elf and a Snake.

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Fab. CCLXXII.

Seamen Praying to Saints.

IT blew a Terrible Tempet at Sea once, and there was one Seaman took Notice that the Rest 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
Abstemius's FABLES.

Drown'd now before the Messer 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 presently fell.

The Moral.
The Shortest, and Surest Way of Doing Business is Brief.

Reflection.
'Tis good to be sure, where our Salvation is at Stake; and to run no more risk of the Main Chance, than Necessity Must. What needs any Man make his Court to the Servant, when his Accent is open to the Matter? And especially when that Matter is as ready to give, as the Petitioners to ask. A Wise Man will take the Nearest and the Surest Way to his Journey's End; and commit no Business of Importance to a Proxy, where he may do't Himself.

F A B. CCLXXIII.
The Fishe 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 Leapt into the Fire; and instead of Mending the Matter, they were worse now than before.

The Moral.
The Remedy is many times worse than the Disease.

Reflection.
Let a Man's Present State be never so Uncertain, he should do well however to Behave himself before he Changes, 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 been 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 soonest out of our Pain (though never so Sharp) is the more Eligible of the Two. But to take it according to the Old Proverb now, we understand by 

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according to the Frying-Pan into the Fire That Things go from Bad to Worse.

F A B. CCLXXIV.
A League of Beasts and Fishes.
The Beasts Enter'd into a League with the Fishes against the Birds. The War was Declard; but the Fishes, instead of their Quota, sent their Excuse, that they were not able to March by Land.

The Moral.
The Vanity of a Helpless Alliance.

Reflection.
There's No Contracting of Alliances with Those that are out of Distance of Afflicting in a Time of Need, in all Contracts, whether of Publick Alliance, and Commerce, or Particular Friendship, there must a Regard be had to Reciprocal Aid and Affection, in case of any Difficulties; So that All the Circumstances of Ability, Disposition, Situation, Interest, 

F A B. CCLXXV.
A Courteous Ambassador.
A Certain Ambassador that was full Peeter'd with Drums and Trumpets every where upon the Way of his Embassay, was willing to have his Money, and so had them put off still with This Answer: That his Excellency was in Deep Mourning for his Mother, and in no Humour for Musicke. The Drums and Trumpets were at Least as Much Troubled at the Tydings, as the Ambassador Himself. This News came to the Ear of a Perfum of Honour, who presently made him a Condoling Visit. Pray, my Lord (says the Nobleman)
man) how long may your Mother have been Dead? Why, says the Ambassador, 'tis now a Matter of Forty Years; which Expounded the Riddle, and put an End to that Controversy.

The Moral.

There is a Certain Agreeable Way of Feeling betwixt Jeal and Earnest, that carries both Pleasure and Profit along with it; for it saves a Man's Money in one way, and his Credit another.

Reflection.

According to the Old Moral, Covetous Men will make any shift to save Money; but this Allusion is the least Part of the Business. This no Early Matter for People in many Cases to save their Money, and their Credit both: But the Bell Thing to be done, in the Disguise of a Joke, and Sordid Humour, is the Managing of the Impudence with a Good Grace, and in such a Manner, that if a Man carries it off, there's so much Money saved; and if he be Detected, the e will be something Pleasant in the Frigate to Atone for a Secret Narrowness of Heart.

At this Rate of a Pretended Frock, or Whimsey, a Great many other Corruptions, and Imperfections may be so Palliated, as to take off much of the Scandal of them; for many a Wicked Thought is so Varish'd over in the Practice, as to pass Mutters among the Gay Arts of Gallantry and Conversation. The Thing above all Others to be Wilful, Sturdy, and Indiscreet, is to have a Clear Mind, and to Lead a Life in fo Conscientious a Privity of Manners, as its Thought, Word, and Deed, to make Good the Character of an Untainted Honell Man: But where this Discipline shall be found too Strict for Flesh and Blood, (and there's no Living up to the Rigorous Exactness of Purity, and Justice) it will in such a Case, be the Bell of a Bail necessity to keep Clear of Open Offence, and to give the Infamy the Bell Face that the Matter will bear. As the Ambassador, betwixt Jeal and Earnest, Call a Cloak of Rainy over his At

An Old Friend and a Cardinal.

A N 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 Condole with your Eminence, and to tell you how Heartily I pray...
A Young Drolle and a Crooked Old Man.

A Gibing Young Knave happen'd to meet an Old Man, whose Age and Infirmary had brought his Body to the Shape of a Bent Bow. Pray Father (says he) will you fill your Bow? Save your Money ye Fool you, says T'other, for when you come to my Years, you shall have such a Bow for Nothing.

The Moral.

It that would not live to be Old, had best he Hung'd when he's Young.

Reflection.

'Tis Irreverent, and Unnatural, to Scoff at the Infirmities of Old Age, since there's no Avoiding them but by Dying Betimes. We are all Born to Die, and Every jot as Certain that we shall go Out of This World, as if we are already come into it; but whether by a Natural, or a Violent Death, we know not. Time and Humane Folly will bring us to our End without the Help of any Contingencies, or Dilemmes by the By; So that or Decays are as much the Work of Nature, as the First Principles of our Being: And the Boy's Conceit of the Crooked Bow here, is no better than Blatphantious Way, of making sport with the Course of Providence: Bid the Folly of Scoffing at That in Another, which we our selves are Sure to come to at Last, or Worse.

An Old Fellow, and a Young Wench.

There was a formal Piece of Gravity that had liv'd to about Three-score and Ten, without ever so much as knowing a Woman from a Weather-Cock. The Devil Ought him a Shame, and paid him both Interest and Principal, in making the Old Doting Fop Marry a Young Girl. He would be often Complaining afterward, how Unluckily he had Dispos'd 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.

The Common Fate of Unequal Matches, Especially in the Case of an Old Fellow, and a young F'ench, where the Element is at Contrary an Summer and Winter, Light and Darkness, or Day and Night.

Reflection.

There's Nothing Good, or Natural, that's out of Season. Nay the most Obliging Offices in Nature, and the Greatest Blessing under the Sun, lose much, both of their Value, and of their Relish, when they're Miss'd.

An Eagle and a Pyg.

Here was a Pert-Dapper Spark of a Mag-Pyr, that fancy'd the Birds would never be well Govern'd, till he Himself should come to fit at the Helm. In This Freak he Petition'd the Eagle to take him into the Cabinet; For, says he, I have no Ill Turn of a Body for't. I have my Tongue, and my Heels at Command; and can make as much Noise and Bristle, to as little Purpose, as any He perhaps that flies between a Pair of Wings. He was going on in the History of his Qualifications, when the Eagle Graciously told him, how sensible he was of the Volubility both of his Tongue, and of his Manners, and so of his Faculties and Good Breeding; but, says he, you are so Confoundedly given to Squirt'ing up and down, and Chattering, that the World would be apt to say. I had Chosen a Jack-Pudding for a Prime Minifter.
FAB. CCLXXX.

A Country-man and a House.

There was a pleasant fort of a poor fellow had his house a fire; but his Misfortune did not make him lose his Good Humour. As it was all in a flame, out Bolts a Mouse from the Ruines, to save her life: The Man Catches her, and throws her back again. Why thou Ungrateful Wretch (says he) to leave thy Friend now in Adversity, that gave thee thy Bread in his Prosperity.

The M O R A L.

'Tis a Barbarous Faculty, an Ill Nature'd Pitt: that will rather Expose the very Life and Reputation of a Friend, than let the Opportunity of a Jef.

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FAB. CCLXXXI.

A Sixth Permit.

Here was a very Good Man, that in the Five and Twentieth Year of his Age, fell into a Desperate Fit of Sicknes, the Doctors fat upon him, and the Whole College were of Opinion, that there was no saving of his Life without the Ufe of a Woman. The Poor Man lay Humming and Hawing a good While, bewrith 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 Doctors, by Consent, put a Good Armful of Warm Women Fleth into the Bed to him, by way of a Recipe, and so lay'd him to Rest, till about some Two Hours after: When they came to fee how the Prescription had Wrought; and there did they find the Poor Religions, Tearing his Hair, Baring his Breast, and Groaning as if his very Heart would break. So they fell prettily to Reaoning, and Caring upon the Matter with him, and laying Comfortable Distinctions before him bewrith the Mortality, and the Necessity of what was done. No, No, Gentlemen, says he, my Grief is not thereabouts; 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.

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The MORAL.

FEAST is Fools, When a Strong Appetite, and a Troublesome Virtue Meet in Competition, 'Tis a Hard Matter for a Man to Refuse the Temptation.

REFLEXION.

WE may gather from hence, first, that People are Flesh and Blood is a Cell, as well as in a Palace. 4th, That it is a very great Maffery, for a Man to stand Firm, in a Cafe, where Human Frailty, Violent Inclinations, and the Preservation of Life it self, are in a Conspiracy against his Virtue. 5th, That a very Pious Good Man may think himself Better then he is, for want of an Occasion to try the Force of his Goodness and Resolution. 6th, That when the Flesh and the Devil have once got the better of a Stupendous Confession, it puts a Man past All Sense of Shame, as well as of the Sin; to the Degree of Glorifying in his Wickedness. The Holy Man was not so much Trouble, it seems, at the Use of the Remedy, as that he had not try'd the Experiment sooner. You may Talk what you will (says Las) of your Philosophers and Learned Men; but I have as many Visits from Theté Sparks as from Other People. And the was much in the Right on't.

FAB. CCLXXXII.

A Rich Man and a Foolish Servant.

A Rich Man had a Certain Block-headed Fellow to his Servant, and the Matter would be saying to him at Every Turn, Well! Thou art the very Prince of Fools I would I were, says the Man, in a Savvy Haff once, for I should be the Greatest Emperor upon the Face of the Earth then, and You Your self should be One of My Subjects.

The MORAL.

The Only Universal Monarch is the King of Fools; for the Whole Race of Men kind are his Subjects.

FAB. CCLXXXIII.

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 bodies Advice that I had rather have than Yours. But pray, will you take This Along with ye too; that for the Courf, 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 fo Absolutely for her Turn. I have Provided ye a Man (says he) of Industry and Integrity; and one that Perfectly Understands all Sorts of Business; and then for Turning Your Stomach, My Life for Yours Madam, he's not in a Condition to give you any Qualm That way. Away, To Fool You, says the; I Hate the Infirmity, though I Love the Virtue.

The MORAL.

Women are All of a Mote, and in some Things, most of them in a Mind. One Woman sells another Woman's Pump in her Own Place; and there's no Halting before Cripples.
Abstemius’s FABLES.

REFLEXION.

There’s no disputing with a man that denies principles, and there are certain prerogatives in the manners of flesh and blood, as well as in the philosophy of the schools: in which cases, we understand our duty without a teacher, and acquit ourselves as we ought to do, without a prompter. That is to say, there are some certain fundamentals of natural justice, that we take for granted, and trust one another for; as in the proposition of our widow here in the fable, without any need of articles for the performance of covenants. The widow, in short, play’d the gipsy, and so did her confidant too in pretense to believe her; but there’s no catching old birds with clumsy, for one woman reads the heart of woman; kind in her own breast. She was a fool to be mealy-mouth’d, where nature speaks so plainly. There may be exceptions to its true, to a general rule, but none to an universal. It was no ill shift however, to come off withall, that in despite of all her abilities, he was not yet for making a virtue of necessity. The publisher of Mr. Selden’s Table Talk, tells of a girl that was worth forty of our widow here, and an honest down-right, plain dealing lady it was. The wench was just newly married, and so soon as ever the job was over, Fray Maker, says the, must not I go to bed now? No, No, Child, says mamma, You must take your dinner first; Oh says the girl, and then go to bed I warrant ye. No, my dear, not yet says the mother, You must dance after dinner. Ay, Ay, says the girl again, and then to bed. No, No, says father, You must sup first, and then dance again. Ay, Ay, and then to bed, says the bride. This girl did but speak the widow’s mind; for let flesh and blood pretend what it will, to bed, to bed, will be the bed of the song.

FAB. CCLXXXIV.

Town-Dogs and Country-Dogs.

This is a common thing upon the puffing of a strange dog through a town, to have a hundred curs bawling at his breech, and every yap gets a snap at him. There was one particular dog, that when he saw there was no saving his skin by running away, Turn’d upon his purfacters, and then furnished upon the trial, that one set of teeth was worth two pair of heels; for upon that resolution, they all fell off, and sneak’d their way. A captain took occasion once to apply this instance to his people. Fellow-soldiers (says he) take this for a rule. Those that run away are in more danger than the others that stand the shock.

Abstemius’s FABLES.

FAB. CCLXXXV.

A Snail to Jupiter.

A snail that found himself persecuted by men, appeal’d to Jupiter for relief; who told him, that it was his own fault, if (fays he) if you had but Bit the first man that affronted you, the second would have taken warning by’t.

The moral of the two fables above.

The putting up of one affront draws on another.

REFLEXION.

This is no ill emblem of the common people; that are indolent so long as they are fear’d, and shak’d, where they find danger; for their courage is calculated to the opinion they have of the enemy. It is the nature of all forts of mungrel curs, to bawl, snarl, and snap, where the foe lies before them; and to clap their tails between their legs when an adversary makes head against them. There’s nothing, in short, but resolution, to carry a man through all difficulties: And since it is in absolutely necessary, the sooner it is taken up, the better it succeeds. “’Tis a matter of very evil consequence, to let the rabble offer publick affronts Graue; to make the word lead to a beazel, and a roarin’ unanswer’d, is but next door to a tumult; so that the bearing of one indignity draws on another, like the first man that affronts ye, and ye’re safe for ever after.

FAB. CCLXXXVI.

The Frogs and Lizards.

A sa company of frogs were trifling and playing up and down in a meadow, some tortoises, that look’d on, were mighty troubled that they could not do so too, but taking notice a while after how these frogs were pick’d up, and dext’re’d by birds and fishes: Well (fays one of ’em) it’s better to live dull, and heavy, then to dye light and nimble.
The Moral.

Every Part and Creature of the Universe has its proper Place, Station, and Function allotted; and to Whom it otherwise were to find Fault with Providence.

Reflection.

That which Nature has allotted us is best for us, and is Great Folly and Wickedness for People not to be Content with it, and Thankful for it.

No Man knows Himself, or Understands his Own Condition, but by Comparison, and upon Experience. Our Wishes, many times, are Moral to us; and the very Grunting of our Prayers would but serve to make us sillier and more miserable. The Tortoise’s Shell was a Clog and a Burden, till they found it Necessary for the Defence of their Lives; and they Envy’d the Eel’s Nests and the Lightness of the Frogs, till they saw them Joll’d to Pieces, and Deve’d, for want of a Buckler to Cover, and Protect them; but it was then to be of the Beggar’s Mind, that flood Gaping at my Lady Devonshire’s Funeral: Here’s a Brave Sight, says he, and yet I God be, for all that, I had rather be a Live Beggar than a Dead Countess. The Moral concludes in this, that there can be No Thought of Security, or Quiet in this World, but in a Reconciliation to the Allotments of God and Nature. If the Tortoise had had their Will, they had been Pick’d up among the Frogs.

Fab. CCLXXXVII.
The Mice and the Quail.

The Mice found it so Troubleome to be still Climbing up the Oak for Every Bit they put in their Bellies, that they were once about to fetch their Teeth together, and bring the Acorns down to them; but Some Wise then arose; and a Grave Experience’d Manse, bad them have a Care what they did; for if we Destroy our Nurture at present, Who shall Feed us hereafter?

The Moral.

It is in vain without Time, to whet a Timorous Folly: And the Consequences of Things are the First Point to be taken into Consideration.

Fab. CCLXXXVIII.
A Run-away Dog and his Master.

There was a Bob-Tail’d Dog, cry’d in a Gazette, and One that found him out by his Marks, brought him home to his Master, who fell presently to Reaflaming the Matter with him, how Iffensible, and Thankles a Wretch he was, to run away from One, that was so Extream 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, not with Your Own Lips; but you have given me a Thousand and a Thousand by your Ships, and when I’m beaten by my Master’s Order, ’tis my Master Himself, I reckon, that beats me.

The Moral.

In Betimes as well as Injures ‘tis the Principal, that we are to Consider, not the Infringement. That which a Man does by Another, is in Truth and Equity his own Act.

Reflection.

The Master here deals with the Dog, as Great Officers deal many times with Honest, Well-Meaning Men at Court. They Strik’em Fair Themselves, and Murder’em by their Deputies: But still, That which is done by the Principal’s Order, or with his Privilege, or Approbation, is the Principal’s Act. The Squire is but the Master’s Infringer in the Café, as the Captain is the Sergeant’s; and they are both under the same Command. When a Man happens to be Kill’d, we do not Impose the Murder to the Weapon that did the Execution, but to Him that Manage’d it. This is much after the way of Treating Elephants. When an Elephant is taken in a Bait, He that is designed for the Master and Keeper of him, few Other

L 2 People
A FABLE.

A Bear and Bees.

A Bear was so Enrag'd once at the Stinging of a Bee, that he ran like Mad into the Bee-Garden, and Over-turn'd All the Hives, in Revenge. This Outrage brought them Out in Whole Troops upon him; and he came afterwards to Bethink himself, how much more Advizable it had been to Pass over One Injury, then by an Unprofitable Passion to Provok a Thouland.

The Moral.

Better pafs over an Affront from One Scoundrel, then draw the Whole Herd of the Mobile about a Man's Ears.

Reflection.

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 Resolution, and of Numbers, it may Gain its Point. The Heat and Thirst of Revenge does but Hurry People from Left Michiefs to Greater; As One Hasty Word, or Blow, brings on a Thouland. There's no Opposing the Torrent of a Head-Strong Multitude; for Rage and Delfair 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, then to Provok and draw on upon Himself the Outrage of a Thouland?

A FABLE.

A Fowler and a Chaffinch.

A Fowler that had Bent his Nece, 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 Lighted, and Peck'd a While, and so away again. At
At this rate they kept coming and going; all the day long; but so few at a time, that the Man did not think 'em worth a Pluck. At last, when he had Slpt All his Opportunities in hope 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 e'en fain 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, that they Slip present Opportunities, which are nearer to be Recover'd.

REFLEXION.

Delays are Dangerous. The very Infant is All that we can call our Own, The Rest, is either Chance, or Fate. The Fate of the Fowlers and the Chaffinch, reaches to All the Observers of Humane Life. Every Man Living has a Design in his Head upon something or other, and Applies himself accordingly toward the attaining of his End: whether it be Honour, Wealth, Power, or any other point of Advantage, or Settlement in the World. Now he that would take a True Measure how to Proceed, should fly to himself. This is the Thing I would be at. This or That in 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 'tis to be had. He that may be Well, and will not, in hope of being Better, runs the Risk of getting Nothing at all; and to Parts with a Moral Certainty in Possession, for a Wild, and a Remote Possibility in Retrospection. Lost Opportunities are never to be Recovered. 'Tis Good Discretion, when we cannot Command what we would have, to Compound for what we May, and not to call any thing Ill Luck, which is in Truth Ill Manage. 'Tis a Weakness to be Solicitous for more than enough, and to Hazard All by Grasping at too much. All Courts, All Ends; for Advance, whether it succeeds or not, is but a kind of Beggary; and he that Wants More, has as Good as Nothing at all. The Birds Catcher Lift his Time here, and makes Good the Old Vulgar Saying; He that will not when he May, When he Would be full of Nay.

A Soldier and Two Pigeons.

A Soldier that had One Excellent Hawk; already, bought another that was not Half so Good, and yet he took more Care of that, than of the Former. Every Body Wonder'd der'd at the Humour of it, considering that for Beauty, or Service, the Latter was not Comparable to the Other. Ay, but says One, 'tis Natural to be Kind to the Last Commer.

The Moral.

Our Likings or Dislikes are Founded rather upon Humour and Fancy than upon Reason. Everything pleases as at First; and Nothing pleases long; and we must only try if we can Mend our Flaws in the Next Choice.

REFLEXION.

We are apt to put a Value upon Things for their Novelty, rather than for their Virtue; and the same Levity holds toward Women, Friends and Acquaintances; Nay, and Governments too; for People seldom Change for a Better. All Civil Conjunctions have their Failings, and the Unhinging, even of the World 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 still for Variety sake, we go on Chopping and Changing our Friends, and our Masters, as well as our Hens; and with the Soldier, out of a Sickly Levee, like the Last Belt whatever it be.

A Spaniel and a Dog.

I Wonder (says a Spaniel to a Dog) how you can Fawn thus upon a Master that gives you so many Blows, and Twinges by the Ears. Well (says the Dog) but then it the Good Bits, and the Good Words he gives me, against Tho's Blows and Twinges, and I'm a Gainer by the Bargain.

The Moral.

He that will Live Happily in this World, must Refuse to take the Good and the Bad Thankfully and Contentedly One with Another.
REFLEXION.

WITHOUT a Strict Head over us in the Institution of our Youth, we are in Danger to be Lost for ever. He that Spares the End, Flatters 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 let the Good against the Bad, as the Dog did, the Eats against the Knacks, and then Ballance the Account.

FAB. CCXCV.


don and limby.

WHY don’t you Run and Make Hast? cry’d the Timber in the Cart, to the Oxen that Drew it: The Burthen is not so Heavy here. Well! (said the Oxen) if You did but know Your Own Fortune, you’d never be so Merry at Ours. We shall be Discharg’d of our Load so soon as we come to our Journies 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 Cafe.

The Moral.

’Tis Matter of Humanity, Honour, Prudence, and Pity, to be Tender One of Another; for no Man living knows his End, and ’tis the Evening Crowns the Day.

REFLEXION.

’T is both Safe, and Foolish, to Influte over People in Difficult, for the Wheel of Fortune is Perpetually in Motion, and He that’s Upward 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 Oxen for the Drudgery they Labour’d under, Little did they Dream of the Greater Oppression they were to Undergo Themselves.

FAB. CCXCVI.

A Doll and a Bishop.

Here was a Roguie Wag of a Doll that had a Mind once to put a Trick upon a Hard, Clof-Filled Bishop: so he went to him upon the First of January to With him a Merry New-Year on’t, and begg’d a Five Guinea Piece of him for a New-Years-Gift. Why, the Man’s Mad (says the Prelate) and I believe he takes Me to be so too. Doth think I have so Little wit, as to Part with such a Gob of Money for God-a-Mercy? Nay, my Lord (says the Fellow) if That be too much,
much, let it be but a single George, 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 Fel low-faw 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 Poother) 'tis My Turn now to Deny: for if You Your self had thought That Blessing worth a Copper Farthing, you'd never have Paired with it.

The Moral.

No Penny, No Peter Notice, does not hold in All Cases; for the Penny and the Peter Notice do not go always together.

Reflection.

There's no Corruption like Ecclesiastical Avarice; no Cruelty so Merciful as that of a Debauch'd Church-man. 'Tis the Devil's Mallet-Piece to begin Thare; for he knows very Well, that the Divinities Examples of a Perfidious, and an Apostate Clergy, are the Ready Way to bring the Holy Order of Priesthood it self into Odium, and Disgrace. Here's True Church, they cry piously; as if the very Families were Underlaid by the Mercenary Pillars of some Backbiting Members of That Communion. Let them Live as they please, and Preach as they ought, and let there be no Morality in the Pulpit upon the Fable of the Man, and the Snare, by Blowing Hot and Cold out of the same Mouth. There are Simulated Contracts on the Buying-side, as well as on the Selling, when People Ball and peach 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; and the Profaning of all that's Sacred, for the flattering of their skins and their stalks?

But not that Charity is Free, and much at the Discretion of Him that is to Exercise it. It is Free, I say, to all Latents and Purposes, as to any Legal Concern upon it, though at the same time, in Point of Confidence, a Man may lie under the Obligation of an Indemnifiable Duty. So that without forcing the drift of this Fable, the Bishop is not to blame here, the Master simply Consider'd; for the First, Second, or Third Denial, or for all together; for such Circumstances may be Supposed, with a regard to the Manner, Time, and Persons, 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 self, and to Thee that Live up to it) we are to call This for the Figure of a Lost and a Covetous Freel, that Disgraces his Character by his Conversation, and lets a Higher Rate upon a Copper Farthing than upon an Applied Inter diction. Now if this Bishop could have said, Silver and Gold have I Now, the Author of this Fable would have Abhor'd him.

A Lapwing Prefer'd

Upon a General Invitation to the Eagle-Wedding, there were several Birds of Quality among the Rest, that took it in Heavy Dudgeon to see a Lapwing Plac'd at the Upper End of the Table. 'Tis true, they cry'd, he has a kind of Cuckoo upon the Crown of him, and a few Tawdry Feathers; but alas, he never Eat a Good Meal's Meat in his Life, till he came to this Preferment.

The Moral.

'Tis a Scandal to a Government, and there goes Ruiny along with it, where Honours are Conferr'd upon Men for Address, Beauty, and External Advantages, rather than for their Good Qualities and Virtues.

Reflection.

'TIS a Necessary Caution in All Preferments that they be Plac'd upon Fit Men; for the Right Motives; and for the Right Ends. The Advancing of a Fantastical Fool, or Lapwing, Reflects upon the Raiser of him; for 'tis an ill sign, the very Liking of an ill Man, and implies, as least a Tacit Approbation of the Officers Defects. The Prefering of People indeed to Honourable Charges and Commissions, without either Brains, Blood, Fortune, 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 Excite the Pardon to Dignify'd, from Open Envy and Secret Contempt. Where it so falls out that True Reason of the Choice, is either Fancy without Judgment, or Credulity without Enquiry, Information, or Tryal, the Lamer is the more Harried Mistake of the Two; for there's something of Generous in the Confidence, notwithstanding the Error of the Facility; And as He that Truths to this Degree, does delive not to be Deceiv'd; so He that Betrays such a Truth, on the Other Hand, if not Worthy to Live, An ill Reason, in fine, for an ill Choice, is Worthy 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 fee was not sufficient to Validate a Worthless Ation from Refuse and Scorn.
A Jolly Gallowgie Priest, that was Invited to a Wedding-Dinner, Stumbled upon a parcel of Pears by the Way. The Man was sharp enough not to have made a Breakfast of them, but to taken up with the thought of the Wedding-Cheer, that he only Piff upon the Pears in Contempt, and so went his Way. He was to Cross a River it seems, but finding the Waters so High, that there was No Pating, he was e'en glad to Trudge back again as Wife as he came, and to make a Meal of Those very Pears that he had Piff upon and De-jois'd.

The Moral.

Hungers the Best Sauce.

Reflection.

THESE Fables shew us, that Delicate and Squabish Humours in the Matter of Meats and Drinks, are Fears, and Phantoes, rather then upon any Account of Nature, or Reason. (Some Few Inexpressible Aversion only Excepted) There is a Pride, and an Affectation of Singularity, that is never to be pleas'd with any thing that's Cheap and Common; and there's alfo a Sensual Intemperance for the Gratifying of the Palate: but Nephity, and no Choice cured either of Thefe Evils. The Piff did Ill in Villifying Their Pears; for All the Fruits of the Earth are the Gifts of Providence, which we ought to have a Reverence for: And he did Follifhly too in not Considering, that he Himself might come to Stand in Need of them. But he was for'd, in the Conclusion, to Eath That Himself, which he had made Unfit for any body else, and There was his Punifhment. A Squabish Follifh Newtish in Meaf and Drinks, must be Cur'd as we Cure Agues, by Starving.

A Hog and a Hog.

A Hog took Notice of a Horse in the Height of his Courage, that was Jut advancing to Charge an Enemy. Why what a Fool art thou, says the Hog to him, to make such Haste to be Defroy'd? That Consideration, says the Horse, may do well enough in the Mouth of a Wicked Creature that's only Fatted 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.

To the Confe makes the Martyr.

Reflection.

HE that Consults the Interest of his Carcase, 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 Prefer'd much before an Infamitous Life. This Fable in the Fable has but taken up the Words and Humour of a Befaited fit of People in the World: Men that lie Wallowing in their Lusks, their Debouches, and their Pleasures, and spending their Confinings upon Men of Honour, and Publick Spirits, without anyRegard to the Confinement of either Christian, Moral, or Political Duties. They are more Solicitous for the Pampering of their Bodies, then for the Saving of their Souls, or the Embalming of their Memories: and fall justly under the Reproof of the Horse to the Pig in this Emblem.

A Hunts-man and a Carriæ.

A Carriæ 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 Carriæ,for his Curiositie went out with the Hunts-man to the Chace, and Mounted a Tree, where he might see the Sport. The Hunts-man Advanced very Bravely up to the Den where the Bear lay, and threw in his Dogs upon him. He Ruffled out Immediately, and the Man Muffling his Aim, the Bear Overturnd him. So the Fellow held his Breath, and lay Stone still, as if he were dead. The Bear Smell'd, and6ent to him; took him for a Carriæ, and so left him. When the Bear was gone, and the Danger over, down comes the Carriæ from the Tree, and bad the Hunts-man Ride. Hear ye, my Friend, says the Carriæ, the Bear Whisper'd somewhat in your Ear; What
Abelins's FABLES.

What was it, I prithee? Oh! says the Humane man, he had me have a Care for the Future, to make sure of the Bear, before I sell his Skin.

The Morall.

Let no Man Undertake for more than he is able to make Good.

REFLEXION.

This is to bid us foresee our selves before hand of what we Undertake for, and not depend upon Uncertainties. Though with the Moralists Leave, the Uncertainty was on the Other Hand, and he that Dung the Skin ran a Greater Risk than Toffer that Sold it; and had the Worse End of the Staff. 'Tis Good Council however, not to make our selves Available for Things out of our Power; Especially where there are Dangerous Consequences in the Way, as we find in This Fable: For the Bear was within a Hairs breadth of Spitting the Leaf. It is much at this Rate that we make all our Bargains; We give our Time, Study, Intrest, 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 upon To-morrow.'

FAB. CCL.

A Honest 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, says he, 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 so ill paid, and there's so little to be gotten by Pillage, that I plainly had e'en as good Betake my self to a Godly Life.

The Morall.

When People can Live no longer by their Sins, 'tis High Time for them to Mind their Business.

REFLEXION.

NATURE it self peaks in These Lively Images of Truth. Here's a Good Man, and his Honest Preaching upon Two several Texts. The Holy Father Enforces the Necessity of the Soldier's Repentance, from the Wicked Course of Life that he leaped, and the Danger that he has. The Soldier, on the Other hand, is willing to be Converted, for the Time is a Dead, he says, and their is Neither Pay, nor Pleasure to be got. The World has abundance of These Professor, that when they can be no longer Wicked to Advantage, take up an outward Change of Profession; and pass prefatory for Babes of Peace, without the least Symptoms, till this while, of any inward Change of Mind. This was the Case of One of our Modern Ministers, and a Professor, who took a Formal Leave of Jesus Christ, and told his Godly Father, that he was now fully Resolv'd not to starve for his Religion. Now there are Millions and Millions in the World, of this Man's Kidney, that have the Year to keep their Tongues between their Teeth, and to take up the same Resolution without Notic. How many Instances of the Power of Pay and Pillage, does Every day Produce in all Manner of Dealings and Professions; for Religion and Property, 'tis Made Hard in Hand, and Men will do Tricks like Dogs, for Guys, and Change their Matters, both Heavenly, and Earthly, for Better Wages: Wherein that Law, or Text that has not been Over-rall'd loose turn or other, and Dislotted, by a False Glove to make the Application Profitable, and Ease to the Good People; How often have we heard as Arrant Jangling in the Pulpits, as ever we did in the Steeples; And Professors Ringing as Akw as the Bells, to give Notice of the Confrontation which They Themselves were Raising: for we have found it to our Cost, that the Multitude will Forc' Kindle with a Permissive Doctrine then with a Padding Loath Fire-Ball. 'Tis not Conscience, but Interest that Governs the World; and the Incomparable Hidrion has hit the Point to a Hair.

What's Orthodox, and True Believing Against a Conscience? A Good Living.
What makes All Divinities Plain and Clear? About Two Hundred Found a Year.
And That which was Not True Before.
Preach Right again! Two Hundred More.
What makes the Breaking of all Oaths, A Holy Duty / Food and Clothes.

This is to, in fine, that makes the Devil of a Saint, and a Saint of a Devil; for your Holy Apostles is the Blackest of Impostors. The Soldier turns Religious, and he shall do more Mischief in that Shape than ever he did in the Other. For a Corrupt Zeal draws more Blood, than a Mercenary Malign.
A husband and wife twice married.

There happened a Match between a Widower, and a Widow.

The Woman would be perpetually Twitting 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 Pevish Pin, a Poor Body comes to the Door, while the Froward Fit was upon her, to beg a Charity. Come to Poor Man (says the Woman) Here's an Leg of a Caupon for thee, to Pray for the Soul of her First Husband. Nay, Faith, says the Husband, and when thy Hand is In, e'en take the Body and the Rest, not to pray for the Soul of My First Wife. This was their Way of Telling One Another, and of Starving the Living to the Honour of the Dead; for they had but one Caupon between them to Supper.

The Moral.

Sauce for a Goose is Sauce for a Gander. There's no Contending with a Lent of God and Man, Especially against Thieves that have Power, and Rights on their Sides.

Reflection.

We may learn from this Fable, that it is Common Duty and Direction, for Men and their Wives, when they are once Married, to make the Bell of a Doubtful Game; for they are One to All Manners of People, by which it is Possible for Two Persons to be United. Their Interest in one and the same, and there's No Touching the Peace, or the Honour of the One, without Wounding That of the Other; but if that happens to be Any Absolute Necessity of Justifying, One of the Civilised Ways of Reproach is That here before us; and it is best according to the Ordinary Guide and Freak of the World, when any thing comes Clear between the Second Husband and Wife, to be still Celebrating the Memory of the Former. My First Husband (Heaven Reft his Soul) and My Pet Wife, they Cry, was So and So, and would have done This and That. The Two Main Topiques to Chop Logick upon in Their Domestick Differences, are commonly the Upbraiding One Another with what I'll Wh, and what I Might have been; and what a Match I might have had (with a Per) never considering what they Are, and that what they Must be, which is the Only Point. "Tis Forty to One that Controversi.
Abstemius's FABLES.

F A B. CCCIV.

War and Vitt.

There was a Question started once about Wax, and Brick, why the One should be so Brittle, and liable to be Broken with Every Kick, and the Other bear up again All Injuries and Weathers, so Durable and Firm. The Wax Philo-

tophiz'd upon the Matter, and finding it Out at last, that

it was Burning made the Brick so Hard, Cast it self into the Fire, upon an Opinion that Heat would Harden the Wax too; but That which Consolidated the One, Dissolv'd the Other.

The Moral.

'Tis a Folly to try Conclusions without Understanding the Nature of the Matter is Question.

REFLEXION.

THERE's No Trying of Experiments, without laying Things on Things together: For That which is agreeable to the Nature of One Thing, is Many times Contrary to the Nature of Another. Several Hands in us to be Wrought upon several Ways, and the Effort between Wax and Brick is the very same Café, too between One Man and Another. Some are to be dealt withal by Fair Means; Others by Foul; and That which Harden the One softens the Other.

F A B. CCCV.

A Husbandman turn'd Soldier and Merchant.

Oh the Endless Misery of the Life I lead! cries the Moiling Husbandman, to spend all my Days in Ploughing, Sowing, Digging, and Dunging, and to make Nothing on't 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 e'en put off my Stock, Get me a Horn and Arms, and Try the Fortune of the War. Away he goes; Makes his Path; Stands the Shock of a Barrel, and Compounds at last for the Leaving of a Leg or an Arm behind

hind him, to go Home again. By this Time, he has had his Bellyful of Knight-Errantry, and a New Freak takes him in the Crown. He might do better, he fancies, in the Way of a Merchant. This Maggot has no sooner fixt him agog; but he gets him a Ship Immediately; Freights her, and off away to Sea upon Adventure: Builds Castles in the Air, and Con-

ceats Both the Indies in his Coffers, before he gets so much as Clear of the Port. Well! And What's the End of All This at last? He falls into Foul Weather, among Flats and Rocks, where Merchant, Vessel, Goods, and All are lost in One Common Wreck.

The Moral.

A Rambling Levity of Mind is commonly Fatal to us.

REFLEXION.

THIS Doctrine concerns those that Rashly Change their Condition and Fortune; and commonly fall into the Inconveniences that they thought to avoid. He that's Well, already, and, upon a Levity of Mind, Quits his Station, in hope to be Better, 'tiserry to One, he loses by the Change; for This Lightness is both a Vice, and a Disadvantage, and rather the Weakening of a Sickly Quinsy, than any Reasonable Agitation of Council and Debate. The Fault is not in the Place, or Business, but in the Stomach; and the Quitting of such a Course of Life, is but shifting Pottage in a Pit of Sickness: Let a Man turn which Way he will, he is still as Reckless and Unwise One way as Another. Not but that 'tis Reasonable for a Man, under any Calamity, to use the Best Means he can, Honestly, to get Clear out. Let it be Pain of Body, Difficulties of Mind, Loss of Liberty, Pinching Necessity of Fortune; Nay let it be Gout, Stone, or Torments, there's Matter yet left for Industry, Council, Generosity, or when All fails, for Philosophy, and Convoy of Mind to Work upon; and to Embrace All the Methods of Providence to our Advantage. Now 'All this is only an Honourable and Warrable Conflict, with such Accidents and Circumstances as Providence is pleased to make use of, for the Tryal of our Faith and Virtue. So that Thee Strivings are not to be taken for a Contending with superior Powers; but they are Calls, Excepted from the Uneasiness here in the Fable: which arises from a Difficult Character in such a Lot, as might make us abundantly Happy if we would but keep our Defiles within Thee Bounds which God and Nature have Prefered' us. But Men under Thee Irregular Appetites, can never think themselves Well, so long as they fancy they Might be Better: And then from Better, they must Run to be Bell; and when That Bell it self falls short of what they Expected from it, they are still as Poor and Miserable as if they had had nothing at all. The Husbandman Envies the Soldier; The Soldier Envies the Merchant, and when he has try'd All Turns, and Projects, what with the Chance of War, Storms,
Abstemius’s FABLES.

Scorns, and Pynes, he sees his Folly too Late, and in Vain Wishes himself with his Hands and his Flocks again. To say All in a Word, This Levity is both Attended, and Punished, with an Impossibility of Mending our Condition; for we Apply to our Bodies, and our Fortunes, when the Dilemma lies in our Minds.

F A B. CCCVI.

An Ais puts in for an Office.

There was a Bantering Droll got himself into a very Good Equipe and Employment, by an Admirable Faculty he had in Farning. The succes of this Baffoon Encourage’d an Ais to put in for a Place too; for, says he, I'll Fart with That Puppy for his Commission, and leave it to the Judgment of Those that Prefer’d him, which has the Cleaner, and the Better Scented Pipe of the Two.

The Moral.

Where Publick Ministers Encourage Baffoonery, 'tis no wonder if Baffoons fly for Publick Ministrey.

REFLEXION.

This Fable, according to Abstemius, and Others, Touches the Humour of Those that Squander away their Money upon Vainy and Trifles: But it seems to me to look quite Another Way. With Abstemius’s Favour, I should rather take this Fable to Strike at the Natural Consequences of Evil Examples, when the Unreasonableness of one Act shall be made a part of an Argument for Another, no less Unreasonable: For 'tis True, Effectually that Governs the VvWorld. VVvhy should not One Fool be Prefer’d for Farting as well as Another? For in Cases of Competition, he that does Bell, c’er in an Ill, or in a VVvall Thing, has a kind of Claim, and Right to a Preference, and the Groftier the Popularity, or the Iniquity, the Fairer the Pretence.

This Ais putting up for an Office, Taxes the Preventing of Policy and Judicre, in Conferring Those Honours, Charges, and Benefits, upon Parasites, Drolls, Buffoons, and other Service Instruments of Lust and Ambition, that are Due only to Men of Honour and VVence. The Ministers of Government, and of Pleasure, should be carefully Distinguish’d: for it Corrects both the Morals, and the Understandings of a Nation, when they find the Precepts of Common Honesty, and the Practices of State, run to the

Abstemius’s FABLES.

reply 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 Farting for Preferment.

F A B. CCCVII.

A River and a Fountain.

There Happen’d a Dispute betwixt a River, and a Fountain, which of the two should have the Preference. The River Valu’d it itself upon the Plenty and Variety of Fish that it Produce’d: 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 Covenience and Delight: Whereas (says the River) the Fountain paffes Obscurly through the Caverns of the Earth, lies Bury’d up in Mois, and comes Creeping into the World, as if it were alway’d to shew the Head. The Fountain took the Infolence and the Vanity of This Reproach so Heinously, that it presently Choak’d-up the Spring, and Stop’d the Course of its Waters: Insomuch that the Channel was immediately dry’d up, and the Fish left Dead and Stinking in the Mud; as a Just Judgment upon the Stream; for Decrating from the Original and Author of All the Blessings it Enjoy’d.

The Moral.

He that Argu’es any Good to Himself, detracts from the Author of all the Good he Enjoy’d.

REFLEXION.

There are too many People in the World of the Humour of This River, that asume 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 Expellatory Debate betwixt Bounty and Ingratitude; betwixt the Divine Goodness, and the Vain Glorious Pride of Corrupt Nature. And the Iniquity of our Proceeding is much the Same, both
both towards God and Man. We are rather to Claim to our selves, then to Ascribe to Others, and most Dangerously given to Mislike the Graciously Blessings of Heaven, for the Fruits of our Own Industry and Venery. The Fountain of all Goodness, and of all Good Things is God Bless'd for ever: But in the Distribution of his Mercies to the World, some things he does by Himself, others by the Intervention of Natural Means, and by the Meditation of such Instruments as he has appointed for the Conveying of Those Benefits to us. According to this Order, Kings are, by Deputation, on the Fountains of Honour and Preferment: And we find Men as backward every Jot to Acknowledge Temporal, as they are to Acknowledge Spiritual Gifts and Bounties: So that we have Thankless Favours as well as Graceless Christians. What a Babel do they make now of the Nature of Things, rather then Own the Courte of Providence in the Distribution of them! Infomuch that the Faculties that were given us for the Glory and Service of our Master, as well as for the Comfort of our Lives, and the Salvation of our Souls, are turn'd Point Blank against the very Reason and Intention of them. Sharpen'd by VVit is Empron'd to the Dishonour of Him that Gave it. Atheism and Blasphemy Dress'd up like a Science, and the Understanding that was given us for the Finding out of the Truth, is Employ'd upon Parroting, and Ridiculing it. They Value themselves with the River, upon a Conceit, that the Fili, the Beauty, the Conveniency, is All their Own: And what is All This now, but either to Disclaim the Original, or to Defame it? That's Obscure, they say, Neglected, Over-grown, and either Not taken Notice of, or not Found: And what's the Ill but now of This Vanity, and Diffraction? A Judgment Treads upon the Heel on't; for Providence fraps the Current, stay's the Channel Open, and exposes it to Distillation and Scom, in all its Filthines.
Abstemius’s FABLES.

should so many Millions of Men be Subjected to the Power and Will of One single Person? This Error was begotten betwixt Faction, and Interest. The One Manager by Deign, and the Other falls in upon an Implicit Resignation; or else Yields, upon Facility, and Weakness. In the Conclusion, some Man of Observation, and Experience (as the Crow for the purpose) carries them off Clear from the Reasoning Part, and Applies to the Mobile in their Own Way: That is to say, in a Way of Pocket-Argument. He never Troubled Himself about the Original of Power, or the Anatomy betwixt Man and Woman, but gives them a Stroke upon the Subject of Profit and Loss. You will find it easier, says he, to fill one Sack then Many: And that Allusion carry’d the Point.

F A B. CCCX.

A Woman that would needs Die for her Husband.

A Poor Woman was put out of her Wits in a manner, for fear of loosing 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 Pray’d and Call’d, till at last, Death present’d himself in a Horrible Shape at her Elbow. She very Civilly dropt him a Curfe©, and Pray Sir, says she, Do not Mistake 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 Poffe once, 'tis no more then Talk at last.

REFLEXION.

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 Thofe that have gotten a Custum of Calling for’t. Oh that Death would Deliver Me! (Says One) Oh, that Death would take Me in the Place of my Dear Elf, and I says Tender. 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 Jealousy, is Pain, and Unprofitable.

Abstemius’s FABLES.

To call for’t in Earnest, is Imprison: And to call for’t at all, is both Folly and Needless: for Death will most certainly come at his appointed time, whether he be call’d for or No.

F A B. CCCXL.

A Son Singing at his Father’s Funeral.

There was a Good Man that follow’d his Wife’s Body to the Grave, Weeping, and Wayling all the Way he went, while his Son follow’d the Corps, Singing. Why Sirrah, says the Father, You shou’d Howl, and Wring your Hands, and do as I do, ye Rogue You; and not go Saluting it about like a Mad-man. Why Father, says the, You give the Priests Money to Sing, and will you be Angry with Me for giving ye a Song Gratiss? Well, says the Father, But that which may become the Priests will not always become You. Tis their Office to Sing; but it is Your Part to Cry.

The MORAL.

Funeral Tears are as Arrantly cried Out at Mourning Cloaks; and so are the epoxy Offices: And whether we go to our Graves Swelling or Singing, it is all but according to the Passion of the Country, and Mere Form.

REFLEXION.

The Methods of Government, and of Human Society, must be Preserv’d, where Every Man has his Roll, and his Station Alligned 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 Consoles for the Distresses of Another, 'tis more for Money, or for Company, then for Kindness.

'Tis a lawful sort of Ceremony, and Impression, that People must be trained up, by certain Rules of Art, and Prefiguration, to the very Manage and Government of the most Free and Natural of our Affections; for we are Taught a and Appointed the very Methods, and Degrees, of Grieving, and Reprising; and to do Honour to the Dead; by the Counterfeit Lamentations of the Living. But this Way of Mourning by Rule, is rather an Obsculcation of Sorrow, then an Indication of it. Now to say the Truth of the Matter, Terms and Modes have Corrupted the Sincerity of our Manners, as well toward 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 Manners, calls a Blind over the Duty, under some Certain Culterary Presidents of Empty Words: So that at This rate, we Impose One upon Another, without any regard to Faith, Truth, on Vertue. But we must Sing in some Calls, and Cry in Others, and there’s an End on’t.

O'd F A B.
Abstemius's FABLES.

F. A. R. CCCXII.

A Jealous Husband.

A Jealous Husband Committed his Wife in Confidence to the Care and Cuffody 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 Desired his Husband to take his Wife Home again, and Release him of his Bargain, for says he, I find it utterly impossible to hinder a Woman from anything she has a Mind to. If it were to turn a Bag of Fleas Loose into a Meadow every Morning a Grazing, and Fetch them Home again at Night, I durst be answerable with my Life for the Doing of it, to a single Flea, but 'tis a Commission I dare go no further in.

The Moral.

'Tis enough to Make a Woman a Wife, but so much as to Please her One, and then 'tis no Boot to be Jealous neither; for if the Humour takes her to be Jealous, 'tis not All the Luck, Bulls and Spies in Nature that can keep her Honest.

Reflection.

Jealousy, between Man and Wife, does but Provoke, and Enflame the Appetite, as it feares the Invention at Work upon Ways and Means of giving One Another the Slip; and when it comes to a Trial of Skill once, 'tis a Carrying of the Cause to gain the Point; and there's a kind of Perseverence in Reputation in getting Better on't. Briefly, 'tis Labour Left on Both Sides, while the One is never to be Relinquent, nor the Other to be Fain to; For Jealousy Rages as well without Reason as with it. Nay, the very Will to do a Thing is as Good as the Thing Done; And his Head is as Sick, that but fancies 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 Fool and Leesy, are as Inpreventable as the very Thoughts of her Heart; and therefore the Friend here was in the Right to Discharge Himself of his Trust, and throw up his Commission.

F. A. R. CCCXIII.

A Man that would not take a Clerk.

When the Patient is Rich, there's No Fear of Physicians about him, as Thick as Wasps to a Honey-Pot; and there was a Whole College of them call'd to a Consultation upon

on a Purse-Proud Dutch-man, that was Troubled with a Megrim. The Doctor's preferred him a Clyster; The Patient fell into a Rage upon't. Why Certainly These People are All Mad, says he, to talk of Curing a Man's Head at his Tail.

The Moral.

He that Consults his Physician, and will not Follow his Advice, must be his Own Doctor: But let him take the Old Adage along with him. The Man that Teaches Himself has a Fool to his Master.

Reflection.

'Tis a Mischiefful Thing, when Men that Understand Nothing at all, shall take up on them to Contend, and to Prescribe every thing that they do not Understand. What's the Use of a College, if every Particular Man shall set up to be his Own Doctor. And 'tis the same Case where Subjects take upon them to Correct Magnificos, and to Prescribe to their Superiors. Let every Man be Trusted in his Own Way, and let the Doctor Prescribe to the Patient, not the Patient to the Doctor. For at the Rate of this Thick-skull'd Blunderhead, every foolish shall take upon him to Read upon Divinity, Law, and Politiques, as well as Physick.

F. A. R. CCCXIV.

A Wolf and a Smit Afs.

T'here was a certain Wolf, that in a Quail of Wonderful Charity, made a Visit to an Afs, that lay all of a Violent Fever. He felt his Pulse very Gingerly; and, pray, my Good Friend, says he, Whereabouts is your Greatest Pain? Oh, Gently, says the Afs: for it Pricks me just there 'twixt where you lay your Finger.

F. A. R. CCCXV.

A Fox and a Smit Cock.

A Cock took his Bed upon a Fit of Sickliness, and a Fox of his Old Acquaintance, gave him the Compliment of a Visit, and Ask'd him how he felt himself. Als! says the Cock, I'm c'en ready to fnoother for want of Breath; and if you'd be pleas'd 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.

The Charity of our Death-Bed Visits from One to Another, is much at a Rate (generally Speaking) with that of a Carrot Grow to a Sheep; we seek a Carrot.

REFLEXION.

THERE are no Visits so officious, and Importune, 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 Design upon us in the very Complement. These Fables may serve to Point out to us, that there are Men, as well as Wolves and Foxes, that wait for the Carrots: That is to say, for an Office, an Elate, a Commission, Lends, Moneys, Jewels, or whatever else People lie Gaping for in Reversion, according to the Practice of the World: So that there’s Little Truth to Their Death-bed Ceremonies, which, for the Greater Part, have more in them of Avarice, and Interest, than of Piety and Good Will: So that Effectually, a Wolf’s Visiting a Ski Ass, 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 as a Company of Young Fellows were Cudgelling a Walnut-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 Asses, Women, and Walnut-Trees to Mend upon Beating.

The Moral.

Spare a Foul and a Passion, and he’ll Seek ye an Answer.

REFLEXION.

PEOPLE should not be too Inquisitive, without Considering how far They ThemSELves may be concern’d in the Answer to the Question.

AN Ass was Wishing in a hard Winter, for a Little Warm Weather, and a Mouthful of Fresh Gras to Knab upon; in Exchange for a Heartless Truth of Straw, and a Cold Lodging. In Good Time, the Warm Weather, and the Fresh Gras comes on; but so much Toy and Bus’ness along with it, that the Ass 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 Drudgeries of That Season, he is Worse now than he was in the Spring; and then he fancies he shall never be Well till Autumn comes; But there again, what with Carrying Apples, Grapes, Fowel, Winter-Provisions, &c., he finds himself in a Greater Hurry then ever. In fine, when he has trot the Circle of the Year in a Court of Rattle’s Labour, his Last Prayer is for Winter again, and that he may but take up his Rest where he began his Complaint.

The Moral.

The Life of an Unstead’ly Man runs away in a Course of Pain, Wishes, and Unprofitable Repinment; An Unsettled Mind can never be at Rest. There’s No Season without it’s Bus’nesss.

REFLEXION.

The Ass’s Wish here, is the Lively Image of a Foolish, and a Miserable Levity of Mind; and, in Truth, there is but too much of it of the Figure, and the Burdens of Human Life; for we spend our Days in a kind of Lazy, Rattle’s Indolence; that looks as if we would fain be doing something, and yet never goes further, than to a Shifting from One Proposition to Another. Wishing and Wandering, (as they say) has somewhat in it of an Analogy to Scrothing, and Yawning. We only Drowze when we think we Live, and our time runs away in Fancying Cafes in the air, and in putting of Cafes. The Inference that we are to draw from hence is This; if an Unsettled Head and Heart be so Grieved a Calamity, the Squaring of a Man’s Thoughts, Wishes and Desires, to the Lot that Providence has set for Him, is both a Blessing, and a Duty.

He that is still Weary of the Present, shall be most certaine Sollicitous for the Future. For the Present is only the Course of so many Moments into time to Come. He that Gapes after he knows not what, shall be for to Lose his Longing. He Changes, out of Rattle’s, not Choice, and so long as he carries the same Mind about him, the Circumstances of his
his Condition will never Alter the Cafe. His Prefent Thoughts are Unea-
fy, because his Prefent State does not please him, and so he goes on at a Ve-
ture, Shifting and Calling about for something else that may better Agree
with him. The Barkeep wants a Wife; The Marry’d Man wants his Li-
berty; The Scold have a Mind to be Private. The Country-man lives
out of the World: The Man of Business is a Slave to’t; And he that’s out
of Employment, makes it his Excuse, that he is for’d to drink or, Where for
want of something else to do. There’s no Measure to be taken of an Un-
friendly Mind; but fill his either too Much, or not little; too Soon, or
too Late, The Love of Novelty beggars, and Encretizes the Love of Novel-
ty; and the other we Change, the more Dangers and Troublesome do
we find, This itch of Variety to be. The Aff was Sick of the Spray; Sister
yet of the Squaw, was sick of the Apparel; and Sick’st of All of the Woe-
ter; till he’s brought, in the End, to Compound for his First Condition again,
and to take up with that for his Satisfaction, which he reck’d upon be-
fore as his Misfortune.

This it is, when Quick and Foolish People will be Preferring 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 would not be what they are. Let
their Prefent State in the World be what it will, there’s still something or
other in’t that makes their Life Wearieome: And they are as Peculiar
Company to Themselves too, as they are to their Neighbours; for there’s not
One Circumstance in Nature, but they shall find Matter to Pick a Quarrel
at: Let it be Health, Fortune, Conversation, Kindred, Friends, it will be all
a Cafe, so long as Weak, and Wayward Men shall go Grumbling, and
Cavilling at the Works and Diplomacies of Heaven. Were it not better
now for People to be Quiet at first, and to sit down contentedly in the Pulp
Where Providence has Plac’d them? Were it not better to do the Great
Work of Life Beine, by the Help of a Sallonable Prudence and Virtue,
then to Deliver up our selves to the Torments of Hopes and Fears, and be
forc’d to do at last, by the Dear-bought Experience of our Follies, and the
Necessity of giving over what we can do no longer:

This is not yet to bar Honest Industry, or a Sover Application to tho’
Ways, Studies, or Means that may probably Contribute to the Mending of
a Man’s Fortune: Provided that he let up his Reflection before-hand, not
to let himself down below the Dignity of a Wise Man, be the Finer of his
Endavours what it will. He that is not Content at Prefent, carries the fame
Weakness along with him to his next Remove; for who ever either Passionate-
ly Covets any thing that he has Nor, or feels himself Glutted with a Satis-
ty of what he Possesses, has already lost his Hold: So that if we would be
Happy, we must Fix upon some Foundation that can never Deceive us; and
Gover’n our selves by the Measures of Sobriety and Justice. All the rest is
but the Afflict Circulation of more and more Annoyance, and Trouble.

F A B. CCCXIX.

A Bear and a Fox.

As 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 Setupon, ‘twill
be too Late for me to be Whetting, when I should be
fighting.
Abstemius's FABLES.

FAB. CCCCXX.

A WOLFE and a Porcupine.

YOUR Porcupine, and your Hedge-Hog, are somewhat like, only the Former has longer and sharper Prickles than the Other; And the Prickles he can shoot, and dash at an Enemy. There was a Wolfe had a Mind to be Dealing with him, if he could but get him. Dismay'd first; and so he told the Porcupine in a friendly Way, that it did not look Well for People in a Time of Peace, to go Arm'd, as if they were in a State of War; and so Advised him to lay his Prickles aside. (Says he) You may Take them up again for a pleasure. Do you talk of a State of War? says the Porcupine, Why that's my Present Case, and the very Reason of my Standing to my Arms, so long as a Wolfe is in Company.

The Moral of the Two Fables above.

No Man, or State can be Safe in Peace, that is not always in readiness to encounter an Enemy in Case of a War.

REFLEXION.

All Business that is Necessary to be done should be done Beforehand; for he that's always Ready can never be taken With awful. 'Tis a piece of Good Council, in all the Affairs of Human Life, to take care of securing our Selves that we be not either Betray'd, or surpriz'd; But as it is Worthy to keep our Selves upon a Guard; so is a Matter of Good Manners also, and Respect; neither do, nor to do, any thing, that may import a Jealousy, or a Disturbance. All the Duties of Government, and Society; Nay, all Offices, Civil, and Religious, all Prudence, Confidence; or Common Faith are concern'd, have their Part in this Business. 'Tis too Late to hinder Mischief when the Opportunity is past, and therefore the Timing of Things is a Main Point in all Affairs. There can be no Safe, or Sure Peace, where People are not always in readiness for War; for the Common Well-being of Mankind does not so much Depend upon the Faith of Men, and of Government, as upon the Temporary and Contingent Occasions of breaking the Peace, with Advantage. 'Tis not publick Judice Alone, that can Uphold a Government, without the Aid of Policy and Councel. Men do Nauj Indulge Thoise Opinions and Practices, that favour their Pretentions.

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It is too much to Superadd Powerful Temptations to do Wrong, to the Force of Vicious Inclinations to do it. The Bear's VVitchetting his Teeth, was only an Act of Necessary Precaution, for fear of the VVitchet. And the Porcupine did WWitchet too, in keeping himself upon his Guard when the Enemy was in View.

FAB. CCCCXI.

A MOUSE and a Kite.

A Simple Mouse had the Fortune to be near at hand, when a Kite was taken in a Net. The Kite begg'd her to try if she could help her out. The Mouse Gnaw'd a Hole in it, and let her at Liberty; and the Kite Eat up the Mouse for her Pains.

The Moral.

Save a Thief from the Gallows and he'll Cut your Throat.

REFLEXION.

'Tis No New Thing in the World to Return Evil for Good. Nay, there are some Natures so Sordid, and so Ungrateful, that they are never to be Oblivion. All Kites of this Humour do not Wear Feathers; Neither do all such after wear Long Tails. There are Cales, wherein our Very Tenderness, and Charity, becomes a Snare to us; and there are People too, that fancy No Blood to Sweeney, as that of the Person to whom they have Indebted for their Lives and Fortunes: But then if One Man should Calm to be Generous, and Charitable, because Another Man is Sordid, and Ungrateful, it would be much in the Power of the Baffet of Vices to distinguish the most Christian, and Humane of Virtues. Thee Law Lapses May however, and Ought to Recommend Prudence and Caution to us; but without Killing, or Quenching Good Nature. There are, in true, some People so Harden'd in Wickedness, as to have No Sense at all of the most Friendly Offices, or the Highest Benefits. Now in These Supercilious Cales, a Man is little Better then Foiles-hi; that for the Helping of another, Ventures the Undoing of Himself. Nay, and it is sometimes more then a Venture too, when a Mouse lays it on the Mercy of a Kite.
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 Body might be All of a Piece. Jupiter made him Answer, that it would be a Burden to him, instead of a Favour. Yes says the Cockle, but it will be such a Burden as I had rather Bear, than Lie Exposed to Ill Neighbours.

The Moral.

Imperious Visits are the Plague of a Savour Man's Life, and therefore is a Happy thing when a Body may be at Home, or Not at Home, as It Pleaseth.

Reflection.

Good, or Bad Company, is either the Greatest Blessing, or the Greatest Plague of Human Life; and therefore the Cockles was a very Reasonable, and a Pertinent Request. There's No Liberty like the Freedom of being Public 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 Pupp'y.

Big-Belly'd Bitch borrow'd Another Bitches Kernel to lay her Burden in. The Proprietary, after some time, Demanded Possession again, but the Other begged 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 fat, grew More and More Prevalent for her Own again. Why then says the Other, if you can force Me and My Puppies Out of the Kernel, You shall have Free Liberty to come In.

A Hedge-Hog and a Snake.

Snake was prevalent upon a Cold Winter, to take a Hedge-Hog into his Call, but when he was Once in, the Place was so Narrow, that the Prickles of the Hedge-Hog were very Trouble to his Companion: So that the Snake 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 e'en Content where I am, and if You be not too, You're Free to Remove.

The Moral.

Possession is Eleven Points of the Law.

Every Man is to provide against Fraud and Treachery, where the Perfon he deals with may be the Better for't. For ward'd, For ward'd. Tis not Safe to Join Interests with Strangers, upon such Terms, as to lay our Lives at Mercy. In All Offices of Civilian Charity, and of Prudent Conversation, People should have a Strict Regard to the Humour and Character of the Persons they deal withal; to the Degrees and Measures of Things; and to the Consequences upon the Whole Matter, in calf of the World. It is not Every Man's Talent to Distinguish Right upon All the Necessities of Affairs of This Nature. That is to say, how far our Prudence, may Warrant our Charity, and how far our Charity may Comport with our Prudence. Tis dangerous on the One hand to pass the Rules of Dilution; and it is Inhumane on the Other, not to Acquire our Selves in All the Functions of Tenderness, and Good Nature; for Piety and Wildness are Both Wrap'd up in the Quotidian. The very same Good Office may be a Vertue toward One Man, and a Folly toward Another. One may justify the running of a Rüche, in favour of a Man of Integrity and Good Fame; but where there is an Habitual Ingratitude on the One Side, and a Considerable Hazard on the Other, there's No Trusting. I shall not need to Enlarge upon This Topique, in a World that makes Good the Allegory by so many Influences of Daily Practice and Conversation. How many Feth Examples may we find in our Own Memory, of Men that after All the Obligations Imaginable, and in Contradiction to All the Yess of Honour, Justice, and Hospitality have for'd their Matters, Patrons, and Benefactors, as the Hedge-Hog serv'd the Snake here!
A Fox and a Hart.

A Fox and a Hart were in a Warm Contest once, which of the Two could make the Best Shift in the World. When I am Purr’d, says the Hart, I can shew the Dogs a Fair Fair of Hocks, and run away from ‘em at pleasure: And yet for All That, says the Fox, I have Battled more of ’em with My Wiles and my Shifts, then ever You did with your Footmanship.

The Moral.

Wisdom is as much beyond Force, as Men are beyond Brutes.

Reflection.

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 Prettence of Mind. Wisdom does more then Force, but they do Best together, for a Sound Mind in a Sound Body, is the Perfection of Human Shifts. A Fox, ’tis true, may be some time Outwitted, and a Hart Out-witted; but This does not hinder yet the Excellency of One Faculty above the Other.

F a. CCCXXVII.

An Impertinent and a Philosopher.

A Certain Pragmatical, Senseless Companion would make a Wit to a Philosopher. He found him Alone in his Study, and fell a Wandering how he could Endure to Lead a Solitary Life. The Learned Man told him; Sir, say he, You are Exceedingly Mistaken; for I was in Very Good Company till You came In.

The Moral.

Good Thoughts and Good Books are very Good Company.

Reflection.

A Wise Book is much better than a Foolish Companion; And the Dead, in such a Cafe, are much better than the Living. It is one of the most vexatious Mortifications perhaps, of a Sober, and Studios Mans Life, to have his Thoughts Disorder’d, and the very Chain of his Reason Preserved, by the Impertinency of a Told, and an Impertinent Wit. Esteem’d, if it be not a Fool of Quality, where the very Figure of the Man Entices him to All Returns of Good Manners and Respect. And the Affidation is yet more Grieveous, where That Prerogative of Quality, is further Back’d and Consecrated, with a Real Kindness, and Good Will: For a Man must be Inhuman, and Ungrateful, as well as Rude, if he does but too much as Officer, at the Earing, or the Relieving of Himself. The Drift of This Fable at last, is to tell us, that Good Books and Good Thoughts are the Best Company, and that they are Mistaken that think a Wise Man can ever be Alone. It prepares us also to Expect Interruptions, and Diminisions, and to Provide for ’em; but withal, to take the Best Care we can
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to Prevent the Plague of Ill Company, by avoiding the Occasions of it. The Linking of a Man of Brains and Honesty into a Lewd Infrepid Conversation, is Effectually but the Moral of That Tyrant, that Bound the Living, and the Dead together, and yet This is it Which the Improvers take for the Relief of Sodomy, and the Blessing of That which he calls Company.

FAB. CCCXXVIII.

A Wolf in a Sheep's Skin.

There goes a Story of a Wolf, that Wrag himself up in a Sheep's skin, and Worry'd Lambs for a Good while under That Disguise; but the Shepherd Met with him at last, and Truth him up, Sheep's skin and all, upon an Eminent Gibber, for a Spectacle, and an Example. The Neighbours made a Wondrement of it, and Ask'd him what he meant to Hang up his Sheep? Oh, sashe, 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


depends on the Deed Stalking Forms, under an Affectation of Simplicity and Religion. People are not to be judged by their Looks, Habits, and Appearances, but by the Character of their Lives and Conversations, and by their Works.

REFLEXION.

This Fable is Moralize'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 follow, much after the Rate of the W Wolf in This Fable. Tyranny Marches under the Mask of Care, Piety, and Peculation. Injustice sets up the Rigorous Letter of the Law to Weigh against the Improbity of the Wretches: The Pawn-Broker pretends Charity, and the Oppressor Flays the Widow and the Orphan: And at the same Time, Preaches Mercy and Compassion, with the very same Breath. Treachery Covers itself 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 Lewd Practices of Hypocrisy and Imposture, under the Colour of Pious, and Charitable Works and Duties. Now if All our Moral Wolves in Sheep-Clothing, were but Serv'd as This Hypocritic Wolf was in This Fable, and Hung-up Indeed, with their Crimes in Capital Letters on their Foreheads, Common Truth and Honesty among Men would be more Sacred.

FAB. CCCXXIX.

An Incouragable 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 Brevities sake, 'tis only so much Time and Council thrown away: for all the Parfons about the Town have been Baiting me I know not how long now, upon the same Subject, and I'm not One Jot the Better for't.

The Moral

Some Men Live as if they had made a Covenant with Hell. Let Divers, Fathers, Friends, prosecuted what they will, they Stop their Ears against them: And Good Counsel is wholly Cast away upon them.

REFLEXION.

This Fable would go a Great way, if it were wrought up to the Height. As for the Purposes: to all Manner of Gracceful, and Hopoleis Characters. Some People are lost for want of Good Advice: Others for want of giving Good Hold to's; and some again take up Resolutions beforehand never to Mend. Nay there are Those that value themselves upon the very Contempt of All that is Sacred and Honester, and make it a Point of Bravery to Bid Defiance to the Oracle of Divine Revelation, the Motions of Reasonable Nature, and the Laws of Government. This Contradiction to the Duty of a Son to a Parent; and farther yet, by a Spiteful Opposition to All the Precepts of Morality and Religion. There's somewhat of a Drug-Mixture in this Bantling way of Living, to make a body Laugh where he should Cry: But 'tis all a Sporting Matter, when the most Necessary Duties of Christianity come to be the Question. There's No Room for Trilling in Those Cates.

FAB. CCCXXX.

A Sheep-Biter Hang'd.

A 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, than either, then of any of his Fellows. This Kindness went on a Long Time, 'till in Conclusion, upon the Mutiling of some Sheep,
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Sheep, he fancy’d This Cur to be False to him: After This Jealousy, he kept a Strict Eye upon him, and in fine, found it out, that This Trusty Servant of his was the Felon. Upon the Discovery, he had him prently taken up, and bad him prepare for Execution. Alas! Mutter, says the Dog, I am One of your Family, and ’would be hard to put a Dometique to Extremities: Turn your Diffleasure 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 that make it their Profession to Kill Sheep, then One Sheep-biting Cur that’s Trailed with the Care of them. There’s somewhat of Franknefs and Generofity in the One; but the Other is the Bafelt of Treacheries.

The Morali.

No Perfect love Breach of Faith and Treuf, under the Seal of Friendship; For an Adversary under That Mask, is much more Unpardonable than a Bare-faced Enemy.

Reflection.

There are Political Sheep-bites as well as Puffafrs; Betrayers of Public Trofts, as well as of Private; And flamme Cari, that are as Wolves as the Other. This Maxim however, holds in All Cases; that Breach of Faith, and Treuf, is the most Odious, Injurious and Inhuman, of Civil, as well as of Moral Offences. A Special Confidence in One more then in Another, though from a King to a Subject, or from a Mutter to a Servant, has some Analogy int of Friendship, but the Matter should be thoroughly Weigh’d and Exam’d, before we put it to the Utmost Trial and Tell. A Man may be too Hard, or too Eafy; too Adventurous or too Wary, in passing a Judgment upon the Character of the Person: But above all things, it will concern us perfectly to Understand the Honour, the Practice, and the Conversation of the Man we Propose for a Friend, before we lay any Stakes upon his Faith. Not but that we may believe Well of a Man, and yet not think fit to Trust him: So that a Charity on the One hand does not Authorize a Confidence on the Other: It is not Amis however, to lay Baits for a Man in such a Case, and to try him on the Blind-side. As if a Man be Covetous, Profit or Bribes may put him to the Test: and so Anwerverly in other Cases. Powerful Temptations Artificially Dispos’d, are the Belts Eafy, and Affurance of a Man’s Faith and Honesty that the Matter will bear. This Dog here would perhaps have Fugled for his Master in any other Case, though he Betray’d him in this: But the Lore of Murrin was his Weak side: Which in some few Anwers to That which we call Prejudice in Civili in Mankind. This Infirmity however did not Execute the Treachery, and the Ruiner the Mutter, the more Unpardonable is the Traytor.
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at me, they'd make me c'en Warry of my Life. You are a Fine Widow & faith, says Tother, to Trouble your Head for the Talk of the People. Pray will ye Mind what I say to ye now. You have an Afs here in your Grounds: go your ways and get That Afs Painted Green', and then let him be carry'd up and down the Country for a Show. Do This, I say; without any more Words, for Talk does but Burn Day-Light. The Thing was done accordingly; and for the first Four or Five Days, the Green Afs 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 Afs might Travel from Morning to Night, and not One Creature to take Notice of him. Now (says the friendly Adviser) A New Marry'd Widow is a kind of a Green Afs: Every bodies Mouth will be Full on't for the first four or five Days; and in four or five More, the Story will c'en Talk it fell Asleep.

The Moral.

Common Fame is as False and Impudent as a Common Strumpet. Let Every Man live to his Conscience, and never Trouble his Head with the Talk of the People.

Reflection.

There is no Mystery in telling us, that a Widow may be Prevailed upon to Think of a Second Husband; but the Weight of this Emblem lies upon Those, where there Occur a Thousand Scruples, and Difficulties, that may Flatter People at first, and yet in the Conclusion, prove but a New Day's Wonder. The Footery of the Widow and the Green Afs, shews pleasingly enough, how Early a Matter it is for a Bold Face, a Good Affurance, and a Reasonable Stock of Wit and Address, to put Common Fame in full out of Countenance: And it is a Part of Prudence beside, not to sink under the Imprecation of an Ill Report: Provided there be Integrity 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 frees People from Gaping and a Gazining at them: But when they come once to be Familiarly Wonder goes off, and Men return to their Wits again. The Main Construction is This, whether the Matter in Question be Good or Evil; Honorable or Dishonorable; 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 Caes where he stands or fails to his Own Conscience.

F R E. CCCXXXIII.

An Eagle and Rabbits.

There was an Eagle that drew a Neft of Rabbits, and carry'd them away to her Young. The Mother-Coy follow'd her with Tears in her Eyes, Adjourning her in the Name of All thole Powers that take care of the Innocent and Oppress'd, to have Compasion upon her Miserable Children: But he, in an Outrage of Pride and Indignation, Tears them presently to pieces. The Coy, upon This, Convenes a Whole Warren; Tells her Story, and Advises upon a Revenge: For Divine Justice (says he) will never suffer so Barbarous a Cruelty to have Unpunish'd. They Debated the Matter, and came to an Unanimous Resolution, 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 so little Foot-hold, that the first Bluff of Wind laid it Flat upon the Ground, Neft, Eagles and all. Some of 'em 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 Impudent, even in the Greatet of Men, Unnecessary to Provide, the Means: When the Pride of Pharaoh Himself was brought down by Miserable Fogs and Lice.

Reflection.

There's Nothing so Little as to be Wholly Deposi'd; for the most Inconsiderable of Creatures may at Some Time or Other, by some Means or Other, come to Revenge it fell upon the Greatet; Not by it's Own Force so much, as by the Working of Divine Justice, that will not suffer Oppressor to pass Unpunish'd. In Cases of Powerful Injustice, the Greatet are not to Premise, nor the Meanet to Depair. We are to Distinguish upon this Fable, what the Eagle did as a Tyrant, and what she did as a Bird of Prey. And likewise between a Passion which is purely Vindictive, and those Councils where Divine Justice Interposes toward the Averging of the Innocent. Here is Power Triumphing over Weakness; a Criminal Cruelty over Helpless Innocence, and That Country Incorruptible too, and Deaf to the Tears, Supplications, and Improprieties 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 Deliciable of Means and Creatures, to the Wrecking
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A Revenge which flies like wise that Heaven takes the Cause of the Weak and the Guileles into a Particular Care.

This Council of the Rabbis has something in it the Debates of Popular Meetings, where the Number and the Agreement Supplies the Want of Other Means: And we are taught from hence too, that Power is Power from a high, Power from a Low, Power from a Great, Power from a Little. 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 World Part of it Over-Weighs the Other. But the Judgments of Heaven Supply the Defect of Common Justice, and Avenge the Cause of the Poor and Innocent upon the Heads of the Mighty. Vengeance, in fine, Treads upon the Heel of Oppression, according to the Doctrine of This Fable of the Eagle and the Rabbit.

Fab. CCCXXXIV.

A Pig is set up for a Boggs Heif.

Here was a Maller-Pike, that for his Bulk, Beauty, and Strength, was look'd upon to be the Prince of the River, but the Sovereignty of the Fresh Water would not Content him, unless 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't. But a Prodigious Dolphin took This Encroachment upon his Right, in such Dudgeon, that he set upon the Pike: Gave him Chase, and Purs'd him to the very Borders of his Own Stream, Inso much that the Pike had enough to do to Save Himself; and from that Time forward, he had the Wit to keep within the Comps of his Own Dominions.

The Moral.

Ambition has no Other Bonds than what Providence has Prescribed to it, for the Good of Mankind. Here shall thy Proud Waves Slay: And there must be No Peeping Those Limits.

Reflection.

PROVIDENCE has Afflicted Every Man his Pott and Station, and He that either Relinquishes his Own Natural Right, or invades Another's, Killeth falls of a Disappointment in the Conclusion. Or however, in case of the most Successful Injustice, Oppression, and Utilization, there follows a Reflux Array in the keeping of what is injuriously Gotten; and an Infallible Third, after More and More full, and Nothing but Shame and Confusion in the End, when he comes to Call up Pride and Lofs at the Foot of the Beckoning. This Ambitious Pike is but the Figure of some Petty Prince, that furs himself up to be Troublesome, and to give Laws to a more Powerful Neighbour. The Dolphin Represents such a Power that's more then Match, and Bears him Home again. The Cape of the Pikes in the Fab. is much the same with That of Kings and States 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 in the Moral, serves only to bid us Moderate our Dehires; Keep our Affections within Bounds, and Live Contented with our Lot.

Fab. 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 Stripping her of her Wool. Shepheard, 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 you've done Your Worf! I hope: No, says the Shepherd, when That's done I can Car 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 Worse Mischiefs to come.

The Moral.

When People will not Submit to Reason by Fair Means, they must be brough t to by Force.

Reflection.

HE that is not Maller of Himself, or in his Own Power, has no Other Game to play than to submit himself Contentedly to the Will of Another. Snuggling is so far from fretting him at Liberty, that it only ties the Knot harder. There must be no Muttering at Heaven for the Loss of Fortune, Children, or whatever else can be Dear to us; there are greater Mischiefs in store for Those that shall Dare to Prefcribe Rules and Measures to the Divine Providence. Wherefore we should All set our Hearts at rest, upon These Two Considerations: First, That whatsoever comes from above, is for the Bell: And Secondly, That there's No Contending with it. The End not chop Logick, and Explicate with the Potter: And so for a Sheep to tell the Shepherd when he has Kild her Lamb, that now he has done his Work: 'tis such Another Kind of Defiance, as that of Job's Wife was, when she bad her Husband Confede and Die. We are not the Carvers of our Fortunes, and This way of Proceeding is an Affront to all the Sciences, Lights, and Duties of Religion, Nature and Reason.

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F A B. CCCXXXVI.

A Creaking Wheel.

A Wagoner took Notice upon the Creaking of a Wheel, that it was the Wurst Wheel of the Four, that made the most Noise, and was wondrous at the Reason of it. Oh, says the Wagon, They that are Sickly are ever the most Piping and Troublesome.

The Moral.

'Tis with Creaking Wheels at 'tis with Courtiers, Physicians, Lawyers (and with whom not?) They want Greasing.

REFLEXION.

When People are Crazy, and in Disorder, 'tis but Natural for them to Grum, and to Complain. This is a Far Fetched Allusion, but it must serve for want of a Better. The Unaccountableness of a sickly Habit of Body, is some sort of Excuse for being Troublesome and Important.

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 Promiscuously, and a Curiosity took him in the Head to try, which of 'em were Friends, and which, only Trencher-Flies and Spaugers. So he took an Occasion One Day at a Full Table, to tell them old Quarrel he had, and that he was just then a 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 reck'd upon as his Friends, and All the rest no Better then Hangers-on.

The Moral.

We may Talk of Many Friends, but not One Man of a Thousand will stand the Test.

F A B. CCCXXXVIII.

A Fox Praising his Flesh.

A Dog was Preening hard upon the very Breech of a Fox, Up starts a Hare. Pray hold a Little, says the Fox, and take That Hare there while she is to be had: You never Tafted such a Morsel since you were Born. But I am all over Tainted and Rotten, and a Mouthful of My Fleh would be enough to Poyfon ye. The Dog immediately left the Fox, and took a Court at the Hare, but she was too Nimble for him, it seems, and when he faw he could not Catch her, he very Difcretely let her go, The Hare had heard what pafs'd, and Meeting the Fox Two or Three Days after
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after, the told him how Safely she had serv'd her. Nay, says the Fox, if you take it so Heavily that I spoke well of ye, what would you have done if I had spoken Ill?

The MORAL.

A Dozing Back-Friend is the Worst of Enemies.

REFLEXION.

THERE are some forts of Commendation; and some Cafes and Sales of Applying it, that are more Malicious, and Mischievous, than the World of Calamities. Here's a Fox at a Pinch; and what's His Bait? now, but to Stop the Dogs Mouth with a piece of Painted Puffs, for the Saving of his Own Skin! A Puff, says he, is much Better Meat than a Fox, and This Good Office over the Left Shoulder, is the Civility that be Values himself upon. He gives her his Good Word, (as we call it) to the very End, that she may see. How many Thousands of These Fox's Compliments do we meet with in Our Daily Practice and Conversation. But a Crafty Knave is never without some way or Other to lay for Himself, and a Bad Excuse is Better then None. The Fox's Civility, in fine, was Beggary all over; and his Praiding the Painted Puffs to the Dog, was Effusively no more then a Letter of Recommendation to the Common Houseman.

FAB. CCCXXXIX.

A Plain Nags Wins the Prize.

Here were a Great many Brave, Slighty Horses with Rich Trappings that were brought out One Day to the Course, and Only one Plain Nags in the Company that made Sport for All the rest. But when they came at last to Tryal, This was the Horse that ran the Whole Field out of Distance, and Won the Race.

The MORAL.

Our Sense are No Competent Judges of the Excellencies of the Mind.

REFLEXION.

For that Judges by the Outside, and Pronounces upon the Bare Appearance of Things, runs a great many Mistakes in One; for there's Timidity, Folly, Pride and Ill-Nature in't; Especially where the Century is accompany'd with Mockery and Scorn. 'Tis Inhuman, at the Bell, to make Sport with one Another's Infirmitles; which in Honour, and Christianity, we are bound to Cover. But it is Pleasant enough then, if People will be putting themselves upon a Trial of Skill, to see a Bantering Pretender made an Ait by the very Man that He Himself has Mark'd out for a Coxcomb: Which is no other, in Plain English, than a Gay Person to the Company, which is the Arranger Fool of the Two. In One Word, there's Nothing lays a Man more Open, than Laughing, out of Measure, and out of Season. To Insult in a Cavalier of my Acquaintance that was up to the Ears in Love with a very Fine Lady, that wanted neither Air, Shape, Drefs, Quality, nor any Other of Tho. Charming Circumstances to Recommend her to any Honest Man to Play the Fool withal. He had his Mistresses to a Comedy once, where she was wonderfully pleas'd, but had, the Ill Happ to Laugh still in the Wrong Place: The Poor Man Observe' it, and his Panci fell to Sick upon't, that the Fit went off immediately, and he was his Own Man for ever after. This comes of Judging by the Eye without Consuliting the Reason of the Matter; and of Letting our Hearts upon the Shape, Colour, and Exterior Beauty of Things, without any Regard to the Internal Excellency and Virtue of them. The Plain Nags here was like to have been Laugh'd out of the Field, as well as out of Countenance, till he came upon the Tryal to Prove Tho. to be Judges themselves that made Sport with him.

FAB. CCCXL.

A Countryman and a Kid.

A Country-Man that was Hampered in a Law-Suit, had a near Friend and Kinsman, it seems, that was a Lawyer, and to him he went again and again, for Advice upon the Point; but he was Still to Bufte, and Bufte, that he must come Another Time. The Poor Fellow took a Delicate Fat Kid with him, Next But, and the Lawyers Clark, upon hearing the Voice of it at the Door; let the Man in, and carry'd him to his Matter, where he laid Open his Cafe, Took his Opinion; made Two Legs, One to the Court for Reserving of him; 'Othet to the Kid for Introducing him, and so went his Way.

The MORAL.

Money is a Puff-par-Tout.

REFLEXION.

'Tis with Manyas'tis with Majesty: All other Powers and Authorities Caste while That's in Place. 'Tis that which makes the Fat Boyl (as the Proverb says) though the Devil Puffs in the Fire. Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, Sisters, Relations, Friendships, are but empty Names of Things, and
A Creeping Young Fellow that had Committed Matrimony with a Brisk Gameworthy Lass, was so eager'd upon't in a Few Days, that he was liker a Skeleton than a Living Man. He was Basking himself One time in the Gleam of the Sun, and some Huntmen pass'd by him upon the Chase of a Wolf; that led 'em That Way. How why comes it (says he) that you don't Catch That Wolf? They told him that he was too Nimble for 'em. Well (says he) If My Wife had the Ordering of him she'd Spoil his Footmanship.

The MORAL.
Marriage they say Breads Cares and Comforts.

REFLEXION.
Flesh and Blood is but Flesh and Blood; and the Indulging of Indiscrinate Appetites is the Ruine of Body, Soul, and Estate. This Fellow should have Confined the Circumstances of his Contission, before he made That Deliberate Leap; for when a Man is Plung'd into an Irrevocable State of Misery, he has but a Cold bus'ness on't to Comfort himself with a Jeit. And'twas but a Measuring Caff at Latte neither, whether he meant his Wife should have to do with the Wolf, in One Scale, or the Wolf with his Wife in Another.
for a Great One that I have Not? Why then, says she, I'll give ye a Delicate Song for my Life: No, no, says the Hawk, I want for my Belly, not for my Ears.

The MORAL.

A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush.

REFLEXION.

This Fable carries Three Morals. 1st. That we are not to Part with a Certainty for an Uncertainty. 2dly. That Men of Appetite are not Mor'd by any Consideration of Virtue. 3dly. That Things of Use and Necessity, are to be preferred before Matters meerly of Delight and Pleasure.

The Nightingale in the Pooe of the Hawk, is the Cafe of many an Innocent Creature in the Hands of Justice, when the very Equity of the Law Bends under the Weight of an Over-ruuling Rigour. The Belly has no Ears, and so there's no Charming of it. Arguments against Power, are but Wind, when Reason draws One way, and Appetite Another. There's no Moving of any Creature contrary to the Nature of it. Hang them all (says a Pleasant Droll, upon Prisoners Riling) they are not Worth the Begging. 'Tis a piece of State-Policy sometimes, to let the Poor and the Friendless go to Pox; Nay, and to reckon the Execution of them among the Triumphs of Justice too. There is This further in't besides; that the Unremittent Severity upon Those that have not where-withal to Bid for their Lives, raiseth the Price of the Market upon Those that Have; and Enhances the Value of the Deliverance, or, in Plain English, of the Pardon. The Poor Nightingale had Nothing to give that the Hawk car'd for, so to the Dyer, in truth, because he was not worth the Begging.

FAB. CXXXLV.

A Lynx and a Dog.

A Lynx that found it Extreme Irksome to Live Alone, gave the Beasts of the Forest to Understand, that he was Re-joyved to make Choice of Some or Other of his Subjects for a Friend, and Companion. There was a Mighty Butler, who should be the Favourite, and to the Wonder of All the rest, the Lynx Pitch'd upon a Dog; for, says the Lynx, he is True and Faithful to his Friends, and will stand by him in All Times and Hazards.

The
ABSTEMIUS'S FABLES.

FAB. CCCXLVI.

A Lyon, Ass 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 Thirty, to appear in Arms, at such a Certain Time, and Place, upon pain of his High Displeasure; and there were a World of Asses 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 Asses 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.

REFLEXION.

There's Nothing so Great as not to stand in Need of many Things, in Common Appearance, the most Contemptible: And there is Nothing again so Distracted; 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 Different being has somehow Peculiar to it Self, to make Good in one Circumstance what it Wants in another. It is the Ignorance of the Nature of Things, that makes us Distracted, even the Meanest of Creatures. All Things are Created Good in their several Kinds, as All things severally are Subservient, 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 Part Allotted it as well as the Highest. All Created Beings, in fine, are the Works of Providence and Nature, that never did any thing in Vain. And the Moral of this Parable of the Lyon, the Ass, and the Hare, run through the Universe; for there are Hares, Lions, and Asses, in Kingdoms and Commonwealths, as well as in Fields and in Forests: And the Drift of This Figure holds good in All the Parts of the Creation.

ABSTEMIUS'S FABLES.

FAB. CCCXLVII.

Pigeons Reconcile the Poultry.

There Happen'd a Bloody Civil War once among the Hawks, and what did the Poor, Peaceable, Innocent Pigeons, but in Pure Fury, and Good Nature, send their Deputies and Mediators to do the Best 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 Errors, and to Understand the Danger of Uniting a Common Enemy to their Own Ruin.

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.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Hard Matter in this Case to Reconcile Policy, and Good Nature; or to bring a Plain-dealing Innocence into a Confinement with Necessary Prudence; for Single Men of Mind pull us into the World for want of Brains, and where Knavery is in Credit, Honesty is sure to be a Drag; But every Man must stand or fall to his own Conscience, and so Divide the Matter as neither to Offend Christian Charity, nor Divell Discretion. The Blessing that is pronounced upon the Peace-Makers, does not Extend to those Cales, where the Effect of the Peace shall be the Ruine of the Reconcilers. 'Tis Dangerous Parting a Fray, whether it be just or Earnest; for there are Sham Quarrels as well as Bloody Ones: In the One, a Man runs the Risk of his Hat, or his Cloak; In the Other, of his Life. We have lived to see this Fable remarkably Moraliz'd among our selves upon the like Occasion; for till 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 Divisions.
**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's bringing a Torch out of her Father's House into her Husband's. Why This says he; I have End'd my Father-in-Law of a Firebrand to set my Own House in a Flame.

**The Moral.**

A Contentious Woman puts all into a Flame, where'er she comes.

**Reflection.**

This Torch may be an Allusion either to Strife, and Contention, or to the Prefumption and Concupiscence of the Husband's Estate. 'Tis to be hop'd that there are Shrews, and Wailful Women souls in the World, to Answ're This Moral Both Ways.

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**A Corrupt Officer.**

A Certain Governor of a Province that had a long time Pill'd, and Oppressed the People under his Charge was call'd to Account in the Conclusion for the Receiving of Bribes; and was sent to Refund what he had Wrongfully Taken. He came as Unwillingly to the Point, as a Bear to the Snake, which gave Occasion to somebody saying, that it was with This Man and his Mony, as it is with VVomen and their Children. He was well enough pleas'd 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 Sponges; they Suck till they are Full, and when they come once to be Squeez'd, the very Heart's Blood of them comes away with their Money.

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**An Old Man that was willing to put off Death.**

Here goes a Story that Death call'd upon an Old Man, and bad him come along with him. The Man Excus'd himself, that Tother World was a Great Journey to take upon for short a Warning, and begg'd a Little time only to make his Will before he Dy'd. Why (says Death) You have had Warning enough One would think, to have made Ready before This. In Truth, says the Old Man, This is the First Time that ever I saw ye in my Whole Life. Why that's False, says Death; for you have had Daily Examples of Mortality before Your Eyes; in People of All Sorts, Ages, and Degrees; and is not the Frequent Spectacle of Other Peoples Deaths? A Minute sufficient to Make You think of Your Own? Your thin and Hollow Eyes the thinks, the Loss of your Hearing, and the Faltering of the rest of your Senesces, should Mirk ye; without more ado, that Death has laid hold of ye already: and is this a time of day ye think to stand stuffing it off till Your Petensory Hour? Tell ye, is now come, and there's No Thought of a Reprieve in the Cafe of Fate.
The MORAL.

Warning is No Excuse in the Case of Death: For Every Moment of our Lives, either Is, or Ought to be a Time of Preparation for it.

REFLEXION.

"Tis the Great Business of Life to fix our Selves for our End; and no Man can Live Well till has not Death in his Eye.

"Tis a Strange Mixture of Madness and Folly in One Solemn, 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 to our Own Fault, and we turn the every Sin into an Excuse: Every Breath we draw is not only a Step 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 feel it not. Everything 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 Last Hour; and yet here an Old Man on the Wrong-side of Four-score, perhaps, Complaining that he is surpriz'd.

FAB. CCCXL.

A Giver and his Bag.

A Courteous Rich Charle finding himself at the Point of Death, caus'd his Coffers to be brought up, and his Bag 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 Bag, you must divide us betwixt your Heirs, and the Devils. Your Heirs will have Drink and Whores for your Money, and the Devils will bear well pleased on the Other hand, that they are to have your Soul for it.

The MORAL.

Money of a Man is the Last Friend that he has in This World.
One was asking a Lazy Young Fellow what made him lye in Bed so long? Why (says he,) I am hearing of Caudles every Morning; that is to say, I have Two Lasses at my Bed-side so soon as ever I wake. Their Names are Industy and Sloth; One bids me get up; 'tother bids me lye still; and so they give me Twenty Reasons why I should Rise, and why I should not. 'Tis the part in the mean time of a Just Judge to hear what can be said 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.

Reflection.

This Fable does naturally enough for forth an Expostulation between Reason and Appetire, and the Danger of running out our Lives in Dilatory Deliberations, when we should rather be Up and Doing. In all these Cases, 'tis odds that the Paradox carries it against the true Reason of the Thing; for we are as Partial to our Corruptions, as if our Understanding were of Counsel for our Failties, and manage Difficulties of this kind, as if we had a Mind to be overcome. The Stagoe's Cafe in this Fable is the Cafe of Mankind in all the Duties of a Virtuous and a Well-Govern'd Life, where Judgment and Conscience calls us one Way, and our Lusts hurry us another. We spend All our Days upon Privilous Preparatories, 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 we will. At this rate we run our Lives out in Adjournments from Time to Time, out of a Paraphatical Levity that holds us off and on, bewinged Henk and Buzzard, as we say; to keep us from bringing the Matter in question to a Final Issue. 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 Councillor that every Man carries in his own Breast. But Men in the General, are either too Lazy to Search out the Truth, or too Partial, in Favour of a Sensual Appetite, to take Notice of it when they have found it. They had rather be Tasting the Baft 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 Eclipse both of Body and Soul on the one Hand, and Opposes all the Belligers that Attend the Duties of Virtue and Sobriety on the other? Does not the Ambitious, the Erious, and the Revengeful Man know very well, that the Thirst of Blood, and the Affection of Domination by Violence and Oppression, is a most Diabolical Outrage upon the Laws of God and Nature, and upon the common Well-being of Mankind? But these People are Hearing Careles too, with our Slog-a-head in the Apologies, that is to say, Deliberating between Passion and Conscience, till in the End, they are called away, whether to Dinner or to Death, it makes no Matter, for the Moral is still the same.

FAB. CCCCLIII.

A Cock and a Fox.

A Fox say'd a Cock at Roofit with his Hens about him. Why how now my Friend, says Reynard, What make you upon a Tree there? Fox, you Buffoons Iyes upon the Terra Firma, and a Cock in the Air is out of his Element Methinks. But you don't hear the News perhaps, and it is certainly true: there's a general Peace concluded among all Living Creatures, and not One of them to profane upon pain of Life and Limb, Directly or Indirectly, to Hurt another. The Blefledleld Tidings in the World says the Cock; and at the same time he stretches out his Neck, as if he were looking at somewhat a Great way off. What are you Peering at? says the Fox. Nothing says t'other, 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 beft be Jogging. No, No, says the Cock, the General Peace will Secure you: Ay quoth the Fox so it will; but if thee noggy Cuts should not have heard of the Proclamation, my Coat may come to be Pink'd yet for all that. And so away he Scamper'd.

FAB.

The Moral.

In all the Liberties of Shaving and Tricking One upon Another, there must still be a Regard to have to the Principles of Honour and Justice.

Reflection.

This is to tell us, that in some Cales one Nail must be driven out with another; and the Deceiving of the Deceiver doubles the Pleasure. 'Tis a Hard Matter to make a Falle Man and a Falle Tale conflit with themselves; and when they come to Interferre, the Realon and the Argument of the Caffe returns upon the Head of the Impostor: So that it requires Great Care and Skill for a Man that has a Dark and a Double Delign upon Another, to keep Clear of Clothing with his own Reafonings. Wherefore Paralytics and Lyars had need of Good Memories. A General Peace would have secured the Fox as well as the Cock: But if the Fox would not fland the Dogs, the Cock had no Reason to Ventures himself with the Fox. All People that are Perfidious, either in their Conversation, or in their Kind, are Naturally to be Suspected in Reports that favour their Own Interesse; and when they can make nothing else on't, they find it the Belf of their Play to put it off with a Jefl.

'Tis a common Thing for Captious People, and Double-Dealers, to be taken in their Own Snares; as for the Purpoze in the Matter of Power, Policy, the Fundamentals, and the Maxims of Government, &c. How many are there that Limit Sovereignty in One Caffe to strain it in Another, and to Handle the fame Quaffion Pro and Con, at the same Time? Government is to be bounded when it may serve One Turn, and Abfolute when it may serve Another. Incomuch that for want of Preference of Thought, Men affirm what they Deny, and Deny what they Affirm, and run Counter to Themselves. If Sovereign Power cannot Difpenf, 'tis Ty'd up they cry; and if it may be Ty'd up, 'tis no longer Sovereign Power; for that which Tyes it up, is Above it. At this Rate, One Director Interferes with Another, and the very Foundations of Realon and Government sink at left into a Paradox. When the Fox brings Ty'd us, the Foundation of a Peace, and Proaches upon the Subject to the Poultry, Beware the Geese. Your Foxes Acts of Amenity are no Other than the Old State Polities I know not how many Years ago. They Pardon all in General, in the Beginning's, those that ought to be Hanged, in the Middle; and not one Honest Man in the Conclusion. So that 'tis Ten to One the Cock was Excepted in the Proclamation; and that though the Dogs were not allowed so much as to lick their Lips at a Fox upon their Utermost Pelf, Reynard had gotten a Prono for Himself yet to carry on his Old Trade among the Lambs and the Poultry full. This is the Method of all Popular Shams, when the Multitude are to be led by the Nose into a Fool's Paradise. The State Foxes tell ten what Golden-Days are now a coming, When Every Man shall sit under his own Vine, 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 Foxes Buffoons upon the Uplift, is only the Cramming his own Gut, without any Respect to the Publick.
The FABLES of Poggius.

FAB. CCLIV.

A TAYLOR and his WIFE.

There happen'd a Grievous Quarrel once betwixt a Taylor and his Wife. The Woman in Contempt of his Trade, called her Husband Prickly-leaf; she gave her Box o' the Ear for, which serv'd only to make her more Outrages. VVhen this would do no good, she set her up to the Chin in a Herse-Pond; but to long as her Tongue was at Liberty, there was not a VVord to be got from her but the same Nick-Name in Derision over and over again. VVell (says he to himself,) there's no way I perceive to Quiet this Woman but by stopping her Mouth, and so he had her Duck'd next bout over Head and Ears. VVhen she was under VVater, and could call him Prickly-leaf no longer with her Lips, she held up her Hands over her Head, and did it with her Thumbs by the Knicking of her Nails; and when he saw that once, he was e'en glad to give her over.

The Moral.
The fall Two Things that do in an Impetuous Woman, are her Tongue and her Stomach, when she cannot have her Will.

REFLEXION.
'Tis the Fortune of many an Honest Married Man, to have this Falsh Woman'd to him under his own Roof; but the Better any thing is in his Perfection, the World is the Corruption of it, as there is nothing more Fast than a Rotten Egg. 'Tis the same thing betwixt a Temperate and an Impetuous Woman. Temples and Sea-Breaches are nothing to her. There's no Place for Reasoning with her, neither is there any thought of Curing her Will, by Applyng 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 Palpiyions and Transports as well as Women, and Palpations much more Dangerous too than the other. The Taylor's Wife was only a Good Hearted Woman, under the Imposition of an Unruly Walfith Humour; She would have her Well, as marry would he, and that was all the Harm in't. But 'tis another manner of Business when Men come once to be Transported out of the Government of Themselves, and beyond the Ule of their Reason. Their Violences are Mortal and Outrageous, even to the Ruin of Kingdoms, Common-Weals, Families, Persons, &c. and like a Torment, they bear down all before them, Friends, Relations, the common Principles of Religion and Nature, or whatever else stands in their Way. Nay, they make it a point of Honour to be Firm to their Wickeds, and with the Old Covenant in their Mouths to Live and Dye Impenitent. They'll do all the Mischief in fine that they can, and when they can do no more, they'll be Troubled at it, and call Prick-leaf with their Thumbs till, when they can do no longer with their Tongues.

FAB. CCLIV.

A WOMAN Drowned.

A Woman Drowned.

AN Unfortunate Woman happen'd to be Drowned, and her Poor Husband was mighty in Pain to find out the Body; To away he goes along the Bank up the Course of the River, asking all he met till, if they could tell him any Tidings of the Body of his Dear Wife, that was overthrown 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 Wife's Will carried her against Wind and Tide all the Days of her Life; and now she's Dead, which way the Current runs, she'll be sure to be against it.

The Moral.
The Spirit ofContradiction in a Good Gram'd Woman is Incendable.

REFLEXION.
This falls hard upon the desperate Oblivion of some Women's, and the Freak of the Conceit does not yet derogate from the usefulness of the Fable. The Anology is Pleasant and Pertinent enough, betwixt a Living Crotches of Humour, and Opposition to the ordinary Couple and Reason of Things, and the Pancy of a Dead Body swimming against the Stream. And the Licens of Couching the Matter under that Figure, and of Wordy it after that Manner, carries no Offence with it, either to Con- gruity, or Good Manners. Beside, that the very Turn and Point of the Illust of 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 such or such a Token.

There are some People that Value themselves upon being a kind of Anti-heroes to all Mankind, and in making other Men Rules their Excep- tions; Opposition and Contradiction is their Study and Delight. Now there's as much Pride and Vanity in setting up for the Ring-leader of a Persecut Peculic, as in the Affection of being the First Broker of an Heretical Opinion. Hence it comes that Half the Win of the World is Executed upon Paradox; and that which we call Good Humour, is in Truth but a Sort of Night of Hand in Discourse, or a Faculty of making Truths look like Appearances, or Appearances like Truths. Now this Gift of Humour, and of Disguising Matters, is to Surprising and Agreeable
The FABLES of Poggius.

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. Man-kind was all caft in the same Mould, made liable to the same Affections, 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 Pretentions to our Part in the next; inasmuch that whoever affects a Fantastical Singularity of Crofts and to all his Fellows, he puts himself in some degree out of the Pale of a common Providence and Protection; Beside, that the Evil is as 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 Sickens 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, Rallled him to some Tune, with Menaces to the Hightest Degree for bringing such a Scandal upon the Function. My Lord, (says the Curate,) if your Lordship had but known the Understanding 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-Parrishioners. How so, says the Bishop? Why my Lord, says the Curate, when he found he was Drawing Home, he fent for a Notarius, and made his Testament. 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 performed, and I have it here in a Purse for your Lordship ready Counted. The Bishop upon the Receipt of the Mony, gave the Priest Abolution, and found it a very good Will, and a very Canonical Burial.

The Moral.

Money Corrupts both Church and State.

REFLEXION.

There may be Ill Men in Holy Orders, and the Lewdness of the Pervert does not at all derogate from the Sacredness of the Function. Avarice on the one hand, is an Encouragement as well as a Protection to Licentioulsfics on the other, when People know before-hand, that Money will Compound all Differences. Nay, and Money is a Presulant Banker too as well as a Popish, when Passion and Corruption come once to be Authorized under the Venerable Cover of a Sacred Character; only the Bishop Abolishes Himself in the one Cafe, as he does the Curate in the other. So that Money upon the Main, serves for the Tuft of Misanthropy, and Common Honesty; Faith, Law and Religion: The Devil holds the Scale, and Profit or Loss is made the Standard of Gospel or Hereby. It Pleads all Caefts, Defends all Titles, and turns Christianity it fell into a Moot Point. It lets Texts together by the Bars, as well as Divines, and makes the Voice of God to be of more Authority in the Months of the Multitude, than in the Oracles of Holy Writ. 'Tis the Idol that Men of all Ranks and Professions Bow to; State-men, Sword-men, Lawyers, Ecclesiastics, &c. there's hardly any thing in Nature that has the Heart to withstand it; it lying here and there some singular Exception perhaps, from a General Rule. What are Courts more than Common Markers, where Men are Bought and Sold in the one, its Beasts are in the other! 'The Captain Fights for his Pay; the Lawyer Pleads for his Fee, no Matter for the Confidence of the Curate; the one's a Soldier of Fortune; he tells ye, the other is a Lawyer of Fortune; and for the Bulinda of Right or Wrong, 'tis not one Scruple of the Question. 'Tis Money in fine, that like the Devil, makes Men Sail with all Winds, and sets all Wheels a going. Nay the very Altar it self makes not the Almighty Power of so Increditable a Temptation; for we are taught in this Fable, that an Episcopal Habit is not one jot better Proof against Corruption, than a Colonels Buff-Coat. 'Tis not a Sanctimonious Pretence, under a Pomp of Form and Title, without the Grace of an Inward Affection and Integrity that will serve the Turn; The Articles of the Christian Faith, and the Doctrines of our Blest Lord and his Apostles, are to Day, and to Morrow and the fame for ever; not to be Moulded and Accommodated to every Turn of State, but to be held and kept Inviolato as a Standing Rule to all Ages. There are no such Worthies in the Devil, as the Buyers and Sellers of Souls; there's nothing they'll Flick at, but Shuffle, Cant, Juggle, Swear back and forward like so many Spiritual Knights of the Pott; serve all Times, and all God's, even though Pagamini it self should turn up Trump; for this form of Profilance from all their Alibys the Companys of Viziers Utility, and for the Dogs Legacy Abolive the Devil himself, and with this Beasty Avaricious Bishop, Pronounce the Blackest Soul in Hell to be as White as Snow.

The FABLES of Poggius.

A Husband, Wife, and Cheating Father.

A Man of Quality had gotten a Peevish Contentious Woman to his Wife, that was observed to go every Day to Confession, and her Husband was not so much to Discharge her Confession.
Confidence of her own Sins, as to tell Tales of her Husband. The Holy Father would be ever and anon Chiding and Admonishing the Cavalier, 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, "Tis be would, and he went accordingly. The Good Man then bad the Penitent be true 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.

Calumny is half the Business of a Bishop: Bitternest suffers for Lost, and our very Devotions are in Effect but Libels against our Superiors.

Reflection.

There's no such Frock as Religion for all manner of Wickedness, and the Man is a ffeek Fool that cannot Impose upon his Neighbour, when he has once got the Mastery of his own Confidence: There's no Evidence of our Thoughts, but our Works; and if an Hypocrite can bar Conceal himself from the Eyes of his Companions, he never troubles his Head to Consider how Open he lays to 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 Underland the Truth of the Matter, was Turn Pleasant enough.

'Tis a Field of a Large Latitude that the Devil has to Dance, and to Play his Gambols in, when he sees himself to Preach upon the Text of Religion and Confidence. In the Troubles of King Charles the First, what with Humiliations and Thanksgivings, Sedition Lectures, and Pulpit-Inventives, the People had hardly any other Business at Church than to tell God Almighty Tales of their Sovereign: So that this Unhappy Prince might have Answered his Confessio upon the Affairs of an Articular Confession, as our Husband Answered him herein the Fable, That Others 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 Distresses, from the First Odisious Remonstrance, to the Last Execrable 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, Deposed him from his Royal Dignity, Uprooted the Government to Themselves, and under the Colour of a Fertility of Law, put him upon a Judicial Tryal, and took away his Life. And not One Step did they take all this while in the whole Track of this Iniquity, without Seeking the Lord first, and going up to enquire of the Lord, according to the Cant of those Days. Which was no other than to Make God the Author of Sin, and to Impart the Blackest Practices of Hell to the Inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

Fab. CCCLVII.

An Old Man and a Little Boy were driving an Ass before them to the Next Market to Sell. Why have you no more Wits, (says one to the Man upon the Way,) than you and your Son to Trudge it apace, and let the Ass go Light? So the Man set the Boy upon the Ass, and Footed it Himself. Why Sirrah, says Another after this, to the Boy, Ye Lazy Rogue you, must you Ride, and let your Ancient Father go afoot? The Man upon this, took down his Boy, and got up Himself; Dye 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 Ass was his Own or no? He said Yes. Truch, there's little sign on't says rother, 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 Ass be Empty, or if One of us Ride, or Both; and so in the Conclusion he Bound the Ass' Legs together with a Cord, and they'd to carry him to Market with a Pole upon their Shoulders between them. This was Sport to every Body that saw it, infomuch that the Old Fellow in great Wrath threw down the Ass into a River, and so went his way Home again. The Good Man, in fine, was willing to Please Every body, but had the Ill Fortune to Please No body, and lost his Ass into the Bargain.

The Moral.

He that resolves not to go to Bed till the World is pleas'd, shall be troubled with the Head Ache.

Reflection.

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 same for Ever, and the Sentence of Reason stands as Firm as the Foundation of the Earth. So that no Man can be either Happy or Secure that governs himself by the Humour and Opinion of the Common People. 'Tis a Thing utterly impossible to Please All, and none but a Mad Man will endeavour to Please those that are Divided among themselves, and can never Please one another. A Wife, and an Honest Man lives Tt by
The FABLES of Poggius.

by Rule, and Confirments the Confidence of his Actions, without any Regard to Popular Applauses. Did ever any Mortal yet in his Right War, Advise with the Moblie about the Government of his Life and Manners? (Or which is all one, with the Common and Professed Enemies of Rea-son and Virtue;) Did ever any Creature make a Friend or Confidence of them? Why should we be licentious then to be thought well of by those that no Prudent Good Man ever thought well of? They are all Passion and Fan-cy, without either Judgment or Moderation: They neither understand what they do, nor why; but act with a hand of Impetuus, that knows neither Con-sideration nor Conduct. So that it is in truth, a Scandal, and an Ill Sigil to Please them, but a worse yet, for a Man to Value himself upon the Reputation of a Popular Favourite. What are their Affections but Violent Transports that are carried on by Ignorance and Rage? What are their Thoughts of Things, but Variety of Incorrigible Error? And what are they themselves in their own Nature, but a Fard rather than a Society? Their Humour is very Happily oft forth in this Fable; and so is the Vanity of the Old Man's endeavours to keep Fair with them; for they are still unsatisfied 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 Phantoms and Shadows, and then at last lie down in the Dust like a brute, without any Fear or Danger of an after-Resentment, the Care were taken; but for a Reasonable Soul to Poll-pone the most Necessary Offices and Duties of Life, and to Hazzard the very Life even of Heaven itself, in favour of a Depraved Appetite? What has he to Answer for, that shall be found Guilty of so Impious a Madness? The very Dog's not worth the Hanging, that runs out at Check, and lets every Cackling Crow or Dull Divert him from his Game and Business. To Conclude; a due Consideration of the Vanities of the World will Naturally bring us to the Contemplation of it; and that Contemplation of the World will as certainly bring us Home to our Selves. This was the Church of the Poor Man here, where he had Tyr'd this, and that, and 'twas Experiment, he threw all his Care and Follies together with his Ags into the River: And then he was at Rest.

The FABLES of Poggius.

A Country Fellow and a Hag.

In a Certain Country, where it was the Custom for any Man that Kill'd a Hag, to Invite the Neighbourhood to Supper with him; a Corymble Fellow that had a Hag to Kill, advis'd with One of his Companions how he might save the Charge of that Supper. Why (says he) do but give it out to Morrow Morning, that the Hag was Stollen the Night before; set a Good Face off, and your Work is done. Away goes this Man Open-Mouth, next Morning, Bawling it about, that his Hag was Stollen. Right, Right, says his Camarade, Room it out as I said you. Ay, but says the Hag-Merchant, with Dunned Oaths and Imprerations, My Hag is Stoll'n in Good Earnest. Upon my Life, says t'other, this is not Rarely. So the one Swore on, and the other for'd on, till in the Conclusion the Charle found he was Banter'd out of his Hag; for the Hag was Stollen indeed.

The Moral.

Penny Wife, and Pound Foolish.


REFLEXION.

"Tis a Point of Decency and Difcretion for a Man to Comply with the Common Customs of the Place, where he Lives, over and above the Rules of Good Neighbourhood and Society. So that the Old Hunsks here were well enough serv'd to be Trick'd out of a Whole Hog for the Saving of his Puddings: And it was so much the Better too, that he was of the Plot to the Fudging of Himself; and had his own Jett 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 further Use on't: That an Ill Native's Thrift, is next Door to Squandering: He was Cheated, and he was Laugh'd at, and he Deferv'd both: for he made himself a Party to the Picking of his own Pocket, and the very Sham that he designd upon his Neighbours was turned upon Himself. The Frollick was Pleasant and Pertinent enough, but the Conscience of the Cafe is another Question; though there's this to be said for't, that it was but one Fraud paid with another, and that he Himself went half way in't by his own Confession. 'Twas with the Man and the Hug, 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. CCLX.

A Florentine and a Pope-Courier.

A Florentine bought a Horse for so many Crowns, upon Condition to pay one Half down upon the Nail, and be a Debtor for the rest. The Horse-Courier comes to the Florentine next Morning for the Remainder of the Mony. 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.

Consets and Writings, pay no Scores.

REFLEXION.

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 Florentine had been Drubb'd, 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 Toms betwixt Jeff and Earnest, in Matters of Common Honesty, Good Faith and Business. Or it would have born a Moral,
The FABLES of Poggius.

FAB. CCLXII.

An old 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 Ass to Write, Read, and Chop Logic. His Friends called him a Thousand Mad-men for casting away his Life upon so Absurd 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 Ass Dyes, or the Adventurer Dyes, and then the Dangers over.

The Moral.

Collusion without Malice, is in many Cases, not only Laudable but Necessary.

FAB.

REFLEXION.

There are some Cases wherein a Man may Jutlife some sort of Shuffling and Evading without any Offence to Honour or Good Faith; as in a Case for the Purpose, 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 Affairs, and the difficulty of Teaching the one, is next door to the Impossibility of Teaching the other. The very Proposition is a Whimple plentiful enough, to shew the Vanity of attempting to make a Philosopher of a Blockhead; neither is it of a Quality to be understood according to the Letter. So that in such a Case, if a Man 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 Question. There are certain Bounds and and Terms ofכילery that may very well stand with the Rules of Honesty and Good Manners; that is to say, Where the Liberty cares neither Malice, Sauciness, nor ill Nature along with it. And the discreditable manner of such a sort of Freedom, bewieth Jeff and Earnell, Seales the Entertainment of an Agreeable Conversation. We should lay to our fells 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 Bereage, Left of Friends, Beggary, Bannishment, Nay Death itself. [This or that may Intercede.] It is an Unaccountable Weakness for a Man to put himself upon the Torture at present, for fear somebody else should Torment him Seven Years hence. Is it not enough for us to be Miserable when the time comes, unless we make our felts so beforehand? And with Anticipation? When we have gone as far as Confidence, Honour, Indulgence, and Human Prudence can carry us, toward the preventing, or the averting of the Danger that threatens us, we are to remit the reit to Providence, and wait the good Pleasure of Heaven with Patience, Humility and Reformation. This Man was to dye 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 dye. Why are we not as Solicitous now for the Certainty of the Thing, as for the Appointment of the Time, when a Thoufand 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 observ'd with great Solemny.

The Moral.

The Stilling of the Perfon does not at all Derogue from the Dignity of his Character and Commission.

FAB.

REFLEXION.

This is a Dry Fable, and there's nothing to be gotten out of it but by Straining. It may pass however with a little Force, for a Reproach upon the Ignorance of many People in their own Trade, provided always that there be no Reflexion upon the Profession it self, which is but too much the Practice of coarse Men, and of Troublesome Times; as if the Commission were to blame for the Perfon's fault that abuses it. There are Men of all sorts, Good and Bad, in all Functions and Societies; and the Order, or the Office, is never the worse for the Failings of an Ill, or a Weak Man that has the Execution of it. It was well turn'd by Mr. Selden upon an Alderman in the Long-Long Parliament, on the Subject of Episcopacy. Mr. Speaker, says the Alderman, there are so many Glories against such and such of the Prelates, that we shall never be Quiet till we have no more Bishops. Mr. Selden upon this, Informs the House, what Grievous Complaints there were for high Misdemeanors against such and such Aldermen, and therefore, says he, by a Parity of Reason, it is my Humble Opinion that we may have no more Aldermen. Here was the Fault transferr'd to the Office, which is a Dangerous Error; for not only Government, but Human Society is self may be bedifollowed by the same Argument, if the Frailties or Corruptions of Particular Men shall be Rewond upon the whole.
A Hungry Traveller steppe 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 even pay you with a Song now; for I have not one Penny of Money. Tother told him in short, that his Bussines was Money, not Mufick. But what if I should give you a Song yet that shall content you? (sayes the Man again,) will you not take that for Satisfaction? Yes says the Vichuallar, if I like it. So he fell to Singing I know not how many Songs, one after another; but the Matre told him in one VVord, that Songs would pay no Scores where he had to do. VVeell (says the Songfer,) let me try but once more now, and I shall go near to fit ye. So he took out his Purfe as if he would Open it, and at the same time fung him a Song with this Bob tol'c Out with your Purfe, and Pay your Hoft. How dy'e like this now? says the Traveller! Oh very well says mine Host. VVhy 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.
Theare some ways of Fooling that do the Boffon of Skill and Aftref.

REFLEXION.
The Conceited Sharper here in the Fable, sets forth the Humour and Chafe of the Spunging Bifhones that a Man meets every Day in his Forridge Dith; that is to lay in Courts and at Great Mens Tables, as well as elsewhere. These fame Jack-Pudding Sendel-Peafs are certainly the most Difpicable Creatures under the Sun, unlees perhaps their Patrons who Protect and Encourage them may be the more Contemptible Wretches of the Two. They make Fooling their Bussines and their Livelihood, and live like Iceland Sheats, by flewing Tricks for Bread. They turn Conversation intoa direft Farce: Their Wit is either Scurrillos or Prothy, which they manage at such a Rate as if Human Reason were a Faculty only to make Spore withal.
The FABLES of Poggius.

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 Disconsolate, he has either the Wolf or the Devil to bring him off again.

FABLE CCCLXVII.

A Priest and a Sick Man.

A Priest that was willing to give a Sick Man a Word of Comfort in his Extrem Miseries, told him, That when the Lord loves he Chastens. 'Tis no wonder he has so few Faithful Servants then, says the Poor Man; and I am afraid he'll en have Fewer if he goes this way to work.

The Moral.

Ignorance is some sort of Excuse, for a Man that Speaks or does an Ill thing, with a good Intention, or without Understanding that he does or says Amiss.

REFLEXION.

A Man should no more commit such a Foul as this is, to the Publick, without somewhat of a Caution or Control upon’t, than he would throw Rats-bane up and down a House where Children and Fools might come at it: For there are Liquorish and Inconsiderate Readers, as well as Children, and the one in as much danger of Mittaking Evil for Good, as the other is of taking a Dole of Mercury, for a Sweetmeat. As for Example, here’s a Loyed, Artificial Fancy expos’d 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 give some sort of Reputation to a Liberty that is not upon any terms to be endured. Now we are in Charity to premise, that the Author never intended this Extravagant Insinuate for a Precedent, and therefore the Imposition of the Fable, must be help’d out by some Pertinent Application of it in an Instructive Moral.

The Doctrin that ariseth from this Text, will fall under the Topick of the Government of the Tongue, and reach, in the Latitude, to all the Transports and Excesses of that Unruly Member: as Blasphemy, Calumny, Scurrility, Prophaneness, Fal[l]cy, Vain, and Evil-Speaking and the like; which are all naturally enough reducible to the same Head, as they do effectually proceed from the same Root. He that has gotten a Habit of letting his Tongue run before his Wit, will rather lose his Honour or his Friend, than his Je[t]; nay, and venture his Salvation over and above too, into the bargain. As in the Case here before us, where we have a Libertine Feasting even in his Last Agonies, with a Writicin between his Teeth, without any regard to the Circumstances of Soliarity and Conscience. But this is a Wickedness only for Proligates and Madmen, to make Sport with, and Men of better Sense to Tremble at; for there must be no Quibbling and Trifling with the Majesty and Judgments of the Almighty.

The FABLES of Poggius.

A Physician that Cure’d Mad Men.

There was a Physician in Milan that took upon him to Cure Madmen; and his way was this: They were Ty’d Naked to a Stake, and then set up-right in a Nasty Puddle, Deeper or Shallower, according to the degree of the Diftempers; and there to continue, till betwixt Cold and Hunger they might be brought to their Wits again. There was one among the rest, that after Fifteen Days Sinking, began to throw some Signs of Amendment; and so got leave of the Keeper for the Liberty of the Court, and the House, upon condition not to set Foot over the Threshold of the Street-Doors. He past his Promise, and was as good as his Word.

As he was standing one Day at the Outer-Gate, there came a Falsinger Riding by, with his Kites and his Carts, and all his Hawking Trade about him. Hark 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 other: 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 is that I ride upon, (says he,) is a Horse, that I keep for my Sport; and this Bird upon my Fife is a Hawk that Catches me Quails and Partridges; 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 some Ten or Fifteen Pound perhaps, says other. Ay but (says the Mad Fellow again,) what may all your Hawks, Dogs, and Horses cost you in a Year? Some Fifteen times as much perhaps, says the Falsinger. Get you out of the way then immediately (cries the Fool,) before our Doctor gets sight of you; for if he fow’d me up to the Middle in the Pond, you’ll be in as sure 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 Dotters themselves are Mad as the Patients.

REFLEXION.

This Story gives us to understand in the Application of it, that there are more Mad-men than in's; and that according to Horace, 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. They well enough paid of a Fellow in a Mad-House that was left 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 Master'd all the Wise People, and Cop'd them up here. There's an Allocation of Minds in the Moral, as well as in the Physical Generation of the Impressions; 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 Peculiar and Extravagancy in the one Sense as in the other; and they have their Passions and their Intermititions both alike. Every Man living in Fines, has his weak Side, and 'tis but striking the richt Vein to set the Humour a Working.

The General Doctrine of this Parable, we find summed up in a very few Words here; that is to say, he that eagerly pursues any thing, and gives more for't than it is worth, is no better than a Mad-Man. Now the way to make a true Effeminate, both of the Price and the Purchase, is only to set the one against the other, and go to Ballance the Accounts. One Man Head runs Riote upon Hawks, Hounds, Dice, Drabs, Drinking, Reveling, and for Breathy joke, we may e'en take in the whole Roll of Good Nature'd Sins and Pleasures, (if I may call them so,) that may serve to Gratify a Sensual Appetite. Let but a Man consider now the Time, Money, Care, Labour, and Vexation that this Wild-Goose-Chasing cost him, and then lay to himself on the other hand, what have I gotten to answer all this Expense, but the Loof, Giddy Frolick of a few Mad Hours, attended with Claps, Gouts, Falles, Infamy, Beggary, Naught and Dearth, Surprising Sataniess, Anxieties of Thought and Conscience, and all attend with the Anguish of a Late and an Unprofitable Repentance in the Conclusion? And it is the same thing too with the Diabolical Transports of Ambition, Pride, Envy, Revenge, and the like; and over and above the Irreparable Loss of a Thousand Blest Opportunities, to the extreme Hazard of Eternity it self. When 'tis come to this, there's no way but the Doctor's Discipline; that is to say, Mortification and Affliction to bring us to our Senses again.

A Country Fellow Climbing a Tree.

A Country Fellow goe's an Unlucky Tumble from a Tree: Why this his, (says a Passenger,) 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 the other,) the Advice comes too late for this Boy, but let's have it however; for a body may be the better for another time. Why then (says the Traveller,) You must take care for the future, whether you Climb another Tree; that you come no faller down than you went up.

The MORAL.

Do nothing rashly.

REFLEXION.

'Tis Good Counsell rather to take Time and Leisure in matters that will bear it, than to venture Neck and All with overmuch Hast. All Rash and aspiring Humours, fall under the Reproach of this Moral; for there are Climbers in State, as well as in Woods and Orchards; and Favourites run as great a Risk in Mounting to Honours, Charges and Preferments, as the Fellow did here in Climbing an Apple-Tree. Their Rate is commonly Gentle and Steep by Step, but when they are once up, they are in danger of falling down again by their own Weight: Wherefore Slow and Sure is better than fast, Good Counsell. 'Tis a Roguery kind of a Saying, that He that will be Rich before Night, may be Hung in before Noon. High Places are Slippery, and it turns the very Brain of a Man to look down from 'em. He that first calls Experience the Mother of Fools, might at the same time have told us upon the Opposition, that Nature is the Mother of Wife Men: Only the one looks forward from the Caustic into the Effects, and the other traces the Truth, and the Rest of Things backward, from the Effects up to the Caustic. 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 Birth of it rests upon the matter of Footlight, and After-Wit, and the Doctor tells us, that he that wants theone, must make his Belts of the other: This was the very Cafe of the Man in the Orchard here, before and after his Fall. Now Nature does nothing by Steps and Leaps, or in a Hurry, as we say's but all her Motions are Gradual, Regular, and without Noise, which may serve us for a Leisson, and a Precedent, not to do any thing Rashly.
The FABLES of Poggius.

FAB. CCCLXX.

One that had lost his Mony and Cloaths at Play.

A fellow that had lost his Mony and Cloaths at Play, stood
among a Tavern Door, to think what would become
of him. One of his Acquaintance came to him, and asked
him what he should do? 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' becaus' he had nothing left him.

The Moral.

Cautions are as Instructive as Precepts; the one shows us what we are not to do,
and the other what we are.

REFLEXION.

This Quirk is little better than the Children's Play of Riddle me,
Riddle me; though the Conceit I know is Celebrated among the
Apostles of the Ancients. The Mony and the Clothing were lost on
purpose to make way for the Jewl; as the Gentleman dropped his Book into
the River, off of Magdalen Bridge in Cambridge: What's that, says one of
his Acquaintance, that was falling by? Alas, says the other, 'tis Jewl in,
now the Book was Jewl. We may observe from hence, what Pains
some Men take to make themselves ridiculous, and that Study may
improve a Comedian as well as a Philosopher. We may learn further, that
Men do not know when they are well, nor when they have enough; but shift
and squander till they would half Hang themselves at last, to be where
they were again. It may be another Note too, the Unreformation of
Jeering in Calves of Dillets; So that the Figure at last is Foul all over.
Upon the whole, the Fellow Plays, and loses his very backside, and
then cries: And what is all this more now, than the laying of a Train
for the bringing in by Head and Shoulders the miserable Conceit of No-
thing upon Nothing.

FAB. CCCLXXI.

A Blind Man Buying 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 Pack, to Buy such a Provision of Wheat:
He goes to his Corn-Merchant, and asks him the Price of so many
Measures. Why, says he, one of those Measures is as much
as one of your Eyes is worth; (meaning, that Wheat was very
Dear.) Why then cries an Unlucky Wag, that stood by there,
A Job Bag methinks might have serv'd your Turn, for one of
those Measures is as much as you are able to pay for.

The Moral.

A Jouring Buffoon is the common Enemy of Mankind.

REFLEXION.

It is a high Point of Ill Nature, and Ill Manners, to make Sport with
any Man's Infirmities that he cannot help; and it holds as well too in
the Cafe of our Misfortunes, if we have not brought them upon ourselves
by our own Fault. 'Tis enough, whereby this thing fall out one way
or other, that Providence and Nature will have it so; But Intemperate
Wits will spare neither Friend nor Foe; and make themselves the common
Enemies of Mankind. Men that are given to this Lascivious Humour of
Soullng at Personal Blasphemies and Defects, should do well methinks to
look into themselves a little, and begin their Amusements 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 Deformity in the Nobler Part is Ten Thousand Times
more liable to Reproach, than an Impeccibility in the other. We are not
answerable for our Perfoms, but for our Manners we are. The Scornor
should do well also to consider upon the Sight of a Cripple, or a Moister,
that it was only the Diftinguishing Mercy of Heaven that kept him from
being one too; and not render himself by his Ingratitude the more Abomina-
able Moister of the Two. The Boy in this did very Ill, and if he had but been
foundly Whipt for't, it would have Perfected the Morality of the Fable.

FAB. CCCLXXII.

A Countryman with his Ait.

A Country-man that had been at Market with his Corn, and
was driving his Ait d'Honds again, Mounted one of the
Belt of them to Ease himself. When he was up, he fell to Count-
ing, and to keep Telling them over and over, all the way he
went, but still wanted one of his Number. Upon this, away
he goes to the Market Town, whence he came, (a matter of
Seven
Seven Miles off back again.) Enquiring of all he met, if any Body had seen his Ass. He could learn no Tydings of him, and so Home he went, Late at Night, as arrant a Fool, as he set out. The Ass went to the Heart of him, but upon Alighting, and his Wives giving him the Hint, he found his Beaf again, and that the Ass he rode upon was forgot in the Reckoning.

The MORAL.
The Butcher look'd for his Knife when he had it in his Mouth.

REFLEXION.
'Tis many a Man's Cafe, to fancy that he wants what in Truth he has; and then to Tire himself out with Hunting after it Abroad, when he carries it about him all this while, and may have it better Cheap at Home. The bare Supposal of one Petty Loss, makes us unthankful for all that's left. We are naturally apt to think our Selves Miserable, and the very thinking so makes us so. This Conceit puts us upon the Ramble up and down for Relief; (and all in vain too.) till very Weariness brings us at last to our selves again, where we find the Ass we sought for, and the Cure of all our Miffortunes in our own Breasts. A Man may be so intent upon one thing, as to heed nothing else, as he that spent half a day to look for his Odd Stocking, when he had them both upon a Leg.

FAB. CCCLXXIII.
A Man that Carried his Plough to Easle his Oxen.

A Peasant that had Plow'd himself and his Oxen quite a Weary, Mounted an Ass, with the Plough before him, and sent the Oxen to Dinner: The Poor Ass 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 Ass, Thou mayst carry Me well enough, when I carry the Plough.

The MORAL.
Some Brute Animals, have more Understanding than some Men.
Miscellany Fables.

FA. CCCLXXIV.
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 full-gry toward them. The Cat pretends to take a tree, and feis the poor Fox torn to pieces upon the very spot. Well, (says Puff to her self,) 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 disappointed by another; but the gifts of nature are beyond all the shams and shuffles in the world. There's as much difference between craft and wisdom, as there is betwixt philosophy and slight of hand. Shifting and shuffling may serve for a time, but truth and simplicity will most certainly carry it at the long run. When a man of trick comes once to be detected, he's lost, even to all intents and purposes. Not but that one invention may in some cases be honestly contriv'd with another. But this is to be paid upon the whole matter; that nature provides better for us, than we can do for our selves; and if every creature more or less, how to shift for itself in cases of ordinary danger. Some bring themselves off by their wings, others by their heels, craft or strength. Some have their cells or hiding places, and upon the upshot, they do more by virtue of a common instinct toward their own preservation, than if they had the whole college of the Persuas for their advisors. It was nature in fine, that brought off the cat; when the fox's whole budget of invention fail'd him.

FABLES of several Authors.

FA. CCCLXXV.
The Dancing Apes.

A certain Egyptian King Endow'd a Dancing School for the instruction of Apes of Quality; and when they came to be perfect in their lessons, they were dressed up after the best manner, and so brought forth for a Spectacle upon the stage. As they were in the middle of their gambols, somebody threw a handful of apples among them, that set them presently together by the ears upon the scramble, without any regard to the world or the business in hand, or to the dignity of their education.

The Moral.
The Force of Nature is infinitely beyond that of discipline and imitation.

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 break out now and then by starts and surprises, and discover themselves. The apes were taught their stage tricks by a dancing master; but it was nature that taught them to eat apples, and the natural inclination was much the stronger of the two.

FA. CCCLXXVI.

An Ape and Two Travelers.

A couple of travelers that took up an Ape in a frocket, fell downright to loggerheads, which of the two should be his master? So the Ape was to stand by, to see those two booby's try their title to him by a rubber at cuffs. The Ape very fairly looked on, till they had box'd themselves a weary, and then left them both in the lurch.

The Moral.
'Tis a common thing, both in love, law and arms, for plaintiff and defendant to be battering one another for a prize that gives them both the fop.

XX 2
REFLEXION.

Many People have fair Opportunities put into their Hands, and want Wit to make Use of them. Here was a silly Controversie, as sillily Managed, and Two Quarrelsome Fools out-witted by an A$$. Why did they not keep him when they had him sure? Or why did they not Compound the Matter, and Divide, when the one had no more Right to him than the other? But this of the Travellers and the A$$ is a common Case, and a Frivolous Contentious Law-Suit is the Moral of it; when Plaintiff and Defendant are Worrying one another about the Title, till they have spent the Estates. So the Travellers fought here for an A$$, and the A$$ ran away with the Stakes.

Ref. CCLXXVII.

Mercury and Fishermen.

Some Fishermen that had caught more Fish than they knew what 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 Offices 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 Sake; 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 Offices 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 Prefent of what he neither cares for himself, nor knows what to do withal? And of that which I am to be rever the better for neither? The Fellow here had taken more Fish than he could spend while they were Sweet; and so rather than they should lie by to think him out of the Heate, he Invited Mercury to the Eating of them; that is to say, to the Helping him off with them.

Ref.

FABLES of several Authors.
FABLES of several Authors.

Fab. CCCCXXIX.

An Owl and Little Birds.

There 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, then in Walls and Hollow Trees; and so they said, 'er Young Tender Plant for her Purpose. No No, says the Owl, those Twigs in time will come to be Limid, and then you're all Lost if you do but touch 'em. The Birds gave little heed to this, and went on Playing and Chirping among the Leaves still, and pulling their Time there in Flocks as formerly; till in the conclusion the Sprigs were all Dau'd with Lime, and the Poor Wretches clammed and taken. Their Repentance came now too Late; but in Memory of this Notable Infringe of the Owls Forcibly, the Birds never see an Owl to this very Day, but they Flock about her and Follow her, as if it were for a New Jest. But our Modern Owls have only the Eyes, the Beak and the Plumage of the Owls of Athens, without the Wilemen.

The Moral.

Good Counsel is lost upon th'oises that have not the Grace to Hearken to it; or do not understand it, or will not Embrace and Follow it in the proper Stile.

Reflection.

Wholesom Advice is worth nothing, unless it be (in Truth,) Given as well as taken in Seem. This Fable shews the Danger and the Mischief of either Rejoicing, not Hearing, or not Entertaining it; and likewise at the same time, sets forth how hard a thing it is to gather Profitable Advice upon Men that Indulge themselves in Ease and Pleasure. They look upon it as so much time lost, to employ the Prefect upon the thought of the Future; and so by one Delay after another, they spin out their whole Lives, till there's no more Future left before 'em. This Dilatory Humour proceeds partly from a Slothful Laziness of Temp'ry; as I knew a Man that would not be got out of his Bed when the Houfe was afe above his Head. Action is Death to some Sort of People, and they'd as live Hang as Work. It arises in a great measure too from an Habitual Needle's Inadevency, when Men are so intent upon the Prefect, that they mind nothing else; and Consciff is but cast away upon them. Birds of Pleasure, and Men of Pleasure are too Merry to be Wise; and the case of this Fable is but the common case of the World. Wholesome Advice comes in at one Ear, and goes out at the other.

FABLES of several Authors.

Fab. CCCCXXX.

A Sow and a Pine.

There was a Sow Planted close by a Large Well-spread Pine: The Sow was Kindly, and the Sow felt it fell up in a short time, climbing by the Bow's and twining about 'em, till it topp'd and cover'd the Tree it self. The Leaves were Large, and the Flowers and the Fruit fair; in much that the Sow had the confidence to value it self above the Pine, upon the comparison. Why says the Sow, you have been more Years a Growing to this Stature than I have been Days. Well, says the Pine again, but after so many Winters and Summers as I have endured, after so many Blasting Colds, and Parching Heats, you see me the same thing still that I was so long ago. But when you come to the Proof once, the First Bight or Frost shall most infallibly bring down that Stock of yours, and strip ye of all your Glory.

The Moral.

Nothing so Infentent and Intolerable as a Proud Upstart that's rais'd from a Dunggall; he forgets both his Master and his Maker.

Reflection.

The Sow here is an Emblem of Vain Pride and Ingratitude; and the Pine bids Princes and Great Men have a Care what Favourites they prefer; and what Friendships they Entertain; and this for their own Hones, as well as for the sake of the Publick. He's a Fool that takes himself to be Grasier, Richer, Fairer or Better than he is; or that reckons anything his own, which is either but Borrow'd, or may be taken away next Moment. He that lives barely upon Borrowing, is effectually but a Beggar when his Debts are paid. This Sow is short, is a Proud Upstart; his Growth is quick, but his Continuance short: He values himself upon his Feather in his Cap; and in a word, upon those Rooderies that a Man of Honour and Substance would blush at. And nothing else will serve him neither, but to eye Excellencies with thooe that took him out of the Dirt: nay, and to elevate himself (when all's done) to the Dishonour of his Supporters. And what's the Line at last of Encouraging these Minions, but the bringing of a Scandal upon Common Justice, by a most Pernicious Example, that ends in the very flaming as well as the Defaming of their Benefactors; for 'tis impossible but they must
morn fine and Wither, that entertain such Hangers-on. This Guard in
fine, is the true Emblem of a Court-Leech; he Fuff's and Sucks, with-
out either Mercy or Measure, and when he has drawn his Master Dry, he
very fairly drops off, Changes his Party, and so leaves him.

F A B. C C G L X X X I.

A Rabbit and Wolves.

A Rabbit 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 answer'd him, 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 in, would have serv'd a Ravens turn as well as a
Dead Sheep.

The Moral.

Most People Worship for the Leaves, from the very Puggle-Tap to the Crefer
and Sipper's, and the World above to that's uppermost.

R E F L E X I O N.

'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 Busi-
nesses. The Raven Dugg'd the Wolves for his Supper: Now if their Wolves
themselves had been Hounded by a Herd of Tygers, that should have Wor-
y'd Them, one fort of Carrion would have been as good to the Raven, as
another. This is the Case, as well between Man and Man, as of Wolves
and Ravens, that when the Blood of those they follow and Depend upon,
under a Pretex of Service and Kindness, How many Examples have we
seen of this, among those that follow Courts, and the Leaders of those Fol-
lowers? If the Master gets the Better on't, they come in for their Snack;
and if he happens to fall 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 Case to the Raven.

F A B. C C G L X X X X I I .

Arius and a Dolphin.

This 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 Maf of Treasure, and

F A B. C C G L X X X X X .
FABLES of several Authors.

must I pine and Withers, that entertain such Hangers-on. This Guard in
fine, is the true Emblem of a Court-Leech; he Pickens and Sucks, with-
out either Mercy or Measure, and when he has drawn his Master Dry, he
very fairly drops off, Changes his Party, and so leaves him.

FAB. CCLXXX.

A RABBIT and WOLVES.

A Rabbit that had waited upon a Herd of Wolves, a whole
Days Ramble, came to em at Night for a Share of the
Frey they had got. The Wolves answer'd 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 in our, would have serv'd a Ravens turn as well as a
Dead Sheep.

The Moral.

Most People Worship for the Leaves, from the very Plough-Tail to the Croft
and Steep & the World-bow to that 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 Bu-
nels. The Raven Dogg'd the Wolves for his Supper: Now if these Wolves
themselves had been Hounded by a Herd of Tigers, that should have Wor-
ry'd Them, one fort of Carrion would have been as good to the Raven, as
another. This is the Cafe, as well within Man and Man, as of Wolves
and Ravens, that fiek the Blood of those they follow and Depend upon,
under a Pretense of Service and Kindness. How many Examples have we
seen of this, among those that follow Courts, and the Leaders of those Fol-
lowers? If the Master gets the Better of' em, they come in for their Skull,
and if he happens to fall in the Chace, 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.

FAB. CCLXXXII.

ARION and a DOLPHIN.

Tis his Famous Arion was a Great Favourite of Periander,
the King of Corinth; he Travelled from thence into Sicily
and Italy, where he gather'd a great Mafs of Treasure, and

FABLES of several Authors.

gain'd over and above the Good-Will and Esteem of all People
whenever he came. From thence he put himself Abord a
Corinthian Vessel, to go back again, where he got an inclining
among the Ships Crew of a Conspiracy to take away his Life.
He Discou'red the Mariners about it, and came in the end to
this Composition; that if he would safe himself presently into
the Sea, and let the Conspirators have his Money, there should
be no further Violence offer'd to his Person. Upon this Agree-
ment he obtained Liberty to give them only one Song before
he Leap'd Overboard: which he did, and then Plunged
into the Sea. The Seamen had no thought of his ever com-
ing 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 presented
himself before Periander, juft in the condition the Dolphin left
him, and so told the Story. The King ordered him to be taken
into Court by an Imposter; but at the fame time caused En-
quiry to be made after the Ship, and the Seamen that he spake
of, and to know if they had heard any thing of one Arion where
they had been? They said Yes, and that he was a Man of Great
Reputation in Italy, and of a Vaft Estate. Upon these Words,
Arion was Produced before them, with the very Harp and Cloaths
he had when he Leap'd into the Sea. The Men were so con-
founded at the Spectacle, that they had not the Face to deny the
Truth of the Story.

The Moral.

Most is the Universal Idol. Profit Governs the World, and Quid Dabitis
& Tradam maris in Mote: But Providence yet in the Combination makes
all things work for the Best.

REFLEXION.

Some Men are worse than some Brutes, and little left than Beasts in
the shape of Reasonable Creatures. This Fable shews us, that Men of
Blood will flick at no Profitable Villany, but they are Blind, Deaf, and
Inexorable where Mony's in the case. The Charms of Reason, Art and
Innocence are loft upon them, and the Sea is full we fee, had more Pity
for Arion than the Men. The Dolphin represents the Infrument of an
Over-ruending Providence that interprets Miraculously our Deliverance,
when ordinary Means fail us. The Wonderful Discovery in the Conclu-
sion, serves to shew us that Murder will out.
A Spider and the Gout.

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 Gout; 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 Ceremonies, went into the House of a Rich Burgisser; and fell presently to her Net-work of Drawing Cobwebs up and down from one Side of the Room to the other; but there were so many Brooms, and Devilish House-wench's; that whatever the Fete 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 Gout all this while, was lain to Kennel in the very Rendezvous of common Beggars, where she was as uneasy, as Hard Lodging, Course Bread, and Puddle-Water could make her. After a tedious and a restless Night or two, they met again next Morning by Sun-Rise; and gave one another the History of their Adventure. The Spider tells first how Barbarously she had been used; how curiously Nice and Cleanly the Matter of the House was; how imperiously Diligent her Servants were, &c. And then the Gout Required the Spider with the Story of her Mortifications too. They were in Flours, 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 Gout to look out for a Palace. They did what they Propos'd, and never were Creatures better pleas'd with their Entertainment. The Gout had her Rich Furniture, Down-Bed, Beecofia's, Pheasants, Pardidges, Generous Wines; the best in fine, of every thing that was to be had for Money, and all with Pure Heart, and Gout will as we say. The Spider was as much at Ease on the other hand; for she was goe into a House where she might draw her Lines, Work, Spin, Mend what was Amiss, Perfect what she had Begun, and no Brooms, Snakes 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 Gout took up a Resolution for ever after to keep Company with the Rich, the Noble, and the Vouruous; and the Spider with the Poor and Needy. What Wife Man I say, upon these Terms; would not rather take up his Lodging with the Spider in the Fable here, then with the Gout?

The Moral.

An Industrious Poverty in a Cell with Quiet Thoughts, and Sound Sleeps, is infinitely to be Prefer'd before a Luxy Life of Pomp and Pleasure: For Courts are but Nurseries of Dilectes and Cares.

Reflection.

One may be very Uneasy with a plentiful Fortune, and as Happy in a mean Condition; for 'tis the Mind that makes us either the one or the other. A Luxurious Court is the Nurserie of Dilectes; it Breds 'em; it Encourages, Nourishes and Entertains them. A Plain, an Honest, and a Temperate Industry, contents it self with a little; and who would not rather Sleep Quietly upon a Hammock, without either Cares in his Head, or Crudities in his Stomach, than lie Carking upon a Bed of State, with the Qualms and Twinges that accompany Surfeits and Excesses?

The End of the Fables in the Common School-Book.
A SUPPLEMENT OF FABLES, OUT OF
Phadrus, Aelianus, Camotus, Nepos, Alpheminus, Gabrius,
Bobrias, Asklepius, Alcatus, Boccaccio, Baudiat, De la Fontaine,
Racine en Bufe Blondet, Meister, &c.

FAB. CCCLXXXIV.
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, she's yonder in the Field. Ay (sleys the Lamb,) but I am not looking for her that was my Mother for her Own sake, but for her that Nurset me up, and Suckles me out of Pure Charity, and Good Nature. Can any thing be Dearer to you, says the Wolf, then the that brought you forth? Very Right, says the Lamb; and without knowing or caring what the did: And pray, what did she bring me forth for, too? but to Ease her self of a Burden, and to deliver me out of her own 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.

The Moral.
There's a difference betwixt Reverence and Affection; the one goes to the Character, and the other to the Person, and so distinguishes Duty from Inclination.

FABLES of several Authors.

Inclination. Our Mothers brought us into the World; a Stranger takes us up, and Prefers us in. So that here's both a Friend and a Parent in the cause, and the Obligation of the one, must not destroy the Respect I owe to the other; nor the Respect the Obligation: And none but an Enemy will advise us to quit either.

REFLEXION.

Men are not so sensible of Laws and Duty, as they are of Kindness and Good Nature: befoe, that the Wolf's Pretence or Care for the Poor Lamb, was a Charity that began at Home.

There is an Affection of Nature, and that which we call a Filled Duty; and there is an Affection that is grounded upon the Moral Considerations of Benevolence and Friendship. In the one, we lie under an Obligation of Reverence and Respect to a Parent, be the Father or Mother what they will; in the other, we pay a Respect to Civil Acknowledgments and Virtue. Nature, and the Principles of Nature must be kept Squeez'd; but Men cannot Love to what degree, or whom, or what they please: So that in many Cases, we pay a Reverence upon One Score, and an Affection upon Another; and this Fable does very well diftinguish the Gratitude from the Respect. The Wolves Preaching to the Lamb, is no Ill Emblem of a Scandalous Minister, that Difregards a very Good Sermon with an Ill Life, and gives the Lye to his Sclavish, in his Pradize. The Wolf took the fame Care of the Lamb, that the Keepers of our Liberties in former days did of the Innocent People of England. They pretend to put us out of Harms way from others, that they might Deceiv us themselves.

FAB. CCCLXXXV.

A Thief kindled his Torch at Jupiter's Altar, and then Robbed the Temple by the Light on't. As he was Packing away with his Sacrilegious Burden, a Voice, either of Heaven, or of Conscience, Pursued him. The Time will come (says that Voice) when this Impious Villain of Yours shall cot ye Dear; not for the Value of what you have Stol'n, but for the Contempt of Heaven and Religion, that you ought to have a Veneration for. Jupiter has taken care however to prevent thee Infolent Affectations for the Time to come, by an Express Prohibition of any Communication for the future, betwixt the Fire upon his Altar, and that of Common Use.

The
The Moral.

Nothing more Familiar than to cover Sacrilege, Murder, Treason, &c. with a Text. And we are also to learn from hence, that we have no greater Enemies many times, than those we have Nurs'd and Bred up; and that Divine Vengeance comes sure at Last, though it may be long for.

Reflection.

The Kindling of a Torch at the Altar, and then Robbing the Church by the Light on't, is an Old Invention contriv'd between the World, the Flesh 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; insufficient, that the Rule of Faith is Perverted into a Doctrin 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; may, and when all is done, to justify the Sacrilege of Seizing and Employing the Revenues of the Church to Prophane 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 of more Peste Curiosity and Skill, than Evangelical Zeal and Affection. The School-men have spun the Thread too Fine, and made Christianity look like a Course of Philosophy, then a System of Faith, and Supernatural Revelation: So that the Spirit of it Evaporates into Niceties and Exercices of the Brain; and the Contention is not for Truth, but Victory. The whole Business in fine, is found into Altercation and Cavil; but all must be Remitted to the Judgment of the Great Day, when every Man shall receive according to his Works: and Wo be 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 Disciples, to Sell and to Betray their Lord and Master; For Men that wear the Livery of the Church, and Earth's Bread on't, to offer Sacrilegious Violence to their Holy Mother. And this is the Cafe of Jupiter's Alter Rob'd by the Light of his own Torch: When the House of God is Rip'd and Dismemon'd by his own Domestics; that is to Say, when the Sacrilege is Countenanced by the Authority of a Holy Character, and the Violence supported by a Text.

Fables of several Authors.

The Crows and the Pigeons.

There happened a Suit in Law betwixt the Two Families of the Crows and the Pigeons; but for Quicken's sake, they agreed upon an Order of Reference, and the Kite was to be Arbitrator. The Caufe was Heard, and Judgment given for the Crows.

The Moral.

Ask my Brother if I'm a Thief. One Criminal upon the Beach, will be sure to bring off another at the Barr.

Reflection.

Innocency is almost sure to be worseth, wherever it may be Abus'd with Security and Advantage. Guilty or not Guilty, is not so much the Point in the Case here of the Crows and the Pigeons; for the matter in question, is the Perf'm or Party, not the Fact. The One's in the Plot, let him be never so Innocent; and the other is as white as the Driven Snow, let him be never so Criminal. There are Calebi, Ignorant's, False Witnesses, among Men, as well as among Birds, with all the Pompous Formalities of Countenancing Fraud and Corruption, with the Sacred Name of Justice. Set a Kite upon the Beach, and 'tis Forty to one hell bring off a Crow at the Barr. Briefly, there is nothing more in the Iniquity of this Fable, then what we see every day made good in common Business and Practice. 'Tis but dresting up a Bird of Prey in his Cap and Furs, to make a Judge of him; and so for a Knight of the Pouf, 'tis but dubbing him with the Title of a King's Evidence, and the Work is done: For in these Cases, Judge, Jury and Witness are all of a Piece.

Fable CCCCLXXVII.

A Gardener and his Landlord.

A Man that had made himself a very Fine Garden, was fo Pester'd with a Harrow 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 Havock that this poor Harrow had made in his Grounds. The Gentleman takes Pity of his Tenant, and early the next Morning goes over to him with 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 Milch they can within Doors, out they march into the Gardens to Beat for the Harrow: And there down with the Hedges; the Garden-Stuff goes all to Wreck, and not so much as a Leaf escapes eastward the Picking of a Salad. Well, (says the Gardener,) this
The Moral.

Nothing more familiar than to cover Sacrileges, Murders, Treasons, &c. with a Text. And we are all to learn from hence, that we have no greater Enemies many times, then those we have Nurs'd and Breed up; and that Divine Vengeances come sure at Last, though it may be long after.

REFLEXION.

The Kindling of a Torch at the Altar, and then Robbing the Church by the Light on't, is an Old Invention contrived betwixt the World, the Fieh 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; otherwise, that the Rule of Faith is Perverted into a DoSrn of Heresie and Scholism; 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; nor, and when all is done, to Juse the Sacrilege of Seizing and Employing the Revenues of the Church to Prophane 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 of more Politie Curiosity and Skill, then Evangelical Zeal and Affection. The School-men have spun the Thread too fine, and made Christianity look like a Course of Philosophy, then a System of Faith, and Supernatural Revelation: So that the Spirit of it Evaporates into Niceties and Exercise of the Brains; and the Contention is not for Truth, but Victory. The whole Buliffs in fine, is found into Alteration and Cavil; but all must be Remitted to the Judgment of the Great Day, when every Man shall receive according to his Works: and Wo be then to the Church-Robbers that shall be found among them that serve at the Altar. But's no New Thing for Men that call themselves Professors and Disciples, to Set and to Betray their Lord and Master: For Men that wear the Livery of the Church, and Eat the Bread on't, to offer Sacrilegious 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 House of God is Riff'd and Dillon'd by his own Domesticks; that is to say, when the Sacrilege is Countenanced by the Authority of a Holy Character, and the Violence supported by a Text.

FABLES of several Authors.

was to be Arbitrator. The Cause was Heard, and Judgment given for the Crows.

The Moral.

Ask my Brother if I'm a Thief. One Criminal upon the Bench, will be sure to bring off another at the Barr.

REFLEXION.

INNOCENCY is almost sure to be worsted, wherever it may be Abov'd with Security and Advantage. Guilty or not Guilty, is not so much the Point in the Case here of the Crows and the Pigeons; for the matter in question, is the Perjur'd Party, not the Fact. The One's in the Plot, let him be never so Innocent; and the other is as white as the Driven Snow, let him be never so Criminal. There are Cohorts, Ignoramus's, False-Witnesses, among Men, as well as among Birds, with all the Pompous Formalities of Councelling Fraud and Corruption, with the Sacred Name of Justice. Set a Kite upon the Bench, and 'tis Forty to one he'll bring off a Crow at the Barr. Briefly, there is nothing more in the Iniquity of this Fable, then what we see every day made good in common Buliffs and Pratice. 'Tis but dressing up a Bird of Prey in his Cap and Gown, to make a Judge of him; and so for a Knight of the Poft, 'tis but dubbing him with the Title of a King's Evidence, and the Work is done. For in these Cases, Judges, Jury and Witnesses are all of a Piece.

FABLE CCLXXXVII.

A Gardiner and his Landlord.

A Man that had made himself a very Fine Garden, was Pester'd with a Hare, among his Roots, his Plants, and his Flowers, that away goes he immediately to his Landlord, (a great Huntman it seems,) and tells him a Lamentable Story of the Havock that this poor Hare had made in his Grounds. The Gentleman takes pity of his Tenant, and early the next Morning goes over to him with all his People and his Dogs about him: They call in the First Place for BreakfasF, Eat up his Vixtuals, Drink him Dry, and Kifs his Pretty Daughter into the Bargain. So soon as they have done all the Michief they can within Doors, out they march into the Garden to Beat for the Hare: And there down with the Hedges; the Garden-Stuff goes all to Wreck, and not so much as a Leaf escapes towards the Picking of a Sallad. Well, (says the Gardiner,) this
FABLES of several Authors.

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 their Two Hours, than the uttermost Spite of the Hare could have done me in twice as many Ages.

The Moral.

Appeals are Dangerous from the Weeker to the Stronger, where the Remedy proves many times worse than the Disease.

REFLEXION.

He that finds himself Uneasie, and proposes to mend his Condition in what cafe or in what manner leaver, should do well to fit down and Compute within himself; What do I suffer by this Grievance? Can I Remove it or no? What will it Cost me? Shall I get or Loss by the Change? Will it be worth my while, or not? Now this is all matter of Course 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 at Stake, we take up Resolutions hand over hand, without Calculating upon the Profit or Loss of the Thing in Question; as in the Infancy of the Poor Gardener here. He might have Treated a Brach of Hares sure, much Cheaper than a Troup of Horsesmen, with so many Fucks of Dogs, and such a Gang of Rabbits at the Heels of 'em. Had not he better have born Wot's Nibbling of his Plants and Roses now, than the Huntsman's Fooling with his Daughter, and the Eating him out of House and Home? The Breaking down of his Fences; the Laying of his Garden Waft, and taking his Children Meat out of their Months, over and above; But all this Befel him for want of Deliberating beforehand, and setting one thing against another. Now if the Allusion of this Fable be so 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 same Temerity and Impudence over and over, in the cafe of Temporal and Eternal? Is it that we do not Relieve the Doctrine of a Future State, or that we do not think on't or (which is worth of all,) that we do not Mind it? For we Live as if we were more than the Hares, then of the Devils.

FAB. CCCLXXXVIII.

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 threw over his Shoulders, and the Former he carried Before him, the Other Behind. So that this Fashion 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 Cafe; but it is the Humour of Man-kind to have our Neighbours Faults always in our Eye, 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 admonished 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 Detruction in making other People Wores then they are, and the Sin of Pride and Hypocrisy, in Reeking our selves to the Better. It was well in we could Place our Transformations out of the Ken, as well of our Consciences as of our Eyes: But there are only Amulets to put off the Evil Day a little longer, that will certainly overtake us at last. The Mythology does well enough however, in Assigning that to Jupiter, which we our selves are but too prone to do, upon a Propenion of Nature, that is to say, of Nature corrupted; for there is both a Sin and a Frailty in't, to be over Confronted of our Neighbours, and as Partial to our selves.

Out of Sight, Out of Mind, they say; and at this rate one Fault is made use of to Excuse another. We do not Repeat, because we do not Think on't; and so the Neglect is made an Excuse for the Impenitence. We live like Spendthrifts, that know themselves to be desperately in Debt, and dare not look into their Accounts to see how the Reckoning stands. Nay, in the cafe of too many of us, that we keep no Books neither; or at the Best, 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 Registrers of our Neighbours Faults, and none of their Good Deeds; and no Memorials all this while, of what we do Amis of our Selves. But [I am not at this Present] is the very Top of our Righteousness.

Thus goes the World, and a Lewd Praxite is it, for one Man to turn himself upon the Wickedness of another: But the Worst of all is yet behind; that is to say, to think of our selves late, so long as we keep our Inquiries 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 Wildom that Observes all our Mis-doings, and has them perpetually in his Sight.
A King and a Rich Subject.

Certain Prince that had a very Wealthy, over-grown Subject, found it convenient to make a Traitor of him, provided it could but Handomely be brought about: So the Man was taken into Custody, and the King’s Evidence produced against him for Conspiring 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 almoist at their Wits’ end, to hear of so horrid an Accusation against him. But the Witnesses swore Home, and one of them Extremly P الشره, 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 Tilbury and Flexham, were Nothing to it. The Pretended Criminal began now to Moralize upon the Story, and so away goes he to his Majesty, calls himself by his Name, and promises that if he might but have so Ample a Pardon, as other Witnesses to Confessions 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 Deliver’d up. So the Prince Order’d a Squadron of his Guards, and a Trusty Officer in the Head of ’em, to go along with him. The Gentleman led them very Frankly to his Coffers, and showed them his Treasure. These are the Traitors, says he, that you are to take care of, and pray be pleased 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 Men; and that Money makes many a Man a Traitor: But if a Body will Compound at all with his Estate 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 Protection.

REFLEXION.

The Story of Abah and Naboth comes directly to the Point of this Fable; that is to say, as the King and Subject, with the Iniquity of the Subornation and Pratice: Only the one was a Poor Subject, and the other a Rich, which does not one jot alter the Morality of the Case. The Old Saying, that Money does all things is not much wide of the Truth; for it gives, and it takes away; it makes Honest Men and Knaves: Fools and Philosophers; and it Forward Mutatis Mutandis, to the End of the Chapter. There’s not any Corruption in Nature, but Money is at one end only; The whole World is under the Dominion of it; for all things under the Sun are Bought and Sold. But as it gives Men Reputation, so it brings People into Snares and Dangers too; It exposes them to Paupers, Robbers, Cheats, Knights of the Floor, and the like; It fills their Heads and their Hearts with Care and Disquietes. And what at last are all the Baggage and Pollutions that Rich Men take so much Pride and Pleasure in, but Spungs Deposited in their own Hands, till there shall be occasion to Squeeze them for the Publick Use!

A Merchant and a German.

A Merchant at Sea was asking the Ship-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 I, says the Skipper. But Pray, says the other again, what Death did your Father, Grandfather, and Great Grandfather Dy? 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, than you are of going to Bed?

The Moral.

He that troubles his Head with drawing Consequences from mere Contingencies, 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.

REFLEXION.

’Tis much in our own Power how to Live, but not at all when or how to Dye: So that our part is only to Submit to Fate, and to bid Death Welcome at what Time, and in what Place or Manner ever it shall please God to send it. The Reason and the Delight of this Fable.
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is Clear, Strong and Edifying: We are either not to Fear Death at all, or to Fear it every moment of our Lives; nor, and in all the Forms that ever it appear'd in, which will put us to flinch a Hand, 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 Prickens, and at the doing of those things over again, that ever any Man dy'd of before. There is not one Infant of Life in fine, but may be our Last. Before, that we Live, not only in the daily Danger of Death, but in a continual Certainty of it: So that the Queation is not how, or of what this or that Man Dy'd, but the Inevitable Fate and Mortality of Man-kind. One Man dies in his Bed, another at Sea, a Third in the Field; this Man of an Accident, or Distemper, that of another. And what is there more in all this now, than to go many several ways to the same Journeys End? There is no such Preventative 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.

Two, Cat and a Bell.

There 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 her being surpriz'd. If you'll be Rul'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 a coming. They all look upon it 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 so the Expedient fell to the Ground.

The MORAL.
The Boldest Talkers are not always the Greatest Diers.

REFLEXION.

This is the course of the World, to the very Life, we can never want Advisers and Counsellors in Matters of the Greatest Hazzard: But let the Reason be never so clear, we are all at a Loss for an Instrument to put Dangerous Projects in Execution.

Deprate Cares require Deprate Remedies; but let the Hazzard of this or that Part of a Body be what it will, it is matter of Duty, Justice and Policy to confut the Good of the whole. It was the Interest the

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the Miss to have a Bell put about the Cat's Neck, and they all agreed upon't to be a very good Expedient: But when it came to the Illus, the Counsell fell to the Ground for want of one to put it in Execution. This is no more then what we see frequently in difficulties of State; but the true Reason of failing in that Cafe, proceeds rather from some Failings in the Administration, then from any want of necessary Instruments. As for the purpose, where Reward and Punishment are inverted, and where Men of Faith and Zeal for the Honour and Service of the Commonwealth are only made Sacrifices to the Passions and Interested of the Corrupt and Fearful. Where Matters are thus Manag'd, I say, every Man is not of a Constitution to Leap a Gulf for the Saving of his Country: Especially, when over and above the certainty of Ruin, Men are no less sure of having their very Names and Memories abandon'd to Infamy and Contempt for their Pains: But on the other Hand, where Christian as well as Political Justice has its Course, every Part of the Community suffers by Conform with the whole; and such Government in the uttermost Extremities, shall never fail of Devote.
Some by Example, and some again are set Right by Good Nature, or upon Second Thoughts; but a Yielding Side, if a Body could but hit upon: The Figure of a Carrier applied to an Officer, sinks deeper with him, than all the Woes in Holy Scripture, upon the Topic of Gridding the Faces of the Poor. Memnuth Anger for Convenies as they do for Fifthes. There's no good to be done, without fitting the Bait to the Hiking of the Fifth, and to the Course of the Season: As the Carrier here brack the Officer upon the Right Vein.

FABLES of several Authors.

Far. CCCXIII.

Two Travelers of Differing Humors.

Here were two Men together upon a Journey, of very Differing Humors; one of them went Slugging on, with a Thousand Cares and Troubles in his Head, exclaming over and over, Lord, what shall I do to Live? T'other Jogg'd Merily away, and left his Matters to Providence and Good Fortune. Well Brother (says the Sorrowful Wight,) How can you be so Fredick now? As I am a Sinner, my Heart's even ready to break for fear I should want Bread. Come, come, says t'other, Fall Back, Fall Edge, the Resolution's taken, and my Minds at Rest. What Resolution, says his Companion? Why a Resolution, says he, to make the best Shift I can, and commit my self to Heaven for the Rest. Ay, but for all that, says t'other, again, I have known as Reluct People as your self, that their Confidence has Deceived them in the Conclusion; and so the Poor Man fell into another Fic of Doubting, and Mulling, till he start'd out of it all on a Sudden: Good Lord, says he, what if I should fall Blind? And so he walk'd a good way before his Companion with his Eyes shut, to try how twould be, if that Misfortune should befal him. In this Interval his Fellow-Traveler that follow'd him, found a Purse of Money upon the way, which made good his Doctor of leaving things to Providence; whereas the other miss'd that Encounter, as a Punishment of his Distraint; for the Purse had been His, if he had not put himself out of condition of Seeing it.

The Moral.

He that committeth himself to Providence, is fore of a Friend in time of need, while an Anxious Distraint of the Divine Goodness, makes a Man more

FABLES of several Authors.

and more Unworthy of it; and Miserable beforehand, for fear of being so afterwards.

REFLEXION.

The Two opposite Humours of a Chearful Trust in Providence, and a Suspicious Diffidence of it, with the ordinary Effects and Consequences of the one and the other, are very well set forth here for our Instruction and Comfort. The Divine Goodness never fails those that Depend upon it, provided that according to the Advice of Hercules to the Carter, they put their own Shoulders to the Work.

The most Wretched sort of People under the Sun, are your Dreamers upon Events; your Forehenders, Sufferers, and Pasters of Cases: They are still Calculating within Themselves, What if this, or that Calamity, Judgment or Distaster should befall them; and so they form it in their own Imagination, for fear it should come another way. It is most certain, that what we Fear, we Feel's before that Fancy breeds Mistrust as Naturally as it does the Small Fox. Set a Whimsical Head agast once upon Sprites and Goblins, and he'll be ready to Squire his Wits at his own Shadow. T'le flipp'd my felt Blind, (lays one of the Travellers,) and try what will come on't: And what is this more than the Experiment many and many a Man makes in the World? Well, I fling my Eyes, I Stumble, I Lose my Way, Break a Leg or an Arm perhaps; slip over a Bag of Money, for him to find that comes after me with his Eyes open: In one Word, I fling my Fortune in a Fantastical Break, to no manner of Purpose but for my own Ruin. There is no furer Remedy for this Superstitious and Discouraging Weakness, then to be quiet and govern our selves by the best Improvement of that Reason which Providence has given us for a Guide; and then when we have done our own Parts, to commit all cheerfully for the rest, to the good Pleasure of Heaven, with Trust and resignation.) Why should not I as well Comfort my self with the Hope of what may be, as Torment my self with the Fear on't? He that distrusts God's Providence, does Effectually put himself out of his Protection.

Far. CCCXIV.

An Agreement between the Wolves and the Dogs.

The Wolves found themselves in a great Straight once how to deal with the Dogs; they could do well enough with one by one they faw, but were still worsted and over-tern 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 Pretexts, engage them in a Confederacy against their Malters 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
FABLES OF SEVERAL AUTHORS.

FABLE CCCXCV.

A Wolf turn'd Shepherd.

Here was a Crafty Wolf that dress'd himself up like a Shepherd, with his Crock, and all his Trade about him, to the very Pipe and Pottage. This Masquerade succeeded so well with him, that in the Dead of the Night, once, 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 presently took an Alarm at, and so they fell in upon him in his Disguise; when he was so Shackled and Hammer'd, that he could neither Fight nor Fly.

The Moral.

'Tis the highest Pitch of a Publick Calamity, when the People are Worry'd and Seduced by those that should Protect and Infract them. No Imposter is so Exquisite, as not to be open to some Way or other to a Discovery.

REFLEXION.

This is in some Sort the Reverse of Roscalin's Advice from the Well-Index; that the Spaniards' Dogs there that were sent to Pray for their Flocks from Wolves, were grown Wolves themselves. Now here's a Wolf turn'd Shepherd, with the same Design, only better Dressed up: For there is no Treachery so Plausible, as that which is cover'd with the Rebus of a Guide or Governor. Nothing like a Mercenary Bar-Goon to make a Sedition Warrantable: nothing like an Assembly of Pro-Ball'd Divines, to make it a Point of Conscience: and nothing again like a Popular Ordinance, to make it both Law and Gospel. There are hardly any more Dangerous Infrumments of Mischief, than Corrupt Officers and Ministers, that abuse their Authority, commit 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 Lawful Authority, to the Degree of Tyranny and Oppression; and it is another thing to exercise a worse Tyranny and Oppression, without any Authority at all. The Wolf turn'd Shepherd, is only an 'Uparer in the Shape of a Protector, a Preceptor under the Cloak of a Governor; a Creature that's Cruel and Fall'n by Nature, in Oppression to all the Methods of Piety and good Manners: So that here's all our

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to go to those among them that were nearest their own Make, Size and Colour, and to reaen the matter with them, after this or the like manner. *Why should not we that are all of a Colour, and in manner all of a Kind, be all of a Party too, and all of an Interest? You'll say perhaps, that your Masters, and your Fellows may take it ill, and pick a Quarrel with ye. Well, and what will they be able to make out then, against Two and Three together? If it comes to that once, 'twill be but One Puff for all, and the Work is done. This Discourse wrought as well as Heart could with; for a great many of the Wolf-Coloured Dogs cry'd out, well mow'd upon 'em, and so went over to the other side: And what came out at last, but that after the Dog had Defeated the Wolves, Worry'd one Part of them Enemies by the help of the Curly that went over to them; and they were then strong enough to destroy the Revolters themselves.

The Moral.

A House divided against it self, cannot stand.

REFLEXION.

This Fiction may be matched with a Thousand common Cases, where Parties are divided with Factions from Abroad, into Feuds and Animosities among themselves. 'Tis an evil matter to form and to invent Specious Colours and Arguments to all manner of Purposes, and to paradox the Multitude into what Opinion any Man pleases, that is but a Matter of Art, and Address, and in any sort of Credit with the Makers, for 'tis not the Reason of the thing in Question, but Faction and Prejudice that Govern 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 Reason of the Government; as the Wolf-Colour of the Government is made an Argument for a Relentlessness in the Nature of them: But the very Proposition points out the ready way to destruction: And the dividing of the Guards, leads manifestly, First to 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 Propos'd was Practicable and Natural enough, and a Perfect Emblem of the Confusions and Politicks abroad in the World. The Wolves fit in Counsell, and so does the Calm; and the Subject matter of Both their Debates is Division. The one finds 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 Cuts and Pulps, and to flagger the People in their Allegiance. The Dogs are to be Dehamb'ds, that is to say, the Guards are to be corrupted: The Wolf-Coloured Court is to be dealt with in the First Place, that is to say, those Courtiers, Officers, Soldiers, and others that have somewhat 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 Issue of all this at last, but the same Fate to the People where their Liberties are taken, that attended the Dogs and the Sheep here in the Fable?
FABLES of several Authors.

FAB. CCCXCVI.

An Aisy and a Lion.

In Old Time, when a Generous Beast made more Confidence of his Word then many a Modern Christian has done of an Oath; a Lion shook Hands with an Aisy, and so they agreed upon to Jog on up and down in the Woods, Lively and Peaceably together. As they were upon this Venture, they discover'd a Herd of Wolves; the Aisy immediately sets up a Hideous Bray, and fetches a Run at them Open Mouth, as if he would have Eaten 'em. The Wolves only Snaerd at him for his Pains, but Scamper'd away however as hard as they could drive. By and by comes the Aisy back again, Hufing and Blowing from the Chase. Well, says the Lion, and what was that Horrid Scream for, I Prithee? Why (says 'tchers,) I frightend 'em all awa'ye. And did they run away from you, says the Lion, or from me, dye think?

The Moral.

Aisy and Bluster is so far from doing Businesse, that instead of Auing and Frighting People, it serves only to make them Sport, when the Vanity of it comes to be Discover'd.

REFLEXION.

There are Braying Men in the World, as well as Braying Aises; for what's Loud and Senteless Talking, Huffing, Dammimg and Blasphemying, any other then a more fashionable way of Braying? Only the one is to the Ear, the other is to the Mind; and a Man may better endure the Shocking of his Sense, than the Affronting of his Reason. The Lion, 'tis true, might have kept better Company, but so long as it was only for his Diversion, it gives us to Understand how far Great Men may be allowed to make themselves Merry with Buffoons. The Wolves running away from the Aisy, while the Lion was looking on, tells us in the Allegory, that Favorite Aises have the Privilege of Favorite Dogs; they may Snap and Snaerd without they please, Gratia: But 'tis for their Master's sake.

FABLES of several Authors.

FAV. CCCXCVII.

An Aisy and a Mountebank.

There was a Mountebank Trick'd up as Fine as a Lord; a certain Aisy, that had a Mind to fet up for a Bean, spits him out, and nothing would serve him, but he must have a Suit and Dreses after the fame Pattern; he prof'd the Queck so hard for, 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 else. Jack agrees to; and is presently rigg'd out in his Gold and Silver Lace, with a Feather in his Cap, and as Figures go now a-days, a very pretty Figure he made in the World, I can assure 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 fold his Liberty for a Fools Coat.

The Moral.

'Tis wise in us in Lieu of, as with the Indians in their Trade, that trade Gold and Pearl, for Beads and Glass. We part with the Blessings of Both Worlds for Pifaffers, Court Favours, and Commiions, and a Clout, when we have fold our selves to our Liffes, we grow Sick of our Bargains.

REFLEXION.

A Vain Fool can hardly be more Miserable, than being gnawing of his own Prayers and Wishes would make him. How many Spectacles does every Day afford us, of Aises and Mountebanks in Gay Coats, that pass in the World for Philosophers, and Men of Honor; and it is no wonder, for one Fool to value himself upon the same Vanity, for which he derides another. He that Judges of Men and of Things, by their Coats, Guernsey, or a Band by Sense, too; and he that well considers the Principles and Opinions of the Age he lives in, will find, that Puffry and Futton have more Dis- pleese then Wildom and Virtue. The Feather in a Fools Cap, is a Fools Inclination; may, it is his Remembrer, for he that unalms the Char- acter of another Man by his Outfide, seldom looks further than the Business of Dres and Appearance in himself. Believe, that Ill Examples work more upon us than Good; and that we are Forwards to imitate the one, than to Emulate the other. This is the Highest Pitch of

Intolercy,
Infidelity, when we do not only infringe our Lives in General, according to Vicious Presumptions, but set our Hearts in particular (with the Fantastical Ape here,) upon this or that Extravagance. No other Sort of Fool would plead him, then the very Corner-part of this Quack. His Mistake was double; first, he placed an Opinion of Happinesse where there was no Ground at all to expect it. Secondly, he parted with his Liberty in Exchange for't; which is the same thing with Tracking the Greatest Blessing of Human Nature for the Handy-Work of a Taylor.

**FABLE CCCXCIX.**

**A Council of Beasts.**

The Beasts (a great while ago) were so harassed out with Perpetual Feuds and Factions, that they call a General Council, in the nature of a Committee of Grievances, to Advise upon some way for the Adjuting 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 will still be a Prey to the Stronger: Wherefore we humbly propose an Universal Peace, 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, where no one Creature shall be able to Hurt another.

**The Moral.**

The Mobile are still for Leveling, that is to say, for Advancing themselves; for 'tis as Broad as 'tis long, whether they Rule to others, or bring others down to them. Besides, that the Delusion of Leveling strikes at the very Order of Providence.

**REFLEXION.**

'Tis a Foolish Thing for People to talk Boldly, without a Power to Execute; for upon the Uphoist, 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 upon them to give Laws to: When Fools shall correct the Works of the Heavenly Wisdom, and pass Reviews upon the Order of the Universe. It might be every jot as Cheap, New-made as Mended; and the whole Creation taken to Pieces and Rebuild, as any part of the Work of Providence Improv'd. If God, Provoc'd upon everything that he made, that it was Good, who shall presume to think he can make it Better?

The Egoism is the Procuring of an Universal Peace; and the Hares are of Opinion, that the Disarming 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 Equalizing; for 'tis as Broad as 'tis long, whether the other shall be brought down, or they themselves Advance.' 'Tis Sufficient, I say, to offer at things that cannot be brought about; it is Wick'd to meddle towards the Altering or

...
FABLES of several Authors.

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 implore upon those that are Above them. 'Tis NonSENSE to propose a Level in the several Parts of the Universe, when the very Frame of it is only an Orderly File, or Scale of one thing above another.

Now there are Laws in Councils and in Commissions of State, as well as in Kitchens, and in Fables, where the Multitude are for Levelling too, and for Paring the Claws, and Drawing the Teeth of Governors, as well as of Beasts. The True English of Leaving no Power to do Hurt, is the leaving no Power to do Good neither; and to make short Work of it, the leaving no Power at all. 'Tis a Juggle of the Levellers, (says Mr. Selden,) They would have no body Above them, they say, but they do not tell ye thyd have no Body Under them.

FAB. CCCCI.

A Cock and a Fox-Cafe.

There was a Fox-Cafe set up near a Hen-Roost, to hold forth the Doctrine of Terror and Example. A Cock say'd it; and cou'dn't stand it, as far as his Legs and his Wings could carry him, and the Birds hooted at him for it. Hark ye my Matters, (say he,) there are Live-Foxes as well as Dead Ones, by the Token one of 'em had me by the Back but other day, and a Thou-sand Pound to a Nut-shell I had never got off again. And pray tell me now, if any of you had but been in my condition, whether the very Print of a Foxes Foot would not have flared ye; and much more the Image of him in his Skin.

The Moral.

The Burnt 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 first; especially of the same Kind. One had better be Laugh'd at for taking a Fox-Cafe for a Fox, then be Destroy'd by taking a Live-Fox only for a Cafe. The very Fancy has something of Reafon in't, for 'tis but a Measuring Cafe, upon such a Supposition as this, whether it proves the one or the other. A Lark we fee will Dare at a Painted Fold, I fing'd the Toes of an Ape through a Burning Glafs my self once, and he would never be brought to Endure the fight of a Burning-Glafs after. I knew another Ape that was Shot behind his Master in the Long Rebellion here, and would never after

after that, Endure the sight of a Fifol. Now there's no more in all this, then what's Natural, Reasonable and Familiar.

FAB. CCCCI.

A Cobler turn'd Doctor.

A Bungling Cobler that was ready to Starve at his own Trade, changes his Quarter, and sets up for a Doctor; and by the Force of Sour Looks, and Hard Words, Conjures himself into some fort of Reputation with the Common People. His Master-piece was a Composition that he Bill'd about, under the Name of a Sovereign Antidote. This Physician came in time to fall Sick himself, and the Governor of the Place gave him a Visit. He calls for a Cup, and a Dose of his Antidote, puts a little Fair Water in't; under a Pretence of so much Poison; stirs it together, and gives it his Patient. This (says he,) is only to try the Force of your Medicine; and if you oulter it, I give ye a considerable Sum of Money for your Receipt. The poor Quack had more Care of his Life than of his Credit, and for fear of being Pay'd, told the whole Truth of the Matter, and how he came to be a Physician. The Governor upon this Discovery, call'd the People together, and bad them consider the Folly and Madness of their Confidence, that would venture the patching up of their Carcasses, upon the Skill of an Ignorant Fellow, that no body that knew him would trust so much as with the Mending of a pair of Old Shoes.

The Moral.

There's Quacking in all Trades: Bold Ignorance pass'd upon the Multitude for Science; and it is with Men as 'tis with Brutes, some are to Eat, and others to be Eaten. Confidence Knows, lies upon Creduulous Fools.

REFLEXION.

No Fable can be Pleasanter, Profitable or Instructive in EmbLEM, that is not drawn to the very Life of Nature; and we have a Horror for the Monstrous Productions of the Brain, as well as for those of the Body. Wherefore the Tilt of an Edifying Parable, is a Congruity of the Moral to the Lines of Practice, and to the Image of Truth. The Reflence must be Touching, and a Man must have a Feeling of it to be Mov'd with it. 'Tis never right, 'till I can say to my self, How many Infinaces have I seen in the World of this Cobler turn'd Doctor? How many Underlings, that
FABLES of several Authors.

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that when they could not live upon their Trade, have rais'd themselves from Cobbling to Fixing, and taken upon them to call the Water of a Body Politick, as well as of a Body Natural. This minds me of a Cobbling Colonel of Famous Memory; and he was a Stand-man too of the Long Parliament Edition, to a Lady of Quality in Ireland. She had been so terribly plunder'd, that the Poor Woman went almost Barefoot: And as she was Warming her feet once in the Chimny Corner, the Colonel took notice that her Shoes wanted Capping; Lord, Madam, (says he,) Why do ye wear no Better Shoes? Why truly Sir, says she, all the Cobblers are turn'd Colonels, and I can get no body to Mend 'em. Nor to do Right to the Appliance; there are several Remarkable Immodest Intit. Here's First a Cosemb that Commences Doiter. Secondly, A kind of an Intercourse of Figgm, dress't 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 Privilege of Paying none 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 Brazen Face of the Quack, assiduous by the Silliness of the Mobile, that advanc'd this Upstart from the Stall to the Stage? It is not to be Imag'd the Power of Tumour and Pretext, Bold Looks, Hard Words, and a Supercilious Brow, upon the Passions of the Multitude. To say the Truth on't, we are impos'd upon by Bobs, and Men of Forehead, without Common Sense, in all Trades and Professions, even to the Venturing of Soul, Body, Life and Estate upon their Skill, Honesty and Credit. Can a Man look about him in the World now, and call his Eye and Thought upon Every-days Inferences of some of these wonderful Improvements and Conversions, without Saying to Himself: The Mythologer Pointed at all these Men in this Fable? For it holds as well from Popery to Policy, from Buffet to Honour, and from Beggary to Superfluity, as from Patching to Purging, and from the Stall to the Orinal. But a Tryal of Skill at last puts him paff to his Latin; and when it comes to that once, he'll have more Wit then to Venture his Life upon his Antithete.

FAB. CCCCLII.

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, 'twas Forty to One the Jolly Cobler Walk'd him. How often would he be Withdrawing Himself that Sleep were to be bought 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 send for the Songster. Come Neighbour, says he, thou livest like a Prince here, How much a Year canst thou get by thy Trade? Nay, Faith Master, 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 self for to Morrow. Well, says the Officer, but if you know what you can earn by the Day, you may easil lay up what that comes to a Year: Ay, says he, but that's more or less as it falls out; for we have such a World of Holy Days, Festivals, and New Saints, that is a Woundy Hindrance to a Poor Man that Lives by his Labour. This Day, Blunt Way, took with the Officer, and so he went on with him: Come my Friend, says he, you came into my House a Cobler, what will you pay now, if I send you out on't an Emperor? and so he put a Pounce of an Hundred Crowns into his Hand. Go your ways, says he, there's an Elate for ye, and be a good Husband of it. Away goes the Cobler with his Gold, and in Conceit as Rich as if the Mines of Peru had been empy'd into his Lap. Up he Looks it immediately, and all the Comforts of his Life together with his Crowns in the fame Cheft. From the time that he was Master of this Treasure, there was no more Singing or Sleeping at our House; not a Car Hired in the Garret, but at Outcry of Thieves; and his Cottage was so haunted with Care, Jealousies, and Wild Alarmes, that his very Life was become a Burden to him. So that after a short time, away trudges 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, paffes his Time Merrily, and without any Fear or Danger of Thieves, Publick or Private; but the House that has many to't, is as good as Haunted.

Reflection.

This Fable makes Riches to be a great Enemy to our Repose, and tells us that the Cares of Money lay heavier upon a Good Man, then the Inconveniencies of an Honest Poverty. He that feels the Anxiety, Fears and Dangers that accompany Riches, against the Cheerful and the Bafe Security of a Private Fortune and Condition, may very well be Thankful for the One, without Repining at the other. He that sets his Heart upon any thing in this World, makes himself a Slave to his Hopes and Fears.
Fables of several Authors.

Fears, and is as sure of being Disappointed, as he is of the Uncertainty of Human Affairs. Let it be Love, Precedent, 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 the People. The Envious Man’s Heart is set upon doing Shew’d Turn, Detractory Calumnies and Revenge. In few Words, Violent Affections never fail of being Un遭受 and Importance: 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 these are Competitions that Intermit, and go off and on as it happens, upon this or that Occasion. But Money is an Universal Miserr; Men are always Watching, Spying, and Designing upon it; and all the Engines of Worldly Wisdom are perpetually at Work about it: So that Whosoever is Partial to, and Solicitous for that Interest, shall never Close his Eyes, so long as Craft, Violence, or Conspicacy, shall be able to keep them Wakings.

Fable CCCCLII.

The Eagle, Cat and Snaw.

There was an Eagle, a Cat and a Snaw that bred in a Wood together. The Eagle’s Timber’d upon the top of a High Oak; the Cat Kitten’d in the Hollow Trunk of it; and the Snaw lay Figging at the Bottom. The Cat’s Heart was set upon Mischief, and to the wet with her Tale to the Eagle. Your Majesty had best look to your self, says Puss; for there is, most certainly a Plot upon ye, and perchance upon Poor me too; for yonder’s a Snaw 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 she had Hammer’d a Jealousy into the head of the Eagle, away to the Snaw she 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 Watching constantly upon this Tree to make a Prey of your Figs, and loo soon as ever you are but out of the way, she will certainly Execute her Delign. The Cat upon this, goes presently to her Kittens again, keeping her self upon her Guard all Day, as if she were afraid; and Reals out still at Night to Provide for her Family. In one Word, the Eagle durst not stir for fear of the Snaw; and the Snaw durst not budge for fear of the Eagle: So that they kept themselves upon their Guard till they were both Starv’d, and left the Care of their Children to Puss and her Kittens.

The Moral.

There can be no Peace in any State or Family, where Whispers and Tellers of Secrets are Encouraged.

Reflection.

Busie-Bodies and Intermenders, are a Dangerous sort of People to have to do withal; for there’s no Mischief that may not be wrought by the Craft and Manage of a Double Tongue, with a Foolish Credulity to work upon. There’s hardly a Greater Peep to Government, Conversation, the Peace of Societies, Relations and Families, than Oppos’d Tale-bearers, and Cat Intermenders. These Picke-thanks are enough to set Mankind together by the Ears; they live upon Calumnys and Slander, and cover themselves too under the Seal of Secret and Friendship: These are the People that set their Neighbours Horses afire to Ruin their own Eggs. The Sin of Traducers is Diabolical, according to the very Letter; and if the Office be Artificially Manag’d, ’tis enough to put the whole World into a Flame, and no body the Wiser which way it came. The Mischief may be Promoted, by Misrepresenting, Mistranslating, or Misinterpreting our Neighbours Thoughts, Words and Deeds; and no Wound so Mortal as that where the Poison works under a Pretence of Kindness. Nay, there are ways of Commendation and Infinities, of Affection and Esteem, that Kill a Man as sure as a Gun. This Practice is the Bane of all Trust and Confidence; and it is as frequent in the Intrigues of Courts and States, as in the most Ordinary Accidents of Life. ’Tis enough to break the Neck of all Honest Purposes, to Kill all Generous and Publick-Spirited Motions, and to drive all Honourable Inclinations in the very Conception. But next to the Practice of these Lewd Offices, Deliver all Honest Men from lying at the Mercy of those that Encourage and Entertain them.

Fable CCCCLIV.

The Frogs and the Bulls.

There happened a Disperate Duel between a Couple of Bulls, upon a Point of Honour: for the Quarrel was about a Mitre. There was a Frog at the same time upon the Bank of a Lake, looking on to see the Combat. Ah, says the Frog, what will become of us now? Why prithee, says one of his Companions, what are the Bulls to the Frogs, or the Lakes to the Meadows? Very much I can assure ye, says the Frog again, for
FABLES of several Authors.

he that's Worfled, will be sure to take Sanctuary in the Fens, and then are we to be trod to Pieces.

The Moral.

Diligent Regress, PleÆntur Achivi. When Princes fall out, the Commounly Suffers, and the Little go to Wreck for the Quarrels of the Great.

REFLEXION.

Let ill Consequences be never so Remote, 'tis good however, with the Frog here in the Fable, to have the Reason of Things at Hand. The Design of many Actions looks one way, and the Event works another; as a Young Gamester's Cowardly with a Bride and Tennis. But Mitchell's, whether meant or not, are to be Provided against and Prevented, with as much Care and Industry as if they had been designd 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 in Time, and from Hand to Mouth, as we say, without carrying his Thoughts into the Future. But a Wise Man looks forward, thorough the proper and natural Course and Connexion of Causes and Effects; and in so doing, he Fortifies Himself against the Worth that can Refall him. The Frog's Case, in some Respect, is that of a Civil War, where the People must expect to be Crush'd and Squeez'd in the Consequence, toward the Charge and Burden on't. The Lords make Merry, but 'tis the Commons must pay the Piper.

FAB. CCCCV.

The Frogs and the Sun.

In the Innocent Age of the World, when there were no Children in 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 Crafty Old Slut in the Company, advis'd em to Consider a little Better on't, before they appointed a Day of Thanksgiving for the Blessing. For (says she) if we are almost Scorched to Death already, with One Sun, what will become of us when that Sun shall have Children, and the Heat Encrease upon us with the Family?

The Moral.

We take many things at First Blush, for Blessings, that upon Second Thoughts we find would be most Pernicious to us.

REFLEXION.

FABLES of several Authors.

It requires great Care and Circumspection, that we Weigh and Balance things before we pronounce them to be either good or Evil: For Men are Thankful many times for direct Misdemeanors, and Morals themselves upon the Mistrust of Imaginary Blessings. 'Twas a Wife that Advised her Fellows to think well on't, before they hung the Bells for the Sun's Wedding. This Fancy looks toward the Case of a Republican Humour that has got a-head in a Monarchical State. Now Empire is not to be shut up in Comfort; and when Sovereignty Marries, 'tis no longer Single but Popular; and fill 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 respects, from being Grievous to those that live under it; every common Man would be Free, and thinks himself Wrong'd 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 Diffus'd, the first thing to be done is to fall to Cutting of Throats toward the setting up of Another.

FAB. CCCCVI.

The Fox Condemned.

There was a Fox (as the Story has it) of a Lewd Life and Conversation, that happened at first to be Catch'd in his Rovery, and call'd to an Account for the Innocent Blood he had spill'd of Lambs, Pullets and Geece without Number, and without any Scene either of Shame or of Conscience. While he was in the hands of Justice, and on his way to the Gibbet, 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'll carry me through the Little Wood there on the Right Hand, I should take it very kindly. The People fancy'd a Trick in at First, but that there might be some Thought of a Rescue, or an Escape in the Case; till Reynard Assur'd them upon his Honour, that he had no such Design: Only he was a great Lover of Muffick, and he had rather have one Chirping Madrigal in the Wood, than Forty from Turks and Popes upon the Ladder.

The
The Moral.

Many People are Hardened in an Habitual Discharge of Heaven and Hell, that they'll part with them at the very Gallows; and value themselves upon Living and Dying all of a piece.

Reflection.

This Fable bids the Humour of a great many loofe 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 afflicting a Reputation by it, in proportion to the Measure of the Extravagance. Some Men are so Hardened in Lewdness, that they make it a Point of Honour to be True to it, and to 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 Reprisal of 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 Affronts upon God and Nature, the Impiety is celebrated for a Jest. And whence comes it now, that Men should be so Intenable, either of a Present Calamity, or of a Future Judgment, but from the Custome of a Scoffing Atheistical Life; where Licentiousnesse has so long paused for Sharpnesse of Wit, and Greatnesse of Mind, that the Confusion is grown Calloss; and after this, it is but a Natural Congruity for Men to Dye as they have Lived. 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 Frothy and a Surprizing Wit to Recommend the Wickednesse.

Fáb CCCCVII.

A Man at a Dish Dinner.

A Certain Prince took a Lady's Man to Dinner with him: It was a Fasting-Day it seems, and a great deal of Large Grown Fish 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 Fishes Ear, and then the Fishes Mouth to his own Ear, and so laid 'em in whole again, without so much as Tasting one Bit of 'em. Come Sir, fays the Master of the Feast, You have some Pleasure Thought or other in your Head now, Pray let the Company take part with ye. Why Sir, fays he, My Father had the Ill-Fortune about Two Years ago to be Cast away upon this Coast; and I was asking these 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 Examined the Great Ones, 'tis possible they might be able to say somewhat to it. The Prince was so well pleas'd with the Fancy, that he Order'd his Mens to be Chang'd, and from that Time forward, no body Welcome to the Table then this Man.

The Moral.

It is a Matter-piece in Conversation, to intermix Wit and Liberty so Differently, that there may be nothing in't that's Bitter, Coutesy, or out of Seffon.

Reflection.

This is to tell us, that Good Humour goes further many times in the Reputation of the World, then Profound Learning; though Undoubtedly both together are Best. There is a certain Knack in the Art of Conversation, that gives a good Grace to many Things, by the Manner and Address of Handling 'em, which in the ordinary way of bringing Matters about, would give great Offence to the Common Rules, even of Civility and Difference. The Skill o'th' lyces in the Nicety of Dilligence, Firth, What Liberty is necessary in such and such a Cafe. And Secondly, How to Temper and Accommodate that Freedom to a Confinement with Good Manners: And this must be done too without Formality and Affection; for a Smudled and a Ladunc'd Forecast toward the Setting of such a Humour Approach, is Putrid and Nauseous to the Highest Degree; and better Fifty such Conceits were Lost, than that any thing of Convivance or Premeditation should appear in't. There are a sort of People, that when they have once hit upon a Thought that Tickes them, will be still bringing it in by Head and Shoulders, over and over in several Companies, and upon several Occasions; but 'tis below the Dignity of a Man of Weight, to value himself upon such a Levity; for it makes him look as if Fiddling were his Master-piece. Now these Forms of Fancy and Entertainment, should pass off as they came on, Carefully and Easily, without laying any Stress 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 Faire, as a Spacing to the Conversation. The Philosopher in this Instance, was not without some Difficulty how to gain his Point; There were better Fish at the Table, and the Question was how to come at them, without being either Rude or Importunate; and yet if he were not clear enough to be Understood, he was in danger till to lose his Longing. So that he found out such a Way of Asking, as to Provok a Question without Speaking a Word to it; and he did it in such a Fashion of Respect too, that it might not look like Begging on the one Hand, or Reproaching 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 Deliv'd, then to Prompt the Master of the Feast to Call for't.

Far.
FABLES of several Authors.

FAB. CCCCVIII.

TWO LADEN-ASSES.

As 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 lays he too, upon the same Experiment; but the Water that Diffolv'd the Salt, made the Sponge Forty times Heavier then it was before; and that which Eas'd the One, Drown'd the Other.

The Moral.

The Deceiver may be Deceived: Many People take false Measures for their own Relief; without considering that what's Good in one Case, may be Bad in Another.

REFLEXION.

A Wise Man lives by Reason, not by Example; or if he does, 'tis odds, he goes out of his Way. We have a Common Saying that holds in a Thousand Ordinary Cases, where the same thynge Runs une, that Saves another. It is the part also of an Honest Man to deal Above-board, and without Tricks. The Ass with the Sponge, fell'd in both; for First, he would be trying Conclusion, without Examining either the Nature of the thing in Question, or what the Matter would bear. Secondly, He was falle to his Master too, in Aluting a Truth for the Easing of his own Carcase; and then it cost him his Life over and Above, which was both his Millap and his Punishment.

FAB. CCCXC.

A BLACK-BIRD afraid of a JYTE.

A Poor Simple Black-Bird was Frighted almost to Death with a Huge Flopping Kite that flew over her Head, Screaming and Scouring about for her Prey. Come Sister, says a Thrush to her, Pluck up a Good Heart; for all this Fluttering and Scrieking is but Fooling; and you shall fee this Lazy Buzzard at last, e'en taken up with some Pictiful Frog or Mole to her Supper, and be Glad on't too. No, no, the Hawk

FABLES of several Authors.

Hawks are the Dangerous Birds Child, that Bite as they say, without Barking; and do Execution in Silence.

The Moral.

The more Noise and Flutter, the less Danger.

REFLEXION.

There's no great Danger in Men of Hufl and Bluffer: Noise and Pretence without Execution, is only much ado about Nothing; and yeť this way of Trilling, is very Busy and Practice of many that pass in the World for Great Men, though they are much Mistaken that think them fo. 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, Empyricks, Law-Jobbers, Politicasters, and the like; and there are Men as well as Black-Birds that are Sily enough not to Distinguisha between a Hawk and a Buzzard.

FAB. CCCXX.

A FOX and 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. For Creature! says the Wolf, Why how comes this about? Prizeth how long haft thou been here? Thou canst not but be mighty Cold there. Come, come, this is no Time for Fooling, says the Fox; set 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 Trilling in the Cafe, 'Tis a Barbarous Humour to stand Battering out of Saffron, 'Tis no Time or Place for Railly, 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 Wolfry of being put to bex Relief of an Enemy, for want of a Friend. Thirdly, The Affront of the Refui'al, as it was accompanied with Railly and Scorn. '_pere were if we had not too many of Those Brutal Mockeries in our

Daily
Daily Conversations; for we have Banterers in Religion, in Point of Honour, and upon all the Debates of Human Life. He that has no Piety or Compunction for the Miserable, is not in Truth a Reasonable Man; for Tenderness of Nature is but a kind of Lay-Charity; and a Body can be no more a Good Man without the One, than a Good Christian without the Other. Let a Man be never so Wicked, 'tis a Base and an Unmanly thing to Inflit 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 with for in the Cafe.

The Secrets of Great Men, or Buffoons of Quality, are every jet as Welthly in Conversation, as they are here in the Cafe; though 'tislook'd upon, I know, as a Mark of Breeding, and the Indication of a Man that has Notable Skill in the World, to turn the Earnest of all Things and Duties, Sacred and Civil, into a Jest, and to put the Common Principles of Faith, Truth, Justice and Respect, out of Countenance. Now in all these Cafes, the President is as Dangerous, as the Practice is Odious, where the Quality of the Droll Jovens to Authorize the Indignity: But from a Fox, that's made up of Trick and Treachery, there's no better to be Expected.

F fab. CCCXI.

Two Travellers find an Oyster.

As Two Men were Walking by the Sea-Side, at a Low-water, they saw an Oyster, and they both Pointed at it together: The One Stamps 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, a Fish comes a Pawlering that way, and to him they refer'd the Matter by Confront. The Carnal, which of the Two had the Better Right to the Oyster. 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 Louens the Fifth, Gulp's it down, and so soon as ever the Morfel was gone the way of all Fleths, wipes his Mouth, and Pronounces Judgment. My Masters, (says he, with the Voice of Authority.) The Court has Order'd each to a Shell, without CASKS, and so pray go Home again, and live Peaceably among your Neighbours.

The Moral.

Referees and Arbitrators seldom forget Themselves.

Fab. CCCXII.

A Raging Lion.

There was a Lion ran Stark Mad, and the very Fright of'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 Sobereft, is little better than Frentick?

The Moral.

Rage upon Rage is a Double Madness.

Reflection.

Governors had need be very well Principled, and good Natur'd, to keep their Pa'sions in Order and Obedience: But when an Aboliter Power shall come to be put upon the Stretch by an Outrageous Humour, there's no Living under it. By a Raging Lion, is meant an Unruly and Cruel Governor, which is a sad Calamity, but not without somewhat of Dignity yet in the Misfortune, for 'tis a Lion full, how Mad soever. Now if it had been a Raging Apron, the Fancy had been Ridiculous and Ständalous to the Last Degree; and therefore the Moral is Refrains'd to the True and Genuine Character of Sovereignty, without Deceiving to the Counterfeit.
FABLES of several Authors.

The Morallts that make this Raging of a Law to be a Surcharge of One Man's upon another, must not be Understood Simply, as if they took Government for a Burden and an Oppreccion; but it refers to the Injustice of that State where an Injust Man puts an Unbounded Power upon the Tenter. But let the Oppression be never so Sanguinary, there's no Appeal left from the Tyranny; for if a General Inquisition had been thought Lawful, the Fable would not have made the Calf to Delibrate; So that this is only to Insinuate the Sterendexy of Power, let the Administration of it be what it will: And the Reason of it is so plain, that it is impossible for Human Frailty to be better Secur'd then it is by the Determinations of Providence in this Particular. An Unlimited Power 'tis true is a Strong Temptation, and where 'tis Screw'd up to the Highest Pitch, 'tis a great Unhappiness; but it is not for Men that have their Fortunes and their Stations in this World Afflig'd them, to take upon themselves to be their own Carvers, and to Grumble at the Orders and Resolutions of their Masters and Rulers. 'Tis a Great Unhappiness to live at the Mercy of a Raging Law; but it is a Christian Duty nevertheless to suffer Patiently under the Justice of such a Judgment.

FAB. CCCCXIII.

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 do '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 Buffet 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 Damned 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 Ape, and all those People about him for his Trusty and Well- Beloved Councillors and Censors: But the Poor Man Paid dearly for his Simplicity; for upon a Sign from the Emperor, the whole Band of Apes fell Tooth and Nail upon him, and tore him one Limb from another.

FABLES of several Authors.

Band of Apes fell Tooth and Nail upon him, and tore him one Limb from another.

The Moral.

Where the Rules and Manners of Policy are Perverted, there must needs Ensue a Failure of Justice, and a Corruption of Manners: And in a Kingdom of Apes, Buffoons may well put in for Commission-Officers.

REFLEXION.

This (says Ciceronian,) is to reprove the Practices of perverct Courts, and Extravagant Princes.

It is the proper Business of Metaphysic to Point out, and Represent the Images of Good and Evil, and under those Shadows to Teach us what we ought to do, and what not, either Severally and Apart, or as Members of a Society; that is to say, Simply, as Men in a State of Right Nature, or as Parents, or Children, Masters, or Servants, Husband or Wives, Rulers or Subjects, Friends, Countrymen, Relations, and the like. Now as there are Good and Bad of all sorts; to their Virtues and their Vices, their good Behaviour and their Malignancies are to be set forth, Circumstanced and Distinguish'd in such sort, as by Rewards or Punishments, to Encourage the One, and to Dismantle the Other, in proportion to the Dignity of the Action, or the Degree of the Offence; by Confering Marks and Charact'rs of Honor, Offices of Trust, or Beneficial Commendations on the one hand, and by effecting Sentences of Shame, Infamy, Punishment or Oblivion of the other. Without this Distinction, one main end of Emblem is lost; neither is it the true Figure of Life. For Wicked Men, False Brethren, Unnatural Parents, Diffluent Children, Barbarous Husbands, Unthankful Wives, Tyrannical, Weak or Pansies, and governors; Rebellious Subjects, Cruel Masters, Faithless Servants, Perfidious Kindred and Acquaintance: All these Lewd Characters are as Absolutely necessary to the Perfecting of the Design, as the most Laudable Excellences in Nature.

In this Fable of the Kingdom of Apes, the Author according to Ciceronian, intended the Picture of an Extravagant Government, where he gives Folly and Corruption the Advantages that in Policy and Justice belong to Services of Honour and of Truth: And at the same time Delivers up a Man of Honesty, Justice and Plain Dealing to be torn to Pieces. This Kingdom of Apes has been moraliz'd a Thousand and a Thousand times over in the Practice of the World, and such as the Fountain is, such will be the Stream. Let Governments be told, and how necessary and Beneficial the Order is at all Hands Consider'd to be, the Officers yet, and the Administrators are but Flesh and Blood, and liable to the Purson and Frailties of other Mortals.

There are in fine, many Diftempers, Errors, and Extravagances, that shew themselves in the Exercise of Political Powers; as an inexorable Rigour for the Purpose, or as a Lying Demifion of Sovereign Authority. There are Cases of Sensuality, Pleasure, and Appetite, where Governments have only the Name of Rulers, while some overgrown Subject perhaps Ulips upon the Prerogative in effect, and does the worst things imaginable.
imaginable in the Name of the Publick. But this rarely happens, save
where the Master wants Resolution to check the Licentie and Pرف
emption of a Daring Servant.
There is also a certain Manage that leaves all at Six and Seven, and
thinks to support Greatnes without either Rule, Weight or Measure; and
that's a dangerous Point, when Prudence and Fidelity shall turn to Loss,
and Wickednes be supported by the Reputation of Favour and Applause.
The Mischief of these fatal Measures is excellently well Pointed out to us in
this Fable; and consequently the Blessings of a steady Administration, where
the Ends of Government are Conscientiously observed, and the Divine Pri-
vileges of Power maintain'd; and where Truth and Justice are impartially
Afflicted and Administer'd, and as resolutely Defended.

F A B. CCCCXIV.
An Ask made a Judge of Bullick.

THERE was a Question flattered betwixt a Cuckow and a
Nightingale, which of the Two had the Better Voice, and
the better way of Singing. It came at last to a Tryal of Skill,
and an Ask was to be the Judge; who upon Hearing both Sides,
gave it clearly for the Cuckow.

The Moral.
'Tis a Hard Case for Philosophers to be Try'd by Fools, and the Multitude to
fit Judges upon the Necessities of Honour and Government.

REFLEXION.

The Old Aesop of Athenaeus Lycam, answers this Figure to the very
Letter. The Fable extends to all Incompetent Judges, Umpires, or Ar-
bitrators, in what Cause or Matter, or under what Incapacity or Dibabi-
ity forever. It Points at the Folly and Scandal of the Choice too, as
well as the Iniquity of the Sentence; for the Honour of the Governor,
and the Well-being of the Government, depend in a great Measure upon
the Fines of the Officer, let his Commission be Ecclesiastical, Civil, Mili-
itary, or what else it will. Here's an Ask made a Judge of Music; a
Faculty that he neither loves nor Understands; for there's no Song to
One Ask, like the Baying of Another. Let any Man fancy to Himself, how
it would look to put a Law-Cake to a Jack-Pudding; a Question of State
to a Core-Cutter; a Point of Confidence to a Knight of the Peak. In short,
let every Man be Confident and Credited 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. CCCCXV.

An Ask Judge betwixt a Fox and a Wolf.

Wolf' charges a Fox with a piece of Pillery. The Fox
Denies it. The Ask tries the Case, and upon a fair Ear-
ing, Pronounces them both to be Guilty. You (says the Judge
to the Wolf) have the Face to Challenge that which you never
Loft; and you (says he to the Fox) have the Confidence to De-
ny that which you have certainly Stoll'n.

The Moral.

When both Plaintiff and Defendant happen to be a Couple of Crafty Knowers,
there's Equity against them both.

REFLEXION.

This Fable tells us what Credit is to be given to Witnesse of a Fallc
and Lewd Conversation, and that a known Liars is of no Authority in a
Judgment of Law, even when he speaks Truth. Where a Brace of Sharpers
will be going to Law, none so fit as an Ask to try the Caufe; and it
was a Sentence worthy of such a Judge, to pronounce them both Guil-
ty; which in Equity they were, with a respect to their Character and Re-
putation; though in Law they could not be fo, upon the Fact in Question.
If the Ask in this Fable had too little regard to the Letter of the Law, we
have seen some Cases where more fraud has been laid upon the rigour and
strictness of it, then Conscientiously did belong to it: For when one Man
of an Exemplary Impropriety, Charges another of the same Stamp, in a
Court of Justice, he lies under the Disadvantage of a strong Sufpcion, even
before he is Heard; and People are Prepar'd to Believe the Word of him
by Anticipation, and before his Case is Known. So that the Bare Prejudice
is sufficient to turn the Scale, where it was Gold-weight before; unless we
Balance the Impropriety of the one, with the Impropriety of the other, as
the Ask did here in the Fable.

We are to understand upon the whole matter, that it is more Advisable
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.
FABLES of several Authors.

FAB. CCCCVI.

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 Acces- sion 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 to frit them all upon this General Quession: **Put your Nose just to my Mouth, says he, when 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 Hypocrifie; and the other for their Infolence. It came to the Ape at last, to deliver his Opinion upon the Matter; the Ape Smelt and Sniffed, and confer'd oft: Why certainly Sir, says he, You have some Rich Perfume in Your Mouth, for I never felt anything so fragrant since I was Born. The Rogu Ape in fine, Wheedled him to Artificially, that the Lion had not the Face to Chop him up immediately upon the Spot, and yet he was Resolved he should not Scape neither: So the Lion Counterfeited Sick, and there was notable Puzzling among the Doctors I warrant ye, about his Pulle and his Water: But they told him however upon due Consideration, that they found no Mortal Symptoms about him, only a kind of Heavy Indigeforition, that might be easily Rectified by a Careful Diet; and so they Defend'd him by all means to bethe himself that Flesh he lov'd best, and e'en make a Hearty Meal on it. Why then (says the Lion) I have a strange Fancy for a Mouthful of Good Sound Ape-Flesh, if you find it proper for me: Nothing like it, they cry'd; and so the Poor Flattering Ape was presently Taken up, Dressed and Eaten by way of Prescription.

The Moral.

There's no Hope for an Honest Man, where Flattery is encouraged and Rewarded, and Plain-Dealing Punish'd.

REFLEXION.

This Fable gives to Understand, that where Men of Power happen to be Unjust and Cruel, all the Prudence and Insensibility 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 Thread, betwixt Flattery and Ill Manners; but so as to Accommodate the Method and the Application, to the Genius of the Man, or of the People, and to the Quality of the Beings in Hand: Nor but that there are some Cafes and Natures that a Man cannot be 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 Faithfuls of Men have a Secret Veneration for it; for their Uttermost Cruelties are cover'd with the semblance of it; and in the very Exercise of the Vice, they Affect the Reputation of the Virtue. 'Tis neither Prudent nor safe, in fine, to Provok great Men, or indeed to have anything to do with them, if they be not Men of Honours, as well as of Power; for though their Hands seem to be Bound, they can yet Unite themselves, by Virtue of a Certain Prerogative they have to Play Fast or Loose at Pleasure.

FAB. CCCCVII.

Two Ladens after.

That's an Old Story of Two Aifes Travelling upon the Road, the One Laden with Oats, the other with Many: The Many-Merchant, I Warrant ye, was so Proud of his Truth, and of his Bell, that he went Juking and Tolling of his Head, and Tabring with his Feet all the way, as if no Ground would hold him. The other Plodding on with his Nofe in the Breech of his Leader, as Grately as One Foot could follow another. While they were Jogging on thus upon the Way, out comes a Band of Highway-men from the next Wood, and falls upon the Ais that carried the Treasure. They Beat, Wound and Rife him, and so leave him, without so much as taking the least Notice of his Fellow. Well, (says the King's Ais,) and for all this Mitchief I may e'en thank my Many. Right, says the other; and it has been my Happines that I was not thought worth the Robbing.
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 far'd worst here with the Stare-All's then with the Molesiers.

**REFLEXION.**

The Poor Peaceable Man has nothing to Fear, but does his Business, and takes his Reefs, without the Trouble either of Thieves or of Alarmers. 'Tis the Booty, not the Man, (save only for the Booty's Sale,) that is in Danger. There's either Many or Many-Worth, in all the Controversies of Life; for we live in a Mercenary World, and 'Tis the Price, in some for 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 Blessings that attend the right use of it. And so for 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 Mafies of Treasure and Plentiful Efficacies. Befide, that the Virtue of a Generous and a Charitable Tenderness of Nature, is never the least Acceptable to him that takes the Will for the Deed, for want of Ability to put those good Inclinations in Execution. This Fable in short, makes good the old Saying,

*No Man Sings a Merry Note, Then he that cannot change a Grave.*

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**FAB. CCCCVIII.**

A **Boar Challenges an Ass.**

There pass'd some Hard Words betwixt a *Boar* and an *Ass*, and a Challenge follow'd upon't. The *Boar* 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 *Ass*, so soon as ever he had him within Distance, turn'd Tayl upon him, and gave him such a Lash over the Chops with his Iron Hoof, that he made him stagger again. The *Boar* after a little Pause, Recover'd himself. Well, (says he) I was not aware of such an Attack from that End.
not certain, (in such an Instance as this,) is in danger; and 'tis ill Venturing (Neck and all especially,) where a Body is not very sure, whether it be a Hawk or a Cuckoo.

**Fable CCCXX.**

**Hungry Dogs, and a Rat-Rat.**

A Company of Hungry Cats discovert'd a Raw-Hide in the Bottom of a River, and laid their Heads together how to come at it: They canvassed the matter one way and another, and brought it to this Issue in the Conclusion, that the only way to get it was to Drink their way to it. So they fell to Lapping and Gorging, till in one Word, they burst themselves, and never the nearer.

**The Moral.**

He that sets his Heart upon Things Impossible, shall be sure to Loose his Longing.

**Reflection.**

Foolish Counsel is not only Vain and Unprofitable in General, but in many particular Cases most Destructive and Deadly. This Fable lays open the Folly, the Vanity, and the Danger of Pushing too eagerly for anything that's out of our Reach. We spend our Strength, and our Credit in clearing the way to, and it flies 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 Projectors, that propose to themselves things utterly Improachable, and confine their Lives in Heaps of and Fructious Undertakings. This fails 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 Delights.

**Fable CCCXXI.**

An Ass and a Shadow.

One Hid an Ass in the Dug-Days to carry certain Bales 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 Ass. The Mulester bad him Rise, and go on according to his Bargain.

**Fable CCCXXII.**

A Country Fellow and a River.

A Blockheaded-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 himself down upon the Bank there, till it should run out. About Midnight, Home 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 Boyby, yonder's a Scourvy River that has been running all this Day, and I laid till just now for the Running of it out, and there tis Running still. The Lord help thee Son, says the Good Woman, for thy Head and mine will be laid many a Fair Day before this River runs Dry.

**The Moral.**

We are not to Expect that Nature will Change her Course, to Gratify the Sickly Fancies of every Fantastical Humour.

**Reflection.**
REFLEXION.

This is to shew us the Mischief and the Danger of Procrastination. The Slothful and Irresolute flit their Opportunities in the very Expectation of them. Some People are so unreasonably Lazy, as to expect that Nature should rather go out of her Course and Way for their Sakes, than they put themselves to the trouble of Moving One Step out of their own way for the sake of Business and Nature. They'll rather wait the Running of a River Dry, then take the Pain to look about for a Bridge or a Ford. They never consider that Nature is a Perpetual Motion, and that the Work of the Universe Circulates, without any Interval or Repose. Why should not the Sun sleep in the Firmament, or stand still to Attend our Affairs, as well as the Rivers stop their Courses to give us Passage?

Nay, the Madness of this Folly is yet more Impious than any thing else int, for what Man in his Right Wits can pretend to Will, to Hope, or to wait for such Events, for the Gratifying of a Sickly Fancy, as would be enough to put People quite beside their Senses, if they should come to pass? So Ridiculous are Intemperate Curiosities, and Imposant Affectations, that nothing less than Persecutions, and the Confounding of Nature in her Courses and Causals, can Content us. How can any thingucceed well to People that are to be pleased with Nothing, unless the very Ball of the Universe may be Unravel'd, and the Laws of Providence Reverse'd?

FAB. CCCCXXXIII.

A Bladder with Beans in't.

In the Days of Adam, when (as the Story says,) the World had here and there a Shew in't, it fell to the Lot of a certain Philosopher to have one of those Smart Lasses to his Wife: The Evil Spirit was often up with her; and never had any Quack or Operator so many Receipts for the Tooth-Ache, or a Quartan Ague, as he had Spells offer'd him for the Laying of it again: But when he found that neither Saying Much, Little, or nothing; neither Choler, nor Patience; neither Going nor Staying would do any Good upon her, he bestook himself to a Bladder of Beans, and the shaking of that Bladder when the Fit was upon her, without One Syllable speaking, was at any time a Prefent Cure.

The Moral.

'There's no way like Raising One Devil to Call out another; For there must be no Annoyance of Noises, Folly, and Rebelions, in the same Kind.'

REFLEXION.

FAB. CCCCXXXIV.

A Fox and a Whitting Cock.

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 Extravagant Fit of Kindness for him; and to Enlarge upon the Wonderful Esteem he had for the Faculties and good Graces of the Bird, but more particularly for his Skill in Divination, and the Fore-knowledge of Things to come. Oh (says he,) that I were but Worthy the Friendship of so great a Prophet! This Flattery 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 Sow of a Cock (says he,) to take himself for a Diviner, and yet not foresee at the same time, that if he fell into my Clutches, I should certainly make a Supper of him.

The Moral.

'A Fool that will Swallow Flattery, shall never want a Knave to give it him.'
FABLES of several Authors.

REFLEXION.

The Power of Flattery, where it is once Entertain'd, is well nigh Irresistible; for it carries the Companionship 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 Design of a Sullen Heart. Here's a Credulous Cock already prepar'd for the Entertainment of the Grovellest Flatterers: Nothing so Ridiculous, nothing so Improbable, but it goes down whole with him, for Truth and Earnest: Nay, and and the Folly is so Unaccountable, and the Madness so Notorious, that in this Humour the most Sperful Enemies we have in the World pass us for Friends. The Cock takes the Council 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 their Pawning 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. CCCCXXV.

The Drum Begs a New Coat.

The Drum was in a heavy Twitter once, that her Cloaths never Fitted her: Wherefore, Pray Mother, says the, 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 shows us the Vanities of Impracticable Propositions, and that there is no Measure to be taken of an Unsteady Mind. There's no Quieting of Unextenuated Affections; no satisfying of Unbounded Desires; no possibility in short, of either Fixing or Pleasing them. Let a Man but lay What he would have, When, and how Much, or how Little, and the Moosy Taylor may take Measure of him, but to be Longing for

FABLES of several Authors.

for this thing to Day, and for that thing to Morrow; to change Likings for Loadings, and to stand Withings and Hardening as a Venture, how is it possible for any Man to be at Rest in this Fluctuating 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 Cafe with a Heart that is not True to it Self. And upon the whole Matter, Men of this Levity are Condemn'd to the Misery of Living and Dying Unceafe.

FAB. CCCCXXVI.

A Young Fellow about to Marry.

Marriage and Hanging, they say, are by Destiny, and the Blade had this Thought in his Head perhaps, that Destiny the Prayers of the Congregation, when he was upon the very Point of Matrimony. His Friends gave him no Advice or Cease, which put him upon Reasoning the Matter with them. Why Gentleman, (says he,) if there had been but a Snare up in the Cafe, you'd have cry'd the Lord Bless ye Sir; and there is more Danger in Marrying, I hope, then there is in Sneezeing.

The Moral.

The Person was much in the Right sure, that like the Hang-man, a'd all People Forgets't that he was to Marry, before he did Execution upon them.

REFLEXION.

Many a Man runs a greater Risk in a Wife, then the World is aware of. The Whimiscal Fears of this Young Buttering Spark, would have made no Ill Ingredient into a Wife and Sober Man's List; and though it looks like a Jilt, there is somewhat in't yet that may be worth a thinking Man's Earnest. But there will need no more then the Experience of those that have Try'd the Circumstances of this Blest State, to Recommend the Moralitie of the Allusion, to the Thought of others, that are not yet Enter'd into the Matrimonial Noose.
FABLES of several Authors.

FAB. CCCXXXVII.

A Woman traifled with a Secret.

There was a Good Woman (in the Days when Good Women were in Fashion) that valued herself 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 once, to make Tryal of her Virtue that way; and so he told her One Morning upon Waking, 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 it out again, I'm utterly Ruined; and VVomen are generally so Leaky, 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 she could keep a Secret. Ah, my Life (says she,) but your Woman I assure ye, is none of that Number! What? Betray my Husbands Secrets, I'd Dye a Thousand Deaths first. No my Heart, if ever I do, may—— Her Husband at that word, flout her Mouth, for fear of some Bloody Imprisonment, and so told her. Come VVife, says he, 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 on't; but if this should ever come to Light now, People would say that I was Hen-Trod, and the Dilgrace of it would make me a Scandal to Mankind. This Secret lay Burning in the Breast of the Poor VVoman, and kept her Waking, till she had Day-light enough to Rife by; and then softly out of the Bed she fled, for fear of Waking her Husband, and so away Post-hast to a Gof-fipping Neighbour of her Acquaintance; Hurries her out of her Bed; Charms 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 was Three Eggs. The next made it Four; and so it went on (Encreasing full,) from one Gof-fip to another, till by Six a Clock in the Afternoon they had made it Forty Eggs.

The Moral.

Three may keep Counsel, when Two are away.

Reflection.

There's no such way of Publishing or Proclaiming any thing, as by Enjoying a Woman under the Seal of Confession to keep it Secret. They that are Curious to know Forbidden Secrets, are as Frank of telling them again, and of Enlarging them: So that whoever knows a very Inquisitive Body, I'll shew him a Blab, and one that shall make a Privacy as Public as a Proclamation. But if your Wife will have it so, and calls for a Categorical Answer, [Will you tell me, or will you not?] If you tell the Secret, 'tis odds but in Twelve Hours it shall be Town-Talk, and he made Thirteen times more than 'tis. If you Refuse to tell it, there's no enduring the Exclamations, for want of Truth and Confidence, and the Un accountable Jealousies that Follow upon't. For there is a sort of People that never consider the many Separate Privileges of Truth and Honour, that a Husband cannot honestly Communicate to a Wife, nor a Wife to a Husband: That is to say, where there's a Third Party or Matter concern'd, apart from any thing in the Question that is Conjugal between them.

He that can doubt of the Reason and the Necessity of this Guard and Caution, must be much a Stranger to the History of the Great Rebellion under Charles the First of Blest Memory; when so many State-Intrigues passed through the Hands of Women, who are without Delibe the left of Spies, and the most Proper Instrument of Discovery and Intelligence: Especially if they be Women of Address, Wit, and Beauty; for the very Sex has certain Privileges upon the Point of a Cavalier Gallantry and Good Breeding, to cover them from the sharpness of Search and Examination that other Agents are commonly Subjected to.

Now to reconcile a seeming Contradiction here, in making Women at the same time to both Fit and Unfit to be Trusted; this Fable does not strike so much at the Futility of Women in General, as at the Inconsiderate Levity of a Prying Inquisitive Humour; and it falls in over and above, by way of a Short and Pertinent Digression, to shew that State-Matters are Morally excepted out of the Articles of Marriage.

FAB. CCCXXXVIII.

A Woman and Echases.

In the Days of Yore, when Men and their Wives agreed like Dog and Cat in a House together, the Good Man had a Shooting it seems, and brought his Dame Home a Dozen of Black-Birds with him. Come, Sweet Heart, says he, Prithee let's have these Black-Birds to Supper. Blackbirds says the.
The Moral

--- Colen lice & Marc Tertis
Confundam, Homo fam. --- What must be must be.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Folly next to Madness for Women to be trying Matters with their Husbands; to say nothing of the Scandal they bring upon themselves and their Families, by such a Perfidy as Honour, Dexterity, Modesty and Good Manners. Nay, and 'tis well too, if from some Men, and upon some Provocations, they escape the Discipline of a good Drubbing into the Bargain.

There are Divers Important Doctrines Conch'd under this Fable; First, the Intelligible Ordinances of a Wise Man. Secondly, the Scandal of the Example, as well as the Folly of the Competition. Thirdly, The Natural Issue of the Controversy, where the Weakest must go to the Wall. The World, Heaven be thanked, does not want Instances to illustrate this Figure, so that there will be no need of Amplifying upon it. We are not here upon the Philosophy of the Freak, but upon the Shameful Lowness of the Prac'tice. Sirrah, (says a Woman to a Friend of mine, that took her off from Beating her Husband,) I'm a Woman, a Woman, and I won't be Affrighted; Journal's Home safe, says all in Two Words. When the Devil of this Paffion is rais'd, there's no Allaying the Storm, and there's no Laying out. One such Woman Tongue (says the Poet,) is beyond all the Pains and Kettles in the Country, to bring the Moon out of an Eclipse; Keep up the Dialogue, and the Kills you; let it fall, and you kill her. This was the very Case of a Certain Divine that Chid a Woman for Striking and Reviling her Husband. She left her Husband immediately, and fell upon the Jacket of the Parson, who stood Gaping at her a full Hour and a Half together, without one word of Reply. The Paffion put her at last into Fits, and the first word the said upon coming to her self again, was no more than this, Ah Sir, says she, Ever while you live Answer a Woman.

To come now to the Doctrine that's warp'd up in the Example: 'Tis Scandalous with a Respect to the Ordinances both of God and Man; 'tis a high Offence to Common Decency, in regard of the Sex, the Duty, and the Relation: And then 'tis most abominably Indirect, because it is the Man himself that a Cosmick, the Woman is sure to be worseth; and if he be one, 'tis as good a Necessity as a Vicious Woman, that there's a Fool and a Virgin will meet. The word Thrasy, goes a great way with a Thrasy Woman. And so does the Text, that says, They shall be both One Fleshe. From whence it infereth an Equality at least, if not a Right of Dominition; for the Rib ought to have some Preference to that of the Clay. This is not to be taken for a General Character of Women, but for a Reproof only of some Eager-Spirited Scapegoats of the Sex; and for the Honour all of those Angelick Perfections, which render them both the Joy and the Blessing of Mankind, when they live Suitably in all Points to the Intent of their Creation.

Fab. CCCXXXIX.

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; Tother went forward to the Army, where he got himfelf both Mony and Credit. At his Return a while after, he found his Friend upon the Mending hand, and told him how and how, which he was
was Extremely Glad to hear, because of the Snipe that he himself Expected upon the Dividend. As they were Talking of this and that by the By, he took his time to put in a hint about Sharing the Booty according to their Agreement. That's all the Reason in the World says another; but then there are other things to be divided too, which I have told you of, and when we come to Reckon, we had as well good make one work out, and count all together. This, says another to himself, must be something of Plate, Jewels or Precious Plunder; and as he came Bluntly to the Question, what it was that his Comrade had gotten besides? Why look ye, says the Soldier, (showing him his Naked Body) Here are Bruises, Wounds, Maims and Scars, that are to be divided as well as the Money. Nay, says the other, you may as well keep all yere got to your own use then; for I'll have no dividing upon those Terms.

The Moral.

Partners must go Half-Profit, Half-Loss, 'tis no Bargain else.

Reflection.

'Tis Wisdom not to give more for a Thing than 'tis Worth; and in Common Equity, Partners should take the Good and the Bad one with another, or let both alone. People should not enter Head over Heels into Partnerships or Adventures, either in War or in Buffetts; they should consider that the Blows and the Scars are to be divided, as well as the Fishtales and the Ducats, and the Loss as well as the Profit. The Two Parties are as good as Man and Wife, where the Bargain is for Better or Worse. Nay, there's Brawling as well as Kissing in the very State of Matrimony it self; and when People come to be Us'd to Both at Once, let them set one 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 then the same Mixture that we meet with in All our Undertakings: Wherefore let no Man brag of his Bargain, till he has call'd up his Account, and set the Scars against the Booty.

Far CCCXXX.

A Light and a Lamp.

Among the good Counsels that an Old Experienced 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 worseth.

The Little Lion gave his Father the Hearing, and kept the Advice in his Thoughts, but it never went near his Heart. When he came to be grown upward, and in the Flower of his Strength and Vigour, About and About he Ranges to look for a Man to Grapple with: In his Rubbish he chance's to Spy a Stack of Oxen; So up to 'em he goes presently; Heark ye Friends, says he, 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 him the same Question; Nay, says he Horse, I am no MAN my Self, but be he Bridled and Saddled me, and ty'd me up yonder. He's a Man. He goes after this, to one that was Clearing of Blocks. Dye hear, says the Lion, You seem to be a Man. And a Man I am, says the Fellow. That's well, quoth the Lion, how 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 pretends to put his Claws into the Gaping of the Wood, and with one Lusty Stroke, made it give way, and out drops the Wedge, the Wood immediately Cloding upon it; and there was the Lion caught by the Tors. The VVoodman pretends upon this, Raises the Country; and the Lion finding what a Strength he is in, gave one Hearty Twitch, 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 your Advice.

The Moral.

Disobedience to Parents is against the Laws of Nature and of Nations, Common Justice, Prudence and Good Manners; and the Vengeance of Heaven, Sooner or Later, Treads upon the Heels out.

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 simply Evil. Reason in Man, does abundantly supply the Defect of other Faculties wherein we are Inferior to Brutes; and what we cannot compass by Force, we bring about by Stratagem. The Intent of this Fable, is to set forth the Excellency of Man above all Creatures upon the Earth; and to shew, that he is Lord and Rule over all the rest; their Teeth, Claws, Stings, and other means of Offence, notwithstanding. The Young Lion himself is Charg'd by his Sire not to Contend
A Sparrow happen'd to take a Bush just as an Eagle made a Stoop at a Hare; and when she had got her in the Foot, Poor Wat cry'd out for Help. Well, (says the Sparrow) why don't ye Run for't now? I thought your Footmanship would have Saved Ye. In this very Moment comes a Hawk, and whips away the Sparrow; which gave the Dying Hare this Confession in her last Ditties, that the Coward Enemy overtook with a just Vengeance, and that the Hard-Hearted Creature that had no Fiy for Another, could obtain none for her self neither, when the Ftood most in need on't.

The Moral.

'Tis but Men and Governments, as it is with Birds and Beasts. The Weaker are a Prey to the Stronger, and so one under another, through the whole Scale of the Creation. We ought therefore to have a Fellow-feeling of one another's Afflictions; for no Body knows whose Turn may be next.

REFLEXION.

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, as Every Man may be; and in Truth every Man deserves to be, that has no Tenderness 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 Neighbours Misery, and to make MERRY with it, is not only a Brutal, but a Diabolical Barbarity and Folly.
FABLES of several Authors.

FAB. CCCXXXIII.

104 and 204 are near a kin.

These pass’d a great many Easier Words once; upon a time between Joy and Sorrow; intimating that they moved the Court upon it, by Convent, and made a Chancery Cause. Upon a Fair and a Full Hearing, the Judge found some colour of Equity on both Sides, and would have made them Friends again. You should consider, says he, how near ye are a kin, and what a Scandal this, to have these Heats and Squabbles among Relations! But all this went in at One Ear, and out at the Other. So that when he saw there was no Good to be done, he pass’d this Sentence upon them, that since 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 Fuss Matter then which went Foremost.

The Moral.

No Man is to Profane in Prosperity, or to Dispar in Adversity; for Good and ill Fortune do so naturally favor one another, as Day and Night.

REFLEXION.

It is the lot of Mankind to be Happy and Miserable by Turn. The Wisdom of Nature will have it so; and it is exceedingly for our Advantage that so it should be. There’s nothing Pure under the Heavens, and the Rule holds in the Chances of Life, as well as in the Elements: Besides 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 Approbations of a Change, to keep a Check upon us in the very Heel of our Greatness and Glory: So that by this Vicissitude of Good and Evil, we are kept Ready in our Philosophy, 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 to our own Strength; the Other Preaches Faith and Repentance in the Prospect of an Over-ruling Providence that takes Care of us. What is it but Jealousy that gives us a Taste of Health? Bondage the Relief of Liberty? And what but the Experience of Want that Enhances the Value of Plenty? That which we call Life is only an Indulgence or a Freedom from Pain; and there’s no such thing as Easiness or Misery, but by the Company. ‘Tis very true that Hopes and Fears are the Sources of Life in Some Repeals; but then they are the Relief of it in others. Now for fear of the worst 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 Delfair.

FAB. CCCXXXIV.

The Owl and the Sun.

There was a Pinking Owl once upon a very Bright and a Glorious Morning, that sat Sputtering at the Sun, and ask’d him what he meant to stand Staring at the Eyes of that Rate. Vox, 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 Deprived of the Greatest Belling in Nature, to Gratify the Folly, the Arrogance and the Infirmity of One Soe?

The Moral.

There is nothing so Excellent, as so Faultless, but Error and Destitution will seed somewhat to fix against it.

REFLEXION.

It is no more in the Power of Calumny and Error to bl counterfeit the Dignity of a Wife and of a Honest Man, than it was in the Power of the Blest-Byn 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. Not but that Men of Vicious Lives and Conversations, have found out ways of Importing their Corruptions and Infirmities upon the World for Virtues, under false Simplicities and Colours. But there’s no Man all this while, that sets up for a Knave or a Corscombs in Direct Terms. Now the Mystery of the Chief lies in the Artificial Disguising 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 Presence is Fair till, let the Practice be never so foul, and Men will be trying to bring down the Rule to the Error, where they cannot reconcile the Error to the Rule. When People have once Inverted the Measure of Moral Equity, and Natural Reason, and brought the Question of Right or Wrong, so far as in them lies, to a False Standard, there follows in course, an Evident Malversation upon the Opposition. As for Example; A Fool Naturally Hates a Philosopher: A Debacuie does as Naturally Hate a Man of good Government and Moderation. A Man of Conscience and Religion is as much an Eye Sore to a Profligate Atheist: And a Mercenary Knave to a Brave and Fronted Vassal. To Conclude the Moral, there are of these.

End of the Text.
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FABLES of several Authors.

Ours 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, Unconcern'd, and continues his Course.

FAB. CCCCXXXV.

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 e'en glad to Petition Jupiter to Release him of his Bargain; for he was now Convinc'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 Litanies, that in many Cases Heaven would be so Gracious to us, as not to hear our Prayers, for we are otherwise in Danger to be Unkind to 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 Confusion would it bring upon Mankind, if all those People that are Unsatisfied with the Motions, Revolutions and Influences of the Celestial Orbs; the Course of the Seasons, and the Providential Distribution of Heats and Colds, Rain, Frosts and Sun-shine, might be Allow'd to take the Government into their own Hands? There needs nothing more to Convince 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

we must be making Articles and Conditions forsooth, in Matters where we have neither Authority nor Skill: And where, in spite of our Hearts, we must Submit, as in Duty and Reverence we are oblig'd to Respect, and to Obey.

FAB. CCCCXXXVI.

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 borrows 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 Melford Haven, in the Year 1677. One of his Relations that had the Fortune to Meet him in this Holy Garb and Pretence, took him up Roundly, for looting so much below the Dignity of his Family and Profession. Why would you have me do I say the Pilgrim-Wolf? My Teeth and my Heels are gone, so that I can neither Run, nor Walk, and I must either Caut, and turn Religious, or Starve.

The MORAL.

When People can live no longer by Downright Rapiery and Villany, for want of Strength, Means or Ability to go on at the Old Rate, 'tis a common thing for 'em to Drive on the Old Trade still under a Sublimity of Religion and Virtue: So that Impunity goes a great way toward the Conversion of an Old Sinner.

REFLEXION.

A Profyte-Wolf is a very Saint yet to a Profyte-Christiant, that makes his Belly his God, and Renounces his Faith for Bread. Now over and above the Lively Image of the Practice of the World in this Wonderful Conversion, his Pleasure enough to consider how Gravely the New-Comer is taken up by one of his Fellow Wolves, for bringing such a Disgrace upon his Character and Function, as to submit to the Picking up of a Livelyhood in that Strolling way of Cautning and Begging; which in the Moral, gives us to understand, that the Hypocrite is the Foulst and the Bafer 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 Difficult and Retreat of Old Sinners, when they find they can live by Artific'd Wickedness no longer: What a Hideous Roll would it make, if the Names
The Moral Skin.

A miserable Aff 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 seems, 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 make Drums of your Skin, when your Carcass shall be Carried, and never leave Drubbing 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 'is to say, there are Men that lead Rent Heavily in this World, under a Dreadful Apprehension at the same time, of being more Wretched in the next.

Reflection.

This Moral does not dye so square, as to bear any great weight upon. 'Tis true, that our Fame and Memory shall outlive our Bodies; and that in that Sense a Man may be said to be Miserable after his Death; even in a Pagan way of Unerringint being; as well as with a Regard to the Immortality of the Soul in a Christian Application. It holds forth to us the Persecution of Ill Fortune, in Pursuing some People into their very Graves: But they that are born to a Fatality of Endless Misfortunes, must learn to go thither with them.

A Fool and a Hot Iron.

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 cast it dow again. Why ye Blockhead you say the Workman, could not you have try'd whether 'twas Hot or no before you Meddled with it? How try'd says the Fool. Why 'twas Hot, it would have his'd if you had but Spet upon it. The Fool carry'd this Philosophy away with him, and took an Occasion afterward to Spet in his Porridge, to try if they'd his'd. They did not his'd it seems, and so he Quitted'em up, and Scale his Chops. Well, says one that was by; and could not you have try'd till they were Cold? Why I thought they had been Cold, says the Fool. You might have known they were Hot says another by Smoaking. The Fool carried this in his Mind too; and going a while after to a Spring-Head to quench his Thirst, he fancied that the Fountain Smoak'd too; and there he said 'till he was almost Cosh'd, for fear of Burning his Chops once again.

The Moral.

This very Inconce may serve to Teach Wise Men Caution, that they Examine Matters before they pass a Judgment upon them; for otherwise we live at a kind of Leap Hazard, and without any Insight into Causes and Effects.

Reflection.

'Tis a great folly not to Distinguish between those Things differing in their Qualities and Nature; 'tis no wonder to find one 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 Considering upon the whole. 'Tis an Odd thing now, that a Monstrous Should get Reputation by the same Error that makes an idiot yet more Reflexion; that is to say, by Prescribing the same Remedy to all Diseased. There was just such another Innocent as this, in my Father's Family: He did the Course Work in the Kitchen, and was bid at his first Confining to take off the Range, and let down the Ovens before he went to Bed. The Poor Silly Wretch laid Hands of the Irons, when they were next to Red Hot yet; and they stuck to his Fingers, A Vengeance on ye, says he, Tare as warm as Water; and so shook 'em off again. Now this Innocent, I dare Answer for him, had never read Generation, so that he did not Burn his Fingers by that Copy.
FABLES of several Authors.

FAB. CCCXXXIX.

A Cock and Hens.

A Cock was got into a Stable, and there was ne Nestling in the Straw among the Horses; and still as the Fitt took em, they'd be Stampin' and Flingin', and laying about 'em with their Heels. So the Cock 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 Refin'd, whether it be in Regard of Quality, Fortune, or the like; where the weight of the One, sinks the Other: And no matter whether we Intrench out of Vanity or Folly; or in Hazardous both ways.

REFLEXION.

So says many a Vain Fool in the World, as this Cock does in the Like Case, and Expouses himself to Scorn, as well as Defraction. 'Tis a 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 in the matter of Morals only, where Vicious and ill Habits are Contagious; but there should a Regard be had to the very Size, Quality and Degree of the Men that we Frequent: For where the Disproportion is very great, a Man may be Ruin'd without Malice, and Crush'd to Pieces by the Weight even of One that has a Kindness for him. Now where we Misjudge the Matter, a Misadventure draws Fit after it, but when we are Transported by Pride and Vanity into so Dangerous an Affection, our Ruine lies at our own Door.

FAB. CCCXLI.

A Gardener and a Mole.

A Gardener took a Mole in his Grounds, and the Question was, whether he should put her to Death or no. The Mole Pleadeth that she was one of his Family, and Digg'd his Garden for Nothing; Nay, the Infield upon, what Fitty was to Destroy a Creature that had so Smooth a Skin, and Twenty other Little Pretences. Come, come, says the Gardiner, I am not to be Foold with a Parcel of Fair Words; You have Nothing for Digging 'tis True; but pray what fey you at Work? Is it for my Service 'd ye think, to have my Plants and my Herbs torn up by the Roots? And what's your business at all, but by doing all you can for the Filling of your own Belly, to leave me nothing to Eat?

FAB. CCCXLI.

A Slat and a Weazle.

There was a Weazle taken in a Trapp, and whether she should Dye or not, was the Point: The Mater of the Houfe Charg'd her with heavy Misdemeanors, and the Poor Vermin flood much upon her Innocence and Merit. Why says she, I keep your Houfe clear of Mice. Well, says the Man, but you do't for your Own sake, not for Mine. What work would they make in the Pantry and the Larder? (says she) if it were not for me? And in the mean time (says the Mater of the Houfe) You your Self devour the same things that they would have Eaten, Mice and All: But you would fain shun it upon me, that you do me a Service, when in Truth you do me an Injury; and therefore you deserve a double Death; First, For the Fault it self, and then for the Justification of it.

The Moral of the Two Fables above.

'Tis according to the Course of those Kind Offices in the World, which we call Friendship, to do one another Good for our Own Sakes.

REFLEXION.

There's nothing Commoner in this World then the Cafe of the Mole here and the Weazle: That is to say, the Cafe of the People that Value themselves mightily upon Merit; when in the mean time they do only their own Business. What Virtue is it for me to do another Man good by Chance; or where's the Obligation of doing it for my own Profit? 'Tis the Will of a Man that qualifies the Action. A Body may do me Good, and yet Deliv're me to Punishment for't. He may save my Life for the purpose, with an Intention to take it away. There is however some Regard to be had to the very Instrument that Providence makes use of for our Advantage. But this is out of a Respect to the Providence, not to the Man: And we are not yet come up to the Force of the

Fable
FABLES of several Authors.

Fable neither; for many People have the Confidence to Plead Morit, when Effectually they do us Mischief.

FAB. CCCCLII.

A Woman, Cat and Mickey.

A Good Woman that was willing to keep her Cheeses from the Mice, thought to mend the matter by getting her a Cat. Now Post Answ'rd the Womans Intent and Expectation, in keeping the Mice from Nibbling the Cheeses; but she her self at the same time devour'd the Mice, Cheeses and all.

The Moral.

This has been our Case within the Memory of Man: There were a matter of Half a Dozen Little Raggy Political Mice lay Nibbling at our Liberties and Properties, and all Peoples Months Open'd for the Providing of some 500 Cats to Defray them. The End onc't was this, they Kill'd the Vermin; but then they Gobbled up Priviledges and All: And was not the World well Amended?

REFLEXION.

The Present State of Things is best, unless we may be very well Affur'd that the Danger of the Remedy is not Greater then that of the Disease: Nay it fo falls out many times, that a Thing may be Good for the Diluter, and yet Mortal to the Patient: Wherefore Men should never Trouble their Heads about Innovations for flight Matters, without a strict Calculation, upon the Profit or Loss of the Exchange. The Fancy of the Cat and Mice, points very naturally at the Cafe of Monarchy and Episcopacy in the Days of King Charles the First. There were Grievances of all sorts Complain'd of, and Popular Disturbances Rais'd about Prerogative and Arbitrary Power, in the pretended Favour of Liberty and Property; Every thing was amiss they cry'd, and nothing would serve the Turn but a General Reformation; and what was the Style at last, but the Cats that should have Kill'd the Mice, Eat up, as the Fable lays, Mice, Cheeses and All.

FAB. CCCCLIII.

A Man in Tears for the Loss of his Wife.

Never had any Man such a Loss in a Woman certainly as I have had! Cries a Widow, in the Flux of his Extranvagancies for a Dead Wife: Never so dear a Creature! Never so Miserable a Wretch! And so he runs Raving on, how he should abhor the Sex it fell now the is gone. As he was in the Transport of his Lamentations, and about half through the Force, he started all on a sudden, and call'd out to the Woman about the Body, (who it seems, had gotten the best Piece of Linen in the House for a Winding Sheet;) Pray, says he, will you take another Cloth for the Present, and let this be laid by for my next Wife, if it should be the Lords will to have me Bury another. This set the Company a Laughing, for all their Sorrow, to see the Good Man so soon brought to his Wits again.

The Moral.

Funeral Tears are but Matter of Form; and it is a Distinguishing Mark of Hypocrisy, to take upon us to be Kind as well as to be Righteous, beyond Measure. But Time and Nature will let out the Truth of Things, through all Difficulties.

REFLEXION.

It is Morally Impossible for a Hypocrite to keep himself long upon his Guard; for the Force is Unnatural, and the leaf Slip or Surprise, either of Word, Look, or Action, Discovers the Cheat. I was well enough put to a Fellow under the same Circumstances, by a Friend of his, when he saw nothing else would Comfort him: Come, says he, after all this Roaring and Tearing, what Boot at last betwixt my Warm Wife, and thy Cold one? Which may serve for a Notable Moral of Conflation in some Cases; Winolds the Gentleman that try'd both Fortunes in one and the same Woman. His Wife was given over, and himself waiting in the next Room, with the Rage and Impatience of a Mad-man, for fear of Ill News; when at last, in comes one of the Nurse to him, with the Dimal Tydings, that my Poor Lady was Dead, and had been now Stone Cold for at least a Quarter of an Hour. My Dear Wife Dead! says he. Nay we'll never part fire! and so with a Thousand Frantick Exclamations, he strip's immediately, and to bed to her he goes, takes her into his Arms, and deals with her with all the Tender Passionate Things that a Well acted Love and Desperation could put into his Mouth: Winding up all in fine, with this Resolution, that he would never forfite her, but they must Live and dye together. Let this Influence serve for a Caution to People how
they Play with Edge Tools; for this Follie brought the Woman to Life again, and turn'd the Left into Earnest. Nay, the Man Himself took it for a Warning too; for from that time to the Hour of her Death, which was near Seven Years after, she never came between a Pair of Sheets with her. But to conclude all in a Word; happy is the Man, (considering the Hazards of Conjugal Disagreements, Ungracious Children, None at all, or the Loss of them, and Twenty other Common Circumstances,) that in a Marry'd State, has the good Fortune to make a Saving Game out.

Fables of several Authors.

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 Visions and Phantom; Thieves, Earthquakes, Inundations; nothing in short came amiss to him, that was Possible, Dangerous, and Terrible. In this Torment of a Restless Imagination, he called a Beggar to him, told him his Case; and now says he must find you prettily of an Errand to Fortune. Go your ways to her immediately, (you'll find her in Japan,) and direct her from me, that for the future she'll never trouble her self further upon any Accompte 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 your Ninety Crowns down upon the Nail. The poor Creature stuck 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 Fourpence 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 fain 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 Resolved to Plague him with thrice as much more as he has already, in spite of his very Teeth; and then for your part, I'll 'en keep 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, yave gotten Ten Crowns in Hand, and you should never have had that neither, if I had not been Faithkepp when they were Deliver'd ye.

The Moral.

Not One Man of a Thousand knows his own Mind. Some Men shall be Rich in spite of their Teeth. And then, All the Carking and Caring in the World, shall not keep Another Man above Water.

Reflection.

The Courageous Man is never well (as we say) either Faid or Faiting; Avarice has a great deal in't of the Dog-Appetite. It is Greedy, Ravenous, and Inflatable; Raving Mad after what it has not, and Sick of what it has; for it Digests nothing, and the very Success of the Wickedness, is the Plague on't. Nay, and the Two Extremes of Want and Abundance are so near a kin too, that the Misery of both the Opposite States, takes its Rise in a great Measure from the same Root. Only Men are Solicitous in the One Case how to Get, that which they are as Sollicitous in the other Case how to Keep; and the Pain of the Disappointment, whether in Molling or in Lolling, is much the same. For what's the Difference between having Nothing at all Originally, and after such or such an Acquisition, having Nothing at all Left? 'Tis but Nothing against Nothing both ways: And the Cafe has much in it of what we find in an Extrem Drought, or a Naueous Surfet. Men are ready to Chack for want of Drink, and when they have Over charg'd themselves with more then Nature will bear, they are ready to Dye on that Hand too, till they have it up again. Now to carry on the Allusion, here's a Courageous Man Deliberating between the Qualms of a Wambling Stomach, and an Unsettled Mind. Here he is Defying Fortune and all her Works; he'll have no more to do with her, he says, and so he talks and Does on at the rate of Almof Half a Christen. But he does not yet know his own Mind it seems; for while he is Renouncing the World, and the Devil on the One Hand, he strikes a League with them on the other, and in the same Breath Preflects what he pretends to Disclaim, and Conjures the Labourer of his Hire. We are not therefore to value our Selves upon the Merit of Exculsatory Resentiments, that takes us by Firs and Stars, and look like Confessions upon the Torture, then Acts of Piety and Confidence. 'Tis not for a Defilatory Thought, to atone for a Lewd Course of Life; nor for any thing but the Super-inducing of a Virtuous Habit upon a Vicious One, to qualify an Effected Conversion. We are to Distinguish between this Miller's being Wearied of the Anxious Condition he was in, and his Repenting the Iniquity of his Oppression and Extortion: But Fortune will have him Richer and Richer Hill, in spite of his Heart: That is to say, for his Greater
**FABLES of several Authors.**

Greater Condemnation and Punishment. And the last Touch is to show us, in the Chearliness of Fortunes, what a Poor Honest Man has to Trust to in this World.

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**Far. CCCXLIV.**

An Eagle sets up for a Beauty.

It was once put to the Question among the Birds, which of the whole Tribe or sort of 'em was the Greatest Beauty. The Eagle gave her Voice for her self, 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 Persuasion that is paid to Great and Powerful Men, is but from the Teeth outward, not from the Heart; and more out of Fear than Love.

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**Reflection.**

This 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 it be matter of Honour, Title, Justice, Good Faith, Confidence, &c. for the Larger Sword can do no Wrong; and rather then fail, the Laws of God and Man shall take up Arms against themselves in defence of the most Extravagant of Conquests. Religion is a kind of Two Edged-Sword in the Hands of a Man of Might, that Cuts both ways alike; and it is either Right or Wrong, or Wrong or Right, as Occasion serves. Take it by One Light, 'tis an Angel; by Another, 'tis a Devil: And so his Pro or Con at the same time. The whole World and the Buffets of it, is managed by License and Paradox; the one sets up Palle-Gods, and the other maintains them. Power in Flower, is Beauty, Wit, Courage, and all Good Things in One, where Slaves and Parasites are Judges.

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**Far. CCCXLVI.**

An Image Expoud'd to Sale.

Certain Carvers, that had a Mercury lay a great while upon his Hands, bethought himself at last of Billing it about in Coffew-Houses, that at such a place there was a God to be Sold, a Merry Penn'orth, and such a Deity as would make any Man Rich.

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**Far. CCCXLVII.**

Demetrius and Emenander.

When Demetrius Phalaris (a Tyrant and an Uharper,) took Possession of Athens, how he was Befit and Purfied with the Huzza's and Reclamations of the People! Nay, and the Leading Men of the City too, with Joy in their Looks, and Gall in their Hearts, Thriving who should be foremost in the Solemnity, to cry Vive Demetrius, and Kiss the Hand that Enlaved them. After them follow'd the Men of Ease, Luxury and Pleasure, for fear of being thought Wanting in point of Affection.
FABLES of several Authors.

Affection and Respect. Mandon, the Famous Comic Poet was one of the Number, but in so Loose a Garb and Dree, and with so Unmanly a Kind of March and Motion, that Demetrius had his Eye on him presently, and call’d Aloud to know how such an Epheminate Soth profane was come to Appear in his Presence. Somebody gave the Tyrant immediately a Whisper, and told him, Sir says he, This is the Poet Mandon that you your self have been pleas’d to own so Great an Admiration and Esteem for. Demetrius recollects himself, and changes his Humour in the very Instant; calls Mandon to him, and Treats him with all the Inflations imaginable of a Singular Liking and Respect.

The Moral.

This Fable sets forth the Slevish Humour and Practice of the World, upon all Violent Changes, let them be never so Innocent and Unprofitable. And it shows us again, that no Tyrants Heart can be so Hard, but it may be Softened, and wrought upon by the Force of Wit and Good Letters.

Reflection.

It is no Wonder, where there’s Power on the One Side, to find Flattery and Slavery on the Other; Nor is there any Inference to be drawn from the Outward Pomp of Popular Adresses and Applause, to an Inward Congrancy of Affections in the Heart: For Batings and Curlings come out of the same Mouth. These Neigh Acclamations are rather made of Mode and Ceremony, then of Zeal and good Will; and the Heirs of the Rabble are the same as to a Bear that they are to a Prince, and signify no more to the One, then they do to the Other. The Tyrants Reproof here of Mandon for his Mens 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 Mistake; And Secondly, Instructive to us, that we are not to Judge of the Man by his Outside.

FAB. CCCXXLIX.

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 presently Destroy’d. My Simple Young Master came now to be Convin’d of his Folly, in taking away the Guard that Prevent’d his Vines, and in expecting Grapes from Brambles.

The Moral.

There was so much Care and Industry to the Preserving of things, as there was to the Acquiring of them, and the Care is as necessary to the common Safety, as is that Fights the Battle.

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Reflection.

FABLES of several Authors.

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Seneca. It is not one jot better then Boys Play, when they cry, I make 'em believe so; and that's the very Point at last that they drive at. The Rats here Eat your Copper, says the Truffle here to the Merchant. What was there more in, then to try whether the Merchant was a Fool or not, and go to Conzen him if he had found him one? Nay, and to make him a Fool upon Record too by his own Confession, both in one. Now if he had but put a Dammec to the Truth once, according to the Modil Humour of the Times, some Soft-headed, Conscientious Fop might have Swallow'd it perhaps; but the Mee Goodlove: Dextrously turn'd the Conceit upon him, and lay'd his Copper and his Credit both at once.

FAB. CCCCLII.

A Woman Replied with Scolding.

There was an Untoward Perverse Piece of VVomane Fleece that fell now and then under the Discipline of a little Family Correction; and she had got a trick of throwing her self down upon her Back, holding her Breath, and there lying at her Length for Stone-Dead. Her Husband it seems had been wonted to these Gamboles, and so in a Grave Serious way, as she lay in a Fit once, calls for a Knife. 'Come, says he, when the Beef is Dead, we must e'en make the best of his Skin, and so he tell to work, and began to lay her at the Heel. The Woman did not like that way of Fooling, but startted up, and came to her self immediately.

The Moral.

This in the Fable, is one of those Cases wherein People that are to be Believed in Nothing else, ought to be taken at their Words. My Heart's too big to bear this, (says a Blustering Fellow,) By the Lord, I'll Destroy my self. Sir, says the Gentleman, here's a Dogger at your Service; and so the Humour went off.

REFLEXION.

Here's Fooling against Fooling, and one Counterfeit Answer'd with another. The Woman would cells persuade the Good Man that she was Dead; and the Husband in Revenge, gives her to understand, that she must be Play'd then; which was the only way the Poor Man had of making the best of a Bad Game. 'Twas a Shannon both ways, and so they Compounded the Querell upon't, and the Good Woman never Dy'd after this, till the came to Dyre Good them all. There are some Pevish Cases that will bear no other way of Conviction.

FAB.

FABLES of several Authors.

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Two Friends and Fortune.

There goes a Story of Two Familiar Friends that were often together, and had a great many Words upon the Subject of which we call Fortune. They were both well enough to pafs, but of very Differing Humours; the one a Man of Project and Busifie in the World, the other altogether for Eafe and Quiet. The one had a Roaming, Rambling Head; the other was a Man of Privacy and Referve. The one in Fine, was for making his Court to Fortune; the other for Lying by till Fortune should make her Court to Him. (According to the Freak of the Rest of the Sex,) Come, come, says the Ranger, we shall never make any thing out at this rate of Living; heres neither Honour nor Money to be got by gaming where we are, and for my own part, I'm e'en for a Pilgrimage to the Temple of Fortune. Ay, but where's that? says the other. Why says the Rambler, we must e'en beat it out the best we can. Pray, says his Companion. Advise well with your Pillow before you Embark in this Adventure. You are going you know not whether, to find out you know not what, or whom: A Phantome, that flies out of your Arms in the very Grappling at it; a common Prostitute to Fools and Footmen. You must be a Knave to be a Favourite, and abandon all the Substantial Comforts of Human Nature for a Flit, and a Shadow, in one word, if you needs be. Wandering, Pray, when we meet next, remember what I told ye: And in the mean time, I'll e'en lie down in Peace, and keep my Self just as I am, and where I am, and if ever you live to come back again, do but look for me where you left me, and there, If I'm Alive, you shall be sure to find me.

Upon these Terms they parted, and away falls the Carrier in quest of his new Mistres. The First Jurer is to Court, where he Enquires for Madam Fortune's Lodgings; But the Shifted to often, they told him, that there was no certainty of Finding her. He never faild to make one at the Princess Love's and Cocbes, where he heard over and over, how she had been at this Place and at that Place, but never could fight of her. They told him indeed, that at such or such a Time, he might be sure of her at this Minions, or at that Buffons Apartment; but
but she was full so Buffet, and so Private, that there was no coming to the Speech of her. In fine, when he had Hunted and waited like a Dog, Early and Late, I know not how long, one told him for a certain, that she had newly taken Wing, and was gone a Progres to a Temple she had in Terra Australis Incognita. Upon this, he takes his leave of the Court, and away immediately to Sea, where he meets with Pyrates, Rocks and Shelves, and in short, so many Dreadful Encounters; as made him cast many a heavy Look and Thought upon the Quiet Cottage and Companion that he had left behind him: But he goes prefiguring for all this, till in the conclusion, he was Fob'd again with another Story: That Fortune 'tis true, had been there; but she was call'd away by an Express, not above Two Minutes before, to the Northward. These Phantastical Amusements and Misadventures, brought him by little and little to his Wits again, and to a Contemplation of all the vain Promises and Pretences of Avarice and Ambition. With these Thoughts about him, he makes all the hafl he can back again, to his poor Bleffed Home; where he finds his old Friend and Acquaintance, without any Care in his Head, Fast Asleep; and that very Fortune that had led him this Wild-Goose Chase over the whole World, waiting like a Spaniel at the Door, and Begging to be let in.

**The Moral.**

*It is with Fortune as it is with other Fantastical Mistresses; she makes sport with those that are ready to Die for her, and throws her self at the Feet of others that Doffe her.*

**Reflection.**

*Tis Great Vertue and Happines for a Man to let his Heart wholly upon that Lot and Station which Providence has Affigned him, and to Content himself with what he has, without Wandering after Imaginary Satisfactions in what he has not. Fancy and Curiosity have no Bounds. Their Mote may be *SOMETHWHT ELSE.* And how should it be otherwise with People that are never Pless'd with the Prefent? They want they know not what, and they look for't they know not where. We have had so many Occasions already to handle this Moral, that it would be Time lost to say anymore upon it in this Place.

**Fab.**

**Fab. CCCLIV.**

A Boy that would not learn his 200th.

There 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 'em to cry [A:]. No, says the Boy, 'tis not so hard neither; but if I should cry [A:], then they'd make me cry [B.] too, and I'll never do that, I'm Reolv'd.

**The Moral.**

There's no Contending with Obiunacy and Il Natures especially where there's a Persuasion 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 Boys Reason here, and the Aper are much at one; and 'tis the case of Counterfeit Cripples too, that pretend they cannot do this or that, in truth, they are Lazy, and have no mind to be put to. The fame Humour Governs in a World of Cafes, where a Pretence of Disability is made use of, either out of Crassness or Sloth. This Restiff Stubbornness is never to be Exculp'd, under any Pretence whatsoever; but when the thing to be done is that which we are Bound in Honour and in Duty to do, there's no Enduring of it. As in Cases of Law, Conscience, 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 Reflection that puts all the Functions and Offices of Order and Authority to a Fand. He that says I cannot do this or that, where the Thing is Lawfully Imposed and Required, and not Simply Evill, might 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'd 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 par with All; So that the Contest is not matter of Struggle, but who shall be Uppermost. In One Word, Stubborn Boys, and Stubborn Subjects, where they will not Comply upon Fair Means, must be swhipp'd into their Duties.
FABLES of several Authors.

**FAB. CCCCLV.**

Hercules 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 Contempl. Jupiter asked 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 Moral.**

This is only to shew the Opposition between a Honest, Sincere, Amorous Flamour, and the Publick Spiritu'd Generosity of a Man of Honour, Industry and Virtue.

**Reflection.**

Money has its Use; 'tis true, but generally speaking, the Benefit does not Outweigh the Cares that go along with it, and the Hazards of the Temptation to Abuse it. It is the Patron, and the Price of all Wickedness: 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 Debauches Children against their Parents; it makes Subjects Rebel against their Governors; it turns Lawyers and Divines into Advocates for Sacrilege and Sedition; and it Transports the very Professors of the Gospel into a Spirit of Contradiction and Discontent, to the Preachings and Prayers 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 Monsters, which the other came into the World to Quell and Subdue.

**FAB. CCCCLVI.**

A Lion, Bear and Vultures.

There happened a Deferent Quarrel between a Lion and a Bear, they fought upon it, 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 Chase, and the Vultures were not a little Troubled at the Disappointment.

**The Moral.**

When Fools Fall Out, it is Half go Hard, but Knows will be the Better for 't.

**Reflection.**

There are many Sorts of Men in the World that live upon the Sins and the Misfortunes of other People. This Fable may be Moralliz'd in almost all the Controversies of Humane Life whether Publick or Private. Plutonian and Dissenters finds Benefit for the Lawyers: Questions of Religion for the Divines: Disputes about Privileges and Liberties, Cut out 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 Gavials, there will never fail to be Vultures.

**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't Good or Bad? (says he.) Nay, says the 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 Wandering from the Herd, and I was afraid of. 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 Moral.**

The Man is too Delicate to be Happy, that makes it his Bargain not to hear anything that may give him a Present Trouble.

**Reflection.**

This way of Consulting a Bodies Eafe, makes a Man Accursory to his own Ruin. There's an Attempt design'd for the purpoze, upon the Person of a Man, and he stings his Ear against any Intelligence, or Notice of it, till the Dagger is at his Heart. He that will not hear the worst of
of things Betimes, must expect afterward to feel the Effect of the Bad News that he would not hear. First, he loses the Means of Preventing Mischief, by not suffering himself to be informed whereabouts the Danger lies. Secondly, He lives in continual Dread of all Accidents that may befall him in general, 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, Persecutions, Torments, Slavery, Sicknes, say Death it is at a Distance, they'll put it off to the last Moment, and venture the Surprize, when it comes indeed, rather then abide but so much as the Hearing of it beforehand.

FAB. CCCCLVIII.

A S Sty CX 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. This 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 Wretchedness of Avarice, that rather than make use of the Bounties of Providence in their Season, suffers them to be by and by perish.

REFLEXION.

How Miserable are those Credulous that spend their Lives in Carking and Pinching themselves for things they have not the Heart to make use of! And in this Humour of Gripping (which they call Saving) fall foul upon the very extreme of Profligacy another way. They either Love or Spoil every thing by Keep ing it, till it's fit only to be thrown away; and that's their way of spending it. Their Money lies as clove in their Coffers, as ever it did in the Mine whence it was drawn. They'll rather venture the whole Stock, then be at one Penny Charge for the Saving of the rest. They persevere in the very Intent, as well as they destroy the Bounties of Providence: Nay, they Envy the common Enjoyment of those Blessings that were intended for the Relief, Comfort and Satisfaction of Mankind.
FABLES of several Authors.

Mercury was Order'd to let the Man Open and Examine them as strictly as he pleased, but to bid him have a care not to meddle with them rashly, for fear of the worst. The Country-man was so Charm'd with the Present at First Sight, that he took it away with him by Content, without asking any Questions. But when he came afterward to consider at leisure the Cares, Anxieties, Fears, Doubts, and all manner of Troubles and Difeaes that were inseparably to go along with his Bags and Dignities; he found himself much more Uneasie now than 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 set his Heart upon Gay and Glittering Apparencys. The Devil himself Baiteth all his Hooks with Pomp, Lufts and Pleasures; and the very Glory of the Outside, makes the Contents the more Suspicions for't.

Reflection.

A Man may bear the want of Honours and Riches, before he has 'em, much better than the Loss of them when he has 'em. And they are in themselves, the Plagues of an Inconsiderate Life. He that wills 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 looks them for his own sake, and Converts them wholly to his own Profit, Defrauds the Publick. As if a Man should apply an Eftate that was made over to him in Trust, to the wrong Use.

FAB. CCCCLXI.

A Bee that went over to the Drones.

To what End (says a Bee) should I Toy and Moe my self out of my Life for a Poor Subsistence, when the Drones that do nothing at all, Live in as much Plenty every Jot as I do? Upon this Thought, the Bee Resolved after an Example to work no longer. The Matter it seems call'd her to Account for't; the Bee took Pet upon't, and without any more to do, went over to the Drones Party, where she paid the Summer easly enough, and to her Satisfaction. But upon the Winters 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 Close, so that there was no Entrance, and the Poor Bee Starv'd to Death between Cold and Hunger.

The Moral.

It is all the Reason in the World, that every Man in what Station soever, should Work in some sort or other for his Living. Nature herself is always at Work; and a Prince has no more Right to be Idle, than a Beggar.

Reflection.

Action is a Reasonable Duty, how various soever it may be Exercised, 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 its 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 shews 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 Industry on the one hand, comes to be wrought upon by the very Emblem of luxury on the other. Thirdly, It leads us to a Consideration of the End of an Unactive and an Unprofitable Life. The Bees Summer-Friends Forsake her; tho' of her own Family shut the Doors against her; and so she's Abandon'd to the Wide World, as an Object of Detraction and Scorn.

FAB. CCCCLXII.

A Crow and a Raven.

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 Deperately given to Croaking and Foreboding upon Evil Things to come, that they both fell both into Disgrace for't.

The Moral.

Great Talkers, Meddlers, and Bores-Boodies, are the very Pest of Human Society.

Reflection.
FABLES of several Authors.

REFLEXION.

There is no Peace to be expected, either in a Government, or in a Family, where Talkers, and the Spreaders of ill and of False News, are Encourag'd. Now the Curiosity of hearkning after Privacies that do not concern us, and of prying into Forbidden Secrets, does not arise so much from a Delire of knowing the Truth of Things simply for our own Satisfaction, as from an itch of crowing our fellows into other Peoples Matters, that we may be Prating of them again. And then the Tale is very seldom or never without Calumny and Detraction at the end on't.

Far. CCCCLXIII.
The Seducer of the Bed-maker.

You must needs make this Bitch's Bed immediately, says the Master of the House 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 Councils; but there's no Measure to be taken of a Changeable Humour. Tell me where I may find ye, and I shall know where to fit ye. But otherwise, 'tis with us in the Levity of our Manners, and of our Humours, as it was with Clark, the Famous Pujour-Master, and his Taylors. When the Workman took Measure of him, he was Crump-Shoulderd, and the Right Side Higher than the Left; when he brought home his Suit, the Left was Higher than the Right. The Fellow was Mad as himself; and made him another Suit; and that would not do neither, for his Body was then as Straight as an Arrow.

Far. CCCCLXIV.
A Trusty Dog and his Master.

The Master of a Family that had, as he thought, a very good Condition'd Dog, coming home from his Business once, found a Cradle Overturn'd; the Dog's Mouth all Bloody, and his only Child missing. He draws his Sword immediately and kills the Dog, upon a Presumption that he had Worry'd the Child, without any regard to his Try'd Fidelity, and without allowing himself One Moment of Time for a Second Thought. Upon a further Enquiry, he found the Truth of the Matter to be this: The Child being left alone in the Cradle, there was a Serpent Winding itself up the Side, to Destroy the Child. The Dog leapt upon the Serpent, and Tears it to Pieces; but in the Scuffle, the Cradle happen'd to be Overturn'd. Upon the taking up of the Cradle, the Master found the Child Alive under it, and the Serpent Dead, which, upon Reflexion, Convinc'd him of the Miserable Temerity of his Misjudge.

The Moral.
The Repeance of a whole Life, is not sufficient to Atonc for the Misfor

REFLEXION.

ANGER without Consernation, is little better than a downright Madness; it makes us take Benefits for Injuries, it Confounds Truth and Falsity; and we have too many Influences of Outrages committed on the Perfons of the best of our Friends, upon a Fals Perjury of their being our Mortal Enemies. Clarity bids us Hope, and Believe the Belfy of Things. Prudence bids us Examine the Truth of Things: Religion and Common Equity Preach to us upon the Text of Do as you would be done by. So that it is Uncharitable, Unreasonable, Unchristian, and Inhuman, to pass a Peremptory Sentence of Condemnation upon a Try'd Friend, where there's any Room left for a more Favourable Judgment.

Far.
FABLES of several Authors.

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FAB. CCCCLXV.
A Fool and a Sichte.

An Innocent found a Siche, and presently fell to Stopping the Holes, which he called Mending it. When he had been Puzzling a good while about it, he threw it away in a Rage: I shall never make any thing on't, says he; for I don't know which I aim to stop, and which to leave open.

The Moral.

It is more the Pragmatical sort of State-Menders, much as it did with this Siche-Mender: they do not like things as they are, neither do they understand how they should be. But they are for Change however at a Venture; and when they have once put Matters out of Order, there's no getting 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 than 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 Embroil'd the Publick, leave the Main Chance to Fortune, to Shuffle the Cards Again, and Play the Game over again. This is the Fate on't, when Pedants will be Meddling with Politics, and Bishops setting up for the Reformers of Providence.

FAB. CCCCLXVI.
A Fig-Tree and a Thorn.

A Fig-Tree and a Thorn were valuing themselves once upon the Advantage that the One had over the other. Well, says the Thorn, what would you give for such Flowers as Thefe? Very Good, says the Fig-Tree, and what would you give for such Fruit as This? Why, says the other, 'twould be against Nature for a Thorn to bring forth Figgs. Well (says another again) 'twould be against Nature too for a Fig-Tree to bring forth Flowers. Befide that, I have Fruit you see, that is much better.

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 boast of our selves, and to Degrade others, 'tis no longer a Virtue but a Vanity; and especially when we Mistake the Value of things, and prefer the Advantages of Beauty, before those of Use and Service.

REFLEXION.

'Tis not every Man that can distinguish between the Excellencies of Beauty and of Virtue: And how in Truth should they Distinguish when Every Man that has Eyes in his Head, sees the One, and not One Man of Forty Understanders the Other? Nay, the very Tincture of the Thorn is a Weakness, and I might have found a Vice too, for the Vanity Unfollows the very Virtue, especially where it is Accompany'd with Detraction.

FAB. CCCCLXVII.
A Wolf and a Fox.

A Wolf had the Fortune to pas 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 Malefactor's Crime? So the Officers told him, that he had not only Robb'd several Hen-Roosts, but had the Impudence to Steal a Fat Goose, that was Refer'd for his Majesties own Table. Say ye no,' says the Wolf, why then the Cape is alter'd, quoth Plonch: and so he left him to take his Fortune.

The Moral.

Interest is the very Top and Standard of Good and Evil. If I may gain by doing a Thing, 'tis Honorable; if I be gain'd by my Profit, 'tis certainly against my Conscience. This is the Price and Cost of Common Practice; and its but casting some Grains of Allownace into the Scale, to Palliate the Foulst Iniquity.
This Fable hits the Humour of the World to a Hair; and it holds from him that fits upon the Throne, to the poor Devil that has scarce a Tatter to his Breech. Men are easy to Pardon Offences committed against other People; but when they come to be Touch'd Once in their Own Copy-Hold, the Lion Fat-Going weighed down all the Cocks and Hens in the Country: And in that Cafe the Wolf leaves his Brother Fox at the Gallows. The Rogue has Stolen a Privilege-Goose, says he, and the King will never Pardon him. This is according to Practice, how contrary soever to the true Measures of Generosity, Honour and Justice. That's the versifi'd Villain in Nature, cries one, for I'll tell ye how he's Old Me. A Worthy a Man, says another, as ever trod upon a Shoe of Leather; for really there's been much Oblation to him. In short, there is such an Affinity between our Prudent- als and our Appetites, that they are like two Union Strings, if you Touch the One, the Other Moves by Contagion. There was a certain Pilfer (an Officer of the Common Pleas,) that in Oliver's Days was mightily concern'd upon the Subject of the Government, and Dilating in a kind of Rhetorical Climax upon the Iniquity of the Times: Well (says he,) here's the Bell Church upon the Face of the Earth Defray'd; the Nobility and Gentry trampled under Foot; and Begger'd; the Commonalty Enflav'd; the Laws Overthrown; the Constitution of Parliaments Dismay'd; a most Fias, Gracious Kng Murder'd; And now to Consume the Villany, they say they are putting down the Pilferers. When it comes once to the Pilferers, it Touches to the Quick.

A Rich Man and a Beggar.

A Poor Fellow was Beating the Hoof upon the Highway, and Trusting on Merrily in a Bitter Cold Morning, with never a Rag to his Tail: A Spark that was Warm clad, and Well Mounted, (but his Teeth Chattering in his Head yet,) call'd to this Tatter-de-Malheur, and ask'd him how he was able to endure this Terrible Weather? Why says 'tcher, how does your Face endure it? My Face is us'd to it; says the Cavalier. And so is my Body says the other; so that I am All Face. And then (says the Poor Cur') 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 and a Beggar.

A Wolf that had lived many Years upon the Spoil, came at last to be Troubled in Conscience for the Spilling of so much Innocent Blood, and so took up a Christian Resolution to keep a long Lent for's; and so to Eat One Bit of Fleas for a whole Twelve-Month: But fasting it seem'd not agree with his Confinement, for upon the sight of a Hog Wallowing in a Muddy Puddle, he ran presently 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 Littleton's Dictionary, that Porcus is a Pig, that being Taken, Grunthalike a Hog; and so he made a Supper of the Hog, without breaking his fast, and without any Offence to his Vow of Mortification.
FABLES of several Authors.

The MORAL.

In a long Practice of Witchcraft, now and then a Faint Pox or Promise of Amendment, goes for Nothing; and if a Bird should have a Mind to break a Commandment under such an Obligation, it will be hard if he cannot be himself off at Lost with some Salvo or Dismissal, and be his own Confessor.

REFLEXION.

Men that are Habitually Wicked, may now and then by Pies and Starks feel certain Motions of Reflection that look toward Repentance; but those Dispositions are commonly short lived, and the same Meat shall be Fifth or Pleth as it may best serve their Turn. We find this Fable Moraliz'd in our Daily Practice, not only among our False Converts, upon the Matter of Truth, Stedfast, and Justice, but among Politicians, Lawyers, and Divines, that think make the most Etablisht Principles of Law, Prudence, and Religion, Pelicans of themselves, and by the help of a little Shame and Paradoxe, Blow Hot and Cold, with the Man and the Satyr, out of the same Mouth. This Wolf now was somewhat of the Mans Humour that was Charg'd by his Confessor, for Eating Pleth in Lent: Father, says he, I have as Catholick 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 Hug into Forest, he kept his Felt in Latin full, though he broke it in Englisht.

FAB. CCCCLXXI.

A Satyr and Fire.

The Poets tell us, that Prometheus stole some of Jupiter's Fire, and brought it down to us from Heaven, and that was our Original of it. A Satyr was so Transformed with the Glory and the Splendor of this Spirit, that down on his Knees he falls, and would needs kiss and Embrace it. Have a care of thy Beard, says Prometheus; say, and of your Chin too; for wilt both Singe and Burne. And why, says the Satyr, would you bring down so Glorious a Temptation then to Plague the World withal? Why, says Prometheus, there were no Living without it; only the Mischief lies in the Abuse. It Burns, as true, but then consider the Heat and the Light that comes along with it, and you shall find it serves us to all manner of Profitable, Delightful and Necessity Purposes, provided only that we make a Right Life one.

The MORAL.

There's not One Grain in the whole Composition of the Universe, either too Much, or too Little; Nothing to be Added, Nothing to be Sub'd; nor so much as any One Particle of it that Mankind may not be either the Better or the Worse for, according to its Applied. The most Sovereign advantage

FAB. CCCCLXXII.

A Farmer and his Servant.

A Country Farmer mist'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 croz his way, away goes he Scampering after them. He stay'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.
FABLES of several Authors.

Fable CCCCLXXII.
A Generous Lion.

A Lion was Benriding an Ox that he had newly Plucked down, a Robber passing by, Cry'd out to him, Half-Shares. You should go your Snip says the Lion, if you were not so forward to be your own Carver. The Thief had but just turn'd his Back, when up comes an Innocent Traveller, that so soon as ever he saw the Lion, was going off again. The Lion had him Fear Nothing, but take part of the Prey with him in Reward of his Modesty: Whereupon 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 Rise in Triumph any longer, while Honest Men go out at the Elbows.

REFLEXION.

This is an Instance of a Great and a Laudable Example; but People are forward to Command rich Presidents, then to imitate them: for the

FABLES of several Authors.

the Bold and Rich Thrive in the World, when the Poor and the Bathful go a Begging: But Virtue is never the least Venerable for being out of Fash'ion.

Fable CCCCLXXIII.
A Brother and a Sister.

There was a Brother and a Sister that happen'd to look in a Glass both together: The Brother a very Lovely Youth, and the Sister as hard favour'd as a Girl could well be. Look ye (says the Boy,) and have not I a very Good Face now? This the Lads took for a Reproach, as if hers were not so too. What does this Envious Tit, but away to her Father, with a Tale of her Brother, how Effeminately he Behav'd himself, and that a Petticoat would become him better then a Sword. The Good Man Kist'd them both, and Reconciled the Controversie. My Dear Children, says he, I lay my Command upon ye Both to look often in a Glass; You Son, to keep a Guard upon your Self, not to Dishonour the Advantages that Nature has given ye, with ill Manners: And you Daughter, (says he) to Mind you of Supplying the Defects of an External and a Transitory Beauty, with the more substantial Ornaments of Piety and Virtue.

The Moral.

There is no Accident or Adventure in Nature, that does not yield Matter and Occasion for Good Counsel: And the Excellence of that necessary Office lies in the Address of Managing it Pertinently, and without Reproach.

REFLEXION.

The Vanity of the Youth here in the Fable, is doubly to Blame; First, he values himself upon a Trivial and an Uncertain Advantage. Secondly, 'Tis below the Dignity of the Sex, for a Man to Glory in, and to Ulurp upon the proper Ornaments and Privileges of a Woman. The Siblers Envy may be better Reprov'd then Reform'd; for to say that a Woman is not Handom, is a Sin never to be Forgiven. The Father does excellently well Discharge the Part of a Wise Man, and of a Tender Parent both in One. And the Moral of his Part Resolves finally into this, That Virtue atones for Bodily Defects, and that Beauty is nothing worth, without a Mind Answerable to the Person.
FABLES of several Authors.

FAB. CCCCLXXIV.
The Bees and the Drones.

There was a Controversie betwixt the Bees and the Drones about some Honey-Combs that were found in a Hollow Oak. They both laid Claim to 'em, and a Wasp was to be Judge, as one that well understood the Matter. Upon the Trial of the Cause, they seem'd both to stand fair for, as being of the fame 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.

Pretexts go a great way in the World with Men that will take Fair Words and Majesterial Looks for Current Payment: But the short and the certain way 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 Reproof of this Fable; and the Judges in those Cases are not always as Tender, Circumspect and Conscientious as the Wasp was in this; for they let Fable and Fervent Pretenders run away many times, not only with the Character, but with the Reward, both of Honester and Soberer Mens Virtues. There's no Proof like Matter of Fact, and putting the Drones to the Test of making Wax and Honey.

FAB. CCCCLXXV.
A Fox and a Dragon.

A Fox was Earthing Himself, he Digg'd so Deep, till at last he came to a Dragon's Den, where he found a Prodigious Maf 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 is my Fate so hard, says the Dragon, and there's no more to be said. Here's a Mostrourous Hord, says the Fox, and I cannot find that you either give Give or Let One Penny out of all this Store. 'Tis a Milery, says the other, that I am Doon'd 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 Amis, and to Peverowe in so Doing, and then to lay the Blame upon our Stars, or our Fortune as we call it, which in truth, is neither Better nor Worse then making Heaven the Author of Evil. The very Sth of it is, that an Ill Fated has the Force of that which we call an Ill Fate; and we Tye up our Selves, where Providence has left us at Liberty.

REFLEXION.

Your Covetous Churl is Undoubtedly the most Miserable of Beggars; the more he Has, the more he Wants; Believe that, he wants what he Has too; for 'tis left to all Intents and Purposes, when neither he Himself, nor any Body else is the Better for it. He Pines 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 Doon'd to, which tells us most Emphatically, that an Anxiety of Mind is a Just Judgment upon a Man for Delivering himself up to so Sordid an Appetite. We must not Understand the Dragon here to be Condemned to this Milery by the Fataality of any Inevitable Decree; but in these Cases, Custom and Corruption, Superinduce upon us a kind of Neccesity of going on as we begun.

FAB. CCCCLXXVI.
The Shipwreck of Simonides.

Simonides was a Learned Man, and an Excellent Poet, especially in the way of Pangenryck, or Encomium, to the Honour of the Great Men of his Age; infomuch 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 Aboard for his own Country again in an Old Rotten Vessel. They fell into Foul Weather, and the Ship Milerry'd. In the Hurry of the Shipwreck, while the Passengers were at their Wits end how to Save that which they
they took to be of the most Value. Simondes was the only Man that appear'd 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 do I do, says he, for all the Goods that I pretend to, I have now About me. In this Extremity, some made a shift to Swim A-shore; the greater Part sunk under the weight of what they thought to Prefer; and in the mean time came in a Crew of Free-Booters, that Riffed and Stript those that Seap'd. The Men that were Paddling for their Lives, made a Fie, where by great Providence there liv'd a Famous Philosopher that was a Passionate Admiral, and a Diligent Reader of Simondes, and his Writings. This Philosopher upon the First Encounter, found out Simondes by his very Discourse; took him into his House, Cloathed him, Furnish'd him with Money, Provided him Servants, and put him into a Condition in fine, to Live in Honour and Plenty. As Simondes 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. VVell, says Simondes, and dye 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 then this, that Virtue shall never fail of a Reward in the Consequence.

Reflexion.

A Wife and a Good Man carry his Happiness in his own Breast; and that's Happiness too, that the Uttermost Malice of Wicked Men, and all Cross Fortune can never take away. Let all Men of Honour apply the Moral of this History to their own Comfort and Support; and Adieu themselves, that Providence either in the Blessing of a good Conscience, or in that of a Happy Deliverance, will never Forake them.

A Poor Rogue that had got the Devil into his Pocket, and not One Cross 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 Cash, Credit, nor Friends, to keep Life and Soul together. He be-thought himself a while upon the Matter, and so Resolv'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 Money along with it. The Fellow prefently throws away the Halter; Takes the Gold by Content, without either Weighing or Counting it, and so away he: Scours with the Purchase. 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 Marryng and Hang'g, they say, go by Default. The Left Comer, in fine, succeeds to the Hope of his Predecessor, and very fairly Hangs himself with this Comfort in the Conclusion, That Providence had Sav'd him the Charge of a Halter.

The Moral.

Where there's Money in the Chest, it is Fairest to One; but some Body or other goes to the Devil for't.

Reflexion.

Poverty and Avarice are near akin, and the Rich Insatiable Mifer that is still Carking after More and More; is every jot as Miserable as he that has just Nothing at all. What's the Difference between Gold in One Part of the Earth, and Gold in Another? Between the Minted Gold that the Sordid Churl carries in the Pot, and the, Oat that Nature has Prepared and Tinsel'd in the Mine? They are both equally level to the common Use of Mankind. Only the One lies a little deeper then the Other. We may finish this Moral with a Consideration of the Polly of those People that, Starve themselves to Enrich Others, and make their Own Lives Wretched for the Advantage perhaps of Thieves or Strangers. Thankful, in fine, for'd both their Turns; as well His that had no Money at First, as others that lost it.

Fab.
FABLES of several Authors.

Fab. CCCCLXXVIII.

A Mountebank and a Bear.

A Quack was exposing his Bills and his Medicines 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 dropped from the Lips of an Oracle: It happened just in the Nick of this moment, that an Officer of Paris-Garden was leading one of his Majesties Bears, that way, with a Ring thorough the Nose of him. The Rabble immediately upon the Novelty of this Advantage, quitting the Mountebank, and Gather'd in Multitudes about the Bear, Shouting and Hurrying along with him, as if it had been a Procession to a Popish-Burning, or previencore some more Pompous Spectacle. The Bear upon this Noise and Bustle, (though none of the Quickest-Vighted Animals,) made a Speech to the Crowd after the best manner. Hear ye my Friends, says he, I'm glad to see you so Merry at my being led like a Scot by the Noise that; but pray let's Laugh at one another by Turns, for you are every Joc as Ridiculous to Me, as I am to you; the Mob'd are led by the Bears just as the Bears are led by the Noises; and that's all the Difference in the Case betwixt us.

The Moral.

The Mob'd are altogether for Noises and Novelty, and One New Thing drives out another; Nay, we take Pleasure in the very Spectacle that Effectually Alures us; as a Bear with a Ring in his Nose, is no more than an Emblem of every Man of us, for we are all as much as He, some by the Ear or Eye; others by our Lights and Afflictions; But in fine, every Soul of us same way or other.

Reflection.

No Man should make Sport with, or Consent to anything in another, without first considering whether he be not Guilty of the very same thing Himself. The Bear is led after One Manner; the Mob'd are led after Another Manner; and in some sort or other we are all led; only the Bear'shead in this Fable leads but One Brite, and the Mountebank hath a Thousand: And what's the whole Business at last, but Noise, Novelty and Example? And One Fool Staring and Howling for Company after Another; We take more Care to do as Others do, then to do as we ought to do; or in truth to understand the Sum and Substance of our Duties. The People leaving

Fab. CCCCLXXIX.

A Skittish Horse.

There goes a Story of a Relish, Skittish Jade, that had gotten such a Trick of Rising, Starting, and Flying out at his own Shadow, that he was not to be Endur'd; for the Discipline of the Span 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 Logic of the Business.

'Tis 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 then? Well says the Horse, (who it seems had more Wit than his Master,) 'tis no new Thing in the World, even for the greatest Heroes to shrink under the Imprecation of Panick Terrors. What are all the Sprights, Ghosts and Goblins that your selfes Tremble at, but Phantoms and Chimera's, that are bred and shaped in your own Brain?

The Moral.

Nature and Reason have forsy'd us, if we will but make use of our Strength, against all Difficulties that can Befall us in this World, But if we will stand Bogging at Imaginary Evils, let us never Blame a Horse, for staring at a Shadow.

Reflection.

'Tis a Common Thing for People to Blame what they Practice, and to be spending their Centurys upon others, when they should be Examining Themselves: Whereas in Justice, Charity and Prudence, we should make no other Use of our Neighbours Faults, than we do of a Looking Glass.
FABLES of several Authors.

Glas to Mend our Own Manners by, and to let Matters right at Home. When we see a Horrid Start at a Shadow, what have we more to do than to Contemplate the Folly and Vanity of our own Surprizes and Misfortunes in a Thousand Influences of the same Quality! For what are all the Vastious Travestis of our Hopes and Fears, Extravagant Wilhes, and Vain Desires, but the Images of Things every jost as Whimsical, as the Vifion of the Shadow here in the Fable? And we can never hope for Better, so long as we Govern our Selves by Fancy, without Reason. To lay all in a Word, the whole Business comes to no more than this; First, We form some Nonsense Idea to our selves, and then fall down to an Idol of our Own Making.

FAB. CCCCLXXX.

No Laws against Flattery.

Flattery is Undoubtedly one of the most Unmanly, and Pernicious Vices under the Sun, either Publick or Private; and in One Word, the very Pelt of all Common-wealths and Families, wherever it is Entertained; and yet, to the Scandal of Human Policy, even in the Belt of Governments, the World was I know not how many Thousand Years Old, before every Provision was thought of for the Preventing or the Suppreffing of this Epidemical Corruption. Apollo was the First, that (out of his Own Wildom and Goodness) Erected a Court of Justice for the Tryal of Paradies; appointing the Sharpest Satyris of the Age for their Judges; and Arming the Commissioners with full Power and Authority to Hear and Determine all Causes of that Quality: The Offender to stand Convict upon the Testimony of one Single Witness; and immediately upon Conviction, to be carried away into the Market-Place, and there Charred to Stakes, and Flayed Alive. It was Observed, that notwithstanding the Severity of this Inexorable Law, Flattery was still as Bold, Fudie, and Barefaced 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 Laws and Infrinements at work in all Courts-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 there was a Courtier taken up, and an Accusation Exhibited against him, for having given a Person of Eminent Quality, the Character of a Man of Honour, Brains, Good

FAB. CCCCLXXXI.

Three Difying Travellers.

Three Men were Travelling through a Wildernesse; the Journey it seems was longer then they thought for, and their Provisions fell short; but there was enough left for any
any one of them yet, though too little for all; and how to dispute of the Remainder was the Question. Come (says one of the Three,) let's enter Down and Sleep, and he that has the Stranger's 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 Waked, and told one another their Dreams. Lord, says one of 'em, What a Fancy have I had! I was taken up methought into the Heavens, I know not how, and there sat down just before Jupiter's Throne. And I says to her, was hurled away by a Whirlwind, 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 Lugging and Pinching their Companion, to tell him the Story. Nay, pray be Quiet, says he, What are ye? Why are you your fellow Travellers, they Cryd. Are you come back, again then? says he. They told him they had never stirred from the Place where they were. Nay then, says the other, 'twas but a Dream, for I fancy'd that one of ye was carried away with a Whirlwind to Jupiter, and another to Pluto: And then thought I to myself, I shall never see these Poor People again; so I can fell on, and Eat up all the Villains.

The Moral.

There is a Fooling sort of Wit that has Nothing more in't than the Trick of up of some Insipid Concoct to no manner of Purpose, but to Mutt one Good Company, and Tire out an Ingenious Conversation. The Jests of these People are only to be Order'd at my Cucumber; Wlass them, and Best them, and then think them out as the Window; That is to say, they are Flat and Insipid, without either Meaning or Merit, to help them out.

REFLEXION.

Where Men will be Fooling and Bantering, a Trick for a Trick is but Common Reason and Justice; and it comes cloister yet too, when the Trick is Encourag'd with Another of the same Kind; for it does not only spoil the Jest, but makes the Aggressor Himself Ridiculous; especially when the Design is Forelay'd and Conceited in Form, as here in the Fable. The Frolic of a Cleanly Banter, may do well enough off-hand, and without Affection; but a Deliberated Foolery is mort Abominably Fullsome.

F A B. CCCCCLXXXII.

Reason of State.

Upon the coming out of a Book Entitled Reason of State, there happen'd a warm Dispute in the Cabinet of a Great Prince, upon that Subject. Some would have it to be, The Skill of Breeding, Defending and Enlarging a Common-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 thus: [Reason of State is a Rule Useful for Common-Wealths, how contrary fitter to the Laws both of God and Man.] There was great Exception taken to the Plain Dealing of this Latter Definition; but upon Consulting Prudence, it was found very Agreeable to the Practical Truth of the matter.

The Moral.

Honesty may do well enough between Man and Man, but the Measures of Government and Righteousness are quite Different Things. The Question to Reason of State is not Virtue, but Prudence.

REFLEXION.

Reason of State, in the Simplicity of the Notion, is only the Force of Political Wisdom, Abstrated from the Ordinary Rules and Methods of Conscience and Religion. It Consults only Civil Utility, and never Matters it, provided the Publick may be the better for's, though the Instruments and Managers go to the Devil. 'Tis somewhat with Statesmen and their Disciples, as it was with the Patient and his Physician that Advis'd him for his Health's sake to have the Ulus of a Woman. The Good Man Scrupled 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 the One, let your Confessor look to the Other. It is most certain, that Reason of State is a very Delicately Thing, under a Species Name, and a Cover for all Wantonness. What are Alliances and Ruptures, but Temporary Expedients? And the Ordinary Reasons of War and Peace are very little Better then 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 Hear, Say, and Say Nothing.
FABLES of several Authors.

Fab. CCCCLXXXIII.
An Eagle and a Letheret.

An Eagle that was Sharp set, and upon the Wing, looking about her for her Prey, spied out a Letheret, made a Scoop like Lightning, and True'd it; and as she had it in the Foot, the Miserable Wretch Enter'd into an Idle Expostulation upon the Confidence, and Justice of the Proceeding: With what Honesty, says the Hare, Can you Invade the Right of another Body? Why, says the Eagle, To whom do you belong then? I belong to him, (says the Other) whom Heaven has made the Master of all Living Creatures under the Sun, and from whom That Propriety cannot be taken without manifest Wrong and Ulurpation. 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 advance'd a very Pretty Invention here, in setting up Reason against Force, where the Cauze is not to be Decide'd by Argument, but by Power: And I Convince ye now how much I am in the Right. You shall find, in despite of all other Pretensions, since I have ye under my Government and Law, that you were not Born for Him, but for Me.

The Moral.

Laws with Penalties are made for the Government of the Simple, and the Weak, like Catches to Catch Fitches; but Power is the Law of Laws, and there's no Dijusting with it, but upon the Sword's Point.

REFLEXION.

Tyranny and Oppression never wanted either a Pela, or an Advocate for whatever they did; for the Majority of the Lawyers, the Divines, and All Quaflary Professions, will be sure to run over to the Stronger Side, where Will passes for Law, and Rights for Providence. So that it is a Folly next to Madness, for a Friendless, and an Unarmed Innocence to Exploitulate with an Invincible Power. The Cauze of the Hare and the Eagle is a Common Cause in the World, where the Weaker is a Prey to the Stronger; where a Porclef Pelfession gives a Title, and where the Justice of the Cauze is Determin'd by the Success. When the Hare comes once

Fab. CCCCLXXXIV.
A Dog and his Master.

There was an Excellent House-Dog, that spent his whole Night still in Bawling and Yelling at all People Indifferently that passed 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 ye to make as Open your Mouth, I tell ye, at a Venture thus. Sir, says the Master, 'tis out of the Zand, I have for your Service; and yet, when all is done too, I would have no more to Answer for, then giving False Alarms, and Barking out of Season. You may fancy prehaps, that there are No other Things than those that the Law Exposeth to the Pillory, or a Whipping Post; or to a Turn perchance at Tynburn the next Sessions. You'll find your self Mislaken Sir, if you'll take upon ye to Judge of these Blades by their Garbs, Looks, and outward Appearance; But if I get them in the Wind once, I'll tell ye which is which, to the very Hearts and Souls of 'em, without the Ceremony of either Bench, Witness or Jury. Nay, says the Master, if you should happen to Spy a Knight of the Polis, a Catch-pole, a Baker, a Pawn-Broker, a High-way-man, a Crop-Ear'd Spooner, a Gripping Ufurer, a Corrupt Judge, or any of these Vermint, pray ye, Cry out Thief, and spare not: And I befeech ye Sir, says the Dog, what if it should be a Pettifinger, Splinter of Cauze, a Turncoat, Ecclesiastical, Military or Civil; a Trading Justice, a Mortal Enemy under the Mask of a Friend: A Glowing Hypocrite: Or in One word, let it be in any other Cafe or Encouter whatsoever; You will find it Twenty Thousand to One upon the whole Matter, that I Bark Right.

The Moral.

The History of Grains and Sharpers truly Written, would be no other than the History of Human Nature.
FABLES of several Authors.

REFLEXION.

This is a blissful thing both for Master and Servant, when the Love, 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 Trusty Friend and Servant, falls under the Judgment commonly of giving too much heed to a Secret Enemy; Besides, that it goes to the Heart of a Man of Honour and Address, when he has done his Utmost for his Maker's Service, to fall under the Scandalous Character of Officious, and Impertinent, for his Pains. The Master here was in another Miflake too, in supposing that all House-Breakers and Sharpers had Thief' written in their Foreheads; whereas the most Dangeroussort of Cheats, are but Misqueraders, under the Vizard of Friends and Honest Men. The Cardinal's Rule to one of his Laquayes that had lost his Coat, comes very well to our present Purpose. The Boy said that his Emicence told him they were all to Holy at Rome, that he thought there had been no Thieves there. We say the Cardinal, but hereafter, when ever you come into a 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 he did Wily in't; for he that keeps himself upon this Guard, shall never be Coused. The bell will help it fall, and therefore be good to be wary for fear of the Wolf.

FAB. CCCCLXXV.

Two Doctos and a Sheep.

A sheep was Grazing One Evening in a Pleasant Meadow, it had the hap to Overheare Two Doctors of the Schools, as they were taking a Walk there, Philosophizing 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 Gentle 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 Bulsel in the World, Break Friendships, Dissolve the very Tyes of Marriage, and Tear one Another to Pieces with all manner of Extravagant Contests. Now this would never be, sure, 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 let your Selves at Liberty from the Over-ruling Awe of

FABLES of several Authors.

DiGrace, 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 Preserver of Society, or a Destroyer 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 Contrain upon us, either of Vows or Penalties; and the very Flies and Pirifires 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 the Philosophers are Men themselves then, and Judges in their Own Case: Now if we may Credit Matter of Fact and Experience, then are the most Dishonest Creatures under the Heavens: 'Tis their Delights, Study, Practice and Profit to be Cutting One Anothers Threats, and Destroying their own Kind: Insomuch that Birds, Beasts and Insects, to the very Flies and Pirifires, will rise up in Judgment against Mankind in this Point.

REFLEXION.

The Sheep in this Fable was clearly too hard for the Two Doctors; and we find all thole Reasonings to be true in the World, which the Mortal Alleges in the Fiction. For Man is certainly one of the most Perver Firet Pieces of the Creation; and not only Gods to his Rational Brother, but betwixt his Will and his Understanding, he lives in a Perpetual Contradiction to Himself. His Practice is directly contrary to his Knowledge, and he thwarts 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 Director, and to keep themselves within the Compas of their proper Bus'ness and Duty. Whereas Man, that over and above the same common Inifinit, is end'd with the Talent of Counsel 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 thole Rational Faculties that Heaven has Befow'd upon us: Which comes to the very cafe of the Sheep and the Doctors. Man knows what he Ought to do, but (to his Greater Condemnation,) he does not Do it according to his Knowledge; whereas Animals that are Guided Farely by Inifinit, live in Obedience to the Voice of Heaven in that of Nature.
FABLES of several Authors.

Fab. CCCCLXXXVI.

Few Friends.

One that had a Great Honour for Socrates, took Notice of a Pitiful Little Houfe 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 enough 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 Speculation of a Friend, from what we find in the Practice.

Reflection.

Friendship is a Divine Excellency, wrap't up in a Common Name, and nothing less than the uttermost Perfection of Flesh and Blood, for Wisdom and Virtue, can Entitle a Man to the Character of a True Friend; though Custom, 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 all this while did very well Understand what he said, touching the Rarity and Peculiarity 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 Find One.

Fab. CCCCLXXXVII.

An As Carrying an Image.

As an As was Carrying an Image in Procession, the People fell every where down upon their Knees before him. This Silly Animal fancy'd that they Worship'd Him all this while; till One Rounded him in the Ear; and told him, Friend, says he, You are the very same As with this Burden upon your Back, that you were before you took it up; and its not the Bruce they Bow to, but the Image.

The Moral.

Flesh and Blood does Naturally Confess its own Advantage, and when that comes to be the Question, There's the Bone that is some Degree or other left, all Mortals together by the Ear.

Reflection.

Here's a Perfect Emblem of the Practices and Friendships of the World; for Men have their Toying Seafons, and their Pleased Humours, as well as Dogs and Cats. We Contrast Little Likings, enter into Agreeable Conversations, and pass away the time to Merrily and Kindly together, (as least while that Fit of Dalliance and Diversion lasts,) that one would think it impossible for any thing under the Sun to
F A B L E S of several Authors.

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to Break the Iniquity; and yet upon the throwing, in any Crulc Interest among 'em; (which is all One with the Under the Table,) may, upon a jestious Thought, or a Misaken Word or Look, all former Bonds are Canceled, the League Broken, and the Peace Concludes in Biting and Scratching one another's Eyes out. The same Figure will serve for Princes and States, Publick Permons and Privates, Marry'd and Single; People in fine of all Professions and Pretences.

F A B. CCCCLXXXIX.

Aristotle's Definition of a Tyrant.

There was so great Offence taken at the Definition of a Tyrant in Aristotle's Politicis, that all the Governors under the Cope of Heaven, found themselves Touch'd in the Reflection: Insomuch that they all Met in a General Council, to take the Matter into Consideration. Those Princes (says Aristotle) are Tyrants, that intend their own Good, more than 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 Doctrin, 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 Aristotle to Extremities; but imputing it rather to the Natural Savviness of a Pedan, (for there's no Grammar for Politicis,) then to any Malice Propensio, they made him Eate his Words, and Expost Himsel; that what he said of Tyrants, was only meant of a sort of Persecutors of Old Time, that have been now long since Extint.

The Moral.

In all General Characters of Bad Men, whether Prince, Publick Ministers, or Private Persons, Care should be taken not to Involve the Good under the Name Scandal and Contemnation. There are some Principles and Methods of Government, wherein the Best and the Worth of Princes may Agree; but then there are certain Persecutors of the Things, and Corrupt Practises, that can hardly be Touch'd upon, without Engaging all Crow'd Heads in the Reproach; And 'tis Dangerous Staying upon the Errors of the Age a Man lives in.

R E F L E X I O N.

This Fancy gives us to Understand, that Secrets of State are not properly the Business of the Schools, and in truth it is a Topick too, that does as little become the Pulpit; for Politicis are matter of Prudens rather then of Opinion: Besides, that the Rules of Government and those of Religion, Abstinence, and Futility, have very little Affinity one with the other: For the Wisdom of this World, or that which we call Civil Prudens, does not at all concern it in the Question of Virtue or of Confidence. From hence it may be Inter'd, that Ministers of State, Priests, and Philosophers, should do well to keep their respective Professions, without Invading the Province one of another. Here's a Check put upon the Definition of a Tyrant; not so much for the False Doctrine of the Politiain, as for the Scandal of Expelling Majesty, by the Innumerable of 60 Everseen 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, we keep clear of the Prelate Times, and be still looking another way, whatever we mean.

As to the Definition of a Tyrant it fell, let it be Candidly taken, and the Drift of it is this; the common Safety of King and People is wrap'd up in the Well-being of each other. The Prince 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 One Tendency of Care and Duty, and another of Personal Indulgence, or (if I may so Call it) Infirmity; and that Aristotle's Tyrant, where a Ruler Indulges his Private Appetite, and sacrifices his People to his Passions or his Pleasures.

F A B. CCCCXC.

A Country-man and a Panther.

A Panther had the Fortune to drop into a Pits full. The People came flocking about him; some Pelted and Bartering 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 Interval 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 so General, call'd out to 'em, and told them; So many of ye (says he) as were Kind to me in the Pits, let your Hearts at Reel, for I'll not Hurt a Creature of ye now I am 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 am 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 Reclaimed by Good Offices and Benefits to the Shame of that part of Mankind, that return Evil for Good, and is yet to Learn Humanity from the Beasts of the Forests.

REFLEXION.

Here’s a Reproof to the PracTices of Ungrateful Men, under the Figure of a Grateful Beast: A Grateful, and I might have said a Generous Beast, in being kind to those in their Distress, that had been fo to Him in His. How much Worse then Brutes are these Men then, that owe the Blood in their Veins to the Bounty of their Friends and Patrons, and yet after Raising them from the very Dung Hill to Honours and Fortunes, are the forwardest to Inflict upon their Supporters and Makers, when they see them in any Calamity; and to add Affliction to Affliction! Now to Pursue the Fable, Here’s a Common Enemy, in Appearance, at the Mercy of the People about him; some Beat him, others take Pity of him: He comes afterward to make his Escape, and Disguises his Enemies from his Friends, by Destroying the One, and Sparring the Other. Shall we call the One a Judgement now, and the other a Providence; as if the Outrage had been a Fault, and the Pity a Meritorious Act of Good Nature? The Moral will hold good in both Respect; for let the Judgment or the Execution of Death be never so just, it is yet Barbarous, Inhuman and Unwarrantable to Aggregate the Suffering with Infineness, Costumenly, Malice and Reproach: And so for the Tenderness on the other hand, ’tis a frame Indisposera from the Genuine Impulse of a Reasonable Being: For the Compassion is a Laudable Neglect of Disposition, though Exercised upon a Beast.

FAB. CCCXCIII.

A Wolf and an Ass.

There was a huge Bear-Dog, and an Ass laden with Bread upon a Long Journey together: They were both very Hungry, and while the Ass was Grazing upon Thistles by the Way-side, the Dog would fain have been Eating too for Company, and Begged a Bit of Bread from him. The Ass made him Answer, that if he were Hungry, he might en do as he did; for he had no Bread to spare. While this passed, up comes a Wolf toward them. The Ass fell a Trembling, and told the Dog, he hop’d he would stand by him if the Wolf should set upon him. No, says the Dog, they that will Eat Alone, shall eat Fight Alone too, for me: And so he left his Fellow-Traveller at the Mercy of the Wolf.

The Moral.

Common Defence and Protection, is the Main End of Society, and the Great Benefit therefrom by Joining in’t: We love one another, because we are the better for One Another; and it is the Interest that Supports us in the Duty, when that Reciproal Kindness fails, at no time here to the Dog and the Ass, the League drops to Pieces.

REFLEXION.

One Good Turn we say, requires another: and it may be added, that one Shrewd Turn can Deliver and Provokes another. The After wants of Charity 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 very Laws of Nature, and Society, and the Punishment Consequentially was Providential and Just: He that does no Compulsion, shall find None.

FAB. CCCXCIII.

A Lascivous Try’d and Sentence’d.

It was the Ill hap of a Learned Lascivious, to make use of Three Words, when Two would have done his Business: The Matter was to Foul, and the Fact to clearly Prove upon him, that being Cited before the Senate, he was Heard and Condemned to Read over Guiscardines War of Pisa from End to End, without either Eating or Drinking till he had gone through it. The Poor Man fell into so Delirious a Tumult, that he threw himself upon his Face, Imposing the Mercy of the Court, though aware but to change his Punishment: They might send him to the Gallows, he said, or if it were to Play him Airs, 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 Tedium.

Truth
FABLES of several Authors.

Truth and Piedad, the Torment he said, of Perilous Brazen Ball, was Nothing to 'e.

The Moral.

Time is Life, and Life is Precious: 'Tis short enough at Best; but the more we Controll our Talk and our Business, the more we have on't. Wherefore it is Great Wisdom to Couch all we have to do, in as Narrow a Compass as possible. The Killing of a Man with many Words, is only another sort of Murder, out of the Reach of the Law.

REFLEXION.

This Emblem bids us Husband our Time, and bring the Bins of Life into as Narrow a Compass as we can; for we have a great deal to do. 'Tis in effect, so much Life Lost, as we squander away in more Words then needs, and in the Exchange of Idle and Impertinent Discourses: Be- side the Mortification of a Tedious Teller. The Figure is carry'd to the Heighth, in the Representaion, both of the Crime and of the Punishment; over and above the Equiv of Tormenting the Tormentor of Others in his own kind, as Platus Sentenc'd Perilus to be Burnt in his Own Ball.

No Man ever had a Worse Name in the World for a Promoter of Seditious and Atheistical Politicks, than Nicholas Matchavel the Florentine: Inform'd, that he was Banish't, not only the Conversation, but the very Libraries of all Learned Men, upon pain of being Burnt for his Pefilic Doctrine, wherever he should be taken; and a Severe Punishment inflicted upon above all 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 Facts, and of Acknowledging himself the Publisher of Pernicious and Execrable Positions; but withal, says he, no Mortal upon the Face of the Earth, has a Greater Abhorrence for those Delicate Maxims then my Self. As to the Inventing of those Tenets, he made Proclamation, that he had no Hand in't 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 Insinuate in the very Prudents. 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 Praiseworthy in Another. This Plea had brought him off, but for a Fresh Accusation that was Immediately started against him; which was, that he was Taken in the Dark One Night among a Flock of Sheep, putting Dog Teeth into their Mouths, which must inevitably be the Ruin of the Shepherds; for 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 Secrets of Government ought not to be Touch'd with Unmanner'd Hands; and Expos'd to the Multitudes; for upon Granting the People a Privilege of Debating the Prerogatives of Sovereign Power, they will infer Naturally enough a Right, and a Title to the Controlling and the Over-riding of it.

The Reflexion.

He that Exploes the Arts of Government to the People, doth in Effect Appeal to 'em, and give the Multitude some sort of Right to Judge of, and to Censure the Actions of their Superiors. For what is any thing Published for, but to be Read, and to lye consequent at the Mercy of the Reader how to Understand it? As if the Author should say to the Gentleman here's a Scheme of Politicks Submitted to your Graven Consideration, pray what's your Opinion on't? Can any Body think, that in a Question of State Exhibited after this manner, the Mobile will not determine in their own Favour, and Clap what Bear upon the Proposition they themselves please? So that let the Matter be handling never so Tenderly, 'tis a main Point lost yet; the very Admittance of the Common People into the Council, and Allowing them to be of the Quorum. Matchavel Exacts himself well enough, as to any thing of Malice in his Discourses, for (says he) these Maxims are none of My Invention, neither has any Man living a Greater Abhorrence for those Poysonous Doctrines then my Self; but my Writings are only Historical Notes and Abstracts drawn from the Life of an Universal Practice. Now the Hazzard and the Mischief
A Dispute between a Doctor, a Quaintner, and a Botcher.

There was a Vin'tner and a Botcher Challenged 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 Books Bibes along with them. The Doctor told them by way of Preface, that though St. Paul fight 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 flood upon their Pantoufles, that Men they were, and that Men he should find 'em to be; and they were ready to caft the Cause upon that Ille. 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 Vin'tner, says t'other. Very Good, quoth the Doctor, and do you ever put New Wine into Old Bottles? Ye, I do so, says the Vin'tner. Then, says the Doctor, You are no Man; for the Text lays, that No Man putteth 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 t'other, a Taylor. Alias a Botcher, I suppose quoth the Doctor. Put the Caff now that my Doubles were out at the Elbow, and I have no more of the Old Cloth to Patch it up withal, could you Mend it'd ye think? Ye, quoth the Botcher, I could get New Cloth to Mend it. Why 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 Rejected 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.

The

The Moral.

This Fable Hitherto at the Ridiculous License of Prophane Intermediars in Holy Matters; that is to say, a Fare of Illiterate Enthusiasts, and Mechanick, that without either Authority or Skill, will be Correcting Magnificat, and setting up the Phantoms of New Lights against the Doctrin of Christ and his Apostles.

Reflection.

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 Reson of this Provision should hold as well in Divinity, as in Manual Crafts; for Revelation at this Time of the Day, are as much Out of Date as Miracles. This Comical Whimsey may serve in General for a Reproof to Bold and Ignorant Pretenders in matters they do not Understand; and so to them aloso that Confidentially Upheld upon other Men's Provinces, without any Right or Call to the Function. What are the Fracals in line of their Religionaries, but Fists of the Spear, and the Furnaces 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 Periaps; and in defiance of all the Extraordinary Caffes, the Figures, Types, Allegories, and Parables that are so frequent in Holy Writ, every thing must be Understood too, as the Doctor has Turn'd it here upon the Vin'tner and the Botcher, according to the Letter. They'll draw ye a Warrant for the Murdering of Kings, from the Example of Atha and Benhadad. An Authority for Concerning their Neighbours, from the Treasuries Robbing the Egyptians. In one Word, they shall Overturn all the Principles of Human Society, Morality, and Religion it self, and thow ye a Text for't: And upon the whole matter, what is the Confidence of these People more at last, then Fancy and Illusion? they Contend for they know not what, like the Two Fellows that went to Loggerheads about their Religion; the one was a Martinist he said; the other said that all Martinists were Heathenists, and for his part he was a Lutheran: Now the Poor Wretches were both of a Side, and Understood it not. As for the Bono's and Learning and Common Sense, they call it the Wisdom of this World, and effectually make it a Heavenly Grace to be An egregious Coxcomb. There was an Honest Simple Tradesman, wonderfully Earnest with the Parson of the Parish to know what the Forbidden Fruit was; as if there had been no more'n, then whether 'twas a Kantib or a Krust Pippin. The Good Man told him, that it was an Apple, and that Adam's Eating of it, brought all his Poffibility under a Sentence of Condemnation. 'Tis other laid it was so hard a Caff, that in reverence to the Divine Mercy, he thought himself bound to question the whole Story. This Liberty of Retailing Divinity by the Letter, is the very Root of Infidelity and of all Herefies, nay of Atheism it self. For when People have been Bating their Brains about a Difficulty, and find they can make Nothing in't, they are apt to think there's Nothing in't; for the Mystery's Loft to Him that stands Porzing only upon the Letter.
F A B L E S of several Authors.

F A B L E I N C C C X C V I.

There's no To Morrow.

A Fellow had got a Wench in a Corner; and very Earnest they were upon the Text of Encrease and Multiply; but the Gipsy stood upon her Points forsooth; She'd not be Tow'd and Tumbled at that Rate. Faith not She. In fine, No Pity, No Pater-Noster; and there was no Good to be done unlefs he would Marry her. The Poor Devil was under a kind of Dureste; and for brevity sake, promis'd her, with a Bloody 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 manner of a Fortnight after; and the Love went on to the Tune of To Morrow, and To Morrow still. But the Girl finding her Self Fooled, and put off thus from One to Morrow to Another, fell in the Conclusion to Expostulating with him upon the Matter. Did you swear, Yesterday, says she, and Yesterday, 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 Lady, is it not to Day to Morrow? No my Heart, says the Gallant again, that's this Mistake; for there are No to Morrow! People are apt to Talk of 'em indeed, but they never come, for Life is self is but the Time Present.

The Morall.

The Spark's Cafe here in the Valleys of 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 the Blade does with his Mistletoe, we Promise, and Put-off, and Perform Nothing.

REFLEXION.

Whoever Reads and Considers this Emblem, will find it to be his own Cafe; we promise, and we put-off, and we sin, and we go on Sinning: But still as our Conscience Checks us for's, we take up Faults Purposely, and Half Resolutions to do no more, and to lead a New Life for the future. Thus the Young Fellow here, we indulge our Serenity in our Pleasures from Time to time; and when we have Whilt'd away our Lives, Day after Day, from One to Morrow to Another, that fame to Morrow never comes. This is the Slaughter's Plea and Practice; the Libertines the Miler's; and in short, who's is it not? Now if Men would but Consider the Vanity and the Vexation of a Lewd Course of Life: the Impity first of Entering into Vows, which they intend Before-hand not to Perform, and afterward of Breaking them; the Folly and the Prejudice of Undertaking for anything that is wholly out of our Power: the Necellefty of Emproving every Moment of our Lives; the Depravity and the Ineurable Hazard of Losing Opportunities; People would not venture Body and Soul upon the Necellefty of a Precautlurated Reparation; and Pohpose the most Incurtain Duties of a Man, and of a Christian. For there's no to Morrow, nor any thing in truth, but the Present Instant that we can call our Own.

F A B L E I N C C C X C V I.

A Lady in Trouble for the Loaq of a Set of Horset.

A Certain Lady, that was fall'n under Great Tribulation for the Loss of a very fine Set of Horset, went Raving up and down like a Mad Woman from Place to Place, and Every Body must be Tird with the History of her Misfortune. Well, says she, they were the best, Nare'd Poor Wretched, they'd look at me so Kindly Bill, when I came to take Coach; to say Nothing of the Value of them, really I cannot think my self safe with other Horset. And at this rate, she went on, Amplifying upon the Affliction, while her Friends and Relations on the other Hand, were not wanting to Fly her upon the Ordinary Topiques of the Transitory State of Mortals. But when they had proceeded so far with her as their Religion and Philosophy could Carry them, and found that she was not to be Comforted; Why truly Madam, says One of her Conficients, this is a very great Tryal, but since they are gone, and that there's no Recalling of them, I hope your Ladyship does not think 'em too Good for Him that Has 'em.

The Morall.

We are most Solicitous for our Horset and our Dogs, then we are for our Souls, our Friends, or our Children; and therefore it was well enough turn'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 Horset.

O o o REFLEXION.
REFLEXION.

This Fancy looks at First Blith, as if it Border'd a little upon Prophaneness; but if it be Taken by the Right Handle, it will bear the Moral of a most Christian, a Necessary, and a Seasonable Check to those People that deliver up themselves to the Transport of Extravagant Passions for Trifles: As it was the Cafe of a Lady that kept her Bed for the Loss of a Favourite-Puppy she had. Her Friends came to Condole with her upon the Tidings of some Difmal Calamity that had Baff'lin her, and asked her very tenderly what terrible Misfortune it might be, that she had so heavily to Heart? Only, says she, the Greatest Affliction I thank the Lord for's, that ever befell me since I was born: My Pretty Pearl is Dead. Alas, Madam (says One of the Condolers,) Why you have lost a very Good Husband. That's true, says Tother, but the Lord may send me such Another Husband; I shall never have such Another Puppy. These Impetuous Violences, are no News to any Man that has Observ'd and Studied the Informities of here and there One perhaps of that Fair and Fain Sex. But we must not Imagine at first, because the Morality has made it a Woman's Cafe in the Story, that we our Selaves are not Guilty Every Man of us, in some for or other, and in a Thousand Infances, of the same Weaknesses and Mistakes, even in the Ordinary Course of Human Life, as what's the Doctor's of all this upon the main, and a Recklese to those that fer their Affections too much upon the things of this World, and consequent too little upon Matters of Greater Moment; with him that upon the Firing of his Heute, was so Overjoy'd for the Saving of his Plate, Linen, Paintings, Hangings, and other Rich Moveables, that he never so muc'd as thought of his only Child all this while that was Burnt in the Cradle. Every Man has his Fear, as they call it; One Man's Weak Side is Ambition; Another's Avarice, Malice, Envy, Revenge, Pride, Vain-Glory; and some again are so wholly taken up with the Pleasures of Wit, Women, Jolly Company and Good Cheere, as if all the Faimiles of their Reasonable Souls had been only given them to Submitter to their Appetites. The very World it self, in One Word, is but a Moor-Fields College of People that run Mad for Common Disappointments.

FAB. CCCXCVII.

The Hypocrite.

There happen'd a Discourse in very Good Company, upon the Subject of Religion and Hypocrite; and how hard a Matter it was, in the Cafe of an Artificial Distifgue, 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 Other; he's one of the Belief Men to Heavenward that ever you met with, but the Arrantest Rascal among his Neighbours in the whole Parish.

The Moral.

'Tis not the Name, the Simplicity, or the Obedience of Religion and History that will Attract for the Above one's: In making God the Author, the Director and the Author of these Elucisious Villanies to Christians; that Pageant Themselves would have an Abhorrence for. But when All comes to All, a Knave in his Pradises, is a Knave in his Heart too.

REFLEXION.

The Hypocrite is but the Devil in the Shape of an Angel of Light; and as it is no safer Matter to Distinguish the One from the Other; so's a thing of a most Diferable 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 Best; the Other bids us provide against the World. Now it is not for Nothing that the Holy Ghost it self has Denounced so many Woes against this fort of Impostors; and Inculcated over and over so many Caution how we have any thing to do with them, which is no other then a Difcription of an Abhorrence of thee People, and a plain Intimation of the Danger of being Deluded and Impost upon, under the Mask of Religion both in One. There's no Cruelty, no Fraud, no Violence, no Oppression, that is not acted under a Colour of Divine Authority; Impetilia and Direction. Churches are Robb'd and Prophan'd; Princes Depo'd and Murder'd; Religion and Morality, with all the Principles of Virtue and Common Honesty, are Overturn'd; and the Name of God himself is made Uf of, as a Principal and as a Witness to the Empires, in a Defiance to all the Difrades of Heaven and Right Reafion: And all this is but a Fashent upon the Text at last, of Fear God and keep his Commandments. When a Kings Head is to be struck off by his own Rebelend Subjects, 'tis brought on commonly with the Prologue of a Fall, which in the Style of the Holy Scripture, is called a Seeling of the Lord.
FABLES of several Authors.

Lord. This Work and Judgment of God (though it be Secret,) must be done with Great Gravity. (Says James Moehill on the Murder of Cardinal Beaton.) Vive P. Evangile, was the Word to several of the Massacres in France. 'Twas often in the Mouth of a Lady, Zealous in her way, with deep Pretentions, that She had rather be with Forty Men, than go to one Man's: Nay, and I have heard of Tenants too, that Refused to pay their Landlord his Rent, unless he could Swear a True Oath. Here's enough laid to fit forth the Character of an Hypocrite, so as to Answer the Morality that is Couched under this Figure; but the great Difficulty will be the Seeming 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 Holy Man to Godward, to be no better than a Juggling Knave among his Neighbours, that's the very Hypocrite that we find Stigmatized among the Seraphim and Pharsites in the Holy Gospel.

FAB. CCCXCIII.
The Continuous Thieves.

There was a Knot of Good Fellows that Borrow'd a small Sum of Money of a Gentleman upon the King's Highway: When they had taken all they desired, they said, Damn ye for a Dog, says One of the Gang, You have more Money about you spirally, some where or other. Lord, Brother, says One of his Companions, Can't ye take the Gentleman's Money 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 to let me have so much of your Money back again, as will carry me to my Journeys End. Ay, Ay, the Lord forbid, they cry'd, and so they Open'd One of the Bags, and bad him Pleafe Himself. He took them at their Word, and presently fetch'd out a Handful, as much as ever he could Gripe. Why how now, says One of the Blades, In Confounded Son of a Whore, Had ye no Conscience? —

The Moral.

'Tis a Notable Trade that many People drive in the World, of pretending to make a Confession of One Sin, and taking out their Pennethroths to Another. Since there are such that Commute Swearing for Whoring, as if the Forbearance

FABLES of several Authors.

Forbearance of the One, were a Disadvantage for the Committing of the other. We have heard of Others too, that have been shrill Observers of the Lord's Day, and yet made no Scruple at all of Robbing the Lord's Altars. But a Good Christian and an Honest Man, must Be All of a Piece; and these Inequities of Proceeding, will never hold Water.

REFLEXION.

'Tis just with Publick Thieves, as 'tis with Private: A Pretended Necessity sets them both at Work; and a Pretended Religion or Conscience brings them off when they have done. This is no more than what we owe ourselves have found within the Memory of Man, to be literallly and Historically True; when that, which in those Days past for the Law of the Lord, was in Effect no other than the Law of the Road; and the One had as much and as Little to say for it as the other. There are Political Bands of Robbers, as well as the Jacks and the Tom's that are Cry'd in Gazetteers; and they fall both of them under the Regulation of the same Mystery and Trade. The Poor Man here that was Rob'd Himself, was Charg'd Effectually with Robbing the Thieves, upon a Suspicion, that he had Refrained some small Pittance of his own Money, to his own Use, which they accounted a Defrauding of the Publick. Now we have seen this to be the Sense and Dilemma of the State, as well as of the Pad; and as Broad as 'tis Long at first, whether a Man be Undone by a Cabin of Sharpoys to Committee of Safes, or by a Tramp of Canary Birds upon Newmarket Heath, Nay, and the Parallel runs upon All Four, a little further too; Can't you take the Gentlemen Money Civilly? Says the Spark: That is to say, Cannot you play the Rogue Honestly, or if Better would not Suit in your Mouth, and pick an Honest Gentleman Pocket with a Pater-Noster between your Teeth? Cannot you Plunder, Sequestrate, Declare, Draw, Hang and Quarter in the Fear of the Lord, but you must Blaspheme and Call Names? Is it not enough that you are Discharg'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, Backbit, Covet, and make Bold in thine, with all the Commandments of the Second Table, but you must be Break- ing in upon the Former? Thus goest the World! the Little Thieves Hang for't, while the Great Ones Sit upon the Bench; and there's a Clock of Conscience still thrown over both Preventions, to Cover, and to Conceal the Cheat.
Here's a Story of a Man of Quality in Ireland, that a little before the Troubles there, had Wall'd in a piece of ground for a Park, and left only One Pallace into't by a Gate with a Portico to't. The Rebellion brake out, and put a Stop to his Design. The Place was Horribly Pelter'd with Wolves; and his People having taking one of 'em in a Pit-Fall, Chained him up to a Tree in the Enclofure; and then planted themselves in a Lodg over the Gate, to see what would come on't. The Wolf in a very short time fell a Howling, and was Anwverd by All his Brethren thereabout, that were within Hearing of it; intomuch that the Howling was immediately put about from One Mountain to Another, till a whole Herd of 'em were gotten together upon the Outcry; and so Trong'd away into the Park. They were no sooner in the Pound, but down goes the Perticles, and away Scamper the Wolves to the Gate, upon the Noise of the Fall on't. 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 Consent 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 Exploit of the Wolves, to be no more than the common Practice of Vindictive Flesh and Blood, on the One Hand, and the common Fate of Public Innuencers on the Other.

Reflection.

'Tis with Men, as 'tis with Beasts, in the Cafe 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 succeds better, where the Advice or the Instigation of One Man, draws on the Destruction of Many. There's a Great Difference 'tis true, between the Works of Malice, and those of Minadventure; but the Mischief is still the same; for he that's Undone, is equally Undone, whether it be by a Spitefulness of Forethought, or by the Folly of Overfight, or Evil Counsel. The Wolf at the Stake, had no Design upon his Brother in the Woods; and the Wolves in the Wood had as little Design upon their Brother at the Stake; but One was in Difficulties, and called out for Help, while the other Associated, and came in to his Relief. But after they were once In, they were all Involved in the same Common Fate: And when the Herd found themselves Halted, and that they could not gain their Ends, they came to a Resolution, One and All, in a Generous Indignation to take their Revenge. The Fear of the French Foes comes as fast as is possible to the Earneft of this Moral: The Plot of it was a Grammar-School; the Matter setting his Boys to Lessons, and their Exercizes, and a Shoobly Country Fellow putting in for a Part among the Scholars. Well, says the Matter, I am just going out of Town for Four or Five Days, wherefore Pray be sure ye be Good Boys, till I come back again; and so he took Horfe and away. He had no sooner turn'd his Back, but there were they at his Hitter Shelter, throwing looks at one another's Heads, and playing such Reaks, as if Hell were broke Loose among 'em. In this very Interim, the Matter Bolts in upon them, and Surprises them: In short, he inquires into the Riot, and takes the whole School to Task One by One, about the Occasion of this Upset. 'I'd have been Quiet, says One, if it had not been for Him; and 'I'd be been Quiet, says Another, if he'd ha' let me Alone. So that in fine, all (Pointing at the same Perfon,) the Poor Country Fellow was taken up and Lath'd upon the Seas, and all the rest forgiven.

A Miller and a Rat.

A Miller took a huge Over-grown Rat in his Meal Tub; and there was He laying the Law to him about the Lewdness of his Life and Conversation, and the Abominable Sin of Stealing; but your Thievings says he, is now come Home to ye, and I shall ne'er leave Honour and Peace here to reckon with ye for all your Rogueries. Alas Sir, says the Poor Rat, I make no Trade on't; and the Miserable Patience that I take, is only from Hand to Mouth, and out of Pure Necessity to keep Life and Soul together: As the Rat Pleadeth Hunger on the One Hand, the Miller threw the Matter of Confidence and Honesty in his Teeth on the Other, and Preach'd to him upon the Topick of a Political Convenience, in making such Pilfering Knave Examples for the Publick Good. Well, Sir, says the Rat once again, but pray will you Consider for your own sake, that this is your own Cafe; and that Twain and Lare both Corn Merchants, and of the same Fraternity; Nay, and that for One Grain that I take, you take a Thousand. This is not Language, cries the Miller, in a Rage, for an Honest Man to Bear; but the best on't is Sireh, Your Tongue's no Stander: So he turn'd the Cat Loose upon him to do that which we call in the World an Execution of Justice.
The Moral.

To a piece of Market Policy, for People of a Trade to bear hard One upon another, when it comes once to the Question between a Couple of Knaves, which is the Honester Man of the Two.

Reflection.

There are no Greater Atchiefs under the Sun, then that sort of People that Distinguish themselves. Let them not by either Name of the Godly, and the Ungodly Party; No Arrangements Hypocrisies in Hell, then those that told the Story of Levi they took too much upon them, but that the Congregation was Holy Every Man of them, and the Lord was among them. Divine Vengeance cut them off from us, Hagrants Crimes, for the Earth Open’d her Mouth and swallowed’em up. Then and their whole Party, and they went down Alive into the Pit. No People so Unmerciful to Poor Little Whores, and Thieves, as Rich Great Ones. The Gripping Carcer Inveighs against. Exhortation. Church-Robbers against Saracens; the most Inconfortable of Tyrants, Exclaim against the Exercise of Arbitrary Power; and none so Fierce against the Sin of Rebellion, as the most Execrable of Traitors Themselves. Thus we find it in these Infinances; and the same Pharisaical Spirit runs through the whole Roll of our Damning Iniquities. The Miller is brought in here Preaching against Stealing; and it is upon the whole Matter an Unaccountable Truth, that we do all Naturally pretend the Greatest Aversion to that Lewdness in Another, which we most Indulge in our Selves. This is it that we call Crying Where First; as if the Importance of Out-facing the Wickedness, were some sort of Attestation for the Scandal of it.

FINIS.

Fables omitted in the Table.

Aes and Porrer, 46. Dig and Woff, 66. Lyndy and a Fox, 112. Fox and a Drinking Cask, 174.


Errata in the Table.