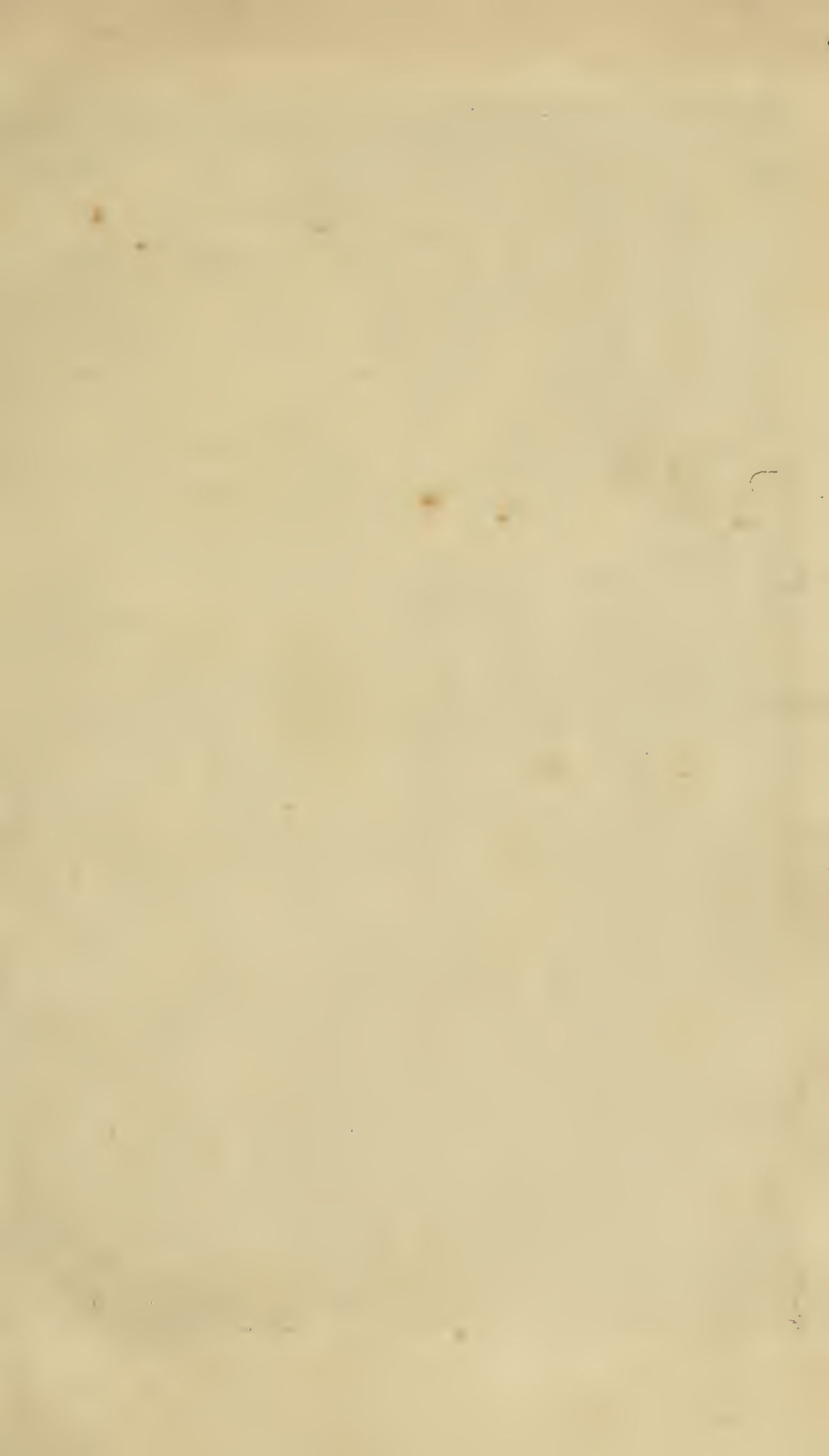




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C. K. OGDEN





F A B L E S,

O F

Æ S O P

And Other Eminent

MYTHOLOGISTS:

W I T H

Mozals and Reflexions.

By Sir Roger L'Estrange, Kt.

The Third Edition Corrected and Amended.

L O N D O N,

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THE



THE
L I F E
O F
Æ S O P.

CHAP. I.

Of Æsop's Country, Condition, and Person.

Æ S O P (according to *Planudes*, *Camerarius* and Others) was by birth, of *Ammorius*, 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-Nos'd, Hunch-Back'd, Blabber-Lipp'd; a Long Mishapen Head; His Body Crooked all over, Big-Belly'd, Baker-Legg'd, and his Complexion so swarthy, that he took his very Name from't; for *Æsop* is the same with *Æthiop*. And he was not only Unhappy in the most scandalous Figure of a Man, that ever was heard of; but he was in a manner Tongue-Ty'd too, by such an Impediment in his speech, that People could very hardly understand what he said. This Imperfection is said, to have been the most sensible part of his Misfortune; for the Excellency of his Mind might otherwise have Atton'd in some Measure, for the Uncouth Appearance of his Person (at least if That Part of 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

with the tracing of him to *Samos*, and from thence Prosecutes it through the most Remarkable Passages of his Life, to the Last Barbarous Violence upon him at *Delphos*. As to his Impediment in his speech, whether there were any such thing or Not, or how he came to be cur'd of it, the Reader is at Liberty what to Believe and what Not. And so likewise for Twenty Other Passages up and down this History; Some of them too Trivial, and others too Gross to be taken Notice of, Upon this Argument and Occasion: Let it suffice, that (according to the Common Tradition) he had been Already Twice Bought and Sold; and so we shall Date the Story of his Adventures; from his Entrance into the Service of at least a Third Master.

As to the Age he liv'd in, it is Agreed upon among the Antients, that it was when *Cræsus* Govern'd *Lydia*; as also that *Xanthus*, a *Samian*, was his Master. *Herodotus* will have it to be one *Jadmon* 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 Weakling, and bad him please himself. The Parcel that he Pitch'd upon was a Panier of Bread; and twice as heavy as any of the rest. They called him a thousand Fools for his pains, and so took up their Luggage, and away they Trudg'd together. About Noon, they had their Dinner deliver'd out of *Æsop's* Basket, which made his Burden Lighter by one half in the Afternoon, then it had been in the Morning: And after the next Meal he had Nothing left him to Carry, but an Empty Basket. His Fellow-Slaves began 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.

CHAP. III.

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

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

The Master, upon his coming from the *Bath*, call'd immediately for his *Figs*, and hearing that *Æsop* had been beforehand with him, he sent for him in a Rage, and Rattled him with a Thousand *Traytors* and *Villains*, for Robbing his House, and Devouring the Fruit that he had set apart for his own Palate. This Miserable Wretch, heard, and understood All that was said; but by Reason of an Imperfection in his Speech, he was not able to speak one Word in his Own Defence. His Enemies in the mean time Insulting over him, and calling for *Justice* upon so Insolent a Cheat. They were now advancing from
 Reproches

Reproches to Blows, when *Æsop* cast himself at his Master's Feet, and begg'd his Patience only till he might go out, and come in again. He went his way immediately, and fetch'd a Vessel of Warm Water; took a Large Draught of it, in his Masters Prefence, and with his Finger in his Throat brought it all clear up again without any Other Mixture. After This Experiment upon *Himself*, he gave his Master to Understand, that if he would be pleas'd to put his *Accusers* to the same *Test*, he should quickly see what was become of his *Figs*. The Proposal seem'd so Reasonable, that he Order'd *Agatophus* and his *Fellow* to do the Like. They made some Difficulty at first of following *Æsops* Example; but in the end, upon taking a Soup of the same Liquor, their Stomachs Wambled, and up came the *Water, Figs and all*. Upon this Evidence of the Treachery and Falshood of *Agatophus* and his *Companion*, the Master Order'd them to be Soundly Lash'd, and made good the Old Saying, *Harm Watch, Harm Catch*.

CHAP. IV.

The Sale of Æsop to Xanthus.

UPON the Merchants Arrival at *Ephesus*, he made a quick Riddance of All his Slaves but Three. That is to say, a *Musician*, an *Orator*, and *Æsop*. He dress'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 betwixt them; which some People took much offence at. While they were attending upon the Place, there came among other *Samians*, one *Xanthus*, an Eminent Philosopher of that City, with a Train of his Disciples at his Heels. The Philosopher was mightily pleas'd 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 *anything*; the other that he could do *ev'ry thing*; this set *Æsop* a laughing at 'em. The Philosopher's Pupils would needs know what it was that made *Æsop* so merry. Why, says he, if the Question had been put by your Master, I should have told him the reason of it.

Xanthus

Xanthus in the mean time was beating the Price of the Two other Slaves, but the Terms were so 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 sake, Interrogated Æsop what *He* could do. *Nothing at all*, says he. How comes That says the Philosopher? My Companions, says the Other, Undertake every thing, and there's Nothing left for me to do. This gave them to Understand, that the Man knew well enough what he said, and what he Laugh'd at. Well! says *Xanthus*, but if I should give Money for you Now, would you be Good and Honest? I'll be That, says Æsop, whether you Buy me or No. Ay, but tell me again, says the Philosopher, Won't you run away? Pray says Æsop, did you ever hear of a Bird in a Cage that told his Master he Intended to make his Escape? *Xanthus* was well enough pleas'd with the Turn and Quickness of his Wit; but, says he, That Unlucky Shape of yours will set People a Hooting and Gaping at you wherever you go. A Philosopher says Æsop should value a man for his Mind, Not for his Body. This presence of Thought gave *Xanthus* a High Opinion of the Wisdom of the Man; and so he bad the Merchant set him his Lowest Price of That Miserable Creature. Why says he, you had as good Cheapen a Dunghil; 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 Care-
less

less Servants; And I have brought you one Now that I am Confident will fit your Turn. He shall Go and Come, and Wait, and do Every thing as you would have him; Oh, your Servant Sweet heart says she, but what did he Cost you? Why truly very Reasonable; but at Present He's a Little Tann'd, and out of case you must know, with his Journey, says the Husband, and so he Order'd him to be call'd in. The Cunning Gipsy smoak'd the Matter presently. Some Monster says she, I'll be Hanged else. Wife, Wife, says *Xanthus*, If you are a good Woman, That that Pleases Me Must Please You too. While These Words were between his Lips, up comes Æsop toward them; she gave him a Fierce Look, and Immediately discharg'd her Choler upon her Husband. Is this a *Man*, or a *Beast*? says she, and what Clearer Proof in the World Could You have given me Now, of an Insufferable Hatred and Contempt? Æsop said not one Word all This While; 'till *Xanthus* Rouz'd him with a Reproof. Oh Villain! says he; to have a Tongue and Wit at Will upon All other Occasions, and not one Diverting Syllable Now at a Pinch, to Pacify your Mistres! Æsop, after a short Pause upon't, 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 was heartily angry before, This Scomm made her Stark Mad, and the Reproche was so Cutting too, that *Xanthus* himself did not well know how to take it. But Æsop brought himself off again from the Malice of any ill Intention, by a Passage out of *Euripides* to this Purpose. *The Raging of a Tempestuous Sea; The Fury of a Devouring Fire, and the Pinching Want of Necessaries for Life, are Three Dreadful Things,* and a Body might reckon up a Thousand more; *but all this is Nothing to the Terrible Violences of an Impetuous Woman,* and therefore, says he, Make yourself as Glorious on the other side, in the Rank of Good Women. *Vavasor* the Jesuite, in his *De Ludicra Dictione*, takes Notice of a Blunder here in the Chronology of the Story. For Æsop was Murder'd at least Fourscore Years before *Euripides* was Born. But to follow the Thred of the Relation; Upon this Oblique Admonition, the Woman came to herself again, and took Æsop into her good Graces, who render'd his Master and Mistres All the Offices of a Faithful Servant.

CHAP. VI.

Æsop's Answer to a Gard'ner.

SOME Two or Three Days after the Encounter above mentioned, *Xanthus* took Æsop along with him to a Garden to buy some Herbs, and the *Gard'ner* seeing him in a Habit of a Philosopher, told him the Admiration he was in, to find how much faster Those Plants shot up that Grow of their own accord, than Those that he set 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, then to tell him, That Providence would have it so: Whereupon Æsop brake out into a Loud Laughter. Why how now Ye slave You, says *Xanthus*, what do you Laugh at? Æsop took him aside and told him, Sir, I Laugh at your Master, that Taught You no better: for what signifies a Gen'ral Answer to a Particular Question? And 'tis no News Neither that Providence orders All Things: But if you'll turn him over to me, You shall see I'll give him another sort of Resolve. *Xanthus* told the *Gard'ner*, that it was below a Philosopher to busy his head about such Trifles; but says he, If you have a Curiosity to be better Inform'd, you shall do well to ask my Slave here, and see what he'll say to you. Upon this, the *Gard'ner* put the Question to Æsop, 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 Assisted 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 *Gard'ner*, upon this, was so well satisfied, That he would take no Mony for his Herbs, and Desired Æsop to make Use of his Garden for the future, as if it were his own.

There are several Stories in *Planudes*, that I shall pass over in this Place (says *Camerarius*) as not worth the while: Particularly The Fables of the *Lentills*, the *Bath*, the *Sow's Feet*, and several Little Tales and Jest's that I take to be neither well Laid, nor well put together; Neither is it any matter, in Relations of this Nature, Whether they be True or False, but if they

they be Proper and Ingenious; and so contriv'd, that the Reader or the Hearer may be the better for them, That's as much as is required: Wherefore I shall now Commit to Writing Two Fables or Stories, One about the bringing his Mistress home again, when she had left her Husband; Which is drawn from the Model of a Greek History set out by *Pausanias* in his Description of *Bœtia*; 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 Sapientum*.

CHAP. VII.

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

THE Wife of *Xanthus* was wellborn and wealthy, but so Proud and Domineering withal, as if her Fortune and her Extraction had Entituled her to the Breeches. She was Horribly Bold, Meddling, and *Expensive*; (as that sort of Women commonly are) Easily put off the Hooks, and Monstrous hard to be pleas'd again: Perpetually chattering at her Husband, and upon All occasions of controversy, Threatning him to be gone. It came to this at Last, that *Xanthus's* stock of Patience being quite spent, he took up a Resolution 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 Usage, The Woman grew Desperate, 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: Beside that there was matter of Interest in the Case: and a Pestilent 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't it seems; and *Xanthus* was so visibly out of Humour upon't, that *Æsop* in Pure Pity bethought himself Immediately how to Comfort him. Come Master (says he) Pluck up a good heart; for I have a Project

Project in my Noddle that shall bring my Mistres to you back again, with as good a Will as ever she went from you. What does me Æsop, but away Immediately to the Market among the Butchers, Poulterers, Fishmongers, Confectioners, &c. 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 Mistake. This Way of Proceeding set the whole Town a Gog to know the Meaning of all this Bustle, and Æsop 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 Light'ning, and happy were they could carry the First Tydings of it to the *Run-away-Lady*: (for every body knew Æsop to be a Servant in That Family.) It Gathered in the Rolling, as all Other Stories do in the Telling: Especially where Womens Tongues and Passions have the spreading of them. The Wife, that was in her Nature Violent, and Unsteady, order'd her Chariot to be made ready Immediately, and away she Posts back to her Husband: falls upon him with Outrages of Looks and Language; and after the Easing 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 Æsop's *Master-pieces*; and for that Bout All was well again betwixt Master and Mistres.

 CHAP. VIII.

An Entertainment of Neats Tongues.

SOME few days after the Ratification of This Peace, *Xanthus* Invited several Philosophers of his Acquaintance to Supper with him; and Charges Æsop to make the Best Provision he could think of, for their Entertainment. Æsop had a Wit waggish Enough, and This General Commission furnished him with Matter 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.

Treat. The First Service was *Neats Tongues* sliced, 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 so for a Fourth, which were All *Tongues*, over and over again still, only several ways Dressed: Some Boil'd, Others Fry'd, and some again serv'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 Æsop, without any hesitation, Since it is my Ill fortune to fall under this Accufation, 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 could be more proper and suitable than a *Feast of Tongues for a Philosophical Banquet*?

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

CHAP. IX.

A Second Treat of Tongues.

XANTHUS's Guests met again The Next day according to The Appointment; and Æsop had provided them the very same Services of *Tongues and Tongues over and over*, as they had the night before. Sirrah (says *Xanthus* to his Servant) what's the Meaning of This; That *Tongues* should be the *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, Injustice, Frauds, and All Manner of Lewdness: for Counsels must be first Agitated, The Matter in Question Debated, Resolv'd

folv'd upon, and Communicated by Words, before the Malice comes to be executed in Fact. *Tongue, Whither wilt Thou!* (says the Old Proverb) I go to *Build* (says the *Tongue*,) and I go to *pull down*.

This Petulant Liberty of Æsop, Gall'd 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 Business to do of your own I perceive, by the Leisure you have to Intermeddle in Other Peoples Matters; You would find some other Employment else, then to Irritate a Master against his Servant.

CHAP. X.

Æsop brings his Master a Guest That 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 beat a Dog. Well Sirrah, says he, since this Learned Gentleman is too *Curious*; go you your ways and find me out a Man that has no Curiosity at All, or I'll Lace 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, Lolling at his Ease, as if he had Nothing to do, or to take care for; and so up to him he went in a Familiar Way; and Invited him to his Master's to 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 upon a Meal's Meat *Gratis*, as a Blessing Dropt into his Mouth out of the Skies) Come (says Æsop) we are going this very Moment; and Wonderfully Glad he was to find by the Booby's discourse, That he had met with a Man so fit for his Purpose. Away they went together, and so strait into the Parlour, where the Blockhead throws Himself down Dirty and Beastly as he was, upon a Rich Couch. After a very little While, in comes *Xanthus* to Supper, and asks Æsop who That Man was? Why This is the Man, says Æsop, that you sent me for; that is to say, a Man that has no *Curiosity* in him

at

at All. Oh that's very well, says *Xanthus*, and then told his Wife in her ear, That if she would be but a Loving and Obedient Wife to him, and do as he bad her, he would now save her Longing, for, says he, I have been a Great while Seeking for an Occasion to pick a Quarrel with Æsop, and I have found it at last. After this Whisper, *Xanthus* takes a Turn in the Parlour, and calls aloud to his Wife. Hearn ye Sweet Heart, says he, go fetch some Water, and Wash the Feet of my Guest here. Away she goes, brings a Bason to the side of the Couch, where the Clown was laid at his Length, and bad him put forth his Feet for her to Wash them. *Xanthus* little thought she would have done it. But the Clown, after a little Stumble within himself, that 'twas fitter for the Maid to do't, then the Mistrefs; Well says he, If it be the Custom of the Family, 'tis not for me to be against it: and so he stretch'd forth his Feet to the *Washing*.

So soon as ever the Company had taken off the Edge of their Stomachs; *Xanthus* calls for a Bumper, and puts it into the hands of the Clown, making No doubt but he would have allow'd his Host the Honor of being his Taster. The Fellow, without any Scruple, Whips up the Drink, and gives *Xanthus* the Pot again Empty, who was now the Second Time Disappointed upon the matter of *Curiosity*, or *No Curiosity at All*. He had a Mind still to be upon Poor Æsop's Bones, and made another Tryal of the Humour of his Guest. There was a particular Dish that the Clown fed very Heartily upon: *Xanthus* fell into a Rage against the Cook for the Ill-Dressing of it, and Threat'ned to have him brought and Lash'd 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 Pyes, and the Clown Guttled 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-Bak'd, it was his Fault; But for the Spice and Seasoning, it was his Mistresses, for it was All put in that she Deliver'd. Nay Wife, says *Xanthus*, if it sticks there,

there, By All that's Sacred, I'll Treat you no better then if you were a Slave bought with my Money. Wherefore Strip Immediately and Prepare for a Dog-Whip. *Xanthus* thought with himself; that If any thing in the World could move this Barbarous Brute, he would have put in a Word at Least to save a Woman of Honour from so Scandalous an Indignity. But says this Loggerhead to himself; There's an old saying; *What have We to do to Quench other Peoples Fires?* And I'll e'en keep my self Clear of Other Peoples 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 lash by Turns. In one word, *Xanthus* missed his Aim at last; and though he was troubled at the Miscarriage, he could not but Laugh yet at the Simplicity of the Man, and Confess, that Æsop was in the Right, in bringing a Person to him that had no Curiosity at all.

CHAP. XI.

Æsop's Answer to a Magistrate.

IT happened some few days after the Last Passage above, that *Xanthus*, having some Business at the Publick Hall, sent Æsop to see if there were any Great Throng of Men there; a Magistrate meets him Upon the *Way*, and Asks him whither he was going? Why truly, says Æsop, I am going I know not whither. The Magistrate took it that he Banter'd him, and bad an Officer take him into Custody and Carry him to Prison. Well, says Æsop, to the Magistrate; Is it not true Now, that I did not know Whither I was going? Can you Imagine, that when I came out of the house this Morning, I had any thoughts of going to *Prison*? The Magistrate was well enough pleased at the fancy, and Discharg'd him Upon it, and so he went forward to the Hall; Where among a world of People, he saw one Man arrest another upon an Action of Debt. The Debtor Pleaded Poverty; but if he would Compound for half, it should go hard but he'd make a Shift to Pick it up, he said. Well with all my Heart, says the Creditor, Lay down the Mony upon the Nail, and the Business is done: for a man had better Content himself with Half, then Lose All, And I reckon

reckon that Money as good as lost, that a Man must go to Law for; Æsop upon this, went back and told his Master, that he had been at the Hall, and saw but one Man there; This was a Riddle to *Xanthus*; Inasmuch that he went himself to Learn the Truth of the Matter. When he came to the Place, he found the Court extremely Thronged, and turning short upon Æsop, in great Indignation, Sirrah, says he, are all these People come since you told me there was but one Man here? 'Tis very true, says Æsop, There was a Huge Crowd, and yet but *one Man* that I could see in That vast *Multitude*. This seems to be taken out of the Life of *Diogenes*.

CHAP. XII.

Xanthus undertakes to Drink the Sea dry.

THESE happened not Long after This, to be a Merry Meeting of Philosophers; and *Xanthus*, one of the Company. *Xanthus* had already gotten a Cup too much; and Æsop, finding they were like to set out his hand; Sir, says he, 'tis the Humour of *Bacchus*, they say, first to make men *Cheerful*, and when they are past That, to make 'em *Drunk*, and in the Conclusion, to make them *Mad*. *Xanthus* took Offence at Æsop; and told him, That was a Lecture for Children. (*Laertius* makes this to be the saying of *Anacharsis*) The Cups went round, and *Xanthus* by this time had taken his Load, who was mightily given to talk in his Drink; and whatever was uppermost, out it came, without either Fear or Wit. One of the Company observing the weak side of the Man, took the Opportunity of 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 House and Land upon't, that I do'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 slipt off his Finger, and asked Æsop about it. Why truly says Æsop, I can say Nothing to the Losing of your Ring; But I can tell you that *you Lost your House and Land last Night*:

Night: and so Æfop 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 Consults Æfop, (whose advice before he had rejected) what was to be done in the Case. I shall never forget, says *Xanthus*, how much I owe you for your Faithful Services; and so with fair Words Æfop 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 Dissolve 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 Æfop, is now at hand, Wherefore do you set a bold face upon it, and go to the *Seaside* with all your Servants and your Trinkets about you, and put on a Countenance, that you are just 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 to forfeit your House and Land, upon Such or Such a Consideration. When This is done, call for a Great Glass, and let it be filled with *Sea-Water*, in the Sight of the Whole Multitude: Hold it up then in your Hand, and say as Follows. *You have heard Good People, what I have Undertaken to do, and upon what Penalty if I do not go Through with it. I confess the Agreement, and the Matter of Fact as you have heard it; and I am now about to drink up the Sea; not the Rivers that run into't. And therefore let All the Inlets be Stopt, that there be Nothing but pure Sea left me to drink. And I am now ready to perform my part of the Agreement. But for any drinking of the Rivers, There is nothing of that in the Contract.* The People found it so clear a Case, That they did not only agree to the Reason and Justice of *Xanthus's* Cause, but hissed his Adversary out of the Field; Who in the Conclusion made a Publique Acknowledgment, that *Xanthus* was the Wiser and Better Man of the Two; But desired the Contract might be made void, and offer'd to Submit Himself further to such Arbitrators as *Xanthus* Himself should direct. *Xanthus* was so well pleased with the Character his Adversary had

had given him, of a Wise Man, That All was Pass'd over, And a finall End made of the Dispute. *Plutarch* makes this to have been the Invention of *Bias*.

CHAP. XIII.

Æsop Baffles the Superstition of Augury.

IN the days of Æsop, The World was mightily 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 Æsop into the Yard, and bad him look well about him. If you see *Two Crows* (says he) you'll have *good Luck* after it, but if you should Chance to spy *One Crow Single*, 'tis a *Bad Omen*, and some Ill will betide you. Æsop stept out and came Immediately back again, and told his Master that he had seen *Two Crows*. Hereupon *Xanthus* went out himself, and finding but *One* (for the Other was flown away) he fell Outragiously upon Æsop for making Sport with him, And order'd him to be soundly Lash'd for't, but just as they were stripping him for the Execution, In comes One to Invite *Xanthus* abroad to Supper. Well Master, says Æsop, and where's the Credit of your *Augury* Now? When I, that saw *Two Crows*, am to be *beaten like a Dog*, and You, that saw but *One*, are going to *make merry* with your Friends? The Reason and Quickness of this Reflexion, Pacified the Master for the Present, and sav'd the Poor Fellow a sound Whipping.

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 Uncypher it. And so after laying Things and Things together a
While,

While, Master, says he, What will you give me, If I find you out a Pot of Hidden Treasure now? One *Half* of it, says *Xanthus*, and your *Liberty*. So Æsop fell to Digging, a Matter of four Yards from the Stone that had the Inscription; and there found a Pot of Gold which he took up and deliver'd to his Master; and Claim'd his Promise. Well, says *Xanthus*, I'll be as good as my Word; but you must first shew 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 open'd the whole Matter to him. Look you Sir, says he, Here are these Letters. *a; β; δ; ο; ε; θ; χ;* which are to be thus Interpreted, *a* stands for ἀποβάς; *β* for βήματι; *δ* for δέσσαρα; *ο* for ὀρύξας; *ε* for εὐρήσεις; *θ* for θησαυρόν; *χ* for χρυσίε; In English, *Dig four Paces from this Place, and you shall find Gold*. Now says *Xanthus*, if you are so good at finding out Gold, you and I must not part yet. Come Sir, says Æsop, (perceiving that his Master played 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 Sence *a* stands for ἀπόδος; *β* for βασιλεῖ; *δ* for Διονυσίω; *ο* for ὄν; *ε* for εὔρες; *θ* for θησαυρόν; *χ* for χρυσίε. In English, *Give Dionysius the Gold you have found*. *Xanthus* began to be afraid 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. 'Tis well, says Æsop; but This is not so much your own Bounty 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. *a* stands for ἀνελόμενοι; *β* for βαδίσαντες; *δ* for διέλεσθε; *ο* for ὄν; *ε* for εὔρετε; *θ* for θησαυρόν; *χ* for χρυσίε; 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 Blabbing, crying out as Loud as he could, this comes of trusting to the Faith of a Philosopher; The Reproche Nettled 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 Tedious Slavery, with the Constancy of a Wise Man, and without either Vanity or Abjection of Mind. He was not Ignorant however of his own Value; Neither did he Neglect any honest Way or Occasion of Advancing his Name and his Credit in the World; as in One Particular Instance among the *Samians*, on a Strange Thing that happen'd There upon a Very Solemn Day. The Ring, 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 dropt it into the Bosom of a Slave. The *Samians* took this for a Foreboding, that Threat'ned some dismal Calamity to the State, and in a general Consternation They presently called a Counsel 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* desired some few Days time for further Consideration. Upon This, he betook himself to his Study, and the More he Beat his Brains about it, the further he found himself from any hope of Expounding The Secret. This put him into a deep Melancholly; which made Æsop very Importune, and Impatient, to know the Cause of it; with Assurances, That he would serve 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 Conclusion, that he was not only lost in his Reputation, but in Danger to be Torn to Pieces by the Rabble. When Æsop found how the Case 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.

I need not tell your Wisdoms, That so Many Heads so Many Minds, and so many several Men, so many several Conceptions of Things; Nay and further, that every several Art, or Profession requires a Distinct Faculty or Disposition, that

is more or less Peculiar to it self. It is the Custom of the World for People in All Cases where They are either Ignorant or Doubtful, 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 apart the One from the Other. Wisdom 'tis true, maybe call'd 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 Awl, or the Razor. But if the Question were concerning the Government of Life and Manners, the Nature of Things Celestial or Terrestrial; The Duties that we owe to God or Man; you could not do better then repair to Philosophers for satisfaction. But for Reading upon Prodigies; or Commenting upon the Flight of Birds, or the Entrails of Beasts, These are Things quite Beside the Philosophers Business. If there be any thing you doubt of that falls under the Cognizance of Philosophy, I am ready to serve you in't; But your present Point being Augury, I shall take leave to Acquaint you that a Servant I have at home, is as likely to make a Right Judgment that way as any Man I know. I should not presume to name a Servant; Neither Perchance would you think fit to make use of one; If the Necessity of your present distress, were not a very Competent and Reasonable Excuse.

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

Xanthus Presented himself Early the next Morning before the Council, Where he Dilated Upon The Matter according to his Instructions, and so referr'd Them to his Servant for the Clearing of the Difficulty. The People with one Voice cry'd out *Where is he? Why does not he Appear? Why has not his Master brought him along with him?* In short, Æsop

was

was Immediately fetch'd 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 Where he was Born, and whether or no Blocks had the Faculty of Speech in his Country. Æsop, upon This, Address'd himself to the Council.

You have here before ye, (says Æsop) an Ungracious Figure of a Man, which in truth is not a Subject for your Contempt, Nor is it a Reasonable Ground for your Despair, upon the Matter in Question. One Wise Man values Another for his Understanding, not for his Beauty; Beside that the Deformity of my Person is no incapacity at All as to your Business. Did you never taste Delicious drink out of an Ill Look'd Vessel? or did you never drink Wine that was Vapid, or Eager, out of a Vessel of Gold? 'Tis Sagacity and Strength of Reason that you have Occasion for, not the force of Robust Limbs, nor the Delicacies of Colour and Proportion. Wherefore I must beseech you not to Judge of My Mind by My Body, nor to Condemn me Unheard. Upon this, they All cry'd out to him, If he had any thing to say for the Common Good, That he would speak it. With your favour, says he, It is for that End I presume, that ye have called me hither, and it is with a Great Zeal for your Service, that I stand now before ye: But when I consider the Weight of the Matter in hand, and the Office That I am now to Perform, it will as little stand with your 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 Risque I run of my Master's Displeasure upon the Event. But All This yet may be Obviated, my Fears secured, my Modesty gratifi'd, 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 order'd the Quæstors to pay down the Money. When Xanthus saw that the thing must be done, He could not Decently stand Higgling about the Price; But making a Virtue of Necessity, he chose rather to Present Æsop to the Common-Wealth, then to Sell him. The Samians took it very kindly, And Æsop was Presently Manumiz'd and made

a Citizen in Form, Proclaim'd a Freeman; and after this Ceremony, he Discourf'd upon the Subject of the Protent as follows.

I fhall not need to tell fo many Wife and knowing Men, that the Eagle is a Royal Bird, and fignifies a Great King; that the Dropping of the Ring in the Bofome of a Slave that has no Power over himfelf, portends the Lofs of Your Liberties, if you do not look to your felves in Time; And that fome Potent Prince has a Defign upon ye. This put the Samians all a-fire to hear the Ifsue of the Prediction. In fome fhort time after there came Ambaffadors from *Cræfus* the King of *Lydia*, to Demand a Tribute on Behalf of their Mafter, and Threat'ned the *Samians* with a War in the Cafe of a Refufal. This Affair came to be Debated in the Council, where the Majority was rather for Peace with Slavery, then for running the Rifque of a Difpute; but they would not come to a Refolution yet, without firft Confulting Æfop What They had beft 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 fay, Firft, The Way of Liberty, that's Narrow and Rugged at the Entrance, but Plainer and Smoother ftill the further you go. Secondly, The Way of Servitude or Slavery, that feems to be Eafie at firft, but you'll find it afterwards to be full of Intolerable Difficulties. The *Samians*, upon Thefe Words, Declared themfelves Unanimoufly for Liberty, and that fince they were at prefent Free, They would never make Themfelves Slaves by their own Consent: So The Ambaffadors Departed, and there was a War Denounced.

When *Cræfus* came to Underftand the Refolution the *Samians* had taken, and how Inclenable they were to a Compliance, till Æfop, by the Power only of a few words, Diverted them from it, he Refolv'd to fend for and Difcourfe with Æfop. So He made an offer to the *Samians*, upon their fending Æfop to him, to put a Stop at prefent to the courfe of his Arms. When Æfop came to hear of their Propofition, he told them That he was not againft their fending of him, Provided only that he might tell them One Story before he Left them.

In Old Time, (fays he) when fome Beafts talked better Sence then Many Men do now a days, there happen'd to be a
Fierce

Fierce War betwixt 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 Hostages. The Silly, credulous Sheep agreed to't, and as soon as ever they had parted with the Dogs, The Wolves break in upon them, and Destroy'd them at pleasure. See Fab. 45.

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

CHAP. XVI.

Æsop Presents himself before the King of Lydia.

IMmediately Upon Æsop's Arrival in *Lydia*, he Presented 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*? Æsop then with a Reverence after the *Lydian* Fashion, deliver'd what he had to say.

I am not here (says he,) Great King in the Quality of a Man that's Given up by his Country, or under the Compulsion of any force; But it is of my own Accord that I am now come to lay my self at your Majesty's Feet, and with 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 Grafshopper. She found he was about to kill her, and Pleaded after this Manner for her Life. Alas (says she) I never did any Body an Injury, and never had it either in my Will or in My Power to do't. All my Business is my Song; and what will you be the Better for my Death? The Youth's Heart relented and he set the Simple Grafshopper 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.*

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 Æsop, (with that Veneration, Gratitude and Respect that the Case required) I do most humbly implore your Majesties favour for my Country-Men the *Samians*. The King Granted him his Request, and Confirmed it under his Seal; Beside that the Piety of making that Petition his Choice, was a further Recommendation of him to his Royal Kindness and Esteem.

Æsop, soon after This, returned to *Samos* with the News of the Peace, where he was Welcom'd with All the Instances of Joy and Thankfulness Imaginable; Infomuch that they Erected a Statue for him, with an Inscription upon it, in Honour of his Memory. From *Samos* he return'd afterwards to *Cræsus*, for whose sake he Compos'd several of *Those Apologies* that pass in the World to This Day under his Name. His Fancy lay extreamly to Travelling; but above All other Places, he had the Greatest Mind to see *Babylon*: To which End he got Letters of Recommendation from *Cræsus* to the King there: who, according to *Herodotus*, was a Friend, and an Ally of *Cræsus's*, and his Name, *Labynetus*; not *Lycerus*, and *Planudes* has Handed it down to us upon a Great Mistake. But his Curiosity led him first to pass through *Greece*, for the sake of the *Seven Wise Men*, whose Reputation was at That Time Famous All over the World. He had the Good Hap in his Travels to find them at *Corinth*, together with *Anacharsis*, and several of their Followers and Disciples, Where they were All Treated by *Periander* at a *Villa* of his not far from the Town. This Encounter was to the Common Satisfaction of the Whole Company; the Entertainment Philosophical, and Agreeable, and among other Discourses, they had some Controversy upon the Subject of Government; and which was the most Excellent Form: Æsop being still for *Monarchy*, and the *Rest* for a *Common-wealth*. He Travell'd thence, a while after into *Asia*, and so to *Babylon*, according to his first Intention.

CHAP. XVII.

Æsop Adopts Ennus. Ennus's Ingratitude and Falseness, and Æsop's Good Nature.

IT was the Fashion in those Days for Princes to Exercise Tryalls of Skill in the Putting and Resolving of Riddles, and Intricate Questions; and He that was the Best at the Clearing or Untying of Knotty Difficulties carry'd the Prize. Æsop's Faculty lay notably that way, and render'd him so serviceable to the King, that it brought him both Reputation and Reward. It was his Unhappiness to have No Children, for the Comfort and Support of his Old Age; So that with the King's Consent, he Adopted a young Man, who was Well Born, and Ingenuous enough, but Poor; His Name was *Ennus*. Æsop took as much care of his Instruction as if he had been his own Child, and Train'd him up in those Principles of Virtue and Knowledge that might most probably render him Great and Happy. But there's no working upon a Flagitious and Perverse Nature, by Kindness and Discipline, and 'tis Time lost to think of Mastering so Incurable an Evil: So that *Ennus*, after the Manner of other Wicked Men, heaping One Villany upon another, Counterfeits his Fathers Name and Hand to Certain Letters, wherein he Promises his Assistance to the Neighbour Princes against *Labynetus*. These Letters *Ennus* carry's to the King, and Charges his Father with Treason, though in Appearance, with All the trouble and unwillingness that was possible, Only a Sense of his Duty to his King and his Country, swallow'd up All other Respects of Reverence and Modesty that a Son owes to a Father. The King took All these Calumnies for Instances of *Ennus's* Affections to him, without the Least Suspicion of any Fraud in the Matter: So that without any further Enquiry, he order'd Æsop to be put to Death. The Persons to whom the Care of his Execution was Committed, being well Assured 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 *Labynetus* from *Amasis* the King of *Ægypt*, wherein *Labynetus* was Desired by *Amasis* to send him a certain Architect that could raise a Tower that

that should hang in the Air, and likewise Resolve All Questions. *Labynetus* was at a Great Loss what Answer to return, and the Fierceness of his Displeasure against Æsop being by This time somewhat Abated, he began to Enquire after him with Great Passion, and would often Profess, That if the Parting with One half of his Kingdom could bring him to Life again, he would Give it. *Hermippus* 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 Beastliness he had Contracted in the Prison. He did no sooner Appear, but he made his Innocence so manifest, that *Labynetus* in Extreme Displeasure and Indignation, commanded the False 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 Presumption, that the Sence of so Great a Goodness and Obligation would yet Work upon him. *Herodotus* tells the story of *Cambyfes* the Son of *Cyrus*, and *Cræsus*, and with what Joy *Cambyfes* received *Cræsus* again, after he was supposed to be put to death by his own Order; but Then it Vary's in This, that he Caused Those to be put to Death, that were to have seen the Execution done, for not Observing his Commands.

 CHAP. XVIII.

Æsop's Letters of Morality to his Son Ennus.

UPON Æsop's coming again into Favour, he had the King of *Ægypt*'s Letter given him to Consider of, and Advised *Labynetus* to send him for Answer, That Early the next Spring he should have the Satisfaction he Desired. Things being in this State, Æsop took *Ennus* Home to him again, and so order'd 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 Ostentation:*

Ostentation: Not as if that Divine Name and Power were only an Invention, to Fright Women and Children, but know That God is Omnipresent, True and Almighty.

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

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

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

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

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

Apply your self to Learn More, so long as there's any Thing Left that you do not know, and Value 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 Inviolable Good, but Wisdom and Virtue, though the Study of it Signifies Little without the Practice.

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

It is Virtue not to be Vicious.

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

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

Take heed of that Vulgar Error, of thinking that there is any Good in Evil. It is a Mistake when Men talk of profitable Knavery, or of 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 Restless.

Speak

Speak Ill of No body, and you are no more to Hear Calumnies then to Report them : Beside that, they that Practice the One, Commonly Love the Other.

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

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

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

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

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

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

These, or such as these, were the Lessons that Æsop read daily to his Son ; but so far was he from mending upon Them, that he grew Every Day worse and worse, shewing that it is not in the power of Art or Discipline to Rectify a Perverse Nature, or (as *Euripides* says) to make a Man Wise that has no Soul. But however, according to *Neveletus*, he came soon after to be Touched in Conscience for his Barbarous Ingratitude, and Dyed in a Raging Remorse for what he had done.

The Spring was now at Hand, and Æsop 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 say no more of That Romantick part of the History, then that he went into *Ægypt*, and Acquitted himself of his Commission to *Amasis* with Great Reputation. From thence back again to *Labynetus*, Laden with Honours and Rewards ; from whom he got leave to Return into *Greece* ; but upon Condition of Returning to *Babylon* by the First Opportunity.

CHAP. XIX.

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

WHEN Æsop had almost taken the whole Tour of Greece, he went to *Delphos*, either for the *Oracles* sake, or for the sake of the *Wise Men* that Frequented that Place. But when he came thither, he found Matters to be quite otherwife then he expected, and so far from deserving the Reputation they had in the World for Piety and Wisdom, that he found them Proud and Avaritious, and Hereupon Deliver'd his Opinion of Them under this Fable.

I find (says he) the Curiosity that brought me Hither, to be much the Cause of People at the Sea side, that see something come Hulling toward them a great way off at Sea, and take it at first to be some Mighty Matter, but upon Driving Nearer and Nearer the Shore, it proves at last to be only a heap of Weeds and Rubbish. See Fab. 119.

The Magistrates of the Place took Infinite Offence at this Liberty, and presently 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, that 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 so contrive it, as to bring him to a shameful End, under a Form of Justice, it would better answer their Business and Design. To Which Purpose they caused a Golden Cup to be secretly convey'd into his Baggage, when he was packing up to Depart. He was no sooner out of the Town upon his Journey, But Immediately pursu'd and taken upon the way by the Officers, and Charged with *Sacrilege*. Æsop deny'd the Matter, and Laughed at them All for a Company of Mad Men; But upon the Searching of his Boxes, they took the Cup and shew'd it to the People, Hurrying him away to Prison in the Middle of his Defence. They brought him the Next Day into the Court, Where Notwithstanding the Proof of his Innocence, as clear as the Day, he was Condemn'd 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,
with

with much ado to be heard a few Words, and so told them the Story of the Frog and the Mouse, as it stands in the Fable.

This wrought nothing upon the Hearts of the *Delphians*, but as they were Bawling at the Executioner, to Dispatch and do his Office, Æsop on a Sudden gave them the Slip, and Fled to an Altar hard by there, in hopes the Religion of the Place might have protected 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 tell them the Fable of the *Eagle* and the *Beetle* to this following effect, As it stands in the Book, *Num.* 378.

Now says Æsop, (after the telling of this Fable) you are not to Flatter your Selves that the Prophaners of Holy Altars, and the Oppressors of the Innocent, shall ever escape Divine Vengeance. This Enraged the Magistrates to such a Degree, that they commanded the Officers Immediately to take Æsop from the Altar, and Dispatch him away to his Execution. When Æsop found that Neither the Holiness of the Place, nor the Clearness of his Innocence was Sufficient to Protect him, and that he was to fall a Sacrifice to Subornation 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 spent his Whole Life in the Country without ever seeing the Town. He found himself Weak and Decaying, and Nothing would serve, but his Friends must needs shew him the Town once before he Dyed. Their Asses were very well Acquainted with the Way, and so they caused them to be made Ready, and turned the Old Man and the Asses 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 Asses were Beaten out of their Way, and Tumbled with the Old Man into a Pit, where he had only time to Deliver his Last Breath with this Exclamation. Miserable Wretch that I am, to be Destroy'd, since Dye I must, by the basest of Beasts; by Asses. And that's my Fate now in suffering by the Hands of a Barbarous, Sottish People, that Understand Nothing either of Humanity or Honour: and Act Contrary to the Tyes of Hospitality and Justice. But the Gods will not suffer my Blood to lye Unrevenged,
and

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 Pushed him Off Headlong from the Rock, and he was Dashed to Pieces with the Fall.

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 Wickedness it was had brought these Calamities upon Them. The Oracle gave them this Answer, That they were to Expiate for the Death of Æsop. In the Conscience of their Barbarity, they Erected a *Pyramid* to his Honour, and it is upon Tradition, that a Great Many of the Most Eminent Men among the *Greeks* of that Season, went afterwards to *Delphos* upon the News of the Tragical End of Æsop, to Learn the Truth of the History, and found upon Enquiry, That the Principal of the Conspirators had laid Violent hands upon Themselves.

THE
P R E F A C E.

WE have had the History of Æsop so many times over and over, and dress'd up so many several Ways; that it would be but Labour-Lost to Multiply Unprofitable Conjectures upon a Tradition of so Great Uncertainty. Writers are divided about him, almost to all manner of purposes: And particularly concerning the Authority, even of the 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 Æsops, and which not; which are Genuine, and which Spurious: Beside, that there are divers Inconsistencies upon the Point of Chronology, in the Account of his Life, (as Maximus Planudes, and Others have Deliver'd it) which the whole Earth can never Reconcile. Vavasor the Jesuite, in a Tract of his, de Ludicra Dictione, takes Notice of some four or five Gross Mistakes of This Kind. [Planudes (says he) brings Æsop to Babylon, in the Reign of Lycerus; where there never was such a Prince heard of, from Nabonassar (the first King of Babylon) to Alexander the Great. He tells us of his going into Ægypt in the Days of King Nechtenabo; which Nechtenabo came not into the World till well nigh Two Hundred Years after him. And so he makes him Greet his Mistress upon his first Entrance into his Master's House, with a bitter Sentence against Women out of Euripides; (as he pretends) when yet Æsop had been Dead, a matter of Fourscore Years, before T'other was Born. And once again, He brings him in, Talking of the Pyræan Port, in his Fable of the Ape and the Dolphin: A Port, that the very Name on't was never thought of, till about the Seventy Sixth Olympiad: And Æsop was Murder'd, in the Four and fifti'th.] This is enough in All Conscience, to Excuse any Man
from

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from laying over-much Strefs upon the Historical Credit of a Relation, that comes so Blindly, and so Variously Transmitted to us: Over and above, that it is not one jot to our Bus'ness (further then to Gratify an Idle Curiosity) whether the Fact be True or False; whether the Man was Streight, or Crooked; and his Name, Æsop, or (as some will 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 Apologues and Morals; And not of His alone, 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 were to come after them.

There are, 'tis True, a Certain Set of Morose and Untractable 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 Fooleries 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 Unforcibly Sour, Ill Natur'd, and Troublefome; Men that make it the Mark as well as the Prerogative of a Philosopher, to be Magisterial, and Churlish; As if a Man could not be Wise and Honest, without being Inhumane; or, I might have said, without putting an Affront upon Christian Charity, Civil Society, Decency and Good Manners: But they are not aware All this while, that the Foundations of Knowledge and Vertue are laid in our Childhood; when Nothing goes Kindly down with us, that is not Season'd and Adapted to the Palate and Capacity of those Tender Years. 'Tis in the very Nature of us, first, to be Inquisitive, and Hankering after New and New Sight and Stories: And 2dly, No less Sollicitous to Learn and Understand the Truth and Meaning of what we See and Hear: So that betwixt the Indulging and Cultivating of This Disposition, or Inclination, on the One hand, and the Aplying 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 Institution, toward the Forming of an Honourable, and a Vertuous 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

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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 Paper, 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 pleases. 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 Nicety that Depends, in a Great Measure, upon the Care, Providence, Sobriety, Conduct and Good Example of Parents, Guardians, Tutors, &c. Nay it Descends to the very Choice of such Nurses, Servants, and Familier 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 Moral; and in such a manner, that the Truth and Reason of Things, may be Artificially and Effectually Insinuated, under the Cover, either of a Real Fact, or of a Supposed One: But then These very Lessons Themselves may be Gilt and Sweeten'd, as we Order Pills and Potions; 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 Touches, and so Proceed.

It may be laid down in the First Place, for an Universal Rule, never to suffer Children to learn any thing, (now Seeing and Hearing, with Them, is Learning) but what they may be the Better for All their Lives after. And it is not sufficient neither, to keep them clear of any Thought, Word or Deed, that's Foul, Scandalous, and Dishonest; but there are Twenty
Insipid

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Inspid Twittle-Twattles, Frothy Jests, and Jingling Wit-ticisms, that look, as if they had no Hurt in them; and yet the Wanting of us to the Use and Liking of These Levities, Leads, and Innures us to a Mis-understanding of Things, which is no less Dangerous than a Corruption of Manners. Beside that there's no need of Entertaining them with These Fopperies, having so much Choice of Useful Matter at hand, as Good and Cheap. Briefly, in the Case of This Method of Instruction and Institution, let but the Fancy or the Figure be Clear and Pertinent, and the Doctrine in the Direction of it can never fail of being so too. But without this Guard and Caution upon the Conduct of the Affair, This Humour of Mythology may turn to a Poyson instead of Nourishment: And under the Pretext 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 Contracted an Ill Train or Habit, it will Cost as much time to Blot out what he is to Forget, as to Possess him of what he is to Retain in his Memory.

Let it not be Understood now, as if the Thing it self were Childish, because of the Application of it; or as if Boys and Men were not Indifferently of the same Make, and Accountable more or less for the same Faculties and Duties. So that the Force and Dignity of This way of Operation, holds good in all Cases alike; For there's Nothing makes a Deeper Impression upon the Minds of Men, or comes Lively to their Understanding, than Those Instructive Notices that are Convey'd to them by Glances, Insinuations, and Surprise; 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, then that the Wisdom of the Ancients has been still Wrapt up in Veils and Figures; and their Precepts, Councils and Salutary Monitions for the Ordering of our Lives and Manners, Handed down to us from all Antiquity under Innuendo's and Allusions? For what are the Ægyptian Hieroglyphicks, and the whole History of the Pagan Gods; The Hints, and Fictions of the Wise Men

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Men of Old, but in Effect, 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 Edifying Use of Apologues 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 Example, as the Means that Divine Providence made use of for Gaining the Idolaters and Infidels over to the Christian Faith? What was it that brought, even David himself to a Sight and Detestation of his Sin in the Matter of Uriah and to a Sense of his Duty, by the Prophet Nathan's telling him a Story at a Distance (and by God's Own Direction too) of a Rich Man that had a World of Sheep himself, and 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 Case, and forc'd him to pass Judgment upon Himself? Now this is but according to the Natural Biass of Humane Frailty, for every Man to be Partial to his own Blind-side, and to Exclaim against the very Counter-part of his Own Daily Practice. As what's more Ordinary, for Example, than to have the most Arbitrary of Tyrants, to set up for the Advocates and Patrons of Common Liberty; or for the most Profligate of Scoffers and Atheists, to Value themselves upon a Zeal for the Power, and Purity of the Gospel? In two Words, What's more Familiar then to see Men Fighting the Lord's Battles (as they call it) against Blasphemy and Prophaneness, with One hand; and at the same time offering Violence to his Holy Altars, Church and Ministers with the Other! Now These People are not to be dealt withal but by a Train of Mystery and Circumlocution; a Downright Admonition looks liker the Reproach of an Enemy, then the Advice of a Friend; or at the Best, it is but the Good Office of a Man that has an Ill Opinion of us: And we do not Naturally Love to be Told of our Faults, by the Witnesses of our Failings. Some People are too Proud, too Surly, too Impudent, too Incurable, either

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either to Bear, or to Mend upon the Liberty of Plain Dealing. Others are too Big again, too Powerful, too Vindictive, and Dangerous, for either Reproof or Council, in Direct Terms. They Hate any Man that's but Conscious of their Wickedness, and their Misery is like the Stone in the Bladder; There are Many Things Good for't, but there's no coming at it; and neither the Pulpit, the Stage, nor the Press, Dares so much as Touch upon't. How much are we Oblig'd then, to those Wise, Good Men, that have furnish'd the World with so sure, and so Pleasant an Expedient, for the Removing of All These Difficulties! And to Æsop in the First Place, as the Founder, and Original Author, or Inventer of This Art of Schooling Mankind into Better Manners; by Minding Men of their Errors without Twitting them for what's Amiss, and by that Means Flashing the Light of their Own Consciences in their Own Faces. We are brought Naturally enough, by the Judgment we pass upon the Vices and Follies of our Neighbours, to the Sight and Sense of our own; and Especially, when we are led to the Knowledge of the Truth of Matters by Significant Types, and Proper Resemblances; for we are much more Affected with the Images of things, then with the True Reason of them. Men that are Shot-free against All the Attaques of Honour, Conscience, Shame, Good Faith, Humanity, or Common Justice, have yet some Weak-side or other, like Achille's Heel, that was never dipt; and This Contrivance of Application, by Hints and Glances, is the Only way under the Heavens to Hit it. [Who shall say to a King, What dost thou?] comes up to the very Strefs of this Topique. There's no Meddling with Princes, either by Text, or Argument. Morality is not the Province of a Cabinet Council: And Ghostly Fathers Signify no more then Spiritual Bug-bears, in the Case of an Unaccountable Priviledge. Tell the House of Israel of their Sins, and the House of Jacob of their Transgressions: was a Guide, Undoubtedly, like an Old Almanack, for the Year 'twas Writ in; but Change of Times and Humours, calls for New Measures and Manners; and what cannot be done by the Dint of Authority, or Perswasion, in the Chappel, or in the Closet, must be brought about by the Side-Wind of a Lecture from the Fields, and the Forrests. As the Fable

of

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of the Raging Lion Preaches Caution, and Moderation to the Extravagances of Cruel, and Ambitious Rulers, by shewing them that Tyranny is a Scourge of Humane Nature, in Opposition to All the Blessings of a Well-Order'd Government; and that they do but Plague other People, to their Own Infamy, and Ruin. The Old Lion in Disgrace, Reads a Lesson to us of the Improvidence, and the Desperate Consequences of a Riotous, and a Careless Youth. The Fox in the Well, holds forth to us upon the Chapter of a Late Repentance. The Frogs Petitioning for a King, bids People have a care of Struggling with Heaven for they know not what. It is Certainly True, that the most Innocent Illustrations of this Quality may lie open to a Thousand Abuses and Mistakes, by a Distorted Misapplication of them to Political, or Personal Meanings; but Those 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, Uncleaness, Theft, Calumny, and the like, were to be Struck out of the Office, and Indicted, for a Libellous Innuendo upon All the Great Men that come to be Concern'd in the Pains and Forfeitures therein Contain'd. In fine, 'tis the Conscience of the Guilty, in All These Cases, that makes the Satyr. Here is enough said, as to the Dignity, and Usefulness of This way of Informing the Understanding what we Ought to do, and of Disposing the Will to Act in a Conformity to that Preception of Things; having so Clear an Evidence of Divine Authority, as well as the Practice of the Best of Men, and of Times, together with the Current of Common Consent, Agreeing all in favour of it. I shall now Wind up what I have to say, as to the Fables Themselves, the Choice, the Intent, and the Order of them, in a very Few Words.

When I First put Pen to Paper upon This Design, I had in my Eye only the Common School-Book, as it stands in the Cambridge and Oxford Editions of it, under the Title of [Æsopi Phrygis Fabulæ; una cum Nonnullis Variorum Autorum Fabulis Adjectis:] Propounding to my self at that Time;

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to follow the very Course and Series of that Collection; and in One Word, to Try what might be done, by making the Best of the Whole, and Adapting Proper and Useful Doctrines to the several parts of it, toward the turning of an Excellent Latin Manuel of Morals and Good Councils, into a Tolerable English One. But upon Jumbling Matters and Thoughts together, and laying One thing by Another; the very State and Condition of the Case before me, together with the Nature and the Reason of the Thing, gave me to Understand, that this way of Proceeding would never Answer my End. Insomuch, that upon this Consideration, I Consulted other Versions of the same Fables, and made my Best of the Choice. Some that were Twice or Thrice over, and only the self same Thing in other Words; These I struck out, and made One Specimen serve for the rest. To say Nothing of here and there a Trivial, or a Loose Conceit in the Medly, more than This; that such as they are, I was under some sort of Obligation to take them in for Company; and in short, Good, Bad, and Indifferent, One with Another, to the Number in the Total, of 383 Fables. To these, I have likewise subjoin'd a Considerable Addition of other Select Apologues, out of the most Celebrated Authors that are Extant upon that Subject, towards the Finishing of the Work. As Phædrus, Camerarius, Avienus, Neveletus, Apththonius, Gabrias, or Babrias, Baudoin, La Fontaine, Æsopé en Belle Humeur, Audin, &c.

Another Man in my Place now, would perhaps take it for a Notable Stroke of Art, Good Breeding, to Complement the Reader with Twenty Fooleries of Apology, and Excuse, for such an Undertaking; As if the Honestest, and the most Necessary Part of a Man's Life, and Bus'ness, were a thing to be Asham'd of. Now All that I have to say upon this Common Place, is in Three Words, that I meant well in what I have done; and let the Performance be what it will, I Comfort my self yet in the Conscience of a Good Intention. I shall not Charge any of My Failings upon the Importunity of my Friends, though I have not wanted Earnest and Powerful Instances and Encouragements to proceed upon This Work; over and above the Impulse of a Natural Curiosity and Inclination that led me to't. But these were
Temptations

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Temptations that I could Easily have Resisted, or put by, in favour of a Carcass that's in a manner, past 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 Universally Read, and Taught in All our Schools; but almost at such a Rate as we Teach Pyes and Parrots, that Pronounce the Words without so much as Guessing at the Meaning of them: Or to take it Another way, the Boys break their Teeth upon the Shells without ever coming near the Kernel. They Learn the Fables by Lessons, and the Moral is the least part of our Care in a Child's Institution: so that take Both together, and the One is stark Nonsense, without the Application of the Other; beside that the Doctrine it self, as we have it, even at the Best, falls Infinitely short of the Vigour and Spirit of the Fable. To supply This Defect now, we have had several English Paraphrases and Essays upon Æsop, and Divers of his Followers, both in Prose and Verse: the Latter have perchance Ventur'd a little too far from the Precise Scope of the Author upon the Privilege of a Poetical License: And for the Other of Ancient Date, the Morals are so Insipid and Flat, and the Style and Diction of the Fables, so Coarse and Uncouth, that they are rather Dangerous, then Profitable, as to the Purpose they were Principally Intended for; and likely to do Forty times more Mischief by the One then Good by the Other. An Emblem without a Key to't, is no more then a Tale of a Tub; and that Tale sillily told too, is but One Folly Grafted 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 Innur'd by the Force of Instruction and Good Example, to the Love and Practice of Doing their Duty; whereas on the Contrary, One Step out of the way in the Institution, is enough to Poyson the Peace, and the Reputation of a whole Life. Whether I have, in this Attempt, Contributed or not, to the Improvement of these Fables, either in the Wording, or the Meaning of them, the Book must stand or Fall to it self: But this I shall Adventure to Pronounce upon the whole Matter, that the Text is English, and the Morals, in some sort, Accommodate to the Allegory; which could hardly be
said*

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said of All the Translations, or Reflexions before-mention'd, 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 Best to Obviate a Common Inconvenience, or, to speak Plainly, the Mortal 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-Pointings of the Press, to the Author,

THE

T H E

F A B L E S

O F

Æ S O P, &c.

FABLE I.

A Cock and a Diamond.

As a *Cock* was turning up a *Dunghill*, he spy'd a *Diamond*. Well (says he to himself) this sparkling Foolery now to a *Lapidary* in my place, would have been the Making of him; but as to any Use or Purpose of mine, a *Barley-Corn* had been worth Forty on't.

THE MORAL.

*He that's Industrious in an Honest Calling, shall never fail of a Blessing.
'Tis the part of a Wise Man to Prefer Things Necessary before Matters of Curiosity, Ornament, or Pleasure.*

R E F L E X I O N.

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

Now, with favour of the Ancients, this Fable seems to me, rather to hold forth an Emblem of *Industry* and *Moderation*. The *Cock* lives by his *honest Labour*, and maintains his Family out of it; His Scraping upon the *Dunghill*, is but Working in his *Calling*: The *precious Stone* is only a gawdy *Temptation* that Fortune throws in his way to divert him from his Business and his Duty. He would have been glad, he says, of a *Barley Corn* instead on't; and so casts it aside as a thing not worth the heeding. What is all this now, but the passing of a true Estimate upon the Matter in question, in preferring that which Providence has made and pronounc'd to be *the Staff of Life*, before a glittering Gew-Gaw, that has no other Value, than what Vanity, Pride and Luxury 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 *Sense*, and *Judgment*, is another. Nay, that very *Lapidary* himself, with a coming Stomach, and in the *Cock's* place, would have made the *Cock's* Choice. The Doctrin, in short, may be this; That we are to prefer things *necessary*, before things *superfluous*; the Comforts and the Blessing of Providence, before the dazzling and the splendid Curiosities of

Mode

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

F A B. II.

A Cat and a Cock.

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

F A B. 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 Prey in his Eye, but away he runs open-mouth to't. Villain (says he) how dare you lye mudling the Water that I am a drinking? Indeed, says the poor *Lamb*, I did not think that my drinking there *below*, could have foul'd your Water so far *above*. Nay, says t'other, you'll never leave your chopping of Logick, till your Skin's turn'd over your Ears, as your Fathers was, a matter of six Months ago, for prating at this sawcy 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*, hast thou neither Shame, nor Conscience? But it runs in the Blood of your whole Race, Sirrah, to hate our Family; and therefore since Fortune has brought us together so conveniently, you shall e'en pay some of your Fore-Fathers Scores before

before you and I part; and so without any more ado, he leapt at the Throat of the miserable helpless *Lamb*, and tore him immediately to pieces.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

'Tis an easy Matter to find a Staff to beat a Dog. *Innocence is no Protection against the Arbitrary Cruelty of a Tyrannical Power: But Reason and Conscience are yet so Sacred, that the Greatest Villanies are still Countenanc'd under that Cloak and Colour.*

R E F L E X I O N.

PRIDE and Cruelty never want a Pretence to do Mischief. The Plea of *No Guilty* goes for Nothing against Power: For Accusing is Proving, where Malice and Force are Joyn'd in the Prosecution.

When Innocence is to be oppress'd by Might, Arguments are foolish things; nay the very Merits, Virtues, and good Offices of the Person accus'd, are Emprov'd 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 turn'd upon him as a Crime. Nay, such is the Confidence of a spiteful Cruelty, that People shall be charg'd (rather than fail) with things utterly 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; but under the August Name and Pretence, however of Both? As Loyalty, for the purpose, shall be call'd Rebellion, and the Exercise of the most necessary Powers of Government, shall pass for Tyranny and oppression. Decency of Religious Worship shall be made Superstition; Tenderneſs of Conscience shall be call'd Phanaticism, Singularity and Faction; and the very Articles of the Christian Faith shall be condemn'd for Heresie. Villanies have not the same Countenance, when there are Great Interests, Potent Meditations, Presents, Friends, Advocates, Plausible Colours, and Flourishes of Wit, and Rhetorique, Interpos'd betwixt the Sight and the Object. There are ways of *Deceiving* the Eyes, as well as of *Blinding* them; so that the Cause of the Innocent must be Remitted at last to that Great and Final Decision, where there is no longer any Place for Passion, Partiality, Corruption, or Error. But as to the Business of this World, when the *Cocks* and the *Lambs* lie at the Mercy of *Cats* and *Wolves*, they must never expect better Quarter; especially where the Hearts Blood of the One, is the Nourishment and Entertainment of the Other.

F A B. IV.

A Frog and a House.

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

F A B. V.

A Lion and a Bear.

There was a *Lion* and *Bear* had gotten a *Fawn* betwixt them, and there were they at it *Tooth and Nail*, which of the Two should carry't off. They Fought it out, till they were e'n glad to lie down, and take Breath. In which instant, a *Fox* passing that way, and finding how the case stood with the Two Combatants, seiz'd upon the *Fawn* for his Own Use, and so very fairly scamper'd away with him. The *Lion*, and the *Bear* saw the Whole Action, but not being in condition to Rise and Hinder it, they pass'd this Reflexion upon the whole matter; Here have we been Worrying one another, who should have the Booty, 'till this Curfed Fox has bobb'd us Both on't.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

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

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS is no more than what we see Dayly in Popular Factions, where Pragmatical Fools commonly begin the Squabble, and Crafty Knaves reap the Benefit of it. There is very rarely any Quarrel, either Publique, or Private, whether betwixt Persons, 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 Govern*, is a Rule of State, that we see Confirm'd and supported by Dayly Practice and Experience: So that 'tis none of the Slightest Arguments for the Necessity of a Common Peace, that the Litigants Tear one another to pieces for the Benefit of some Third Interest, that makes Advantage of their Disagreement. This is no more then what we find upon Experience through the whole History of the World in All Notable Changes, and Revolutions; that is to say, the Contentents have been still made a Prey to a Third Party. And this has not been only the Fate and the Event of Popular Quarrels, but the Punishment of them; for the Judgment still treads upon the Heel of the Wickedness. People may talk of *Liberty*, *Prosperity*, *Conscience*, Right of *Title*, &c. but the main Business and Earnest of the World, is *Money*, *Dominion*, and *Power*, and how to Compass Those Ends; and not a Rush matter at last, 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 *Kite*, 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.

F A B. VI.

A Dog and a Shadow.

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

The MORAL.

All Covet, All Lose; *which may serve for a Reproof to Those that Govern their Lives by Fancy and Appetite, without consulting the Honour, and the Justice of the Case.*

R E F L E X I O N.

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

There are more Meanings of *Substance* and *Shadow*; of Mistaking One for T'other; and Losing All by Chopping at More; then the bare Sense and Letter of the *Dog*, the *Flesh*, and the *Image* here in the Fable. Under these Heads are comprehended all Inordinate Desires, Vain Hopes, and Miserable Disappointments. What shall we say of those that spend their Days in Gaping after Court-Favours and Preferments; Servile Flatteries, and Slavish Attendances? That Live and Entertain themselves upon Blessings in Vision? (For Fair Words and Promises, are no more than Empty Appearances) What is all This, but Sacrificing a Mans Honour, Integrity, Liberty, Reason, Body, Soul, Fortune, and All, for *Shadows*? We place our Trust in Things that have no Being; Disorder our Minds, Discompose our Thoughts, Entangle our Estates, and Sell our selves, in One Word, for Bubbles. How wretched is the Man that does not know when he's Well, but passes away the Peace and Comfort of his Life, for the Gratifying of a Fantastical Appetite, or Humour! Nay, and he Misses his Aim, even in That too, while he Squanders away his interest, and Forfeits his Discretion, in the Pursuit of One Vanity after Another. Ambition is a Ladder that reaches from Earth to Heaven; and the First Round is but so many Inches in a Mans 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 then he can carry away, he loses what he Had. Now there's Ingratitude, as well as Disappointment, in all these Rambling and Extravagant Motions: Beside, that Avarice is always Beggerly; for He that Wants, has as good as Nothing. The Desire of More and More, rises by a Natural Gradation to Most, and after that, to All; Till in the Conclusion we find our selves Sick and Weary of All that's possible to be had; solicitous for something else, and then when we have spent our Days in the Quest of the Meanest Things, and at

the Feet too of the Worst of Men, we find at the bottom of the Account, that all the Enjoyments under the Sun, are not worth struggling for. What can be more Vainer now, then to Lavish out our Lives and Fortunes in the Search and Purchase of Trifles; and at the same time to lye Carking for the Unprofitable Goods of this World, and in a restless Anxiety of Thought for what's to come. The Folly, in fine, of these Vexatious and Frivolous Pursuits, shews it self in all the Transports of our Wild and Ungovern'd Affections.

Here is further set forth in this Emblem, All the Fabulous Torments of Hell, even Above-Ground. Men that are Tainted with this Appetite are ready to dye of *Thirst*, with *Tantalus*, and the Water running at their very Lips. They are Condemn'd with the *Sifters*, to the Filling of *Tubs* with *Holes* in 'em; which is but a Lively Figure of so much Labor spent in Vain, upon the Gratifying of Unreasonable Desires. What's a Man's Contending with Insuperable Difficulties, but the Rolling of *Sisyphus's Stone* up the Hill, which is sure before hand, to Return upon him again? What's an Eternal Circulation of the same Things, as well as the same Steps, without Advancing one Inch of Ground towards his Journey's End, but *Ixion* in the *Wheel*? And all this while, with Cares and Horrors at his Heart, like the *Vultur* that's Day and Night Quarrying upon *Prometheus's Liver*.

But after all that's said upon this Subject, of our Mistake, and Punishment, the Great Nicety will lye in Rightly Distinguishing betwixt the *Substance*, and the *Shadow*; and in what degree of Preference the one stands to the other. Now this must be according to *Epicætetus's* Distribution of Matters, into *what we have in our own Power*; and *what not*; and in Placing things Honest and Necessary, before other Subordinate Satisfactions. *Æsop's Dog* here was in the Possession of a very Good Breakfast, and he knew very well what he had in his Mouth; but still, either out of Levity, Curiosity, or Greediness, he must be Chopping at something else, that he neither wanted, nor Understood, till he lost All for a *Shadow*; that is to say, for just nothing at All.

F A B. VII.

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

A Lion, an Ass, and some other of their Fellow-Forresters, went a Hunting one day; and every one to go *share and share-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 Teeth: This* again, because I took most *Pains* for't; and if you Dispute the *Fourth*, we must e'en Pluck a Crow about it. So the Confederates Mouths were all stopt, and they went away as mute as Fishes.

The MORAL.

There's no Entering into Leagues or Partnerships, with those that are either too Powerful, or too crafty for us. He that has the Staff in his Hand will be his own carver. Bought Wit is Best.

R E F L E X I O N.

SAVING the Incongruity of making the *Ajs* a Beast of *Prey*, we are to learn from hence the danger of Unequal Alliances; where the Poor and the Weak lye at the Mercy of the Rich and the Powerful; and no Remedy but Patience and Resignation.

People should have a care how they Engage themselves in Partnerships with Men that are too Mighty for them, whether it be in Mony, Pleasure, or Bus'ness. *Find out something*, says a Court-Minion, and then upon the Discovery, he lays hands on't for himself. So Says, and so Does the *Lion* here to the *Ajs* and his Companions. Now this is only a State-way of Fishing with Cormorants. Men in Power, Plunge their Clients into the Mud, with a Ring about their Necks; So that let them bring up what they will, nothing goes down with them that they shall be ever the Better for. And when they come in Conclusion to Cast up the Profit and Loss of the Purchase, or the Project; what betwixt Force, Interest, and Good Manners, the Adventurer scapes well if he can but get off at last with *his Labour for his Pains*.

Ambition, and the Insatiable Thirst of Mony, Greatness, and Glory, know no other Bonds of Justice or Conscience, then the Measures of a Corrupt Appetite. Services are paid with Smoak and Fair Words; and there goes a World of Unprofitable Ceremony to the Mortifying of an Honest Man. Promises and Protections are only Passages of Course, and meer Expletives; that in the Construction of Civility, and Good Breeding, signifie no more then [*Your Humble Servant Sir.*] All, in short, that the *Lion* says and does, in this Instance, is but according to the Practice of Men in Power in a Thousand other Cafes.

F A B. VIII.

A **W**olf and a **C**rane.

A *Wolf* had got a Bone in's Throat, and could think of no better Instrument to Ease him of it, than the Bill of a *Crane*; so he went and Treated with a *Crane* to help him out with it, upon Condition of a very considerable Reward for his pains. The *Crane* did him the Good Office, and then claim'd his Promise. Why how now Impudence! (says t'other) Do you put your Head into the Mouth of a *Wolf*, and then, when y'ave 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.

The MORAL.

One Good Turn they say requires another: But yet He that has to do with Wild Beasts (as some Men are No Better) and comes off with a Whol Skin, let him Expect No Other Reward.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable will bear Divers Morals; as First, That it is but Due Gratitude to be Thankful to our Preservers. Secondly, The *Crane's* Good Fortune can hardly Excuse his Facility. And then the *Crane* did Ill again, to Insist upon a Reward; for a Good Office pays it self; neither was he reasonably to Expect that so Perfidious 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 Reward, in not Chopping off his Head when he had it at Mercy.

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

Here is a Fiction of One *Crane* that scap'd, that there might not want One Instance of an Encouragement to a Dangerous Act of Charity: But this One Instance is not yet sufficient to justify the making a Common Practice of it, upon the same Terms. 'Tis possible for One Blot not to be Hit; or to be Over-seen perhaps. And so 'tis as possible for One Ill Man, either not to think of the Mischief he could do, or to slip the Occasion of it; but such a Deliverance however, is a Thing to Thank Providence for, without standing upon a Reward for the Service. The Bone in the Throat of the *Wolf*, may be Understood of any sort of Pinch, or Calamity 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 Practices and Examples to Answer the Intent of this Fable; and there are Thousands of Consciences 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 Natur'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

was in Condition to do Mischief, it bit the very Man that fav'd the Life on't. Ah thou Ungrateful Wretch! Says he, Is that Venemous Ill Nature of thine to be Satisfi'd with nothing less than the Ruine of thy Preserver?

The MORAL.

There are Some Men like Some Snakes; 'Tis Natural to them to be doing Mischief; and the Greater the Benefit on the One side, the More implacable is the Malice on the other.

R E F L E X I O N.

HE that takes an Ungrateful Man into his Bosom, is well nigh sure to be Betray'd; and it is no longer Charity, but Folly, to think of Obliging the Common Enemies of Mankind. But 'tis no New thing for good Natur'd Men to meet with Ungrateful Returns. Wherefore Friendships, Charities, and Kindnesses, should be well Weigh'd and Examin'd, 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 Mischief, who in requital have afterwards conspir'd against the Life, Honour, 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 be ever the less Dangerous and Malicious, when Warmth shall bring them to themselves again; because they were once Frozen and Benumm'd with Cold? The very Credulity Encourages an Abuse, where the Will to do Mischief only waits for the Power, and Opportunity of putting it in Execution. Facility makes the Innocent a Prey to the Crafty: The *Snake*, after his Recovery, is the very same *Snake* still, 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 scarce Dry upon the Parchment? Now all this is no more than the *Proverb* in a *Fable*: *Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'll Cut your Throat.*

F A B. X.

A *Lion* and an *Ass*.

AN *Ass* was so Hardy once, as to fall a Mopping and Braying at a *Lion*. The *Lion* began at first to shew his Teeth, and to Stomack the Affront; but upon Second Thoughts; Well! (says he) *Jeer on, and be an Ass* still. Take notice only by the way, that 'tis the Baseness of your Character that has fav'd your Carcass.

The MORAL.

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

R E F L E X I O N.

SCOUNDRELS are apt to be Insolent toward their Superiours; but it does not yet become a Man of Honour and Wisdom, to Contest with Mean Rascals; and to Answer Every Fool in his Folly. One Indignity is not to be Reveng'd by Another.

The very Contest sets the Master and the Man upon the Same Level; and the *Lion* was in the Right, not to Cast away his Displeasure upon an *Ass*, 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. Contempt in such a Case as This, is the only Honorable Revenge.

FAB. XI.

A City Mouse and a Country Mouse.

HERE goes an Old Story of a *Country Mouse* that Invited a *City-Sister* of hers to a Country Collation, where she spar'd for Nothing that the Place afforded; as Mouldy Crufts, Cheefe-Parings, Musty Oatmeal, Rusty Bacon, and the like. Now the *City-Dame* was so well bred, as Seemingly to take All in Good Part: But yet at last, Sister (says she, after the Civilest Fashion) why will you be Miserable when you may be Happy? Why will you lie Pining, and Pinching your self in such a Lonesome Starving Course 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 Wish? This was a Temptation the *Country Mouse* was not able to Resist; so that away they Trudg'd together, and about Midnight got to their Journeys End. The *City Mouse* shew'd her Friend the Larder, the Pantry, the Kitchin, 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-Mouse* Carv'd her Companion of what she lik'd Best, and so to't they fell upon a Velvet Couch together: The Poor *Bumkin* that had never seen, nor heard of such Doings before, Bless'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 Wenches, their Dogs and their Bottles, and put the Poor *Mice* to their Wits

End,

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 sink into a Corner, where she lay Trembling and Panting 'till the Company went their Way. So soon as ever the House was Quiet again, Well: My *Court Sister*, says she, If This be the Way of Your *Town-Gamboles*, I'll e'en back to my Cottage, and my Mouldy Cheese again; for I had much rather lie Knabbing of Crufts, without either Fear or Danger, in my Own Little Hole, than be Mistress of the Whole World with Perpetual Cares and Alarums.

THE MORAL.

The Difference betwixt a Court and a Country Life. The Delights, Innocence, and Security of the One, Compar'd with the Anxiety, the Lewdness, and the Hazards of the Other.

REFLEXION.

THE Design of This Fable is to set forth the Advantages of a Private Life, above those of a Publick; which are certainly very Great, if the Blessings of Innocence, Security, Meditation, Good Air, Health, and sound Sleeps, without the Rages of Wine, and Lust, or the Contagion of Idle Examples, can make them so: For every Thing there, is Natural and Gracious. There's the Diversion of All Healthful Exercises for the Body; The Entertainment of the Place, and of the Rivers, without any base Interest to Corrupt, either the Virtue, or the Peace of our Lives. He that's a Slave in the Town is a kind of a Petty Prince in the Country. He loves his Neighbours, without Pride, and lives in Charity with the Whole World. All that he sees is his Own, as to the Delight of it, without Envy of the Prosperity. His Doors are not troubled with either Dunns, 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 Brawles or Quarrels, of any sort whatsoever. He sees no Bloody Murders; He hears No Blasphemous Execrations; He Lives Free from the Plagues of Jealousie and Envy: And This is the Life in fine, that the Greatest, and the Wisest Men in the World, Have, or would have made Choice of, if Cares and Business had not Hinder'd them from so Great a Blessing.

'Tis against Common Justice to pass Sentence without hearing Both sides: And the Only way to come to a True Estimate upon the Odds betwixt a Publick and a Private Life, is to Try Both. Virtue is only Glorious in the Native Simplicity of it, and while it holds no Communication with Interest, Fancy, Sense, or Ornament: Wherefore Æsop has done Wisely to cast the Issue of the Question upon the Experiment, *Far from Jupiter* (says the *Adage*) *far from the Thunder*. What signifies the Splendor, and the Luxury of Courts, considering the Slavish Attendances, the Invidious Competitions, and the Mortal Disappointments that go along with it. The Frowns of Princes, and the Envy of those that Judge by Hearsay, or Appearance; without either Reason, or Truth! To say nothing of the Innumerable Temptations, Vices, and Excesses, of a Life of Pomp, and Pleasure. Let a man but set the Pleasing of his Palate against the Surfeits of Gluttony and Excess, The Starving of his Mind against a Pamper'd Carcase; The Restless Importunities of

Tale-bearers and Back Friends, against Fair Words and Professions only from the Teeth outward: Let him, I say, but set the One in Ballance against the Other, and he shall find himself Miserable, even in the very Glutt of his Delights. To say All in a Word; Let him but set the Comforts of a Life spent in Noise, Formality, and Tumult, against the Blessings of a Retreat with Competency and Freedom, and then Cast up his Account.

What Man then, that is not stark Mad, will Voluntarily Expose himself to the Imperious Brow-beatings and Scorns of Great Men! to have a Dagger struck to his Heart in an Embrace; To be torn to pieces by Calumny, nay to be a Knave in his own Defence! for the Honester the Worse, in a Vicious Age, and where 'tis a Crime not to be like the Company. Men of that Character are not to be Read, and Understood by their Words, but by their Interests; their Promises and Protestations are no longer Binding then while they are Profitable. But *Baudoin* has done so well upon this Fable, that there needs no more to be said to't.

FAB. XII.

A Crow and a Muscle.

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

The MORAL.

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

R E F L E X I O N.

IT is no longer an Amity of Virtue, but of Design, when we seek our Own Interest, under Colour of obliging Others; and men of Frankness and Simplicity, are the most easily Impos'd upon, where they have Craft and Treachery to deal withal. The Imposture, in Truth, can hardly Mifcarry, where there is a full Confidence on the One side, and a Plausible Address and Disposition on the Other; wherefore 'tis good to be Wary, but so as not to be Inexorable, where there is but any place for Charity it self to hope for better Things; Not but that a Supine, Credulous Facility exposes a man to be both a Prey, and a Laughing-stock, at once. 'Tis not for us to judg of the good Faith of mens Intentions, but by the Light we receive from their Works. We may set up this for a Rule however, that where the Adviser is to be evidently the Better for the Council, and the Advised, in Manifest

fest Danger to be the worfe for't, there's no Medling. The *Crow's* Counfel was good enough in it felf; but it was given with a fraudulent Intention.

FAB. XIII.

A Fox and a Raven.

A Certain *Fox* spy'd out a *Raven* upon a Tree with a Morfel in his mouth, that fet his Chops a watering; but how to come at it was the Question. O thou Bleffed Bird! (fays he) the Delight of Gods, and of Men! and fo he lays himfelf forth upon the Gracefulness of the *Ravens* Perfon, and the Beauty of his Plumes; His Admiral Gift of *Augury*, &c. And now, fays the *Fox*, If thou hadft but a Voice answerable to the reft of thy Excellent Qualities, the Sun in the Firmament could not fhew the World fuch Another Creature. This Nauseous Flattery fets the *Raven* immediately a Gaping as Wide as ever he could ftretch, to give the *Fox* a tafte of his Pipe; but upon the Opening of his Mouth he drops his Breakfast, which the *Fox* prefently Chopt up, and then bad him remember, that whatever he had faid of his *Beauty*, he had fpoken nothing yet of his *Brains*.

THE MORAL.

There's hardly any Man living that may not be wrought upon more or lefs by Flattery: For we do all of us Naturally Overween in our Own Favour: But when it comes to be Apply'd once to a Vain Fool, it makes him forty times an Arranter Sot than he was before.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable fhews us the Danger and the Nature of Flattery. It calls Good Things by Ill Names, and Ill by Good; but it will never be out of Credit, fo long as there are Knaves to Give it, and Fools to Take it. It is never more Pernicious then in the Courts of Great Princes, becaufe a good deal of it looks like Duty; as in private Cafes, it carries a face of Friendship. The way to Rife is to Pleafe, and whatever is gotten by't, comes by Treachery. 'Tis a Defign that endangers both Body, Soul, and Eftate; and not One man of a Million that's Proof againft it. But Great and Good Men will rather look for their Character in the Writings and Precepts of the Philofophers, then in the *Hyperboles* of their Flatteries. For they know very well that *Wife Books* are the Only *True Friends*.

There's a Fawning, Crafty Knave, and a Vain Eafie Fool, well met, in this Fable of the *Fox* and the *Raven*; which is no more at laft, then One fort of Rascal *Cajoling* Another; And then to fhew us, both that Impudence will ftick at nothing, and that a Self-Conceited Fop will fwallow Any thing, the *Raven's* Beauty forsooth, and his Voice are the *Topiques*, that *Reynard* has made choice of to Dilate upon. The two main Ends of Flattery, are Profit, or Safety, though there are many others too that are lefs Principal; but in fome refpect or other, Reducible to thefe Heads. The One is too Mercenary,

uary, and the Other too Servile, for a man of Worth. There are also several sorts and degrees of it under this Division; and divers ways of Address and Application. But *Flattery* is *Flattery* still, and the Moral extends to All.

'Tis in it self an Unmanly, Slavish Vice; but it is much Worse yet for the Alliance it has to *Hypocrisie*: for while we make other people think Better of themselves than they Deserve, we make them think Better of Us too than We Deserve: For Self-love and Vanity on the One hand, Assists the Falseness and Confidence on the Other, while it serves to confirm weak Minds in the Opinion they had of Themselves before; and makes them Parties, effectually, in a Conspiracy, to their Own Ruin. The Measures, and the Artifices of it are Many, and in divers Cases so like Sincerity, that what betwixt Custom, and the Nature of the Thing, it looks, in truth, like a Virtue, and a Duty; that is to say, where it is so manag'd, as to be rather Instructive then puffing up. As for Example, for a body to say, [*This or That was Wisely foreseen,*] Or [*You intend, I presume, to go This or That Way to Work:*] and the like. Such an Insinuation as this is, carries the Force in it of a Tacite, and a prudent Advice; for it both serves to point out the Reason of the thing, and it preserves the Decency of that Respect which ought to go along with it. 'Tis a good Hint, the very suggesting of such or such a Precaution, though the consideration perhaps never came near the t'others Thoughts. But there is a certain Habitual Meanness of Soul, which has so far prevail'd in the World, that Common Civility is no less tainted by Course and Custom, then Friendship and Conversation is by Corruption.

It is the Parasites Art to cast himself into all Shapes that may sort with the Figure of his Patron, in what Post, Function, or Administration soever; and to frame the Air and Countenance of his Words, Looks, and Actions accordingly, with a respect to his Power, Wisdom, Conduct, Bravery, Generosity, Justice, or what other Subject he thinks fit to treat upon. So that let him be never so Perfidious, Shallow, Rash, Timorous, Envious, Malicious, Proud, Covetous, &c. a Little *Court Holy Water* Washes off all Stains. And what is this upon the Main now, but an Exchange of Air for Substance, and parting with All that either is, or ought to be Dear to us, for a Song? The Flatterer, first Counsels his Patron to his Loss; and then betrays him into the making himself Ridiculous; as what can be more so, then for a *Raven* to Value Himself upon his *Croaking*, or an *Ass* upon his *Braying*? The only Benefit, or Good of Flattery is this; that by Hearing what we are *Not*; we may be Instructed what we *Ought* to be.

FAB. XIV.

An Old Lion.

A *Lion* that in the Days of his Youth and Strength, had been very Outragious and Cruel, came in the end to be Reduced by Old Age, and Infirmity, to the last Degree of Misery, and Contempt: Infomuch that All the Beasts of the Forrest; some out of Insolence, others in Revenge, some in fine, upon One Pretence, some upon Another, fell upon him by Consent. He was a Miserable Creature to all Intents and Purposes; but Nothing went so near the Heart of him in his Distress, as to find himself Batter'd by the Heel of an *Ass*.

The

THE MORAL.

A Prince that does not secure Friends to Himself while he is in Power and Condition to oblige them, must never expect to find Friends, when he is Old and Impotent, 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 Baser his Enemies are, the more Insolent, and Intollerable will be the Affront.

REFLEXION.

THIS may serve for a Lesson to men in Power, that they Treasure up Friends in their Prosperity, against a time of Need; for He that does not Secure himself of a stock of Reputation in his Greatness, shall most Certainly fall Unpity'd in his Adversity: And the Baser his Enemies are, the more insupportable is the Insolence, and the forwarder will they be to Trample upon him.

The Case of this Miserable *Old Lion* may serve to put Great Men in mind, that the Wheel of Time, and of Fortune is still Rolling, and that they themselves are to lie down at last in the Grave with Common Dust; And without anything to support them in their Age, but the Reputation, Virtue and Conscience of a well-spent Youth. Nay Age it self, is well-nigh sufficient to Deface every Letter and Action in the History of a Meritorious Life. For Old Services are Bury'd under the Ruins of an Old Carcass: but there are None yet that fall so Unpitied; so Just, so Necessary, and so Grateful a Sacrifice to the Rage and Scorn of common People, as those that have rais'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 case, to be Honest, where 'tis both a Fashion, and a Credit to be the contrary.

The *Lion* is here upon his Death Bed; Not a Friend left him, nor so much as an Enemy, with either Fangs or Claws, that does not stand Gaping and Waiting for a Collop of him. Here he lies, Faint, Poor, and Defenceless, under the Judgment of Divine Vengeance, and the Animadversion of Humane Justice, both at once; stung in his own Thoughts with the guilty Remembrance of the Pride and Riot of his Youth, Abandon'd and Despis'd, by the Righteous Retaliation of Heaven it self: All his Sins, as well as all his Adversaries; his Frauds, and Cruelties; Broken Vows, Promises and Contracts, his Tyranny and Hypocrisie, and the Iniquity, in fine, of all his Councils, and Practices, for the Ruine of the Guiltless flying in the Face of him.

F A B. XV.

An *Ass* 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 pleas'd withall. This Wanton Humour succeeded so well with the *Puppy*, that an *Ass* in the House would
needs

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

The MORAL.

People that live by Example, should do well to look very Narrowly into the Force and Authority of the President, without Saying, or Doing Things at a Venture: for that may Become One Man, which would be Absolutely Intolerable in Another, under Differing Circumstances.

R E F L E X I O N.

UNDER the Allegory of the *Asse*, is Insinuated the Licence of a *Buffon*. There's Mischief and Scandal in the very Sport, and Humour of it. There are some men that seem to have Brutal Minds wrapt up in Humane Shapes, Their very Careffes are Rude and Importune, and with *Æsop's Asse* here, their very Compliments deserve a Correction, rather than an Encouragement, or a Reward.

All Creatures have somewhat in them peculiar to their Several *Species*; and that Practice is still the Best which is most Consonant to the Nature of them, by a Common Instinct. The *Fawnings* of an *Asse* are as Unnatural as the *Brayings* would be of a *Dog*, and a man would as soon Chuse him for his Bed-fellow as for his Play-fellow. He that follows Nature is never out of his Way; and that which is Best for every Man is Fittest for him too. He does it with Ease and Success, whereas all Imitation is Puti'd, and Servile.

F A B. 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* Hamper'd in a Net! This Accident brought to her mind, how that she her 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 set her self presently to Work upon the Couplings of the Net; Gnaw'd the Threds to pieces, and in Gratitude Deliver'd her Preserver.

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 F L E X I O N.

THERE is nothing so Little, but Greatness may come to Stand in need on't, and therefore Prudence and Discretion 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 Case. The Generosity of the *Lion*, and the Gratitude of the *Mouse*; The Power, the Dignity, and the Eminence of the One, and the Meanness of the Other; do all Concur to the making of this a very Instructive Fable. Who would have thought that Providence should ever have laid the Life of a *Lion* at the Mercy of a *Mouse*? But the Divine Wisdom that brings the greatest Ends to pass by the most Despicable Means, Orders the Reward of Virtue, and the punishment of Vice, by Ways only known to it self, in token of an Approbation of the One and a Dislike of the Other.

Here's a Recommendation of Clemency and Wisdom, Both in One; for the *Lion*, in sparing the Life of the *Mouse*, sav'd his Own; and has left us in this Fable, an Instance of a Grateful Beast, that will stand upon Record to the Confusion of many an Ungrateful Man; that is to say, against those that in their Prosperity forget their Friends, that to their Loss and Hazard, stood by and succour'd them in their Adversity. This is a Sin of so odious and Dangerous an Example, that it puts even Piety, and Gratitude it self out of Countenance. And then the Tenderness on the other side, is Matter of Interest, and ordinary Prudence, as well as of Virtue. If this *Lion* had kill'd the *Mouse*, what would the *other Mice* have said or Done afterwards, 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 save His Life, without Hazarding our Own. If the Huntsman Kill Him, we are sure he will never Kill Us; Beside that we shall have one Enemy the fewer for't, when he's gone.] Now the Reason of *Æsops 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 His. No Flesh, in fine, can be so Great, as not to tremble under the Force, and Consequences of this President.

F A B. XVII.

A Sick Kite and her Mother.

PRAY *Mother*, (says a Sick *Kite*) Give over these Idle Lamentations, and let me rather have your Prayers. Alas! my Child, (says the *Dam*) which of the Gods shall I go to, for a Wretch that has Robb'd All their Altars?

The M O R A L.

Nothing but the Conscience of a Virtuous Life can make Death Easie to us; Wherefore there's No trusting to the Distraction of an Agonizing, and a Death-bed Repentance.

REFLEXION.

THE *Kite'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 prophaning of Altars, and other Violences of Rapine and Oppression, Build an Hospital perhaps, or some little Alms-House, out of the Ruins of the Church, and the spoils of Widows and Orphans; put up a Bill for the Prayers of the Congregation; Wipe their Mouths, and All's well again. But 'tis not for a Wicked Life to trust to the Hazzards of an Uncertain State, and Disposition at the Point of Death. When Men come to that Last Extremity once, by Languor, Pain, or Sicknes; and to lie Agonizing betwixt 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 remorse of a true Repentance, as they are Distracted with the terrors of Death, and the Dark Visionary Apprehensions of what's to come. People in that Condition do but discharge themselves of Burdensom Reflexions, 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 Sins in the one Case, as they do with their *Goods* in the other; to Fish them up again, so soon as the Storm is over. Grace must be very strong in these Conflicts, wholly to Vanquish the weaknesses of Distressed 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 betwixt an Anguish of Body, and of Mind: And the Man is worse then Mad that Ventures his Salvation upon that Desperate Issue. We have abundance of these *Sick Kites* in the World, that after a Sacrilegious Life, spent in the Robbing of the Church, would willingly be thought to Die in the Bosom of it.

FAB. 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 *Hemp*, or *Flax*; and that's the Seed that he is now a Sowing. Pick it up in time for fear of what may come on't In short, they put it off, till it took Root; and then again, till it was sprung up into the Blade. Upon this, the *Swallow* told 'em once for All, that it was not yet too Late to prevent the Mischiefe, if they would but bestir themselves, and set Heartily about it; but finding that no heed was given to what she said; She e'en bad adieu to her old Companions in the Woods, and so betook her self to a City Life, and to the Conversati-

on of Men. This *Flax* and *Hemp* came in time to be gather'd, and Wrought, and it was this *Swallows* Fortune to see Several of the very same *Birds* that she had forewarn'd, taken in Nets, made of the very Stuff she told them of. They came at last to be Sensible of the folly of slipping their Opportunity; but they were Lost beyond All Redemption first.

THE MORAL.

Wise Men read Effects in their Causes, but Fools will not Believe them till 'tis too late to prevent the Mischief. Delay in these Cases is Mortal.

R E F L E X I O N.

MANY and Many a time has this been our own Case, both publick and private, when we would not Believe the Danger of things 'till the Evil was come upon us: But Good Counsel is cast away, upon the Arrogant, and Self conceited, or the stupid, who are either too Proud to take it, or too Heavy to Understand it.

The Sowing of *Hemp-Seed*, and of *Plot-Seed* is much at one. The Design, and the End are Destruction, Both Alike. The *Swallow* proposes the Preventing of ill Consequences in their Causes, and Obviating the Mischief betimes: But that Counsel is either thrown off with a Raillery, or not minded at all: *Governours* would have enough to do, they Cry, to trouble their Heads with the *Politiques* of every Medling *Officious Impertinent*. Well, It takes Root; shews it self in the Blade, Advances, and Ripens: And still the *Swallow* is but the same Fool over again, for continuing the same Advice. The *Hemp* comes at last to be pluckt up, Pill'd, Dress'd, and Spun; The Nets and Snares made and laid; and yet all this while the *Birds* could never find a time to Bethink themselves, till they came to be Hamper'd, and Ruined past Recovery.

What is all this but a perfect Emblem of the Method of Destroying Kingdoms and States. Cautions, or the common Ways of Anticipating, or Defeating Conspiracies, are below the Wisdom of men of *Intrigue*, and *Cabal*; till at last, a Faction comes to be too hard for the Government. Now whether this befalls a Kingdom by Envy, Ignorance, Conspiracy, Treachery, or Presumption, it comes all to a case, so long as it does the Work. It is the Bane of Society, and in truth, even of particular Persons too, when betwixt Laziness and Neglect, men slip all the Opportunities, with the *Birds* here in the Fable, of a Safe, and of a Happy Life.

F A B. XIX.

The Frogs Chuse a King.

I N the days of Old, when the *Frogs* were All at liberty in the Lakes, and grown quite Weary of living without Government, they Petition'd *Jupiter* for a *King*, to the End that there might be some Distinction of Good and Evil, by
 Certain

Certain Equitable Rules and Methods of Rewards and Punishment. *Jupiter*, that knew the Vanity of their Hearts, threw them down a *Log* for their Governour; which upon the first Dash, frighted the whole *Mobile* of them into the Mudd for the very fear on't. This *Panick* Terror kept them in Awe for a while, till in good time one *Frog*, Bolder then the Rest, put up his Head, and look'd about him, to see how squares went with their *New King*. Upon This, he calls his Fellow-Subjects together; Opens the truth of the Case; and Nothing would serve them then, but Riding a-top of him; Infomuch that the Dread they were in before, is now turn'd into Insolence, and Tumult. *This King*, they said, was too *Tame* for them, and *Jupiter* must needs be entreated to send 'em Another: He did so, but, Authors are divided upon it, whether 'twas a *Stork*, or a *Serpent*; though whether of the Two soever 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 Amis with them: and People had better Rest where they are, than go farther, and fare Worse.*

THE MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable, under the Emblem of the *Frogs*, sets forth the Murmuring and the Unsteadiness of the Common People; that in a State of Liberty will have a *King*: They do not like him when they have him, and so Change again, and grow Sicker of the Next, then they were of the Former. Now the Bus'ness is only this: They are never satisfy'd with their present Condition; but their Governours are still either too Dull, or too Rigid. 'Tis a Madness for Him that's Free, to put himself into a state of Bondage, and rather then bear a Less Misfortune to Hazzard a Greater.

This Allusion of the *Frogs* runs upon All Four (as they say) in the Resemblance of the Multitude, both for the Humour, the Murmur, the Importunity, and the subject matter of the Petition. Redress of Grievances is the Question, and the Devil of it is, that the Petitioners are never to be pleas'd. In one Fit they cannot be *Without Government*: In Another they cannot bear the *Yoke* on't. They find Absolute Freedom to be a Direct State of War; for where there's no Means of either preventing Strife, or Ending it, the Weaker are still a Prey to the Stronger. *One King* is too *Soft*, and *Easie* for them; *Another* too *Fiery*! And then a *Third* Change
would

would do better they think. Now 'tis Impossible to satisfie people that would have they know not what. They Beg and Wrangle, and Appeal, and their Answer is at last, that if they shift again, they shall be still Worse; By which, the Frogs are given to Understand the very truth of the Matter, as we find it in the World, both in the Nature, and Reason of the Thing, and in Policy and Religion; which is, That *Kings are from God*, and that it is a Sin, a Folly, and a Madnes, to struggle with his Appointments.

FAB. XX.

The Kite, Hawk, and Pigeons.

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

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

IT is Highly Dangerous, and Imprudent, for a People in War to call in an Enemy-Prince to their Defence. There's no Trusting 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 Wit, or the Honesty, to take up with the Least, 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 *Uneasie*, by making them *Intolerable*. And whence is This, but from a Mistaken Opinion of the Present, and as False a Judgment of the Future! And all for want of Rightly Understanding the Nature and the Condition of Things, and for want of Foresight into Events. But we are Mad upon Variety, and so Sick of the Present, (how much soever Without, or Against Reason) that we Abandon the Wisdom, 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 then in our Broils of Famous Memory.

The *Kite* was the *Evil Councillor*; The *Free-Born 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 Rescue the *Pigeons* from the *Kite*, destroy'd the Whole *Dove-House*, devour'd the Birds, and shar'd the Spoil amongst Themselves.

FAB. XXI.

A Dog and a Thief.

AS a Gang of *Thieves* were at work to Rob a House, a *Ma-stiff* took the Alarm, and fell a Baying: One of the Company spoke him fair, and would have Stopt his Mouth with a Crust: No, says the *Dog*, This will not do, for Several Reasons. First, I'll take no Bribes to betray my master. Secondly, I am not such a fool neither, as to sell the Ease and Liberty of my Whole Life to come, for a piece of Bread in Hand: For when you have Rifled my Master; pray who shall Maintain Me?

The MORAL.

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

R E F L E X I O N.

WHEN Ill Men take up a Fit of Kindness all on a sudden, and appear to be Better Natur'd than Usual, 'tis Good Discretion to suspect Fraud, and to lay their Words, and their Practices together: The Greater the Trust, the Greater is the Treachery, and the Baser is the Villany too. This Moral reaches to All sorts of Trustees whatsoever.

It were well if All *Two-Footed Servants* were but as Faithful to their Masters as This *Four-Legg'd Animal*. A Loaf of Bread was as much to Him as a Bag of *Guineas* to a Great-Officer; And why should not the One make as much Conscience of Betraying his Patron for Gold, as the Other of doing it for a Crust? 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 [*For so much Money I'll shut my Eyes, and let You Rob my Master.*] Here's an Emblem now, of the Foresight, Fidelity, and Duty of a Trusty Servant, on the One hand, and of the Flattery, Arts and Practices that are Employ'd by Evil Men to Corrupt him, on the Other.

Under the figure of This Faithful Trusty Servant, is Couch'd a Lecture to All men of Business; let them be Councillors, Confidants, Favourites, Officers, Soldiers, Traders, or what you will. For there are Good and Bad of All Kinds and Professions. So that *Æsop's Dog* is a Reproche to *False Men*. Publick Persons have their ways of Temptation, and Address, as well as Private; And He that suffers a Government to be Abus'd by Carelessness, or Neglect, does the Same thing, with Him that Maliciously and Corruptly sets himself to Couzen it. This holds as well too in the Private Case, of being either Principal or Accessary to the Robbing of a House; Only the Former, is a Treachery of a Deeper Dye. There are Loaves at the Gates of Courts and Palaces, as well as at the Door of a Cottage; and to Encourage the Abuse, there are a Thousand Quirks to avoid the Stroke of the

the Law, though None to Avoid the Guilt of the Sin. There needs no Contract Express; No Explicit Confederacy; for the Consent, and the Assistance is Implied in receiving the Present; Or according to the Word in Fashion, the [Acknowledgment:] which is only a softer Name for a *Bribe*. Now this *Acknowledgment* is of the Nature of a Direct Bargain, where the Sum, or the Reward is agreed upon before the Thing be done; though there's room yet for a Distinction, even in These Cases, betwixt what's done Openly and Barefac'd, and a Thing that's done in *Hugger mugger*, under a Seal of Secrecy and Concealment. But the Conscience at last is the Best Judge of the Fraud. And without any more Words, the *Dog* in the Fable perform'd All the Parts of a *Trusty Servant*.

F A B. 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 thank'd her for her Love, and desir'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 Snares so Dangerous as those that are laid for us under the Name of Good Offices.

R E F L E X I O N.

ALL Men are to be Believ'd, or Trusted in All Cases; for People, Generally Speaking, are kind to their Neighbours for their Own Sakes. [*Ti-meo Danaos, & Dona Ferentes*] A Wise Man will keep himself upon his Guard against the whole World, and more Especially, against a Known Enemy; but most of All, against that Enemy in the Shape of a Friend. As the *Sow* had more Wit then to Entertain a *Wolf* for her *Nurse*.

F A B. XXIII.

A **Mountain** in **Labour**.

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

The MORAL.

Much ado about Nothing.

R E F L E X I O N.

WHAT are All the Extravagant Attempts and Enterprizes of Vain Men in the World, but Morals, more or less of this Fable? What are Mighty Pretences without Consideration, or Effect; but the Vapours of a Distemper, that like Sickly Dreams, have neither Issue nor Connexion; And the Disappointment is not all neither; for Men make themselves Ridiculous, instead of Terrible, when this *Tympany* shall come to End in a *Blast*: and a *Mountain* to bring forth a *Mouse*.

FAB. XXIV.

An *Ass* and an *Ungrateful Master*.

A Poor *Ass*, that what with Age, Labour, and Hard Burdens, was now worn out to the Stumps in the Service of an *Unmerciful 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 (says the *Ass* 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 N *Old Dog*, that in his Youth had led his *Master* many a Merry Chase, and done him all the Offices of a Trusty Servant, came at last, upon falling from his Speed and Vigor, to be Loaden at every turn with Blows and Reproches for't. Why Sir, (says the *Dog*) My Will is as Good as ever it was; but my Strength and my Teeth are gone; and you might with as good a Grace, and Every jot as much Justice, Hang 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 must be the Work of another World: Not but that the Conscience of Well Doing is a Comfort that may pass for a Recompence even in This; in Despite of Ingratitude and Injustice.

R E-

R E F L E X I O N.

THESE Fables are a Reproof to the Ungrateful Cruelty of those, that will neither forgive One Slip, nor Reward a Thousand Services, but take more Notice of a Particular Unlucky Accident, then of a General Laudable Practice. But One Stumble is enough to Deface 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 Past Services 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 Insensible, and Unthankful Masters; Such as Value Services only by the Profit they bring them, without any regard to the Zeal, Faith, and Affections, of the Heart, and pay them with Blows, and Reproches in their Age, for the Use, Strength and Industry of their Youth. Nay Humane Frailty it self is Imputed to them for a Crime, and they are Treated Worse then Beasts, for not being More then Men. Here's an *Old Drudging Curr* turn'd off to Shift for Himself, for want of the very Teeth and Heels that he had lost in his *Masters* Service. Nay, if he can but come off for Starving too, it passes for an Act of Mercy. Under These Circumstances, the Bare Sense of a Calamity is call'd Grumbling, and if 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 Imprudence of this Iniquity be the more Pernicious; 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 Please 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, 'tis true, Barely to Permit them. One while perchance the Master is not Aware of what is done, and then in Other Cases, it may fall out Effectually to be his Own Act, even against his Own Will: That is to say, when the Passions of Imperious, and Ill-Natur'd Servants are Cover'd with the Name and Authority of their Patrons, in the Abuse of a trust that was Plac'd in 'em for Honefter, and for Nobler Ends. It is Congruous enough yet to Apply the Moral of This Fiction, rather to the Driver of the *Assè*, and to the Huntsman that Manag'd the Chase, then to the *Master* Himself: But the *Assè* and the *Dog* were beaten however, for being *Old*, and spent in Despite of All the Bonds and Instincts of Honour, Piety, and Good Nature.

F A B. XXVI.

An *Asse*, an *Ape*, and a *Mole*.

AN *Asse* and an *Ape* were Conferring Grievances. The *Asse* complain'd mightily for want of *Horns*, 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 *Moles* are Stark Blind, and in a Worfe Condition then either of ye.

F A B. XXVII.

The *Hares* and the *Frogs*.

Once upon a time the *Hares* found themselves mightily Unfatisfy'd with a Miserable Condition they Liv'd in, and call'd 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, then live at This rate in a Continual Dread that's Worfe then 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 pass'd, 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 Gravest of the Company, pray let's have a little Patience. Our Condition I find is not altogether so bad as we fancy'd it; for there are those you see that are as much afraid of Us, as we are of Others.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

There's No Contending with the Orders and Decrees of Providence. He that Made us knows what's Fittest for us; and Every man's Own Lot (well Understood and Manag'd) is Undoubtedly the Best.

R E F L E X I O N.

'Tis the Intent of These Two Fables, to shew, that no People are so Miserable, but that at some Time or Other, in some Things or Other they have Reason to Account themselves Happy. And if they would but duly consider,

consider, how it is with many of their Neighbours, they would find it their Duty to be Thankful, that it is no Worse with Themselves. It is some Relief to the Miserable to shew them that there are Others yet more Miserable, and there is not any thing so 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 the Spleen, then their Misfortune.

Since so it is, that Nature Provides for the Necessities of All Creatures, and for the Well Being of Every One in it's kind: And since it is not in the Power of any Creature to make it self Other then what by Providence it was Design'd to be; what a Madness is it to Wish our selves Other then what we Are, and what we Must continue to Be: Since the Thing is Bounded, and the whole Matter Pre-determin'd! Every *Atome* of the Creation has its Place Assign'd: 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?* are Questions for a Philosopher of *Bedlam* to ask; and we may as well Cavil at the Motions of the Heavens, the Vicissitude of Day and Night, and the Succession of the Seasons, as Expostulate with Providence upon any of the rest of Gods Works. The *Ass* would have *Horns*, and the *Tinker* would fain be in Bed with my *Lady*. The *Ape* would have a *Tail*; and why should not a *Mountebank* Complain that he is not a *Minister of State or Justice?* But in short, the Poor, Wretched, Blind *Mole* puts in with her Doctrine to take up the Quarrel.

And what's the Case of the *Hares* now, but an Instance to Fortifie us against *Panick* Frights and Terrors, for Trivial Causes; where the Fears are a great deal more Terrible then the Dangers? In All these Cases, we fancy our selves much more Miserable then we Are, for want of taking a True Estimate of Things. We fly into Transports without Reason, and Judge of the Happiness, or Calamity, of Humane Life, by False Lights. A Strict Enquiry into the Truth of Matters will Help us in the One, and Comparison will set us Right in the Other. The *Dogs* and the *Eagles* Frighted the *Hares*; The *Hares* Frighted the *Frogs*, and the *Frogs*, Twenty 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 Reflexion stands upon Another Ground; for our Comfort does not Arise from Other Peoples being Miserable, but from this Inference upon the Ballance, That we suffer only the Lot of Humane Nature: And as we are Happy or Miserable, compar'd with others, So Other People are Miserable or Happy Compar'd with Us: By which Justice of Providence, we come to be Convinc'd of the Sin, and the Mistake of our Ingratitude. What would not a man give to be Eas'd of the Gout or the Stone? Or supposing an Incurable Poverty on the One Hand, and an Incurable Malady on the Other, Why should not the Poor Man think himself Happier in his Rags, then the Other in his Purple? But the Rich Man Envies the Poor Mans Health, without considering his Want; and the Poor Man Envies the Others Treasure without considering his Diseases. What's an, Ill Name in the World to a Good Conscience within Ones self? And how much less Miserable upon the Wheel, is One man that is Innocent, then Another under the Same Torture that's Guilty? The Only Way for *Hares* and *Asses*, is to be Thankful for what they Are, and what they

Have,

Have, and not to Grumble at the Lot that they must bear in spite of their Teeth.

F A B. XXVIII.

A **W**olf, **K**id, and **G**oat.

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

R E F L E X I O N.

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 Bloody Impostor. This Moral runs through the Whole Business of Humane Life, for so much as the Plot is carry'd on against the Simple and the Innocent, under False Colours, and Feigned Pretences. There are *Wolves*, in *Policy*, as well as in *Mythology*; and if the *Kids* Obedience had not been more then her *Sagacity*, she would have found, to her Cost, the Teeth of a *Wolf*, in the mouth of a *Goat*; and the malice of an Enemy cover'd under the Voice and Pretence of a Parent.

F A B. XXIX.

A **D**og, a **S**heep, and a **W**olf.

A *Dog* brought an Action of the Case against a *Sheep*, for some Certain Measures of Wheat, that he had lent him. The Plaintiff prov'd the Debt by Three Positive Witnesses, The *Wolf*, the *Kite*, and the *Vultur*. (*Testes Probi & Legales*) The *Defendant* was cast in *Costs and Damages*, and forc'd to sell the Wool off his Back to Satisfie the Creditor.

The MORAL.

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

R E F L E X I O N.

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 then for *Sheep* to be made *Trespassers*, and *Wolves Kites*, and *Vultures* to set up for *Witnesses*! This is a large Field, if a body would Amplifie 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't in many Cafes, if the Saving Equity be Over-rul'd by the Killing Letter of it. 'Tis the *Verdict* that does the Business; but 'tis the *Evidence*, True or False that Governs the *Verdict*. So that, (as it sometimes falls out) the Honour of the Publick 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 *Kites* and *Vultures*. That is to say, of *Witnesses* so Profligate as to bring a Scandal even upon Truth it self, where it is so Asserted.

F A B. 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 hap-pen'd to set his Foot upon't; The *Snake* bit him, and he Dy'd on't. The *Father* of the *Child* made a Blow at the *Snake*, but Mifs'd his Aim, and only left a Mark behind him upon the Stone where he Struck. The *Countryman* Offer'd the *Snake*, some time after This, to be Friends again. No, says the *Snake*, so long as you have This Flaw upon the Stone in Your Eye, and the Death of the *Child* in your Thought, there's No Trusting of ye.

The MORAL.

In Matters of Friendship and Trust, we can never be too Tender; but yet there's a Great Difference betwixt Charity and Facility. We may Hope Well in many Cafes, but let it be without Venturing Neck, and All upon't, for New-Converts are Slippery.

R E F L E X I O N.

'Tis Ill Trusting a Reconcil'd Enemy; but 'tis Worse yet, to Proceed at One Step, from Clemency and Tendernefs, to Confidence and Trust: Especially

cially where there are so many Memorials in Sight, for Hatred and Revenge to work upon. 'Tis Generous however to Forgive an Enemy; though Extremely Hazardous to Grace him in the doing of an Ill Thing, with the Countenance of a Deference to his Merit. Nay, a Bare Easiness of Pardoning has but too often the Force of a Temptation to Offend again. 'Tis a Nice Business to Indulge on the Left hand, without Punishing on the Right, for there must be No Sacrificing of a Faithful Friend to the Generosity of Obliging a Mortal Enemy. But the Case 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 Easie, in Proposing a Reconciliation; (the Circumstances duly Consider'd) 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 Necessary, 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 then a more Pardonable Folly.

FAB. XXXI.

A Fox and a Stork.

There was a Great Friendship once betwixt a *Fox* and a *Stork*, and the Former would needs Invite the Other to a Treat. They had Several Soups serv'd up in Broad Dishes and Plates, and so the *Fox* fell to Lapping himself, and bad his Guest Heartily Welcom to what was before him. The *Stork* found he was Put upon, but set so good a Face however upon his Entertainment; that his Friend by All means must take a Supper with Him That night in Revenge. The *Fox* made Several Excuses upon the Matter of Trouble and Expence, but the *Stork* in fine, would not be said Nay; So that at last, he promis'd him to come. The Collation was serv'd up in Glasses, with Long Narrow Necks, and the Best 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't very Savourly Himself. The *Fox* quickly found This to be a Trick, though he could not but Allow of the Contrivance as well as the Justice of the Revenge. For such a Glas of Sweet-Meats to the One, was just as much to the Purpose, as a Plate of Porridge to the Other.

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

Æsop has here given us the Fiction of a Case, wherein it may not be Amis to repay an Abuse in its own Kind. The Mockery of the *Fox* was a Reproche, as it Hit the *Stork* on the Weak side; but That which was Rudeness, and Ill Nature in the Aggressor, was only a Monitory Justice, and a Discreet Sharpness in the Other. But This is the Fate Commonly of Drolls and Buffons, that while they think to make Sport with Others, they serve only in the conclusion for a Laughing-Stock themselves.

There's nothing looks Sillier then a Crafty Knave Out-witted, and Beaten at his Own Play. The *Foxes* Frolick went too far, in regard it was both upon an Invitation, and under his Own Roof. Now the Return of the *Stork* was only a *Quid pro Quo*, and a Warrantable Revenge, even according to the Rules of Civility, and Good Fellowship; for the *Fox's* leading the Humour gave the Other not only a Provocation, but a kind of a Right to Requite him in his Own Way: Beside that it was the Cleverer Mockery of the Two. This may serve to Reprove Those Liberties in Conversation that pass the Bounds of Good Nature, Honour, Honesty, and Respect. When they Exceed These Limits, they Degenerate into Scurrility, Scandal and Ill-Manners. For in All Cases, an Eye must be had to the Due Circumstances of Measure, Time, Place, Occasion, and Person. The Laws of Humanity, and Hospitality must be kept Sacred upon any Terms: for the Wounding of a Friend for the sake of a Jest, is an Intemperance, and an Immorality, not to be Endur'd. There was somewhat of This in the *Foxes* beginning the Frolick.

FAB. XXXII.

A Fox and a Carv'd Head.

AS a *Fox* was rumidging among a Great many *Carv'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 Barber or the Taylor that makes the Man; and 'tis No New Thing to see a Fine Wrought Head without so much as One Grain of Salt in't.

REFLEXION.

MANY a Fool has a Fair Out side, and Many a Man of Fortune, and Title has not so much as a Common Sense. We have a Whole World of *Heads* to Answer the Drift of This Emblem: But there is No Judging however by the Senses, of Matters that the Senses can take no Cognizance of; as Virtue, Wisdom, and the Like. The Excellency, in fine, of the Soul is above the Beauty of the Body: Not but that the Graces of the

One

One, and the Endowments of the Other, may Encounter sometimes, (how rarely soever) in One and the same Person. But Beauty and Judgment are so far yet from being Inseparable, that they seem effectually to Require, More or Less, a Diversity of Temperament: Beside that More Care is taken to Cultivate the Advantages of the Body than those of the Mind. To Wrap up all in a Word, the World it self is but a Great Shop of *Carv'd Heads*; and the *Foxes* Conceit will hold as well in the Life, as in the Fiction.

FAB. XXXIII.

A Daw and Borrow'd Feathers.

A *Daw* that had a mind to be Sparkish, Trick'd himself up With all the *Gay Feathers* he could Muster together: And upon the Credit of these Stoll'n, or Borrow'd Ornaments, he Valu'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 Case, fell to Pluming of him by Consent; and when Every Bird had taken his Own *Feather*; the Silly *Daw* had nothing left him to 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 Beggery Meet, People are sure to be made ridiculous in the Conclusion.

R E F L E X I O N.

EVERY thing is Best, and Every Man Happiest, in the State and Condition wherein Nature has Plac'd them; But if *Daws* will be setting up for *Peacocks*, or *Affes* for *Lions*, they must Expect, 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 case, it fares as it does with men that set up for Quality, Birth, and Bravery, upon the Credit of a Gay Out-side; for Authors may be Cozen'd upon the Tick, as well as Taylors: Nay we have seen some, even of our *First-Rate-Writers*, that have been Better at Disguising other Peoples Works, then Furnishing any thing of their Own; That is to say; upon the taking of them to pieces, the Stuff and Trimming is found to be Wholly Stol'n, and new-Fourbish'd; and nothing, in short that they can Assume to Themselves but the Needle and Thred that Tackt the Composition together. Now when these *Plagiaries* come to be Stript of their Borrow'd, or Pilfer'd Ornaments, there's the *Daw* in the Fable truly Moraliz'd.

FAB. XXXIV.

An *Ant* and a *Fly*.

THere happen'd a Warm Dispute betwixt an *Ant* and a *Fly*.
 Why, Where's the Honour, or the Pleasure in the World, says the *Fly*, that I have not My Part in? Are not All Temples and Palaces open to me? Am not I the Taster 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 still of the Best? And all This, without either Mony or Pains? I trample upon Crowns, and Kiss what Ladies Lips I please. And what have you now to pretend to all this While? Why, says the *Ant*, You Value Your self upon the Access 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 Access of an Intruder, not of a Guest? For People are so far from Liking Your Company, that they Kill ye as fast as they can Catch ye. You are a Plague to 'em Wherever You come. Your very Breath has Maggots in't, and for the Kiss you Brag of, what is it but the Perfume of the last Dunghil you Touch'd upon, once Remov'd; For My Part, I live upon what's my Own, and Work Honestly in the Summer to Maintain my self in the Winter; Whereas the whole Course of Your Scandalous Life is only Cheating or Sharping, one Half of the Year, and Starving the Other.

The MORAL.

Here's An Emblem of Industry, and Luxury, set forth at large; with the Sober Advantages, and the Scandalous Excesses of the One and of the Other.

REFLEXION.

: THIS Fable Marks out to us the Difference betwixt the Empty Vanity of Ostentation, and the Substantial Ornaments of Virtue. It shews that the Happiness of Life does not lie so much in the Enjoying of small Advantages, as in living free from Great Inconveniences, and that an Honest Mediocrity is Best. The *Fly* stands up for the Pride, the Luxury, and the Ambition of Courts, in the preference of Palaces, to Caves and Private Retreats. The *Ant* contents her self with the Virtue of Sobriety, Retirement, and Moderation: She lives upon her Own, Honestly Gotten and Possess'd without either Envy or Violence; Whereas the *Fly* is an Intruder, and a Common *Smell-Feast*, that Spunges upon Other Peoples Trenchers.

A Man can hardly fancy to himself a Truer Image of a Plain, Honest, Country Simplicity, then the *Ant's* part of the Dialogue in this Fable. She takes pains for What she Eats; Wrongs No body; and so Creates no Enemies; She wants Nothing, and she Boasts of Nothing; Lives Contented 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, comprizes the Sum of a Happy State.

The *Fly*, on the Contrary, leads a Lazy, Voluptuous, Scandalous, Sharking Life; Hateful wherever she comes, and in Perpetual Fears and Dangers. She Flutters, 'tis true, from place to place, from Feast to Feast, Brags of her Interest at Court, and of Ladies Favours: And what's This Miserable Insect at last, but the very Picture of one of our Ordinary Trencher-Squires, that spend their time in Hopping from One Great man's Table to Anothers, only to Pick up Scraps, and Intelligence, and to Spoil Good Company! I cannot see one of These Officious, Humble Companions, Skipping up and down from *Levee* to *Levee*, and making himself Necessary, wherever he thinks fit to be Troublesome: I cannot hear a Fincial Fop Romancing, how the King took him aside at such a time; What the Queen said to him at Another; How many Ladies fell out who should have him to her self; What Discourse pass'd; Where he is to Eat to morrow; What Company; What Dishes; What Wine; Who Loves Who; and what *Intrigues* are afoot in Church and State, &c. Without more Words I cannot Hear the Chat, or see the Vanity of these Pragmatical Empty *Busie-Bodies* without thinking of the *Fly* in the Fable. And This Application was the True End of Writing it.

FAB. XXXV.

A Frog and an Oxe.

AS a Huge Over-grown *Oxe* was Grazing in a Meadow, an Old Envious *Frog* that stood Gaping at him hard by, call'd out to her Little Ones, to take Notice of the Bulk of That Monstrous Beast; and see, 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 she Forc'd her self, and Burst.

The MORAL.

Betwixt Pride, Envy, and Ambition, men fancy Themselves to be Bigger than they are, and Other People to be Less: And This Tumour Swells it self at last 'till it makes All Fly,

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fancy is a Lash upon Those 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 Burst in the Conclusion! But Pride and Ambition Pushes men forward, not only to Extrava-

gances, but Impossibilities, though to the Certain Undoing of the Weaker and the Meaner: When they come to Vie Power and Expence with Those that are too High and too many for them.

Men that would be Bigger then God has made them, must e'en Expect to fall to Nothing. This Affectation strikes upon All the Weaknesses that Pride, Envy, or Ambition can fancy to it self, provided always that we do not take Emulation for Envy. In One Word, when men's Hearts and Thoughts are puff'd up into a Desire of Things Unnatural, 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. or in truth, the very Nature of the Things, Matters, or Person in Question. They set up Competitors for Learning, Power, Estate, Policy; They Censure their Betters, Despise their Equals, 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 then they Are, and Bigger then 'tis possible for them to Be.

F A B. XXXVI.

An *Ass* and a *Wolf*.

AN *Ass* had got a Thorn in's Foot, and for want of a Better Surgeon, who but a *Wolf* at last, to draw it 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 Stunn'd him, and so went his way.

F A B. XXXVII.

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 *Nag* he thought would be too Fleet for him, unless he could supply the want of Heels, by Artifice, and Address. He puts himself into the Garb, and Habit of a Professor of Physick, and according to the Humor of the World, sets up for a Doctor of the College. Under this Pretext, 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 Crotchet came in his Head how he might Countermine him. I got a Thorn in my Foot T'other day, says the *Horse*, as I was Crossing a Thicket, and I am e'en quite 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

posture for the Office; but the Patient was too Nimble for his Doctor, and so soon as ever he had him Fair for his Purpose, gave him so Terrible a Rebuke upon the Forehead with his Heel, that he laid him at his Length, and so 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 Retaliation, and a very Warrantable Way of Deceiving the Deceiver.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE'S No trusting to the Fair Words of Those that have both an Interest, and an Inclination to Destroy us; Especially when the Design is carry'd on under the Masque of a Friendly Office. It is but reasonable to Oppose Art to Art, and where we suspect False Play, to Encounter One Trick with another: Provided always that it be Manag'd without breach of Faith, and within the Compass of Honour, Honesty, and Good Manners. The *Wolf* had the same Design upon the *Ass*, that the *Lion* had upon the *Horse*; and the matter being brought to a Trial of Skill between them, the Countermine was only an Act of Self-Preservation.

F A B. XXXVIII.

A *Horse* and an *Ass*.

IN the Days of Old, when *Horses* spoke *Greek* and *Latin*, and *Asses* made *Syllogisms*, there happen'd an Encounter upon the Road, betwixt a Proud Pamper'd *Fade* in the Full Course of his Carriere, and a Poor Creeping *Ass*, under a Heavy Burden, that had Chopt into the same Track with him. Why, how now Sirrah, says he, D'ye not see by these Arms, and Trappings, to what Master I belong? And D'ye not Understand that when I have That Master of mine upon my Back, the Whole Weight of the State rests upon My Shoulders? Out of the way thou slavish Insolent Animal, or I'll Tread thee to Dirt. The Wretched *Ass* immediately Slunk aside, with this Envious Reflexion betwixt his Teeth. [*What would I give to Change Conditions with That Happy Creature there.*] This Fancy would not out of the Head of Him, till it was his Hap some Few Days after to see This very *Horse* doing Drudgery in a Common Dung-Cart. Why how now Friend (says the *Ass*) How comes This about? Only the Chance of the War, says the
the

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

The MORAL.

The Folly, and the Fate, of Pride and Arrogance. The Mistake of Placing Happiness in any thing that may be taken away, and the Blessing of Freedom in a Mean Estate.

R E F L E X I O N.

WE are to Gather from hence, that people would never Envy the Pomp and Splendour of Greatness, if they did but consider, either the Cares and Dangers that go along with it, or the Blessings of Peace, and Security in a Middle Condition. No Man can be truly Happy, who is not every Hour of his Life prepared for the worst that can befall him. Now this is a State of Tranquility never to be 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 Wickedness of a Presumptuous Arrogance, the Fate that Attends it; The Rise of it; and the Means of either Preventing or Suppressing it; The Folly of it; The Wretched and Ridiculous Estate of a Proud Man, and the Weakness of That Envy that is Grounded upon the mistaken Happiness of Human Life.

If a body may be Allow'd to Graft a *Christian Moral* upon a *Pagan Fable*, what was it but Pride and Arrogance that first threw *Lucifer* out of Heaven, and afterwards, *Adam* out of Paradise? [*Ye shall be as Gods*] was the Temptation; an Impotent and a Presumptuous Affectation of Vain Glory was the Sin; and a Malediction Temporal and Eternal was the Punishment. Now if the Charms of an Unruly Ambition could so far prevail upon the *Angels* Themselves in their Purity; and upon Mankind in a State of Innocence, how Strict a Guard ought we then to keep upon our selves, that are the Children of disobedience, and bring the seeds of This Deadly Vanity into the World with us in our very Veins?

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 Arms of our Nurses, and at the very Breasts of our Mothers; for what's the meaning of all the Little Wrangles and Contentions else, *Which Child shall be made most of; or which Baby shall have the Gayer Coat?* So that These Affections are in truth Connatural to us, and as We our selves grow up and Gather Strength, so do They; and pass Insensibly from our Inclinations into our Manners. Now the Corruption must needs be Strong, where Humane Frailty strikes in so Early with it, and the Progress no less Mortal, where it is suffer'd to go on without Control: For what are the Extravagances of the Lewdest Life, but the more Consummated Follies and Disorders, of either a Mis-taught or a Neglected Youth? Nay, what are All the Publick Outrages of a Destroying Tyranny, and Oppression, but Childish Appetites let alone till they

are

re grown Ungovernable? Beside that it is Infinitely Easier to prevent Ill Habits then to Master them; As the Choaking of the Fountain is the surest Way to Cut off the Course of the River. It should be Consider'd too that we have the Seeds of Virtue in us, as well as of Vice; and when ever we take a Wrong Bias, 'tis not out of a Moral Incapacity to do Better, but for want of a Careful Manage and Discipline; to set us Right at First.

Wherefore Children should be moulded while their Tempers are yet Pliant and Ductile. As *Pride*, for the Purpose, that arises from a False Opinion of Things, should be Obviated by Informing their Understandings. And so for *Envy*; the very Disposition to it is to be Sweeten'd, as Flowing from a Certain Froward Tincture of Ill Nature. (I speak This of the Malevolent, Canker'd Passion of Envy, which in Effect, is Little or Nothing akin to the Silly Envy of the *Affe* here in the Fable.) In One word, Children should be season'd betimes, and Lessen'd into such a Contempt, and Detestation of This Vice, as neither to practice it Themselves, nor to Approve it in Others. This is, in Little, the Foundation of a Virtuous Life, and there goes no more then Judging, and Acting Aright, to the Character of a Good Philosopher, a Good Christian, and a Good Man: For to Know, and to Do, is the *Compendium* of our Duty.

It is not for Every Twatling Gossip yet, or some Empty Pedant, presently to Undertake This Province; for it requires a Critical Nicety both of Wit, and of Judgment, to find out the *Genius*, or the Propensions of a Child, and to Distinguish betwixt the Impulses of Envy, and those of Emulation: Betwixt the First Motions of a Churlish and Impetuous Insolence, and those of a Serene Greatness, and Dignity of Mind. It is not, I say, for Every Common Eye, or Hand to divide so Accurately betwixt the Good, and the Evil, the Gracious and Perverse, as to hit the precise *Medium* of Encouraging the One, without Discouraging the Other. And This Faculty of Discerning is not enough neither, without a Watchful Assiduity of Application. The Just Season of Doing Things must be Nick'd, and All Accidents Observ'd and Improv'd; for Weak Minds are to be as Narrowly Attended, as Sickly Bodies: To say nothing of the Infinite Curiosity of the Operation, in the Forming of our Lives and Manners: And that not One man of Ten Thousand is Competently Qualify'd for the Office. Upon the Whole Matter there must be an Awe maintain'd on the One Hand, and at the same time, a Love and Reverence Preserv'd on the Other. And all this must be Order'd too with so Gentle a Softness of Address, that we may not Hazzard, either the Stifling, or the Quenching of Generous Inclinations, by bearing too Hard upon them, or the Licentiating of any thing that is Course and Vulgar, out of a foolish Facility or a Mistaken Pity. It is with our Passions, as it is with Fire and Water, they are *Good Servants*, but *Bad Masters*, and Subminister to the Best, and Worst of Purposes, at once, This is enough said, as to the Wickedness, and the Fate of Pride; The Source and Danger of it, together with the only sure and Effectual Means of Remedy.

The Moral leads me in the Next place, to Consider the Folly of both the *Horse* and the *Affe*; The One, in Placing his Happiness upon any thing that could be taken away; and the Other, in Envyng that Mistaken Happiness, under the Abuse of the same Splendid Illusion and Imposture. What Signifies a Gay Furniture, and a Pamper'd Carcass; or any other Outward Appearance, without an Intrinsic Value of Worth and Virtue? What signifies Beauty, Strength, Youth, Fortune, Embroider'd Furniture, Gawdy Bosses, or any of Those Temporary, and Uncertain Satis-

Satisfactions, that may be taken from us with the very next Breath we draw? What Assurance can any Man have of a Possession that Every Turn of State, Every Puff of Air, Change of Humour, and the least of a Million of Common Casualties may Deprive him of? How many Huffing Sparks have we seen in the World, that in the same day have been both the Idols, and the Sport and Scorn of the same Slaves and Fools? Nay, how many Emperours and Princes, that in the Ruff of all their Glory have been taken down from the Head of a Conquering Army, to the Wheel of the Victor's Chariot? Where's that Advantage under the Sun that any but a Mad man would be Proud of? Or where's That Pride it self that any Mortal in his Right Wits, would not find Reason to be Asham'd of? Take it singly, and what is there more in't, then an Unnatural and Unmanly *Tympany*, that Rises in a Bubble, and spends it self in a Blast? Take it in Complication, and we find a Thousand Weaknesses, Iniquities, and Vexatious Cutting Miseries wrapt up in't. What can be more Imprudent then to Affect Reputation by the Methods of Infamy? To Aspire to Greatness by the ways of becoming Odious and Contemptible? And to Propose the Erecting of a Mighty Fabrick, upon a Bottom that will Certainly sink under the Weight?

The Disappointments of Those that Build their Hopes in this World upon a False *Basis*, fall under These Three General Heads. The Advantages we Value our selves upon, may either be taken from us; or We from Them: Or, which is much at One, we may be brought by a Thousand Accidents to lose the Use and Relish of them. As first for the Purpose; they may be taken from Us, by Cheats, Robberies, Subornations, False Oaths, Forgeries, Corrupt Judges; To say nothing of Fires, Earthquakes, Tempests, Inundations, Insurrections, and Other Violences without Number. Secondly, We may be taken from Them, by as many Ways as there are out of This World. A Fly or a Hair shall do the Office of a Rope. And then for the Third Branch, an Indisposition, a Fever, an Acute Pain, an Impetuous Passion, an Anxious Thought, Impotency, and Old Age, shall do the Work of Taking away both the Guest, and the Comfort of them. Nay, the very Loss of one Pleasure is enough to Damp, if not to Destroy the Relish of Another.

But now to carry the Allusion One Step further yet; It may be literally Asserted, that All Proud Men, over and above the Stroke of a Divine Judgment, are Miserable, even in themselves, and that no Circumstances in this World can ever make them Other. Their Appetites are Insatiable, and their Hearts consequently never at Rest; Whether it be Wealth, Power, Honour, Popular Esteem, or whatever else they pretend to. They Envy, and they are Envy'd. 'Tis Impossible for them to be at rest, without enjoying what it is Impossible for them to Attain. They live Gaping after More, and in a perpetual Fear of Losing what they have already. The Higher they are Rais'd, the Giddier they are; the more Slippery is their Standing, and the Deeper the Fall. They are never Well, so long as Any thing is above them: And their Ambition carries them on to the Supplanting of their very Masters and Makers: When yet by a most Ridiculous Contradiction, they lie Effectually, (in the very same Instant) at the mercy of the men they most Despise. [*The Silver, being Ten Thousand Talents, is given to Thee, (says Abasuerus to Haman) The People also, to do with them, as it seemeth good unto Thee, Esther, Cap. 3. V. 11.*] Who would have Imagin'd now, that the Stiff Crossness of a Poor Captive, should ever have had the Power to make *Haman's* Seat so Uneasie to him? Or that the want of a Cap, or a Cringe,

Cringe, should so Mortally Discompose him, as we find afterwards it did! If Large Possessions, Pompous Titles, Honourable Charges, and Profitable Commissions; If a Plentiful Issue, 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 there in Truth need any Great matter to Unsettle him. But he was as sure to sink under the Infirmary of his Own Mind, as if he had been Doom'd to Sink in the Fate of a Common Ruine.

When Haman saw Mordecai in the King's Gate, (says the Text) that he stood not up, nor Moved for him, he was full of Indignation against Mordecai. Nevertheless, Haman Refrained himself, and when he came Home, he sent and call'd for his Friends, and Teresh, 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 Promoted him, and how he had Advanced him above the Princes and Servants of the King. Yea, Esther the Queen (says he) did let no man come with the King unto the Banquet that she had prepar'd, but my self; and to morrow am I invited unto her also with the King. [Yet All This Avail-eth Me Nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the King's Gate, Esther, Cap. 5. V. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.]

This Instance of Haman's Case may serve, in a Good Measure, for a Moral to the Arrogance of the Horse here in the Fable; only Haman's Pride was the more Invidious and Malicious of the Two. To wind up the Story; Mordecai was an Eye-fore to Haman, and a Gallows of Fifty Cubits High was prepared for him by the Order of Haman, Cap. 5. V. 14. But the King, upon Examination of the Matter, Order'd Haman himself to be Hanged. [So they Hanged Haman upon the Gallows he had prepared for Mordecai, Cap. 7. V. 10.] Haman's Pride, in fine, was a Torment to him, and he was not only Punish'd By it, and 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 Haman now, even in the Caresses of his Royal Master, and in the very Rapture of all his Glories! And how Vain again were all the Marks and Ensigns of his Character and Power; that were not able to support him against one Slighting Look of a Sorry Slave! He had the World at Will, we see; but All was as good as Nothing to him, so long as he saw Mordecai the Jew sitting in the King's Gate. Where's the Sober Man now, that would not rather chuse to be Mordecai in the Gate, upon These Terms, then to be Haman in the Palace? The One had the Blessing of a Conscience that Fears Nothing but God; the Other was Haunted with a Fantastical Weakness of Mind, that makes a man Dread Every thing, and stand in awe of his Own Shadow! A Word, a Thought, an Imagination, a Countenance is enough to Break his Sleep, and to Shake the very Foundations of the Babel that he has Built. He fancies every Bolt that's Levell'd at his Vices, to be Pointed at his Person, and finds himself Wounded in the Morality of the most Innocent Reproofs. He's a Slave to All Passions, All Accidents, and All sorts of Men. A Jest, a Banter, a Lampoon; Nay a Glance, an Insinuation, or a Bare Casualty, with the Help of a Guilty Conscience, and a Suspicious Gloss of Application, is enough to Murder him; for he Conceits himself to be Struck at, when he is not so much as Thought of: as I dare appeal to the Consciences of a Thousand Top Gallant Sparks, that will fancy their Own Case to be the Key to This Moral. He makes himself Odious to his Superiours, by his Haughtiness;

ness; to his Equals, by a Restless Course of Factious Competitions; and then he never fails of a Virulent Hatred and Envy, from those that are below him; so that he's beset with Enemies on All hands, the Meanest of which is not without Many and Many a Way to the Wreaking of a Malice, and to the Gratifying of a Revenge. As to the Wretchedness of his Condition, 'tis all a Case to Him, whether he be Teiz'd out of his Life by a Judgment of Flies and Lice, or Stung to Death by Fiery Serpents. And he is not only Tormented by Others, but the very Tormenter of Himself too. Nay, rather than want a Colourable Ground of Trouble, he Creates it. His pride is a Continual Drought upon him, and a Thirst never to be Quench'd. His Conscience, his Fancy, his Fears, Jealousies, and Mistakes; 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, Equipage, and Parade. There's a Pride of Tongue without either Brains, or Heart to Support it. There's an Abject, (in fine) and there's a Surly Pride: But to Conclude, there is All This, and a Thousand times more of the same Kind and Colour, that lies Naturally Couch'd under This Allegory. And not One Instance at last, that is not verify'd by Many and Many an Example.

Now as to the Envy of the *Affè* it was a Double Folly; for he Mistakes both the *Horses* Condition, and his Own. 'Tis Madness to Envy any Creature that may in a Moment become Miserable; Or for any Advantage that may in a Moment be taken from him. The *Affè* Envies the *Horsè* to day; and in some Few Days more, the *Horsè* comes to Envy Him: Wherefore let no man Despair, so long as it is in the Power, either of Death, or of Chance, to Remove the Burden. Nothing but Moderation and Greatness of Mind can make, either a Prosperous, or an Adverse Fortune Easie to us. The Only Way to be Happy is to submit to our Lot; for No man can be properly said 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.

FAB. XXXIX.

A Bat and a Weazle.

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

FAB. XL.

A Bat, Birds, and Beasts.

UPon a Desperate and a Double Battel betwixt the *Birds* and the *Beasts*, the *Bat* stood *Neuter*, till she found that the *Beasts* had the Better on't, and then went over to the stronger Side. But it came to pass afterward (as the Chance of War is Various) that the *Birds* Rally'd their Broken Troops, and carry'd the Day; and away she went then to 'Tother Party, where she was Try'd by a Council of War as a Deserter; Stript, Banish'd, and finally Condemn'd never to see Day-light again.

FAB. XLI.

An Estriche, Birds, and Beasts.

THE *Estrich* is a Creature that passes in Common Reputation, for *Half-Bird*, *Half-Beast*. This *Amphibious* Wretch happen'd to be Taken Twice the same Day, in a Battel betwixt 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 shewing his *Feet* to prove that he was No *Bird*, and upon shewing his *Wings*, and his

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

The MORAL of the Three *Fables* above.

Trimming in some Cafes, is Foul, and Dishonest; in others Laudable, and in some again, not only Honest, but Necessary. The Nicety lies in the skill of Distinguishing upon Cafes, Times, and Degrees.

R E F L E X I O N.

WE are here taught in some Cafes to Yield to Times and Occasions; but with a Saving still, to Honour, and to Conscience. A Wise and an Honest Man will always mean the same Thing; but he's a Fool that always says the same thing. *Æsop* however Condemns the Double Practices of *Trimmers*, and All False, Shuffling, and Ambidextrous Dealings. He gives also to understand, 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 *Bat* and *Weazle*, we are to Gather, that there are Certain Ways, Cafes, 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 *Bat* in the Paw of the *Weazle*, was but making the Best 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 Trust in't; No Abandoning of a Duty, No Thought of Treachery; Nor in Effect, any thing more in't, than a Fair Christian Way of putting out False Colours.

The *Bat* that stood *Neuter*, may serve for the Character of a *Time-serving Trimmer*: He Betrays his Party, first in withdrawing his Assistance. Secondly, In going over to the Stronger Side, and Declaring Himself an Open Enemy when his Fellows had the Worst on't. His Judgment, in fine, was Just, and if All Double Dealers and Deserters were serv'd as This *Bat* was, it would be an Example of Terrour to Renegades, and of Encouragement to Honest men.

The *Estriches* Cafe seems to be Different from the Other Two. He Fought, (though 'tis not said on which side) and he was Taken in the Battel. He had the Shape, but not the Heart of a *Trimmer*, and it was rather Nature than Fraud, that brought him off. Now there are Many things in an Affair of This Quality that may be Warrantable, even upon the Nicest Scruples of Honour, in him that suffers the Violence, which perchance would not be so in the Aggressor.

F A B. XLII.

A *Wolfe* and a *Fox*.

A *Wolfe* that had a mind to take his Ease, Stor'd himself Privately with Provisions, and so kept Close awhile. Why, how now Friend says a *Fox* to him, we han't seen You abroad at the Chase this many a day! Why truly says the *Wolfe*, I have gotten an Indisposition that keeps me much at Home, and I hope I shall have Your Prayers for my Recovery. The *Fox* had a Fetch in't, and when he saw it would not Fadge; Away goes he presently to a Shepherd, and tells him where he might surprize a *Wolfe* if he had a mind to't. The Shepherd follow'd his Directions, and Destroy'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 *Wolfe*.

The M O R A L.

'Tis with Sharpers as 'tis with Pikes, they Prey upon their own kind; And 'tis a Pleasant Scene enough, when Thieves fall out among themselves, to see the Cutting of One Diamond with Another.

R E F L E X I O N.

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

FAB. XLIII.

A Stag Drinking.

AS a Stag was Drinking upon the Bank of a Clear Stream, he saw his Image in the Water, and Enter'd upon This Contemplation upon't. Well! says he, if These Pityful Shanks of mine were but Answerable 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, Casts off the Dogs, and Gains a Wood; but Pressing through a Thicket, the Bushes held him by the Horns, till the Hounds came in, and Pluck'd him Down. The Last 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.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to shew us how perversly we Judge of Many Things, and take the Worse for the Better; and the Better for the Worse; upon a very great Mistake, both in what we Despise, and in what we Admire. But we are rather for that which is Fair, and Plausible in Appearance, then 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 Resemblance, or the Shadow that he sees in the Glass, Not the Man. 'Tis One Thing to Fancy Greatness of Mind; Another Thing to Practise it; for a Body may Promise, nay and resolve upon many Things in Contemplation, that he can never make good upon Tryal. How did the Stag despise the Dogs here, at the sight of his Armed Head in the Fountain; but his Heart went quite to another Tune, when the Hounds were at the Heels of him. We are likewise taught here, how subject Vain 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 Best 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 Prided himself in his Horns, that afterwards Shackled, and were the Ruin of him; but made slight of his Pityful *Shanks*, that, if it had not been for his Branching Head, would have brought him off.

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 she 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 she could Lick no Longer, she fell to Biting; but finding at last she could do no more Good upon't with her Teeth then with her Tongue, she Fairly left it.

The MORAL.

'Tis a Madness to stand Biting and Snapping at any thing to no manner of purpose, more then the Gratifying of an Impotent Rage, in the fancy of Hurting Another, when in truth, we only Wound our selves.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable sets out the Malignity of some Spiteful People, that take so much Pleasure in the Design of Hurting others, as not to Feel, and Understand that they only Hurt themselves. This is the Case of those that will be Trying Masteries with their Superiors, and Biting of that which is too Hard for their Teeth. There's no Contending with an Adversary that's either Insensible or Invincible: And the Rule holds, in Matters, not only of Actual Force and Violence, but of Fortune and Good Name; for 'tis no better then Downright Madness, to strike where we have No Power to Hurt, and to Contend where we are sure to be Worsted. 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 *Sheep*, to Treat about a Peace, and in the mean Time there were Hostages given on Both Sides; the *Dogs* on the part of the *Sheep*, and the *Wolves Whelps* on the Other Part, 'till Matters might be brought to an Issue. While they

they were upon Treaty, the *Whelps* fell a Howling; The *Wolves* cryed out Treason; and pretending an Infraction in the Abuse of their Hostages, fell upon the *Sheep* immediately without their *Dogs*, and made them pay for the Improvidence of leaving themselves without a Guard.

The MORAL.

'Tis senseless in the Highest Degree to think of Establishing an Alliance among those that Nature her self has Divided, by an Inconciliable Disagreement. Beside, that a Foolish Peace is much more Destructive then a Bloody War.

R F F L E X I O N.

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

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't. The Matter seem'd so small, that

that the Request was Easily Granted; but when the Timber-Trees came to find that the Whole Wood was to be Cut down by the Help of this Handle; *There's No Remedy*, they cry'd, *but Patience, when People are undone by their own Folly.*

F A B. 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 Misery that I am to be Destroy'd by the Fruit of my own Body.

F A B. 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 Consideration went nearer her Heart, she said, then Death it self.

F A B. XLIX.

A Thrush taken with Birdlime.

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

The MORAL of the Four Fables above.

Nothing goes nearer a Man in his Misfortunes, then to find himself Undone by his Own Folly, or but any way Accessary to his own Ruine.

R E F L E X I O N.

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

There's No living in This World without an Exchange of Civil Offices, and the Need we have One of Another, goes a Great Way towards the Making of us Love One Another. How is this Amity, and Communication to be entertain'd 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 *Forreſt*, 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 Niceties of Circumſtance, and Contingency in the Caſe. People have got a Cuſtom, 'tis true, of Computing upon the Preſent Need, and Value of things, without ever heeding the Conſequences of them: As if all our Askings, and our Grantings were to be Governed by the Standard of the Market. 'Tis ſo pityful a *Bus'neſs*, ſays One, and *it was ſo ſmall a Thing*, ſays Another; And yet this *Pityful Bus'neſs*, and this *Small Thing*, proves at laſt to be as much as a Man's Life, Honour, and Eſtate is Worth. Alas! What's a *Handle* for an *Axe*, out of a whole *Forreſt*! What's the Writing of a Man's Name, or the ſaying Ay, or No to a Queſtion? And yet the very Safety and Honour of our Prince and Country, and the Summ of our Well-being lies many a time at Stake upon the Iſſue of doing either the One or the Other. Nay and let the People we have to do withal be never ſo Juſt and Honeſt, it is yet a Temerity, and a Folly Inexcusable, to deliver up our ſelves Needleſly into Another's Power: For He that does anything Raſhly, muſt be taken in Equity of Conſtruction to do it willingly: for he was free to Deliberate or not: 'Tis Good Advice to Conſider, Firſt, what the Thing is that is Deſired. 2. The Character of the Perſon that Asks. 3. What uſe may be made on't to the Detriment of him that Grants the Requeſt, and ſo to Reſolve how far in Duty, Humanity, Prudence, Juſtice, and Reſpect, we are to Comply with it. Whereſoever there is Moral Right on the One Hand, No Secondary Intereſt can Diſcharge it on the Other. A Pris'ner upon Parole muſt ſurrender himſelf upon Demand, though he Die for't. A Man may Contribute to his own Ruin Several Ways; but in Caſes not to be Foreſeen, and ſo not to be Prevented, it may be his Miſfortune, and the Man not to blame. We are not to omit Precaution however, for fear an Ill Uſe ſhould be made of thoſe Things that we do, even with a Good Intention; but we are ſtill to Diſtinguiſh betwixt what may Poſſibly, 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 the Functions of Humane Society, if the Poſſibility of Abuſing a Kindneſs, ſhould wholly Divert us from the Exerciſe of Charity and Good Nature. There may be Great Miſchief Wrought yet, without any thing of

a Previous Malice, and it may be Hazardous to Yield, even where the Propofal is wholly Innocent. There may be other Propofitions again, that were Originally Design'd for Snares, to the Short-fighted and Credulous. Now 'tis the Art of Life, Critically to Discern the One Cafe from the Other.

There needs Little more to be faid to the Emblems of the *Eagle* and the *Thrush*, then to obferve, that both by Chance, and by Nature, we are made Aceffary to our Own Ruins: and That's enough to Trouble a Body, though not to Condemn him.

F A B. L.

The Belly and Members.

THE *Commoners of Rome* were gone off once into a Direct Faction againft the *Senate*. They'd pay no *Taxes*, nor be forc'd to bear *Arms*, they faid, and 'twas againft the *Liberty of the Subject* to pretend to Compel them to't. The Sedition, in fhort, ran fo High, that there was no Hope of Reclaiming them, till *Menenius Agrippa* brought them to their Wits again by This *Apologue*:

The *Hands* and the *Feet* were in a Desperate Mutiny once againft the *Belly*. They knew No Reason, they faid, why the One fhould lye Lazing, and Pampering it felf with the Fruit of the Others Labour; and if the *Body* would not Work for Company, they'd be no longer at the Charge of Maintaining it. Upon This Mutiny, they kept the *Body* fo long without Nourishment, that All the Parts Suffer'd for't: Infomuch that the *Hands* and *Feet* came in the Conclusion to find their Miftake, and would have been willing Then to have Done their Office; but it was now too Late, for the *Body* was fo Pin'd with Over-Fafting, that it was wholly out of Condition to receive the Benefit of a Relief: which gave them to underftand, that *Body and Members are to Live and Die together*.

THE MORAL.

The Publick is but One Body, and the Prince the Head on't; fo that what Member fever withdraws his Service from the Head, is no Better then a Negative Traitor to his Country.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Allegory is a Political Reading upon the State and Condition of Civil Communities, where the Members have their Several Offices, and Every Part Contributes refpectively to the Prefervation and Service of

of the Whole. 'Tis true, their Operations are More or Less Noble, but the Mechanical Faculties can no more be Spar'd then the Intellectual, and those that Serve in Council under an Appearance of Rest, are yet as Busy, and as Necessary, in their Functions, as those that are Actually and Visibly 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 Superiours to make use of them.

There is so Near an *Analogy* betwixt 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, nay, nor the Holy Writ it self, 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 Distinct *Member* of it, is wrapt 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 Dignity (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 Vicissitude, with other Offices of Nature that are common to Beasts with Men, to be the Great Bus'ness of Mankind, without any further Regard to the Faculties, and Duties of our Reasonable Being: For Every *Member* has its Proper, and Respective Function Assign'd it, and not a Finger suffers but the *Whole* Feels on't.

FAB. LI.

An Ape and a Fox.

AN *Ape* that found Many Inconveniencies by going *Bare-Arse*, went to a *Fox* that had a Well-spread, Bushy *Tayle*, and begg'd of him only a little piece on't to Cover his Nakedness: For (says he) you have enough for Both, and what needs more then you have Occasion for? Well, *John* (says the *Fox*) be it More, or be it Less, you get not one single Hair on't; for I would have ye know, Sirrah, that the *Tayle* of a *Fox* was never made for the Buttocks of an *Ape*.

The MORAL.

Providence has Assign'd Every Creature its Station, Lot, Make and Figure; and 'tis not for Us to stand Correcting the Works of an Incomprehensible Wisdom, and an Almighty Power.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to Reprove the Impertinent, Useless, and Unreasonable Demands of Those that first Ask what Another cannot Part with, unless he be a Stark Fool, or a Mad-Man. And, 2. That which if they could obtain would be of No Use, or Benefit to them at all. The Old Moral carries it to Those also that will Part with Nothing to the Poor, even out of their Superfluities: But it seems to be Abominably Wrested, 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 unreasonable 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 Compass 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. These Points are the very Conditions of This Fable. Here's a General Caution against Extravagant Desires, and yet let the Refusal be never so Just, it is Possible however, that a Man may Oppose a most Unconscionable Request for an Unjustifiable Reason; As in the Case for the Purpose, of an Ill Natur'd Denial, out of a Dislike of the Man, rather than of the Thing it self.

The Application of This Fable to Avarice, that will part with Nothing, seems to be Wrested; for it strikes more properly upon the Folly of Peoples not being satisfied with the Appointments of Nature. An *Ape with a Tayl*, would be as scandalous, 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 *Tayl*? This Grumbling Humour has Envy in it, Avarice and Ingratitude, and sets up it self in fine against all the Works of the Creation.

FAB. LII.

A Lark and her Young Ones.

THEre was a Brood of Young *Larks* in the Corn, and the *Dam*, when she went abroad to Forrage for them, laid a Strict Charge upon her *Little Ones*, to pick up what News they could get against she came back again. They told her at her Return, that the Owner of the Field had been there, and Order'd 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 Desir'd his Friends to Do't. Well, well, says she, there's no Hurt in That neither, and so she went out Proggng 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

do't Themselves: Nay then, says she, 'tis time to look about us: As for the Neighbours and the Friends, I fear 'em not; but the Master I'm sure will be as good as his word; for 'tis his own business.

F A B. 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 Best they could, so they cover'd him with Straw, and by and by in comes the Keeper to Dress the Cattel, and to Feed them; and when he had done his Work he went his Way without any Discovery. The Stag reckon'd himself by This Time to be out of all Danger; but one of the Oxen that had more Brains then his Fellows, advis'd him not to be too Confident neither; for the Servant, says he, is a Puzzling Fool, that 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 Groping up and down, he felt the Horns of the Stag under the Straw, and so made Prize of Him.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

He that would be sure to have his Bus'ness Well Done, must either Do it Himself, or see the Doing of it; Beside that many a Good Servant is Spoil'd by a Careless Master.

R E F L E X I O N.

INTEREST Does more in the World then Faith and Honesty; for Men are more sensible in their own Cafe then in Anothers; which is all but according to the Old Saying, *Command your Man, and Do't Your Self*. Neither, in Truth, is it Reasonable, that Another should be more Careful of Me, then I am of myself. Every Man's Bus'ness is Best Done when he looks after it with his Own Eyes: And in short, *when Every Man looks to One, the Care is taken for All*.

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

Governments, as to Private Families. For a Prince's Leaving his Bus'ness Wholly to his Ministers without a Strict Eye over them in their respective Offices and Functions, is as Dangerous an Errour in *Politiques*, as a Master's Committing All to his Servants is in *Oeconomicks*. It is Effectually a Translation of the Authority, when a Superiour trusts himself Implicitly to the Faith, Care, Honesty and Discretion of an Inferiour. To say nothing of the Temptation to Bribery and False Dealing, when so much may be Gotten by't with so Little Hazzard, either of Discovery, or Punishment. Beside the Desperate 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 True to themselves how Faithless soever to One Another.

FAB. LIV.

A Fox and a Sick Lion.

A 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 desir'd to be Excus'd; For (says he) I find the Traces of abundance of Feet Going In to Your Majestys Palace, and not One that comes Back again.

The MORAL.

The Kindnesses of Ill Natur'd and Designing People, should be thoroughly Consider'd, and Examin'd, before we give Credit to them.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S but a Hair's Breadth here, betwixt an Office of Great Piety, Humanity and Virtue, and an Action of Extreme Folly, Improvidence, 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 Course, and though One External Civility may be Current Payment for Another, yet a Man would be loth to Venture his All upon a Figure of Speech, where the Meaning is so Nicely Divided betwixt Jest and Earnest. 'Tis a Base Thing to suspect a Friend, or an Honest Man, Nay 'tis a Base Thing to suspect any Man, that but Looks like One; so as to Wound him;
That

That is, either in a Word, or in a Thought. But then 'tis Death perhaps to be Impos'd upon by an Hypocrite under that Masque. So that the Character of a Wise Man, lyes at Stake upon Matter of Judgment, One Way, and of a Good Natur'd Man, the Other Way. The Middle Course is to Hide our Distrust where we are doubtful, and to be Free, and Open, where we may be Secure. There's No Living without Trusting some body or Other, in some Cases, or at some Time or Other: But then if People be not Cautious, Whom, When, and Wherein, the Mistake may be Mortal; for there must be somewhat of a Trust to make way for a Treachery; since No Man can be Betray'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 Cover'd under the Disguise of a Counterfeit Sickness, and a Dissembled Tenderness and Respect, for the Drawing of the *Fox* into the Toyle. For there was the Civility of an Invitation, on the One Hand, and some Colour of a Right to a Visit, though but out of Compassion and Good Manners, on the Other: But the *Foxes* Sagacity, and the Prints of the Feet Spoil'd All. This Fable in One Word more, bids us be Careful how we Trust in Any Case without looking Well about us: for 'tis Half the Bus'ness of One part of the World to put Tricks upon T'other. The Heart of Man is like a Bog, it looks Fair to the Eye; but when we come to lay any Weight upon't, the Ground is False under us. Nothing could be more Obliging and Respectful then the *Lyon'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 *Weazle*.

A Slam, Thin-Gutted *Fox* made a Hard Shift to Wriggle his Body into a Hen-Rooft, and when he had stuff'd his Guts well, he squeez'd hard to get out again; but the Hole was too Little for him. There was a *Weazle* a pretty way off, that stood Learning at him all This While. Brother *Reynard*; (says he) Your Belly was Empty when you went In, and you must e'en stay 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 Thought or Action, but the Indulging of the Appetite brings a Clog, both upon the Body and Mind.

REFLEXION.

IN a Middle State, both of Body, and of Fortune, a Man is better Dispos'd for the Offices of Humane Society, and the Functions of Reasonable Nature; and the Heart is also freer from Cares and Troubles. There are Un-

Unwieldy Minds as well as Unwieldy Bodies, and the Fumes of the One Obstruct the Operations of the Other. The Head of a Philosopher will never do well upon the Shoulders of an Epicure. The Body and the Soul are Inseparable Companions, and it is against the Nature of This Reasonable Union, for the One to be a Clog to the other. The *Foxes* here, is the Cafe of many a *Publick Minister*, 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 Carcase.

FAB. LVI.

A Boar and a Horse.

A *Boar* 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 *Boar*, 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 paid Dear for his Revenge.

FAB. LVII.

A Stag and a Horse.

UPON a Dispute betwixt a *Stag* and a *Horse* about a piece of Pasture, the *Stag* got the Better on't, 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 Present Passion, made himself a Slave all the days of his Life. *Stesichorus* made use of This Fable to Divert the *Himerenses* from Chusing *Phalaris* the Tyrant for their General. This *Horses* Cafe, says he, will be Yours, if you go on with your Proposals. 'Tis true, You'l have your Revenge, but you'l lose your *Liberties*; Upon which Words the Motion fell.

The

The MORAL of the Two *Fables* above.

Let every Man take a True Measure of Himself, what he is Able to do, and what Not; before he comes to any Peremptory Resolution how to Proceed. He is a Madman, that to Avoid a Present, and a Less Evil, runs Blindfold into a Greater; and for the Gratifying of a Froward Humour, 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 Revenge; for no Man should be so Angry with Another, as to Hurt Himself for't. We should likewise Consider, that there's More Hazard in the succour of a New Powerful Friend, then in the Hostility of an Old Dangerous Enemy; and that the Greatest Empires upon the Face of the Earth, have had their Rise 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 Controversie, for Him that is Worsted to have a Great Care Whom he calls to his Aid: Especially when there's more of Passion then Necessity in the Case. The *Horse* might have Quench'd his Thirst with Troubled Water; or he might have stay'd the Clearing of it; Or Chang'd his Wat'ring Place; Or when he was forc'd out of One Pasture he might have taken up in Another, which would have Preserv'd his Liberty upon the Main, though not as to this Particular: But his Stomach was too Great, it seems, to Digest the Affront, without having his Enemy at his Feet: so that he gives up his Freedom to Gain his Revenge. He has Fair Words however, Rich Trappings, and Large Promises; but Works only for his Master; and if at any time he does but Slacken his Pace, or abate, either in his Zeal, or in his Mettle, the Spur is immediately in the Flank of him: Or if he be Unruly, 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 Succour to One that's too Hard for *Him*, and Rides the One to Death, and Outright Kills the Other. It were Well, if Possible, to keep All Potent Enemies to the Behaviour in such a Case as This, Especially if they Appear under the Shape of Friends: But if People will Venture Life, Liberty and All, for the Clawing of an Itch, and lay Violent Hands upon Themselves, there's no Fence for't.

That which *Men* are to *Horses*, 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 *Analogy* of Servitude, and Drudgery; and in the carrying of some sort of Burdens that are a Shame to the Bearer. They Toyl and Moyl for the Interest of their Masters, that in requital, break the very Hearts of them for their Pleasure; and the Freer they are of their Flesh, the more Scandalous is the Bondage. When they have done All that *Horses* can do, they are Lash'd, Spurr'd, Revil'd, and Ill Treated, for not being able to do More: They are Hurry'd on without either Respite or Reason; And after they have carry'd their Riders safe over All Leaps, and through All Dangers, and by All Ways and Means Contributed to the Ease, Credit, and Security of their Masters, what comes of them in the End, but to be Strain'd, Founder'd, or Broken Winded; Old

Age 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 Case to be his Own, and Himself Touch'd in the Moral of This Fable, let him keep his Own Council, and learn to be Wiser hereafter. And we may learn This Lesson of the *Horſe* too, not to Sacrifice our Honour, Liberty, and Conscience, to a Freak.

FAB. LVIII.

Two Young Men and a Cook.

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

THE MORAL.

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

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable concerns those that think to Deceive God with Fallacies of Words, Equivocations, Mental Reservations, and Double Meanings; but though Frauds and Perjuries may pass upon Men for a Season, they are as Open as the Light yet to Him that Searches the Heart. A Man had better be a Downright *Atheist*, then in such a Case as This, an Equivocating *Hypocrite*: For He that Denies a Providence, or Doubts whether there be any God at all, is much more Pardonable, then Another that Acknowledges, and Confesses an All-Seeing and an Almighty Power; and yet at the Same Time, most Blasphemously Affronts it. 'Tis a Great Unhappiness that Children should be so much Addicted (as we see they are) to This Way and Humour of Shuffling: But it is a Greater Shame and Mischiefe, for Parents, Governours, and Tutors, to Encourage, and Allow them in't, and so (Effectually) to Train them up to One of the most Dangerous Corruptions they are Capable of, in Countenancing the very Ground Work of a False and Treacherous Life. There must be no Paradoxing 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

Truth of Opinion; a Truth of Fact, and a Truth in Simplicity and Sincerity of Thought, Word, and Deed. The Last of the Three is the Truth that is here in question. The Knack of *Fast and Loose* passes with a world 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.

FAB. LIX.

A Dog and a Butcher.

AS a *Butcher* was Busy about his Meat, a *Dog* runs away with a Sheeps Heart. The *Butcher* saw him upon the Gallop with a piece of flesh in's Mouth, and call'd out after him, Hark ye Friend (says he) you may e'en make the Best of your Purchase, so long as Y've 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 Loses 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: Beside, that *Bought Wit is Best*. It is in some Proportion, in the Business of this World, as it is in that of the Next: In the Cases, (I mean, of Losses, Miscarriages and Disappointments): We are in Both Respects the Better for them (Provided they be not Mortal, that is) for they are Monitory and Instructive. Affliction makes a Man Both Honest and Wise; for the smart brings him to a sense of his Errour, and the Experiment to the Knowledge of it. We have I know not how many *Adages* to back the Reason of This Moral, *Hang a Dog upon a Crab-Tree* (we say) *and He'll never love Verjuyce*. And then we have it again in That Common saying, *The Burnt Child Dreads the Fire*. 'Tis Wandring Many times, whether it be in Opinion, or in Travelling, that sets a Man Right in his Judgment, and brings him into the way. The *Dogs* running away with the Flesh, Does as good as bid the *Cook* look Better to't Another time.

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

F A B. LX.

A Wolfe, a Lamb, and a Goat.

A Sa *Lamb* was following a *Goat*, Up comes a *Wolfe*, wheedling, to get him aside, and make a Breakfast of him: Why what a Fool art thou, says the *Wolfe*; that may'ft have thy Belly full of Sweet Milk at Home, to leave thy *Mother* for a Nasty Stinking *Goat*! Well, says the *Lamb*, but my *Mother* has Plac'd me here for my Security; and you'd fain get me into a Corner to Worry me. Pray'e, 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 Profess'd Enemy, on the Other, in Opposition to That Command; Disobedience would be Undoubtedly the Ready Way to Destruction.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable Preaches both Obedience and Caution; the One as a Matter of Duty, the Other as a Point of Prudence. The *Wolfe* 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't, that so soon as ever they shall have withdrawn the *Lambs*, or the *People*, from their *Religion* and *Allegiance*, and gotten them out of the Pale, and Protection of their Parents and Governours, they'l make a Prey of 'em Themselves. What's the Wheedling of the *Lamb* out of the Station where Authority had Plac'd him, to go home again for a Belly-full of Sweet Milk; but a State-Trick of Inveigling the Multitude into a Fools-Paradise, without Understanding One Word of the Matter in Question! But some *Lambs* are Wiser and Honester then some *Men*: And this very *Lamb's* Answer might have become the Mouth of a Good Christian and a Good Subject. For a Conclusion; The *Wolves* Preaching to the *Sheep*, and the *Foxes* Preaching to the *Geese*, hold forth the same Moral.

F A B. LXI.

A Cat and Venus.

A Young Fellow that was Passionately in Love with a *Cat*, made it his Humble Suit to *Venus* to turn *Puffs* into a *Woman*. The Transformation was wrought in the Twinkling of an Eye, and Out she comes, a very Bucksome Lass. The Doting Sot took

took her home to his Bed; and bad Fair for a Litter of Kittens by her That Night: But as the Loving Couple lay Snugging together, a Toy took *Venus* in the Head, to try if the *Cat* had chang'd her Manners with her Shape; and so for Experiment, turn'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 so High an Affront, that she turn'd the Madam into a *Puss* again.

THE MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

THIS is to lay before us the Charms and Extravagances of a Blind Love. It Covers all Imperfections, and Considers neither Quality, nor Merit. How many Noble Whores has it made, and how many Imperial Slaves! And let the Defects be never so Gross, it either Palliates, or Excuses them. The *Womans* Leaping at the *Mouse*, tells us also how Impossible it is to make Nature Change her Biass, and that *if we shut her out at the Door, she'll come in at the Window.*

Here's the Image of a Wild and Fantastical Love, under the Cover of as Extravagant a Fable, and it is all but Fancy at last too; for Men do not See, or Taste, or Find the Thing they Love, but they Create it. They Fashion an Idol, in what Figure or Shape they please; Set it up, Worship it, Dote upon it; Pursue it; and in fine, run Mad for't. How many Passions have we seen in the World, Ridiculous enough to Answer All the Follies of this Imagination! It was much for *Venus* to turn a Cat into a Woman, and for that Cully again to take That *Cat* for a *Woman*: What is it Less now, for a Fop to Form an *Idea* of the *Woman* he Dyes for, Every jot as Unlike That *Woman*, as the *Cat* is to the *Mistress*? Let This Suffice for the Impostures, and Illusions of That Passion.

We are further given to Understand that No Counterfeit is so Steady, and so Equally Drawn, but Nature by Starts will shew her self thorough it; for *Puss*, even when she's a *Madam*, will be a *Mouser* still. 'Tis the Same Thing with a Hypocrite, which is only a Devil dress'd up with a Ray about him, and Transform'd into an Angel of Light. Take him in the very Raptures of his Devotion, and do but throw a parcel of *Church-Lands* in his way, he shall Leap at the Sacrilege from the very Throne of his Glory, as *Puss* did at the *Mouse*; and Pick your Pocket, as a *French Poet* says of a *Jesuit*, in the Middle of his *Paternoster*.

FAB. LXII.

A Father and his Sons.

IT was the Hap of a very Honeft Man to be the *Father* of a Contentious Brood of *Children*. He call'd for a Rod, and bad 'em Take it, and Try One after Another with All their Force, if they could Break it. They Try'd, and could not. Well (fays he) Unbind it now, and take Every Twig of it apart, and fee what you can do That Way. They Did so, and with Great Eafe, by One and One, they snapt it all to pieces. This (fays he) is the True Emblem of Your Condition. Keep Together and Y'are Safe, Divide, and Y'are 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 Brother; but so long as the Band holds, 'tis the Strength of All the Several Parts of it Gather'd into One.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to Intimate the Force of Union, and the Danger of Division. What has it been but Division that has Expos'd Christendom to the Enemies of the Christian Faith? And it is as Ruinous in Private as 'tis in Publique. A Divided Family can no more Stand, then 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 Boares 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 lye Pecking at One Another, till One by One, they are all Torn to Pieces, Never considering (with the *Father* here) the Necessity and Strength of Union.

FAB. LXIII.

A Laden Asse and a Horse.

AS a *Horse* and an *Asse* were upon the way together, the *Asse* cryed out to his Companion, to Eafe 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 *Asse* Flay'd, and laid his

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 Assist One Another.

REFLEXION.

The Bus'ness of the World, is more or less, the Bus'ness of Every Man that lives in't; And if the Great and the Small do not Joyn 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 take care One of Another.

We have here set before us the Mischiefs of Ill Nature, and Imprudence, 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 Bus'ness*] we Cry: never considering, that in Things Requisite to be done, what One Cannot, Another Must: Beside, that in the Case of a Fellow-Servant, or an Honest Neighbour, I am as much bound to save him from Sinking under a Heavy Burthen, as I am to give him a Cup of Drink, or a Morfel of Bread, to keep him from Choaking or Starving: It makes a Breach in a Community, when Particular Men shall take upon them to Divide from the Common Service of the Body: And He that sets up a Private Interest, Separate from the Publique, Discontinues the Connexion of the Government, by Cutting off That Link of the Chain. But the Miseries and Calamities that follow upon departing from the Known Rules and Measures of Political Order, are sufficient to Enlighten us in the Reason of Political Methods, and to Excite us to an Agreement in all Reciprocal Services, One with Another. There's the Duty of Charity in't, and the Foundations of Governing Prudence; Beside, that we are likewise Mov'd to't, by a Sense of Tenderness, Honour and Justice.

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

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.

AH my Dear Mother! says the Thrush, Never had any Creature such a Friend as I have, of this same Swallow. No, says she, 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, T'other for the Winter; And that which keeps You Alive, kills your Companion.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

'Tis a Necessary Rule in Alliances, Matches, Societies, Fraternities, Friendships, Partnerships, Commerce, and All Manner of Civil Dealings and Contracts, to have a Strict Regard to the Humour, the Nature, and the Disposition of those we have to do 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 Uniting Those that Nature it self has Divided. And this Caution holds good in all the Bus'ness of a Sober Man's Life; as Marriage, Studies, Pleasures, Society, Commerce, and the like: 'Tis in some sort, with Friends (Pardon the Courtness 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 Please the Other; But if they Draw Several Ways, and if One be too Strong for T'other, 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 Fowler and a Pigeon.

AS a *Country Fellow* 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 Humane Intention Intervenes.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Mischief that we Meditate 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 Diverted Many Times from the Execution of a Malicious Design, by the Grace and Goodness of a Preventing Providence. A Pistol's not taking Fire may save the Life of a Good Man; and the Innocent *Pigeon* had Dy'd, if the Spiteful *Snake* had not Broken the *Fowler's* Aim: That is to say; Good may be drawn out of Evil, and a Body's Life may be Sav'd without having any Obligation to his Preserver.

FAB. LXVII.

A Trumpeter taken Prisoner.

UPon the Rout of an Army there was a *Trumpeter* made a Pris'ner, 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 one of the Company, for being so mean a Rascal, as to set other People together by the Ears without fighting your self.

The MORAL.

He that Provokes and Incites Mischief is the Doer of it. 'Tis the Man that Kills Me, the Bullet is only a Passive Instrument to serve his End that directs it.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to Reprove Those (according to the old Moral) that Stir up Men in Power to do Public Mischief; which is much Worse then any Man's Doing a Private One Himself: And only a Safer Way of Committing greater Outrages.

The *Trumpeter's* Plea is so Arrant a Shuffle here, that an *Incendiary* at the *Bar*, or in the *Pulpit*, has as much to say for Himself. He that Countenances, Encourages, or Abettes a Mischief, Does it. The Seditious Lawyer, or Divine, Kills No Body with his own Hand, but by a False Gloss perhaps, upon a Law, or a Text, he may Cause Ten Thousand Swords to be Drawn, without Spilling One Drop of Blood immediately Himself. Shall any Man now, that Wilfully, and Maliciously, procures the Cutting of whole Armies to Pieces, set up for an Innocent? As if the lives that were taken away by his Instigation, were not to be Charged upon his Account. He that Covers Murder, Oppression, Sacrilege, Rebellion, with a Cloak of Statute and Scripture, makes God and Government, Effectually the Authors of the Wickedness: And those are the Basest, and Worst of *Bravo's*, that Employ *Journeymen Mercenaries* under them to do the Work. What is This, but to Engage our Bibles, and our Law Books in a Conspiracy against Themselves? Shall He that gives Fire to the Train, pretend to Wash his Hands of the Hurt that's done by the Playing of the Mine? Humane Corruptions are as Catching as Powder; as Easily Enflam'd, and the Fire afterwards as Hard to be Quench'd. That which a Man Causes to be Done, he Does Himself, and 'tis all a case whether he does it by Practice, Precept, or Example. In One Word, He that Kindles the Passions of the *Mobile*, is Answerable for the Following Conflagration. When the Men of the Long Robe have once Preach'd the People to Tinder, the Least Spark sets them a Fire: so that they have no more to do then to Inculcate the Doctrine of Disobedience, and then leave the Multitude to chew upon't. A *Trumpeter* in the *Pulpit* is the very Emblem of a *Trumpeter* in the *Field*; and the same Charge holds Good against Both. Only the *Spiritual Trumpeter* is the more Pernicious Instrument of the Two; for the Latter serves only to Rouze the Courage of the Soldiers without any Doctrine of Application upon the Text, whereas the other infuses Malice over and above, and Preaches Death and Damnation, Both in One, and gives ye the very Chapter and Verse for't.

FAB. LXVIII.

A Dog and a Wolfe.

There was a Hagg'd Carrion of a *Wolfe*, and a Jolly Sort of a Gentile *Dog*, with Good Flesh upon's Back, that fell into Company together upon the King's High-Way. The *Wolfe* was wonderfully pleas'd with his Companion, and as Inquisitive to Learn how he brought himself to That Blessed 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

Now if you'll go along with Me, and do as I do, you may fare as I fare. The *Wolfe* Struck up the Bargain, and so away they Trott'd together: But as they were Jogging on, the *Wolfe* spy'd a Bare Place about the *Dog's* Neck, where the Hair was worn off. Brother (says he) how comes this I prethee? Oh, That's Nothing, says the *Dog*, but the Fretting of my *Collar* a little. Nay, says T'other, if there be a *Collar* in the Case, I know Better Things then to sell my Liberty for a Crust.

THE MORAL.

We are so Dazzel'd with the Glare of a Splendid Appearance, that we can hardly Discern the Inconveniences that Attend it. 'Tis a Comfort to have Good Meat and Drink at Command, and Warm Lodging: But He that sells his Freedom, for the Cramming of his Gutt, has but a hard Bargain of it.

REFLEXION.

IN This Emblem is set forth the Blessing of Liberty, and the Sordid Meanness of those Wretches that sacrifice their Freedom to their Lusts, and their Palates. What Man in his Right Senses, that has wherewithal to Live Free, would make himself a Slave for Superfluities! The *Wolfe* would have been well enough Content to have Barter'd away a Ragged Coat, and a Raw-Bon'd Carcass, for a Smooth and a Fat One; but when they came to talk of a *Collar* once, away Marches He to his Old Trade in the Woods again, and makes the Better Choice of the Two.

To speak to the First Point, we are lyable to be Impos'd upon by Out-fides 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 *Wolfe*, is a Reproof to Eager Appetites, and Over-Hasty Judgments, that will not give themselves time to Ballance Accounts, and Compute Beforehand, whether they are to get or Lose by the Bargain. It holds as well against Intemperate Curiosities, and Rash Wishes, That is to say, against the Folly of the One, and the Wickedness of the Other; for if we come once to take Evil for Good, *our very Prayers are turn'd into Sin*: But what with a Certain Itch of Prying into, and Meddling with Other Peoples Matters, and a Natural Levity that puts us upon Shifting and Changing, we fall Insensibly into a Thousand Inconveniences: and when it comes to That once, that we find our selves Uneasie at Home, and no Resting-Place in our Own Thoughts, (where Rest is Only to be had) we are e'en glad to run away from our Selves, and Hunt abroad for't where 'tis never to be found. This is the Common Root of all our Wandrings and Errors. We Spend our Time, and our Peace, in Pursuit of Things wholly Forreign to our Business, and which will Certainly Deceive us at last.

Thus it Is, and Thus it must be, so long as we take Every thing by a Wrong Handle, and only Calculate upon our Own Misfortunes, without any Allowance for the Comforts that we Enjoy. And so we reckon upon our Neighbours Enjoyments, on the Other hand, without any Consideration for the Hardships that They Endure. Oh that I had but such a Palace! Says One; Such an Estate; Such a Retinue; This Glorious Train; That Lovely Woman, &c. Nay the Envious Freak Descends to the very Point,
and

and Petticoat. Now these Idle Curiosities may be Specious Enough in the Contemplation; but what if This House, at the Foot of the Account, should Prove to be Haunted, That Gay Furniture Borrow'd; T'other Fine Woman Clapt; The Curse of Sacrilege cleaving to such an Inheritance, and all the rest of the Gawdy Fooleries perhaps unpay'd for? (as these Incumbrances are no New Things in Nature) Who would not rather take up with the *Wolfe* in the Woods again, then make such a Clutter in the World upon These Scandalous Conditions.

For the Obviating of All Cases of this Quality, Children should be Early Instructed, according to their Age and Capacity, in the True Estimate of Things, by Opposing the Good to the Evil, and the Evil to the Good; and Compensating, 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 That Man Want that has Enough? Or What's He the better for a Great deal, that can never be Satisfy'd? By This Method of Setting what we Have against What we have Not, the Equity of Providence will be made Manifest, and to All manner of purposes Justify'd; When it shall appear upon the Ballance, 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 Attend 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 These Limits; for there's No such Thing as Absolute Liberty: Neither is it possible that there should be any, without a Violence to the Order of the Universe, and to the Dictates of Reasonable Nature: For All Men Living are in Some sort or Other, and upon some Penalty or Other, Subjected to a Superior Power; That is to say, the Laws of Morality are Above them: But the Case wherein All Men are upon the Behaviour is not here the Question. To Wind up the Moral, in short; Liberty is a Jewel, and a Blessing. The *Wolfe* was well enough pleas'd here with the State of the *Dog's* Body, but he had no fancy to his Collar.

F A B. LXIX.

A *Farmer* and his *Dogs*.

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

The MORAL.

There's No Contending with Necessity, and we should be very Tender how we Censure Those that Submit to't. 'Tis One thing to be at Liberty to do what we Would do, and Another Thing to be Ty'd up to do what we Must.

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 Biass 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 Incurring the Character of an Ill Natur'd Man, or a Cruel Master. But there may be also Another Doctrine Rais'd from it; which is, That in Cases of Extreme Difficulty, the Laws of Conveniency, and Ordinary Practice must give place to the Laws of Necessity. This was the Naked Truth of the *Farmer's* Case.

FAB. LXX.

A Camel at First Sight.

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

FAB. LXXI.

A Fox and a Lyon.

A *Fox* had the hap to fall into the Walk of a *Lyon*; (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.

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

The MORAL of the Two *Fables* above.

Novelty Surprizes us, and we have Naturally a Horror for Uncouth Mifshapen Monsters; but 'tis Our Ignorance that Staggers us, for upon Custom and Experience, All These Buggs grow Familiar, and Easy to us.

REFLEXION.

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

With leave of the Moralist, the Illustration does not come up to the Force and Intent of the Two Last Fables: Neither, in truth, is the very Design of them according to the True Reason of the Matter in Question. Things that seem Terrible, and are Not so, become not only Familiar, but Ridiculous to us, when we find that our Fears were Vain and Idle; as in the case of the *Camel*: But things on the contrary, that only Seem Terrible, but are found upon Experience to be more Dangerous than we took them for: (as in the Strength, the Nimbleness, the Fierceness, and the Appetite of a *Lyon*.) These are Things, I say, that the Better we Know them, the More we Dread them: So that though we have Apprehensions, 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 have held in the case of a Battle, where the Soldier grows Every day less apprehensive of the Hazzard, by seeing so many People Scape; and by Computing upon the Disproportion of Those that Outlive it, to Those that Fall in't. We may however Learn from hence, that people may be Frighted as well Without Reason as With it. Now, in Propriety 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 Uncouth Deformity of the *Camel*: But I could Wish, the *Fox* had been More and More affraid of the *Lyon*, the Oftner he Saw him; and the Doctrine would then have been to Govern our Passions by the Truth and Reason of Things, not by Appearances; but it holds however, that Custom goes a Great Way in making Matters Indifferent to us. 'Tis much the same Case too, betwixt the *People*, and *Bugg-Laws*, and *Acts of State*, that it is here betwixt the *Fox* and the *Lyon*. Men look, upon the *First* Opening of a *Publique Fast*, as if Heaven and Earth were going together; Not a *Shop* Open; The *Streets* Quiet, and so Disinal a Countenance 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 so in *Two or Three* days more, the Awe goes quite off, and the People come to their Wits, and fall to their Trade again, without any further Heed to the Matter.

FAB. LXXII.

An Eagle and a Fox.

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

The MORAL.

God Reserves to Himself the Punishment of Faithless, and Oppressing Governours, and the Vindication of his Own Worship 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 Overtake Oppressors. It does likewise Condemn Treachery, and Breach of Faith, even toward the most Perfidious.

The Morality of This Fiction looks several Ways. Here's first a League betwixt an *Eagle* and a *Fox*; which would be a most Incongruous Alliance, if it were not in the case of That Princely Birds Departure from the Dignity of her Character, and from the Obligation of Royal Justice: so that *Æsop* has aptly enough Match'd a *Faith-Breaking Prince*; with a Perfidious Subject, and Fancy'd a Knaveish Favourite, as the *Fittest Minister* for such a *Governour*. In the *Eagles* Destroying the *Foxes* Cubs, there's Power Exercis'd with Oppression, and the Curses of the *Fox* that Pursu'd the Oppressor, were not sent in Vain neither, as appears by the Sequel,

quel. We are likewise to take Notice that Justice is Sacred, and that No Provocation, either of Insolent 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 Invasion 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 sets Fire to her Nest, and Avenges the Cause of the very *Fox*, though One of the Falsest of Creatures! From hence we are to Gather These Two Doctrines for our Instruction. First, That the Misdemeanours of Temporal Sovereign Powers are subjected only to the Animadversion of the supreme Lord of the Universe. And secondly, That in the Case of Tyranny it self, it is not for Private Men to pretend to any Other Appeal.

F A B. LXXIII.

A Husbandman and a Stork.

A Poor Innocent *Stork* had the Ill Hap to be taken in a Net that was layd for *Geeſe* and *Cranes*. The *Storks* Plea for her self was Simplicity, and Piety: The Love she bare to Mankind, and the Service she did in Picking up Venemous Creatures. This is all True, says the *Husbandman*; But They that Keep Ill Company, if they be Catch'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 Lewd Examples) for as Birds of a Feather will Flock together, so if the Good and the Bad be taken together, they must Expect to go the Way of All Flesh together.

R E F L E X I O N.

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

'Tis the Fortune of many a Good Man to fall into Bad Company, and to be Undone by't, and yet no way Guilty all this while, of the Iniquity of his Companions. The Letter of the Law Sweeps All in such a Case, without Distinction of Persons: To say Nothing of the Shame and Dishonour of being taken up with Rogues and Felons; over and above the Lash of Publique Justice, and the Contagion of a Lewd Conversation. *Shew me the Company* (says the *Adage*) and *I'll tell you the Man*. What would a body think now of a *Prime Minister* that should Conjobble Matters of State with *Tumblers* and *Buffoons*; Confer Politiques with *Tinkers* and *Carr-men*? would not any man Judge their Souls to be of the same Standard and Allay? and that there were no more betwixt them then *Cross* or *Pile*, which should be the Lord, and which the Scoundrel? Or, according to the Fable, which the *Stork*, and which the *Goose*? For 'tis not the Purple, but the Virtue, that makes a *Man of Honour*; truly so call'd.

FAB. LXXIV.

A Boy and False Alarms.

A *Shepherd's Boy* had gotten a Roguy Trick of crying [a *Wolfe*, a *Wolfe*] 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 last when he was in Earnest: And so the *Wolves* Brake in upon the Flock, and Worry'd the *Sheep* at Pleasure.

The MORAL.

He must be a very Wise Man that knows the True Bounds, and Measures of Fooling, with a respect to Time, Place, Matters, Persons, &c. But Religion, Business and Cases of Consequence must be Excepted out of that sort of Liberty.

REFLEXION.

A Common Lyar (says 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 Just, the Safe, Warrantable, Decent, and Precise Limits, of that which we call Bantering, or Fooling: But it is either too Course, too Rude, too Churlish, too Bitter, too Much on't, too Pedantique, too fine, out of Measure, or out of Season. Now the Least Error or Mistake in the Manage of This Humour, lays People Open to Great Censure and Reproche. It is not Every Man's Talent to know When and How to Cast out a Pleasant Word, with such a Regard to Modesty and Respect, as not to Transgress 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 Discretion, Goes a Great Way in the Character of an Agreeable Conversation; for That which we call Raillery, in This Sense, is the very Sawce of Civil Entertainment: And without some such Tincture of Urbanity, even in Matters the most Serious, the Good Humour Flattens, for want of Refreshment and Relief: But there's a *Medium* yet betwixt *All-Fool*, and *All-Philosopher*. I mean, a Proper and a Discreet Mixture, that in some sort Partakes of Both, and renders Wisdom it self so much the more Grateful, and Effectual. The Gravity, in short, of the One, is Enliven'd with the Spirit and Quickness of the Other; and the Gayety of a Diverting Word serves as a Vehicle to Convey the Force of the Intent, and Meaning of it. But the Main Drift at last of this Fable, is to shew us the Dangerous Consequences of an Improper and an Unseasonable Fooling: With All Respect however to the Ornament and Advantage of a Facetious Freedom of Discourse, within the Compass of Sobriety and Honour. To Conclude; The *Shepherd's Boy* went too far upon the Topique that he did not Understand.

F A B. LXXV.

An Eagle and a Daw.

AN *Eagle* made a Stoop at a *Lamb*; Trufs'd it, and took it Cleverly away with her. A Mimical *Daw*, that saw This Exploit, would needs try the same Experiment upon a Ram: But his Claws were so Shackled in the Fleece with Lugging to get him up, that the Shepherd came in, and Caught him, before he could Clear Himself; He Clipt his Wings, and carried him Home to his Children to Play withal. They came Gaping about him, and ask'd their Father what Strange Bird that was? Why, says he, He'll tell you Himself that he's an *Eagle*; but if you'll take my Word for't, 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 withall; And the End of Those Undertakings is only Mockery and Disappointment in the Conclusion.

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS Vain and Dangerous to Enter into Competitions with our Superiours, in What Kind soever, whether it be in Arms, Letters, Expence, Strength of Body, Arts and Sciences, or the like. 'Tis Impossible for any Man, in fine, to take a True Measure of Another, without an Exact Knowledge and a True Judgment of Himself. Nay the Attempt of any thing above our Force, with Vanity, and Presumption, most certainly ends in a Mis-carriage

carriage that makes the Pretender Ridiculous. The Out-doing of a Great Man in his Own Way, Savours in some degree of Ill Manners, as it is upon the Main, a High Point of Indiscretion. One Man takes it for an Affront to be Out-witted; Another to be Out-Fool'd, as *Nero* could not Endure to be Out-Fiddled; But in short, be the Matter never so Great, or never so Trivial, 'tis the same Case as to the Envy of the Competition.

F A B. LXXVI.

A Dog in a Manger.

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

The M O R A L.

Envy pretends to No Other Happiness then what it derives from the Misery of Other People, and will rather Eat Nothing it self then not Starve Those that Would.

R E F L E X I O N.

WE have but too many Men in the World of This *Dog's* Humour; that will rather Punish Themselves, then not be Troublesome and Vexatious 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, upon Condition that the rest of the World might do so for Company. Whatsoever their Neighbour Gets, They Lose, and the very Bread that One Eats, makes T'other Meager: which is the Genuine Moral of the Fable. There is in this Malevolence, somewhat of the Punishment, as well as of the Spite of the Damn'd: They take Delight in Other Peoples Miseries, and at the same Time are their Own Tormentors. 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, Supercilious, Ill Natur'd Minister will not sacrifice to This Execrable Passion. No Man should Eat, Live, or Breathe Common Air, if He could hinder it. 'Tis the Business of his Life, and the Delight of his Soul, to Blast all Sorts of Honest Men, and not only to Lessen their Characters, and their Services, but to Range them in the Number of Publique Enemies: And he had Twenty times rather see the Government Sink, then have it thought that any hand but his Own should have a Part in the Honour of Saving it. Now He that betrays his Master for *Envy*, will never fail of doing it for *Money*:
For

For the Gratifying of This Canker'd Malignity is but Another way of felling him; Only the Spite is Antecedent and Subserving to the Corruption: But this *Court-Envy* 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 Spiteful Malignity purely for Mischief-sake. The *Dog* will rather Starve himself than the *Oxe* shall Eat; but the *Courtier* 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* fat Chattering upon the Back of a *Sheep*; Well! Sirrah says the *Sheep*, You durst not ha' done This to a *Dog*. Why I know that, says the *Crow*, as well as You can tell me, for I have the Wit to Consider Whom I have to do withall. I can be as Quiet as any body with Those that are Quarrellsome, and I can be as Troublesome as Another too, when I Meet with Those that will Take it.

The MORAL.

'Tis the Nature and Practice of Drolls and Buffons, to be Insolent toward Those that will bear it, and as Slavish to Others that are more then 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 Buffons. 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 further to keep This Check upon the Insolent, 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 *Mobile*. They are Tongue-Valiant, 'tis True, and as Bold as *Hercules* 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 Guise of the World, *God Threatens Kings*, (as Dr. *Donne* has it) *Kings Lords, as Lords do Us*. He that's a Tyrant over One Man is a Slave to Another.

F A B.

FAB. LXXVIII.

A Camel Praying for Horns.

IT stuck filthily in the *Camel's* Stomach, that *Bulls, Stags, Lions, Bears,* and the like, should be Armed with *Horns, Teeth,* and *Claws,* and that a Creature of his Size should be left Naked and Defenceless. 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 so Ridiculous, that *Jupiter,* instead of *Horning* him, Order'd him to be Cropt, and so Punish him with the loss of his Ears which Nature had Allow'd him, for being so Unreasonable as to Ask for *Horns,* that Providence never intended him.

FAB. 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* Swiftnes of Foot, and the *Hare* for the *Fox's* Craft, and Wylinefs 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 provided so well for Every One in Particular, to Confer All upon any One.

FAB. 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 Plumes. Upon This Subject he Petition'd his Patroness, who gave him for Answer, that Providence had Assign'd Every Bird its Proportion, and so bad him Content himself with his Lot.

The MORAL of the Three Fables above.

The Bounties of Heaven are in such manner Distributed, that Every Living Creature has its Share; beside, that to Desire Things against Nature, is Effectually to Blame the very Author of Nature it self.

REFLEXION.

IN These Three Fables is set forth the Vanity of Unnatural Wishes, and Foolish Prayers; which are not only to be Rejected, but they deserve also to be Punish'd. Providence has made an Equal Distribution of Natural Gifts, whereof each Creature severally has a share; and it is not for This or That Particular to pretend to All: So that Considering the Equality of the Division, No Creature has Cause, either to Boast, or to Complain. We are never Content with the Bounties of Providence. One would have a Voice; T'other Gay Cloaths; and while Every Man would have All, we Charge Providence with Injustice for not giving to Every Man Alike. *Socrates* was in the Right in Saying, That in Case a Man were to go where he should have the Choice before him, of All the Ill Things and All the Good Things in Nature, he would come home again the same Man that he went out.

It is to be Noted, upon the Distribution of the Matter of These Three Fables, that the *Camel* prays for Weapons Offensive, and Defensive, either for the Encount'ring of Dangers, or the Repelling of them. The *Fox* and the *Hare*, for the Means of Avoiding them. And the *Peacock* for a Voice, answerable to his Beauty. And All their Prayers are to No Purpose, but to the Reproche of the Petitioners, and to the Confusion of Vain Desires. What is All This but an Appeal from Heaven to Heaven it self; and Petitioning Providence against Providence, in a Recourse from One Providence to Another? The Determinations and Appointments of Heaven are no more to be Disputed and Controll'd, then they are to be made Better, and Improv'd; And we must not Presume to Judge of the Goodness and Justice of Heaven, by the Frailties and Corruptions of Flesh and Blood. We were not of Council with the Almighty, either in the Making, or in the Regulating of the World, and we have no more Right to Advise him in the Governing of it. The Power, in fine, that Rules in the Nature of Things, is no other then a Divine Influence.

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

To Ask Impossibilities, in fine, is Ridiculous, and to Ask Things Unnatural is Impious; for to take upon us to Blame, or Mend the Works of Providence, is to suppose the Divine Wisdom lyable to Miscarriages and Mistakes. These Mutterings are Foolish also, even to the Degree of Madness it self; for there's no Thought or Possibility of Relief in the Case. Such as we are God has made Us: our Post and our Station is appointed us, and the Decree is not to be Revers'd.

F A B. LXXXI.

An Old Weazle and Mice.

AN Old Weazle that was now almost past Moufing, 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 *Meal-Tub* 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 Experienc'd Stager that had Baffled Twenty Traps and Tricks Before, Discover'd the Plot, and quite Spoyl'd the Jest.

The MORAL.

The Want of Force, Strength, and other Abilities to Compass our Ends, must be Supply'd by Industry and Invention.

R E F L E X I O N.

KNAVES live as Naturally upon Fools, as Spiders do upon Flies, and the Want of Downright Force must be Supply'd by Art. But Time that Discovers the Truth of Things, lays open Frauds too and Double Dealings; and after that Discovery, there's No Passing the same Trick upon the *Mice* and *Rats* here over again. A Body would think now that Reasonable Creatures should at least have the Wit of Vermine, and not run their Necks over and over into the same Noose; But in Despite of Claps and Surfeits, Men we see will be Whoring and Fuddling on still. And the same Bait of Liberty and Property will serve for the Common People *in secula seculorum*, Even after they have been Choak'd, Begger'd, and Poyson'd with it five Hundred times before.

F A B. LXXXII.

An Old Tree Transplanted.

A Certain Farmer had One Choice *Apple-Tree* in his Orchard, that he Valu'd above all the rest, and made his *Landlord* Every Year a Present of the Fruit on't. He lik'd the Apples so very well, that Nothing would serve Him but *Transplanting* the *Tree* into his Own Grounds. It Wither'd presently upon the Removal, and so there was an End of both Fruit and Tree together. The News was no sooner brought to the Landlord, but he brake out into This Reflexion upon it: This comes, says he, of *Transplanting* an Old Tree, to
Gra-

Gratifie an Extravagant Appetite : Whereas if I could have Contented myself 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 Biass, or Inverting the Methods of Providence. Irregular Desires 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 *Unequal Matches* 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.

F A B. LXXXIII.

A Fox and a Goat.

A Fox and a Goat went down by Consent into a Well to Drink, and when they had Quench'd their Thirst, the Goat fell to Hunting up and down which way to get back again. Oh! says Reynard, Never Trouble your Head how to get back, but leave That to Me. Do but You Raise your self upon your Hinder Legs with your Fore-Foot Close to the Wall, and then stretch 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 Bus'ness 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 Jest. If you had but half so much Brain as Beard, says he, you would have bethought your self how to get up again before you went down.

The MORAL.

A Wise Man will Debate Every Thing Pro and Con before he comes to Fix upon any Resolution. He leaves Nothing to Chance more then Needs must. There must be No Bantering out of Season.

R E-

REFLEXION.

IT is Wisdom to Consider the End of Things before we Embarque, and to Forecast Consequences. It is also to be Expected that Men in Distress will look to themselves in the First Place, and leave their Companions to Shift as well as they can. When a Knave, and an Honest Man happen to be Embarqu'd together in the same Common Interest, the Sharper will be sure, if ever it comes to a Pinch, to shift for Himself; and leave T'other in the Lurch. It is the way of the World for Men to Abandon their Benefactors, and to make sport with Those that Rais'd them. This was the Trick, that the *Fox* serv'd the *Goat* here in the *Well*; to shew us that He that Helps Another out at a Plunge, runs the Risque of being left in the Mire himself. No Matter for the Morality of the Thing, so long as it is the Fashion; And that He that Advances himself upon the Ruine of Another gets the Reputation of a Man of Art, and Address. The Facility, in fine, and the Simplicity of the *Goat*, shews us what an Honest Man is to Trust to that keeps a Knave company.

We find in This *Fox*, the Roguery, the Invention, and the Wilyness of the Crafty People we meet with Abroad, and a Lively Image of the Faith, Friendship, Good Nature, and Justice that we are to Expect from them. We cannot therefore keep too strict an Eye upon the Life and Conversation of Those we have to do withall. If they be Men of Fraud, they'll never stick at bringing their Friends and Companions into Dangers, Losses, and Inconveniences; Scoure off themselves, and leave Those that Trust them to pay the Reck'ning. But, in a Word, This Application extends to Men of Trick and Design of All Sorts; let it be in Pleasure, Fortune, Pride, Envy, Vain-Glory, Trade, Law, Marriages, Quarrels, Travels, Ambition, &c. Wherefore it Behoves us to *Look before we Leap*, and in Case of the Worst that can befall us, to secure an After-Game. The Want of this Foresight was the *Goats* Ruine.

FAB. LXXXIV.

Cocks and a Partridge.

A *Cock-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 she lay'd the more to Heart, because it look'd like an Aversion to her purely as a Stranger. But the *Partridge* finding These very *Cocks* afterwards, Cutting one Another to pieces, she comforted her self with This Thought, that she had no Reason to expect they should be Kinder to Her, then they were to One Another.

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.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S NO Peace to be Expected among those that are Naturally Fierce and Quarrellsome. But we are to Distinguish however, betwixt Injuries of Malice, and of Evil Nature, as we do betwixt Violences in Hot Bloud, and Those of Deliberate Spite and Intention; which we find in the Common Cases of *Man'slaughter*, and *Murder*. The Doctrine may be briefly This, that so far as Possible, we are to Avoid Ill Company: but where we are forc'd upon't, there's No Remedy but Patience. The *Cocks* 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 Actions and Adventures in his Travels; and particularly, he told of a Leap he took at *Rhodes*, that No Body there could come within Six Foot on't. Now This (says he) I am able to Prove by several Witnessess upon the Place. If This be True (says one of the Company) there's No Need of going to *Rhodes* for Witnessess: Do but You fancy this to be *Rhodes*, and then shew us the Leap.

The MORAL.

Travellers have a kind of Privilege to Romance it; and to Tell Stories at large. And for Those that Doubt the Truth of the Matter, they had e'en better pass it over then go to Disprove it.

REFLEXION.

'TIS Foolish to Appeal to Witnessess for the Proof of any thing, when 'tis not a Pin 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 Vain Boasters are Naturally Impertinent; for they Talk at Random, without any Regard to Truth and Judgment. There may be a Double Use made
of

of this Fable : First, as a Dissuasive to Those that spend their Time in Idle Insipid Company. Secondly, As a Caution to Those that are Tainted with this Levity, not to make Themselves Ridiculous any longer. Nature has Written Fool upon the Tip of That Man's Tongue that will be always telling Stories with an [*I did This,*] and [*I did 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 *Bantering Droll* that took a Journey to *Delphos*, 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 somewhat in my Hand*, says he, *Is it dead or Living?* If the Oracle should say 'twas Dead, he could shew it Alive; If Living, 'twas but squeezing 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.

Presumption leads People to Infidelity in a Trice, and so by Insensible Degrees to Atheism: for when Men have once cast off a Reverence for Religion, they are come within One Step of Laughing at it.

REFLEXION.

THIS Points at the Folly and Wickedness of Those Men that think to play Fast and Loose with God Almighty, who sees the very Thoughts of our Hearts. This way of Fooling in Holy Things is much a Bolder sort of Impiety, then 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 in Question, Opens the Way to a Diffidence 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 Awe of a Deity in their Practices, as well as in their Words: But when they come to *Querying* and *Riddling* upon't, with an [*If it be so and so;*] The Scandal of the Supposition is not to be Born; for such a way of Seeming to Affirm a Thing, is but one Remove from a Flat Denyal of it. Such was the *Impostors* Question here to the Oracle: which Implies both the Doubt of a *Divine Omniscience*, and a *Curiosity* to Discover the *Truth* of the Matter, with a Banter at the End on't; and so makes a Consummated Wickedness.

FAB.

F A B. LXXXVII.

A Woman and a Fat Hen.

A Good Woman had a Hen that laid her Every Day an Egg. Now she fanc'y'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 quit over Laying.

The MORAL.

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

R E F L E X I O N.

HERE'S a Figure of the Folly, and the Mischief of Vain Desires, and an Immoderate Love of Riches. Covetousness is enough to make the Master of the World as Poor as He that has just Nothing; for a Man may be brought to a Morfel of Bread, by Griping, as well as by Profusion. 'Tis a Madness for a Body that has enough already, to Hazzard All for the Getting of More, and then upon the Miscarriage to leave himself Nothing. This was the Woman's Cafe and Fault here. In Few Words, there's a Just Medium betwixt Eating too much, and too Little; and this Dame had 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 Hens Allowance for her own Profit, Upon an Opinion that more Corn would Produce more Eggs, her Avarice Misdled her into a Disappointment, which was both a Judgment upon the Sin in the Loss of what she had before, and an Error in the very Point of Manage, and Good Huswiv'ry; for Repletion Obstruicts the most Necessary Offices of Nature.

F A B. 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 Bloud of the Wound, and give it the Dog to Eat. Pray hold Your Hand a little (says the Man) unless y'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.

The

The MORAL.

Good Nature is a Great Misfortune, where it is not Manag'd with Prudence. Christian Charity, 'tis true, bids us return Good for Evil; but it does not Oblige us yet to Reward where we should Punish.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS is to Inform us, that Wicked and Ill Natur'd Men are not to be Oblig'd by Kindnesses, Especially when they find they may be the better for Insolence; for at that Rate, he that Rewards Past Affronts, Draws on and Encourages New Ones. There are Churlish Curs in the Moral as well as in the Fable, and we are here taught how to Behave our selves upon the Biting of All Manner of Dogs. Under the Rule and Correction of This Allegory, we may reckon Calumny, Slander, and Detraction in any Form or Figure whatsoever, and all Manner of Affronts and Indignities upon our Good Names, or our Persons. There may be Place in All These Cafes for a Generous Charity to Forgive Offences, even of the Highest Ingratitude and Malice; But it is not Advisable to Reward where Men have the Tenderness not to Punish. This way of Proceeding is Dangerous in All the Affairs Publique, as well as Private, of Humane Life; for 'tis a Temptation to Villany, when a Man fares the Better for Evil Doing. Ill Nature, in fine, is not to be Cur'd with a Sop; but on the contrary, Quarrelsome Men as well as Quarrelsome Curs are worse for fair Usage.

FAB. LXXXIX.

A Hunted Bever.

THE Bever is a kind of an *Amphibious* Creature, but he lives Mostly in the *Water*. His Stones, they say, are Medicinal; and it is principally for Their Sake, he knows that People seek his Life; and therefore when he finds himself Hard Pinch'd, he Bites 'em off, and by leaving Them to his Pursuers, he Saves Himself.

The MORAL.

When a greater Interest is at Stake, 'tis a Warrantable Point of Honour and Discretion, to compound the Hazzard, by parting with the Less; provided, that while we Quit the One, we may Save the Other.

R E F L E X I O N.

WE find this Doctrine and Practice to be Verify'd in *State-Chaces*, as well as in those of the *Woods*; That is to say, where it is made a Crime to be Rich, and where Men are forc'd to lay Violent Hands on Themselves, to be Safe and Quiet; and with the *Bever* here to compound with their *Nutmegs* to save their Lives.

FAB. XC.

A *Thunny* and a *Dolphin*.

A *Thunny* gave Chace 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 Gasp: Well, says he, the Thought of Death is now Easy to me, so long as I see my Enemy go for Company.

FAB. XCI.

Two Enemies at Sea.

T Here 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; so he told him the T'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.

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

REFLEXION.

THERE is some Comfort in Company, even in a State of Adversity. Society is so Necessary and Agreeable to Mankind in All Cases, that Death is Certainly the More Uneasy for a Man's going alone into Another World: But the Consolation Pointed at in This Fable, is That which an Envious Man takes in the Ruine of his Enemy. There is a Memorable Instance to This Purpose, of a Gentleman that had an Estate for Lives, and Two of his Tenants in the Lease: One of them Dyes, and the Other desires his Landlord to lay Both Farms into One, and Accept of him for His Tenant. The Gentleman fairly Excus'd 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 Reveng'd of his Landlord. This was in Harvest Time, and he went out next day to his Reapers, but stay'd so long, that his Wife sent up and down to look after him. To shorten the Story, they found him at last in a Ditch, Vomiting

Vomiting his Heart out. The Man, it seems, had Poyson'd himself, and the Revenge upon his Landlord was the Defeating him of his Estate by Destroying the Last Life in his Lease. In One Word, Revenge stops at Nothing that's Violent and Wicked. It Divides the Dearest Friends; Embroils Governments, and Tears Families to pieces. But to say no more on't, The Histories of All Ages are full of the Tragical Outrages that have been Executed by this Diabolical Passion: beside, that it hardens People into a Brutal Contempt of Death, (as in the Fables above) where they may but see their Enemies fall for Company.

FAB. XCII.

A Fortune-Teller.

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

FAB. XCIII.

A Cunning Woman.

A Certain Dame that 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, she was Taken up, Arraign'd, Try'd, Convicted, Condemned to Dye, 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 Easier then the Judges, that you should be Able to make Them do any Thing for ye, and yet could not Prevail with the Bench for the Saving of your Own Life?

F A B. XCIV.

An Astrologer and a Traveller.

A Certain *Starr-Gazer* had the Fortune, in the very Height of his Celestial Observations, to stumble 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 Starrs go on quietly in their Courses, and do you look Better to the Ditches.

The MORAL of the Three FABLES above.

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

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS serves for a Reproof to the Ignorance and Confidence of *Figure-Flingers, Starr-Gazers*, that pretend to foretell the Fortunes of Kingdoms and States, and yet have no Foresight at all in what concerns Themselves.

The Moral of these Fables strikes upon the Vanity and Arrogance of *Empyricks* and *Impostors Themselves*, and upon the Folly of the Fond *Believers* of them. The Caution holds also against Unlawful Curiosities; Sickly, and Superstitious Fancies and Dreams; Fore-bodings of Ill Luck; as the Crossing of a Hare, the Spilling of Salt, &c. This Humour, let it look never so Little, and Silly, (as it passes many times only for Frolique and Banter) is One yet of the most Pernicious Snares in Humane 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 Plyant as Wax for an Impression, in the Other. Wherefore, of All Things in This World, Care is to be Taken, that they get not a Hankering after These *Juggling Astrologers, Gypsies, Wizzards, Fortune-Tellers, Conjurers, Quacks, Cunning Women, &c.* To say Nothing of the Fooleries of *Fortune-Books*, and a Hundred other Vulgar Wayes 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 Infirmary. If these Pretenders were not better Supported by the Simplicity, and Devotion of the Inquisitive Fools that Consult Those Oracles, then they are by any Congruity of Premisses and Conclusion; or by the Ordinary Way of Tracing Causes into their Effects, the Trade would not find 'em Bread; for there's No Proportion at all betwixt the Means, and the End. Not but that the Things they seem to Predict, come many times to pass; Yet still the nearer the Mark in their Conjectures, the more suspicious is the Profession 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, as are not to be known by any Natural Process of Reasoning; and those Men that will be Prying
by

Forbidden Ways, into the Secret Councils of Almighty God, are Both Justly Punish'd: The One in Telling the Truth, and the Other in Hearing it: for it Hardens the One in his Confidence, and Presumption, and the Other in his Curiosity, and Superstition: Over and above the Feats that are done by Confederacy and Intelligence; for how shall any man pretend to tell Me my Fortune that knows nothing of his Own?

There are *Mountebanks*, and *Smatterers* also in *State* as well as in *Science*; Nay and Perchance, the Vainer, the more Ignorant, and the more Mischievous of the Two; for All These Fables are Moraliz'd in History, Practice, and Conversation; and the Fiction, Match'd, at least, if not Outdone, in matter of Fact. And These Ordinary *Hocusses* 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 Fairest for the Game that was then a Playing. It goes a great Way, when Natural Curiosity, Vulgar Prejudice, and an Artificial Application of Actives to Passives, shall be Assisted with the *Shams* of *Astrological Judgments* and *Calculations* over and above: though with our *Conjurers* here, their Ignorance and Presumption lay them Open in the Conclusion, to the Scorns and Contempt of the Common People.

FAB. XCV.

A Doctor and his Patient.

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

The MORAL.

A Death-bed Flattery is the worst of Treacheries.

REFLEXION.

THIS gives us to Understand the Practice of the World, and that Flattery and Time-serving Enters into the most Solemn Offices of Mankind. To Flatter 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 Happy State, when they are Over-run with Passion, and Drown'd in their Lusts. 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 Preserv'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 Topique, to Consider, that Kingdoms and Common-Wealths have their Distempers, Intermissions, and Paroxisms, as well as Natural Bodies. And that a Glavering Council is as Dangerous on the One hand, as a Wheedling Priest, or a Flattering Physician is on the Other. There is hardly such Another Pest in a Community, as a Consort of Parasites, that feed Governours with False Representations and Reports of Men and of Things. They First Betray their Masters to Dishonour and Ruine; and then when they find the Vessel Sinking, save themselves in the Long Boat. *So much the Better*, quoth the *Doctor*: *Ay, Ay*, (says the *Emperical Statesman*) *That's as we'd have it*. When at the same time the Distemper 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.

AS 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 so the *Bird-man* drew out of Sight. The *Black-Bird* Mistrusting Nothing, flew presently 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 Sham so Gross, but it will pass upon a Weak Man that is Pragmatical, and Inquisitive.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to Intimate, that where Rulers lay Snares, deal Falſly, and Exerciſe Cruelty, All goes to Wrack both Publique and Private. All Frauds are Cover'd and Gilded over with Specious Pretences, and Men are Every jot as Eaſily Impos'd upon, as Birds, Beaſts or Fiſhes; while the Eagerneſs of our Appetites Suspendſ the Exerciſe of our Reaſon. A Treat, a Woman, or a Bottle, is the ſame Thing to Us, that a Worm, a Gudgeon, a Grain of Corn, or a piece of Fleſh is to Thoſe Animals. We Snap at the Bait without ever Dreaming of the Hook, the Trap, or the Snare that goes Along with it. Now what's the Difference betwixt *Æſop's* Pretext here for the *Building* of a City, and the Cheats that we have heard of, for the *Saving* of a City. The Deſign was Deſtruction in Both, and that was the Event on't too. Religion, Liberty and Property were the Bait: Nay the very Sound of the Words did the Buſ'neſs. The Common People will Chop like Trouts at an Artificial Fly, and Dare like Larks under the Awe of a Painted Hobby. 'Tis with Men juſt as it is with Birds and Fiſhes, There's not a Mortal of us, that will not Bite at ſome Bait or other, and we are caught as Silly too, as the *Bird* was here in the *Net*.

FAB. XCVII.

Mercury and a Traveller.

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

The MORAL.

Men Talk as if they Believ'd in God, but they Live as if they thought there were None; for their very Prayers are Mockeries, and their Vows and Promiſes are no more then Words of Courſe, which they never Intended to make Good.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to Reprehend the False and Covetous Humour of Those that for Money and Profit, will not Stick at putting Shams even upon God Himself; Prophaning his Altars, and Ridiculing his very Omniscience and Power. Here's the Wickedness of a Libertine Naturally enough set forth, only the Punishment is Wanting that should have Completed the Moral. What Opinion have These Religious Banterers, of the Divine Power, and Justice? Or what have they to say for themselves in this Audacious Habit of Mockery and Contempt; but that *they Believe in their Hearts that there is No God?* Not but that more or less, we are all Jugglers in Secret betwixt Heaven, and our Own Souls; Only to Cover and Meditate Abuses under the Masque and Pretence of Conscience, and Religion; and make God Almighty Privy to a Thousand False and Cozening Contrivances, that we keep as the Greatest Privacies in the World, from the Knowledge of our Neighbours. Nay, when we are Most in Earnest, our Vows and Promises are more then Half Broken in the very making of them; and if we can but secure our Selves a Retreat, by some Cleanly Evasion, Distinction or Mental Reservation, it serves our Purpose e'en as Well as if it were a Casuistical Resolution. In One Word we find the Moral of *Mercury* and the *Traveller* in the very Secrets of our Hearts, betwixt Heaven, and our own Souls.

FAB. XCVIII.

A Boy and his Mother.

A *School-Boy* brought his *Mother* a Book that he had Stoll'n from One of his Fellows. She was so far from Correcting him for't, that she rather Encourag'd him. As he grew Bigger, he would be still keeping his hand in Use with somewhat of Greater Value, till he came at last to be Taken in the Manner, and brought to Justice for't. His *Mother* went along with him to the Place of Execution, Where he got leave of the Officers, to have a Word or Two in Private with her. He put his Mouth to her Ear, and under Pretext of a Whisfer, Bit it Clear off. This Impious Unnatural Villany turn'd Every Body's Heart against him More and More. [Well Good People (says 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 but 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*.]

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

WICKED Dispositions should be Check'd betimes; for when they come once to Habits, they grow Incurable. More People go to the Gibbet for want of Timely Instruction, Discipline, and Correction, than upon any Incurable Pravity of Nature; And it is mightily the Fault of Parents, Guardians, Tutors and Governours, that so many men Miscarry. They suffer 'em at first to *Run-a-head*, and when Perverse Inclinations are Advanc'd once into Habits, there's No Dealing with 'em. It may seem somewhat a Hard Case for the Greater Thieves to Punish the Less, and to see Publique Purloyners and Oppressors fit in Triumph upon the Lives of the Little Ones that go to the Gallows: For the Tye of Morality is the same upon Both; and they Stand Both Accountable to the Same Master. But Time, Power, and Corruption, give a Reputation to the Worst of Practices, and it is no longer Oppression when it comes Gilded with the Name of Authority. This Unequal and Unreasonable Judgment of Things, brings many a Great Man to the Stool of Repentance; for when he has Swallow'd more than he can Digest, it sticks upon his Conscience, and will neither Up, nor Down. Now in the Sight of Heaven, the Greater the Temptation, the Less is the Sin; and yet in the Vogue of the World, it passes for an Exploit of Honour, for Kings and States to run away with Whole Countries that they have no Colour, or Pretence to; when many a poor Devil stands Condemn'd to a Halter, or a Whipping-Post, for the Pilfering of a Silver-Spoon perhaps, or the Robbing of a Hen-Rooft: Though the Former, all this While, has No Better Title to what he takes than the Latter; and yet to see what a deal of Fulsome Flattery, and Pannegyrick we have upon the Glorious Atchievements of the One; and only some *Smithfield Ballad* perchance, or a *Sabbath-Breaking Speech*, or *Confession*, to Embalm the Memory of the Other. To be Short and Plain; the Offence before God, is at least as Great in a Prince, as in a Begger, and the Morality of a Careful Education holds alike in both. 'Twas the *Mother's* sparing the Rod at first, that brought the *Child* at the Long Run to the Halter.

FAB. XCIX.

A Shepherd turn'd Merchant.

A Countryman was Feeding his *Flock* by the Sea-side, and it was so Delicate a Fine Day, that the Smoothness of the Water Tempted him to leave his *Shepherd's* Business, and set up for a *Merchant*. So that in All Hast, he puts off his Stock; Buys

a Bargain of Figs; gets his Freight aboard, and away pretently 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 Miscarriage, our New *Merchant-Adventurer* betook 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 ha' some more Figs with a Vengeance, Would ye?*

THE MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

AFFLICTION makes People Honest and Wise. Every Man Living has his Weak Side, and no Mortal was ever yet so much at Ease, but his Shoe Wrung him some where or Other, or he Fancy'd so at least, and Then it did so. The *Shepherd* would needs be a *Merchant*; and the *Merchant*, if he had succeeded, would still have been Hankering after something else. His Levity was a Fault, and his Miscarriage was a Judgment upon him for't. The saving 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 Convince him of His Error, and to shew him, that he was well at First, if he would have kept so. He was in a State of Ease, Peace, Innocence, and Safety: And he that will Sacrifice all Those Blessings to a Restless Appetite, deserves to be Miserable. Our *Shepherd's* Case, in short here, is every Man's Case that Quits a Moral Certainty for an Uncertainty, and Leaps from the Honest Bus'ness he was brought up to, into a Trade he has no Skill in.

FAB. C.

An Old Man and a Lion.

A Person 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 Chace. This Fancy ran in the Father's Head, to that Degree, that he Built his Son a House of Pleasure, on purpose to keep him out of Harms Way; and spar'd neither Art nor Cost to make it a Delicious Retreat. This House,

Houfe, in fhort, was to be the Young Man's Prifon, and the Father made himfelf his Keeper. There were a World of Paintings Every where up and down, and among the Reft, there was the Picture of a *Lion*; which ftirred the Blood of the Young Man for the Dream fake, and to think that he fhould now be a Slave for the Fancy of fuch a Beaft. In this Indignation he made a Blow at the Picture; but Striking his Fift upon the Point of a Nail in the Wall, His Hand Cancerated; he fell into a Fever, and foon 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 Strefs upon a Dream; for fome Dreams are Monitory, as Others are only Complexional; but upon the Main, the Lefs we Heed them the Better; for when that Freak has once taken Poffeffion of a Fantaftical Head, the Diftemper is Incurable.

REFLEXION.

'TIS to no Purpofe to think of Preventing, or Diverting Fatalities: Efpecially where the Event looks like the Punifhment of a Superftition: as it fares with Thofe that Govern their Lives by Forebodings and Dreams: or the Signs of Ill Luck, as we ufe to fay: They are ftill Anxious and Uneafie: History is full of Examples to Illuftrate the Doctrin of This Fable. The *Father* was to blame for laying fo much Strefs upon a Foolifh *Dream*, and the Son was Little lefs to Blame, for being fo much Transported at the Impreffion of that Fancy upon the *Father*: But they were Both Juftly Punifhed however, The One for his Paffion, and the Other for his Superftition.

FAB. CI.

A Fox that loft his Tail.

There was a *Fox* taken in a Trap, that was glad to Compound for his Neck by leaving his *Tail* behind him. It was fo Uncouth a Sight, for a *Fox* to appear without a *Tail*, that the very Thought on't made him e'en Weary of his Life; for 'twas a Lofs 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 Affiftants*, where he himfelf appear'd and made a Learned Difcourfe upon the
 Trouble

Trouble, the Uselessness, and the Indecency of *Foxes* Wearing *Tails*. He had no sooner say'd out his Say, but up rises a Cunning Snap, then at the Board, who desir'd to be Inform'd whether the Worthy Member that Mov'd against the Wearing of *Tails*, gave his Advice for the Advantage of those that *Had Tails*, or to Palliate the Deformity and Disgrace of Those that had *None*.

THE MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

'TIS the way of the World to give Other People Council for their Own Ends. Paradoxing is of Great Use and Service in many Encounters and Accidents 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 Pleasure 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 Over-rule 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 Best he can. In case of the Worst, it is some sort of Ease to have Company in our Misfortunes. It puts a Body out of Countenance to be in a Fashion by Himself, and therefore the *Fox* did well to Try if he could bring his Fellow *Foxes* to put themselves into His Mode. When we have Carry'd a Point as far as it will go, and can make no more on't, 'tis a Stroke of Art and Philosophy, to look as if we did not so much as Wish for a Thing that is not to be Had. Every Man's Present Condition has somewhat to be Said for't: If it be Uneasy, 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 Forfeited his Honour and his Conscience, seems to be much in the Condition of the *Fox* here that had lost his *Tail*, and takes as much pains too, to persuade All his Companions to follow his Fashion. 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 *Woodmen*, and that it is the Case of many a *Lawyer* and *Divine*, when they come once to be Hamper'd, to rub off as well as they can, though they Leave their *Consciences* behind them, as the *Fox* did his *Tail*, and then *Preach up the Blessed Doctrine and Convenience of No Consciences, as well as No Tails*.

F A B. CII.

A Fox and a Bramble.

A Fox that was close Pursu'd, took a Hedge. The Bushes gave way, and in Catching hold of a *Bramble* to break his Fall, the Prickles ran into his Feet. Upon This, He laid 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 Mischief.

The MORAL.

There are some Malicious Natures that Place all their Delight in doing Ill Turns, and That Man is hard put to't, that is first brought into a Distress, and then forc'd to Fly to such People for Relief.

R E F L E X I O N .

'Tis Great Folly to Fly for Protection to People that Naturally Delight in Mischief. The *Fox* blames the *Bramble* here, but he may Thank Himself. They that make themselves the Common Enemies of Mankind, by Breaking All the Measures 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 soever they go, Divine Justice either Meets them, or Pursues them. The *Foxes* Charging his Misfortune here upon the *Bramble*, is the very Case 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 Consequently was not to Blame.

F A B. CIII.

A Fox and a Crocodile.

There happen'd a Contest betwixt a *Fox* and a *Crocodile*, upon the Point of Blood and Extraction. The *Crocodile* Amplify'd Wonderfully upon his Family, for the Credit of his Ancestors. Friend (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

The MORAL.

Great Boasters and Lyars have the Fortune still some way or other to Disprove themselves.

REFLEXION.

THERE are some Falsties so Bold and Notorious, that they carry their Contradictions in the very Reason and Presumption 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 thither 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 Out steals the Fox, without One Word speaking. Why how now, says the Man, Han't ye the Manners to take leave of your Host before you go? Yes, yes, says the Fox; if you had been as Honest of your Fingers, as you were of your Tongue, I should not have gone without bidding ye Farewell.

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

THERE'S No Trusting of Those that Say One Thing, and Do Another, Especially if they follow Fair Words with Foul Deeds. Here's a Case of Honour, and of Conscience, Both in One, upon the Matter of Hospitality, and of Trust. The Laws of Hospitality are Sacred on the One Side, and so are the Duties we Owe to our Country on the Other. If we Consider the Trust, Faith must not be Broken; If the Common Enemy, his Council is not to be kept. The *Woodman* did as good as Tacitely promise the Fox a Sanctuary; but not being *Sui Juris*, he promis'd more than he could War-

rantably

rantly 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 Preserve him. The *Fox* begg'd for Protection, which he had No Reason to Expect. First it was upon Force, and Necessity, not Choice. Secondly, It was at his own Peril, without any Conditions for his own Security. Thirdly, He Committed himself to the Mercy of a Man that was bound to Kill 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 Rest be as it will, there's no Excuse for the *Woodman's Double Dealing*.

FAB. CV.

A Man and a Wooden God.

A Man that had a Great Veneration for an *Image* he had in his House, found that the More he Pray'd to'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 so Little Purpose, that at last he Dasht 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 Perverse and Insensible Deity, that will do More for Blows then for Worship.

THE MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable runs better in the Humour, then it does in the Moral. It lays before us the Unprofitable Vanity of False Worship, and gives us to Understand, that the more zealous we are in a Wrong Way, the Worse. An Idol is an Abomination in the sight both of God, and of Good Men; and yet we are so to Govern our Selves, even in the Transports of That Abhorrence, as still to preserve a Reverence for Religion it self, in the very Indignation we Express for the Corruption of it. So that the License of this Buffoon went a little too far perhaps, for there must be No Playing with Things Sacred, nor Jestng, as we say 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 a Conditional Devotion for Men to be Religious no longer then they can Save, or Get by't. *Put forth thy Hand now* (says the Devil to the Almighty in the Case of

of Job) and Touch All that he bath, and he will Curse thee to thy Face. This Good Man Lost All, and for an Example of Patience and Renunciation to Future Ages. The Lord gave (says he) and the Lord hath Taken away, Blessed be the Name of the Lord. Here was No Dashing of the Two Tables one against the Other, for an Office, or an Egg at Easter, as the Fellow serv'd his Idol here. The Whole Sum of the Moral is in short, Comprized in the Old Saying: *He that serves God for Money, will serve the Devil for Better Wages.*

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 Kitchen he went, to see what Good Cheer was toward: But as he was there, Wagging his Tail, and Licking his Lips, at the thought of what a Meal he was like to make on't, the Roguy Cook got Slyly behind him, and Spoil'd the Jest. He took him up by the Tail at Unawares, and after a Turn or Two in the Air, flung him out of the Window. So soon as ever the Poor Devil had Recover'd the Squelch, away he Scampers, Bawling like Mad, with I know not how many Prick-Ear'd Curs at the Heels of him, to know how he lik'd his Welcome. Why truly, says he, they have given me as much Drink as my Skin will hold; and it has made me so Light-Headed, I could not find the Right Way out of the House again.

THE MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

IT looks well among Friends, when Masters and Servants are all of a piece. The Dog invites his Guest, and the Cook throws him out of the Window, and in so doing, the Man shew'd himself the Arranter Cur of the Two; for it was against Hospitality and Good Manners so to do. There is a Duty of Tenderneſs and Good Nature, even towards Those Animals: But when it came to the Worst at last, the Dog had the Wit, we see, to make the Best of a Bad Game. Though 'twas an unmannerly, and an Ill-Natur'd Frolick of the Cook all this while; for the Ill Usage of a Servant is some sort of Affront to his Master.

FAB. CVII.

An Eagle and a Man.

A Man took an *Eagle*, Pelted her Wings, and put her among his *Hens*. Somebody came and bought This and presently New Feather'd her. She made a Flight at a *Hare*, Trufs'd it, and brought it to her Benefactor. A *Fox* perceiving this, came and gave the Man a piece of Good Counsel. Have a care, says *Reynard*, of putting too much Confidence in This *Eagle*; for she'll go near, one time or other else, to take You for a *Hare*. Upon this Advice, the Man Plum'd the *Eagle* once again.

The MORAL.

Persons and Humours may be Jumbled and Disguis'd, but Nature is like Quicksilver, that will never be Kill'd.

REFLEXION.

BIRDS of Prey will be Birds of Prey still, at what Rate soever you Treat 'em. So that there's no Trusting of them: For when they have no longer a Power to do Mischief, the Will yet Remains. Here's a Forc'd Moral for a Forc'd Fable: For the Fancy of it is against Nature, and the Fiction does not consist with it self. Now to My Thinking This Application of it lies the Fairer of the Two, *i.e.* That the Gratitude of the *Eagle*, in bringing the *Hare* to her Master, may serve to shew us, that the Wildest and Fiercest of Creatures may be Sweetn'd, and Reclaim'd by Benefits.

FAB. CVIII.

A Father and his Sons.

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

to be found there; but the Profit of the Next Vintage Expounded the Riddle.

THE MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

THERE'S NO Wealth like That which comes by the Blessing of God upon Honest Labour and Warrantable Industry. Here's an Incitement to an Industrious Course of Life, by a Consideration of the Profit, the Innocence and the Virtue of such an Application. There is one Great Comfort in Hand, beside the Hope and Assurance of more to come. The very Exercise procures us Health, and 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 Benedictions of Another World, that shall be superadded to the Advantages of This. *Æsop* very well understood, that Naked Lessons and Precepts, have Nothing the Force that Images and Parables have, upon our Minds and Affections: Beside, that the very Study to Unriddled 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 Insinuated by a kind of Bias and Surprise. 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 Treble 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 *Filial Obedience*.

FAB. CIX.

A Fisherman and his Pipe.

A *Fisherman* that understood *Piping* better then *Netting*, set himself down upon the Side of a River, and Touch'd his *Flute*, but not a Fish came near him. Upon This, he laid down his *Pipe* and Cast his *Net*, which brought him up a very Great Draught. The *Fish* fell a Frisking in the Net, and the *Fisherman* observing it, What Sotts are These (says 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 Business he understands, and was brought up to, without making One Profession Interfere with Another.

REFLEXION.

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

FAB. CX.

A Fisherman's Good Luck.

A Fisherman had been a Long while at work without Catching any thing, and so in Great Trouble and Despair, he resolv'd to take up his Tackle and be gone : But in That very Instant a Great Fish Leapt into the Boat, and by Providence made a Tolerable Day on't.

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

THAT which we commonly call *Good Fortune*, is properly, *Providence*, and when Matters succeed Better with us by Accident, then we could pretend to, by Skill ; We ought to Ascribe it to the Divine Goodness, as a Blessing upon Industry. It is Every man's Duty to Labour in his Calling, and not to Despond, for any Miscarriages or Disappointments, that were not in his own power to Prevent. Faith, Hope, and Patience, Overcome All things, and Virtue can never fail of a Reward in the Conclusion. What was it but This Constancy and Resignation, that kept the Hearts of the Poor Cavaliers from Breaking, in the Tedious Interval of that Bloody Revolution from Forty to Sixty ; 'till at last, the Banish'd, and Persecuted Son of a Royal Martyr, was in God's Good time brought back again and Plac'd upon the Throne of his Ancestors, which Crown'd the Sufferings of All his Loyal Subjects. The Fisherman's waiting in his Calling, bids us Persevere in our Duties, and the Lucky Hit he had in the Conclusion, tells us that Honest Endeavours will not fail of a Reward.

FAB. CXI.

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 Thousand Oxen

Oxen ready down upon the Nail, to either *Apollo*, or *Æsculapius*, which of the Two would deliver him from This Disease. 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 talk'ſt like a Fool. Have the Gods Nothing elſe to do, doſt think, than to leave their Buſ'neſs, and come down to Sue me in an Action of Debt? They Reſtor'd him however for that Bout, to make Tryal of his Honesty and Good Faith. He was no ſooner up, but for want of Living Oxen, he made out his Number upon Paſte, and Offer'd them up in Form upon an Altar. For this Mockery, Divine Vengeance purſu'd him, and he had an Apparition come 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 Groats.

The MORAL.

The Dev'll was Sick, the Dev'll a Monk would be;
The Dev'll was Well, the Dev'll 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 Groſs, 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 Anothers Help; how do they Beg, Vow, Promise, Sollicite, 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 Extream to Another, are Unnatural Motions in the Courſe of our Lives and Humours. Here's firſt a Raſh and a Knaviſh Promise; for the Promiſer 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 Paſte for Fleſh: 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 Caſe of Every Soul of us in the Making and the Breaking of our Vows.

FAB. CXII.

Fishermen Disappointed.

SOME *Fishermen* that had been out a whole Day with a Drag-Net, and Caught Nothing, had a Draught toward the Evening, that came home very heavy, which put 'em in hope of a Sturgeon at least, but upon bringing the Net ashore, it prov'd to be Only One Great Stone, and a few Little Fishes. Upon this Disappointment they were Down in the Mouth again; but says One of the Company that was a Little Graver then the Rest, You are to Consider, my Masters, that Joy and Sorrow are Two Sisters that follow One Another by Turns.

The MORAL.

All Our Purchases in This World are but the Catching of a Tartar, as we say, but it is some Comfort yet to Consider, that when Things are at the Worst they'll Mend.

REFLEXION.

HOPES and Disappointments are the Lot and Entertainment of Humane Life; The One serves to keep us from Presumption, the other from Despair. This Fable bids us wait the Seasons of Divine Providence, with Patience and Perseverance, in the Duties of our Calling: What Difficulties, and Temporary Discouragements soever we may Encounter in the Way; but as we are not to Despond 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 Strefs upon the Event of Things, at Best, then the Matter will bear: That is to say, we are to Compute, that upon Ballancing the Account, the Profit at last, will hardly Countervail the Inconveniences that go along with it.

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

FAB. CXIII.

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 cast it
Down,

Down, and call'd upon *Death* to Deliver him from a more Miserable Life. *Death* came presently at his Call, and Ask'd 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.

REFLEXION.

'TIS Matter of Custom, and in Passion, rather than in Earnest, that Men in Pain and Misery are so ready to call for *Death*: For when he comes, they wish him away again. It may be 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 he give for his *Life*. We are apt to Pick Quarrels with the World for Every Little Foolery. Every Trivial Cross makes us think we are Weary of the World; but our Tongues run quite to Another Tune when we come once to parting with it in Earnest. Then, 'tis Call the *Doctor*, *Pothecary*, *Surgeon*; *Purge*, *Flux*, *Launce*, *Burn*, *Saw*: 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.

FAB. CXIV.

A Doctor and Patient with Sore Eyes.

A *Physician* Undertakes a Woman with Sore Eyes, upon the Terms of *No Cure No Money*. His Way was to Dawb 'em quite up with Oyntments, and while she was in that Pickle, to carry off a Spoon or a Porringer, or Somewhat or Other, at the End of his Visit. The Woman's Eyes Mended, and still as she came More and More to her self again, there was Every Day less and less left in the House to be seen. The *Doctor* came to her at last, and told her; *Mistress*, says he, I have Discharg'd 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 Minute you Undertook me; for I could see Plate, Hangings, Paintings, and Other Goods of Value about my House, 'till You had the Ordering of me; but I am now brought to such a Pass, that I can see nothing at all.

The

The MORAL.

There are Few Good Offices done for Other People, which the Benefactor does not hope to be the Better for Himself.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fancy is Half Knavery, Half Humour, and the Doctor's Part in't is no more then according to the Common Practice of the World, in Law, as well as in Physick, when People make the Remedy Worse then the Disease; as when a Man spends the Fee Simple of an Estate in a Contest for the Title. The Barber that Pick'd the Gentleman's Pocket while he was Washing of his Face, Wrote after this Copy. The Moral holds forth This Matter of Advice to us, not to Contract any Obligations Rashly; for Good Offices in course are rather Baits, and Snares, then Benefits; and there are some Certain People, that a Sober Man would not Venture the being Beholden to. The Poor Woman here, had her Jest for her Household-Stuff; and the Vain Satisfaction of paying her Physician with a Conceit for his Money. It Minds me of the Orator that was to Teach a Young Man Rhetorick, on Condition of Double Pay upon the Perfecting of him in his Profession, and not a Penny before; The Master follow'd his Scholar Close, and came to him at last for his Money, according to the Bargain; The Young Fellow begg'd him over and over to Forbear it a while, but could not Prevail. He told him Then, that there was nothing Due to him; for if Rhetorick be (as you say) the Art or Power of Persuasion; and if I cannot prevail with you to forbear your Money, I am not Master of my Trade yet. This was the Woman's Way of Reasoning with the Physician. The Doctor would have his Money for the Curing of her Eyes, and the Woman shuffl'd it off that she was not Cur'd, for she could see nothing at all, which was One Fallacy upon Another.

F A B. CXV.

A Cat and Mice.

There was a House mightily troubl'd 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 Cieling; for they found that upon the Plain Floor there was No Living for 'em. This spoil'd *Puss's* Sport, unless she could find a way to Trepan them Down again. So she Leapt 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 then the rest Stretch'd out his Neck to learn the Truth of the Matter, and so soon as ever he found how

how 'twas. Ah, says he, You may Hang there till Your Heart Akes ; 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 Shew, or Pretence Whatsoever ; for he forfeits his Discretion, even though he should happen to Save his Carcass, and his Fortune.

REFLEXION.

WHAT we cannot Compas by Force, must be brought about by Invention, and Address, but then on the Other hand, in All Cases of Hazzard, Things would be well Weigh'd and Examin'd before we Trust. This Fable is the Fiction of a Case not Altogether Incredible. 'Tis a Common Thing for an Old Jade to Counterfeit Lamè, for fear of Hard Riding : For a Duck to run Flapping and Fluttering away, as if she were Maim'd, to carry People from her Young : as there's a Story of a *Fox* that was Hard Hunted, and Hung himself up by the Teeth in a Warren among the Vermin to put the Dogs to a Loss. Without any more Words, Twenty Instances might be given to shew how near That which we call Impulse, or Instinct, comes to Reason : For the *Cats Policy* was no Other in truth, then That we call *Sleeping Dog-Sleep* : And there was the very same Fore-thought, and Design in't too, which in a Construction of Law and Equity passës for *Malice Prepensè*.

FAB. CXVI.

An *Ape* and a *Fox*.

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

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

THE MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

RASHNESS, and Want of Consideration, is ever Unfortunate. Men should not take a Charge upon them that they are not Fit for; as if Singing, Dancing, and Shewing of Tricks, were Qualifications for a Governor. *Baudoin* says, that this Fable, shews not only the Envy and Malignity of the *Fox*; but the Imprudence of the Electors in the Choice of Ministers and Officers, that are not made for Bus'ness. Here's first an *Ape* made a King, for shewing Tricks, and making Fools Faces: And the *Fox* is then to put a Slur upon him, in Exposing 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 Best and the Worst of Governments under the Dignity of the One, and the Indignity of the Other. It sets forth the Case and Unhappiness of *Elective Kingdoms*, where Canvassing and Faction has commonly too great a hand in the Election. Nor is there any Wonder, to see Drolls 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, passes 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 depart also from the Veneration that's due to't; and when the Main Ends of it shall come to be Disappointed. For every *Jack-Pudding* with *Æsop's Fox* here, will be Ridiculing Palpable Weaknesses, and Exposing those (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 shoot his Bolt at! When *Apes* are in Power, there will never want *Foxes* to Play upon them.

FAB. CXVII.

A Smith and his Dog.

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

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

THAT which Men do by Reason, Beasts do by Instinct. There's No Living without Food and Rest; and Nature appoints 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 Hour in's Head, and when the Time comes, he needs neither Clock nor Cock to call him. Custom puts Nature into a Method of Expecting, and Attending all the Offices of Life at such and such Certain Hours and Seasons, as we are us'd to: And there needed no more than This, to make the *Master's Dining Time*, the *Dog's Waking Time*.

FAB. CXVIII.

A Boasting Mule.

T Here was a *Favourite Mule*, that was High Fed, and in the Pride of Flesh and Mettle, would still be Bragging of his Family, and his Ancestors. My Father (says he) was a Courser, and though I say it that should not say't, I my self take after him. He had no sooner spoke the Words, but he was put to the Tryal of his Heels, and did not only shew himself a Jade; but in the very Heat of his Ostentation, 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

The MORAL.

A Bragging Fool that's Rais'd out of a Dunghill, and sets up for a Man of Quality, is Ashamed of Nothing in This World but of his Own Father.

REFLEXION.

THIS touches the Case of Those Mean Upstarts, that when they come once to be preferr'd, forget their Fathers, and have not the Wit to Consider, how soon Fortune may set them Down again where she took 'em up; but yet at last, when they come to be minded of their Original, it makes many a Proud Fool sensible of a Scandalous Extraction, that has no Shame at all for a Scandalous Life.

'Tis hardly safe to Descant upon a *Boasting Mule*, in a *Fable*, when there are so many of his Brethren in the World, that will Take it to Themselves. Nay, and Over and Above the Self-conceited Vanity of These Brutes, there are none so forward neither, to Bespatter Men of Blood and Quality, as those that have most Reason to be Asham'd of their Descent. This Pride of Pedigree is Easily run down, if there be not Power Joyn'd to the Ostentation: But where there is Authority given to the Folly, as well as to the Fool, the Indignation that it raises makes the Insolence Insupportable. Nothing Dash'd the Confidence of the Mule like the Braying of the Ass in the very Interim, while he was Dilating upon his Genealogy. As who should say, *Remember your Father, Sirrah*. This comes to the Case of a *Spaniard*, that was Wonderfully upon the Huff about his Extraction, 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 Controversy, very Civilly yielded him the Point; for (says he) I have Examин'd the Records of a certain House of Correction, and I find your Grandfather was Whipt there by That Name. We have in fine a World of *Boasting Mules* among us, that don't care for being Minded of their *Braying Fathers*: But 'tis the Fate of These Vain-Glorious Fops to be Thus Met withal, and your Counterfeit Men of Honor seldom Come off better; Wherefore let every Man look well about him before he boasts of his Pedigree, to make sure that there be not an *Ass* in the Family.

F A B. CXIX.

A Dog and a Wolf.

A *Wolf* took a *Dog* napping at his Master's Door, and when he was Just about to Worry him, the 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 Chear. Pray have but Patience till Then, and when I'm in a Little Better Case, I'll throw my self

self in the very Mouth of ye. The *Wolf* took his Word, and so let him go; but passing some Few Days after by the same House again, he spy'd the *Dog* in the *Hall*, and bad him Remember his Promise. Hark ye, my Friend, says the *Dog*; Whenever you Catch me Asleep again, on the Wrong side of the Door, never Trouble your Head to Wait for a Wedding.

THE MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

'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-sollicitous. Past Dangers make us Wiser for the Future; As the *Dog*, after he had been snapt 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-Case of Conscience*, and the *Wolf* play'd the Fool in Taking his Word, for That which he was not obliged to Perform.

FAB. CXX.

A *Lyon* and a *Bull*.

IN the Days of Yore, when *Bulls* liv'd upon *Mutton*, there was a *Lyon* had a Design upon a Mighty *Bull*, and gave him a very Civil Invitation to come and Sup with him; for, says he, I have gotten a *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 scowr'd Immediately. The *Lyon* presently call'd after him, and Ask'd him, *Whither in 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 both an Interest and an Inclination to Betray us, there's No Trusting him..

REFLEXION.

THERE'S No Trusting to the Fair Words and Countenances of Bloody Men: He's sure to be Ruin'd that lays himself at the Mercy of those that Live upon the Spoil. Their very Complements are Snares; as the *Lyon's* Invitation of the *Bull* to Sup with him, was but the Cover of a Design he had to Sup upon the *Bull* himself.

FAB. CXXI.

A *Lyon* in Love.

A *Lyon* in Love with a Country Lass, and desir'd her Father's Consent to have her in Marriage. The Answer he gave was Churlish enough. He'd never Agree to't he said, upon any Terms, to marry his Daughter to a Beast. The *Lyon* gave him a Sour Look upon't, which brought the Bumkin, upon Second Thoughts, to strike up a Bargain with him, upon these Conditions: that his Teeth should be Drawn, and his Nails Par'd; for Those were Things, he said, that the Foolish Girl was Terribly afraid of. The *Lyon* sends for a Surgeon immediately to do the Work; (as what will not Love make a Body do?) And so soon as ever the Operation was Over, he goes and Challenges the Father upon his Promise. The Countryman seeing the *Lyon* Disarm'd, Pluck'd up a Good Heart, and with a Swinging Cudgel so order'd the Matter, that he brake off the Match.

The MORAL.

An Extravagant Love, consults neither Life, Fortune, nor Reputation, but Sacrifices All that can be Dear to a Man of Sense and Honour, to the Transports of an Inconsiderate Passion.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable will look well enough in the Moral, how Fantastical soever it may appear at first Blush, in the Lines and Traces of it. Here's a *Beast* in Love with a *Virgin*; which is but a Reverse of the Preposterous Passions we meet with Frequently in the World, when Reasonable Creatures of Both Sexes fall in love with Those, that in the Allusion may (almoit without a Figure) pass for Beasts. There's Nothing so Fierce, or so Savage, but Love will Soften it; Nothing so Generous, but it will Debauch it; Nothing so sharp-sighted in Other Matters, but it throws a Mist before the Eyes on't. It puts the Philosopher beside his *Latin*; and to sum up All in a Little, where This Passion Domineers, neither Honour, nor Virtue,

tue, is able to stand before it. The *Lyons* parting with his *Teeth*, and his *Clawes*, in a Complement to his New Mistress, is no more then what we see Every Day Exemplify'd in the Case of making over Estates and Joyn-tures, with the Malice Prepenſe all this While of holding their Noses to the Grindstone, and with the Girls Father here, of Jilting them at last.

FAB. CXXII.

A *Lyoness* and a *Fox*.

A Numerous Issue passes in the World for a Blessing; and This Consideration made a *Fox* cast it in the Teeth of a *Lyoness*, that she brought forth but One Whelp at a time. Very Right, says the Other, but then That *One* is a *Lyon*.

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

THERE are more Fools in the World then Wise Men, and more Knaves then Honest Men; so that it is not Number, but Excellency, that enhances the Value of Any thing. The most copious Writers are commonly the Arrantest Scriblers; and in so much Talking, the Tongue is apt to run before the Wit: *In Many Words there is Folly, but a Word in Season is like Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver*: Says the Oracle of Truth it self. 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 then so much *Babbling*; and that they have more in them of Hypocrisy and Ostentation, then 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: Paus'd upon Every Days Work, Consider'd of it, Review'd it, and Pronounc'd it *Good*, and so 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 a Huddle, and Human Prudence should Govern it self by the same Measures. A Plurality of Voices, 'tis true, carries the Question in all our Debates, but rather as an Expedient for Peace, then an Eviction of the Right; for there are Millions of Errors to one Reason, and Truth; And a *Point* is not so Easy to be Hit: In a Word, the Old Saying is a shrewd One; that *Wise Men Propose, and Fools Determine*. Take the World to pieces, and there are a thousand Sots to one Philosopher: and as many Swarms of Flyes to One Eagle. *Lyons* do not come into the World in *Litters*.

FAB. CXXIII.

Two Cocks Fighting.

Two *Cocks* fought a Duel for the Mastery of a *Dunghil*. He that was Worsted, slunk away into a Corner, and Hid himself; T'other takes his Flight up to the Top of the House, and there with Crowing and Clapping of his Wings makes Proclamation of his Victory. An *Eagle* made a Stoop at him in the Middle of his Exultation, and carry'd him away. By This Accident, the Other *Cock* had a Good Riddance of his Rival; took Possession of the Province they Contended for, and had all his Mistresses to Himself again.

The MORAL.

A Wise, and a Generous Enemy will make a Modest Use of a Victory; for Fortune is Variable.

REFLEXION.

THIS Combat of *Two Cocks* for a *Dunghil*, may be Moraliz'd by an Application of it to the Competition of the Greatest Princes, for Empire and Dominion. For what's the World more than a Mass of Dirt on the One hand, as to the Subject of the Quarrel; and there's the same Thirst of Blood too, betwixt the Combatants, on the other. We have again, the Various Chance of War Exhibited on Both Sides; For 'tis with *Kings*, as with These *Cocks*. He that's a Victor This Moment, may be a Slave the Next: And this Volubility of Human Affairs, what is it but either the Sport, or the Judgment of Providence, in the Punishment of Arrogance and Oppression! We are given finally to Understand, that as the Levity of Fortune leaves us Nothing to Trust to, or to Presume upon, so at the same Time there's Nothing to Despair of. The *Conquering Cock* was Cut off in the very *Song* of his *Triumph*: and the *Conquer'd* re-instated in the Possession of his former Pretences.

FAB. CXXIV.

A Fawn and a Stag.

A Fawn was Reasoning the Matter with a Stag, why he should run away from the Dogs still; for, says he, you are Bigger and Stronger then they. If you have a Mind to stand, y'are better Arm'd; and then y'are Fleeter if you'll Run for't. I can't Imagine what should make you so Fearful of a Company of Pityful Curs. Nay, says the Stag, 'tis All True that you say, and 'tis no more then I say to my self Many Times, and yet whatever the Matter is, let me take up what Resolutions I please, when I hear the 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 Council.

REFLEXION.

NATURAL Infirmities are well nigh Insuperable; and Men that are Cowards by Complexion, are hardly ever to be made Valiant by Discourse. But They are Conscious yet of the Scandal of that Weakness, and may make a shift 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 These Bodily Frailties of Temperament and Complexion. Providence has Arm'd us with Powers and Faculties, sufficient for the Confounding 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 at our Choice to Take or to Refuse. So that we understand what we ought to do; but when we come to Deliberate, we play Booty against our selves: And while our Judgments and our Consciences direct us One Way, our Corruptions Hurry us Another. This Stag, in fine, is a Thorough Emblem of the State and Infirmity of Mankind. We are Both of us Arm'd and Provided, either for the Combat, or for Flight. We see the Danger; we Ponder upon it; and now and then by Fits, take up some Faint Resolutions to Outbrave and break through it: But in the Conclusion, we shrink upon the Trial; We betake our selves from our Heads to our Heels; from Reason to Flesh and Blood; from our Strength to our Weaknesses, and suffer under One Common Fate.

F A B.

F A B. CXXV.

Jupiter and a Bee.

A Bee made *Jupiter* a Present of a Pot of Honey, which was so kindly Taken, that he bad her Ask what she would, and it should be Granted her. The *Bee* desir'd, that wherever she should set her Sting, it might be Mortal. *Jupiter* was loth to leave Mankind at the Mercy of a Little Spiteful Insect, and so bad her have a care how she Kill'd any Body; for what Person soever she Attacqu'd, if she left her Sting behind her, it should cost her Her Life.

The MORAL

Spiteful Prayers are no better then Curses in a Disguise, and the Granting of them turns commonly to the Mischief of the Petitioner.

R E F L E X I O N.

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

How many Men are there in the World, that put up as Malicious Prayers in Christian Assemblies to the True God, as the *Bee* does to *Jupiter* here in the Fable! And Prayers too against their very Patrons and Masters; their Benefactors, that Entertain, Feed, and Protect them. Will Heaven Hear These Prayers, shall we think, (or Curses 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 Destructive Faculty, answerable to her Will: And so pray'd to *Jupiter*, as Men do in many Cafes to the *Jehovah*, for the Blessing of an Ability to Commit Murder.

F A B. CXXVI.

Wasps in a Honey-Pot.

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

The

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 *Wasps* in a *Honey-Pot*, are so many Sensual Men that are Plung'd in their Lusts and Pleasures; and when they are once Glu'd to them, 'tis a very Hard Matter to Work themselves Out. We have an Emblem here of those Foolish Voluptuous 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 Parades, &c. It comes All to the same Point; for when Men are once Dipt; what with the Engagements of Sense, Custom, Facility; Nay and I might have said, with the very Shame of Departing from what they have given themselves up to, they go on with *Æsop's* Flyes, till they are Stifed 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 Sot of a *Swallow* has been the Ruin of us Both.

The MORAL.

Extraordinary Cases are Excepted out of the General Rules of Life: So that Irregular Accidents and Instances are not to be drawn into President.

REFLEXION.

EVERY Man Stands or Falls to his Own Reason; and it is No Excuse to say that I was Misled by Example, or Conjecture, when I had the Means before me of Informing my self Better. If This *Prodigal* had but Consulted 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 satisfy'd him, that *One Swallow makes no Summer*, Unless the Fable perchance should fall out to be the Ancienter of the Two, and the Occasion 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't again. Mercury Div'd for't, and brought him up a Golden One: but That was not it, the Fellow said: And so he Plung'd a Second Time, and Fetch'd up Another, of Silver. He said That was not it neither. He try'd once again, and then Up comes an Ax with a Wooden Handle, which the Carpenter said, was the very Tool that he had Lost. Well! (says Mercury) thou art so Just a Poor Wretch, that I'll give thee All three now for thy Honesty. This Story was got into Every body's Mouth, and the Rumour being Spread, it came into a Knave's Head to Try the Same Experiment over again. And so away goes, He, and Down he Sits, Sniv'ling and 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 Impos'd upon, but he will take his Own Time either to Reward or Punish.

REFLEXION.

HEAVEN Hates Dissemblers, and Hypocrites, as it Loves Men of Truth and Integrity. He that fancies he can Impose upon Jupiter takes him for a Cully.

Baudoin 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, Designing 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 Blessing of a Reward for his Integrity. The Other Worships with his Eyes, his Hands, and his Voice; but All This is only to Cover the Cheat of a Rotten Heart. He acknowledges a Divine Power, but at the
Same

Same Time he makes a Mock on't, and Provokes it. He stands Convinc'd that God knows All the Secrets of his Heart, and yet tells him a Lye to his Face. There is No such Masque, in fine, for the Greatest of Impieties, as a Veil of Religion. *This Praying Carpenter here would have made Mercury a Broker to his Knavery:* and we have a world of Praying Christians too, that write after his Copy.

FAB. CXXIX.

A Fox and Grapes.

There was a Time, when a *Fox* would have Ventur'd as far for a Bunch of *Grapes*, as for a Shoulder of *Mutton*, and it was a *Fox* of Those days, and That Palate, that stood Gaping under a Vine, and licking his Lips at a most Delicious Cluster of Grapes that he had Spy'd out there; He fetch'd a Hundred and a Hundred Leaps at it, till at last, when he was as Weary as a Dog, and found that there was No Good to be done; *Hang 'em* (says He) *they are as Sour as Crabs*; and so away he went, turning off the Disappointment with a Jest.

FAB. CXXX.

A Wolf and a Lyon.

As a *Wolf* and a *Lyon* were abroad upon Adventure together, Hark, (says the *Wolf*) Don't you hear the Bleating 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 asleep so Near it, that back he comes Sneaking to the *Lyon* again, and tells him, There are *Sheep* Yonder (says he) 'tis true, but they are as Lean as Carrion, and we had e'en as good let 'em alone till they have more Flesh on their Backs.

The MORAL of the Two *Fables* above.

'Tis Matter of Skill and Address, when a man cannot Honestly Compass what he would be at, to Appear Easy and Indifferent upon All Repulses and Disappointments.

REFLEXION.

'TIS a Point of Good Discretion to make a Virtue of Necessity, and to Content our selves without what we cannot get, though we have never so much a Mind to't; for 'tis a Turn of Art to seem to Despise what we cannot Compaſs, and to put off a Mis carriage with a Jest; Beside, that it is Better to have People think a man could Gain Such or such a Point if he Would, then that he Would, but cannot.

The *Foxes* Put-off in This Fable, is a most Instructive Point of Philosophy towards the Government of our Lives; Provided that His Fooling may be made Our Earnest; as it would be much for our Honour and Quiet so to be. No man shall ever be Miserable, if he can but keep Clear of the Snare of Hopes and Fears; and *Antidote* himself against the Flatteries of the One, and the Alarms of the Other: It is a High Point of Christian, as well as of Civil Prudence; for a Man to say Thus to Himself before-hand, of a Thing that he has a Mind to (*If I cannot get it, I shall be Better without it.*) Or if he can but say after the Missing of it, [*It was better Lost then found.*] Now if we cannot Arrive at the Pitch of making This Indifference a Virtue indeed, we may however so Disguise it yet, (though in a case of Necessity) as to make it Look like one: Not but that it would be much better if we could Attain to the Perfection it self, as well as we may in Appearance Cover the Disgrace.

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

FAB. CXXXI.

A Boy and a Snake.

A Boy was Groping for Eeles, 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 yourself Well while you are Well, says the *Snake*; for if you Meddle with Me, You'll Repent your Bargain.

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

'Tis Wisdom as well as Justice, to Distinguish betwixt Actions of Misadventure, and of Design. Every Thing has at least Two Handles to't, and Both Parts should be well Examin'd, before a Man can make either a Warrantable Judgment, or a Prudent Choice. The *Boy's* Mistake here is no more than what we have Every day before our Eyes in common Practice: And That which the *Snake* says to the *Boy*, Every Man's Reason says to Himself. What is his taking a *Snake* for an *Eele*, 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 Blush, Hypocrisie from Piety; True Charity from Ostentation? or the Devil Himself with a Glory about him, from an Angel of Light? Time and Examination may do much, but the *Boy* was Groping, and in the Dark, and so might Well be Mistaken. The *Snake* Told him of his Error, and the Danger of it, but Pass'd it over, because there was no *Ill Will* in't. This is the very Case of Our Reason to us, in all our Misdoings: It Checks us for what's Past, and Advises us for the Future, to have a care of False Appearances: Just as the *Snake* did to the *Child* here.

FAB. CXXXII.

A Fowler and a Partridge.

A *Fowler* had taken a *Partridge*, and the Bird offer'd her self to Decoy as many of her Companions into the Snare as she could, upon Condition that he would give her Quarter. No, says he, You shall 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 Lewd Offices, That of a Traytor is Certainly the Basest; for it Undermines the very Foundations of Society.

REFLEXION.

TREACHERY is a Sin against Common Faith, Honour, and Human Society; A Villany, in short, that's never to be Approv'd, how Convenient soever in some Cases to be made use of. The *Fowler's* here, was

a Wife and a Generous Resolution, upon the *Partridges* Proposal; for all Traytors are Mercenaries; and Whoever Betrays One Master for Advantage, will Betray Another for a Better Price. But as all manner of Treachery is Abominable in the Sight both of God and Man, and stands Reprehended in this Fable: So there are Certain Kinds and Degrees of it, that are yet more Execrable and Odious, One than Another. There is first a Treachery by Complexion, which was the *Partridges* Case. 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 Infirmity, but the Weakness all this while, does not Excuse the Perfidy, though it may seem in some Measure to Extenuate the Crime, by the Poor Creatures lying under almost an Insuperable 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 Those *Judas'es* that Dip in the Dish with their Masters, and then for so many Pieces of Silver, deliver them up to be Crucify'd? What shall we say to Those that Sell their Country, their Souls and their Religion, for Mony, and Rate Divinity at so much a Pound? And then to Consummate the Wickedness, Finish the Work with Malice, that they began with Avarice.

FAB. CXXXIII.

A Hare and a Tortoise.

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

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

UNNECESSARY Delays in all Pressing Affairs are but just so much time Lost, beside the Hazard of Intervening 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 lyes down to Sleep in the Middle of Bus'ness that requires Action, does not know whether

whether he shall live to 'wake again : Or with the *Hare* in the Fable here, Out-sleep his Opportunity. A Plodding Diligence brings us sooner to our Journey's End, then a Fluttering Way of Advancing by Starts and by Stops ; for 'tis Perfeverance Alone that can carry us Thorough-Stitch.

F A B. CXXXIV.

Apples and Horse-Turds.

UPon a very great Fall of Rain, the Current carried 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 out still, Alack a day ! *How We Apples Swim !*

F A B. CXXXV.

A Peach, an Apple, and a Blackberry.

THere happen'd a Controversy 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 Hedg, 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 then 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 Every Pretending Coxcomb to make himself One of the Party still with his Betters. 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 Just Nothing at all.

[*We*] *Apples* cry the *Horse-Turds*. [*We*] the King's Officers, crys the Fellow that carrys Guts to the Bears. [*We*] crys the Scum of the Nation to the Bench, to the Court, to the City, to the Church, to Parliaments, and Councils. There's Nothing so Great, but the Little People cry [*We*] to't still. [*We'll*] do This, and [*We'll*] do That, and [*We'll*] Undertake for This and T'other. This is 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 [*Weing*] holds as well in Matters of State, and of Understanding, as in
the

the Point of Honour and Quality. 'Twas [We] in the Persons of the Fish-Wives and the Brooder-Men. [We] again in the Resolutions of *Billing-gate*, and *Grub-street*, that took upon them to Prescribe in Matters of Religion and Government. [We] won't lose our Religion, was the Cry of Every Ignorant Atheist. [We'll] 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 Interests; Nay and None so streight Lac'd as Common Cheats upon the Topique of Conscience. And 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 will be Opening, and Crying [We] to Every thing; the *Mobile* has a Wide Mouth, and there's No Stopping it. But the Arrogance of the Rabbles Assuming at This Rate, is Nothing to the Meanness of their Superiors, when they shall descend to keep such Company; or to make use of such Tools or Engines. 'Tis not 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 Rogues*, on the *One* Hand, is Every jot as *Emphatical*, as *We Princes* on the *Other*.

F A B. CXXXVI.

A Mole and her Dam.

Mother (says a Mole 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 then you can See.

The MORAL.

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

R E F L E X I O N.

BOASTERS are Naturally Falsifyers, 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 Discourfing of Colours. *'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 *Limon-Pill* in her Mouth, to Correct an Unfavoury

voury Vapour of her Own, and yet would be Perpetually Inveighing against Foul Breaths. Now This way of Covering Defects, Scandals or Inconveniences, is the Only Way of Exposing them.

F A B. CXXXVII.

Wasps, Partridges, and a Husbandman.

A Flight of *Wasps*, and a Covy of *Partridges* that were hard put to't 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 *Wasps* to secure him from Thieves. Pray hold your Hand, says the Good Man; I have Oxen and Dogs that do me These Offices already, without standing upon Terms. And therefore it will become me to Provide for them in the First Place.

The MORAL.

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

R E F L E X I O N.

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 Distinction by way of Preference, that it is to be Employ'd in the First Place upon those that have the Fairest 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 being provided of Servants already, to do his Work was no Excuse for his Want of Charity to Relieve his Distressed Neighbor.

F A B. CXXXVIII.

Jupiter and a Serpent.

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

The MORAL.

He that receives a Present, Contracts an Obligation; which a Body would be Asham'd of in the Case of an Ill Man; for it looks toward making a Friendship with him.

R E F L E -

REFLEXION.

A Good Man would not Willingly lye under any Obligation to a Person of a Lewd Character and Conversation ; for beside the Danger he Incurs, it would not be for his Credit neither, where Presents are Scandals, and rather Snares than Benefits. '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 carry the face of Good Will, or Respect ; for 'tis a Debt that a Man's both Asham'd and Weary of, 'till 'tis paid off. He lives uneasily under the Burden of it, and Consequently, it is the Debt of All Others that ought first to be Answer'd. And there's no Cancelling the Bonds of Honor and Justice. Kindnesses are to be paid *in specie*, as well as Money. That is to say, there must be Affection in the Return, as well as Justice. Now as there can be No True Friendship betwixt a Good Man and a Wicked Man, there should be no Intercourse betwixt them that looks like Friendship, and therefore the Less Commerce 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, Popt his finger upon the Place, and it prov'd to be a *Flea*. What art thou, says he, for an Animal, to Suck thy Livelyhood out of my Carcass? Why 'tis the Livelyhood, (says the *Flea*) that Nature has Allotted me, and My Stinging is not Mortal neither. Well, says the Man, but 'tis Troublesome however ; and now I Have ye, I'll secure ye for ever Hurting me again, either Little or Much.

The MORAL.

Live and Let Live, is the Rule of Common Justice, but if People will be Troublesome on the One hand, the Obligation is Discharg'd 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 on Both sides, and without Any Malice on Either Hand. The *Flea* cannot Live without *Nourishment*, nor the *Man* without *Rest*. So that here's only a Present Dispatch on the One Hand, to prevent a Lingring Death on the Other. (as a Restless Life is in Truth no Better) There are in the World as many Illustrations of This Fable, as there are Instances of Petulant, Pragmatical, and Impertinent People that Break in upon Men of Government and Business. *Distractions* have much in them of *Flea-bitings* ; That is to say, they

they keep us Waking, and Hinder our Repose. The *Flea* thought it hard to suffer Death for an Importunity: But to a Man that knows how to Value his Time and his Quiet, One Importunity upon the Neck of Another, is the Killing of a Man Alive, and the very Worst of Deaths.

FAB. 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 Askings.

REFLEXION.

'TIS an Ill Habit to turn Offices and Duties of Piety into Matters and Words only of Course; and to Squander away our Wishes and our Prayers upon Paltry Fooleries, when the Great Concerns of Life and Death, Heaven and Hell, lye all at stake. Who but a Mad man, that has so many Necessary and Capital Duties of 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-sensible, and Sollicitous 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 Direct Disbelief and Contempt of his Power. And then with the Country Fellow here, if we cannot Obtain Every Vain Thing we ask, our next Bus'ness is to take Pet at the Refusal, nay and in Revenge to give over Praying for Good and All; and so to Renounce Heaven for a *Flea-biting*.

FAB. CXLI.

A Man and Two Wives.

IT was now *Cuckow-Time*, and a Certain *Middle-Ag'd 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 Combing the Good Man's Head, they'd be Picking out here and there a
Hair

Hair to make it all of a Colour. The Matronly Wife, she Pluck'd out All the *Brown* Hairs, and the Younger the *White*: So that they left the Man in the Conclusion no better than a *Bald Buzzard* betwixt them.

The MORAL.

'Tis a much Harder Thing to Please Two Wives than Two Masters; and He's a Bold Man that offers at it.

REFLEXION.

MARRIAGES are Govern'd, rather by an Over-ruling Fatality, than by any Solemnity of Choice and Judgment; though 'tis a Hard Matter to find out a Woman, even at the Best, that's of a Just Scantling for her Age, Person, Humour, and Fortune to make a Wife of. This Fable presents us with One single Disparity that is of it self Sufficient, without a more then Ordinary Measure of Virtue and Prudence, to make a Man Miserable and Ridiculous. I speak of a Disparity of Years, which, in the Moral, takes in all Other Disproportions. The One's too *Young*, T'other too *Old*; to shew us that Marriage is out of Season if it does not Hit the very Critical Point betwixt them. 'Tis much with Wedlock, as it is with our Sovereign Cordials and Antidotes. There go a Thousand Ingredients to the making of the Composition: But then if they be not Tim'd, Proportion'd, and Prepar'd according to Art, 'tis a Clog to us rather than a Relief. So that it would have been Well, if Nature had Prescrib'd the *Dos* of Woman's Flesh, as she has Determin'd the *Necessity* of it.

FAB. CXLII.

Two **Frogs** that wanted Water.

UPon the Drying up of a *Lake*, *Two Frogs* were forc'd to Quit, and to seek for Water elsewhere. As they were upon the Search, they Discover'd a very deep Well. Come (says One to T'other) Let us e'en go down here, without Looking any further. You say well, says her Companion; but what if the Water should fail us Here too? How shall we get Out again?

The MORAL.

'Tis Good Advice to Look before we Leap.

REFLEXION.

HASTY Resolutions are seldom fortunate, and it is a piece of Necessary Prudence, for a Man, before he resolves any thing, to Consider what may be the Consequences of it.

We are taught by the Providence of These *Frogs*, to Consider the End of Things before we Resolve upon the Means; for when the Die is Cast, 'tis too late to Wish for Another Chance. In our Deliberations what

to

to do, we should Distinguish betwixt Lawful and Unlawful, Prudential and Foolish, a Less Present Good, and a Consequence of greater Evils, that we be not Betray'd by the Fair Appearances of Things Specious; Frauds and Fallacies, Glittering Outsides, &c. into Inconveniencies and Mistakes.

When a Man wants any thing, let him look for't in Time, and Consider Well before-hand what Occasion he 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 Cases 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 Risque of an Absolute Ruin, for the Gaining of a Present Supply: Wherefore there's No Remedy either Way, without a Strict Calculation of the Profit or Loss on Both Sides. I want Money, but I will not make myself a Slave for't. I want a Friend at Court, but I will not Forfeit the Character of a Man of Honour, or the Conscience of a Christian, and an Honest Man, to Purchase such a Friend: I am in Prison; but I will not play the Knave to set my self 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*.

FAB. CXLIII.

A **D**og and a **C**ock upon a Journey.

A *Dog* and a *Cock* took a Journey together. The *Dog* Kennell'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 Wheedling him to get him Down. He Protested 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* presently Seiz'd and Worry'd him.

The MORAL.

The Main Bus'ness of the World is Nothing but Sharping, and putting Tricks upon One Another by Turns.

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 Stratagem, and to Defeat One Sham with Another, as the Simplicity of the *Cock* here was too hard for the Wiliness of the *Fox*. Experience makes many a Wise Man of a Fool

a Fool, and Security makes many a Fool of a Wife Man. We have an Instance of the Former in the *Cocks* Over-reaching the *Fox*, and of the Other, in the *Foxes* Supine Confidence, that made him so Intent upon his Prey, as to neglect his Safety. Now the *Cock*, that upon Long Tryal and Observation, knew the *Fox* to be the Common Enemy of all Poultry; had likewise a Dread and Suspicion of him by Instinct, which made him Naturally Cautious upon the very Principle of Self-Preservation. Whereas the *Fox*, that Trusted to his Address and Manage, without so much as Dreaming of a Cross Bite from so silly an Animal, fell Himself into the Pit that he had Digg'd for Another. It is much the same Case in the World when Providence is pleas'd to Confound the False, the Mighty, and the Blood-Thirsty, by Judgments of Lice and Frogs: That is to say, by the most Despicable of Instruments. To put an End to This Moral, It is a wonderful Thing how the very Force of Nature will Exert it self, in the Meanest and the Weakest of Creatures, in Cases of Extream Necessity and Danger: As it made the *Cock* here too hard for the *Fox*.

FAB. CXLIV.

A Bat, Bramble, and Cormorant.

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 *Brambles*, was in Cloaths; and the *Cormorants*, in Brags. They Put to Sea, and so it fell out, that Ship and Goods were Both Lost by Strefs of Weather: But the Three Merchants by Providence got safe to Land. Since the Time of this Miscarriage, the *Bat* never Stirs abroad till *Night* for fear of his Creditors. The *Bramble* lays hold of All the Cloaths he can come at in hope to Light upon his Own again: And the *Cormorant* is still Sauntering by the Sea side, to see if he can find any of his Brags 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 Last Impression sticks Closest to us. There was a Miserable Wretch in *Bedlam* that had lost his Wits upon the Firing of a Ship at Sea, and His Head was still running upon Fire and Water; insomuch that the very Sight of either of them would put him into an Outrageous Fury. Another that was Mad for Love, would be Beating his Brains perpetually upon Anagrams and Sonnets. *Oliver's Enthusiastick Porter*, was directly

directly *Bible-Mad*, and up to the Ears still in the *Dark Prophets*, and the *Revelation*. In the Year 1658, When the *Original Contracters* were met in Council about Settling the Government, a very good Poor Woman carried her Little Trunks and Boxes to *Weld-House* for Protection, for fear of the *Mobile*. The House was Rifled, and her Trinkets went away with the Rest. Upon this Loss she fell *Idle-Headed*; and to This very Day she stands like the *Bramble* in the *Fable*, near the place still, (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 then This, That we are not to set 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.

FAB. CXLV.

A Lark in a Net.

A Poor *Lark* Enter'd into a Miserable Expostulation 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 Bold with One Pitiful Grain of Corn am I now to Suffer.

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

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

Or to Turn it Another Way yet, Here's the Life of a Poor Creature in Question, and the *Lark* Expostulates, and Pleads *Not Guilty*, but the Belly has No Ears, and the *Bird-Catcher* is so Intent upon his Interest, 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 Profit or Loss. 'Tis Passion and Partiality that Govern in All These Cafes.

FAB. CXLVI.

A Miser Burying his Gold.

A Certain Covetous, Rich Churl Sold his Whole Estate, and put it into Mony, and then Melted down That Mony again into One Mass, which he Bury'd in the ground, with his very Heart

Heart and Soul in the Pot for Company. He gave it a Visit Every Morning, which it seems was taken Notice of, and Somebody that Observ'd him, found out his Hoard one Night, and Carry'd it away. The Next day he miss'd it, and ran almost out of his Wits for the Loss of his Gold. Well, (says a Neighbour to him) And what's All This Rage for? Why you had no Gold at all, and so you Lost None. You did but Fancy all this while that you Had it, and you may e'en as well Fancy again that you have it still. 'Tis but laying a Stone where you laid your Mony, and Fancying That Stone to be your Treasure, and there's your Gold again. You did not Use it when you Had it; and you do not Want it so long as you Resolve not to Use it.

THE MORAL.

Better no Estate at all, than the Cares and Vexations that attend the Possession of it, without the Use on't.

REFLEXION.

WE are never the better for the Possession of any thing, Barely for the Propriety sake, but 'tis the Use and Application of it towards the Conveniences of Life, and the Comforts of Humane Society, that gives Every thing its Value. The Divine Goodness we see is perpetually at Work; Nature keeps on in her Course, and the Heavens shed their Influences without Intermiſſion; and what's the Doctrine now of This Great Example, but that the Blessings of Providence, which are Common and Diffusive, ought not to lie Idle; and that Whoever Buries his Talent, either of Understanding, or of Fortune, breaks a Sacred Trust, and Couzens Those that stand in Need on't. But we have a sort of Sordid Wretches among us, that had rather Cast their Silver and Gold into the very Mine again from whence it was Taken, or leave it at the Mercy of Thieves and Common Hazards, then that any Man Living should be the Better for't.

FAB. CXLVII.

A Stag with One Eye.

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

The

The MORAL.

We are lyable to Many Unlucky Accidents that no Care or Foresight can Prevent : But we are to provide however the Best we can against them, and leave the Rest to Providence.

REFLEXION.

WE are many times Preserv'd or Destroy'd, by Those Accidents or Counsels, that in All Probability should have had quite Contrary Effects. But it is Our Part yet to Act according to Reason, and commit our selves to Heaven for the rest. We have our Blind Sides in the World, as well as the *Stag* had his by the Sea-side, and we have our Enemies too, that are still Watching to make Advantage of that Weakness. One Man is Transported out of his Reason, and his Honesty, by Sensual Pleasures : Another by Money, perhaps, or by Ambition. Every Man, in short, by Somewhat or other : And it is but striking him in the Right Vein, to do his Bus'ness. The Wisest of Men have their Follies ; The Justest, their Iniquities, and the most Temperate of Men have now and then by Fits, their Excesses. *Achilles* himself (after all that his Mother could do for him) was left Vulnerable yet in the Heel, and *Paris's* Arrow found him Out there. We are taught further also to look to our selves on the *Blind Side*, as the Part that lyes most Expos'd to an Attacque. And finally ; That it is not in the Power of Humane Wisdom to secure us against Plots and Practices upon Humane Frailty : Nay, and when we have done our Best to Prevent Mischief, the very Precaution it self serves many times to Contribute to our Ruin. The *Stag* did All that was to be done here ; but the Ways and Workings of Providence are unsearchable ; and it is not in the Power of Humane Prudence to Obviate all the Accidents of Humane Life.

FAB. CXLVIII.

A Stag and a Lyon.

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

The MORAL.

There are Harder and Gentler Ways, even of Ruin it self ; as 'tis Common we see for Men under a Capital Sentence to Petition even for the Change of the Death.

REFLEXION.

'TIS a Common Case for People to be Reduc'd 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 Moraliz'd it This Way. But it seems to Me (under favour) that the

Stag's

Stag's was a Forc'd Put; and a Chance rather than a Choice, he did not fly from the Huntsmen to the *Lyon* for Protection; but it so fell out, that while he fled to Avoid a Less 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.

FAB. CXLIX.

A Goat and a Vine.

A Goat that was hard Press'd by the Huntsmen, took Sanctuary in a *Vineyard*, and there he lay Close, under the Covert of a *Vine*. So soon as he thought the Danger was Over, he fell presently to Browzing upon the Leaves; and whether it was the Rustling, or the Motion of the Boughs, that gave the Huntsmen an Occasion for a Stricter Search, is Uncertain: but a Search there was, and in the End he was 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 Perverts all the Measures of Religion and Society, by making it Dangerous to be Charitable and Good Natur'd.

REFLEXION.

INGRATITUDE is Abhorr'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 Exposés the Baseness 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. 'Tis True, that This particular Instance holds better in the Morality of the Application, then it does in the Reason of the Thing: for the Question is not what the Beast does in his Kind; but what Ought to be done, with a respect to such a Benefit receiv'd. If a Man should Launch into the History and Practice of Humane Nature, we should find Nothing more Common there, then one Rebellion Started upon the Pardoning of Another; and the very Minions of Princes Link'd in Conspiracies against their Master. 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 *Vines*, to answer This Moral, *in Sæcula Sæculorum*.

FAB. CL.

An Ass, a Lyon, and a Cock.

AS a *Cock* and an *Ass* were Feeding together, up comes a *Lyon* Open-mouth toward the *Ass*: The *Cock* presently cries

cries out; Away Scoures the *Lyon*, and the *Afs* after him: Now 'twas the Crowing of the *Cock* that Frighted the *Lyon*, not the Braying of the *Afs*, as That Stupid Animal Vainly Fancy'd to Himself, for so soon as ever they were gotten out of the Hearing of the *Cock*, the *Lyon* turn'd short upon him, and tore him to pieces, with These Words in his Mouth: Let never any Creature hereafter that has not the Courage of a Hare, Provoke a *Lyon*.

THE MORAL.

The Force of Unaccountable Aversions, is Insuperable. The Fool that is Wise and Brave Only in his Own Conceit, runs on without Fear or Wit, but Noise does no Bus'ness.

REFLEXION.

MANY a Bragging Coxcomb is Ruin'd by a Mistake of Fear in an Enemy, and a Fancy of Courage in Himself. *Baudoin* 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 *Afs's* Weakness. *Messier* will have the Fear to be Counterfeited, with a Design to Surprize the Pursuer; but This Fable seems still to look Another way.

It may appear a very Extravagant, Surprizing Encounter, that *Æsop* has Exhibited to us in This Fable. Here's a *Lyon* running away from a *Cock*, and an *Afs* Pursuing a *Lyon*: That is to say, here are Two of the most Unlikely Things in Nature brought together, in the Semblance of Fear in the One, and of Resolution in the Other: But the Moral is never the Worse yet for the Seeming Disproportions of the Figure; and the Characters in the Fiction, are well enough Suited to the Truth, and Life of the Case. The Flight of the *Lyon* must be Imputed here to the Natural Aversion that he has to the Crowing of a *Cock*. This is the Tradition; but it shall break No Squares whether it be so or not: For the Philosophy holds good in Other Instances No less Wonderful, whether it be True or False in This. How many Insuperable Disagreements do we Meet with, in the Bus'ness of Meats, Drinks, and Medicines; in Plants, Minerals, and Living Creatures! Now These Impulses are no more to be Controll'd, than the Primary, and the Unchangeable Powers and Laws of Nature: And These Instincts, after All, are no more to be Reason'd upon, than they are to be Resisted; and therefore it is, that we call them *Occult Qualities*; 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 Infirmary*: So that 'tis No Departure from the Dignity of a *Lyon* to Fly, when Nature Drives him: Neither is it at all to the *Afs's* Reputation, to Pursue, when Vanity, Folly and Rashness Transport him.

The *Afs*, we see, lies under Many Mistakes here, and the More, and the Grosser they are, the more Suitable still to his Character. How many such *Affes* are there in the World, that Huff, Look Big, Stare, Dress, Cock, Swagger, at the same Noisy, Blustering Rate; and Nothing more Familiar then for a Whiffling Fop, that has not so much as One Grain of the Sense, or Soul of a Man of Honour in him, to play the part of a *Hero*.

Nay

Nay, there are *Fanfaron*s in the Tryals of Wit too, as well as in Feats of Arms, and none so forward to engage in Argument, or Discourse, as Those that are least able to go through with it. In One Word for All, the whole Race of Bawling, Fluttering Noddies, by what Name or Title soever Dignify'd or Distinguish'd, are a Kin to the *As* in This Fable.

FAB. CLI.

A Gardiner and his Dog.

A Gardiner's Dog dropt into a Well, and his Master let himself down to Help him Out again. He reach'd forth his Hand to take hold of the Dog, and the Cur Snap't him by the Fingers: For he thought 'twas only to Duck him deeper. The Master went his Way upon't, and e'en Left him as he Found him. Nay (says he) I'm well enough Served, to take so much Pains for the Saving of One that is Resolv'd to make away Himself.

THE MORAL.

Obligations and Benefits are Cast away upon Two sorts of People; Those that do not Understand them, and those that are not sensible of them.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S No Fastening an Obligation upon Those that have neither Justice, Gratitude, nor Good Faith; and it is the same Case in Effect, with Those that do not Understand when they are Well-us'd: From whence we may infer this Doctrine, that Fools and Knaves are not Company for Honest Men. The Course and Violent Part of the Common People have much in them of this Cur's Humour. They Plunge themselves into Difficulties by Mistaking their Way, and then fly in the Face of Those that would Set them Right again. In This Opposition to Duty and Discretion, they Pursue their Errors, 'till in the End, they are left to the Fate of their Own Madnes and Folly; and Consequently Perish without Any Hope, or Means of Pity or Redress. The Gard'ner would have sav'd his Dog from Drowning, and the Cur bit his Master by the Fingers for his Pains.

FAB. CLII.

A Sow and a Dog.

Here pass'd some Hard Words betwixt a Sow and a Dog, and the Sow swore by *Venus*, that she'd tear his Guts out, if he did not mend his Manners. Ay, says the Dog, You do well to call upon her for your Patroness, that will not so much as Endure any Creature about her that Eats Swines Flesh. Well (says the Sow) and That's a Token of her Love, to Hate Any thing that hurts me; but for Dogs Flesh, 'tis good neither Dead, nor Living. The

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

'TIS an Ordinary Thing for People to Boast of an Interest where they have None, and then when they are Detected, 'tis a Stroke of Art to Divert the Reproach, by Emproving a Spiteful Word, or Thing, to a Bodies Own Advantage. This way of Dialogue, is a kind of *Tick-Tack*; Where the One's Bus'ness is to keep from making a Blot, and the Other's is to Hit it when 'tis made. It is a Happy Presence of Mind, to Anticipate Another Man's Thought, by Considering well beforehand what Construction, or Allusion his own Words will bear; for Otherwise, the Casting out an Inconsiderate Hint, is but the setting of a Trap to Catch Himself. As the *Sow's* Appealing to *Venus* here, was as good as an Answer thrown into the very Mouth of the *Dog*, which she might Easily have foreseen would be turn'd back upon her in the Bitterness of a Reproche: For the Reply lay so Open, the Other could not Well Miss it: But when all is done, Both Parts are to keep themselves upon their Guard; Or if either of 'em has Overshot 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.

F A 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 last to the *Bitch*; but you are to take Notice at the Same time, says she, that your Puppies are All Blind.

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

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 *Æsop's* Bitch was Fruitfuller then our Sows. See the Moral of *A Lyons and a Fox*. Fab. 122.

F A B. CLIV.

A Snake and a Crab.

THere was a Familiarity Contracted betwixt a *Snake* and a *Crab*. The *Crab* was a plain dealing Creature, that advis'd his

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, then a Franke Open way of Dealing, and a Simplicity of Manners.

REFLEXION.

Good Council is lost upon an Habitual Hardness of Ill Nature: And in That Case it must be a Diamond that Cuts a Diamond: for One Fraud is best Undermin'd and Disappointed by Another. This Fable is a Figure upon a Figure, in Opposing the Straitness of the Body of the *Snake* after he was Dead, to the Crookedness of his Manners when he was Living. But the License of *Mythology* will bear out the Hardness of the Allusion.

FAB. CLV.

A Shepherd and a Wolves Whelp.

A Shepherd took a Sucking Whelp of a *Wolfe*, and Train'd it up with his Dogs. This *Whelp* fed with 'em; Grew up with 'em, and whensoever they went out upon the Chace of a *Wolfe*, the *Whelp* would be sure to make one. It fell out sometimes that the *Wolfe* scap'd, and the Dogs were forc'd to go Home again: But this *Domestique Wolfe* 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 *Wolves abroad* were pretty Quiet for a Fit: So that this *Whelp* of a *Wolfe* was fain to make Bold ever and anon with a Sheep in Private by the By; but in the Conclusion, the *Shepherd* came to find out the Roguery, and Hang'd him up for his Pains.

THE MORAL.

False Men are no more to be Reclaim'd then Wolves, and the Leven of the Predecessors Sowers the Bloud, in the very Veins of the Whole Family.

REFLEXION.

ILL Dispositions may be Suppress'd, or Dissembled for a while, but Nature is very hardly to be Alter'd, either by Councell, or by Education. It may do well enough, for Curiosity, and Experiment, to try how far Ill Natur'd Men and Other Creatures may be Wrought upon by Fair Usage, and Good Breeding; But the Inclination and Cruelty of the *Damm* will
never

never out of the *Whelp*. It may Suspend peradventure, or intermit, for want of Occasion to shew it self: but Nature is like *Mercury*, there's No Killing it Quite. The *Wolfe* in the *House* has a Kindness still for the *Wolves* in the *Woods*, and continues in the Interest of the same Common Enemy. *Cat will to Kind*, as they say, and Wicked Men will be True to their Principles, how False soever to their Masters.

We may read in the Moral of This Fable, the common Practice of the World, and a Doctrine that we find Every day Verify'd, as well in Men, as in Beasts; for there are *Wolfe-Whelps* in *Palaces*, and *Governments*, as well as in *Cotages*, and *Forrests*. Do we not find in History, and Experience, Instances in abundance, even of Publick Ministers Themselves, that though taken up out of the very Herds of the Common Enemy; Admitted into Special Trusts; Fed by the Hand, and Treated with the Grace and Character of Particular Favourites, have their Hearts in the *Woods*, yet all this while among their Fellows. So that there's No Reclaiming of them. They go out however, as there is Occasion, and Hunt and Growle for Company; but at the same time, they give the Sign out of their Master's Hand, hold Intelligence with the Enemy; and make use of their Power and Credit to Worry Honester Men then Themselves. It wants Nothing after This, but that they may live to have their Due; and with the *Dog* here in the Fable, go to Heaven in a String, according to the True Intent of the Allegory.

FAB. CLVI.

A *Lyon*, *Fox*, and a *Wolfe*.

THE King of Beasts was now grown Old, and Sickly, and All the Subjects of the Forrest, (saying only the *Fox*) were to pay their Duties to him. The *Wolfe*, and the *Fox* like a Couple of Sly Knaves, were still putting Tricks One upon Another, and the *Wolfe* took this Occasion to do the *Fox* a Good Office. I can Assure your Majesty, says the *Wolfe*, that 'tis Nothing but Pride and Insolence that keeps the *Fox* from shewing himself at Court as well as his Companions. Now the *Fox* had the Good Luck to be within Hearing, and so Presented himself before the *Lyon*, and finding him Extreemly Enrag'd, begs his Majesties Patience, and a Little Time only for his Defence. Sir (says he) I must presume to Value my self 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 now upon This very Occasion, that I have done. I have been Hunting up and down far and near, since your Unhappy Indisposition, to find out a Remedy for ye, which with much ado I have now Compass'd at last, and it is that which I Promised my self will prove an Infallible Cure. Tell me immediately (says the *Lyon*) what it is then: Nothing in the World, says the *Fox*, but to Flay a *Wolfe* Alive, and Wrap your Body
up

up in the Warm Skin. The *Wolfe* was by all This while; and the *Fox* in a Snearing way advised him for the Future, not to irritate a Prince against his Subjects, but rather to Sweeten him with Peaceable and Healing Councells.

The MORAL.

The Bus'ness of a Pickthank is the Basest of Offices, but yet Diverting enough sometimes, when One Rascal happens to be Encounter'd with another.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE'S Nothing more Common in the World than these *Wolvish Back-Friends*, in all our Pretensions; whether it be in Law, in Government, or in a Hundred other sorts of Clayme 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, where it falls out, that One Rascal is Countermining Another. But let the Reproche be never so True, it can hardly be Honest, Where the Office is done in Huger-Mugger; and where the Intention is not Guided by a Conscience of the Duty. It is a way to Confound the Good and the Bad, where Knaves have Credit enough to be Believ'd, 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 Hand out of the Ink-Pot; for to do a Good Office upon the Point of Opinion, Intelligence, Brains, or Conscience, where this *Wolvish* Humour prevails, is little better than a *Scandalum Magnatum*, or a Libel upon his Superiors: But where it happens that there's a *Fox* and a *Wolfe* in the Cafe; and One Sharper to Encounter Another, the Scene is Diverting enough.

F A B. CLVII.

A *Wife* and a *Drunken Husband*.

A Woman that lay under the Mortification of a *Fudling Husband*, took him once when he was Dead Drunk; and had his Body lay'd in a Charnel-House. By the time that she thought he might be come to Himself again, away goes she, and Knocks at the Door. Who's There? (says the *Toper*) 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 T'other. 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.

Inveterate Ill Habits become Another Nature to us, and we may almost as well be Taken to Pieces, and New put together again, as Mended.

R E-

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 Debauches 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 Those that can never Sleep without their Load, nor Enjoy One Easie 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 Those Pleasures, which the Body is no longer in Condition to Practice, and that's the most Deplorable, Hopeless, and Incurable State of an Evil Disposition; when Drink upon Drink is made Use of for a Remedy.

FAB. CLVIII.

A Swan and a Goose.

THE Master of a House 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 Dress'd for Dinner. But the Place was so Dark, that the Cook took One for T'other. This Mistake had Cost the *Swan* her Life, if she had not Sung in That very Instant, and discover'd her self; by which Means she both sav'd her Life, and Express'd her Nature.

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

THERE'S a Providence attends Innocency and Virtue, the Power of Musique apart. 'Tis a Rule that goes a Great way in the Government of a Sober Man's Life, not to put any thing to Hazard that may be Secur'd by Industry, Consideration, or Circumspection. And this Caution reaches to a Thousand Cases in the Ordinary Course of Life. Men should *Look before they Leap*; Deliberate before they Resolve; Try, Weigh, Examine, and Be-think themselves well of the Matter before they Execute. We fall into some Inconveniencies out of Pure Lazyness, and for want of taking Pains to En-form our selves Better: Into Others, out of Rashness; by doing Things in a Hurry, and *Hand over Head* at a Venture. Now there's no Excuse for a Blunder upon any of these Topiques, where there was both Time and Means to prevent it. What are we the better for the Faculty of Reason, without the Exercise of it? If the Cook would but have been at the Trouble of Carrying a Candle with him, he would have been in no Danger of taking a *Swan* for a *Goose*.

FAB. CLIX.

The *Washing* of a *Blackmore*.

A Man gave Money for a *Black*, upon an Opinion that his Swarthy Colour was rather Sluttery then Nature, and the Fault of his last Master, in a Great Measure, that he kept him no Cleaner: He took him Home with him, and try'd All manner of Washes to bring him to a Better Complexion: But there was no Good to be Done upon him; besides, that the very tampering Cast him into a Disease.

FAB. CLX.

A *Raven* and a *Swan*.

A *Raven* had a Great Mind to be as *White* as a *Swan*, and fancy'd to Himself that the *Swan's* Beauty proceeded in a High Degree, from his often *Washing* and *Dyeting*. The *Raven*, upon this, Quitted 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 Conncel and Discipline; but there are Certain specifick Properties and Impreffions, that are never to be Alter'd or Defac'd.

R E F L E X I O N.

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

'Tis *Labour in Vain*, to all manner of Purposes, to Endeavour the Mending of any of the Works of Nature; for she never did Any thing Amifs. And then 'tis as Great a Madnes to Attempt any Alteration upon them, because *What Nature does, God does*; whose Decrees are Unchangeable, and All his Works are Perfection in the Kind; but next to the Force of Natural Impreffions, 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's the Best that lasts longest.

REFLEXION.

THE Greatest of Temporal Blessings, are Health, and Long Life; and the most Durable of Good Things must Consequently be the Best. The Question here betwixt the *Crow* and the *Swallow*, has somewhat in it of the Case betwixt Virtue and Sensual Pleasures, as (for the purpose) of Youth, Wine, Women, and All other Entertainments whatsoever, that may serve to Gratify a Carnal Appetite. Here's 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*.

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

The MORAL.

A Wrong Reason for the Doing of a Thing is worse then no Reason at all.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S No Recalling of what's Gone and Past; so that After-Wit comes too Late when the Mischiefs is Done. That is to say, it comes too late for That Bout. But it is not Amis, however, for a Man that has gone astray, to call to Mind where he went out of his Way, and to look back Step by Step into all his Miscarriages and Mistakes. The Glas of Life is Behind us, and we must look into what's Past, if we would take a View of what's to Come. A Fault Committed, or a Misfortune Incurr'd, cannot be Recall'd 'tis True; but yet the Meditating upon One False Step may help to Prevent Another. Wherefore 'tis Good, upon the Point of Common Prudence, to be Thoughtful, provided we be not more Sollicitous then the Thing is worth, and that we make a Right Use of Those Reflexions; that is to say, an Use of Repentance, where we did Morally Amis; an Use of Rectifying our Judgments, where we did Foolishly; and an Use of Caution in both Cases, never to do the same Thing over again. This is no more then what in 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. CXLIII.

A Boy and Cockles.

SOME People were Roasting of *Cockles*, and they Hifs'd in the Fire. Well (says a Blockheaded Boy) These are Villanous Creatures sure, to Sing when their Houses are a-fire over their Heads.

The MORAL.

Nothing can be Well that's out of Season.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S a Time for Jest, and a Time for Earnest, and it is a Dangerous Mistake, not to Distinguish the One from the Other. The Fool's Conceit here, had both Clownery, and Ill Nature in't, for there's Nothing more Brutal, or Barbarous, then the Humor of Insulting over the Miserable; Nothing more Contrary to Humanity, and Common Sense, then this Scandalous Way of Grinning and Jeering out of Season. But a Childish Conceit 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.

AS Two Travellers were upon the Way together, One of 'em Stoops, 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 Phy, 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.

They 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 Sharers with their Companions in Good Fortune, will hardly ever agree to be Sharers in Bad. An Open, and an Honest Candor of Mind carries a Body Safe and Dry through all Ways and Weathers: Whereas in shifting and Shuffling, a Man puts himself off his Guard; and the same Rule that serves him at One time, will not serve him at Another; Men are willing enough to have Partners in Loss, but not in Profit; and 'tis not the Traveller alone that cries [*I*] *have found a Purse of Gold*, and then Changes his Note upon *Hue and Cry*, and says [*WE*] *shall be hang'd for't*; but 'tis the Course of All People of *Intrigue*, to give Every 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 Emprove 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 Mistress, in a Bottle, in an Office, and in All other the vain Satisfactions of this World: And what's the End on't at last, but when he has Compass'd his Longing, Gratify'd his Appetite, or, as he fancies, made his Fortune perhaps: He grows presently Sick of his Purchase; His *Conscience* is the *Hue and Cry* That pursues him, and when he reckons upon it that he has gotten a *Booby*, he has only caught a *Tartar*. The *Bag of Money* burnt the Poor Fellow's Fingers in the very Taking of it up.

FAB. CXLV.

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 *T'other Frog* over to her in the Pool; where she might have been Safe; but she was wonted to the Place, she said, and would not Remove. And what was the End on't now, but the Wheel of a Cart drove over her a while after, and Crush'd her to pieces?

The MORAL.

Some People are so Listless and Slothful, that they'll rather lie still and Die in a Ditch, then Stir one Finger to Help themselves out on't.

REFLEXION.

CUSTOM is Another Nature; and what betwixt Obstinacy, and Sloth, let it be never so ill, and inconvenient, People are very Hard yet to Quit it.

He

He that does Nothing at all, does Worse than He, that upon the Account of Humane Frailty, does Amis; for nothing can be more contrary to God Himself, who is a Pure Act, than the Sleeping and Drowning away of our Life and Reason, that was given us for so many Better Purposes. The *Frog* in the High-way here, is the Lively Figure of such a Man; for a Life of Sloth is the Life of a Log, rather than the Life of a Reasonable Creature. 'Tis as much as a Body can well do, even with the Uttermost of his Prudence and Industry, to Rub through the Difficulties of the World, though he should keep himself perpetually a Doing. There is not perchance a more Insupportable Misery in Nature, than it would be, to put the Body into a Frame, that should keep it always in the same Posture. What can be said worse of Slothfulness now, when the very Vice is Equal to the most Exquisite of Torments? It is Odious to God and Man, Useless to the World, Irksom to it Self, Miserable in All Estates, and utterly Incapable either of Tasting, or Enjoying any thing of Comfort. The *Frog* was used to the Place, she said, and rather than Stir to help her Self, there she lay till her Guts were Pash'd out.

FAB. CLXVI.

A Bee-Master.

HERE came a Thief into a *Bee-Garden* in the Absence of the Master, and Robb'd the Hives. The *Owner* discover'd it upon his Return, and stood Pausing a while to Bethink himself how This should come to pass. The *Bees* in this *Interim*, came Laden home out of the Fields from Feeding, and Missing their Combs, they fell Powdering down in Swarms upon their *Master*. Well (says he) you are a Company of Senseless and Ungrateful Wretches, to let a Stranger go away Quietly that has Rifled ye, and to bend All your Spite against your Master, that is at this Instant Beating his Brains how he may Repair and Preserve ye.

The MORAL.

'Tis the Course of the World for People to take their Friends for their Foes, and to Use them accordingly.

REFLEXION.

THE Mistake of a Friend for an Enemy, or of an Enemy for a Friend, is one of the most Pernicious Errors of a Rash Man's Life; for there's Judgment, good Nature, Generosity, Justice, common Prudence, and All at Stake. Nothing can be more Disobliging to a Friend on the One hand, or more Ruinous to my self on the Other. Charity however bids me Hope and Think the Best, provided at the Same Time, that I Secure the main Chance. Now this Caution holds as well in *Politiques*, as in *Morals*;
and

and in Publick Cafes as well as in Private; for there is Nothing more Frequent, then for People to take their Oppreffors for their Protectors, and their Protectors for their Oppreffors: As the *Bees* here Spar'd the *Thief*, and fell foul upon their *Keeper*. This is the very Humour of the *Mobile*, when they mistake the Man.

FAB. CLXVII.

A *Kingsfisher*.

THe *Kingsfisher* 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 These 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 MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

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 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 so Secure, as not to lie 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, Hurricans, Pestilential 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 Worst that can Befal Us. That which cannot be Helpt, must be Born.

FAB. CLXVIII.

Fishing in Troubled Waters.

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

on,

on, told him he did ill to muddle the Water fo, and Spoil their Drink. Well (fays he) But I muft either Spoil your Drink, or have Nothing to Eat my felf.

The MORAL.

There's no Engaging the Mobile in a Sedition, till their Heads are fo muddled firft with Frights and Visions, That they can neither See, Hear, nor Underftand.

REFLEXION.

THIS Allegory is frequently Applied to thofe that make Advantage to Themfelves by Embroyling the Puplique; and *fet their Country A-fire for the Roafting of their Own Eggs.* 'Tis the Only Trade that many People have to Live by, and the moft Profitable Trade too, when the Occafion lies Fair for their Purpofe. 'Tis with the Common People in this Cafe, juft as 'tis with Fifhes: Trouble the Waters, fo that they cannot fee their Way before them, and you Have 'em Sure in the Bag before they know where they are.

FAB. CLXIX.

An Ape and a Dolphin.

PEOPLE were us'd in the Days of Old, to carry Gamefome Puppies and Apes with 'em to Sea, to pafs away the Time withal. Now there was One of thefe Apes, it feems, aboard a Veffel that was caft 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 *Pyræus*, and took occafion to ask the Ape, whether he was an *Athenian* or not? He told him Yes, and of a very Ancient Family there. Why then (fays the *Dolphin*) You know *Pyræus*: Oh! exceedingly well fays T'other. (taking it for the Name of a Man) Why *Pyræus* is my very Particular Good Friend. The *Dolphin*, upon This, had fuch an Indignation for the Impudence of the *Buffon-Ape*, that he gave him the Slip from between his Legs, and there was an End of my very Good Friend, the *Athenian*.

The MORAL.

Bragging, Lying, and Pretending, has Coft many a Man his Life and Eftate.

RE-

REFLEXION.

THIS is the Humour 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 Councils and Intrigues, Reasons of State, Embassies, and Negotiations, that they never were skill'd in at all. Neither Men, Books nor Sciences come Amis to 'em: And after All This Extravagant Bustle, a Gay Coat and a Grimace is the Upshot of what they can Pretend to. These *Phantomes* 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 Sillyness lays them Open, Their Supporters give them the Slip, and down they Drop and Vanish. How many of these Empty Chattering Fops have we daily put upon us, for Men of Sense and Bus'ness; that with *Balzack's Prime Minister*, shall spend ye Eight and Forty Hours together Poring over a Map, to look for *Aristocracy* and *Democracy*, instead of *Croatia* and *Dalmatia*, and take the Name of a Country for a Form of Government; Without any more ado, we have *Apes* in History as well as in Fiction, and not a Rush matter whether they go on Four Legs, or on Two.

FAB. CLXX.

Mercury and a *Statuary*.

M*ercury* had a Great Mind once to Learn what Credit he had in the World, and he knew no Better Way, then to Put on the Shape of a Man, and take Occasion to Discourse the Matter as by the By, with a *Statuary*: So away he went to the House of a Great Master, where, among Other Curious Figures, he saw several Excellent Pieces of the Gods. The first he Cheapen'd was a *Jupiter*, which would have come at a very Easie Rate. Well (says *Mercury*) and what's the Price of that *Juno* there? The *Carver* set That a little Higher. The next Figure was a *Mercury*, with his Rod and his Wings, and all the Ensigns of his Commission. Why, This is as it should be, says he, to Himself: For here am I in the Quality of *Jupiter's* Messenger, and the Patron of Artizans, with all my Trade about me: And now will this Fellow ask me Fifteen Times as much for This as he did for T'other: And so he put it to him, what he Valu'd that Piece at: Why truly, says the *Statuary*, you seem to be a Civil Gentleman, give me but my Price for the Other Two, and you shall e'en have That into the Bargain.

The

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

'TIS an Old Saying, That *Listeners never hear Well of Themselves*; and *Mercury's* Curiosity Sped accordingly in this Fable. All Vain Men that Affect Popularity, are apt to Fancy, that Other People have the same Opinion of Them, that they have of themselves; but nothing goes Nearer the Heart of 'em then to meet with Contempt, instead of Applause, Esteem, and Reputation. They Muster up All their Commissions and Charters; as *Mercury* Values himself here, upon the Relation he had to *Jupiter*; whose *Pimp* he is, and That's his Bus'ness. He gives to Understand also what a Friend the *Artizans* had at Court, and All too Little, to gain him the Respect, but so much as of a Common Messenger.

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's* Oxen; and Order'd the Matter, to be in the Company with *Tiresias*, as upon Bus'ness by the By, when the News should be brought him of the Loss of his Oxen. *Mercury* went to *Tiresias* in the Shape of a Man, and the Tidings came as *Mercury* had Contriv'd it: Upon this, he took *Mercury* up to a High Tower, Hard by, and bad him look Well about him, and tell him what Birds he saw. Why, says *Mercury*, I see an *Eagle* upon Wing there, that takes her Course from the Right-hand to the Left. That *Eagle* (says *Tiresias*) is nothing to Our Purpose; wherefore Pray look again once. *Mercury* stood Gazing a while, and then told *Tiresias* of a Crow he had 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 pleases.

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

KNAVES Set up these Jugglers, and Fools Maintain them. There must be Forms however, Characters, and Hard Words, Crabbed 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.

FAB. CLXXII.

A Hound and a Mastiff.

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

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

MORE People are lost for want of good Education and Institution, then for want of Honest and Honourable Inclinations; and these are Mis-carriages 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 Mastiff Maintains the Hound, as well as the Hound the Mastiff; and if the one did not keep the House from being Robb'd, the Other would have nothing to eat in't 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 betwixt Rulers and Subjects, for the Preservation of a *Common-wealth*: The One Supplies us with what we Want, and the Other Supports us in the Defence of what we Get, and neither would Signifie any thing to us without the Other.

F A B. CLXXIII.

An Unhappy Match.

THERE was a Man, a Long time ago, that had got a *Shrew* to his *Wife*, and there could be No Quiet in the House for her. The *Husband* was Willing however to make the Best of a Bad Game, and so for Experiment Sake, he sent her away for a While to her Father's. When he came a little after to take her Home again, Prithee Sweet-heart (says he) How go Matters in the House where thou hast been? Introth, says she, they go I know not How: But there's None of the Family, you must know, can Endure Me: No, not so much as the very Hinds and Plough-men; I could Read it in the Faces of them. Ah Wife! says the Husband, If People that Rise Early and come Home Late, and are all Day out of your Sight, cannot be Quiet for ye, what a Case is your Poor Husband in, that must Spend his Whole Life in your Company.

The MORAL.

When Man and Wife cannot Agree, Prudence will Oblige the One, and Modesty the Other, to put all their Little Controversies into their Pockets, and make the Best of a Bad Game.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE are more Ways to come to a Right Understanding of Things, then by Question and Answer. There are Certain Contentious Humors that are never to be Pleas'd, and he that Troubles his Head because he cannot Please them, is worse then a Mad-man. Nay, it falls out many times, that the very Desire and Endeavor to do it, makes it more Impossible, Especially where People are Imperious and Insulting, as well as Peevish. Now in the Case of this Fable, it may be a Question whether the *Wife* or the *Woman* was the more Freakish of the Two: For she was still the same Uneasie Fop where-ever she was; but the Poor Man however had enough on't, in Both Capacities; That is to say, as a Common Incumbrance, and as a Particular Clog.

The Moral is a Piece of Good Counsel to All Men that Labour under that Unhappy Circumstance. First, in Prudence, to Try what Help for't; and then in Case of the Last Necessity, to come to some Peremptory Resolution to Deliver Themselves.

F A B.

FAB. CLXXIV.

A **Wolfe** and a **Kid**.

A *Wolfe* spy'd out a Straggling *Kid*, and pursu'd him. The *Kid* found that the *Wolfe* was too Nimble for him, and so turn'd and told him: I perceive I am to be Eaten, and I would gladly Die as Pleasantly as I could: Wherefore, Pray give me but One Touch of your Pipe before I go to Pot. The *Wolfe* Play'd and the *Kid* Danc'd, and the Noise of the *Pipe* brought the *Dogs* in upon him. Well (says the *Wolfe*) This 'tis when People will be Meddling out of their Profession. My Bus'ness was to Play the *Butcher*, not the *Piper*.

The MORAL.

When a Crafty Knave is Infatuated, any Silly Wretch may put Tricks upon him.

REFLEXION.

LET Every Man stick to his Own Part, without Taking Another Man's Trade out of his Hand. This is the Old Moral, but we may Read upon't Another way too. 'Tis a very Unequal Encounter, when Malice, Craft, and Power are United against the Weak, and the Innocent: Saving where Providence Interposes to the Relief of the One, and to the Infatuation of the Other: As the *Wolfe* here, that had a *Plot* upon the *Kid*, was Confounded by a *Counter-Plot* of the *Kid's* upon the *Wolfe*: And such a *Counter-Plot* it was too, as the *Wolfe* with All his Sagacity, was not able to Smell out. Wherefore let no Man Presume too much upon his Own Strength, either of Body or of Mind; but Consider within himself, that Heaven takes Part with the Oppressed; and that Tyrants Themselves are upon their Behavior to a Superior Power.

FAB. CLXXV.

A **Fox** and a **Crab**.

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

The MORAL.

No Body Pities a Man for any Misfortune that Befals him, in Matters out of his Way, Bus'ness, or Calling.

RE-

REFLEXION.

EVERY Man has his Post Assign'd him, and in That Station he is Well, if he can but Think himself so; and He that cannot keep himself Well, when he is Well, may Thank Himself: But Men of Curiosity and Levity can never be at Rest; for let their Present State be what it will, it never Pleases them. They have a Sickly Uneasiness upon them, which Way soever they lye, or in what Condition soever they are; no Place, no Posture, no State, either of Life or of Fortune agrees with 'em, but they run on, Shifting, and Changing, from One Error, and from One Qualm, to Another; Hankering after Novelties, and Trying New Experiments. We are Naturally given to be Peeping into Forbidden Secrets, and Groping in the Dark after we know not what. We never think of the Main Bus'ness of Life, till a Vain Repentance minds us of it at the Wrong End on't, and then, with the *Crab* in the Fable, we find that we have been Doing of One thing All this while, when we should have been Doing Another; and Abandoned the Station that God and Nature Allotted us, to our Irreparable Ruine.

FAB. CLXXVI.

A Musician.

A Man that had a very Course Voice, but an Excellent *Musique-Room*, would be still Practising in that Chamber, for the Advantage of the *Eccbo*. He took such a Conceit upon't, that he must needs be shewing his Parts upon a Publick Theatre, where he Perform'd so very Ill, that the Auditory His'd him off the Stage, and threw Stones at him.

The MORAL.

A Man may Like himself very Well in his Own Glass, and yet the World not Fall in Love with him in Publick. But the Truth on't is, We are Partial in our own Case, and there's no Reading of Our Selves but with Other Mens Eyes

REFLEXION.

THERE'S a Great Difference betwixt an Orator in the Schools, and a Man of Bus'ness upon a Stage of Action. Many a Man that Passes for a Philosopher in Private, behaves himself most Ridiculously in Publick; as what's more Uncouth (with Respect be it spoken) then a Pedant out of his Element? There are Flattering Chambers, as well as Flattering Glasses, and the One Helps out a Bad Voice, as the Other Countenances an ill-Favour'd Face; That is to say, the One Drowns the Harshness of the Pipe, as the Other Covers, or Disguises the Coarseness of the Complexion. But Men must not think to Walk upon These Stilts, if they come to set up in Publick once; The One, for an *Italian Capon*, the Other, for an *English Beauty*: Wherefore it

it will become All People to Weigh and Measure Themselves, before they Venture upon any Undertaking that may bring their Lives, Honour, or Fortune in Question. Some *Songsters* can no more Sing in any Chamber but their Own; then some *Clarks* can Read in any Book but their Own; Put them out of their Road once, and they are Meer *Cat-Pipes* and *Dunces*.

FAB. CLXXVII.

Thieves that Stole a Cock.

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

The MORAL.

That which is One Body's Meat, is Another Body's Poyson; as the Trusting up of Thieves is the Security of Honest Men. One Foolish Word is enough to Spoil a Good Cause, and 'tis many a Man's Fortune to Cut his Own Throat with his Own Argument.

REFLEXION.

'TIS a Hard Matter for a Man that Argues against the Truth, and the Reason of a Thing, to Consist with Himself, for having no Rule to Walk by, 'tis Forty 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 anything fall that may be turn'd upon him out of his Own Mouth. This Presence of Mind, 'tis true, is not Every Bodies Talent; neither does this Consideration Enter into Every Bodies Thought; but it were better if it Were so, and so it Ought to be.

FAB. 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,

dictions, sets 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 Passing by. They were a little Surpriz'd at first; but so soon as they saw how 'twas, Come, my Masters (says One of the Company) let's e'en go forward, for this is but the Chattering of a Foolish *Crow*, and it signifies Nothing.

THE MORAL.

How are Superstitious Men Hagg'd out of their Wits and Senses, with the Fancy of Omens, Forebodings, Old Wives Tales and Visions; and upon a Final Examination of the Matter, Nothing at all in the Bottom on't!

REFLEXION.

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 Test. *Your Empyricks, Piss-Pot Prophets, Fortune-Tellers, and Buffon-Pretenders to State and Government*, Fall under the Lash 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, than *Nodding* or *Croaking*. 'Tis not the *Gown* and the *Cap* that makes the *Doctor*; Neither is it the Supercilious Gravity of Countenances and Forms that presently Dubbs any Man a Philosopher. Not but that a Fool may Put himself in the Garb, and so far imitate the Meen, and Motions of a Wise Man, as at first Blush 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 *Ass* in his *borrow'd Skin* was from the *Lion*: Or I might have said, as the *Crow* here from the *Raven*: Their Ears and their Tongues Betray them.

FAB. CLXXIX.

A *Crow* and a *Dog*.

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

THE MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

THIS Pagan Fable will bear a Christian Moral, for more People Worship for Fear, and for Interest, then for Love and Devotion. As the *Indians* do the *Devils*, That they may not Hurt 'em. It teaches us farther, that we are not to take Pet, or Despond, under any Cross or Calamity that the Almighty is pleas'd to lay upon us. The Judgments of Heaven are Just, let them fall never so Heavy, they are yet less then we deserve. The Devil Himself, when he was let loose upon *Job*, could not Transport That Patient, Good Man beyond his Temper, or make him Quit his Hold. Resignation and Perseverance are All that a Man has to Trust to in This Extremity. There's no Good to be done by Struggling, nor any way left us to make our Peace with, but to try by Faith, Prayer, and a New Life, if we can make our Offended Master Once again our Friend. So that upon the Upshot, Afflictions are but the Methods of a Merciful Providence, to Force us upon the only Means of setting Matters Right, betwixt Divine Justice and Humane Frailty.

FAB. CLXXX.

A Raven and a Snake.

AS a *Snake* lay Lazing at his Length, in the Gleam of the Sun, a *Raven* Took him up, and Flew away with him. The *Snake* kept a Twisting and a Turning, till he Bit the *Raven*, and made him Curse himself for being such a Fool, as to Meddle with a Purchase that cost him his Life.

The MORAL.

Nature has made All the Necessaries of Life, Safe and Easie to us, but if we will be Hanking after Things that we neither Want nor Understand, we must take our Fortune, even if Death it Self should happen to be in the Case.

REFLEXION.

IF Men would but Ballance 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 betwixt Us, and our Sensual Acquisitions, that it is betwixt the *Raven* and the *Snake* here. Men of Eager Appetites Chop at what comes next, and the Purchase seldom fails of a Sting in the Tayl on't. Nor is it to be Expected, that Passion without Reason should Succeed better. Our Senses are Sharp-set upon All Fleshly Pleasures, and if they be but fair to the Eye, Relishing to the Palate, Harmonious to the Ear, Gentle to the Touch, and Fragrant to the Smell, 'tis all we Look for, and all we Care for. 'Tis true, all this while, that our very Nature Requires a Dose of These Enjoyments; nay, and that Providence
it

it self does not only Allow, but Prescribe it; for the Common Comfort and Benefit of Humane 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 Taste, and yet there was Death in't? What were the Poets *Sirens*, but Figures of our *Seducers*, that Charm us by the Ear, and Tempt us to *leap Over-board*? That is to say, by Debauching us into False Doctrines and Opinions, which do but Answer, 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 Nauseous Potion. 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*.

F A B. CLXXXI.

A Daw and Pigeons.

A *Daw* took Particular Notice of the *Pigeons* in such a Certain *Dove-House*, that they were very Well Fed, and Provided for: So he Went and Painted himself of a *Dove-Colour*, and took his Commons with the *Pigeons*. So long as he kept his Own Counsel, he Pass'd for a Bird of the Same Feather; but it was his Hap once at Unawares, to Cry [KAW,] upon which Discovery, they Beat him out of the House, and when he came to his Old Companions again, They'd have None of him neither; so that he Lost himself Both Ways by This Disguise.

The MORAL.

He that Trims betwixt Two Interests, loses himself with Both, when he comes to be Detected, for being True to Neither.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS is to Caution us against All Superfluous and Dangerous Desires. Our Own Lot is Best, and by Aiming at what we have Not, and what is Impossible to be had, we lose what we have already. No Man goes out of Himself but to his Loss. Imitation is Servile, let it be Where, How, and What it will. Nature Points out to us which way Every Man's Talent, and Genius lies; and He that keeps to his Own Province, or Biass, speeds Best. The Painting of the *Daw* like a *Pigeon*, did not make him One, neither can any Man do himself Right in Another Bodies Shape: Besides, that when he is once out, 'tis Hard to find his Way Home again. The Hypocrite is never so far from being a Good Christian, as when he looks Likest One. 'Tis much a Case with a Faction in a Government, and a *Daw* in a *Pigeon-House*. There's a Fraud driven on, and they Assimilate themselves, as much as may be, to the Interest they Propose to be the Better for. They put on all
Appearances

Appearances in Matter of Opinion, Practice, and Pretence, Suitable to the Humour they are to Joyn 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 Beat 'em away, and Refuse to Entertain them. This is no more then what we find to be True in All Turns of State. Double-Dealers may Pass Muster for a While, but All Parties Wash their Hands of them in the Conclusion.

FAB. CLXXXII.

A **Daw** with a **String** at's **Foot**.

A Country Fellow took a *Daw*, and ty'd a String to his Leg, and so gave him to a Little Boy to Play withal. The *Daw* 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 Starv'd. When he came to Die, he Reflected upon the Folly of Exposing his Life in the Woods, rather then Live in an Easie Servitude among Men.

The MORAL.

'Tis Fancy, not the Reason of Things, that makes Life so Uneasie 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.

R E F L E X I O N.

MEN that are Impatient under Imaginary Afflictions, change commonly for Worfe, as the *Daw* did here in the Fable, that Threw himself into a Starving Necessity, rather then he would Submit to the Tolerable Inconveniencs of an Easie Restraint. This was a *Republican Daw*, that *Kaw'd* for Liberty, not Understanding that he that Lives under the Bondage of Laws, is in a State of Freedom: And that Popular Liberty, when it passes Those 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 Humour and the Fate of Froward Subjects. They Fancy themselves Uneasie under the Errors of a Male Administration of Government, when their Quarrel 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 Case; for where they cannot Find 'em, they can Create them; And there goes no more to't neither, then the Calling of Necessary Justice by the Name of Oppression. And what's the End on't, more then this now? *They Run away from their Masters into the Woods, and there, with Æsop's Daw, they either Starve, or Hang Themselves.*

FAB. CLXXXIII.

Jupiter and Fraud.

Jupiter appointed *Mercury* to make him a Composition of Fraud and Hypocrisie, and to give every Artificer his Dose on't. 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 remain'd still in the Mortar. Upon Examining the Whole Account, there was a Mistake it seems, in the Reck'ning; for the *Taylor*s were forgott'n in the Catalogue: So that *Mercury*, for Brevity sake, gave the *Taylor*s the Whole Quantity that was Left; and from hence comes the Old Saying; *There's Knavery in All Trades, but Most in Taylor*s.

The MORAL.

It is in some sort Natural to be a Knave. We are made so, in the very Composition of our Flesh and Blood; Only Fraud is call'd Wit in one Case, Good Husbandry in Another, &c. while 'tis the Whole Bus'ness of the World for One Man to Couzen Another.

R E F L E X I O N.

LYING and Couzening is a General Practice in the World, tho' it appears in some Men, and in some Trades, more then in other. *Æsop* is still Introducing some or other of the Gods, to Countenance the Corruptions of Flesh and Blood: And since Custom and Interest will have it so, that all Tradesmen must use Fraud, more or less, even in their own Defence, the Practice being in some sort so Necessary, 'tis not amiss to bring in *Jupiter* to justify it. But why is this False and Double Dealing apply'd to Tradesmen only, when it is Common to Mankind? And why among them, to *Taylor*s above the Rest? when all the Bus'ness that passes in this World betwixt Man and Man is Manag'd by Collusion and Deceit, in as High a Measure: So that the Composition might have been as well Prepar'd for Human Nature. Are we not False, in Our Pretended Civilities, Formal Complements, and Respects; in our Confidences, and in our Professions? Are we not False, in Promising, and Breaking? Is not He that Robs me of my Good Name, a more Abominable Cheat, then he that Couzens me of a Yard of Damask? Is not He that Betrays me in his Arms, a more Detestable Wretch then 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 said for't yet, that we Play Foul by Consent. We Couzen in our Words, and in our Actions; only we are Agreed upon't, that such and such Forms of Civility, like some Adulterate Coins, shall pass Current for so much. A Fashionable Imposture, or Hypocrisie, shall be call'd Good Manners

Manners, and so we make a shift in some sort to Legitimate the Abuse. In *Jupiter's* appointing these Frauds, we read the Power of Humane Frailty that Disposes us to Entertain them : For we are False enough by Nature without any need of Prescription.

FAB. CLXXXIV.

Jupiter and Modesty.

MAN was made in such a Hurry (according to the 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 Multitude : *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 she, I'm Gone.

THE MORAL.

Sensual Love knows neither Bars nor Bounds. We are all Naturally Impudent; only by Custom, and Fig leaves, we have been taught to Disguise the Matter, and Look Demurely; and that's it which we call Modesty.

REFLEXION.

THE Extravagant Heats and Transports 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 Lodging *Carnal Love* and *Modesty* under the same Roof. *Jupiter's* forgetting *Modesty* in the Composition of Man, Intimates the Difficulty of Admitting it, till Flesh and Blood has done the Friendly Office towards the Peopling of the World; for there's hardly any Place for Council, till these Heats are in some Measure taken off; and it is no Wonder, that when Love comes to be without Reason, it should be without *Modesty* too; for when 'tis once past *Government*, it is consequently past *Shame*. When Our Corruptions, in fine, are Strong, and our Understandings Weak, we are apter to Harken to the Motions of the Blood, and to the Vain Imaginations of a Deprav'd Affection, then to the Dry Doctrines and Precepts of Authority and Virtue.

This 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 be too Late, of those 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 Vertuous Impressions, then afterward, when they come to be Solicited by the Impulse of Common, and Vulgar Inclinations. They should

should in Truth, be kept out of Distance, of either Seeing or Hearing Ill Examples: Especially in an Age that is Govern'd more by President than by Reason.

FAB. CLXXXV.

Jupiter's Wedding.

WHEN the Toy had once taken *Jupiter* in the Head to Enter into a State of Matrimony, he Resolv'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, saving 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, than in a Palace, and so he pass'd this Judgment upon him; That since he would not be perswaded 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 Sloth and Affectation, as well as of Choice and Virtue; and a Beggar 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 there's no Trifling, Dallying, or Delaying with Men in Power: And that Contentment in a Mean Condition at Home, is beyond all the Luxurious Treats in the World, Abroad, with Pomp, and Envy. The Danger of Trifling with Great Men does not come up methinks, to the Full Force, and Intent of this Fable, which seems rather to set forth the Mistakes of Impotent Greatness, in Mis-judging the Test and Standard of Humane Happiness. What's a Voluptuous Dinner, and the Frothy Vanity of Discourse that commonly attends these Pompous Entertainments? What is it but a Mortification, to a Man of Sense and Virtue, to spend his time among People that take Good for Evil, and Punish where they should Reward, and Reward where they should Punish? The *Tortoise* was Forbidden the Court; That is to say, he was Banished from the sight of Vain, Wicked, and Unprofitable Examples. *Jupiter* gave the *Tortoise* the Honour of an Invitation, but that Honour was yet to the Poor *Tortoise's* Loss; for He that's Transported out of his Nature, and out of his Element, let the Change be what it will, is a Loser by the Bargain. A Plain, and a Homely Home, with Competency and Content, is beyond

beyond all the Palaces under the Heavens; The Pomp, the Plenty, and the Pleasures of them over and above. To say nothing of the Surfeits that are gotten by Excesses of Eating and Drinking; The Restless Nights, Factious Emulations, Fewds, and Disgusts that attend them: Besides the Slavery of being Ty'd up to other Peoples Hours, Meals, and Fashions. He that has no Ambition, is Happy in a Cell, or in a Cottage; 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 *Tortoise* came Late, for he came Unwillingly, which is the Case of many a Worthy Man that Sacrifices his Peace to Formalities of Complement, and Good Manners. *Jupiter* took Snuff at the Contempt, and Punish'd him for't. 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 Wrapt 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 Ruin; and making the *Tortoise's* Banishment a Blessing to him.

FAB. CLXXXVI.

A Wolfe and a Sheep.

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

THE MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

THAT *Sheep* has a Blessed Time on't that runs on a *Wolfe's* Errand: But *Æsop's Sheep* have more Wit, I perceive, than many of our Domestique Innocence. 'Tis a Court-Master-Piece, to draw Chesnuts out of the Fire with other Peoples Fingers; and to Complement a Man into a Post of Honour, a-purpose to have him Knock'd o'th Head in't: Now the *Sheep's* Case in the Fable, is but an Every-days Case in the World; when People are divided betwixt Charity and Discretion, how far to go, and where to stop. In Offices of This Doubtful Quality, We have only This General Rule to Walk by, that when we have to do with Known *Wolves*, we Know likewise that they

they are not to be Confided in. But this *Wolfe* (I must Confess) with a *Lambskin* over his Shoulders, might have past Muster for a *Gospeller in Sheeps Cloathing*; which would have made it a more Dangerous Imposture. We are to Gather from hence, that there's no Trusting to the Fair Words and Appearances of a False and a Malicious Enemy; for their very Kindnesses are no better then Snares. *Treachery* is a kind of a *Lay Hypocrisie*, and they are Equally Odious both to God and Man: Over and above the Corrupting of our Manners, the Hardening of our Hearts; the Dissolving 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, Foxes, and Eagles.

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

The MORAL.

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

R E F L E X I O N.

'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 Manifestly too Strong for them Both. 'Tis Hazardous to Contract Unequal Friendships and Alliances, and there's an Inequality of Disposition and Humour, as well as of Power. The False are as Dangerous as the Fearful: 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 Assistance and Defence; And he that joyns Interest with those that cannot Help him, stands as single as he did before; which destroys the End of a Common Union; for where there's no Hope of a Reciprocal Aid, there can be no Reason for a Mutual Obligation: And it is the same Thing in Bus'ness, Council, and Commerce, that it is in Arms and Force. The Case of the *Hares* and *Foxes* in a Confederacy against the *Eagles*, is a Common Case betwixt Kingdoms and Common-wealths.

FAB. CLXXXVIII.

An **Ant** formerly a **Man**.

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

The MORAL.

That which Some call Good Husbandry, Industry and Providence, Others call Raking, Avarice, and Oppression: So that the Vertue and the Vice, in Many Cases, are hardly Distinguishable but by the Name.

REFLEXION.

WHEN Vicious Inclinations are brought once, by Custom, and Practice, to be Habitual, the Evil is Desperate, for Nature will be still True to her self, though all Forms and Disguises. And *Custom* is a *Second Nature*. By the Poetical Fictions of Men turn'd into the Shape of Beasts, and Insects, we are given to Understand that they do effectually Make themselves so, when they Degenerate from the Dignity of their Kind: So that the *Metamorphosis* is in their Manners, not in their Figure. When a Reasonable Soul descends to keep Company in the Dirt with *Ants*, and *Beetles*, and to Abandon the Whole Man to the Sensuality of Brutal Satisfactions he forfeits his Peerage, and the very Privilege 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 Befel the *Husband man*, which bids us have a Care of Avarice, Rapine and Oppression; for the Curse of Heaven Attends them.

FAB. 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 it prov'd at last to be no more than a Float of Weeds and Rushes: Whereupon they made this Reflexion within Themselves, *We have been Waiting here for a Mighty Bus'ness, that comes at last to just Nothing.*

The

THE MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

THE Doctrine of this Fable is held forth to us in a Thousand Cases of Curiosity, Novelty, &c. We make a Wonderful Matter of Things at a Distance, that Signifie Little or Nothing at all, nearer hand. And we are as much Impos'd upon in the Prospect of our Hopes and Fears: The Dangers, and the Blessings that we either Dread, or Propose to our selves, look a great Deal Bigger a far off, then in Effect they are. And what's the Mystery of All this now, but that we judge of Things by False Images and Appearances, without Entering into the True State and Reason of them? So that at this Rate, we divide our Lives, betwixt Flattering Illusions, and Restless Apprehensions: Never at Ease, either on the One side, or on the Other. The Mischief is, that we are Over-solicitous about Matters that are out of our Power, and Star-gazing after Futurities; when in truth, our Bus'ness lies just under our Noses; That is to say, in the Attending, and Emproving of Present Opportunities. In few Words, a Wise Man Counts his very Minutes: He lets no Time slip him; for Time is Life: which he makes Long, by the Good Husbandry of a Right Use and Application of it, from One Moment to Another. This is not yet to Exclude the Providence of Tracing Premisses into Consequences, or Causes into their Effects; but to Caution us not to look at the Wrong End of the Glass; and so Invert the Prospect. We see Things at hand, as they really are, but at a Distance, only as they seem to be: Patience and Consideration will set us Right in our Judgments and in our Measures. It is much thereabouts with the Common People too, in the Matter of Remote Grievances. They Represent, and Fancy to Themselves, Hell, Slavery and Damnation at a Distance, in many a Case, which at hand signifies not so much as a Flea biting.

FAB. CXC.

A Wild Ass and a Tame.

AS a Tame Ass was Airing himself in a Pleasant Meadow, with a Coat and Carcass in very Good Plight, up comes a Wild one to him from the next Wood, with this short Greeting. *Brother* (says he) *I Envy your Happiness*; and so he left him. It was his Hap some short time after this Encounter, to see his Tame Brother, Groaning under an Unmerciful Pack, and a Fellow at his Heels Goading him forward. He rounds him in the Ear upon't, and Whispers 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

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

THIS is to Caution us against running the Risque of Disappointments that are greater then the Present Inconveniences ; and where the Misery, and Hazzard, does more then Countervail the Benefit.

In the Fable of *the Horse and the Ass* (Num. 38.) The *Ass* 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, then in Truth, They, or We are : Which favours of a Malevolence on the One hand, and an Ingratitude on the Other. Nay, it falls out many times, that the Envious Persons are rather to be Envy'd of the Two. What had the *Wild Ass* here to Complain of, or the *Tame One* to be Envy'd for ? The Former was but in the Plight that *Wild Asses* usually are ; and in truth ought to be. When they are in the Woods they are at Home, and a Forrest Life, to them, is but according to Nature. As to the State and Rudeness of his Body, 'tis but Answerable to the Condition of his Lot. The *Tame Ass*, 'tis true, was Better Fed, but then he was Harder Wrought, and in the Carrying of Packs, he did but serve Mankind in the Trade that Providence has Assign'd him ; for he was made for Burdens. 'Tis a Fine Thing to be Fat and Smooth ; but 'tis a Finer Thing to Live at Liberty and Ease.

To speak Properly, and to Point, there is no such Thing as Happiness or Misery in this World (commonly so Reputed) but by Comparison ; Neither is there any Man so Miserable, as not to be Happy, or so Happy, as not to be Miserable, in some Respect or Other : Only we are apt to Envy our Neighbours the Possession of Those Advantages that we Want, without ever giving Thanks for the Blessings that They Want, and We our selves Enjoy. Now This Mixture in the Distributions of Providence, duly Considered, serves to make us Easy, as well as Necessary One to Another ; and so to Unite us in a Consistence 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 Faculties, then in the Common Bus'ness of Negotiation, and Commerce ; and Humane Society can no more Subsist without the One, then without the Other. One Man furnishes Brains, Another Money, a Third, Power, Credit, Mediation, Intelligence, Advice, Labour, Industry : (to say Nothing of a Thousand other Instances Reducible to this Head) so that the Rule of Communication holds as well betwixt Man and Man ; as betwixt Country and Country ; What One has Not, Another Has, and there is not That Man Living, but in some Case or Other, stands in Need of his Neighbour. Take away This Correspondence, and the very Frame of all Political Bodies drops, to pieces. Every thing is Best in fine, As God has Made it, and where God has

has Plac'd it. The *Tame Ass* wrought hard for his *Fine Coat*, and the *Wild* one *Far'd Hard* to Ballance the Comfort of his *Freedom*.

FAB. CXCI.

Asses to Jupiter.

THE *Asses* found themselves once so Intolerably Oppressed with Cruel Masters, and Heavy Burdens, that they sent their Ambassadors to *Jupiter*, with a Petition for Redress. *Jupiter* found the Request Unreasonable, and so gave them This Answer, That Humane Society could not be preserved without Carrying Burdens some way or other: So that if they would but Joyn, and Piss up a River, that the Burdens which they now Carry'd by Land might be carried by Water, they should be Eas'd of that Grievance. This set them All a Pissing Immediately, and the Humour is kept up to This very Day, that whenever *One Ass* Pisses, the Rest Piss for Company.

The MORAL.

'Tis the uttermost Degree of Madnes and Folly, to Appeal from Providence and Nature.

REFLEXION.

THE Decrees and Appointments of Heaven are Unchangeable, and there's no Contending. How many Popular Counter-parts of the *Asses* Petition to *Jupiter* for Redress of Grievances, have we liv'd to see within our own Memory, and all, for Things, not only Unreasonable, but utterly Impossible. We read however in the Answer, the Quality, and the Reproach of the Prayer, which is Granted upon Conditions as Impracticable as the Thing desir'd is Ridiculous.

The *Asses* are here Complaining (after the Way of the *Mobile*) for being put to the very Use and Bus'ness they were made for; as if it were Cruelty and Oppression to Employ the Necessary Means, which God and Nature has given us, for the Attaining of Necessary Ends. If we Confound Higher and Lower, the World is a *Chaos* again, and a Level. Is not a Labourer as much a Tool of Providence as the Master Builder? Are not the Meanest Artisans of the same Institution with Ministers of Counsel and State? The Head can no more be without the Body, then the Body without the Head; and neither of them without Hands and Feet to Defend, and Provide, both for the One, and for the Other. Government can no more subsist without Subjection, then the Multitude can Agree without Government: And the Duty of Obeying, is no less of Divine Appointment, then the Authority of Commanding.

Here's

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 Bus'ness, were to be Embroil'd, Dissolv'd, or Alter'd, for the Sake of so many *Affes*. What would become of the Universe if there were not Servants as well as Masters? Beasts to Draw, and Carry Burdens, as well as Burdens 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 Consequently both Weak and Wicked; and it is likewise as Vain, and Unreasonable, to Ask a Thing that is wholly Impossible. But 'tis the *Petition* of an *Ass* at last 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 *Affes* in *Flesh and Blood* too, and in *Practice*, as well as in *Emblem*. We have *Herds* in *Society*, as well as in the *Fields*, and in the *Forests*; And we have *English* too, as well as *Arcadian Grievances*. What? (Cries the Multitude) are not our Bodies of the same Clay, and our Souls of the same Divine Inspiration with our Masters? Under these Amusements, the Common People put up so many Appeals to Heaven, from the Powers and Commands of their Lawful Superiors, under the Obloquy of Oppressors; and what Better Answer can be return'd to All their Clamorous Importunities, then this of *Jupiter*? Which most Emphatically sets forth the Necessity of Discharging the *Affes* Part; and the Vanity of Proposing to have it done any Other Way. As who should say, the Bus'ness of Humane Nature must be done. Lay your Heads together, and if you can find any way for the doing it, without one sort of People under Another, You shall have Your Asking. But for a Conclusion, He that's born to Work, is out of his Place and Element when he is Idle.

FAB. CXCII.

An *Ass* and the *Frogs*.

AN *Ass* sunk down into a Bog among a Shoale of *Frogs*, with a Burden of Wood upon his Back, and there he lay, Sighing and Groaning, as if his Heart would Break: Hark ye Friend (says one of the *Frogs* to him) if you make such a Bus'ness of a *Quagmire*, when you are but just fall'n into't, 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 its own Element.

REFLEXION.

NATURE has Assign'd every Creature its Proper Place and Station : and an *Ass* in a *Bog* is out of his Element, and out of his Province. The Fable it self has not much in't : but it may serve to Teach us in the Moral, that it is a High Point of Honour, and Christianity, to bear Misfortunes, with Resolution, and Constancy of Mind : And that Steadiness, is a Point of Prudence, as well as of Courage ; for People are the Lighter, and the Easier for't. But it was an *Ass*, we see, that *Complain'd*, and (if a Body may play the Fool with him) he was but an *Ass* for *Complaining* : First, of what he could not Help ; and Secondly, to be never the Better for't. 'Tis with a *Man* in a *Jayle*, much at the Rate as it was with this *Ass* in the *Bog*. He's Sullen and out of Humour at his first coming In ; the Pris'ners Gather about him, and there He tells 'em his Cafe Over and Over I warrant ye. Some make Sport with him ; Others Pity him, and this is the Trade they drive for the First Four or Five Days perhaps ; but so soon as the Qualm is over, the Man comes to himself again ; makes merry with his Companions, and since he cannot be in his Own House, he reckons Himself as good as at Home in the very Prison. 'Tis the same Thing with a *Bird* in a *Cage* ; when she has Flutter'd her self a Weary, she sits down and Sings. This 'tis to be Wonted to a Thing. And were it not a Scandal now, if Philosophy should not do as much with us as Custom, without leaving it to Necessity to do the Office of Vertue. It might be added to this Moral, that what's Natural to One may be Grievous to Another. The *Frogs* would have been as much at a Loss in the *Stable*, as the *Ass* was in the *Bog*.

FAB. CXCIH.

A Gall'd Ass and a Raven.

AS an *Ass* with a *Gall'd Back* was Feeding in a Meadow, a *Raven* Pitch'd upon him, and there Sate, Jobbing of the Sore. The *Ass* fell a Frisking and Braying upon't ; which set a Groom, that saw it at a Distance, 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 Persecuted, and Hunted to Death presently ; 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 Horse, then Another Look over the Hedge.

REFLEXION.

THE Same Thing in One Person or Respect, is not always the Same Thing in Another: The Grooms Grinning at the Gambols of the *Ass*, tells us that there are Many Cases that make People Laugh without Pleasing them, as when the Surprize, or Caprice of some Fantastical Accident happens to strike the Fancy: Nay, a Body cannot forbear Laughing Sometimes, when he is yet Heartily Sorry for the Thing he Laughs at; which is, in Truth, but an Extravagant Motion, that never comes near the Heart: wherefore the *Wolfe* was Out in his Philofophy, when he call'd it a *Laughing-Matter*; Besides, that he should have Distinguish'd upon the Disproportion betwixt the Worrying of a *Wolfe*, and the Pecking of a *Raven*; That is to say, betwixt a Certain Death on the One Hand, and only a Vexatious Importunity on the Other. The *Raven* understood what sort of Spark he had to do withal, and the Silly *Ass* stood Preaching to Himself upon the Text of *No Remedy but Patience*.

FAB. CXCIV.

A *Lyon*, *Ass*, and *Fox*.

A San *Ass* and a *Fox* were together upon the Ramble, a *Lyon* Meets them by the Way. The *Fox*'s Heart went *Pit-a-Pat*; but however to make the Best of a Bad Game, he sets 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 Cast my self upon Your Honour for my Own Security. If you have a Mind to my Companion, the *Ass* here, 'tis but a Word Speaking, and You shall have him Immediately. Let it be Done then, says the *Lyon*. So the *Fox* Trepann'd the *Ass* into the Toyl, and the *Lyon*, when he found he had Him sure, began with the *Fox* Himself, and after that, for his Second Course, made up his Meal with the Other.

The MORAL.

We Love the Treason, but we hate the Traytor.

REFLEXION.

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

Here's the Folly of the *Ass* in Trusting the *Fox* that he knew to be a Treacherous Companion; and here's the *Knavery* of the *Fox* in Betraying the *Ass*, which was but according to his Nature. Now this does not hinder yet, but that the *Lyon* Forfeited a Point of Honour in the Worrying of him; And this Fiction throughout is but the Emblem of Things that are Familiar to us in the World. The *Lyon* might have been Allow'd an Aversion to the *Fox* as a Perfidious Creature, but the Devouring of him upon these Terms, was Another Treachery in Himself. There may be this said at last for the Congruity of the Fancy, that a Just and Generous *Lyon*, would not have Sunk so Low as to hold any Communication with a *Fox*, much less to Concert with him in his False Dealing. But this *Lyon* was meant for the Figure of a Wicked Governour, Conferring upon Frauds with Wicked Ministers. Now if he had spar'd the *Ass*, for his Simplicity, and Pinch'd the *Fox* for his Perfidy, the Proceeding might have had some Semblance of a Generous Equity: But an Honourable Mind will scorn to make Advantage of a Treacherous Instrument. That is to say, by Assenting to the Treachery: So that the Moral seems to carry more Force with this Bias. Upon the Whole Matter, here's the Silly *Ass* pays Dear for the Credulity and Folly of Keeping Ill Company. The *Fox* is Met withal in his Own Way, for Breaking the Faith of Society; but still there wants some Judgment Methinks, to Attend the *Lyon*; for he that Encourages One Treason, does not only Practice, but Promote Another; and lays the Foundation of a Doctrine, that will come Home to Himself in the Conclusion. When a *Prince* fails in Point of Honour and Common Justice, 'tis enough to Stagger his *People* in their Faith and Allegiance. But the *Lyon* here in the *Fable* came off better then our *Political Lyons* usually do in the *World*.

FAB. CXCIV.

A Hen and a Swallow.

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

THE MORAL.

'Tis the Hard Fortune of many a Good Natur'd Man to breed up a Bird to Pick out his Own Eyes, in despite of All Cautions to the Contrary.

REFLEXION.

THIS is the Case of Many People in the World, that spend their Time in Good Offices for Others, to the Utter Ruine of Themselves: And there's No Better to be Expected from a Wicked Age, and an Ill Natur'd People. They that want Foresight, should do well to Harken to Good Council. He that thinks to Oblige Hard-Hearted People by an Officious Tenderness, and to fare the Better Himself for putting it into Their Power to Hurt him, will find only so much Time, Pains, and Good-Will, utterly cast away, at the Foot of his Account. 'Tis Good however, to Hope, and to Presume the Best, provided a Man be Prepar'd for the Worst. The Mistake lies in This, that the Charity begins Abroad that Ought to begin at Home. They that cannot see into the End of Things, may well be at a Loss in the Reason of them; and a Well-Meaning Piety is the Destruction of many an Honest Man, that sits Innocently Brooding upon the Political Projects of Other People, though with the Heart all the While, of a Patriot, and a True Friend to the Publique. Tell him the Consequences of Matters, and that he is now Hatching of *Serpents*, not of *Chickens*: A Misguided Zeal makes him Deaf and Blind to the true State and Issue of Things. He sits his Time out, and what's the End on't; but the Plot Naturally Discloses it self in a Common Ruine? It is a Great Infelicity to make a Wrong Choice of a Friend: But when Men are Advertis'd of the Danger beforehand, it is as Great a Fault, if they will take No Warning. The *Hen* was told on't, but the *Swallow* had the Fate, as well as the Gift of *Cassandra*; to speak Truth, and not to be believ'd: Which has been the Misfortune of many an Honest Man in All Times, and particularly in the very Age we live in.

FAB. CXCVI.

A Pigeon and a Picture.

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

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

'TIS not Good to be Over Fierce upon any Thing, for fear of Miſtaking, or Miſunderſtanding the Matter in Queſtion. Moderation is a High Point of Wiſdom, and Temerity on the Other Hand, is ever Dangerous: For Men are Subject to be Couzen'd with Outward Appearances, and ſo take the Vain Images, and Shadows of Things, for the Subſtance. All Violent Paſſions have ſomewhat in them of the Raſhneſs of This *Pigeon*; and if That Raſhneſs be not as Fatal in the One Caſe, as This was in the Other, 'tis a Deliverance that we are more Indebted for, either to the Special Grace of an Over-ruling *Providence*, or to the Mediation 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 Prefence of Mind, which may ſerve in a Great Meaſure, to Fortifie us againſt Surprizes, and Difficulties not to be foreſeen: But a ſound Judgment is the Reſult of ſecond Thoughts, upon Due Time and Conſideration, which way to bring Matters to a Fair Iſſue. This Precipitate Temper is little better then a Phyſical Madneſs; for there is ſomewhat of an Alienation in't, when People proceed, not only Without, but Contrary to Reaſon. How many Inſtances do we ſee daily, of People that are Hurry'd on, without either Fear or Wit, by Love, Hatred, Envy, Ambition, Revenge, &c. to their Own Ruine: which comes to the very Caſe of the *Pigeon's* breaking her Wing againſt the *Picture*, and the Miſcarriage is Every jot as Ridiculous.

FAB. CXCVII.

A *Pigeon* and a *Crow*.

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.*

REFLEXION.

THE Care, Charge, and Hazzard of a Brood of many Children, in the Education and Proof of them, does, in a Great Meaſure, Countervail the Bleſſing: Eſpecially where they are gotten in a State of Slavery. Sorrow and Vexation is Entail'd upon the whole Race of Mankind. We are Begotten to't; We are Born to't; and as it has Deſcended to us, ſo it is by us to be Handed down to Thoſe that come after us. The Streſs 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 Grievous to us. The Miscarriage of them, by falling into Lewd and Vicious Courses, is much Worse: And one such Disappointment is sufficient to Blast the Comfort of All the Rest. Nay, the very Possibility, or rather the Likelyhood and Odds, that some out of such a Number will Prove Ungracious and Rebellious, makes our Beds Uneasie 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.

FAB. CXCVIII.

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 Most for them.

REFLEXION.

FUNERAL Tears are only Civilities of Course, but there must be Wringing of Hands yet, and Ejulations, some where or Other; and where the Relations are not in Humor for't, 'tis the Fashion to Provide Mercenaries to do the Office. The Moral of this will reach to All the Pompous Solemnities of our Mourning Processions, which upon the Whole, Amount to no more then Dress and Pageantry, to make the Show look Disfmal, and so many Sowre Faces that are Hir'd to Adorn the Hypocrisie. This was the Widow's Case, that Cry'd her self half Mad and Blind with a Thousand Passionate Interjections, for the loss of her Dear Husband. [*Never so Dear, so Dear a Man!*] This Woman, I say (when she had done All This, and Renounc'd the World, the flesh and the Devil, with as much Solemnity as ever she did in her Baptism) was at the Long-Last prevail'd upon to hear the Will read: But when she found in the 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 started, Wip'd her Eyes, Rais'd her Voice, [*And is this all with a Pox*] she cry'd; and with Those Words in her Mouth, she came to her self again. Now This Widow, in the Pure Strength of Flesh and Blood, cry'd as Arrantly for Money as the Mercenaries in the Fable.

F A B. CXCIX.

A 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 shake 'em down some Mast. 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 Master, that gives ye both Food and Protection !

The MORAL.

The Belly has no Ears ; and a Ravenous Appetite Guttles up whatever is Before it, without any regard either to Things or Persons.

R E F L E X I O N.

'Tis a Freak mightily 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 than for God's sake, and where the Vanity of Doing it Destroys the Merit of the Virtue. The Fable will also bear This Moral, That Eager Appetites have not a Right Taft of Things ; for the *Coat* goes down as well as the *Acorns* ; but the main Strefs of it falls upon Those that *Rob Peter*, as we say to *Pay Paul*, and take the Bread out of their Masters Mouths to give it to Strangers. And the Kindness of the Master is yet a further Aggravation of the Crime. We have abundance of Cases in Practice, as well as in Story, that strike upon This Topique. Have we never read of a Sacrilegious Convocation of *Divines*, that 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 Priviledges and Revenues of the Crown, and then Squander'd them away in Donatives upon the Common People ? Or, What shall we say of the Scoffing Atheist, that turns all the Powers and Faculties of his Soul, as much as in him lies, to the Reproche of his Maker, and yet at the same time too, as Pleasant Company to the World, as the Wit of a Libertine can make him. What is all this now but a Sheep Stripping his Master, and Cloathing Strangers.

F A B.

FAB. CC.

Jupiter and a Herds-Man.

A Herds-man that had lost a Calf out of his Grounds, sent up and down after it; and when he could get No Tydings on't, he betook himself at last to his Prayers, according to the Custom of the World, when People are brought to a Forc'd-Put. Great Jupiter (says he) Do but shew me the Thief that stole my Calf, and I'll give thee a Kid for a Sacrifice. The Word was no sooner pass'd; but the Thief appear'd; 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 set me Quit of him again.

The MORAL.

We cannot be too Careful, and Considerate what Vows, and Promises we make; for the very Granting of our Prayers turns many times to our Utter Ruine.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable Condemns All Rash Vows and Promises, and the Unsteadiness 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; nay, and what they wish for, least they should be Taken at their Words, and afterward Repent. We make it half our Business to Learn our Gain, and Compass 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 Strefs upon Things Curious, or Uncertain; and Resigns himself in All Events to the Good Pleasure of Providence, succeeds Best in the Government of his Fortune, Life, and Manners. The Herds-man was in a State of Freedom, we see, till he made himself a Voluntary Slave, by Entering into a Dangerous and Unnecessary Vow; which he could neither Contract without Folly, nor Keep without Loss and Shame; For Heaven is neither to be Wheedled, nor Brib'd. Men should so Pray, as not to Repent of their Prayers, and turn the most Christian and Necessary Office of our Lives into a Sin. We must not Pray in One Breath to Find a Thief, and in the Next, to get shut of him.

FAB. CCI.

A Gnat Challenges a Lyon.

AS a *Lyon* was Blustering in the Forrest, up comes a *Gnat* to his very Beard, and Enters into an Expostulation with him upon the Points of Honour and Courage. What do I Value your Teeth, or your Claws, says the *Gnat*, that are but the Arms of Every Bedlam Slut? As to the Matter of Resolution; I defy ye to put That Point Immediately to an Issue. So the Trumpet Sounded, and the Combatants Enter'd the Lifts. The *Gnat* Charg'd into the Nostrils of the *Lyon*, and there Twing'd him, till he made him Tear himself with his Own Paws. And in the Conclusion he Master'd the *Lyon*. Upon This, a Retreat was Sounded, and the *Gnat* 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 Worsted by an *Insect*.

The MORAL.

'Tis in the Power of Fortune to Humble the Pride of the Mighty, even by the most Despicable Means, and to make a Gnat Triumph over a Lyon: Wherefore let no Creature, how Great or how Little soever, Presume on the One side, or Despair on the Other.

REFLEXION.

THERE is Nothing either so Great, or so Little, as not to be Lyable to the Vicissitudes of Fortune, whether for Good or for Evil. A Miserable *Fly* is sufficient, we see, to take down the Stomach of a *Lyon*; and then to Correct the Insulting 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 Baffled by them; and it is not the Force neither, but the Importunity that is so Vexatious and Troublesome to us. The very Teizing of the *Lyon* Gall'd him more then 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 Pitiful Insect may find out a Way to Discompose him. But That Pitiful Insect again is not to Value himself upon his Victory neither; for the *Gnat* that had the Better of the *Lyon*, in the very next breath, was Worsted by a *Spider*.

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B A R L A N D U S, &c.

F A B. CCII.

A *L*yon and a *F*rog.

A *L*yon 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 *F*rog come Crawling out from the Side of a Pond. And is This All? (says the *L*yon) and so betwixt Shame and Indignation, he put forth his Paw, and Pash'd out the Guts on't.

The MORAL.

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

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Surprize of the *L*yon is to teach us, that no Man living can be so Present to Himself, as not to be put beside his Ordinary Temper upon some Accidents or Occasions; but then his Philosophy brings him to a Right Understanding of Things, and his Resolution carries him through All Difficulties. It is Another *E*mphatical Branch of This Emblem, that as the *L*yon himself was not Thorough-Proof against This Fantastical *A*larum; so it was but a Poor Wretched *F*rog all this while, that Discompos'd him, to shew 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 Illusion of Idle Fears, and Panick Terrors. It was in truth, below
the

the Dignity of a *Lyon* to Kill the Poor Creature, but This, however may be said in Plea for't, that he was aſham'd to leave behind him a Witneſs of his Weakneſs.

FAB. CCIII.

An *Ant* and a *Pigeon*.

AN *Ant* dropt, Unluckily into the Water as ſhe was Drinking at the Side of a *Brook*. A *Wood-Pigeon* took Pity of her, and threw her a little Bough to lay hold on. The *Ant* fav'd her ſelf by that Bough, and in That very Inſtant, ſpies a Fellow with a Birding-Piece, making a Shoot at the *Pigeon*. Upon This Diſcovery, ſhe 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 Senſe of Good Offices, and Providence it ſelf takes Care, where Other Means fail, that they may not Paſs Unrewarded.

REFLEXION.

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

FAB

FAB. CCIV.

A Peacock and a Pye.

IN the Days of Old, the Birds liv'd at Random in a Lawless State of *Anarchy*; but in time they began to be Weary o'nt, and Mov'd for the Setting up of a King. The *Peacock* Valu'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 Bus'ness of either Erecting, 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.

REFLEXION.

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 Factious 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 Chuse such as They Themselves Are. 'Tis the Misery of *Elective Governments*, that there will be Eternally Corruption and Partiality in the Choice; for there's a Kind of a Tacit Covenant in the Case, 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 Public: But the *Pye's* Question stopt all their Mouths, and it was wisely let fall too without a Reply, to Intimate that it was Unanswerable.

FAB.

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 Forborn Wines, and Us'd Clysters, I'd have Warranted his Life This Bout for God-a-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 to no manner of Purpose Now the Man is Dead?

The MORAL.

'Tis to no Purpose to think of Recalling Yesterday; and when the Steed 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 Almanacks for the Last 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 Tumult is Emprov'd into a Rebellion, and a Government Overturn'd by't, 'tis just to as much purpose to say, This or That might have Sav'd All: As for our *Doctor*, here to say, when his *Patient* was Dead, that it was for want of going such or such a way to Work. We have abundance of These Wise Men in the World that are still looking backward without seeing One Inch of the way before them. Not but that the Experience of Things Past, may be very Instructive to us toward the Making of a Right Judgment upon Things to come, but in such a Case as This, it is wholly Vain and Unprofitable, to all manner of Intents. 'Tis the Bus'ness of a Substantial, and a Well-Grounded Wisdom, to be still looking forward, from the First Indispositions, into the Growth, and Progress of the Disease. It Traces the Advance of Dangers step by step, and shews us the Rise and Gradations of the Evil; 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 Affectation 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 *Iffing* upon the Bus'ness, when his *Patient* was Dead, it was just to as much purpose as Blowing Wind in's Breech.

FAB. CCVI.

A *Lyon*, *Ass* and *Fox*.

THERE was a Hunting-Match agreed upon betwixt a *Lyon*, an *Ass*, and a *Fox*, and they were to go Equal Shares in the Booty. They ran down a Brave Stag, and the *Ass* was to Divide the Prey; which he did very Honestly and Innocently in to Three Equal Parts, and left the *Lyon* to take his Choice: Who never minded the *Dividend*; but in a Rage Worry'd the *Ass*, and then bad the *Fox* Divide; who had the Wit to make Only One Share of the Whole, saving a Miserable Pittance that he Reserv'd for Himself. The *Lyon* highly approv'd of his Way of Distribution; but Prithee *Reynard*, says he, who taught thee to Carve? Why truly says the *Fox*, I had an *Ass* to my Master; and it was His Folly made me Wife.

THE MORAL.

There must be no Shares in Sovereignty. Court-Conscience is Policy. The Folly of One Man makes Another Man Wise; as One Man Grows Rich upon the Ruines of Another.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable is sufficiently Moraliz'd Elsewhere; but it gives us further to Understand, that Experience is the Mistress of Knaves as well as of Fools. Here was the Innocence of the *Ass*, and the *Craft* of the *Fox*, Both in One. He sav'd his Skin by the Modesty of the Division, and left enough for himself too, over and above! For *Asses* are No great *Venison Eaters*.

FAB. CCVII.

A *Wolfe* and a *Kid*.

AS 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 Curfes along with him. Sirrah (says the *Wolfe*) If I had ye out of your Castle, I'd make ye give Better Language.

The

The MORAL.

A Coward in his Castle, makes a Great Deal more Bluster than a Man of Honour.

REFLEXION.

THE Advantages of Time and Place are enough to make a Poultron 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 Dastardly Wretch, that he does as good as Call himself so that Uses it. The *Kid* behind the Door has the Priviledge of a Lord *Mayors Fool*. He's under Protection: The One is Scurrilous, and the Other Sawcy; and yet These are the Two Qualities that pass but too frequently in the World for Wit and Valour.

FAB. CCVIII.

An *Ass* to *Jupiter*.

A Certain *Ass* that serv'd a Gard'ner, 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 Prayers once again for Another Change. His next Master was a Tanner; and there, over and above the Encrease of his Work, the very Trade went against his Stomach: For (says he) I have been only Pinch'd in my Flesh, 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 Restless Mind, can never be pleas'd.

REFLEXION.

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

are Destin'd to Drudgery, may well Change their Masters, but never their Condition.

He that finds himself in any Distress, either of Carcass, or of Fortune, should do well to Deliberate upon the Matter, before he Prayes for, or Resolves upon a Change. As for Example now, what is it that Troubles me? Is there any Help for't or no? What do I want? Is it Matter of Necessity or Superfluity? Where am I to look for't? How shall I come at it? &c.

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 else to be done but by Our selves. In the One Case we are to seek abroad for Relief, and in the Other, Whoever Consults his Reason, and his Duty, will find a Certain Cure at Home: So that it goes a Great way in the Philosophy of Humane Life, to Understand the Just Measures of what we are Able to do, and what we are Oblidg'd to do, in Distinction from the Contrary; for Otherwise we shall spend our Days with *Æsop's* Ass, in Hunting after Happiness where it is not to be found, without ever looking for't where it is. 'Tis allow'd us, to be sensible of Broken Limbs, and Diseas'd Bodies: And Common Prudence sends us to Surgeons and Physicians, to Piece, and Patch them up again. But in These Cases, we Examine the Why, the What, and the How of Things, and Propose Means Accommodate to the End. 'Tis Natural to be Mov'd with Pain, and as Natural to Seek Relief; And it is well done at Last, to do That which Nature bids us do; But for Imaginary Evils, Every Man may be his Own Doctor. They are Bred in our Affections, and we may Ease our selves. If the Question had been a Spavin, or a Gall'd Back, and the *Ass* had Petition'd to *Jupiter* for Another *Ferryer*, it might have been a very Reasonable Request. Now if he had but Pitch'd upon such or such a Particular Master, 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 Ejaculation 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 much with Us in This Case, as it was with the Man that fell from his Horse and could not get up again. He was sure he was Hurt, he said, but could not tell Where. That is to say, *first* our Grievances are Fantastical where they are not Corporal. *2ly.* It is Another Error in us, that in All our Fantastical Disappointments, we have Recourse to Fantastical Remedies. *3ly.* Providence has Allotted Every Man a Competency 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. These Things duly Weigh'd, what can be more Providential than the Blessing of having an *Antidote* within our selves against all the Strokes of Fortune! That is to say, in the Worst of Extremeties, we have yet the Comfort left us of Constancy, Patience, and Resignation.

'Tis not for a Wife and an Honest Man, to stand Expostulating with the Nature of Things. As for Instance, Why should not I be This or That, or be so or so, as well as He or T'other? But I should rather say to my self after This manner: Am not I the Creature of an Almighty Power; and is it not the same Power and Wisdom that Made and Order'd the World, that has assign'd me this Place, Rank or Station, in't? This Body, This Soul, This every Thing? What I am, I must be, and there's no Contending with Invincible Necessity; No Disputing with an Incomprehensible Wisdom: To say Nothing of the Impiety of Appealing from an Inexplicable Goodness. If I can Mend my Condition by any Warrantable Industry and Virtue, the Way is Fair and Open; And That's a Priviledge that Every Reasonable Creature has in his Commission: But without Fixing upon some Certain Scope, and Prescribing Just and Honourable Ways to't, there's Nothing to be done. 'Tis a Wicked Thing to Repine; and 'tis as Bootless, and Uneasy too; for One Restless Thought, Begets, and Punishes Another. We are not so Miserable in our Own Wants, as in what Others Enjoy: And then our Levity is as Great a Plague to us as our Envy, so that we need Nothing more than we have, but Thankfulness, and Submission, to make us Happy. It was not the Ground of the *Asses* Complaint, that it was Worse with *Him* than with *Other Asses*; but because he was an *Ass*: And he was not so Sick of his *Master*, as of his *Work*. His Fortune was well enough for such an *Animal*, so long as he kept himself within his Proper Sphere and Bus'ness: But if the Stones in the Wall will be taking upon them to Reproche the Builder; and if Nothing will please People unless they be Greater than Nature ever Intended them; What can they Expect, but the *Asses* Round of Vexatious Changes, and Experiments; and at last, when they have made Themselves Weary and Ridiculous, e'en glad to set up their Rest upon the very Spot where they Started.

F A B. CCIX.

A Woman and her Maids.

IT was the Way of a Good Housewifely Old Woman, to call up her Maids every Morning just at the *Cock-Crowing*. The *Wenches* were loth to Rise so soon, and so they laid 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, she'd Mistake the Hour many times, and call'em up at Midnight: So that instead of Mending the Matter, they found themselves in a Worse Condition Now than Before.

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

'TIS a Common Thing for People that are Uneasy, to fly to Remedies that are Worse then the Disease; wherefore Men should Deliberate before they Resolve; and say to Themselves, This we suffer at Present, and This or That we Propose to Get by such and such a Change; and so set the One against the Other. The *Wenches* were call'd up too Early, they thought, and so for fear of having too Little Sleep, they ran the Risque of having no Sleep at all. And it fares much at the same Rate in Publique Grievances that it does in Private; When rather then bear the Importunity of a Flea-biting, we are apt to run our selves Hand over Head into a Bed of Scorpions; which is such another kind of an Expedient, as if a Body should Beat out his Brains to Cure the Head-Ach. Flesh and Bloud is Naturally impatient of Restraint; beside the Itch and Curiosity that we have, to be Prying and Searching into Forbidden Secrets; and to see (as one says) *What Good is in Evil*. 'Tis Natural to us to be Weary of what we have, and still to be Hankering after something or other that we have Not: And so our Levity Pushes us on from One Vain Desire to Another, in a Regular Vicissitude, and Succession of Cravings and Satiety. We want (as I say) what we have not, and grow Sick on't when we have it. Now the Wise Man Clears the Whole Matter to us, in Pronouncing *All things under the Sun* (That is to say, the Pomp, the Pleasures, and the Enjoyments of This World) to be *Vanity of Vanities*, and *All, Vanity*. The Truth of it is, we Govern our Lives by Fancy, rather then by Judgment. We Mistake the Reasons of Things, and Impute the Issue of them to Wrong Causes. So that the Lesson given us here, is Preceptive to us, not to do any thing but upon due Consideration. The *Wenches* Kill'd the *Cock* for calling them up so soon, whereas the Crowing of the *Cock* was the Cause, in Truth, that they were call'd up no sooner.

FAB. CCX.

A **L**yon and a **G**oat.

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. Your
Pretence

Pretence is the Filling of My Belly with Good Grafs ; but your Bus'ness is the Cramming of your Own Guts with Good *Goats-Flesh* : So that 'tis for your Own Sake, not Mine, that you'd have me come down.

THE MORAL.

There's no Trusting to the Formal Civilities and Invitations of an Enemy, and his Reasonings are but Snares 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 Examin'd 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 have we had told as in the Memory of Man, upon the Subject of our *Liberties, Properties, and Religion*, and the Delivering us from the *Fears and Jealousies of Idolatry, and Arbitrary Power* ! And what was the Fruit of All This in the End, but Vision and Romance on the Promising Hand, and an *Exchange of Imaginary Chains, for Real Locks and Bolts*, on the Other : But *Æsop's* Beasts *saw further into a Mill-Stone* than our *Mobile* : And that the *Lyon's* Invitation of the *Goat* from the *Rocks* into the *Fool's Paradise* of a Delicate Sweet Meadow, signify'd no more, in Plain *English*, than *Come down that I may Eat ye*.

FAB. CCXI.

A *Vultur's* Invitation.

THE *Vultur* took up a Fit of a very Good Humour once, and Invited the Whole Nation of Birds to make Merry with him, upon the Anniversary of his Birth-Day. The Company came ; The *Vultur* shuts the Doors upon them, and Devours his Guests instead of Treating them.

THE MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

'TIS Dangerous Trusting to specious Pretexes of Civility and Kindness, where People are not well assur'd 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 Masque of Friendship, was no more, then 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 Bloud, there's no Trusting of them: For let them pretend what they will, they Govern themselves, and take their Measures according to their Interests and Appetites. 'Tis a Hard Case yet, for Men to be forc'd upon Ill Nature, in their Own Defence, and to suspect the Good Faith of Those, that gives us All the Protestations and Assurance of Friendship, and Fair Dealing that One Man can give Another. Nay the very Suspicion is an Affront, and almost sufficient to Authorize some sort of Revenge. He that Violates the Necessary Trust and Confidence that One Man ought to Repose in Another, does what in Him lies, to Dissolve the very Bond of Humane Society; for there's no Treachery so Close, so Sure, and so Pernicious, as That which Works under a Veil of Kindness. We set Toyls, Nets, Gins, Snares, and Traps for Beasts and Birds 'tis True; and we Bait 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 *Vulturs* to be guilty of.

FAB. 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 sav'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 Purse, comes much to a Case in Troublesome Times; Only the One saves himself by his Activity, and the Other scapes because he is not worth the Taking.

REFLEXION.

CAMERARIUS makes This to be an Emblem of the Taking of a Town, where the Poor scape better then the Rich ; for the One is let go, and the Other is Plunder'd and Coop'd up. But with Favour of the Moralists, it was not at the Fowler's Choice, which to Take, and which to Let go ; for the *Cranes* were too Nimble, and got away in spite of him : So that This Phanſie 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 Conſtitution, whether of Body or of Mind : Provided always, that they Play Fair, and Manage all Thoſe Faculties with a Strict Regard to Common Honeſty and Juſtice.

FAB. CCXIII.

Jupiter and an Ape.

J*upiter* 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 Great-eſt Beauties in the Company.

FAB. CCXIV.

An Eagle and an Owl.

A Certain *Eagle* that had a mind to be well ſerv'd, took up a Reſolution of Preferring Thoſe that ſhe found moſt agreeable, for Perſon and Addreſs ; and ſo there paſt an Order of Council for All Her Maſteſty'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 Maſteſty, that if a Gracious Meen and Countenance might Entitle any of her Subjects to a Preference, ſhe doubted not but her Brood would be look'd upon in the Firſt Place ; for they were as like the Mother, as if they had been ſpit out of their Mouth. Upon this the Board fell all into a Fit of Laughing, and call'd Another Cauſe.

The MORAL of the TWO FABLES above.

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

REFLEXION.

SELF LOVE is the Root of All the Vanities that are struck at in These Two Fables, and it is so Natural an Infirmity, that it makes us Partial even to Those that come of us, as well as our selves: And then it is so Nicely Divided, betwixt Piety, Pride, and Weakness, that in Many Cases 'tis a hard Matter to Distinguish the One from the Other. 'Tis a Frailty for a Man to Think Better of his Children than they Deserve: But then there is an Impulse of Tenderneſs, and of Duty, that goes along with it, and there muſt be ſome ſort of an Esteem in the Caſe too, for the ſetting of That In-bred Affection at Work. The Difficulty lies in the Moderating of the Matter, and in getting the True *Medium* betwixt being Wanting to our Own Fleſh and Bloud, once Remov'd, and Aſſuming too much to our ſelves. Let the Attachment be what it will, we muſt not ſuffer our Judgments to be either Perverted, Blinded, or Corrupted, by any Partiality of Prepoſſeſſions whatſoever.

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

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F A B L E S
O F
A N I A N U S, &c.

FAB. CCXV.

An *Oak* and a *Willow*.

THere happen'd 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 Blast. The *Willow* made no Other Reply, then that the next Tempest should Resolve That Question. Some very little whileafter This Dispute, it Blew a Violent Storm. The *Willow* Ply'd, and gave way to the Gust, and still recover'd it self again, without receiving any Damage: But the *Oak* was Stubborn, and chose rather to *Break* then *Bend*.

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

THERE are Many Cases, and Many Seasons, wherein, Men must either Bend or Break: But Conscience, Honour, and Good Manners, are first to be Consulted. When a Tree is Press'd with a strong Wind, the Branches may Yield, and yet the Root remain Firm. But Discretion is to Govern us, where and when we may be Allow'd to Temporize, and where and when not. When Bending or Breaking is the Question, and Men have No Other Choice before them, then either of Complying, or of being Undone; 'tis No Easie Matter to Distinguish, Where, When, How, or to What Degree, to Yield to the Importunity of the Occasion, or the Difficulty of the Times.

Times. It is a Certain Rule, 'tis true (but a General One) That *No Ill is to be done that Good may come of it*: Now the Point will be at last, what's *Simply* Good or Evil; What in the *Contemplation*; and how far the *Intention*, or the Probable *Consequences* of such, or such an Action, may Qualifie the Case: Taking This Consideration along with us too, that we are under a Great Temptation to be Partial in favour of our selves, in the Matter of Ease, Profit, or Safety.

The First Point to be Preserv'd Sacred, and from whence a Man is never to Depart, though for the Saving of his Life, Liberty, Popular Credit, or Estate; That First Point, I say, is *Conscience*. Now All Duties are Matter of *Conscience*, respectively to the Subject that they are Exercis'd upon; Only with this Restriction, that a Superior Obligation Discharges, or at least Suspends the Force of an Inferior: As to such a Circumstance for the Purpose, such a Degree, or such a Season. Now there are other Niceties also, as of Honour, Decency, and Discretion, Humanity, Modesty, Respect, &c. that border even upon the Indispensable Tyes of Religion it self; and though they are Not Matter of *Conscience*, Simply, and Apart, they are yet so Reductively, with a Regard to Other Considerations: That is to say, though they are Not so in the Abstract, they Become so by Affinity and Connexion: And such Civil Matters they are, as fall within the Purlaws of Religion. There are Tryals of Men, as well as Tryals of Trees. Storms or Inundations are the same Thing to the One, that the Iniquity of such or such an Age, or Conjuncture, is to the Other. Now 'tis not Courage but Stomack, that makes many People Break, rather than they will Bend; even though a Yielding upon that *Puntillo* (and with a Good Conscience too) might perhaps have sav'd a State. Fractures Undoubtedly are Dangerous, where the Publick is to be Crush'd under the Ruine: But yet after All This Discanting, and Modifying upon the Matter, there's no less Hazzard on the Yielding side too, then there is on the other. Men may be Stiff and Obstinate, upon a Wrong Ground, and Men may Ply, and Truckle too, upon as False a Foundation. Our Bodies may be forc'd, but our Minds Cannot: So that Humane Frailty is No Excuse for a Criminal Immorality. Where the Law of God and Nature Obliges me, the Plea of Humane Frailty can Never Discharge me. There's as much Difference betwixt Bending and Sinking, as there is betwixt Breaking and Bending. There must be no Contending with Insuperable Powers on the One Hand, and no Departing from Indispensable Duties on the Other: Nor is it the Part, either of a Christian, or of a Man, to abandon his Post. Now the Just *Medium* of This Case lies betwixt the Pride, and the Abjection of the Two Extrems. As the *Willow*, for the Purpose, *Bows*, and *Recovers*, and the Resignation is Crown'd and Rewarded in the Success. The *Oak* is *Stubborn*, and *Inflexible*, and the *Punishment* of that *Stiffness*, is One Branch of the *Allegory* of This Fable.

FAB. CCXVI.

A Fisherman and a Little Fish.

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

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

THERE'S no Parting with a Certainty for an Uncertainty. But This Fable is abundantly Moraliz'd Elsewhere.

FAB. CCXVII.

An Ant and a Grasshopper.

AS 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 Sloth is the Life of a Brute; but Action and Industry is the Bus'ness of a Great, a Wise, and a Good Man.

REFLEXION.

HERE'S a Reproof to Men of Sensuality, and Pleasure. The Moral Preaches Industry, and Beats down Sloth; and Shews that After-wit is Nothing Worth. It must be an Industrious Youth that provides against the Inconveniences and Necessities of Old Age; And he that Fools away the One, must either Beg or Starve in the Other. *Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard;* (says the *Wise Man*) which in a Few Words Sums up the Moral of This Fable. 'Tis Hard to say of Laziness, or Luxury, whether it be the more Scandalous, or the more Dangerous Evil. The very Soul of the Slothful, does Effectually but lie Drowzing in his Body, and the Whole Man is Totally given up to his Senses: Whereas the Profit and the Comfort of Industry, is Substantial, Firm, and Lasting; The Blessings of Security and Plenty go along with it, and it is never out of Season. What's the *Grafsbopper's* Entertainment now, but a Summers Song? A Vain, and an Empty Pleasure? Let it be Understood however, that we are not to Pass *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 Consult our Own Necessities, 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 Strefs of This Moral lies upon the Preference of Honest Labour to Idleness; and the Refusal 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 *Grafsbopper* in her Distress, though 'twas her Own Fault that Brought her to't: For if One Man's Faults could Discharge 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 Mothers Child of us, and the Improvidence of my Neighbour must not make me Inhumane. The *Ant* did well to *Reprove* the *Grafsbopper* for her *Slothfulness*; but she did Ill then to refuse her a *Charity* in her *Distress*.

FAB. CCXVIII.

A Bull and a Goat.

A Bull that was Hard Press'd by a Lyon, ran directly toward a Goat-Stall, to Save Himself. The Goat made Good the Door, and Head to Head Disputed the Passage with him. Well! 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 betwixt the Force of a Bull, and of a Goat.

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

IT is Matter of Prudence, and Necessity; for People in many Cases to put up the Injuries of a Weaker Enemy, for fear of Incurring the Displeasure of a Stronger. Baudion fancies the Bull to be the Emblem of a Man in Distress, and the Goat Insulting over him; and Moralizes upon it after This Manner. [*There's Nothing that a Courtier more Dreads and Abhors, then a Man in Disgrace; and he is presently made All the Fools and Knaves in Nature upon't: For He that's unfortunate is Consequently Guilty of All manner of Crimes.*] He Applies This Character to those that Persecute Widows and Orphans, and Trample upon the Afflicted; though not without some Violence Methinks, to the Genuine Intent of This Figure; for the Goat was only Passive; and his Bus'ness was, without any Insolence, or Injustice, to Defend his Free Hold.

FAB. CCXIX.

A Nurse and a Wolfe.

As a Wolfe was Hunting up and down for his Supper, he pass'd 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 Wolfe.* The Wolfe Over-heard her, and Waited a pretty While, in hope the Woman would be as good as her Word; but No Child coming, away goes the Wolfe for That Bout. He took his Walk the Same Way again toward the Evening, and the Nurse he found had Chang'd

Chang'd her Note; for she was Then Muzzling, and Coking 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't. There's No Meddling with People, says he, that Say One Thing and Mean Another.

THE MORAL.

'Tis Fear more then 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 Frighted into our Duty.

REFLEXION.

THE Heart and Tongue of a Woman are commonly a Great way a funder. And it may bear Another Moral; which is, that 'tis with Froward Men, and Froward Factions too; as 'tis with Froward Children, They'll be fooner Quieted by Fear, and Rough Dealing, then by any Sense of Duty or Good Nature. There would be no Living in This World without *Penal Laws*, and *Conditions*. And *Do or Do not*, This or That at Your Peril, is as Reasonable, and Necessary in Families as it is in Governments. It is a Truth Imprinted in the Hearts of All Mankind, that the *Gibbets*, *Pillories*, and the *Whipping-Posts* make more *Converts* then the *Pulpits*: As the *Child* did more here for *fear* of the *Wolfe*, then for the *Love* of the *Nurse*.

FAB. CCXX.

An Eagle and a Tortoise.

A *Tortoise* was thinking with himself, how Irksom a sort of Life it was, to spend All his Days in a Hole, with a House upon his Head, when so many Other Creatures had the Liberty to Divert Themselves in the Free, Fresh Air, and to Ramble about at Pleasure. So that the Humor took him One Day, and he must needs get an *Eagle* to teach him to Fly. The *Eagle* would fain have put him off, and told him, 'twas a Thing against Nature, and Common Sense; but (according to a Freak of the Wilful Part of the World) the More the One was Against it, the More the Other was For it: And when the *Eagle* saw that the *Tortoise* would not be said *Nay*, she took him up a matter of *Steeple-high* into the Air, and there turn'd him Loose to shift for Himself. That is to say; she dropt him down, *Squab* upon a Rock, that Dash'd him to Pieces.

The

The MORAL.

Nothing can be either Safe, or Easy that's Unnatural

REFLEXION.

THIS shews us, how Unnatural a Vanity it is, for a Creature that was Made for One Condition, to Aspire to Another. The *Tortoises* Place was upon the Sands, not among the Stars; and if he had kept to his Station, he would have been in No Danger of Falling. Many a Fool has Good Counsel Offer'd him, that has not either the Wit, or the Grace to Take it; and his Willfulness commonly Ends in his Ruine.

Every thing in Nature has it's Appointed Place, and Condition, and there's No putting a Force upon any thing, contrary to the Biass and Intent of it's Institution. What Bus'ness has a *Tortoise* among the Clouds? Or why may not the Earth it self as well Covet a Higher Place, as any Creature that's Confin'd to't? It is, in short, a Silly, an Extravagant, and in Truth, so Impious a Fancy, that there can hardly be a Greater Folly, then to Wish, or but so much as Suppose it: But there's an Ambition in mean Creatures, as well as in Mean Souls. So many Ridiculous Upstarts as we find Promoted in the World, we may Imagin to be so many *Tortoises* in the Air; and when they have Flutter'd there a While, like *Paper Kites*, for the Boys to stare at, He that took them up, grows either Asham'd, or Weary of them, and so lets them Drop again; and, with the Devil Himself, e'en leaves them where he found them. This may serve to put a Check to the Vanity and Folly of an Unruly Ambition; that's Deaf, not only to the Advice of Friends, but to the Counsels and Monitions of the very Spirit of Reason it self: For flying without Wings is All one with Working without Means. We see a Thousand Instances in the World, Every jot as Ridiculous as This in the Fable. That is to say, of Men that are Made for One Condition, and yet Affect Another. What signifies the Fiction of *Phaeton* in the Chariot of the *Sun*? The *Frog* vying Bulk with an *Oxe*; or the *Tortoise* Riding upon the Wings of the Wind; but to Prescribe Bounds and Measures to our Exorbitant Passions; and at the same time, to shew us upon the Issue, that All Unnatural Pretensions are Attended with a Certain Ruine?

FAB. CCXXI.

An Old Crab and a Young.

CHild, (says the *Mother*) You must Use your self to Walk Streight, without Skewing, and Shailing so Every Step you set: Pray *Mother* (says the *Young Crab*) do but set the Example your self, and I'll follow ye.

FAB.

FAB. CCXXII.

The Goose and Goffelin.

WHY do you go Nodding and Wagging so like a Fool, as if you were *Hipsbot*? says the *Goose* to her *Goffelin*. 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 least. The *Goffelin* Endeavour'd to do That too; but upon the Stretching out of her Long Neck, she complain'd that she could not see the Way before her; Nay then, says the *Goose*, if it will be no Better, e'en carry your Head and your Feet, as your Elders have done before ye.

The MORAL of the Two FABLES above.

Ill Examples Corrupt even the Best Dispositions, but we must Distinguish betwixt Natural and Moral Actions.

REFLEXION.

IT is Time Lost to Advise Others to do what we either Do not, or Cannot do Our Selves. There's no Crossing of Nature; but the Best way is to rest Contented with the Ordinary Condition of Things. 'Tis but so much Labour thrown away, to Attempt the Altering of Instincts, or the Curing of Ill Habits.

Example Works a great Deal more then Precept; for Words without Practice, are but Councils 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 Lesson 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 Meddle to Reform our Neighbours, and not Condemn Others for what we do our Selves: 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 it self, according to the Proper Disposition of the Creature; for it would be Every Jot as Incongruous, for a *Crab* to Walk like a *Man*, as for a *Man* to Walk like a *Crab*. This may be apply'd to the Lessons that are given us for the Ordering our Lives and Families. But above All Things, Children should not be Betray'd into the Love and Practice of any thing that is Amis, by Setting Evil Examples before them; for their Talent is only Imitation; and 'tis Ill Trusting Methinks in such a Cafe, 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

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 Publique too as well as in Private, that the Words and Actions of our Superiors have the Authority and Force of a Recommendation. *Regis ad Exemplum*, 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 Wicked by Interest, as well as by Imitation: But to Return to the Strefs of the Fable, Let a *Goose* Walk like a *Goose*, and leave Nature to do her Own Bus'ness her 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 Issue: There was a Traveller upon the Way, and which of the Two could make That Fellow Quit his Cloak should carry the Cause. The *Wind* fell presently a Storming, and threw Hail-Shot over and above in the very Teeth of him. The Man Wraps himself up, and keeps Advancing still in spite of the Weather: But this Gust in a short Time Blew over; and then the *Sun* Brake out, and fell to Work upon him with his Beams; but still he Pushes forward, Sweating, and Panting, till in the End he was forc'd to Quit his Cloak, and lay himself down upon the Ground in a Cool Shade for his Relief. So that the *Sun*, in the Conclusion, carry'd the Point.

The MORAL.

Reason and Resolution will Support a Man against All the Violences of Malice and Fortune; but in a Wallowing Qualm, a Man's Heart and Resolution fails him, for want of Fit Matter to Work upon.

REFLEXION.

'TIS a Part of Good Discretion in All Contests, to Consider over and over, the Power, the Strength, and the Interest of our Adversary; and likewise again, that though One Man may be more Robust then Another, That Force may be Baffled yet by Skill and Address. It is in the Bus'ness of Life as it is in a Storm, or a Calm at Sea: The Blast may be Impetuous; but seldom lasts long; and though the Vessel be Press'd never so Hard, a Skilful Steers-man will yet bear up against it: But in a Dead Calm, a Man loses his Spirits, and lies in a Manner Expos'd, as the Scorn and Spectacle of Ill Fortune.

FAB. CCXXIV.

An *Ass* and a *Lyon's* Skin.

THERE was a Freak took an *Ass* in the Head, to Scoure abroad 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 Conclusion, partly by his *Voice*, and partly by his *Ears*, to be Discover'd, and consequently Uncas'd, well Laugh'd at, and well Cudgell'd for his Pains.

The MORAL.

The World abounds in Terrible Fanfarons, in the Masque of Men of Honour: But These Braggadocio's are Easie to be Detected; for no Counterfeit of any Good Quality or Virtue whatsoever, will abide the Test.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S Nothing more Frequent, or more Ridiculous in the World then for an *Ass* to Dress himself up like a *Lyon*: A *Dunce* sets up for a *Doctor*; a *Beggar* for a *Man of Estate*; a *Scoundrel* for a *Cavalier*; a *Poltron* for a *Swordman*: But Every Fool still has some Mark or other to be Known by, through All Disguises; and the More he takes upon him, the Arranter Sot he makes Himself, when he comes to be Unmasqu'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 *Ass* was found out by his *Voice*, and by his *Ears*. Let him keep his Words betwixt his Teeth, and he may pass Muster perhaps for a Man of some Sense; but if he comes to Open once, he's Lost: For Nature never put the Tongue of a Philosopher into the Mouth of a Coxcomb: but however, let him be, in truth, what he Will, he is yet so Conscious of what he Ought to be, that he makes it his Bus'ness to pass for what he is Not: And in the Matter of Counterfeits, it is with Men, as it is with False Money: One Piece is more or less Passable 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 Out-does the Original; As the *Ass* 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 Disguise.

If a Man turn his Thoughts now from This Fancy in the *Forrest*, to the Sober Truth of Daily Experience in the *World*, he shall find *Asses* in the Skins of *Men*, Infinitely more Contemptible then *This Ass* in the Skin of a *Lyon*. How many Terrible *Asses* have we seen in the Garb of Men of Honour! How many Insipid, and Illiterate Fops, that take upon them to Retail Politiques, and fit for the Picture of Men of State! How many

Judas's

Judas's with *Hail Master* in their Mouths! How many *Church Robbers* that Write themselves *Reformers*! In One Word, Men do Naturally love to be thought Greater, Wiser, Holier, Braver, and Juster than 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 Effectually into the Whole Bus'ness 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, Juglers, and Plagiaries, that set up for Men of Quality, Conscience, Philosophy, and Religion. So that there are *Asses* with *Short Ears*, as well as with *Long*, and in Robes of Silk and Dignity, as well as in Skins of Hair. In Conclusion, An *Ass* of the *Long-Robe*, when he comes once to be Detected, looks Infinitely Sillier, than he would have done in his own Shape: Neither is *Æsop's* *Ass* Laugh'd at here for his *Ears*, or for his *Voice*, but for his *Vanity*, and *Pretence*; for T'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.

FAB. CCXXV.

A Fox and a Worm.

A *Worm* put forth his Head out of a Dunghil, 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 Cure thy Self.

REFLEXION.

SAYING and Doing are Two Things. *Physician Cure thy Self*, Preaches to us upon This Fable. Every Man does Best in his own Trade, and *the Cobler is not to go beyond his Last*. We have of these *Dunghil-Pretenders*, in All Professions, and but too many of them that Thrive upon their Arrogance. If This *Worm* had met with an *Ass* to Encourage his Vanity, instead of a *Fox* to Correct it, he might have been Advanc'd to a *Doctor of the College* perhaps: Or to some more Considerable Post of Honour, either in Church or State.

FAB.

FAB. CCXXVI.

A CURST DOG.

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

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

'TIS a Bad World, when the Rules and Measures of Good and Evil, are either Inverted, or Mistaken; and when a Brand of Infamy passes 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't by Men of President and Figure. What's more Familiar then an Ostentation of Wickedness, where Impiety has the Reputation of Virtue? As in the Excesses 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 Fashion, it has the Credit in the World that other Fashions have, as we see many times an Affectation even of Deformity itself, where some Exemplary Defect has brought that Deformity to be a Mode. The Fancy of This *Dog* was somewhat like the *French Woman's Freak*, that stood up for the Honour of her Family: *Her Coat was Quarter'd*, she said, *with the Arms of France*; which was so far True, that she had the *Flower-de-Luce* Stamp'd, we must not say *Branded* upon her Shoulder.

FAB.

FAB. 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 Carcass, there he leaves him. The *Bear* was no sooner gone, but Down comes his Companion, and ask'd him, what it was the *Bear* Whisper'd him in the Ear. He bad me have a Care, says he, how I keep Company with those, that when they find themselves upon a Pinch, will leave their Friends in the Lurch.

The MORAL.

Every Man for Himself, and God for us 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 False and Perverse Practice of the World when their Companions are in Distress. The *Bear* passies Judgment upon the Abandoning of a Friend in a Time of Need, as an Offence both to Honour and Virtue; And moreover, Cautions 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, then for States-men, Sword-men, Church-men, Law-men, and in truth, all sorts of Men, more or less, to leave their Masters, Leaders, or Friends, to *Bears* and *Tygers*; Shew them a Fair pair of Heels for't, and cry, *The Devil take the Hindmost*.

FAB.

FAB. CCXXVIII.

A Horse-Man's Whig Blown off.

There was a *Horse-man* had a Cap on with a *False Head of Hair* Tack'd to't. There comes a Puff of Wind, and Blows off *Cap and Whig together*. The People made sport, he saw, with his Bald Crown, and so very fairly he put In with them to Laugh for Company. Why Gentlemen (says he) would you have me keep other Peoples Hair Better then 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 Cases, either of Deformity, or Mischance, where a Man lies open to a Reproach to Anticipate an Abuse, and to make Sport with Himself first. A Man may be Shame-Fac'd, and a Woman, Modest, to the Degree of Scandalous. I knew a Lady had one of the most Bashful, Scrupulous Persons to her Daughter that ever was Born. Well, says she, *I am mightily afraid, This Girl will prove a Whore; for she is so Infinitely Modest, that in my Conscience, if any Man should ever Ask her the Question, she would not have the Face to Deny him.* A Frank Easy way of Openness and Candor agrees Best with All Humours; 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. CCXXIX.

Two Pots.

There 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* kept Aloof from T'other, as much as Possible. Fear Nothing, says the *Brass Pot*, I'll do you No Hurt: No, No, says T'other, not willingly; but if we should happen to Knock by Chance, 'twould be the same Thing to Me: So that You and I shall never do well together.

The MORAL.

Unequal Fellowships and Alliances are Dangerous. Not but that Great and Small, Hard and Brittle, Rich and Poor, may sort 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 Knock, or a Contest spoils All.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE can be no True Friendship, properly so Call'd, but betwixt 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 Disparity, or Disproportion Alone is enough to do the Work. The same Quantity of Wine that makes One Man Drunk, will not Quench Another Man's Thirst. The same Expence that breaks One Man's Back is not a Flea-biting to Another: Wherefore, Men should sort themselves with their Equals; for a Rich Man that Converses 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.

F A B. CCXXX.

Good Luck and Bad Luck.

THERE was a Middling sort of a Man that was left well enough to pass by his Father, but could never think he had enough, so long as any Man had more. He took Notice what Huge 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 Bus'ness; for I have done all This by my Industry.* It would have been well if he had stopt there: But Avarice is Infatiable, and so he went Pushing on still for More; till, what by Wrecks, Bankrupts, Pyrates, 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 Morfel of Bread. Upon these Miscarriages, 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

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 Befel him, and to take the Good to Himself.

FAB. CCXXXI.

A Country-man and Fortune.

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

FAB. CCXXXII.

An Old Woman and the Devil.

THIS 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 *Beldam* Catch a Fall there by and by, and Break her Bones, and then say 'twas all long of me. Pray Good People will you bear me Witness, that I was none of her Adviser. The *Woman* got a Tumble, as the *Devil* said she would, and there was she at it. *The Devil Ought her a Shame*, and it was *the Devil that put her upon't*: But the *Devil* Clear'd himself by sufficient Evidence that he had no Hand in't at all.

FAB. CCXXXIII.

A Boy and Fortune.

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

The MORAL of the Four FABLES Above.

We are apt to Ascribe our Successes in This World, and to Impute our Misfortunes, to Wrong Causes. We Assume the One to our Selves, and Charge the Other upon Providence.

REFLEXION.

THESE Four Fables run upon the same Bias; That is to say, the Moral is a Lash at the Vanity of Arrogating That to our selves, which succeeds Well; and the Ingratitude of making Providence the Author of Evil, which seldom escapes without a Judgment in the Tayl on't. But our Hearts are so much set upon the Value of the Benefits we receive, that we never Think of the Bestower of them, and so our Acknowledgments are commonly paid to the Second Hand, without any Regard to the Principial. We run into Mistakes, and Misfortunes, of our Own Accord; and then when we are once Hamper'd, we lay the Blame of our Own Faults and Corruptions upon Others. This is much the Humour of the World too in Common Bus'ness. If any thing Hits, we take it to our Selves; if it Miscarries, we shflue it off to our Neighbours. This Arises, partly from Pride, and in part from a Certain Canker'd Malignity of Nature. Nay rather than Impute our Miscarriages and Disappointments to our Own Corruptions, or Frailties, we do not Stick to Arraign Providence it self, though under Another Name, in all our Exclamations against the Rigour, and the Iniquity of *Fortune*. Now this *Fortune* in the *Fable*, is Effectually, *God Himself*; in the *Moral*. 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 Bastards, at Other Peoples Doors. This or That was not well done, we say, but alas it was none of our Fault. We did it by Constraint, Advice, Importunity, or the Authority perhaps of Great Examples, and the Like. At This rate do we Palliate our Own Weaknesses and Corruptions, and at the same Rate do We likewise Assume to our selves Other Peoples Merits. The Thing to be done, in fine, is to Correct the Arrogance of Claiming to our selves the Good that does not belong to us, on the One Hand, and of Imputing to our Neighbours the Ill that they are not Guilty of, on the Other. This is the Sum of the Doctrine that's Pointed at in the Case and Custom of Dividing our Miscarriages betwixt *Fortune* and the *Devil*.

FAB. CCXXXIV.

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 of Feathers. The Crane, upon This, Springs up into the Air, and calls to the Peacock to Follow him if he could. You brag of your Plumes, says he, that are fair indeed to the Eye, but no way Useful or Fit for any manner of Service.

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

No Man is to be Despis'd 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 Pleasure of Providence. Nature is pleas'd to Entertain her self with Variety. Some of her Works are for Ornament, others for the Use and Service of Mankind. But they have All Respectively, their Properties, and their Virtues; for she does nothing in Vain. The Peacock Values himself upon the Gracefulness 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 their Degrees, and That which is most Necessary and Useful, must be Allow'd a Preference to the Other.

FAB. CCXXXV.

A Tyger and a Fox.

AS a Huntsman was upon the Chase, and the Beasts flying before him; Let Me alone, says a Tyger, 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 Struck through the Body with an Arrow. He fasten'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 Receiv'd This Wound.

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

The MORAL.

There's No Opposing Brutal Force to the Stratagems of Humane Reason.

R E F L E X I O N.

BOLDNESS without Counsel, is no better then an *Impetus*, which is commonly Worst'd by Conduct and Design. There's No Man so Daring but some time or Other he Meets with his Match. The Moral, in short, holds forth This Doctrine, that Reason is too Hard for Force; and that Temerity puts a Man off his Guard. 'Tis a High Point of Honour, Philosophy and Virtue, for a Man to be so Present 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 *Tyger* lost his Life for want of This Circumspection.

FAB. CCXXXVI.

A *Lyon* and *Bulls*.

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

The MORAL.

*This is to tell us the Advantage, the Necessity, ana the Force of Union;
And that Division brings Ruine.*

REFLEXION.

THERE'S No Resisting of a Common Enemy; No Maintaining of a Civil Community, without an Union for a Mutual Defence; and there may be also, on the Other Hand, a Conspiracy of Common Enmity and Aggression. There are Cases indeed of Great Nicety that fall under the Topique of the Right and Lawfulness of Joyning in such Leagues. He that is not *Sui Juris*, must not Enter into any Covenants or Contracts to the Wrong of his Master: But there are Certain Rules of Honesty, and Methods of Government, to Direct us in all Agreements of This Quality. A Thing simply Good in it self, may become Unjust and Unrighteous, under such and such Circumstances. In a Word, the Main Bond of All Bodies and Interests is Union, which is No Other in Effect then a Common Stock of Strength and Counsel Joyn'd in One. While the *Bulls* kept together, they were Safe; but as soon as ever they separated, they became a Prey to the *Lyon*.

FAB. CCXXXVII.

A Fir and a Bramble.

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

The MORAL.

Poverty Secures a Man from Thieves, Great and Small: Whereas the Rich, and the Mighty are the Mark of Malice; and Cross Fortune, and still the Higher they Are, the Nearer the Thunder.

REFLEXION.

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 Verifi'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 Uneasie, but Unsafe too, for it has the Power and Justice of Heaven, and the Malicious Envy of Men to Encounter at the same Time; and the *Axe* that Cuts down the *Fir*, is Rightly 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; Humanity is a Vertue, that never goes without a Blessing.

FAB. CCXXXVIII.

A Covetous Man and an Envidious.

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

The MORAL.

Avarice and Envy are Two of the most Diabolical, and Insciable Vices under Heaven. The One Assumes All to it self, and the Other Wishes Every bit it's Neighbour Eats may Choke him.

REFLEXION.

THERE are some Pestilent Humours and Froward Natures, that Heaven it self has much ado to please. *Envy* Places it's Happiness in the Misery and Misfortune of Others; and *Avarice* is never to be Pleas'd, unless it can get All to it self. They may seem to be nearer a-Kin then in truth they Are, though the One is seldom or never to be found without the Other. The Best Use of This Application, is to Possess us with a True Sense of the Restlessness of these Two Passions; and Consequently to make Those Weaknesses Odious to our selves, that are so Troublesom to the World; and in truth, no Better then the Common Pest of Mankind.

F A B.

FAB. CCXXXIX.

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 Be-thought Himself however of a Device at last that did his Bus'ness; which was, by Dropping a great many Little Pebbles into the Water, and Raifing it That Way, till he had it within Reach.

The MORAL.

There is a Natural Logick in Animals, over and above the Instinct of their Kinds.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Kind of a *School Question* that we find started 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 Objected, that we are not to Draw Conclusions from the Fictions of a Case, but whoever Consults his Experience, may satisfie Himself in many Instances that come up to This Supposition. We are also taught, that what we cannot Compas Directly, by the Force of Natural Faculties, may be brought to pass many Times by Art and Invention.

FAB. CCXL.

A Lyon and a Man.

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

The

The MORAL.

'Tis against the Rules of Common Justice for Men to be Judges in their Own Case.

REFLEXION.

THE Fancies of Poets, Painters, and Gravers, are No Evidences of Truth; for People are Partial in their Own Cases, and Every Man will make the Best of his Own Tale. 'Tis against Common Equity for the same People to be both Parties and Judges, and That's the Case here betwixt the *Man* and the *Lyon*. Now the *Lyon* is much in the Right, that Characters, Pictures, and Images, are All as the Painter, the Carver, or the Statuary pleases; and that there's a Great Difference betwixt a Flight of Fancy, and the History of Nature. 'Tis much Easier for a *Man* to make an *Ass* of a *Lyon* upon a *Pedestal*, then in a *Forrest*; and where it lies at his Choice, whether the Giant shall Kill the Squire, or the Squire the Giant. Argument is not the Work of the Chissel; neither does the Design of the Artist conclude the Truth of the Fact: but there is somewhat *Heroical* yet in the Imagination, though the Piece was never Drawn from the Life.

FAB. CCXLI.

A Boy and a Thief.

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 dropt a Silver Cup into the Well. The Fellow presently Strips, and down he goes to search for't. After a while, he comes up again, with his Labour for his Pains, and the Roguy Boy, in the Mean time, was run away with his Cloaths.

The MORAL.

Some Thieves are Ripe for the Gallows sooner than Others.

REFLEXION.

IT must be a *Diamond* that cuts a *Diamond*, and there is No Pleasanter Encounter, then a Tryal of Skill betwixt a Couple of Sharpers to Overreach One Another. The *Boy's* beginning so Early, tells us that there are Cheats by a Natural Propensity of Inclination, as well as by a Corruption of Manners. It was *Nature* that taught this *Boy* to Shark; not *Discipline*, or *Experience*. And so it was with Two Ladies that I have known (and Women of Plentiful Fortunes too) they could not for their Bloods keep themselves Honest of their Fingers, but would still be *Nimming* something or other for the very Love of *Thieving*. 'Tis an Unhappy Thing, that the Temperament of the Body should have such an Influence upon our Minds, according to the Instance of the *Boy* in This Fable: For the Morality, or Immorality of the Matter, is not the Whole of the Case.

FAB. CCXLII.

A Country-man and an Oxe.

A *Country-man* had got a Stubborn *Oxe*, that would still be Pushing and Flinging, whenever they went to Yoak, or to Tye him up. The *Man* Cuts off his Horns, and puts him to the Plough, and by That Means Secures Himself, both against his Head and his Heels; and in the Mean time, He Himself Guides the Plough: But though the *Oxe*, when he was thus Shackled and Disarmed, could not either Strike, or Gore him, he made a shift yet to throw Dust enough into his Eyes, and his Mouth, almost to Blind, and to Choak him.

The MORAL.

A Malicious Man may be Bound Hand and Foot, and put out of Condition of doing Mischiefe, but a Malicious Will is never to be Master'd.

REFLEXION.

THERE are some Natures so Untractable, that there's No Good to be done upon them by Generosity, Kindness, Artifice, or Council, nay, the more pains a Man takes to Reclaim them, the Worse they are; and when they are put out of Condition to do Mischiefe by Violence, they will find a Way yet to Teize and Plague People with Restless, and Vexatious Importunities. They love to be Troublesome, and with the *Shrew* upon the *Ducking-stool*, when their *Mouths* are *Stopt*, they'll call *Pricklouse* still with their *Thumbs*.

FAB. CCXLIII.

A Man and a Satyr.

There 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 says he, My Hands are extream Cold, and I do't to Warm 'em. The *Satyr*, at Another time, found This Man Blowing his Porridge: And pray, says he, *What's the Meaning of that now?* Oh! says the *Man*, My Porridge is Hot, and I do't to Cool it. Nay, says the *Satyr*, if you have gotten a Trick of Blowing Hot and Cold out of the same Mouth, I have e'en Done with ye.

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

THE Moral of this Fable must be Abstracted from the Philosophy of it, and taken in the Sense of carrying *Two Faces under One Hood*. It sets forth, however, the Simplicity of the *Satyr*, in Not Understanding how Two such Contrary Effects should come from the same 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 Rite to the Old *Adage* of *Blowing Hot and Cold*; which is taken for the Mark and Character of a Dissembler.

FAB. CCXLIV.

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 T'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 Discourfing upon it. Sir, says the *Clown*, If This *Boar* had had any Brains, he would have taken the Loss of
of

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

THE MORAL.

An Incurrible Fool that will take no Warning, there's no Hope of him.

REFLEXION.

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 *Boar* in This Fable now, that Abandons himself wholly to his Appetites, and Pleasures; and after so many Repeated *Poxes*, and Qualms, One upon the Neck of Another, *Drinks* and *Whores* on still, in Despite of all Punishments, and Warnings. The *Boar's* Intemperance, and the Note upon him afterwards, on the Cutting of him up, that he had no Brains in's Head, may be Moraliz'd into the Figure of a Sensual Man, that has neither Grace nor Knowledge, but runs headlong on to his Ruine, without either Consideration, or Conscience.

FAB. CCXLV.

A Bull and a Mouse.

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

THE MORAL.

There's no such way of Revenging an Affront upon a Creature that's below an Honest Man's Anger, as Neglect and Contempt.

REFLEXION.

No Man lives without Enemies, and no Enemy is so Despicable, but some time or other he may do a Body a shrewd Turn. 'Tis Prudence to pass over Those Indignities, which are either too Little for our Consideration, or out of our Power to Reach, and Punish. For there's Nothing more Ridiculous, then an Impotent Anger, that spends it self to no manner of Purpose; and there's no Better way of Dealing with it, then to Laugh it Out of Countenance. All Men in the World that we see Transported into Outrages, for small Trivial Matters, fall under the *Innuendo* of This *Bull* in the Fable, that ran Tearing Mad for the Pinching of a *Mouse*.

FAB. CCXLVI.

A Country-man and Hercules.

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

The MORAL.

Men in Distress must Work as well as Pray, they shall be never the Better self.

REFLEXION.

THIS is but after the Common Guise of the World, for the People when they are put to a Plunge, to cry out to Heaven for Help, without Helping Themselves; whereas Providence Assists No Body that does not put his Own Shoulders to the Work. *Prayers* without *Works*, are Nothing Worth, either for Other People, or for Our selves. [*For Other People*] I say, because there is a Double Duty Incumbent upon us in the Exercise 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 *Pater-noster*. '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 sedulous Application of the Proper Means that may Naturally lead to such an End: This is to say, Body and Soul must go together, in All the Offices of a Christian, as well as of a Civil Life. where there is place for the Exercise of the Faculties of Both.

There

There is also a Pompous and a Noisy Devotion, that *cries aloud to be heard of Men*; which is by so much the more Odious in the sight of God then the Other, as an Hypocritical Affectation of Religion, is Worse then a Drowsie Heartlessness of Duty. The Moral of This Fable may be Understood to look Both Ways, but Care must be Taken however, not to let the Scandals of Theatrical Appearances, Divert, or Deter us from the Practice of Holy Offices, within the Bounds of Piety and Good Conscience: after the Example of Those, that set up for *Atheists*, for fear they should be taken for *Enthusiasts*. He, in fine, that *Made Body and Soul*, will be *Serv'd and Glorify'd* by Both. Besides that, *Hercules* helps no Body that will not help *Himself*.

FAB. CCXLVII.

A Hen and Golden Eggs.

A Certain Good Woman had a Hen, that Laid her Golden Eggs, which could not be, she thought, without a Mine in the Belly of Her. Upon This Presumption, she Cut her up to Search for Hidden Treasure: But upon the Dissection found her just like *Other Hens*, and that the Hope of Getting more had betray'd her to the Loss of what she had in Possession.

The MORAL.

This is the Fate, Folly and Mischief of Vain Desires, ana of an Immoderate Love of Riches. Content wants Nothing, and Covetousness brings Beggery.

REFLEXION.

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 also to the very Benefactors Themselves. If the Nearest Friend a Covetous Man has in the World, had really a Mine in his Guts, he'd Rip him up to Find it: For his 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 These Unreasonable Desires, but Loss, Sorrow, and Disappointment? The True Intent of This Fable is to Possess us of a Just Sense of the Vanity and Folly of these Craving 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 it self* would serve her, she lost *Hen, Eggs and All*.

FAB.

F A B. CCXLVIII.

An *Ape* and her *Two Brats*.

THERE was an *Ape* that had *Twins* : She Doted upon One of them, and did not much Care for T'other. She took a sudden Fright once, and in a Hurry whips up her Darling under her Arm, and carries the Other a Pick-a-Pack upon her Shoulders. In This Haste and Maze, Down she comes, and beats out her Favourites Brains against a Stone; but That which she had at her Back came off Safe and Sound.

The MORAL.

Fondlings are Commonly Unfortunate.

R E F L E X I O N.

PARTIALITY in a Parent is commonly Unlucky, if not a little Unnatural, for Fondlings are in danger to be made Fools, by the very Error of their Education, and we find it Experimentally that the Children that are least Cocker'd, make the Best, and Wisest Men. 'Tis well to be Tender, but to set the Heart too much upon any thing, is what we cannot Justify, either in Religion, or in Reason. I was Saying that Partiality was a little Unnatural too. I do not mean a Partiality of Inclination; for we cannot Command our Likings, or our Aversions; but I speak of a Partiality that shews it self in a Distinguishing Preference of One to the Other, and therefore what Hankering Dispositions soever we may have, That Fondness should not Transport us beyond the Bounds of a Discreet Affection; and Other Circumstances apart, we should no more be kinder to One Child then to Another, then we are Tender of One Eye more then of the Other; for they are Both our Own Flesh and Blood alike. Children are Naturally Jealous, and Envious, and the Quenching of their Spirits to Early, hazards the Damping of them for ever. Beside, that there is no such Fop in Fine, as my Young Master, that has the Honour to be a Fool of his Lady Mother's making. She Blows him up into a Conceit of Himself, and there he Stops, without ever Advancing One Step further. In short, she makes a Man of him at Sixteen, and a Boy all the Days of his Life after. And what is All This now, but the True Moral of the *Ape* with her *Brats* here in the Fable? The *Cub* that she carry'd at her Back had the Wit to Shift for it self; but the Other, that she *Hugg'd as the Devil did the Witch*, Perish'd in her very Arms.

F A B.

FAB. CCXLIX.

An Ox and an 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 *Oxe* with a Thousand Reproaches in her Mouth; Bless me, says the *Heifer*, what a Difference there is betwixt your Coat and Condition, and Mine! Why, What a Gall'd Nasty Neck have we here! Look ye, Mine's as clean as a Penny, and as smooth as Silk I warrant ye. 'Tis a Slavish Life to be Yoak'd thus, and in Perpetual Labour. What would you give to be as Free and as Easy now as I am? The *Oxe* 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 Sister, 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, and while the One Labours in his Duty with a Good Conscience, the Other, like a Beast, is but Fattening up for the Shambles.

REFLEXION.

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 Voluptuous, 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 Reason, or looking forward into the End of Things: Little Dreaming that all this Pomp of Vanity, Plenty, and Pleasure, is but a Fattening of them for the Slaughter. 'Tis the Case 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 habit of Body, was taken up for a *Sacrifice*; but the *Oxe* that was Despis'd for his Drudgery, 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 dost thy lead, says a *Dog* to a *Lyon*, to run Starving up and down thus in Woods and Deferts, 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 Appetite.

REFLEXION.

THE Moral of This is the Same with That of *Dog* and *Wolfe*,
Fab. 68.

FAB. CCLI.

A River-fish and a Sea-fish.

THERE was a Large Over-grown *Pike* that had the Fortune to be Carry'd out to Sea by a Strong Current, and had there the Vanity to Value himself above All the Fish in the Ocean. We'll refer That (says a *Sturgeon*) to the Judgment of the Market, and see which of the Two yields the Better Price.

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

THERE'S NO Folly like That of Vain Glory, nor any thing more Ridiculous then 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 Case. 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 *Fishes*; As the *Sturgeon* left it to the *Fish-monger* to Determine the Controversy betwixt *Him* and the *Pike*.

FAB. CCLII.

A *Fox* and a *Leopard*.

AS a *Leopard* was Valuing himself upon the Lustre of his Party-colour'd Skin; a *Fox* gave him a Jog, and Whisper'd him, that the Beauty of the Mind was an Excellence. Infinitely above That of a Painted Out-side.

The MORAL.

A Good Understanding is a Blessing Infinitely beyond All External Beauties.

REFLEXION.

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 Superlative Blessings, 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 then a Fop in a *Gay Coat*.

THE
F A B L E S
O F
A B S T E M I U S, &c.

FAB. 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 slipt from his Text into This Digression. *Ceres* (says he) a *Swallow* and an *Eele*, were Travelling together upon the Way: They came to a River, it seems, and the *Swallow* flew over it; The *Eele* made a shift to Swim through it;----And there he stopt. Well (says some of the Company) and what became of *Ceres*? Why (says *Demades*) The Goddes 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 sooner Reclaim'd by the Side-Wind of a Surprise, then by Down-right Admonition and Council; for they'll lend an Ear to a Parable when Nothing else will Down with them.

REFLEXION.

MEN Mind the Pleasure, and the Satisfaction of a Fancy, or a Loose Appetite more then they do Better Things; and they are sooner brought to Themselves, and set Right by the *Innuendo* of a *Parable*, then by the Dint of direct 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 Conscience, when they find themselves Fool'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 Hearn'ning after Fooleries: and loosing the Opportunity of Hearing and Learning Better Things. And it shews us in fine, the Force of an Allegory betwixt Jest and Earnest; which in such a Case as This, is certainly the most Artificial, Civil, and Effectual Manner of Reproche. I call it a *Reproche*, for 'tis an Affront to Good Manners as well as to Ordinary Prudence, not to Harken to a Man of Authority; That is to say, to the Voice of Wisdom, when she speaks to us out of the Mouth of a Philosopher. Men that have Wandring Thoughts at such a Lecture, deserve as well to be Whipt, as Boys for Playing at Push-Pin, when they should be Learning their Lesson: Beside, that it is only Another way of calling a Man Fool, when no Heed is given to what he says. Now *Demades* that Understood both his Bus'ness, and the Weak side of Humane Nature perfectly Well, never troubled his Head to bring his Auditory to their Wits again by the Force of Dry and Sober Reason; but Circumvented them by a Delicate Figure, into a Curiosity that led them Naturally to a Better Sense of their Interest, and their Duty.

FAB. CCLIV.

A Fox and a Hedge-Hog.

Æ *Sop* brought the *Samians* to their Wits again out of a most Desperate Sedition 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 Galling of him. There was a *Water-Hedge-Hog* (we must imagin) at hand, that in Pure Pity Offer'd to Beat away the *Flies* from him. No, No, says the *Fox*, Pray let 'em Alone, for the Flies that are upon me now are e'en Bursting-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 Starv'd Hungry Wretches to take their Places, that will not leave so much as One Drop of Bloud in the Whole Body of me.

Tiberius Cæsar made a very Pertinent Application of This Fancy to a Case of his Own. The Question was, Whether or no he should Casheir some of his Corrupt Governors of Provinces, for Oppressing the People? He gave the World to Understand his Mind by this Fable.

There was a Man lay Miserably Wounded upon the Highway, and Swarms of *Flies* upon him, Sucking his Sores. A Traveller that was passing by, Pity'd his Condition, and Offer'd him his Service, in Pure Charity to Drive them away. No, No, says T'other, pray let them alone; for when These are gone, I shall have Worse in Their Places. This will be the Case of My Subjects if I Change their Governors.

The MORAL.

The Force of a Fable.

R E F L E X I O N.

IF (says *Æsop*) You shall once Destroy your Present Governor, that is Full and Wealthy, you must of Necessity Chuse Others when he is gone, who will be sure to Fill their own Coffers out of what the Other has left ye. This Fable upon the Whole, is very Instructive how People should Behave themselves in the Case of Male-Administration, or Oppression; where there is any Colour or Complaint of Cruelty, or Injustice, under the Cover of Sovereign Power. The *Fox's* Resolution here is mightily to the Purpose: That is to say, where the Grievance is only the Unrighteous Exercise of a Lawful Authority. The Removal of *Bloud Suckers* that are already as Full as their Skins will hold, serves only to make way for Others that are Greedy and Empty. This is no Redress of the Evil, No, nor so much as a Change; but in Truth, an Augmentation of it.

It is again to be Consider'd, that as Government is Necessary, Sacred, and Unaccountable, so it is but Equal for us to bear the Infelicities of a Male Exercise of it, as we Enjoy the Blessings of Authority and Publique Order. There's Nothing Pure that's Sublunary, but somewhat still of Good Blended with the Bad, and of Bad with the Good; And This Natural Mixture runs through the Whole Course and Condition of Humane Affairs. We are not to be either our Own Carvers, or our Own Chusers, and the Man puts out his Own Eyes that does not see the Folly, and the Iniquity of Struggling with Insuperable Powers, which is Impious in the Practice, and Miserable in the Conclusion. Where Government is Accounted as Bondage, the Exercise of it shall never fail of being call'd Persecution and Oppression: But to put Matters at Worst, Let us for Argument sake, suppose Pilling and Polling Officers, as Busie upon the People as These Flies were upon the *Fox*: Better bear a Tolerable Present Calamity then Exchange it for a Worse; and the *Fox* had the Wit rather to suffer the Galling of a Parcel of *Flies* that were full already, then by Beating them off, to make way for a New set of Hungry Sharpers that would do him Fifty times the Mischief.

F A B.

FAB. CCLV.

A Mouse in a Chest.

A *Mouse* that was bred in a *Chest*, and had liv'd all her days there upon what the Dame of the House laid up in't, happen'd one time to drop out over the Side, and to Stumble upon a very Delicious Morfel, as she was Hunting up and down to find her way In again. She had no sooner the Taste of it in her Mouth, but she brake out into Exclamations, what a Fool she had been thus Long, to Perfwade her self that there was No Happinefs in the World but in That Box.

The MORAL.

A Contented Mind and a Good Conscience will make a Body Happy where-ever he is.

REFLEXION.

'TIS well to be Content in what Place or Condition soever we are; without being yet so Fond of it as not to be prepar'd for any Change or Chance that may Befal us. A Good Patriot loves his Own Country Best, but yet in case of Necessity, or a Fair Convenience, the Whole Globe of the Earth is an Honest Man's Country, and he reckons himself at home wherever he is. The *Mouse* was *Well* in the *Chest*; but she 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 Publique, and that by the Benefit either of a Christian, or a Philosophical Resignation to our Lot, whatever it is, we may be so wherever we are.

FAB. CCLVI.

A Husbandman and Ceres.

A Certain *Farmer* complain'd that the Beards of his Corn Cut the Reapers and the Thrashers Fingers sometimes, and therefore he desired *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.

The MORAL.

There must be no Refining upon the Works of Providence; for He that thinks to Mend them, Forfeits his Right to the Blessing and Benefit of them.

R E F L E X I O N.

No Man can be perfectly Happy; but if he be either Curious, or Unsteady, he shall Live and Die Craving, and in a Restless Want of something or other that is never to be had. Wherefore we should do well to Weigh our Present Inconveniences against Those that may probably arise in the Future, and not so much as to think of Changing our Condition till we have Ballanc'd the Accounts. We may lay down This, in short, for a Rule without any Exception, that Nothing but a Fool or a Madman will Wish any thing to be Other then as God has Made it. Let us Reform our Lives, and Mend our Manners, and set Every thing Right at Home first, before we take upon us to Correct the Works of Providence and Nature. The Husbandman thought Corn would do better without Beards, till he found that according to the Way he went to Work, he should have neither *One* nor *T'other*.

F A B. CCLVII.

A Country-Man and a Hawk.

A 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 None. Well, says the Country-Man, and pray what Wrong did the Pigeon ever do you? Now by the Reason of your own Argument, you must e'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 Kill'd 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 Those that are Oppress'd by the Less Mighty. And the Fable has This Prospect too, that Princes are as much Ty'd to Vindicate their Subjects Cause 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 Oppressing of the Guilty. Birds of Prey are an Emblem of Rapacious 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 Restitution is forgotten, after the Execution of the Punishment. Now what is This way of Proceeding, but Drinking the Blood of the Widow and the Orphan at second hand? for 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 Wickeder Thief of the Two, by how much the Rapine is made yet Blacker by the pretence of Piety and Justice. Here's a *Country-man* takes a *Hawk* in the Chase of a *Pigeon*, the *Hawk* reasons the Case with him; The *Country-man* Pleads the *Pigeon's* Cause, and upon a Fair Hearing; The *Hawk* stands Condemn'd out of her own Mouth, and the Innocent is consequently deliver'd 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 semblance of a Publique Spirited Generosity, and Tendereness of Nature, the *Man* only fav'd the *Pigeon* from the *Hawk*, that he might Eat it *Himself*: And if we look Well about us we shall find This to be the Case of most Mediations, we meet with in the Name of Publique 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.

The MORAL.

A Wife Man will not Undertake any thing without Means Answerable to the End.

REFLEXION.

LET Every Man Examin his Own Strength, and the Force of the Enemy he is to Cope withal before he comes to Close, and Grapple with him: For he's sure to go by the Worst that Contends with an Adversary that is too Mighty for him. 'Tis Good Advice not to Contend with Those that are too Strong for us, but still with a saving to Honesty and Justice, for the Integrity of the Mind must be supported against All Violence and Hazzards whatsoever. This of the *Spider* is a very Foolish Undertaking, and as Unjust a Pretence; for the Equity of the Case is Clearly Mistaken. The Intent of the Fable is to set us Right in the Understanding, and Interpreting of Injuries. 'Tis an unhappy Error to take things for Injuries that are Not so: And then supposing an Injury done, 'tis a Nice Point to Proportion the Reparation to the Degree of the Indignity; and to take a True Measure of our Own Force. It was a Ridiculous Project to think of Catching a *Swallow* in a *Cobweb*; and the *Spider* was as much Out too in thinking to Restrain the Common Air to its own Particular Use. The *Swallow* was a *Fly-Catcher* as well as the *Spider*, and no more an Inter-loper upon the *Spider's* Right, then the *Spider* was upon the *Swallow's*; for the Flies were in Common to Both. Those People, in short, deserve to be Doubly Laugh'd at, that are Peevish, and Angry; First, for Nothing, and secondly, to no manner of Purpose.

This Envious Injustice is Frequent in the World, for why should People think to Engrosse and Appropriate the Common Benefits of Fire, Air, and Water to Themselves; Not but that there are Swarms of This sort of *State-Spiders* in the World, that Reckon Every *Fly* that's taken out of the Common-Stock, as a *Penny* out of their *Own Pockets*. The Bounties of God and of Princes ought to be Free, both alike, without making Every Morfel of Bread that an Honest Man puts in his Mouth to be the Robbing of a Minion, Wherefore let Every Man Compute, First, What he ought to do. Secondly, What he is Able to do. Provided Thirdly, That he Govern himself by the Rules of Vertue and Discretion. This Consideration beforehand, would have fav'd the Foolish *Spider* the Trouble of Setting Nets for Swallows.

FAB. CCLIX.

A Country-man and a River.

A Country-man that was to Pass a River Sounded it up and down to try where it was most Fordable; and upon Tryal he made This Observation on't: Where the Water ran Smooth, he found it Deepest; and on the contrary, Shallowest where it made most Noise.

The MORAL.

There's More Danger in a Reserv'd and Silent, then in a Noisie, Babbling Enemy.

R E F L E X I O N.

GREAT Talkers are not always the Greatest Doers, and the Danger is Greatest, where there'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 Less Noise. We find it to be Thus Betwixt your Superficial Men, and Men that are well Founded in Any Art, Science, or Profession. As in Philosophy, Divinity, Arms, History, Manners. The very Practice of Babbling is a Great Weakness, and not only the Humour, but the Matter shews it so; though upon the Main, it is not Capable either of Much Good, or of Much Evil; for as there's No Trusting in the Case, so there's No Great Danger from them, in the Manage of any Design; for Many and Rash Words Betray the Speaker of them. As to the Man of Silence and Reserve, that keeps himself Close, and his Thoughts Private, He Weighs, and Compares Things, and Proceeds upon Deliberation. It is good to see and sound however, before a Man Plunges; for a Body may as well be Over-born by the Violence of a Shallow, Rapid Stream, as Swallow'd up in the Gulph of a smooth Water. 'Tis in This Case with *Men* as 'tis with *Rivers*.

F A B. CCLX.

A Pigeon and a Pye.

A Pye was Wond'ring 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, is a Better Rule in the Doctrine, than in the Practice: For Trust as you would be Trusted, will not hold betwixt a Knave and an Honest Man. There's no Dealing with a Sharper but at his Own Play.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Truer Hearted any Man is, the more Lyable is he to be Impos'd upon: And then the World calls it *Out-witting* of a Man; when, in truth he's only *Out-knav'd*: And oblig'd, even in Charity and Good Nature, to Believe till he be Couzen'd. And we find the Country-man's Observation Confirm'd by Daily Experience. This does not yet Hinder a sincere Singleness of Heart from being a Vertue so necessary for the Comfort and Security of Mankind, that Humane Society cannot subsist without it. And therefore 'tis a Thousand Pities it should be so Discountenanc'd, and Abus'd, as in the Common Practice of the World we find it is. But it stands Firm however to the same Tenor of Life. As the Pigeon kept still to the same Hole to lay her Eggs in what'ere she Loft by't.

F A B. CCLXI.

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 Flesh: Infomuch that a Hawk Twitted a Cuckow One Day with her course 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 she see but the Skin of This very Hawk upon a Pole, on the Top of the Dove-House: Well! says the Cuckow (in Conceit) to the Hawk,
and

and had not you as good have been Eating *Worms* now, as *Pigeons*.

The MORAL.

Pride is an Abomination in the Sight of God, and the Judgment is Just upon us, when the Subject of our Vanity becomes the Occasion of our Ruine.

REFLEXION.

A Safe Mediocrity is much better then an Envy'd, and a Dangerous Excellency. They that in their Prosperity Despis'd Others, shall be sure in their Adversity to be Despis'd Themselves. It is much the same Case with Men of Prey, that it is with Birds of Prey. They take it for a Disparagement to Sort themselves with any Other then the Enemies of the Public Peace: But Men that Live upon Rapine, are set up for a Marque, as the Common Enemy; and all Heads and Hands are at Work to destroy them.

FAB. CCLXII.

A Country-man and an Ass.

AS a *Country-man* was Grazing his *Ass*s in a Meadow, comes a Hot Alarum that the Enemy was Just falling into their Quarters. The *Poor Man* calls presently to his *Ass*s, in a Terrible Fright, to Scoure away as fast as he could Scamper: for, says he, we shall be *Taken* else. Well, quoth the *Ass*s, and what if we should be *Taken*? I have One Pack-Saddle upon my Back already, will they Clap Another 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 Case 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.

REFLEXION.

HERE'S a Fiction of an *Alarum*, and we'll suppose it to be a False One too; for the Inventor has not Determin'd the Point. Now the Fancy will have more Force and Quickness in't that Way, then T'other; and the *Asses* Reasoning upon the Case, will hold good both Ways alike: Only the *Asses* in the *Moral* are more Frightful then the *Asses* in the *Fable*. *We shall be Taken else*, is the Song of All Popular Male-Contents, when they design a Change of Government: And so they Hurry the Mobile Head-long upon the very Dread of Imaginary Chains and Shackles, into the Slavery they Fear'd: But *some Asses* are Wiser then *Others*: for the *Multitude* would Answer their Masters else in the *One Instance*, as the *Animal* here in the Emblem Answer'd His, in the *Other*: Here was no Scampering away at a Venture, without Fear, or Wit; No Sollicitous Enquiry whether the News was True or No: But the *Mythologist* has prudently, and for our Instruction, Cast those Two Circumstances out of the Question, and laid the Strefs of it upon This single Issue. As who would say; In all Governments there must be Burdens to be Born, and People to Bear them: And who so proper to bear Those Burdens, as Those that Providence and Policy have Appointed and Design'd for that Office and Station? So that 'tis all one to the Common People who's Uppermost (That is to say, upon the Matter of Ease and Liberty) for *Asses* must be *Asses* still, whoever *Rides* them, and Providence will keep the World in Order still, whoever Grumbles at it.

FAB. CCLXIII.

A Fox and a Knot of Gossips.

A Fox that was taking a Walk one Night Cross a Village, spy'd a Bevy of *Jolly, Gossipping Wenches*, making Merry over a Dish of *Pullets*. Why Ay, says he; Is not this a Brave World now? A Poor Innocent Fox cannot so much as Peep into a Hen Roost, though but to keep Life and Soul together, and what a Bawling do you make on't presently with your Dogs, and your Bastards! And yet You your selves can lie Stuffing your Guts with your *Hens*, and your *Capons*, and not a Word of the Pudding. How now *Bold-Face*, crys an *Old Trot*. Sirrah, we Eat our *Own Hens*, I'd have you to know; and what you Eat, you Steal.

The MORAL.

There are Men of Prey, as well as Beasts of Prey, that Account Rapine 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 Starts of Fancy, that Off-hand look well enough; but bring them to the Test, and there's Nothing in 'em. The *Fox's* Reproche here upon the *Gossips*, was a Frolique Pleasent enough; but without any Colour, or Congruity of Reason; and the Fallacy lies, from the same Thing done by several Persons, to the same Right of Doing it; though under Circumstances so Different, that there's no Parity at all betwixt them upon the Collation. This Freak has somewhat of the Air in't of the Young Fellow's Conceit to his Father, when he took him Ruffling his Grand-Mother. *Why may not I lie with your Mother*, says he, *as well as You lie with mine?* These *Foxes* should do well to Consider, that High-Way-Men, and Other Criminals have as much to say for themselves, where there's a Breach of Law, and Common Justice in the Case. This Instance of the *Fox* and the *Gossips*, comes to the Old Proverb; that *One may better Steal a Horse then Another look over the Hedge.*

FAB. CCLXIV.

Capon's Fat and Lean.

THEre were a Great many *Cramm'd Capons* together in a Coop; some of 'em very Fair and *Fat*, and Others again that did not Thrive upon Feeding. The *Fat* ones would be ever and anon making Sport with the *Lean*, and calling them *Starvelings*; till in the End, the Cook was Order'd to Dress so many *Capons* for Supper, and to be sure to take the Best in the Pen: when it came to That once, they that had most Flesh upon their Backs, wish'd they had had Less, and 'twould have been Better for 'em.

The MORAL.

Prosperity makes People Proud, Fat, and Wanton; but when a Day of Reckoning comes, They are the First still that go to Pot.

REFLEXION.

THE *Fat Capons* in This Fable, are the Rich, the Great, and the (Externally) Happy Men in the World. People Weigh Vertue, in Common Reputation, as they do Flesh in the Market, at so much a Pound. They Agree too in the Contempt of Men of a Less Size and Quality, and they Meet with the same Fate in the End too, by a Just Judgment upon them for their Insulting Vanity. They are made the very Mark for Envy, and Avarice to shoot at: and Equally in danger of being Sacrific'd, either to Tyranny, or to Faction. The Poor, in fine, have This Consolation, that their Condition is safer, and easier, then That of the Rich: And All People in the World will agree with Those *Capons* in the Fable, that it is better to *Live Lean* then to *Dye Fat*.

FAB. CCLXV.

Oxen and a Piece of Timber.

THE *Timber* was Complaining of the Ingratitude of the *Oxen*. How often, says the *Timber*, have I fed ye with my Leaves, and reliev'd ye under my Shadow? and for You to Drag me now at this rate, over Dirt and Stones! Alas! cry'd the *Oxen*: Do not you see how we Pant and Groan, and how we are Goaded on, to do what we Do? The *Timber* Consider'd how unwillingly they did it, and so Forgave them.

The MORAL.

What we are forc'd to do by an Over-Ruling Power and Necessity, is not properly our own Act.

REFLEXION.

'TIS not the Thing that is Done, but the Intention in the Doing of it, that makes the Action Good, or Evil. There's a Great Difference betwixt what we do upon Force, and what upon Inclination; and the Good Will is nevertheless Obliging, though by some Unlucky Accident it should be Diverted to my Ruine. Where there is neither Privity, nor Consent, there can be no Malice, and consequently no Crime, or Disobligation. For All other Misadventures Amount to no more in Truth, then That which we call Ill Luck, in the Accidents of Life, wherefore the *Timber* was in the Right to Forgive the *Oxen* here, and so shall We be too, if after the Doctrine, and Example of This Fable, we forgive one Another.

FAB. CCLXVI.

Trees Streight and Crooked.

There was a Delicate Plantation of *Trees* that were All *Well-grown, Fair* and *Smooth*, save only One Dwarf among them that was *Knotty*, and *Crooked*, and the Rest had it in Derision. The Master of the Wood, it seems, was to Build a House, and Appointed his Workmen 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 Favour'd Piece* was left Alone.

The MORAL.

Celebrated Beauties are seldom Fortunate.

REFLEXION.

'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 Justifie, or Protect Great Men in their Insolence over their Inferiors. The *Beautiful Trees* go all to *Wrack* here, and only the *Mis-shapen* and *Despicable Dwarf* is left *Standing*.

FAB. CCXLVII.

A Swan and a Stork.

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

The MORAL.

Death is but the Last Farewel to All the Difficulties, Pains, and Hazards of Life.

REFLEXION.

'TIS a Great Folly to Fear that which it is Impossible to Avoid; and it is yet a Greater Folly to Fear the Remedy of All Evils: For Death Cures All Diseases, and Frees us from All Cares. It is as Great a Folly again, not to Prepare our selves, and Provide for the Entertainment of an Inevitable Fate. We are as sure to go Out of the World, as we are that ever we came In to't; and Nothing but the Conscience of a Good Life can Support us in That Last Extremity. The Fiction of a *Swan's* Singing at her Death, does, in the Moral, but Advise, and Recommend it to us, to make ready for the Chearful Entertainment of our last Hour, and to Consider with our Selves, that if Death be so Welcome a Relief even to *Animals*, barely as a Deliverance from the Cares, Miseries, and Dangers of a Troublesome Life, how much a Greater Blessing, ought All Good Men to Account it then, that are not only Freed by it from the Snares, Difficulties, and Distractions of a Wicked World, but put into Possession (over and above) of an Everlasting Peace, and the Fruition of Joys that shall never have an End!

FAB. CCLXVIII.

The Inconsolable Widow.

There was a Poor Young *Woman* that had brought herself e'en 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: Pluck up a Good Heart, my Girl; for let the Worst come to the Worst, 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, she Wipes her Eyes; Lifts 'em up, and cries *Heaven's Will be done*; and then turns to her Father, Pray, Sir, says she, *About T'other Husband you were speaking of, Is he here in the House?*

The

The MORAL.

This Fable gives us to Understand, that a Widow's Tears are quickly Dry'd up, and that it is not Impossible for a Woman to Out-live the Death of her Husband; and after All the Outrages of her Funeral Sorrow, to Propose 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 Humour of a Right, Worldly Woman. Hypocrisie Out-does the Truth, in Grief, as well as in Religion. 'Tis too Fierce and Noisie, to be Natural; but the Ostentation supplies the Place of the Duty. If the Wives Transports had not been Counterfeit, they would have been as Certain Death as the Husband's Disease: For Flesh and Blood is not able to bear up under so Intolerable a Weight. It is in short, only the Acting a Part, not the Discharge of a Flowing Passion; she takes the Hint; Plays her Roll; Cries out her *Set time*, and when the Farce is over, betakes her self from her Infirmary to her Philosophy; not forgetting the Politique Part all this while, of making her Mourning for One Husband, a Prologue to the Drawing on of Another.

And This is not the Poor Woman's Case Alone, but many a Poor Man's too; for the Extravagance holds for a Sick Wife, as well as for a Sick Husband. 'Tis Custom, Practice and Good Manners, in fine, that in a Great Measure Rules This Affair. People Proportion their Grievances to their Hopes, and their Tears to their Legacies. There is as much a Fashion in the Mourning Face, as in the Mourning Dress; and our very Looks must be in the Mode, as well as our Cloaths. This Hint Minds me of a Pleasant Droll of a Painter, to an Honourable Lady of My Acquaintance that was sitting for her Picture. *Madam (says he) will your Ladiship be pleas'd to have your Lip drawn as they wear 'em now?* It is a Notable 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 Lamentations: But *when the Husband's Dead, the Play is Done*; and then it comes to the Old Bear Garden Case, when the Bull had Toss'd a Poor Fellow that went to save his Dog: There was a mighty Bustle about him, with Brandy and Other Cordials to bring him to Himself again; but when the College found there was no Good to be done on't, *Well, Go thy ways Jaques*, says a Jolly Member of that Society, *There's the best Back-Sword 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 Bethinks her self, *Well, says she, There's the Best Husband Gone that ever Woman had to do withal: But, Pray Sir, is T'other Husband in the House that you were speaking of?* What is all This now, but directly to the Tune of *The Butcher's Back-Sword Man, and Playing Another Dog.*

FAB. CCLXIX.

A **Wench** Parting with her **Sweet-Heart**.

A Common Wench was Wringing her Hands, and Crying her self to Death almost; and what was the Business forsooth, but she had Newly Parted with her Sweet-Heart. Away, ye Fool you (says one of her Neighbours) to Torment your self out of your Life for such a Fellow as This! Nay, says the Lads, I am not so much Troubled at Parting with the Man; but he has Carry'd away his Coat too; and truly, when he had given me All he had in the World beside, methinks I might e'en have had That too as well as All the Rest.

The MORAL.

Here's a Mercenary Prostitute Drawn to the very quick, that lays her Profit more to Heart than her Love.

REFLEXION.

IT seldom falls out that a *Common Mistress* troubles her Head much with Particular Inclinations, though there are some Mercenaries so Generous yet, in the Way of their Profession, that rather than not Trade at all, they'll Trade to Loss. But This was not the Case of the Sorrowful Wight here in the Fable: Her Trouble was the Loss of the *Coat*, not the Loss of the *Man*. 'Tis the same Thing with Cheats and Sharpers, that 'tis with Whores; and the same Humour, in short, that we find in All Humane Beasts of Prey. There can be No Friendship where there's Treachery; but there are Degrees in Treachery it self; As the Betraying of an Honourable Confidence, and of a Sacred Trust, is the Basest of All Perfidies. This Shuffling Inclination shews it self in us Betimes; And Children do Naturally Apply themselves to their Little Shifts and Frauds. Now 'tis not much Amis to let them Understand so much of the Roguery of the World, as to secure them from being Wheedled, and Impos'd upon: Provided that under Colour of Teaching them to Discover Abuses, they be not Encourag'd to Practice them: For he that perfectly Understands False Play, lies under a Dangerous Temptation, at some time or Other, to make Use on't. And when he's Once In, 'tis no Easie Matter to get him Out again. Never was any Whore yet so Impudent, as not to feel some Touch of Modesty and Remorse, upon the First False Step she made: But Wicked People Harden by Little and Little, and so go on by Degrees, till they are past all Sense, either of Shame, or of Conscience. *Cheating* and *Barredry* go together in the *World*, as well as in the *Fable*, and the Professors of the Trade are as Insatiable in the One way, as they are in the Other. When they have left
a Poor

a Poor Devil no Flesh on's Back, they'l Quarrell for his very Skin too, as the *Filting Jade* here did for her Cully's *Coat*, when she had left him Nothing else.

FAB. CCLXX.

A Fly upon a Wheel.

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

The MORAL.

This Fly in the Fable, is Every Trifling Arrogant Fop in Nature, by what Name or Title soever Dignify'd, or Distinguished.

REFLEXION.

THIS may be Apply'd to well-nigh All sorts of Vain Persons and Humours: As Those that Assume to Themselves the Merit of Other Mens Services. Those that Talk, and Think, and Busle, as if Nothing were done without them. All Meddlers, Boasters, and Impertinents, that Steal away the Reputation of Better Men for their Own Use. The World is Full, in fine, of these Pragmatical *Flies*, that Value themselves for being In at Every thing, and are found Effectually, at last to be just good for Nothing.

It is the Fortune, and it is the Humour of Weak and Trifling Men to Value themselves upon Idle and Trivial Matters; and many times, in Truth, upon Just Nothing at all: That is to say, upon a False Perswasion that they Do Things, which they do Not do, and Govern Affairs wherein they have No Manner of Interest. They Place a Reputation also upon Things that a Sober Man would be out of Countenance to Own, and Contend for the Credit of being the Authors of Fooleries. *What a Dust do I Raise?* says the silly *Fly*, And have we not Millions of Vain, Empty Pretenders in the World, that Talk at the same Rate, and with as Little Colour, either of Truth, or of Reason? 'Twas [I] carry'd such a Cause; such a Debate, such a Question. 'Twas [I] that Advis'd, Brought about, or Prevented This and That; when yet upon the Upshot, This same [I] was no more then the Fool, that fancy'd he play'd upon the *Organ*, when he only Drew the *Bellows*. Whence comes it now that Men Arrogate 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 Measures of Honour and Virtue: The Moral of This Vanity 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 Busy and Over-Weening Conceit to Work upon? No, not from the Modelling
of

of Common-wealths; the Winning of Battels; the Saving, or the Recovery of Kingdoms, to the very *Flies* Raifing the Duft here in the Fable.

FAB. CCLXXI.

An *Eele* and a *Snake*.

YOU and I are fo Alike, fays the *Eele* to the *Snake*, that Methinks we fhould be fomewhat a-Kin; and yet They that Perfecute Me are afraid of You. What fhould be the Reafon of this? Oh (fays the *Snake*) becaufe no body does Me an Injury but I make him fmart for't.

The MORAL.

In All Controverfies They come off Beft that keep their Adverfaries in fear of a Revenge.

REFLEXION.

PATIENCE and Impunity, is an Encouragement to an Affront. The Divine Wifdom has appointed a Hell as well as a Heaven, to the End that Dread and Terror on the One Hand, may fupply the want of Gratitude, Affection, and Good Nature on the Other: What is it but the Fear of Punifhment that keeps the World in Order? And what but the Awe we ftand 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 Cafe from Top to Bottom. *Princes Themfelves*, without *Stings*, are no Better then *Drones*; and when the Sacred Character is Difarm'd, there's no longer any Reverence to be Expected for the Perfon. When People find it Dangerous to Offend their Superiors, they'll take care to Pleafe them: And there's as much Difference, upon This Point, between One Governor and Another (the Refemblance notwithstanding) as there is betwixt an *Eele* and a *Snake*.

FAB. CCLXXII.

Seamen Praying to *Saints*.

IT Blew a Terrible Tempeft at Sea oncc, and there was one *Seaman* took Notice that the Reft of his Fellows were Praying feverally to fo many *Saints*. Have a care my Masters, fays he, what you do; for what if we fhould All be Drown'd
now

now before the Messenger 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 Bus'ness is Best.

R E F L E X I O N .

'TIS Good to be sure, where our Salvation is at Stake ; and to run no more Risque of the Main Chance, then of Necessity Must. What needs any Man make his Court to the Servant, when his Access is Open to the Master? And especially when that Master is as ready to Give, as the Petitioners to Ask. A Wise Man will take the Nearest and the Surest Way to his Journey's End ; and Commit no Bus'ness of Importance to a Proxy, where he may do't Himself.

FAB. CCLXXIII.

The *Fishes* and the *Frying-Pan*.

A Cook was Frying a Dish of *Live Fish*, and so soon as ever they felt the Heat of the Pan, There's no Enduring of This, cry'd one, and so they all Leapt into the Fire ; and instead of Mending the Matter, they were Worse now then Before.

The MORAL.

The Remedy is many times Worse than the Disease.

R E F L E X I O N .

LET a Man's Present State be never so Uneasie, he should do well however to Bethink 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 born This Doctrine rather : That where we have Certain Death before us, and only This Choice, whether it shall be a Speedy or a Lingring 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

according to the Old Proverb now ; we Underſtand by [*Out of 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 Declar'd ; but the *Fiſhes*, inſtead of their *Quota*, ſent their Excuse, that they were not able to March by Land.

The M O R A L.

The Vanity of a Helpleſs Alliance.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE'S No Contracting of Alliances with Thoſe that are out of Diſtance of Aſſiſting in a Time of Need, in all Contracts, whether of Publique Alliance, and Commerce, or Particular Friendſhip, there muſt a Regard be had to Reciprocal Aid and Aſſiſtance, in caſe of any Diſtreſs ; So that All the Circumſtances of Ability, Diſpoſition, Situation, Intereſt, &c. muſt be taken into Thought, and Rightly Underſtood, before the Bargain he Struck : for 'tis a Scandalous Overſight to Err in any of the Eſſentials to a Prudential, and a Beneficial Agreement : By which is Intended, any ſort of Defect, or Incapacity that may Obſtruct, or Fruſtrate the End of the League. Thoſe Contracts are Ridiculous, and Void in Themſelves, that ſhall pretend to Oblige us againſt Nature. For 'tis a *Banter*, not a *Confederacy*, to talk of *Fiſhes Marching by Land, and Living out of their Element.*

F A B. CCLXXV.

A Covetous Ambaſſador.

A Certain *Ambaſſador* that was ſtill Peſter'd with Drums and Trumpets every where upon the Way of his Embaſſy, was willing to ſave 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 Muſique. 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 Perſon of Honour, who preſently made him a Condoling Viſit. Pray, my Lord (ſays the Nobleman) how long may your
Mother

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 Fooling betwixt Jest and Earnest, that carries both Pleasure and Profit along with it; for it saves a Man's Money One way, and his Credit Another.

REFLEXION.

ACCORDING to the Old Moral, Covetous Men will make any shift to save Money: But this Allusion is the least Part of the Bus'ness. 'Tis no Easy Matter for People in many Cases to save their Money, and their Credit Both: But the Best Thing to be done, in the Disguise of a Base, and Sordid Humour, is the Managing of the Imposture with a Good Grace, and in such a Manner, that if a Man carries it off, there's so much Money sav'd; and if he be Detected, there will be something Pleasant in the Frolique to Atone for a Secret Narrowness of Heart.

At this Rate of a Pretended Freak, or Whimsy, 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 Varnish'd over in the Practice, as to pass Muster among the Gay Arts of Gallantry and Conversation. The Thing above all Others to be Wish'd, Study'd, and Endeavour'd, is to have a Clear Mind, and to Lead a Life in so Conscientious a Probity of Manners, as in Thought, Word, and Deed, to make Good the Character of an Untainted Honest Man: But where This Discipline shall be found too Strict for Flesh and Blood, (and there's no Living up to the Rigorous Exactness of Purity, and Justice) it will in such a Case, be the best of a Bad Game to keep Clear of Open Offence, and to give the Infirmary the Best Face that the Matter will bear. As the *Ambassador*, betwixt Jest and Earnest, Cast a Cloak of *Railery* over his *Avarice*.

FAB. CCLXXVI.

An Old Friend and a Cardinal.

AN Ingenious Cavalier, hearing that an Old Friend of his was advanc'd 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 Bus'ness. I am come, says the *Cavalier*, to Condole with your Eminence, and to tell you how Heartily
I Pity

I Pity Men that are Over-charg'd with Dignity and Preferment; for it turns Peoples Brains to that Degree, that they can neither See, nor Hear, nor Understand, like Other Men; and makes them as Absolutely to Forget their *Old Friends*, as if they had never seen them before in their Lives.

The MORAL.

Honours Change Manners.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS is a Reproof to the Pride and Vanity of Those Men, that when they come to be Advanc'd Themselves, forget all their Old Friends and Acquaintance, even Those that Rais'd them. This Fable is Humane Nature to the very Quick, only it has Two Handles to't, and it would not be Fair, to take it in the Worst Sense, without somewhat of an Apology, or an Excuse for't, where 'twill bear a Better.

It is almost as True in Philosophy as it is in Fact, and Common Practice, that *Honours Change Manners*. Men Assume other Thoughts; Other Opinions of Themselves; Nay, and almost Another Nature, when they Contract other Interests. The Stamp of Dignity Defaces, in some People the very Character of Humanity; and Transports them to such a Degree of Haughtiness, that they reckon it below the Quality of a Great Man, to Exercise either Good Nature, or Good Manners: As if Dignify'd Flesh and Bloud were not of the same Composition with other Men. Now what does all This Arrogance Amount to, more, then the Pride of an Ass in his Trappings; when 'tis but his Masters taking away his Top-Knot, to make an Ass of him again.

But we are yet to Distinguish betwixt Those that take State and Distance upon them, purely out of Pride and Humour, and Those that seem to do the same Thing, though in a Compliance with the Necessity of their Affairs. It is Impossible for a Publique Minister to be so Open and Easy to all his Old Friends and Acquaintance, as he was in the State of his Private Condition; and at the same Time, to Attend the Necessary Functions of his Office: But This may be All help'd out yet, by an Affability of Address, without any Offence, either to his Bus'ness, or to his Duty. A Word, an Action, a Countenance, manag'd with Honour and Discretion, is sufficient to Uphold the Reputation of his Character; for there are Artificial Ways of telling People what a Man would do if he Could, without a Surly Ostentation of an Unwillingness to do the Things, that Effectually are not in his Power. A *Good Word*, they say, *Costs no more than a Bad*: Beside that in the *Cardinal's* Forgetting his *Old Friend* here, he did more Forget Himself.

F A B.

FAB. CCLXXVII.

A Young Droll and a Crooked Old Man.

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

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

'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 that we are already come into't; but whether by a Natural, or a Violent Death, we know not. Time and Humane Frailty will bring us to our End without the Help of any Contingencies, or Distempers by the By; So that our 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 a Blasphemous Way of making sport with the Course of Providence: Beside the Folly of Scoffing at That in Another, which we our selves are sure to come to at Last, or Worse.

FAB. CCLXXVIII.

An Old Fellow and a Young Wench.

THERE was a formal Piece of Gravity that liv'd to about Threescore 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

The MORAL.

The Common Fate of Unequal Matches, Especially in the Case of an Old Fellow, and a young Wench, where the Humour is as Contrary as Summer and Winter, Light and Darknefs, or Day and Night.

R E F L E X I O N.

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

F A B. CCLXXIX.

An Eagle and a Pye.

There was a Pert-Dapper Spark of a *Mag-Pye*, that fancy'd the Birds would never be well Govern'd, till he Himself should come to sit 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 Busle, 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 Squirting up and down, and Chattering, that the World would be apt to say, I had Chosen a *Jack-Pudding* for a *Prime Minister*.

The MORAL.

Great Babblers, or Talkers, are a sort of People not fit either for Trust, Bus'ness, or Conversation.

REFLEXION.

THE World is like to be well Govern'd, when *Pyes* and *Daws* shall take upon them to set up for Philosophers, Doctors of the Chair, and Men of State and Government. Things are Mightily out of Order in That Quarter, especially when Vain Fools come to be admitted into Business upon the Credit of their Own Word.

The Impertunity of such a Fop, is Excellently set forth in the Qualifications of this *Pye*; for he Enforces the Reason of his Pretence, by the Clearest Arguments in the World against Himself. He would be a *States-Man*, because he is a *Buffon*; as if there went no more to the Making of a *Councillor*, then the Faculties of a *Merry-Andrew*, or a *Tumbler*. Here's the Confident Ambition of a Foolish Twattling Pretender, on the One Hand, and a Just Reproof of him, in a most Reasonable Refusal, on the Other; to Teach us, that the Want of Shame, Brains, or Good Manners, does not presently Entitle Every little *Skip-Jack* to the Boards-End in the *Cabinet*. But Our *Eagle* here was not a Prince to Advance the *Ministers* of his *Pleasures*, to be *Ministers* of State, and to make his *Sport* his *Bus'ness*.

FAB. CCLXXX.

A Country-man and a Mouse.

There was a Pleasant sort 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 Ruins, to save herself: 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 MORAL.

'Tis a Barbarous Faculty, an Ill-Natur'd Wit; that will rather Expose the very Life and Reputation of a Friend, then lose the Opportunity of a Jest.

REFLEXION.

'TIS the Practice, but it is the Baseness of the World too, for Men to Govern themselves Wholly by their Interest, and to Abandon All that's Sacred and Honourable, for the saving of their Own Skins. Thus, says the Moral; but the Conceit was not worth the Life of the Poor Creature, and therefore the Allegory not to be Recommended; because it sets up a False Principle. There was place for Honour, Dignity of Mind, and Humanity to shew it self, in the Case, though but to a Poor *Mouse*: And there's Nothing to be said in Defence of the Wanton Cruelty of Sacrificing a Life to a Jest: But to come now to the Ungrateful Point, the Bare *Innuendo* of it would stare so many People in the Face, that it were better pass'd over in silence; for the Moral drawn out at length, would be a Satyr against Mankind. And Millions of Men that carry their Heads High in the World, would fall under the Lash of the *Country-man's Exclamation* here.

FAB. CCLXXXI.

A Sick Hermit.

There was a very Good Man, that in the Five and Twentieth Year of his Age, fell into a Desperate Fit of Sickness, the Doctors fate upon him, and the whole College were of Opinion, that there was no saving of his Life without the Use of a Woman. The *Poor Man* lay Humming and Hawing a good While, betwixt 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 Womans Flesh into the Bed to him, by way of a *Recipe*, and so laid him to Rest, till about some Two Hours after: At which time they came to see how the Prescription had Wrought; and there did they find the Poor *Religious*, Tearing his Hair, Beating his Breast, and Groaning as if his very Heart would break. So they fell presently to Reasoning, and Casing upon the Matter with him, and laying Comfortable Distinctions before him betwixt the Morality, 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 Sickness should never take me sooner.

The MORAL.

Flesh is Frail. When a Strong Appetite, and a Troublesome Virtue Meet in Competition, 'tis a Hard Matter for a Man to Resist the Temptation.

REFLEXION.

WE may gather from hence, first, that People are Flesh and Blood in a Cell, as well as in a Palace. 2^{ly}, That it is a very great Mastery, for a Man to stand Firm, in a Case, where Humane Frailty, Violent Inclinations, and the Preservation of Life it self, are in a Conspiracy against his Virtue. 3^{ly}. 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. 4^{ly}. That when the Flesh and the Devil have once got the better of a Scrupulous Conscience, 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 Troubled, 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 *Lais*) of your Philosophers and Learned Men; but I have as many Visits from Those Sparks as from Other People. And she 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 Master 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 Sawcy Huff 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 Mankind are his Subjects.

REFLEXION.

THE Whole World is full of Fools, only He that's the Least One is the Wifest Man. This would have been Well, if the Moralist had not given the Block-headed Servant too much Privilege: But the Ill Manners is fuitable enough however, to the Character. It was such a kind of a Course Complement that *Scotus* put upon *Charles the Bald*, as they were Sitting together at a Table. The Emperor ask'd him *Quid Interest* (says he) *inter Scotum & Sotum?* (Playing upon the Conceit of *Scot* and *Sot*) [*Mensa*] says he. That is to say, the Table is between the *Scot* and the *Sot*: And so with the Liberty of a *Buffon*, the School-man turn'd the *Sot* upon the *Emperor*, in *Law-Latin*: This Booby's Answer in the Fable, as Unmannerly as it was, had yet a Great deal of Truth in't; for He that can Advance himself to be a *King of Fools*, may be Honestly Reputed within a Hairs Breadth of an *Universal Monarch*.

FAB. CCLXXXIII.

A **Widow** had a mind to **Harry**.

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 then Yours. But pray, will you take This Along with you too; that for the Course, Common Bus'ness 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 so Absolutely for her Turn. I have Provided ye a Man (says she) of Industry and Integrity; and one that Perfectly Understands all sorts of Bus'ness; and then for Turning Your Stomach, My Life for Yours, Madam, he's not in a Condition to give you any Qualms That way. *Away, Ye Fool You*, says she; *I Hate the Infirmary, though I Love the Virtue*.

The MORAL.

Women are All of a Make, and in some Things, most of them in a Mind. One Woman feels Another Womans Pulse in her Own Veins; and there's no Halting before Cripples.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S No Disputing with a Man that denies Principles, and there are certain *Præcognita* in the Motions of Flesh and Bloud, as well as in the Philosophy of the Schools: In which Cases, we Understand our Duty without a Teacher, and Acquit our selves 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 Confident too, in pretending to Believe her: But there's *No Catching Old Birds with Chaff*, for One Woman reads the Heart of Womankind in her Own Breast. She was a Fool to be Mealy-Mouth'd, where Nature speaks so Plain. There may be Exceptions 'tis True, to a General Rule, but none to an Universal. It was No Ill shift however, to come off withal, that in despite of All her Aversions, she 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 Lass it was. The Wench was just newly Marry'd, and so soon as ever the Job was over, *Pray Mother*, says she, *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 T'other, You must Sup first, and Dance again. *Ay, Ay, and Then to Bed*, says the Bride. This Girl did but speak the Widows Mind; for let Flesh and Bloud pretend what it will, *to Bed, to Bed*, will be the *Bob* of the *Song*.

FAB. CCLXXXIV.

Town-Dogs and Country-Dogs.

'TIS a Common Thing upon the Passing 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 Pursuers, and then found upon the Tryal, 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 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.

F A B. CCLXXXV.

A Snake to Jupiter.

A Snake that found himself Persecuted by Men, appeal'd to *Jupiter* for Relief; who told him that it was his Own Fault; for (says he) if you had but Bit the First Man that Affronted ye; the Second would have taken Warning by't.

The MORAL of the Two FABLES above.

The putting up of One Affront draws on Another.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS is No Ill Emblem of the Common People; that are Insolent so long as they are Fear'd, and Shrink, where they find Danger; for their Courage is Calculated to the Opinion they have of the Enemy. It is the Nature of All sorts of Mungril Curs, to Bawl, Snarle, and Snap, where the Foe flies 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 so Absolutely Necessary, the sooner it is Taken up, the Better it succeeds. 'Tis a Matter of very Evil Consequence, to let the Rabble offer Publique Affronts *Gratis*. A feditious Word leads to a Broyl, and a Ryot Unpunish'd, is but next door to a Tumult: So that the Bearing of One Indignity draws on Another. Bite the First Man that Affronts ye, and y'are safe for ever after.

F A B. CCLXXXVI.

The Frogs and Tortoises.

AS a Company of *Frogs* were Trifling and Playing up and down in a Meadow, some *Tortoises*, that look'd on, were Mightily Troubled that they could not do so too, but taking Notice a while after, how These *Frogs* were Pick'd up, and Destroy'd, by Birds and Fishes: Well (says One of 'em) 'tis better to Live Dull, and Heavy, then to Dye Light and Nimble.

The

The MORAL.

Every Part and Creature of the Universe has its proper Place, Station, and Faculties Assign'd, and to Wish it Otherwise were to find Fault with Providence.

REFLEXION.

THAT which Nature has Allotted us is best for us, and it is Great Folly and Wickedness for People not to be Content with it, and Thankful for't.

No Man knows Himself, or Understands his Own Condition, but by Comparison, and upon Experience. Our very Wishes, many times, are Mortal to us: and the very Granting of our Prayers, would but serve to make us still more 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 Easyness and Lightness of the Frogs, till they saw them Joll'd to pieces, and Devour'd for want of a Buckler to Cover, and Protect them. But they came then to be of the Begger's Mind, that stood Gaping at my Lady *Devonshire's* Funeral: *Here's a Brave Sight, says she, and yet I Gad Bes, for all That, I had rather be a Live Begger then a Dead Countess.* The Moral Concludes in This, that there can be No Thought of Security, or Quiet in This World, but in a Resignation to the Allotments of God and Nature. If the *Tortoises* had had their Wish, they had e'en been Pick'd up among the *Frogs*.

FAB. CCLXXXVII.

The Mice and the Oak.

THE *Mice* found it so Troublesome to be still Climbing the *Oak* for Every Bit they put in their Bellies, that they were once about to set their Teeth to't, and bring the Acorns down to them; But some Wiser then some; and a Grave Experienc'd *Mouse*, bad them have a care what they did; for if we Destroy our Nurse at present, Who shall Feed us hereafter?

The MORAL.

Resolution without Foresight is but a Temerarious Folly: And the Consequences of Things are the First Point to be taken into Consideration.

REFLEXION.

'Tis Ill done for any Man to Consult his Present Ease and Profit, without Computing upon the Trouble and Loss that may Ensue. 'Tis not safe to make any Present Resolutions without a Considerate Prospect into the Future. This is abundantly Moraliz'd in several Other Places. But the *Mouse's* Question of *Who shall Feed us hereafter?* goes a great Way in the Resolution of All These Cases.

FAB. CCLXXXVIII.

A Run-away Dog and his Master.

There was a *Bob-Tail'd Cur*, cry'd in a *Gazette*, and One that found him out by his Marks, brought him home to his *Master*; who fell presently to Reasoning the Matter with him, how Insensible, and Thankless a Wretch he was, to run away from One that was so 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, not with Your Own Hands, nor with Your Own Lips; but you have given me a Thousand and a Thousand by your Deputy; and when I'm Beaten by my *Master's Order*, 'tis my *Master* Himself, I reckon, that Beats me.

The MORAL.

In Benefits as well as Injuries 'tis the Principal that we are to Consider, not the Instrument. That which a Man does by Another, is in Truth and Equity his own Act.

REFLEXION.

THE *Master* here deals with the *Dog*, as Great Officers deal many times with Honest, Well-Meaning Men at Court. They speak 'em Fair Themselves, and Murder 'em by their Deputies: But still That which is done by the Principal's Order, or with his Privity, or Approbation, is the Principal's Act. The *Servant* is But the *Master's Instrument* in the Case, as the *Cudgel* is the *Servant's*; and they are Both under the same Command. When a Man happens to be Kill'd, we do not Impute the Murder to the Weapon that did the Execution, but to him that Manag'd it. This is much after the way of Treating *Elephants*. When an Elephant is taken in a Pit-fall, He that is design'd for the Master and Keeper of him, sets Other
Peop'e

People to Prick and Teize him, and Then In comes He Himself, and under Pretence of taking his Part, falls foul upon his Enemies, and Rescues him. The *Elephant* takes This Man now for his Friend; Whereas, upon the Whole Matter, it was by His Order that he was both Taken and Beaten.

There's Nothing more Frequent then this *Shamming* Way of *Confederacy*, betwixt Two Men in Power; when an Honest Patriot, for the Purpose, or a Loyal Subject is to be made an Owl of; by Consent of them Both. The One Affronts him, while the Other Cajoles and Pities him; Takes up his Quarrel, shakes his Head at it; Claps his Hand upon his Breast, and then Protests, and Protests, *he Wonders at his Heart that my Lord should have so little Honour, as to Treat an Honest Gentleman at This rate.* A Friend of mine has been at This sport many and many a time: And now upon the Whole Matter, This is no more at last then a Concerted *Intrigue* betwixt a Brace of Sharpers, that Laugh all the while at the whole Roguery in their Sleeves. The *Master's Good Words* are a Greater Mortification to the *Dog*, then the *Servants Blows*.

F A B. CCLXXXIX.

The Birds and Beetles.

THE *Birds* were in a Terrible Fright once, for fear of Gun-shot from the *Beetles*. And what was the Bus'ness, but the little Balls of Ordure that the *Beetles* had Rak'd together, the *Birds* took for *Bullets*: But a *Sparrow* in the Company, that had more Wit then his Fellows, bad 'em have a Good Heart yet, for how shall they reach us in the Air, says he, with Those Pellets, that they can hardly Roll upon the Ground.

The MORAL.

Many People apprehend Danger where there's None, and reckon themselves sure where there Is, for want of taking the True Measure of Things, and laying Matters Rightly together.

R E F L E X I O N.

VAIN Fears and Imaginations Cast a Mist before our Eyes, and not only Represent Real Dangers Greater then they Are, but Create Fantastical Difficulties, where in Truth there are None at all. The *Birds* were in a Mortal Apprehension of the *Beetles*, till the *Sparrow* Reason'd them into a Better Understanding of the Matter. How should they Hurt us in the Air, says the *Sparrow*, with Those Pellets, that they can hardly Move upon

upon the Ground, which brought the Point to an Issue upon a very Logical Conclusion.

F A B. CCXC.

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 Advisable it had been to Pass over One Injury, then by an Unprofitable Passion to Provoke a Thousand.

The MORAL.

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

R E F L E X I O N.

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 Less Mischiefs to Greater; As One Hasty Word, or Blow, brings on a Thousand. There's no Opposing the Torrent of a Head-strong Multitude; for Rage and Despair give Courage to the most Inconsiderable, and the most Fearful of Creatures. Had it not been Better now to have pass'd over the Affront of one Spiteful Creature, then to Provoke and draw on upon Himself the Outrage of a Thousand?

F A B. CCXCI.

A Fowler and a Chaffinch.

A Fowler that had Bent his Net, and laid his Bait, Planted himself in the *Bird-Catcher's* Place, to Watch for a Draught. There came a Great Many Birds One after Another, that Lighted, and Peck'd a While, and so away again. At this
rate

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 Slipt 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 her Fellows.

The MORAL.

Men are so Greedy after what's to Come, which is Uncertain, that they Slip present Opportunities, which are never to be Recover'd.

REFLEXION.

DELAYS are Dangerous. The very Instant is All that we can call our OWN, the Rest, is either Chance, or Fate. The Case of the *Fowler* and the *Chaffinch*, reaches to all the Pretensions 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 sort of Advantage, or Settlement in the World. Now he that would take a True Measure how to Proceed, should say to himself, This is the Thing I would be at. This or That in such a Proportion will do my Bus'ness ; 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 Risque of getting Nothing at all ; and so Parts with a Moral Certainty in Possession, for a Wild, and a Remote Possibility in Reversion. Lost Opportunities are never to be Recover'd. '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 Sollicitous for more than enough, and to Hazzard All by Grasping at too much. *All Covet, All Lose* ; for Avarice, whether it Succeeds or not, is but a kind of Beggary ; and he that Wants More, has as Good as Nothing at all. The *Bird-Catcher* slipt his Time here, and makes Good the Old Vulgar Saying ; *He that will not when he May, When he Would he shall ha' Nay.*

FAB. CCXCII

A Soldier and Two Horses.

A Soldier that had One Excellent Horse already, bought Another that was not Half so Good, and yet he took more Care of That, than of the Former. Every body Wonder'd at the

the Humour of it, confidering that for Beauty, or Service, the Latter was not Comparable to the Other. Ay, but fays One, 'tis Natural to be Kind to the Laft Comer.

The M O R A L.

Our Likings or Dislikes are Founded rather upon Humour and Fancy than upon Reason. Every thing pleases at First; and Nothing Pleases Long; and we shift only to Try if we can Mend our selves in the Next Choice.

R E F L E X I O N.

WE are apt to put a Value upon Things for their Novelty, rather than for their Virtue: and the same Levity holds towards Women, Friends and Acquaintances: Nay, and Governments too; for People seldom Change for a Better. All Civil Constitutions have their Failings, and the Unhinging, even of the Worst of Governments, brings on an *Anarchy*, which is yet Worse; for it lays All in Rubbish: And we have no better Security for the Next State of Things, than 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 *Horses*; and with the *Soldier*, out of a Sickly Levity, like the Laft Best, whatever it be.

F A B. CCXCIII.

A *Spaniel* and a *Sow*.

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

The M O R A L.

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

REFLEXION.

WITHOUT a Strict Hand over us, in the Institution of our Youth, we are in Danger to be Lost for ever. *He that Spares the Rod, Hates the Child*; and the Severity of an Early Discipline is One of the Greatest Obligations that a Son can have to a Tender Parent. This we shall find to be True, if we do but set the Good against the Bad, as the *Dog* did the *Knocks*, and then Ballance the Account.

FAB. CCXCIV.

Oxen and Timber.

WHY don't you Run and Make Haft? cry'd the *Timber* in the Cart, to the *Oxen* that Drew it: The Burthen is not so Heavy sure. 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 *Supporters*, shall be made to bear till your Hearts break. This Hint brought the *Timber* to a Better Understanding of the Case..

The MORAL.

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

REFLEXION.

IT is both Base, and Foolish, to Insult over People in Distress, for the Wheel of Fortune is perpetually in Motion, and He that's Uppermost to day, may be Under it to Morrow. No Man knows what End he is Born to; and it is Only Death that can Pronounce upon a Happy or a Miserable Life. When the *Timber* made sport with the *Oxen* for the Drudgery they Labour'd under, Little did they Dream of the Greater Oppression they were to Undergo Themselves.

FAB. CCXCV.

A Goldfinch and a Boy.

A Goldfinch gave his Master the Slip out of the Cage, and he did what he could to get him Back again, but he would not come. Well! says the Boy, You'll live to Repent it; for you'll never be so well Look'd to in any Other Place. That may very Well be, says the Bird; but however, I had rather be at my Own Keeping then at Yours.

The MORAL.

Never Well; Full nor Fasting.

R E F L E X I O N.

MEAT, Drink, and Ease can never make any Man Happy that wants his Liberty. No, nor any Man that has it neither; for we are *never Well, either with Much or Little*. Whatever we Have, we Want something else, and so go on Wanting and Craving, till Death takes us off in the Middle of our Longings. He that's a Pris'ner, is Troubled that he cannot go whither he Would; And He that's at Large, is as much Troubled that he does not know whither to Go. The One Stands still: and the Other Loses his Way. Now 'tis not Necessity, but Opinion that makes People Miserable, and when we come once to be *Fancy-Sick*, there's *No Cure* for't. A Man may have his Heels at Liberty, and yet be a Slave to Impotent Affections, and Troubled Thoughts. But This is not, upon any Terms to Undervalue the Blessings of a Natural Freedom; and the *Goldfinch* was undoubtedly in the Right, when he was oncè out of the Cage, not to be Whistled back again, if it had not been that he carry'd his Snare along with him.

FAB. CCXCVI.

A Droll and a Bishop.

There was a Roguy Wag of a Droll that had a Mind once to put a Trick upon a *Hard, Close-fisted Bishop*: so he went to him upon the *First of January* to Wish 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. Dost 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, let
it

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 Fellow saw that there was no *Money* to be got, Pray (my Lord, says he) let me beg your *Blessing* then. With all my Heart (says the Bishop) Down on your Knees, and You shall have it: No, My Lord (says T'other) 'tis My Turn now to Deny; for if You Your self had thought That *Blessing* worth a *Copper Farthing*, you'd never have Parted with it.

THE MORAL.

No Penny, No Pater Noster, *does not hold in All Cases; for the Penny and the Pater Noster do not go always together.*

REFLEXION.

THERE'S NO Corruption like Ecclesiastical Avarice; No Cruelty so Merciless as That of a Debauch'd Church-man. 'Tis the Devil's Master-piece to begin There; for he knows very Well, that the Scandalous Examples of a Perfidious, and an Apostate Clergy, are the Ready Way to bring the Holy Order of Priesthood it self into *Odium*, and *Disgrace*. Here's Your *Church*, they cry presently; as if the very *Function* were *Unballow'd* by the *Mercenary Practices* of some *Backsliding Members* of that Communion. Let them Live as they Preach, and Preach as they Ought, and let there be No Moralizing in the Pulpit upon the Fable of the *Man*, and the *Satyr*, by *Blowing Hot and Cold* out of the same Mouth. There are *Simoniacal* Contracts on the Buying side, as well as on the Selling, when People shall Preach One Doctrine to get Into a Living, and the Contrary to Keep it. What is This, but the Selling of the Truth, and of Souls, for Money, and the Prostituting of All that's Sacred, for the saving of their Skins and their Stakes?

Not but that Charity is Free, and much at the Discretion of Him that is to Exercise it. It is Free, I say, to All Intents and Purposes, as to any Legal Coertion upon it, though at the same time, in Point of Conscience, a Man may lye under the Obligation of an Indispensable Duty. So that without forcing the Drift of this Fable, the Bishop is not to Blame here, the Matter simply Consider'd; for the First, Second, or Third Denial, or for All together; for such Circumstances may be Suppos'd, with a Regard to the Manner, Time, and Persons, as might not only Acquit him for the Refusal, but have Reflected upon his Conduct, and Prudence, if he had Granted the Request: So that (with Veneration to the Divine Institution it self, and to Those that Live up to't) we are to take This for the Figure of a *Loose* and a *Covetous Prelate*, that Disgraces his *Character* by his *Conversation*, and sets a Higher Rate upon a *Copper Farthing*, then upon an *Apostolical Benediction*. Now if This Bishop could have said, *Silver and Gold have I none*, the Author of This Fable would have Absolv'd him.

F A B. CCXCVII.

A *Lapwing* Preferr'd.

UPON a General Invitation to the *Eagle's 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 a Coxcomb upon the Crown of him, and a Few Tawdry Feathers; but Alas, he never Eat a Good Meals Meat in his Life, till he came to This Preferment.

The MORAL.

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

R E F L E X I O N.

'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, at least a Tacit Approbation of the Officers Defects. The Preferring of People indeed to Honourable Charges and Commissions, without either Brains, Bloud, 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 Excuse the Person so Dignify'd, from Open Envy and Secret Contempt, Where it falls out that the True Reason of the Choice, is either Fancy without Judgment, or Credulity without Enquiry, Information, or Tryal; the Latter is the more Harmless Mistake of the Two; for there's somewhat of Generous in the Confidence, Notwithstanding the Error of the Facility: And as He that Trusts, to This Degree, does deserve not to be Deceived; so He that Betrays such a Trust, on the Other Hand, is not Worthy to Live. An Ill Reason, in fine, for an Ill Choice, is Worse then No Reason at all; for to proceed upon a Wrong Reason, is to Build upon a False Foundation. *Will and Pleasure* is the Only Plea This Case will bear; for the Authority of the *Eagle her self*, we see, was not sufficient to Vindicate a *Worthless Minion* from *Reproche* and *Scorn*.

F A B.

FAB. CCXCVIII.

A Priest and Pears.

A *Jolly Gutling Priest*, that was Invited to a Wedding-Dinner, Stumbled upon a parcel of *Pears* by the Way. The Man was sharp enough set to have made a Breakfast of them, but so taken up with the thought of the Wedding Cheer, that he only Pift 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 Passing, 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 *Pist* upon and *Despis'd*.

The MORAL.

Hunger's the Best Sauce.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable shews us, that Delicate and Squeamish Humours in the Matters of Meats and Drinks, are Freak, and Phanfy, rather than upon any Account of Nature, or Reason. (Some Few Insuperable Aversions 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 also a Sensual Intemperance for the Gratifying of the Palate; but *Necessity, and No Choice* cures either of These Evils. The *Priest* did Ill in Vilifying These *Pears*; for All the Fruits of the Earth are the Gifts of Providence, which we ought to have a Reverence for: And he did Foolishly too in not Considering, that he Himself might come to stand in Need of them. But he was forc'd, in the Conclusion, to Eat That Himself, which he had made Unfit for any body else, and there was his Punishment. A Squeamish Fastidious Niceness in Meats and Drinks, must be Cur'd as we Cure Agues, by Starving.

FAB. CCXCIX.

A Horse and a Hog.

A *Hog* took Notice of a *Horse* in the Height of his Courage, that was Just Advancing to Charge an Enemy. Why what a Fool art thou, says the *Hog* to him, to make such

fuch Hafte to be Destroy'd? That Confideration, fays the *Horfe*, may do well enough in the mouth of a wretched 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.

'Tis the Cause makes the Martyr.

R E F L E X I O N.

HE that Confults the Interest of his Carcafs, 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 Preferr'd before an Infamous Life. This *Hog* in the Fable has but taken up the Words and Humour of a Bestial fort of People in the World: Men that lie Wallowing in their Lufts, their Debauches, and their Pleasures, and fpending their Cenfures upon Men of Honour, and Publique Spirits, without any Regard to the Confcience 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 juftly under the Reproof of the *Horfe* to the *Hog* in This Emblem.

F A B. CCC.

A Hunts-man and a Currier.

A *Currier* bought a *Bear-Skin* of a *Hunts-Man*, and laid him down ready Money for't. The *Hunts-Man* told him that he would Kill a *Bear* next day, and he fhould have the Skin. The *Currier*, for his Curiofity, went out with the *Hunts-Man* to the Chace, and Mounted a Tree, where he might fee the Sport. The *Hunts-Man* Advanc'd very Bravely up to the Den where the *Bear* lay, and threw in his Dogs upon him. He Ruffled out Immediately, and the Man Miffing his Aim, the *Bear* Overturnd him. So the Fellow held his Breath, and lay Stone ftill, as if he were dead. The *Bear* Snuffled, and fmelt to him; took him for a Carcafs, and fo left him. When the *Bear* was gone, and the Danger over, down comes the *Currier* from the Tree, and bad the *Hunts-Man* Rife. Hearn ye, my Friend, fays the *Currier*, the *Bear* Whifper'd fomewhat in your Ear, What was it, I prethee?

prethee? Oh (says the *Hunts-Man*) he bad me have a Care for the Future, to make fure of the *Bear*, before I Sell his *Skin*.

The MORAL.

Let no Man Undertake for more then he is able to make Good.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to bid us secure our selves Before hand of what we Undertake for, and not depend upon Uncertainties. Though with the Moralist's Leave, the Uncertainty was on the Other Hand, and he that *Bought* the Skin, ran a Greater Risque then T'other that *Sold* it; and had the Worfe End of the Staff. 'Tis Good Council however, not to make our selves Answerable for Things out of our Power: Especially where there are Dangerous Contingencies in the Way, as we find in This Fable: For the *Bear* was within a Hairs Breadth of Spoiling the Jest: It is much at this Rate that we make All our Bargains; We give our Time, Study, Interest, Liberty, and, in short, part with all that's Precious, not only upon Uncertainties, but for Things we can never Obtain. There's no depending upon *To-morrow*.

FAB. CCCI.

A Hermit and a Soldier.

THEre was a *Holy-Man* that took a *Soldier* to Task, upon the Subject of his Profession, and laid before him the Hazzards, 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 Phanfy I had e'en as good Betake my self to a Godly Life.

The MORAL.

When People can Live no longer by their Sins, 'tis High Time for them to Mend their Manners.

REFLEXION.

NATURE it self speaks in These Lively Images of Truth. Here's a *Good Man*, and his *Penitent* Preaching upon Two several Texts. The *Holy Father* Enforces the Necessity of the *Soldier's Repentance*, from the Wicked Course of Life that he Leads, and the Trade that he Drives. The *Soldier*, on the Other hand, is willing to be Converted, for the *Times are Dead*, he says, *and there's Neither Pay, nor Plunder to be got*. The World has abundance of These *Profelytes*, that when they can be no longer Wicked to Advantage, take up an Outward Change of Profession, and pass presently for Babes of Grace, without the Least Symptoms, all this while, of any Inward Change of Mind. This was the Case of One of our *Modern Confessors*, and *Martyrs*, who took a Formal Leave of *Jesus Christ*, and told his *Ghostly 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 Wit yet to keep their Tongues betwixt their Teeth, and to take up the same Resolution without Noise. 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 still March Hand in Hand, and Men will do Tricks like Dogs, for Crufts, and Change their Masters, both Heavenly, and Earthly, for Better Wages. Where's That Law, or Text, that has not been Over-rul'd some time or other, and Distorted, by a False Gloss to make the Application Profitable, and Easie 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 Awk as the Bells, to give notice of the Conflagration which They Themselfes were Raifing; for we have found it to our Cost, that the Multitude will sooner Kindle with a *Pernicious Doctrine* then with a *Pudding-Lane Fire-Ball*. 'Tis not *Conscience*, but *Interest* that Governs the World; and the Incomparable *Hudibras* has hit the Point to a Hair.

*What's Orthodox, and True Believing
Against a Conscience? A Good Living.
What makes All Doctrines Plain and Clear?
About Two Hundred Pound a Year.
And That which was Prov'd True Before,
Prove False again? Two Hundred More.
What makes the Breaking of all Oaths,
A Holy Duty? Food and Cloaths.*

This it is, in fine, that makes the *Devil* of a *Saint*, and a *Saint* of a *Devil*; for your *Holy Apostate* is the *Blackest* of *Hypocrites*. The *Soldier* turns *Religious*, and he shall do more Mischief in That Shape, then ever he did in the Other. For a Corrupted Zeal draws more Bloud then a Mercenary Malice.

FAB. CCCII.

A Husband and Wife twice Harry'd.

There happened a Match betwixt 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 *Peevish Pin*, a *Poor Body* comes to the *Door*, while the *Froward Fit* was upon her, to beg a *Charity*. Come in *Poor Man* (says the *Woman*) Here's e'en the *Leg of a Capon* for thee, to *Pray* for the *Soul* of my *First Husband*. Nay, *Faith*, says the *Husband*, and when thy *Hand* is *In*, e'en take the *Body* and the *Rest* on't, to *pray* for the *Soul* of My *First Wife*. This was *Their way* of *Teizing One Another*, and of *Starving the Living* to the *Honour* of the *Dead*: For they had but that *One Capon* betwixt them to *Supper*.

The MORAL.

Sauce for a Goofe is Sauce for a Gander. *There's no Contending with the Laws of God and Man, Especially against Those that have Power and Right on their Sides.*

REFLEXION.

WE may learn from This Fable, that it is *Common Duty* and *Discretion*, for *Men* and their *Wives*, when they are once *Hamper'd*, to make the *Best* of a *Doubtful Game*; for they are *One* to *All Manner* of *Purposes*, by which it is *Possible* for *Two Persons* to be *United*. Their *Interest* is *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 there happens to be *Any Absolute Necessity* of *Jangling*, *One* of the *Civilest* ways of *Reproche* is *That* here before us; and it is but according to the *Ordinary Guise* and *Freak* of the *World*, when any thing comes *Cross* betwixt the *Second Husband* and *Wife*, to be still *Celebrating* the *Memory* of the *Former*. *My First Husband* (*Heaven Rest his Soul*) and *My First Wife*, they *Cry*, was *So* and *So*, and would have done *This* and *That*. The *Two Main Topiques* to *Chop Logick* upon in *These Domestique Disagreements*, are commonly the *Upbraiding One Another* with what *I Was*, and what *I Might have been*; and what a *Match* I might have had (*with a Pox*) never considering what they *Are*, and that what they *Are* they *Must* be, which is the *Only Point*. 'Tis *Forty* to *One* that
Contro-

Controversies will Arise one time or Other in That State of Life, when it will be the Husbands Part, upon the Matter of Dignity, Preference, and Commission, to Moderate Matters, both by his Authority, and his Prudence; Which is but Consonant to Equity and Right Nature. Wherefore the Woman is Worse then Frantick, that, upon These Disputes, will be trying Conclusions with her Husband, for a Better, or a Worse. If he Truckles, she makes him a Coxcomb: If he keeps his Ground, she shews her self to be One, so that she lays all at stake upon the Contest, that a Sober Woman has to Lose. It is much better to give Way betimes to the Stronger, even upon the Matter of Prudence, as well as of Respect, then it would be to Contend at first, and then, either to Cross the Cudgels, or to be Baffled in the Conclusion. The Man and the Woman here never Consider'd that they gave away their Own Meat, and both Robb'd, and Discredited One Another in the Contest.

FAB. CCCIII.

A *Lyon* and a *Mouse*.

A *Lyon* that found himself Hamper'd in a Net, call'd to a *Mouse* that was passing by, to help him out of the Snare, and he'd never forget the Kindness, he said. The *Mouse* Gnaw'd the Threads to pieces, and when he had set the *Lyon* at Liberty, desir'd him in Requital to give him his Daughter. The *Lyon* was too Generous to Deny him Any thing, but most Unluckily, as the New Bride was just about to Step into the Marriage Bed, she happen'd to set her Foot upon her Husband at unawares, and Crush'd him to Death.

The MORAL.

The Folly of an Inconsiderate Love. The Force of Gratitude, and Good Nature, and the Misery that Accompanies Unequal Matches.

REFLEXION.

ALL Matches, Friendships, and Societies are Dangerous and Inconvenient, where the Contractors are Not Equals: And the *Mouse* under the Paw of the *Lyon*, does well enough set forth the Danger of such a Marriage.

FAB. CCCIV.

War and Brick.

There was a Question started once about *Wax*, and *Brick*, why the One should be so Brittle, and liable to be Broken with Every Knock, and the Other bear up against All Injuries and Weathers, so Durable and Firm. The *Wax* Philosophiz'd upon the Matter, and finding 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 in Question.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S No Trying of Experiments, without laying Things and Things together: For That which is agreeable to the Nature of One Thing, is Many times Contrary to the Nature of Another. Several Humours are to be Wrought upon several Ways, and the Case betwixt *Wax* and *Brick*, is the very same Case too betwixt One Man and Another. Some are to be dealt withal by Fair Means; Others by Foul; and that which Hardens the One softens the Other.

FAB. 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 Horse and Arms, and Try the Fortune of the War. Away he goes; Makes his Push; Stands the Shock of a Battel, and Compounds at last for the Leaving of a Leg or an Arm behind him, to go Home again.

By

By this Time he has had his Bellyful of *Knighr-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 set him agog; but he gets him a Ship Immediately; Freights her, and so away to Sea upon Adventure: Builds Castles in the Air, and Conceits 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, 'tis Forty to One he loses by the Change; for This Lightness is both a Vice, and a Disease, and rather the Wallowing of a Sickly Qualm, 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 Posture in a Fit of Sickness: Let a Man turn which Way he will, he is still as Restless and uneasy 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 on't. Let it be Pain of Body, Distress 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 Constancy of Mind to Work upon; and to Improve All the Methods of Providence to our Advantage. Now All This is only an Honourable and Warrantable Conflict, with such Accidents and Circumstances as Providence is pleas'd to make use of, for the Tryal of our Faith and Virtue. So that These Strivings are not to be taken for a Contending with superior Powers; but they are Cases Excepted from the Uneasiness here in the Fable; which arises from a Dissatisfaction in such a Lot, as might make us abundantly happy if we would but keep our Desires within Those Bounds which God and Nature have Prescrib'd us. But Men under These Irregular Appetites, can never think themselves Well, so long as they fancy they Might be Better: And then from Better, they must Rise to be Best; and when That Best it self falls short of what they Expected from it, they are still as Poor and Miserable as if they had just Nothing at all. The *Husbandman* Envy's the *Soldier*; The *Soldier* Envy's the *Merchant*, and when he has try'd All Turns, and Projects, what with the Chance of War, Storms,

Storms, and Pyrates, he sees his folly too late, and in Vain Wishes himself with his Hinds and his Flocks again. To say All in a Word, This Levity is both Attended, and Punish'd, with an Impossibility of Mending our Condition; for we Apply to our Bodies, and our Fortunes, when the Distemper lies in our Minds.

FAB. CCCVI.

An *Ass* puts in for an Office.

There was a Bantering Droll got himself into a very Good Equipage and Employment, by an Admirable Faculty he had in Farting. The success of this Buffon Encourag'd an *Ass* 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 Preferr'd him, which has the Clearer, and the Better Scented Pipe of the Two.

THE MORAL.

Where Publique Ministers Encourage Buffonery, 'tis no wonder if Buffons set up for Publique Ministers.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable, according to *Abstemius*, and Others, Touches the Humour of Those that Squander away their Money upon Vanity 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 use of as an Argument for Another, no less Unreasonable: for 'tis President, Effectually that Governs the World. Why should not One Fool be Preferr'd for Farting as well as Another? For in Cases of Competition, he that does Best, e'en in an Ill, or in a Weak Thing, has a kind of Claim, and Right to a Preference, and the Grosser the Foppery, or the Iniquity, the Fairer the Pretence.

This *Ass's* putting up for an Office, Taxes the Perverting of Policy and Justice, in Conferring Those Honours, Charges, and Benefits, upon Parasites, Drolls, Buffons, and other Servile Instruments of Lust and Ambition, that are Due only to Men of Honour and Virtue. The Ministers of Government, and of Pleasure, should be carefully Distinguish'd; for it Corrupts both the Morals, and the Understandings of a Nation, when they find the Precepts of Common Honesty, and the Practices of State, to run so directly

directly Counter, as to leave no Hope of Advancement, Credit, or Security, but by living in a Defiance to Nature and Reason: That is to say, by *Playing the Fool*, and *Farting for Preferment*.

F A B. CCCVII.

A **R**iver and a **F**ountain.

THERE Happen'd a Dispute betwixt a *River* and a *Fountain*, which of the two should have the Preference. The *River* Valu'd it self upon the Plenty and Variety of Fish that it Produc'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 Convenience and Delight: Whereas (says the *River*) the *Fountain* passes Obscurely through the Caverns of the Earth; lies Bury'd up in Mofs, and comes Creeping into the World, as if it were asham'd to shew the Head. The *Fountain* took the Insolence and the Vanity of This Reproche so Heinously, that it presently Choak'd up the *Spring*, and Stopt the Course of its Waters: Infomuch 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 Derogating from the *Original* and *Author* of All the Blessings it Enjoy'd.

The MORAL.

He that Arrogates any Good to Himself, detracts from the Author of all the Good he Enjoys.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE are too many People in the World of the Humour of This *River*, that assume to Themselves what they receive from others, without ever so much as Thinking of the Heavenly Goodness that is the Author of Life it self, and of all the Blessings that Crown the Comfort of it.

This Fable is a kind of an Expostulatory 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 readier to Claim to our selves, then to Ascribe to Others, and most Dangerously given to Mistake the Gratuitous Blessings of Heaven, for the Fruits of our Own Industry and Virtue. The Fountain of all Goodness, and of all Good Things is God, Blessed for ever: But in the Dispensation of his Mercies to the World, some things he does by Himself, others by the Intervention of Natural Means, and by the Mediation of such Instruments as he has appointed for the Conveying of Those Benefits to us. According to this Order, Kings are, by Deputation, 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 Favourites as well as Graceless Christians. What a *Babel* do they make now of the Nature of Things, rather than Own the Course of Providence in the Distribution of them! Insomuch 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. Sharpness of Wit is Emprov'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 Paradoxing, and Ridiculing it. They Value themselves with the *River*, upon a Conceit, that the Fish, 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 Issue now of This Vanity, and Distraction? A Judgment Treads upon the Heel on't; for Providence stops the *Current*, lays the Channel Open, and Exposes it to Detestation and Scorn, in all its Filthiness.

FAB. CCCVIII.

A Wicked Man and the Devil.

A Notorious *Malefactor* that had Committed I know not how many Villanies, and run through the Discipline of as many Goals, made a Friend of the *Devil*, to help him out in all his Distresses. This Friend of his, brought him off many and many a time, and still as he was Taken up, again and again, he had his Recourse, over and over, to the same *Devil* for succour. But upon his Last Summons, the *Devil* came to him with a Great Bag of Old Shoes at his Back, and told him Plainly. Friend (says he) I'm at the End of my Line, and can Help ye No longer. I have beat the Hoof till I have
Worn

Worn out all These Shoes in Your Service, and not One Penny left me to Buy more: So that you must e'en Excuse Me if I drop ye here.

The MORAL.

The Devil helps his Servants, *for a Season*; but when they come once to a Pinch, he leaves 'em in the Lurch.

R E F L E X I O N.

WICKEDNESS may Prosper for a while; but at the Long Run, He that sets All Knaves at Work, will most certainly Pay them their Wages. The Man pays Dear for his Protection that Pawns his Soul for't: And it may be Another Observation, that *the Devil Himself will not work without Money.*

F A B. CCCIX.

A Council of Birds for Chusing more Kings.

THE *Birds* were Mightily Possess'd with an Opinion, that it was utterly Impossible for the *Eagle* alone to Administer Equal Justice to All her Subjects; And upon This Ground, there was a Motion put up, for Changing the *Monarchy* into a *Republique*: But an Old Cunning *Crow*, that saw further into a Millstone than his Neighbours, with One Word of his Mouth Dash'd the Project. *The More Kings you Have*, says he, *the more Sacks there are to be Fill'd*: And so the Debate fell.

The MORAL.

The Common People Hate all Government, and when they are Sick of it in One Form, they Fly to Another, but still they rather Incline to That which they Phansy Easiest to themselves.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Emblem Insinuates a Government by *One* to be less Burdensom, then a Government by *Many*. And it is well enough Adapted to a Profitable Allegory. The *Multitude* of *Birds* are Impos'd upon, that *One Monarch* is not sufficient for the Discharging of the Office, and therefore there's a Motion put up for the Erecting of More Kings: for Why, say they, should

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 Manages by Design, 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-Arguments*. He never Troubled Himself about the *Original* of Power, or the *Analogy* betwixt *Monarchy* in *Heaven*, and upon *Earth*; but gives them a short 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.

FAB. 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 losing her *Husband*. The Good Man was Sick and Given Over, and Nothing would serve the Turn, but Death must needs take Her instead of Him. She Call'd and Pray'd, and Pray'd and Call'd, till at last, Death Presented himself in a Horrible Shape at her Elbow. She very Civilly dropt him a Curse; And Pray Sir, says she, *Do not Mistake your self; for the Person you come for lies in the Bed there*.

The MORAL.

'Tis a Common Thing to Talk of Dying for a Friend; but when it comes to the Push once, 'tis no more 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, then Those that have gotten a Custom of Calling for't. *Oh that Death would Deliver Me!* (says One) *Oh, that Death would take Me in the Place of my Dear Husband!* says T'other. But when Death comes to Present Himself indeed, and to take them at their Words, the Good Wife very Civilly puts the Change upon him, and tells him, that *the Person he comes for lies in the Bed there*. In few Words, to call for *Death* in Jest, is *Vain*, and *Unprofitable*,

To call for't in *Earnest*, is *Impious*: And to call for't *at all*, is both *Foolish* and *Needless*; for *Death* will most certainly come at his appointed time, whether he be call'd for or No.

F A B. CCCXI.

A Son Singing at his Mother's Funeral.

THERE was a Good Man that follow'd his Wives 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 should Howle, and Wring your Hands, and do as I do, ye Rogue You; and not go *Sol-Fa-ing* it about like a Mad-man. Why Father, says he, You give the Priests Money to Sing, and will you be Angry with Me for giving ye a Song *Gratis*? 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 Hir'd out as Mourning Cloaks: and so are the very Offices: And whether we go to our Graves Sniveling or Singing, 'tis all but according to the Fashion of the Country, and meer Form.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Methods of Government, and of Humane Society, must be Preserv'd where Every Man has his Roll, and his Station Assign'd 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 Condoles for the Distresses of Another, 'tis more for Money, or for Company, then for Kindness.

'Tis a slavish sort of Ceremony and Imposition, that People must be Train'd up, by certain Rules of Art, and Prescription, to the very Manage and Government of the most Free and Natural of our Affections; for we are Taught and Appointed the very Methods, and Degrees of Grieving, and *Rejoycing*; and to do Honour to the Dead, by the Counterfeit Lamentations of the Living. But this way of Mourning by Rule, is rather an Ostentation of Sorrow, then 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 Fashion, casts a Blind over the Duty, under some Certain Customary Presidents of Empty Words: So that at This rate, we Impose One upon Another, without any regard to Faith, Truth, or Vertue. But we must Sing in some Cafes, and Cry in Others, and there's an End on't.

F A B.

FAB. CCCXII.

A Jealous Husband.

A *Jealous Husband* Committed his Wife in Confidence to the Care and Custody of a Particular Friend ; with the Promise of a Considerable Reward if he could but keep her Honest. After some Few Days, the Friend grew weary of his Charge, and Desir'd her 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 any thing 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 T'other is a Commission I dare go no further in.

The MORAL.

'Tis enough to make a Woman a Whore, but so much as to Phansy her One, and then 'tis to no Boot to be Jealous neither ; for if the Humour takes her to be Jadish, 'tis not All the Locks, Bolts and Spies in Nature that can keep her Honest.

R E F L E X I O N.

J E A L O U S Y, betwixt Man and Wife, does but provoke and Enflame the Appetite, as it sets the Invention at Work upon Ways and Means of giving One another the Slip : And when it comes to a Tryal of Skill once, 'tis a Carrying of the Cause to gain the Point, and there's a kind of Perverse Reputation in getting the Better on't. Briefly, 'tis Labour Lost on Both sides, while the One is never to be restrain'd, nor the Other to be satisfy'd : 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 *Fast* and *Loose*, are as Unsearchable 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.

FAB. CCCXIII.

A Man that would not take a Clyster.

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 up-

on a *Purse-proud Dutch Man*, that was Troubled with a *Megrin*. The Doctors prescrib'd 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. He that Teaches Himself has a Fool to his Master.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Miserable Thing, when Men that Understand Nothing at all, shall take upon them to Censure, and to Prejudge 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 *Magnificat*, and to Prescribe to their Superiors. Let every Man be Trusted in his Own Way, and let the Doctor Prescribe to the *Patient*, and not the *Patient* to the *Doctor*. For at the Rate of This Thick-skull'd Blunder-head, every *Plow Jobber* shall take upon him to Read upon *Divinity, Law, and Politiques*, as well as *Phyick*.

FAB. CCCXIV.

A Wolfe and a Sick Ass.

There was a certaine *Wolfe*, that in a Qualm of Wonderful Charity, made a Visit to an *Ass*, that lay ill 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 *Ass* ; for it Pricks me just there still where you lay your Finger.

FAB. CCCXV.

A Fox and a Sick Cock.

A *Cock* took his Bed upon a Fit of Sickness, and a *Fox* of his Old Acquaintance, gave him the Complement of a Visit, and Ask'd him how he felt himself. Alas ! says the *Cock*, I'm e'en ready to smother 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

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 Carrion Crow to a Sheep; we smell a Carcase.

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 *Carcases*: That is to say, for an Office, an Estate, a Commission, Lands, Moneys, Jewels, or whatever else People lie Gaping for in Reversion, according to the Practice of the World: So that there's Little Trust to These *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 *Wolfe's* Visiting a *Sick 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.

Spur a Jade a Question, and he'll kick 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.

FAB. CCCXVII.

The *Ass's* *Wish*.

AN *Ass* was wishing in a hard Winter, for a Little Warm Weather, and a Mouthful of Fresh Grass to Knab upon, in Exchange for a Heartless Truss of Straw, and a Cold Lodging. In Good Time the Warm Weather, and the Fresh Grass comes on; but so much Toyl 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 then 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, Fewel, Winter-Provisions, &c. he finds himself in a Greater Hurry then ever. In fine, when he has trod the Circle of the Year in a Course of Restless 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 Unsteady Man runs away in a Course of Vain Wishes, and Unprofitable Repentance: An Unsettled Mind can never be at Rest. There's No Season without its Bus'ness.

R E F L E X I O N.

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 in't of the Figure, and the Bus'ness of Humane Life; for we spend our Days in a kind of Lazy Restless Indisposition, that looks as if we would fain be doing something, and yet never goes further, then to a Shifting from One Proposition to Another. *Wishing and Woulding*, (as they say) has somewhat in it of an Analogy to Stretching, and Yawning; We only Drowse when we think we Live, and our Time runs away in Fancying *Castles in the Air*, and in putting of Cases. The Inference that we are to draw from hence is This; If an Unsettled Head and Heart be so Grievous a Calamity, the Squaring of a Man's Thoughts, Wishes, and Desires, to the Lot that Providence has set Out for him, is both a Blessing, and a Duty.

He that is still Weary of the Present, shall be most certainly 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 sure to Lose his Longing. He Changes, out of Restlessness, 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 Present Thoughts are Uneasy, because his Present State does not Please him, and so he goes on at a Venture, Shifting and Casting about for somewhat else that may better Agree with him. The Batchelor wants a Wife; The Marry'd Man wants his Liberty; The Statesman has a Mind to be Private. The Country-man lives out of the World: The Man of Bus'ness is a Slave to't; And he that's out of Employment, makes it his Excuse, that he is forc'd to Drink or Whore for want of somewhat else to do. There's no Measure to be taken of an Unsteady Mind; but still 'tis either too Much, or too Little; too Soon, or too Late. The Love of Novelty begets, and Encreases the Love of Novelty; and the oftner we Change, the more Dangerous and Troublesome, do we find This Itch of Variety to be. The *Afs* was Sick of the *Spring*; *Sicker* yet of the *Summer*; *more Sick* still of *Autumn*; and *Sickest* of *All* of the *Winter*; till he's brought, in the End, to Compound for his First Condition again, and so take up with That for his Satisfaction, which he reckon'd upon before for his Misfortune.

This it is, when Fickle and Foolish People will be Prescribing 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, then that they would not be what they are. Let their Present State in the World be what it will, there's still something or other in't that makes their Life Wearysome: And they are as Peevish 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 on Grumbling, and Civelling at the Works and Dispensations of Heaven. Were it not better now for People to be Quiet at first; and to sit down contentedly in the Post where Providence has Plac'd them? Were it not better to do the Great Work of Life Betimes, by the Help of a Seasonable Prudence and Vertue, then to Deliver up our selves to the Torments of Hopes and Fears, and be forc'd to do't 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 Sober Application to those Ways, Studies, or Means that may probably Contribute to the Mending of a Man's Fortune: Provided that he set up his Resolution before hand, not to let himself down below the Dignity of a Wise Man, be the Issue of his Endeavours what it will. He that is not Content at Present, carries the same Weakness along with him to his next Remove; for whoever either Passionately Covets any thing that he has Not, or feels himself Glutted with a Satiety 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 Govern our selves by the Measures of Sobriety and Justice. All the rest is but the *Afs's Circulation* of more and more Anxiety and Trouble.

FAB. CCCXVIII.

A Cat and Mice.

AS a Company of *Mice* were Peeping out of their Holes for Discovery, they spy'd a *Cat* upon a Shelf; that lay and look'd so Demurely, as if there had been neither Life nor Soul in her. Well (says one of the *Mice*) That's a Good Natur'd Creature, I'll Warrant her; One may read it in her very Looks; and truly I have the Greatest Mind in the World to make an Acquaintance with her. So said, and so done; but so soon as ever *Puffs* had her within Reach, she gave her to Understand, that the Face is not always the *Index* of the Mind.

The MORAL.

'Tis a Hard Matter for a Man to be Honest and Safe; for his very Charity and Good Nature Exposés, if it does not Betray him.

R E F L E X I O N.

No Treachery so Mortal, as That which Covers it self under the Masque of Sanctity. A *Wolfe* does a Great deal more Mischiefe in a *Sheep-Skin*, then in his *Own Shape* and *Colour*. The *Moufe* that took this *Cat* for a *Saint*, has very Good Company, not only in her Mistake, but in her Misfortune too: For we have seen a whole Assembly of These *Mousing Saints*, that under the Masque of Zeal, Conscience, and Good Nature, have made a Shift to lay, I know not how many Kingdoms in Blood and Ashes.

FAB. CCCXIX.

A Boar and a Fox.

AS a *Boar* 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 *Boar*, but I do; for when I come once to be Set upon, 'twill be too Late for me to be Whetting, when I should be Fighting.

F A B.

FAB. CCCXX.

A *Wolfe* and a *Porcupine*.

YOUR *Porcupine* and your *Hedg-Hog* are somewhat Alike, only the Former has longer and sharper Prickles then the Other; And these Prickles he can shoot, and Dart at an Enemy. There was a *Wolfe* had a Mind to be Dealing with him, if he could but get him Difarm'd first; and so he told the *Porcupine* in a friendly Way, That it did not look so well for People in a Time of Peace, to go Arm'd, as if they were in a State of War; and so Advis'd him to lay his Bristles aside; for (says he) You may Take them up again at 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 Bus'ness that is necessary to be done should be done Betimes: And there's as little Trouble of doing it In Season too, as Out of Season: Neither is it Effectually done at all, but in the Proper Time of Doing it: So that 'tis Good Discretion, and Good Advice, to provide against Danger beforehand; for he that's always Ready can never be taken with a *Why not*.

'Tis a piece of Good Council, in All the Affairs of Humane Life, to take care of Securing our Selves that we may be not either Betray'd, or Surpriz'd: But as it is Wisdom to keep our Selves upon a Guard; so it is Matter of Good Manners also, and Respect; neither to do, nor to say any thing, that may Import a Jealousie or a Distrust. All the Duties of Government and Society; Nay, all Offices, Civil and Religious, where Prudence, Conscience, or Common Faith are concern'd, have their Proper Seasons. 'Tis too late to hinder Mischief when the Opportunity is once past, and therefore the Timing of Things is a Main Point in the Dispatch of All Affairs. There can be no Safe, or Sure Peace, where People are not always in Readiness for War; for the Common Well-being of Mankind, does not so much Depend upon the Faith of Men, and of Governments, as upon the Temporary and Contingent Occasions of Breaking the Peace with Advantage. 'Tis not Publique Justice Alone, that can Uphold a Government, without the Aid of Policy and Council. Men do Naturally Indulge Those Opinions and Practices, that favour their Pretensions: and
it

'tis too much to Superadd Powerful Temptations to do Wrong, to the Force of Vicious Inclinations to do it. The *Boar's* Whetting his Teeth, was only an Act of Necessary *Precaution*, for fear of the *Worst*: And the *Porcupine* did Wisely too, in keeping himself upon his Guard when the Enemy was in View.

F A B. CCCXXI.

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 of her to try if she could help her out. The *Mouse* Gnaw'd a Hole in't, and set 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.

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS No New Thing in the World to Return Evil for Good. Nay, there are some Natures so Soure, and so Ungrateful, that they are never to be Oblig'd. All *Kites* of this Humour do not wear Feathers: Neither do All such *Mice* wear Long Tails. There are Cafes, wherein our Very Tenderness, and Charity, becomes a Snare to us; and there are People too, that fancy No Blood so sweet, as That of the Person to whom they stand Indebted for their Lives and Fortunes: But then if One Man shou'd Cease to be Generous, and Charitable, because Another Man is Sordid, and Ungrateful; It would be much in the Power of the Basest of Vices to Extinguish the most Christian, and Humane of Vertues. These Lewd Examples May however, and Ought to Recommend Prudence and Caution to us; but without Killing, or Quenching Good Nature. There are, 'tis 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 Desperate Cafes, a Man is little Better then *Felo-de-se*, that for the Helping of Another, Ventures the Undoing of Himself. Nay, and 'tis somewhat more then a Venture too, when a *Mouse* lays it self at the Mercy of a *Kite*.

F A B.

FAB. CCCXXII.

A Cockle and Jupiter.

IN Old Time, when *Jupiter* was in the Humour of Granting Petitions, a *Cockle* made it his Request, that his House and his Body might be All of a Piece. *Jupiter* made him Answer, that it would be a Burden to him instead of a Favour. Yes, says the *Cockle*, but it will be such a Burden as I had rather Bear, then lie Expos'd to Ill Neighbours.

The MORAL.

Impertinent Visits are the Plague of a Sober Man's Life, and therefore 'tis a Happy thing when a Body may be at Home, or Not at Home, as he Pleaseth.

REFLEXION.

GOOD, or Bad Company, is either the Greatest Blessing, or the Greatest Plague of Humane Life; and therefore the *Cockle's* was a very Reasonable, and a Pertinent Request. There's no Liberty like the Freedom of being Publique or Private as a Body pleases; And having it at my own Choice, whether I will live to the World, or to myself.

FAB. CCCXXIII.

A Bitch ready to Puppy.

A *Big-Belly'd Bitch* borrowed *Another Bitch's* Kennel to lay her Burden in. The Proprietess, after some time, Demanded Possession again, but the Other begg'd her Excuse and Patience, only till her Whelps might be able to shift for themselves. This was Agreed upon for so many Days longer: But the Time being Expir'd, the *Bitch* that was *Out*, grew More and More Pressing for her *Own* again. Why then, says the Other, if you can force me and My Puppies Out of the Kennel, You shall have Free Liberty to come In.

FAB.

F A B. CCCXXIV.

A ~~Hedge-Hog~~ and a Snake.

A Snake was prevail'd upon in a Cold Winter, to take a Hedge-Hog into his Cell; but when he was Once in, the Place was so Narrow, that the Prickles of the Hedge-Hog were very Troublefome 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 so too, Y're Free to Remove.

The MORAL.

Possession is Eleven Points of the Law.

R E F L E X I O N.

EVERY Man is to provide against Fraud and Treachery, where the Person he deals with may be the Better for't. *Fore-warn'd, Fore-arm'd.* 'Tis not Safe to Joyn Interests with Strangers, upon such Terms, as to lay our selves at Mercy. In All Offices of Christian 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 case of the Worst. It is not Every Man's Talent to distinguish aright 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 Discretion; and it is Inhumane on the Other, not to Acquit our selves in All the Functions of Tenderness, and Good Nature; for Piety and Wisdom are Both Wrapt up in the Question. The very same Good Office may be a Vertue toward One Man, and a Folly toward Another. One may Justifie the running of a Risque, in Favour of a Man of Integrity and Good Fame: But where there is an Habitual Ingratitude on the One side, and a Considerable Hazzard 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 Instances of Daily Practice and Conversation. How many Fresh Examples may we find in our Own Memory, of Men that after All the Obligations Imaginable, and in Contradiction to all the Tyes of Honour, Justice, and Hospitality have serv'd their Masters, Patrons, and Benefactors, as the Hedge-Hog serv'd the Snake here!

FAB. CCCXXV.

A Fox and a Hare.

A Fox and a Hare were in a Warm Contest once, which of the Two could make the Best Shift in the World. When I am Pursu'd, says the Hare, I can shew the Dogs a Fair Pair of Heels, and run away from 'em at pleasure : And yet for All That, says the Fox, I have Baffled more of 'em with my Wiles and Shifts, then ever You did with your Footmanship.

The MORAL.

Wisdom is as much beyond Force, as Men are beyond Brutes.

REFLEXION.

A Good Bodily Strength and Disposition is a Felicity of Nature, but nothing Comparable yet to the Advantages of a Large Understanding, and a Ready Prefence of Mind. Wisdom does more than Force; but they do best together, for a sound Mind in a sound Body is the Perfection of Humane Bliss. A Fox, 'tis true, may be some time Out-witted, and a Hare Out-stript; but This does not hinder yet the Excellency of One Faculty above the Other.

FAB. CCCXXVI.

An Old Man resolv'd to give over Whoring.

There was an Old Toft, that in the very State of Impotence had still a Whore in the Head of him. His Ghostly Father took Notice of it, and Ply'd him Hard with Wholesome Advice, upon the Subject of the Lusts of the Flesh. This Reverend Fornicator thank'd him most Heartily for his Kind and Christian Counsel, and by the Grace of Heaven, says he, I'll Follow it; For to tell ye the Plain Truth on't, I am told that 'tis Naught for me; and really, my Body is quite out of Tune for Those Gambols.

The MORAL.

When Things are at the Worst they'll Mend.

R E F L E X I O N.

MORE Men Reclaim out of Shame, Fear, and Pure Necessity, then for the Love of Honour, or Virtue. They that are Honest upon these Terms would be Arrant Knaves if the Tables were Turn'd. They go along with the Devil, while there's either Pleasure, or Profit to be had on That side; but when they come once to lose the Taste of the One, and the Means of the Other, they are presently Register'd in the *Calender of New Converts*. The Countenance of this Fable looks a little betwixt *Jest and Earnest*; but This Mixture of Appearance does not hinder it from being a most Edifying Satyr upon the Corruptions, and False Semblances of Humane Life. Lord! How Sober, and Temperate do People grow, when they can Drink and Whore no longer!

F A B. CCCXXVII.

An *Impertinent* and a *Philosopher*.

A Certain *Pragmatical, Senceless Companion* would make a Visit to a *Philosopher*. He found him Alone in his Study, and fell a Wond'ring how he could Endure to Lead so Solitary a Life. The Learned Man told him; Sir, says 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.

R E F L E X I O N.

A Wise Book is much better then a Foolish Companion; and the Dead, in such a case, are much better then the Living. It is one of the most vexatious Mortifications perhaps, of a Sober, and Studious Man's Life, to have his Thoughts Disorder'd, and the very Chain of his Reason Discompos'd, by the Importunity of a Tedious, and an Impertinent Visit; Especially, if it be from a Fool of Quality, where the very Figure of the Man Entitles him to All Returns of Good Manners and Respect. And the Affliction is yet more Grievous, where that Prerogative of Quality, is further Back'd and Corroborated, with a Real Kindness and Good Will: For a Man must be Inhumane and Ungrateful, as well as Rude, if he does but so much as Offer, at the Easing, 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 Disappointments, and to Provide for 'em; but withal, to take the Best Care we can

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 Infipid Conversation, is Effectually but the Moral of That Tyrant, that Bound the Living, and the Dead together, and yet This is it which the Impertinent takes for the Relief of Solitude, and the Blessing of That which he calls Company.

FAB. CCCXXVIII.

A Wolfe in a Sheeps-Skin.

HERE goes a Story of a *Wolfe*, that Wrapt himself up in a *Sheeps-skin*, and Worry'd Lambs for a Good while under That Disguise; but the *Shepherd* Met with him at last, and Trufs'd him up, *Sheeps-skin and all*, upon an Eminent Gibbet, for a Spectacle, and an Example. The Neighbours made a Wonderment at it, and Ask'd him what he meant to Hang up his *Sheep*? Oh, says he, That's only the *Skin* of a Sheep, that was made use of to Cover the Heart, Malice, and Body of a *Wolfe* that Shrouded himself under it.

The MORAL.

Hypocrisie is only the Devil's Stalking Horse, under an Affectation of Simplicity and Religion. People are not to be judg'd by their Looks, Habits, and Appearances; but by the Character of their Lives and Conversations, and by their Works.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable is Moraliz'd in the Holy Gospel it self. 'Tis with all Men that are Notoriously Wicked, of what Degree or State, or in what point of Iniquity soever, much after the Rate of the *Wolfe* in This Fiction. Tyranny Marches under the Masque of Care, Piety, and Protection. Injustice sets up the Rigorous Letter of the Law to Weigh against the Improbability of the Witness: 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 it self under a Cloak of Kindness and Friendship; and Nothing more Frequent then *Wolves* in *Lambs-skins*, even in the most Solemn Offices of Church and State. This Fable Extends to All the Lewd Practices of *Hypocrites* and *Impostors*, under the Colour of Pious, and Charitable Works and Duties. Now if All our *Moral Wolves* in *Sheeps-Cloathing*, were but Serv'd as This *Hypocritical Wolfe* was in the *Fiction*, and Hung-up Indeed, with their Crimes in Capital Letters on their Foreheads, Common Truth and Honesty among Men would be more Sacred.

FAB.

FAB. CCCXXIX.

AN *Incorrigible* 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 Brevity's fake, 'tis only so much Time and Council thrown away; for all the Parsons 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 Divines, Fathers, Friends say what they will, they Stop their Ears against them: And Good Council is wholly Cast away upon them.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable would go a Great way if it were wrought up to the Heighth. As for the Purpose; to all Manner of Graceless and Hopeless Characters. Some People are lost for want of Good Advice; Others for want of giving Good Heed to't; And some again take up Resolutions beforehand never to Mend. Nay there are those that value themselves upon the very Contempt of All that is Sacred and Honest, and make it a Point of Bravery to Bid Defiance to the Oracles of Divine Revelation, the Motions of Reasonable Nature, and the Laws of Government. This Contradiction of the Duty of a Sober Man is yet farther Heightned, by the Disobedience 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 *Droll-Mixture* in This *Bantering* way of *Liberty*, to make a body Laugh where he should Cry: But 'tis past a Sporting Matter, when the most Necessary Duties of Christianity come to be the Question. There's no Room for Trifling in Those Cases.

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, in short, then of any of his Fellows. This Kindness went on a Long Time, till in Conclusion, upon the Missing of some 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

This Trusty Servant of his was the Felon. Upon the Discovery, he had him presently taken up, and bad him prepare for Execution. Alas! Master, says the *Dog*, I am One of your Family, and 'twould be hard to put a Domestique to Extremities: Turn your Displeasure upon the *Wolves* rather, that make a Daily Practice on't to Worry your Sheep. No, no, says the Shepherd, I'd sooner Spare *Forty Wolves* that make it their *Profession* to Kill Sheep, than One *Sheep-biting Cur* that's *Trusted* with the *Care* of them. There's somewhat of Frankness and Generosity in the One; but the Other is the Bafest of Treacheries.

The MORAL.

*No Perfidy like Breach of Faith and Trust, under the Seal of Friendship:
For an Adversary under that Masque, is much more Unpardonable than a
Bare-fac'd Enemy.*

REFLEXION.

THERE are *Political Sheep-biters* as well as *Pastoral; Betrayers of Publick Trusts*, as well as of *Private; And Humane Curs* that are as *Wolvish* as the *Other*. This Maxim however, holds in All Cases; that Breach of Faith and Trust, is the most Odious, Inhospitable and Inhumane, of Civil, as well as of Moral Offences. A special Confidence in One more than in Another, though from a King to a Subject, or from a Master to a Servant, has some Analogy in't of Friendship, but the Matter should be thoroughly Weigh'd and Examin'd, before we put it to the Utmost Tryal and Test. A Man may be too Hard or too Easy; too Advent'rous 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 Stress 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 Answerably in Other Cases. Powerful Temptations Artificially Dispos'd, are the Best Essay, and Assurance of a Man's Faith and Honesty that the Matter will bear. This *Dog* here would perhaps have *Fought* for his Master in any Other Case, though he *Betray'd* him in This: But the Love of Mutton was his Weak-side: Which in some sort Answers to That which we call *Peccatum in Deliciis* in Mankind. This Infirmary however did not Excuse the Treachery, and the Kinder the Master, the more Unpardonable is the Traytor.

FAB. CCCXXXI.

A Bull and a Ram.

There was One *Master-Ram* that Beat All his Fellows out of the Field, and was so Puff'd up with the Glory of his Exploits, that Nothing would serve him but he must Challenge a *Bull* to the Combat. They Met, and upon the First Encounter, there lay the *Ram* for *Dead*; but coming to himself again; Well (says he) This is the Fruit of my Insolence, and Folly, in Provoking an Enemy, that Nature has made my Superior.

The MORAL.

Where People will be Provoking and Challenging their Superiors, either in Strength, or Power, 'tis not so much a Bravery of Spirit, as a Rude and Brutal Rashness; and they pay Dear for't at last.

REFLEXION.

'Tis not Courage, but Temerity, for Men to Venture their Lives, Reputations, and Fortunes upon Unequal Encounters; Unless where they are Oblig'd by an Over-ruling Impulse of Honour, Conscience, and Duty, to stand All Hazards. That which the World Accounts Brave, is in Truth, no Better then Brutal, where there is not Reason, Justice, and Prudence to Direct and Govern it. 'Tis One thing for a Man to be Firm, and Fearless, against Honest Dangers, let them appear never so Terrible, when his Honour for that Purpose; his Country, or his Conscience, calls upon him to Encounter them: But to run his Head against Stone Walls, or to put his Shoulders to a Sear-Breach, to Attempt insuperable Difficulties, and Needlessly to Provoke Invincible Enemies, purely out of a Vain Opinion of his Own Strength; This would be just the Moral of the *Ram* here in the Fable.

FAB. CCCXXXII.

A Widow and a Green As.

There wa a *Widow* that had a Twittering toward a second Husband, and she took a Gossiping Companion of hers to her Assistance, how to Manage the Job. The Truth of it is, says she, I have a Dear Mind to Another Bedfellow; but the Devilish People would keep such a Snearing, and Pointing at me,

me, they'd make me e'en Weary of my Life. You are a *Fine Widow, i' Faith*, says T'other, 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 e'en Talk it self 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.

REFLEXION.

THERE is no Mystery in telling us that a *Widow* may be Prevail'd upon to Think of a *Second Husband*; but the Weight of this Emblem lies upon Those Cases where there Occur a Thousand Scruples, and Difficulties, that may startle People at first, and yet in the Conclusion, prove but a *Nine Days Wonder*. The Foolery of the *Widow* and the *Green Afs*, shews pleasantly enough, how easy a Matter it is for a Bold Face, a Good Assurance, and a Reasonable Stock of Wit and Address, to put Common Fame it self out of Countenance; and it is a Part of Prudence beside, not to sink under the Impression of an Ill Report: Provided there be Integrity and Innocence to Support That Firmness of Mind. A Wise 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 sets People a Gaping and a Gazing at them: But when they come once to be Familiar, the Wonder goes off, and Men return to their Wits again. The Main Consideration is This, whether the Matter in Question be Good or Evil; Honourable or Dishonourable; Not according to a Vulgar Estimate, but in the Genuine Truth, and Nature of it. 'Tis Foolish either to Fear, or to Mind what the People say of a Man, in Cases where he stands or falls to his Own Conscience.

FAB. CCCXXXIII.

An Eagle and Rabbits.

There was an *Eagle* that drew a Nest of *Rabbits*, and carry'd them away to her Young. The *Mother-Cony* follow'd her with Tears in her Eyes, Adjuring her in the Name of All those Powers that take care of the Innocent and Oppressed, to have Compassion upon her Miserable Children: But she, in an Outrage of Pride and Indignation, Tears them presently to pieces. The *Cony*, upon This, Convenes a Whole *Warren*; Tells her Story, and Advises upon a Revenge: For *Divine Justice* (says she) *will never suffer so Barbarous a Cruelty to scape Unpunish'd*. They Debated the Matter, and came to an Unanimous *Resolve upon the Question*, that there was no Way of paying the *Eagle* in her Kind, but by Undermining the Tree where she Timber'd. So they all fell to Work at the Roots of the Tree, and left it so little *Foot hold*, that the first Blast of Wind laid it Flat upon the Ground, *Nest, Eagles and all*. Some of 'em were Kill'd with the Fall; Others were Eaten up by Birds and Beasts of Prey, and the *Cony* had the Comfort at last, of Destroying the *Eagle's* Children, in Revenge for her Own.

THE MORAL.

'Tis Highly Imprudent, even in the Greatest of Men, Unnecessarily to Provoke the Meanest, when the Pride of Pharaoh Himself was brought down by Miserable Frogs and Lice.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S Nothing so Little as to be Wholly Despis'd; for the most Inconsiderable of Creatures may at Some time or Other, by some Means or Other, come to Revenge it self upon the Greatest; Not by it's Own Force so much, as by the Working of Divine Justice, that will not suffer Oppression to pass Unpunish'd. In cases of Powerful Injustice, the Greatest are not to Presume, nor the Meanest to Despair.

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 betwixt a Passion which is purely Vindictive, and Those Counsels where Divine Justice Interposes toward the Avenging of the Innocent. Here is Power Triumphant over Weakness; a Criminal Cruelty over Helpless Innocence, and That Cruelty Inexorable too, and Deaf to the Tears, Supplications, and Importunities 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 Despicable of Means and Creatures, to the Wreaking
of

of a Revenge; which shews likewise that Heaven takes the Cause of the Weak and the Guiltless into a particular Care.

This Counsel of the Rabbits has somewhat in it of the Debate of Popular Meetings, where the Number and the Agreement Supplies the Want of Other Means: And we are taught from hence too, that States are not so much in Danger of Open Force, as of Secret Mines: For when the Foundation is once Loosen'd; The Least Breath of a Commotion lays the Whole Building in Rubbish. We are taught also, that the Only, or at least the Main Support of Power is Justice, in the Due Distribution of Reward and Punishment. Where These Two Principles are Perverted, the Government is off the Ballance, and the Worse Part of it Out Weighs the Other. But the Judgments of Heaven supply the Defects of Common Justice, and Avenge the Cause of the Poor and Innocent upon the Heads of the Mighty. Vengeance, in fine, Treads upon the Heel of Oppression, according to the Doctrine of This Fable of the *Eagle* and the *Rabbits* here.

F A B. CCCXXXIV.

A Pike sets up for Sovereignty.

THERE was a *Master-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, it seems, 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 Chace, and Pursu'd him to the Borders of his own Stream, Infomuch that the *Pike* had enough to do to Save Himself; and from that Time forward, he had the Wit to keep within the Compass of his Own Dominions.

The MORAL.

Ambition has no other Bounds then what Providence has Prescrib'd to it, for the Good of Mankind. Here shall thy Proud Waves Stay: And there must be No Passing Those Limits.

R E F L E X I O N.

PROVIDENCE has Assign'd Every Man his Post and Station, and He that either Relinquishes his Own Natural Right, or Invades Anothers, seldom fails of a Disappointment in the Conclusion. Or however, in case of the most Successful Injustice, Oppression, and Usurpation, there follows a Restless Anxiety in the keeping of what is Injuriouly Gotten; an Insatiable Thirst after More and More still, and Nothing but Shame and Confusion in the End, when he comes to Cast up Profit and Loss at the Foot
of

of the Reck'ning. This Ambitious *Pike* is but the Figure of some Petty Prince, that sets himself up to be Troublefome, and to give Laws to a more Powerful Neighbour. The *Dolphin* Represents such a *Power* that's more then's *Match*, and Beats him *Home again*. The Case of the *Fishes* in the *Fable*, 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, so the Whole *World*, on the Other, is made the Field of Battel. Now All This in the Moral, serves only to bid us Moderate our Desires; Keep our Affections within Bounds, and Live contented with our Lot.

F A B. CCCXXXV.

A **S**heep picks a **Q**uarrel with a **S**hepherd.

A *Sheep* that was to be shorn, took it very Ill of the *Shepherd* that he should not satisfie himself with the Milk she gave him, without stripping her of her Wool too. The *Shepherd*, upon This, without any more Words, took one of her *Lambs* in a Rage, and put it to *Death*. Well, says the *Sheep*, and now y've done your Worst I hope: No, says the *Shepherd*, when That's done, I can Cut your *Throat* too, if I have a Mind to't, and throw ye to the *Dogs*, or to the Wolves at pleasure. The *Sheep* said not One Word more, for fear of a Worse Mischief to come.

The MORAL.

When People will not Submit to Reason by Fair Means, they must be brought to't by Foul.

R E F L E X I O N.

HE that is not Master of Himself, or in his Own Power, has no Other Game to play then to submit himself Contentedly to the Will of Another. Struggling is so far from setting him at Liberty, that it only ties the Knot the Harder. There must be no Muttering at Heaven for the Loss of Fortune, Children, or whatever else can be Dear to us; for there are Greater Afflictions in store for those that shall dare to Prescribe 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 Best: And *Secondly*, That there's No Contending with it. The *Pot* must not chop Logick, and Expostulate with the *Potter*: And so for a *Sheep* to tell the *Shepherd* when he has Kill'd her Lamb, that *now he has done his Worst*; 'tis such Another kind of Defiance, as that of *Jobe's Wife* was, when she bad her Husband *Curse God and Die*. We are not the Carvers of our Own Fortunes, and This way of Proceeding is an Affront to all the Dictates, Lights, and Duties of Religion, Nature and Reason.

F A B.

FAB. CCCXXXVI.

A Creaking Wheel.

A Waggoner took Notice upon the *Creaking* of a *Wheel*, that it was the *Worst Wheel* of the Four, that made the most Noise, and was wond'ring at the Reason of it. Oh, says the *Waggon*, They that are Sickly are ever the most Piping and Troublefome.

The MORAL.

'Tis with Creaking Wheels as 'tis with Courtiers, Physicians, Lawyers (and with whom not?) They want Greazing.

REFLEXION.

WHEN People are Crazy, and in Disorder, 'tis but Natural for them to Groan, and to Complain. This is a Far-Fetched Allusion, but it must serve for want of a Better. The Uneasiness of a sickly Habit of Body, is some sort of Excuse for being Troublefome and Importune.

FAB. 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 *Spungers*. So he took an Occasion One Day at a Full Table, to tell them of a Quarrel he had, and that he was just then 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 reckon'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.

R E-

REFLEXION.

THERE'S No Tryal of a True Friend but in Cafes of Difficulty; as Lofs, Trouble, or Danger; for that's the Time of Diftinguifhing what a Man does for My fake, and what for his Own.

It is an Unhappy Thing that Princes and Great Men, who feem to have the leaft need of Friends, fhould in truth have the Greateft, and yet at the fame time the Greateft Difficulty of Knowing them too, for want of Occafions to put them to the Tryal. There is no Proof of Friendfhip like Frequent Experiment. Now Princes are above the want of Thofe Common Offices that pafs for Friendfhip betwixt Man and Man, as in Matter of Money, Liberty, Protection, and the like. People do not Flock to Court fo much for their Mafters Service, as for the making of their Own Fortunes. How fhall any Man diftinguifh now betwixt a Parafite, and a Man of Honour; where they are All on the Receiving Hand, and where Hypocrifie, and Intereft looks fo like Duty and Affection? He that well Confiders the Practife of the World will find the Fiction of the Rich Man in This Fable to be in fome Proportion the Common cafe of Mankind. An Undiftinguifhable Facility fhall never fail of Meeting with an Undiftinguifhable Infidelity; which is no Other then a Juft Judgment upon an Inconfiderate Bounty. 'Tis the Benefactors Fate in fine, to be either Deferted or Betray'd by thofe that he has fed, and with *Acteon*, to be Worry'd by *his Own Curs*. He that keeps an Open Houfe for All Comers, fhould do well to Confider, that there are *Oglions* of *Guests* as well as of *Difhes*, and that the Liberty of a Common Table is as Good as a Tacit Invitation to All forts of Intruders; as *Buffons*, *Spies*, *Tale-Bearers*, *Flatterers*, *Epicures*, *Indigents*, &c. Now Thefe are All but fo many Flies that Come and Go with the Meat. And whereas the *Mythologift* lays the Strefs upon This Point, That the Mafter of the Houfe could find but *Two Friends* in fuch a Crowd of People; 'tis my Admiration on the Other hand rather, that he fhould find fo *Many*, in the Licence of a Converfation that was made fo Scandalous by the Company.

FAB. CCCXXXVIII.

A Fox Praifing Hares Flefh.

AS a *Dog* was Preffing hard upon the very Breech of a *Fox*, Up ftarts a *Hare*. Pray hold a Little, fays the *Fox*, and take That *Hare* there while ſhe is to be had: You never Tafted fuch a Morfel ſince you were Born; But I am all over Tainted and Rotten, and a Mouthful of My Flefh would be enough to Poyfon ye. The *Dog* immediately left the *Fox*; and took a Courfe at the *Hare*; but ſhe was too Nimble for him, it feems, and when he ſaw he could not Catch her, he very Difcreetly let her go. The *Hare* had heard what pafs'd; and Meeting the *Fox*

Two

Two or Three Days after, she told him how Basely he had serv'd her. Nay, says the *Fox*, if you take it so Heavily that I spoke so well of ye, what would you have done if I had spoken ill?

The MORAL.

A Designing Back-Friend is the Worst of Enemies.

R E F L E X I O N .

THERE are some sorts of Commendation; and some Cases and Seasons of Applying it, that are more Malicious, and Mischievous, then the Worst of Calamities. Here's a *Fox* at a Pinch; and what's his Business now, but to Stop the Dog's Mouth with a Piece of *Hare's Flesh*, for the Saving of his Own Skin! A *Puff*, says he, is much Better Meat then a *Fox*, and This Good Office over the Left Shoulder, is the Civility that he Values himself upon. He gives her his Good Word, (as we call it) to the very End, that she may be Eaten. How many Thousands of These *Foxes Complements* do we meet with in Our Dayly Practice and Conversation. But a Crafty Knave is never without somewhat or Other to say for Himself, and a Bad Excuse is Better then None. The *Fox's* Civility, in fine, was *Roguary* all over; and his Praising the *Hares-Flesh* to the *Dog*, was Effectually no more then a *Letter of Recommendation to the Common Hang-man*.

F A B . C C C X X X I X .

A Plain Horse Wins the Prize.

THEre were a Great many Brave, Sightly *Horses* with Rich Trappings that were brought out One Day to the Course, and Only *One Plain Nag* 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 Senses are No Competent Judges of the Excellencies of the Mind.

R E F L E X I O N .

HE that Judges by the Outside, and Pronounces upon the Bare Appearance of Things, runs a great many Mistakes in One; for there's Temerity, Folly, Pride, and Ill Nature in't; Especially where the Censure is accompany'd with Mockery and Scorn. 'Tis Inhumane, at the Best, to make Sport with one Another's Infirmities; which in Honour, and Christianity, we are bound to Cover. But it is Pleasant enough then, if
People

People will be putting themselves upon a Trial of Skill, to see a Bantering Pretender made an Ass by the very Man that He Himself has mark'd out for a Coxcomb : Which is no other, in Plain *English*, then a Fair Appeal to the Company, which is the Arranter Fool of the Two. In One Word, there's Nothing lays a Man more Open, then Laughing, out of Measure, and out of Season. To Instance in a Cavalier of my Acquaintance that was up to the Ears in Love with a very Fine Lady, that wanted neither Air, Shape, Dress, Quality, nor any Other of Those Charming Circumstances to Recommend her to any Honest Man to Play the Fool withal. He had his Mistress to a Comedy once, where she was wonderfully pleas'd, but had the Ill Hap to *Laugh* still in the *Wrong Place* : The Poor Man Observ'd it, and his Fancy fell so 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 Consulting the Reason of the Matter ; and of setting our Hearts upon the Shape, Colour, and External Beauty of Things, without any Regard to the Internal Excellence and Virtue of them. The *Plain Nag* 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 Those to be *Jades Themselves* that made *Sport* with him.

F A B. CCCXL.

A Countryman and a Kid.

A *Country-man* that was Hamper'd 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 so Busy, and Busy, that he must come Another Time. The Poor Fellow took a Delicate Fat *Kid* with him, Next Bout, and the Lawyers Clark, upon hearing the Voice of it at the Door ; let the Man in, and carry'd him to his Master, where he laid Open his Case, Took his Opinion ; made Two Legs, One to the *Counsel* for *Receiving* of him ; T'other to the *Kid* for *Introducing* him, and so went his Way.

The MORAL.

Money is a Passe-par-Tout.

R E F L E X I O N.

'Tis with *Money* as 'tis with *Majesty* ; All Other Powers and Authorities Cease while That's in Place. 'Tis *That which makes the Pot Boil* (as the Proverb says) *though the Devil Piss in the Fire*. Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, Sisters, Relations, Friendships, are but Empty Names of Things, and *Words Butter No Parsnips*. 'Tis Interest that Governs the World ;
and

and the Rulers of it; Ecclesiastical, as well as Civil; for it Works in All Degrees and Qualities of Men; and we have learnt by Experience, that the *Pulpit* may be made to have a Feeling in the Case as well as the *Bar*. *Money*, in fine, is an Univerfal *Passport*, and All Doors Fly Open to't. It Answers All Objections, Resolves All Scruples, and turns up what Religion *Trump* it pleases. In One Word, *Quid Dabitis & Tradam?* may be the Motto of Corrupt Nature. This Fable was Excellently well Moraliz'd by a Famous Council of our Times. One gave him a Fee of Forty Broad Pieces: He took 'em, and Counted 'em (as a *Man may Count Money after his Father* they say) Well, says he, Here are *Forty Pieces, Pugnabo FORTITER*. Make them *Ten more*, and *Pugnabo FIFTITER*. *In forma Pauperis* is no good Lawyers Latin. Kin're'd are no Wellcome Clients, where the Nearness of the Relation gives them a kind of Title to have Advice *Gratis*, but where the *Cousin* cannot Prevail, the *Kid* must.

FAB. CCCXLI.

A Weak Young Man and a Wolfe.

A *Creeping Young Fellow* that had Committed Matrimony with a Brisk Gamesome Lass, was so Alter'd upon't in a few Days, that he was liker a *Skeleton* then a *Living Man*. He was Basking himself One time in the Gleam of the Sun, and some Huntsmen pass'd by him upon the Chase of a *Wolfe* that led 'em That Way. Why how comes it (says he) that you don't Catch That *Wolfe*? 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 breeds Cares and Cuckolds.

REFLEXION.

FLESH and Bloud is but Flesh and Bloud; and the Indulging of Inordinate Appetites is the Ruine of Body, Soul, and Estate. This Fellow should have Consulted the Circumstances of his Constitution, before he made that Desperate 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 Jest. And 'twas but a Measuring Cast at Last neither, whether he meant his Wife should have to do with the *Wolfe*, in One Sense, or the *Wolfe* with his *Wife* in Another.

FAB.

F A B. CCCXLII.

A Lad Robbing an Orchard.

AN Old Fellow took a *Boy* Robbing his *Orchard*. Sirrah, (says he) come down the Tree, and don't Steal my Apples. The *Lad* never Minded him, but went on with his Work. Well (says the Master of the Ground) they say there are Charms in Herbs, as well as in Words, and so he threw a Handful of Grass at him, which was so Ridiculous, that the Young Thief took the Old Man to be Mop'd. But in Conclusion, if Neither Words, nor Herbs will do, says he, I'll try what may be done with Stones; for they say there's Vertue in Them too; And that Way he did his Work.

The MORAL.

Those that will not be Reclaim'd by Instruction, must be brought to a Sense of their Duty by Feeling.

R E F L E X I O N.

A Wise Man, in all Controversies, will try what may be done by Fair Means, before he comes to Foul: and where the One fails, the Other will Certainly do the Work. The Fear of Hell does a great deal towards the Keeping of us in our Way to Heaven; and if it were not for the Penalty, the Laws neither of God, nor of Man, would be obey'd, there would have been a Charm in Wood as well as in Stones, if the Little Thief had but been soundly Drubb'd with a Good Honest Cudgel: for where Conscience and Argument will do no Good, Punishment must: But as it is the Surest, so the Good Man here made it the Last Remedy.

F A B. CCCXLIII.

A Nightingale and a Hawk.

AS a *Nightingale* was Singing in a Bush, down comes a Rascally Kite of a *Sparrow-Hawk*, and Whips her off the Bough: The Poor Wretch Pleaded for her self, that alas! her Little Carcass was not worth the While, and that there were Bigger Birds enough to be found. Well, says the *Hawk*, but am I so Mad d'ye think, as to Part with a Little Bird that I have,
for

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, nor for my Ears.

The MORAL.

A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fables carries Three Morals. 1st. That we are not to Part with a Certainty for an Uncertainty. 2^{dly}. That Men of Appetite are not Mov'd by any Consideration of Virtue. 3^{dly}. That Things of Use and Necessity, are to be preferr'd before Matters meerly of Delight and Pleasure.

The *Nightingale* in the Foot of the *Hawk*, is the Case of many an Innocent Creature in the Hands of Justice, when the very Equity of the Law Bends under the Weight of an Over-ruling 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 'em All up* (says a Pleasant Droll, upon *Venner's* Rising) *they are not Worth the Begging*. 'Tis a piece of State-Policy sometimes, to let the Poor and the Friendless go to Pot; Nay, and to reckon the Execution of them among the Triumphs of Justice too. There is This further in't besides; that the Uttermost Severity upon Those that have not where withal to Bid for their Lives, raises 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, and so she Dy'd, in truth, because *she was not Worth the Begging*.

FAB. CCCLXIV.

A *Lyon* and a *Hog*.

A *Lyon* that found it Extreme Irksome to Live Alone, gave the Beasts of the Forest to Understand, that he was Resolv'd to make Choice of Some or Other of his Subjects for a *Friend* and *Companion*. There was a Mighty *Busle*, who should be the Favourite, and to the Wonder of All the rest, the *Lyon* Pitch'd upon a *Hog*; for, says the *Lyon*, he is True and Faithful to his Friend, and will stand by him in All Times, and Hazards.

The

THE MORAL.

A True Friend can ne'er fail of being a Loyal Subject: And That's the Man that a Brave Prince will make Choice of for a Particular Favourite.

REFLEXION.

SOLITUDE is against Nature, but Ill Company is worse then None. So that Life is not Life without the Blessing of a Friendly and an Edifying Conversation. The Difficulty only rests in the Choice; wherein the *Lyon* here has taken his Right Measures: That is to say, he has made a True Judgment of the Matter: For he only Deserves the Character of a *Friend*, that's Proof against all *Tryals* and *Temptations*, either of *Profit*, or of *Loss*.

FAB. CCCXLV.

A Gnat and a Bee.

A *Gnat* that was Half Starv'd with Cold and Hunger, went out one *Frosty* Morning to a *Bee-Hive*, to beg a Charity, and offer'd to Teach Mucfik in the *Bees Family*, for her Dyet and Lodging. The *Bee* very Civilly desir'd to be Excus'd; for, says she, I bring up all my Children to my Own Trade, that they may be able to get their Living Another Day by their Industry.

THE MORAL.

Lazy Beggars that Can Work, and Will not, have scarce a Right to Common Charity: And This Misery befalls them for want of an Industrious Education.

REFLEXION.

'TIS a Necessary piece of Providence, in the Institution of our Children, to Train them up to somewhat in their Youth, that may Honestly Maintain them in their Age. If the *Bee* had taken the Necessities of the *Gnat* into her Consideration, as she did the Profession, she would have thought her self bound in Tenderness and Good Nature, according to the Moral of the Fable, to have Contributed to her Relief: But the Stress is rather to be laid upon a Preference of an Education of Industry, to That of Pleasure, and to shew, that we are in the First Place to Consult the Necessities of Life, rather then Matters of Ornament and Delight.

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 Sixty, 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 Publique 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 Despicable; 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 Preferible to another, in some Sort, or in some Respect; but it is True withal, that every Distinct Being has somewhat 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 Despise, even the Meanest of Creatures. All Things are Created Good in their several Kinds, as All things severally are Subserving, 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 Post 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*, runs 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.

FAB. CCCXLVII.

Pigeons Reconcile the Hawks.

There Happen'd a Bloody Civil War once among the *Hawks*, and what did the Poor, Peaceable, Innocent *Pigeons*, but in Pure Pity, 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 Error, and to Understand the Danger of Uniting a Common Enemy to their Own Ruine.

The MORAL.

Good Men are never safe but when Wicked Men are at Odds. So that the Divisions of the One are the Security of the Other.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Hard Matter in This Case to Reconcile Policy, and Good Nature ; or to bring a Plain-dealing Innocence into a Consistency with Necessary Prudence ; For Singleness of Mind passes in the World for want of Brains, and where Knavery is in Credit, Honesty is sure to be a Drug ; But Every Man must stand or fall to his own Conscience, and so Divide the Matter, as neither to Offend Christian Charity, nor Civil Discretion. The Blessing that is pronounc'd upon the *Peace-Makers*, does not Extend to Those Cases, where the Effect of the Peace shall be the Ruine of the Reconcilers. 'Tis Dangerous Parting a Fray, whether it be Jest or Earnest ; for there are Sham-Quarrels as well as Bloody Ones : In the One, a Man runs the risque of his Hat, or his Cloak ; In the Other, of his Life. We have liv'd to see This Fable remarkably Moraliz'd among our selves upon the like Occasion ; for still as the Common Enemy were at Variance, we had a sort of *Peace-making Pigeons* that would needs be Reconciling them, though the Only Security they had under the Sun was their Divisions.

FAB. CCCXLVIII.

A Woman that brought Fire into the House.

THE Question was put to an Honest Man Newly Marry'd, What might be the Meaning of his New Brides bringing a *Torch* out of her *Father's* House into her *Husbands*. Why This says he ; I have Eas'd my Father-in-Law of a Fire-brand, to set my Own House in a Flame.

The MORAL.

A Contentious Woman puts all into a Flame where-ever she comes.

R E F L E X I O N .

THIS *Torch* may be an Allusion either to *Strife*, and *Contention*, or to the *Profusion* and *Consumption* of the *Husband's* *Estate*. 'Tis to be hop'd that there are Shrews, and Wasteful Women enow in the World, to Answer This Moral Both Ways.

FAB. CCCXLIX.

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 sentenc'd to Refund what he had Wrongfully Taken. He came as Unwillingly to the Point, as a Bear to the Stake, which gave Occasion to somebodies saying, that it was with this Man and his Mony, as it is with Women 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 Hearts Blood of them comes away with their Mony.

R E F L E X I O N.

IF Men could but Separate the Profit, and the Pleasure of their Sins, from the Sin it self, and keep the Former, when they Renounce the Other, what a Number of Penitents should we have in This Wicked World! But the Doctrine of Satisfaction and Restitution lies so Cursedly hard upon the Gizzards of our Publicans, that the Bloud in their Veins is not Half so Dear to 'em as the Treasure they have in their Coffers. The Man and the Money are in This Case as good as Incorporated, and Fining is little less then Flaying him: But Justice however finds him Out; And This, in Few Words, is the Sum of the Moral. Avarice is as hard to Part with any thing, as it was Eager to Get it. When a Man is once in Possession of an Ill Gotten Estate *De Facto*, he never Troubles his Head with the *De Jure* of the Question; but looks upon the Propriety of what he has Gotten by Rapine, to be Transferr'd to him by Providence: The money in short had Chang'd the Master, and he'd rather part with an Eye out of his Head, then with a Penny out of his Coffers

F A B. CCCL.

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 T'other World was a Great Journey to take upon so 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. That's Falso, 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 *Memento* sufficient to make You think of Your Own? Your Dim and Hollow Eyes methinks, the Loss of your Hearing, and the Faltering of the rest of your Senses, should Mind ye, without more ado, that *Death* has laid hold of ye already: And is this a time of day d'ye think to stand shuffling it off still? Your Peremptory Hour, I tell ye, is now come, and there's No Thought of a Reprieve in the Case of Fate.

The

The MORAL.

Want of 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't.

REFLEXION.

'Tis the Great Bus'ness of Life to fit our selves for our End; and no Man can Live Well that has not Death in his Eye.

'Tis a strange Mixture of Madnes and Folly in One Solecism, for People to Say or Imagin that ever any Man was Taken out of This World without time to Prepare himself for Death: But the Delay of Fitting our selves is our Own Fault, and we turn the very Sin into an Excuse: Every Breath we draw is not only a 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 then if we knew Nothing on't. The Text is True to the very Letter, that *we Die Dayly*, and yet we Feel it not. Every thing under the Sun reads a Lecture of Mortality to us. Our Neighbours, our Friends, our Relations, that fall Every where round about us, Admonish us of our Last Hour; and yet here's an Old Man on the Wrong-side of Fourscore perhaps, Complaining that he is surpriz'd.

FAB. CCCLI.

A Miser and his Bags.

A Covetous Rich Churl, finding himself at the Point of Death, caus'd his Coffers to be brought up, and his Bags laid before him. You and I, says he, must Part, and I would willingly Bequeath ye to those that will take most Delight in ye. Why then say the Bags, you must divide us betwixt your Heirs, and the Devils. Your Heirs will have Drink and Whores for your Money, and the Devils will be as well pleas'd on the Other hand, that they are to have your Soul for't.

The MORAL.

The Money of a Miser is the Last Friend he takes his Leave of in This Word.

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS a Great deal of Pains that some People take to give Others Satisfaction, and to Torment themselves. But This Verifies the Old Proverb, *Happy is the Son, whose Father goes to the Devil*; for Ill Gotten Goods and Estates are commonly Squander'd away with as Little Conscience as they were Rak'd together. There goes a Canker along with them, when over and above the Iniquity of the Extortion and Oppression, the Bloud of so many Widows and Orphans cries to Heaven for Vengeance. Now a Less Generous Chuff then This in the Fable, would have Hugg'd his Bags to the Last, and have Envy'd That Satisfaction to his Heirs, which he Himself could Enjoy no longer. But it was his Care to Transmit to his Posterity a Curse with his Money, and to Bequeath them the Sin in the Inordinate Love of Riches, together with his Treasure.

T H E



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F A B. CCCLII.

Industry and Sloth.

ONE was asking a Lazy Young Fellow what made him lye in Bed so long? Why (says he,) I am hearing of Causes every Morning; that is to say, I have two Lasses at my Bed-side so soon as ever I wake. Their Names are *Industry* and *Sloth*; One bids me get up; t'other 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.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable does naturally enough set forth an Expostulation betwixt Reason and Appetite, and the Danger of Running out our Lives in Dila- tory Deliberations, when we should be rather Up and Doing. In all these Cases, 'tis odds that the Paradox carries it against the true Reason of the Thing; for we are as Partial to our Corruptions, as if our Under- standing were of Counsel for our Frailties, and manage Disputes of this kind, as if we had a Mind to be overcome. The *Sluggard's* Case in this Fable is the Case of Mankind in all the Duties of a Virtuous and a Well- Govern'd Life, where Judgment and Conscience call us one Way, and our Lusts hurry us another. We spend all our Days upon Frivolous *Pre- liminaries*, 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

and we *will*. At this rate we run our Lives out in Adjournments from Time to Time, out of a Fantastical Levity that holds us *off and on*, betwixt *Hawk 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 Ease and the Pleasures of Life, then Reforming the Errors and the Vices of it. Does not the Voluptuary understand in all the Liberties of a Loose and a Lewd Conversation, that he runs the risque both of Body and Soul on the one Hand, and Opposes all the Blessings that Attend the Duties of Virtue and Sobriety on the other? Does not the Ambitious, the Envious, and the Revengeful Man know very well, that the Thirst of Blood, and Affectation of Dominion 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 Causes* too, with our *Shug-a-bed* in the *Apologue*; that is to say, Deliberating betwixt 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. CCCLIII.

A Cock and a Fox.

A Fox spyd a Cock at Roost with his *Hens* about him. Why how now my Friend, says *Reynard*, What makes you upon a Tree there? Your Business lyes 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 presume upon pain of Life and Limb, Directly or Indirectly, to Hurt another. The Blessedest Tidings in the World, says the *Cock*; and at the same time he stretches out his Neck, as if he were a 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 e'en best be Jogging. No, No, says the *Cock*, the General Peace will Secure you: Ay, quoth the *Fox*, so it will; but if these Roguy Currs 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.

The

The MORAL.

In all the Liberties of Sharping and Tricking One upon Another, there must still a Regard be had to the Punctilios of Honour and Justice.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to tell us, that in some Cafes one Nail must be driven out with another; and the Deceiving of the Deceiver doubles the Pleasure. 'Tis a Hard Matter to make a False Man and a False Tale consist with themselves; and when they come to Interfere, the Reason and the Argument of the Cafe 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 Design upon Another, to keep Clear of Clashing with his own Reasonings. Wherefore Parasites 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 stand the *Dogs*, the *Cock* had no Reason to Venture himself with the *Fox*. All People that are Perfidious, either in their Conversation, or in their Kind, are Naturally to be Suspected in Reports that favour their Own Interest; and when they can make nothing else on't, they find it the Best of their Play to put it off with a Jest.

'Tis a common thing for Captious People, and Double-Dealers, to be taken in their own Snares; as for the Purpose in the Matter of Power, Policy, the Fundamentals, and the Maxims of Government, &c. How many are there that Limit Sovereignty in One Cafe to strain it in Another, and so Handle the same Question *Pro* and *Con*, at the same Time? Government is to be Bounded when it may serve one Turn, and Absolute when it may serve Another. Infomuch that for want of Prefence of Thought, Men affirm what they Deny, and Deny what they Affirm, and run Counter to Themselves. If Sovereign Power cannot Dispense, '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 Doctrin Interferes with Another, and the very Foundations of Reason and Governmen sink at last into a Paradox. When the *Fox* brings Tydings of a Peace, and Preaches upon the Subject to the *Poultry*, Beware the *Geese*. Your *Foxes* Acts of *Amnesty* are no Other then the Old Stale Politicks I know not how many Years ago. They Pardon all in General, in the Beginnings; 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 Uttermost Peril, *Reynard* had gotten a Proviso for Himself, yet to carry on his Old Trade among the Lambs and the *Poultry* still. This is the Method of all Popular Shams, when the Multitude are to be led by the Noses into a Fool's Paradise. The *State-Foxes* tell 'em 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. These are Fine Words, but the *Fox's* Business upon the Upshot, is only the Cramming his own Gut, without any respect to the Publick.

FAB. CCCLIV.

A Taylor and his Wife.

Here happen'd a Grievous Quarrel once betwixt a *Taylor* and his *Wife*. The Woman in Contempt of his Trade called her Husband *Pricklouse*; he gave her a Box o'the Ear for't, which served only to make her more Outragious. When this would do no good, he set her up to the Chin in a *Horse-Pond*; but so long as her Tongue was at Liberty, there was not a Word to be got from her but the same Nick-Name in Derision over and over again. Well (says he to himself,) there's no way I perceive to Quiet this Woman but by stopping of her Mouth, and so he had her Duck'd next bout over Head and Ears. When she was under Water, and could call him *Pricklouse* 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 last Two Things that die in an Impetuous Woman, are her Tongue and her Stomach, when she cannot have her Will.

REFLEXION.

'TIS the Fortune of many an Honest Harmless Man, to have this Fable Moraliz'd to him under his own Roof; but the Better any thing is in it's Perfection, the Worse is the Corruption of it; as there is nothing more *Fætid* then a *Rotten Egg*. 'Tis the same thing betwixt a Temperate and an Impetuous Woman. Tempests 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 Applying to her Body. But now for the Honour, and (in some sort) the Comfort of that Fair Sex, they do not suffer alone under the Scandal of this Figure; for Men have their Violent Passions and Transports as well as Women, and Passions much more Dangerous too then the other. The *Taylor's Wife* was only a *Good Hearty Shrew*, under the Impotency of an Unruly Wasplish Humour; *She would have her Will, ay marry would she*, 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 Use of their Reason. Their Violences are Mortal and Outrageous, even to the Ruin of Kingdoms, Commonwealths, Families, Persons, &c., and like a Torrent, 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 Wickedness, and with the *Old Covenant* in their

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 *Pricklouse* with her *Thumbs* still, when they can do't no longer with their Tongues.

FAB. CCCLV.

A **W**oman Drown'd.

AN Unfortunate Woman happen'd to be Drown'd, and her Poor Husband was mightily in Pain to find out the Body; so away he goes along the Bank up the Course of the River, asking all he met still, if they could tell him any Tydings of the Body of his Dear Wife, that was overturn'd in a Boat at such a Place Below. Why, if you'd find your Wife, they cry'd, You must look for her down the Stream. No, No, says the Man, my Wives Will carried her against Wind and Tide all the Days of her Life; and now she's Dead, which way soever the Current runs she'll be sure to be against it.

The MORAL.

The Spirit of Contradiction in a Cross Grain'd Woman is Incurable.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS falls hard upon the desperate Obstinacy of some Women; and the Freak of the Conceit does no yet derogate from the Usefulness of the Fable. The Analogy is Pleasant and Pertinent enough, betwixt a Living Crossness of Humour, and Opposition to the ordinary Course and Reason of Things, and the Fancy of a Dead Body swimming against the Stream. And the License of Couching the Matter under this Figure, and of Word-ing it after that Manner, carries no Offence with it, either to Congruity, or Good Manners. Beside, that the very Turn and Point of the Illustration sets 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 *Antipodes* to all Mankind, and in making other Mens Rules their Exceptions: 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 Perverse Practice, as in the Affectation of being the First Broacher of an Heretical Opinion. Hence it comes that Half the Wit of the World is Exercised upon *Paradox*; and that which we call *Good Humour*, is in Truth but a sort of *Slight of Hand* in Discourse, or a Faculty of making Truths look like Appearances, or Appearances like Truths. Now this Gift of *Hocus-Pocussing*, and of Disguising Matters, is so Surprising and Agreeable

Agreeable on the one hand, that it must of Necessity be a very strong Temptation to the Quitting of the Beaten Road on the other. Mankind was all cast 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 Pretensions to our Part in the next; insomuch that whoever affects a Fantastical Singularity of Crossness 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*, Rattled him to some Tune, with Menaces to the Highest 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-Parishioners*. How so, says the *Bishop*? Why, my Lord, says the *Curate*, when he found he was Drawing home, he sent 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 perform'd, and I have it here in a Purse for your Lordship ready Counted. The Bishop upon the Receipt of the Mony, gave the Priest Absolution, and found it a very good Will, and a very Canonical Burial.

The MORAL.

Mony Corrupts both Church and State.

REFLEXION.

THERE may be Ill Men in Holy Orders, and the Lewdness of the Person 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 Licentiousness on the other, when People know before-hand, that *Money* will Compound all Differences. Nay, and *Money* is a *Protestant* Reconciler too as well as a *Popish*, when Passion and Corruption come once to be Authoriz'd under the Venerable Cover of a Sacred Character; only the *Bishop* Absolves Himself in the one Case, as he does the *Curate* in the other. So that *Money* upon the Main, serves for the Touchstone of Common Honesty, Faith, Law, and Religion: The Devil holds the Scale, and Profit or Loss is made the Standard of Gospel or Heresy. It Pleads all Causes, Defends all Titles, and turns Christianity it self into a Moot Point. It sets Texts together by the Ears; as well as Divines, and makes the Voice of God to be of more Authority in the Mouths of the Multitude, then the Oracles of Holy Writ. 'Tis the Idol that Men of all Ranks and Professions Bow to; States-men, Sword-men, Lawyers, Ecclesiasticks, &c. there's hardly anything in Nature that has the Heart to withstand it; Bating here and there some singular Exception perhaps, from a General Rule. What are Courts more then Common Markets, where Men are Bought and Sold in the one, as Beasts are in the other? The Captain Fights for his Pay; the Lawyer Pleads for his Fee, no Matter for the Conscience of the Cause; the one's a Soldier of Fortune he tells ye, the other is a Lawer of Fortune; and for the Business of Right or Wrong, 'tis not one Scruple of the Question. 'Tis *Money* in fine, that like the Devil, makes Men Sail with all Wind, and sets all Wheels agoing. Nay the very Altar it self scapes not the Almighty Power of so Irresistible a Temptation; for we are taught in this Fable, that an Episcopal Habit is not one jot better Proof against Corruption, then 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 Doctrin of our Blessed Lord and his Apostles, are to Day, and to Morrow and the same for ever; not to be Moulded and Accommodated to every turn of State, but to be held and kept Inviolate as a standing Rule of all Ages. There are no such Worshippers of the Devil, as the Buyers and Sellers of Souls; there's nothing they'll stick at, but Shuffle, Cant, Juggle, Swear back and forward like so many Spiritual Knights of the Post; serve all Times, and all Gods, even though Paganism it self should turn up Trump; for this sort of Prostitutes steer all their Actions by the Compass of *Viderit Utilitas*, and for the *Dogs Legacy* Absolve the Devil himself, and with this Beastly Avaricious Bishop, Pronounce the Blackest Soul in Hell to be as White as Snow.

F A B. CCCLVII.

A Husband, Wife, and Ghostly 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 Bus'ness was not so much to Discharge

charge her Conscience of her own Sins, as to tell Tales of her *Husband*. The *Holy Father* would be ever and anon Chiding and Admonishing the 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, *Yes, he would*, and he went accordingly. The Good Man then bad the Penitent be sure to Examine himself thoroughly, and leave nothing out: Alas, Father, says he, for that Matter, there will be no need on't; for you have had all my Sins in Confession from my Wife already, and a Thousand times more perhaps than ever I Committed.

THE MORAL.

Calumny is half the Business of a Bigot: Bitterness passes for Zeal, and our very Devotions are in Effect but Libels against our Superiours.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S no such Cloak as Religion for all manner of Wickedness, and the Man is a stark Fool that cannot Impose upon his Neighbour, when he has once got the Mastery of his own Conscience: There's no Evidence of our Thoughts, but our Works; and if any Hypocrite can but Conceal himself from the Eyes of his Companions, he never troubles his Head to Consider how Open he lyes 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 Understand the Truth of the Matter, was a Turn Pleasant enough.

'Tis a Field of a Huge Latitude that the Devil has to Dance and to Play his Gambols in, when he sets himself to Preach upon the Text of Religion and Conscience. In the Troubles of King *Charles the First*, what with Humiliations and Thanksgivings, Seditious Lectures, and Pulpit-Invectives, the People had hardly any other Business at Church then to tell God Almighty Tales of their Sovereign: So that this Unhappy Prince might have Answerd his *Confessarius* upon the shrift of an *Auricular Confession*, as our Husband Answerd his here in the Fable, That *Others had done it for him, and told more then All beforehand*. This was the Method of their Proceedings toward him through the whole Course of his Distresses, from the First Odious 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, Depos'd him from his Royal Dignity, Usurp'd the Government to Themselves, and under the Colour of a Formality of Law, put him upon a Judicial Tryal, and took away his Life. And not One Step did they set all this while in the whole Tract 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 then to Make God the Author of Sin, and to Impute the Blackest Practices of Hell to the Inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

FAB. CCCLVIII.

An Old Man and an Ass.

AN *Old Man* and a *Little Boy* were driving an *Ass* before them to the next Market to Sell. Why have you no more Wit, (says One to the Man upon the Way,) then you and your Son to Trudge it a Foot, and let the *Ass* go Light? So the Man fet 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 A-Foot? The Man upon this took down his *Boy*, and got up *Himself* D'ye see (says a Third) How the Lazy Old Knave Rides *Himself*, and the Poor Little *Child* has much ado to Creep after him! The *Father*, upon this, took up his *Son* behind him. The next they met, ask'd the *Old Man* whether his *Ass* were his Own or no? He said Yes. Troth, there's little sign on't says t'other, 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 Rides, or *Both*; and so in the Conclusion he Bound the *Asses* Legs together with a Cord, and they try'd to Carry him to Market with a Pole upon their Shoulders betwixt 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 all the World is pleas'd, shall be troubled with the Head-Ach.

REFLEXION.

So many Men, so many Minds; and this Diversity of Thought must necessarily be attended with Folly, Vanity, and Error: For Truth is one and the 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
by

by Rule, and Consults the Conscience of his Actions, without any Regard to Popular Applause. Did ever any Mortal yet in his Right Wits, Advise with the *Mobile* about the Government of his Life and Manners? (Or which is all one, with the Common and Professed Enemies of Reason and Virtue,) Did ever any Creature make a Friend or Confident of them? Why should we be sollicitious then to be thought well of by those that no Prudent Good Man ever thought well of? They are all Passion and Fancy, without either Judgment or Moderation: They neither understand what they do, nor why; but act with a kind of *Impetus*, that knows neither Consideration nor Conduct. So that it is in truth a Scandal, and an Ill Sign to Please them; but a worse yet, for a Man to value himself upon the Reputation of a Popular Favour. What are their Affections but violent Transports that are carried on by Ignorance and Rage? What are their Thoughts of Things, but variety of Incurable Error? And what are they themselves in their own Nature, but a *Herd* rather than a *Society*? Their Humour is very Happily set forth in this Fable; and so is the Vanity of the Old Man's endeavouring 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 Phantomes and Shaddows, and then at last lie down in the Dust like a Brute, without any Fear or Danger of an after-Reckoning, the Care were taken; but for a Reasonable Soul to Post-pone the most Necessary Offices and Duties of Life, and to Hazard the very loss even of Heaven it self, 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 Daw divert him from his Game and Business. To Conclude; A due Consideration of the Vanities of the World will Naturally bring us to the Contempt of it; and that Contempt of the World will as certainly bring us Home to our Selves. This was the Case of the Poor Man here, when he had Try'd this, and that, and t'other Experiment, he threw all his Care and Follies together with his Ass into the River: And then he was at Rest.

FAB. CCCLIX.

A Man Dreamt he found Gold.

A Man fancied in his *Sleep* once, that he was carried by the Devil into a Field to Dig for *Gold*, where he found a Great Treasure; so the Devil advised him not to take it away with him at present, but rather to leave some particular Mark upon the Place, that he might find it another time. What Mark? says the *Dreamer*. E'en down with your Breeches, quoth the Devil, and lay your Tail there; my Life for yours, do but keep your own Council, and no Body will look

look for Gold in that Place. The Fellow did as he was bid, and when he Wak'd, he found that his Dream was out.

The MORAL.

He that Consents to deal with the Devil for Money in his Sleep, 'tis to be fear'd he would do it Waking too, if it lay fair for his Hand.

REFLEXION.

IT is a *School-Question* how far a Man is answerable in many Cafes for his Dreams: Now here was Deliberation, Discourse, and Consent; So that both the Understanding and the Will had their Parts in the Story: Where Avarice was at One End on't, 'twas no wonder that the Devil should be at the Other. But Men go to the Devil for Money Waking as well as Sleeping: Nay, and Men of all Sorts and Qualities too, from the Prince to the Beggar. Churchmen, Statesmen, Tradesmen, Lawyers, and who not? And if all that go to Hell upon that Errand, should Beshit the Sheets, there would be a World of Work for the Wash-Women.

FAB. CCCLX.

A Country-Fellow and a Hog.

IN a Certain Countrey where it was the Custom for any Man that Kill'd a *Hog*, to invite the Neighborhood to Supper with him; a *Curmudgeonly-Fellow* that had a *Hog* to Kill, advis'd with One of his Companions how he might save the Charge of that Supper. Why (says he) do but give it out to Morrow Morning, that the *Hog* was Stollen the Night before; set a good Face on't, and your Work is done. Away goes this Man Open-Mouth, next Morning, Bawling it about, that his *Hog* was Stollen. *Right, Right*, says his Camarade, *Roar it out as I bad you*. Ay, but says the *Hog-Merchant*, with Damned Oaths and Imprecations, My *Hog* is Stoll'n in Good Earnest. *Upon my Life*, says t'other, *thou dost it Rarely*. So the one *Swore on*, and the other *Fool'd on*, till in the Conclusion the Churle found he was Banter'd out of his *Hog*; for the *Hog* was Stollen indeed.

The MORAL.

Penny Wise, and Pound Foolish.

REFLEXION.

'TIS a Point of Decency and Discretion for a Man to Comply with the Common Customs of the Place, where he Lives, over and above the Rules of Good Neighborhood and Society. So that the Old Hunks here was 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 Fooling of Himself, and had his own Jest 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-Natur'd Thrift is next Door to Squandring: He was Cheated, and he was Laugh'd at, and he Deserv'd both; for he made himself a Party to the Picking of his own Pocket, and the very Sham that he designed upon his Neighbours was turn'd upon Himself. The Frolick was Pleasant and Pertinent enough, but the Conscience of the Case 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 Consent. 'Twas with the *Man* and the *Hog*, 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. CCCLXI.

A Florentine and a Horse-Courser.

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-Courser* comes to the *Florentine* next Morning for the remainder of the Money. Soft, says the *Florentine*, *A Bargain's a Bargain*: My Contract was to be your Debtor for the Rest, and if I Pay it, I'm no longer your Debtor.

The MORAL.

Conceits and Witticisms 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 *Tonies* betwixt Jest and Earnest, in Matters of Common Honesty, Good Faith and Business. Or it would have born
a Moral

a Moral, to Discourteousness the Levity of *Punning* and *Jingling*; and the Childish Humour of Fooling with Mental Reservations and Double Meanings. But as it is, I can find nothing more in't than a Frothy, Empty Story. It may serve however as a *Buoy* to keep People at a Distance, and give Notice of a Shelf or a Flat. For the Silliness of taking Delight in this Vulgar way of Sophism, is to me as arrant an Indication of an Innocent, as a Bib and a Bauble. So that the Doctrine of a Thing done here, teaches us what we are not to do; that is to say, we are neither to Meditate Fraudulent Contracts, nor to take Childish Collusions in Conversation for Current Payment.

FAB. CCCLXII.

A Christian and a Pagan.

A *Christian* and a *Pagan*, that had been Old Acquaintances and Fellow-Travellers, had several Discourses upon the way together about Religion; and coming into *Italy*, the *Christian* advised the *Infidel*, for his better Satisfaction, only to go to Mass once, and then tell him what he thought on't. The *Pagan* accordingly went to Church, and being afterwards ask'd his Opinion of the Ceremonies and Solemnity of the Office, his Answer was, That he saw but one Thing there that he Dislik'd; which was, that it look'd a little Uncharitable for one Man to Eat and Drink by Himself, and all the rest to look on.

The MORAL.

'Tis much with Opinions as it is with Tasts, we can no more Command our Judgments than our Palates.

REFLEXION.

THE Poison of this Fable in the Liberty of Jestings with Holy Matters, would need an Antidote to go along with it, if it were not that it is a *Pagan's* Conceit, and consequently suitable enough to the Character and Humour of an *Infidel*, to have the Offices of Christianity in Derision. If we take it by that Handle, it may serve for a Reproof to those among our selves, (as we have but too many of them,) that take the same Freedom of Scoffing at Religion, and Religious Rites and Ceremonies. These People pass in the World under the Name of Christians, but in their Hearts and Manners they are little better than Pagans: The Frolick of a Merry Word goes further with them, than the Conscience of their Profession, and if they can but elude the Dint of a Pinching Conviction by some Trivial Jest, the Conceit they think Attones for the Wickedness.

FAB. CCCLXIII.

An *Ass* 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 Logick*. His Friends called him a Thousand Mad-men for Casting away his Life upon so absolute an Impossibility. Pray Gentlemen (says the Undertaker,) have but a little Patience; for 'tis odds, that before the Term's out, either the *Prince* Dies, (that's a Party to the Contract,) or the *Ass* Dies, or the *Adventurer* Dies, and then the Danger's over.

The MORAL.

Collusion without Malice is, in many Cafes, not only Laudable but Necessary.

REFLEXION.

THERE are some Cafes wherein a Man may Justifie some sort of Shuffling and Evading, without any Offence to Honour or Good Faith; as in a Cafe 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 Asses*, and the Difficulty of Teaching the one, is next Door to the impossibility of Teaching the other. The very Proposition is a *Whimsie* pleasant enough, to 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 Cafe, 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 Terms of Raillery that may very well stand with the Rules of Honesty and Good Manners; that is to say, Where the Liberty carries neither Malice, Sauciness, nor Ill Nature along with it: And the discreet Manage of such a sort of Freedom, betwixt Jest and Earnest, Seasons the Entertainment of an Agreeable Conversation. We should say to our Selves in all our Distresses upon the Apprehension of Temporal Difficulties to come, as this *Pedant* in the Fable did to his Relations and Companions; Let it be Bondage, Loss of Friends, Beggery, Banishment, nay Death it self, [*This or that may Intervene.*] It is an Unaccountable Weakness for a Man to put himself upon the Torture at present, for fear some body else should Torment him Seven Years hence. Is it not enough for us to be Miserable when the time comes, unless we make our selves so beforehand, and by Anticipation? When we have gone as far as Conscience, Honour, Industry, and Human Prudence can carry us, toward the preventing, or the averting of the Danger that threatens us, we are to remit the rest to Providence, and wait the good Pleasure of

of Heaven with Patience, Humility and Resignation. This Man was to Die at Seven Years end, unless he could bring to pass a thing impossible. Now sooner or later, (and which of the Two is uncertain,) we are all of us to Die. Why are we not as Sollicitous now for the Certainty of the Thing, as for the Appointment of the Time, when a Thousand Accidents may interpose to divert the one, and the other is wholly inevitable?

F A B. CCCLXIV.

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 Solemnity.

The MORAL.

The Sillyness of the Person does not at all Derogate from the Dignity of his Character and Commission.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS is a Dry Fable, and there's nothing to be gotten out of it but by Squeezing. It may pass however with a little Force, for a 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 Loose Men, and of Troublesome Times; as if the Commission were to Blame for the Person's sake 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 some Clamours 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 Motion 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 it self may be Dissolved by the same Argument, if the Frailties or Corruptions of particular Men shall be Reveng'd upon the whole.

FAB. CCCLXV.

A **T**avern Reckoning paid with a **S**ong.

A Hungry Traveller stept into an Eating-House for his Dinner, and when he had filled his Belly, mine Host brought him his Reckoning. Well, says the Traveller, I must e'en Pay you with a Song now; for I have not one Penny of Money. 'Tother told him in short, that his Business was Money, not Musick. But what if I should give you a *Song* yet that shall Content you? (says the Man again,) Will you not take that for Satisfaction? Yes, says the Victualler, if I like it. So he fell to Singing I know not how many Songs, one after another; But the Master told him in one Word, that Songs would pay no Scores where he had to do. Well (says the Songster,) Let me try but once more now, and I shall go near to fit ye. So he took out his Purse as if he would open it, and at the same time Sung him a Song with this *Bob* to't, *Out with your Purse, and Pay your Host*. How d'ye like this now? (says the Traveller!) Oh very well, says mine Host. Why I thought I should fit you at last with a Song that would Please you, quoth the other, and so he went away.

The MORAL.

There are some ways of Fooling that do the Business of Skill ana Addrefs.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Conceited Sharper here in the Fable, sets forth the Humour and Character of the Spunging Buffons that a Man meets every Day in his Porridge Dish: that is to say, in Courts, and at Great Mens Tables, as well as elfewhere. These same Jack-Pudding Smell-Feasts are certainly the most Despicable Creatures under the Sun, unless perhaps their Patrons that Protect and Encourage them may be the more Contemptible Wretches of the Two. They make Fooling their Business and their Livelihood, and live like *Izeland Shocks*, by shewing Tricks for Bread. They turn Conversation into a direct Farce: Their Wit is either Scurrilous or Frothy, which they manage at such a Rate, as if Human Reason were a Faculty only to make Sport withal.

FAB.

FAB. CCCLXVI.

A Fryar, a Laique and a Wolf.

A Certain *Mendicant* (one of those that beg in the Name of St. *Anthony*;) contracted with a Country Fellow for such a quantity of Corn to Ensure his Sheep, and his Husbandry for that Year. The Man depended so absolutely upon this Security, that he e'en left his Sheep to look to themselves; and the Wolf picked up I know not how many of them. This past on, 'till the Holy Brother came for his next Years Provision. Yes, says the Clown, You're a Trusty Spark indeed, to take Charge of my Sheep, and then let the *Wolf* Eat them all; your Promises are not worth a Fart, and I'll have no more to do with you. Ah! that same Villanous *Wolf*, says the Religious! Indeed you must have a care of him, for he's e'en so wicked a Beast, that he shall not only Deceive St. *Anthony*, but St. *Anthony's* Master himself too, if he had it in his Power.

The MORAL.

All Promises are either broken or kept.

REFLEXION.

HERE'S a Reproof to all Religious Cheats and Impostors that Promise more than they are able to Perform, and Preach those Doctrines to their Disciples, which they do not Believe themselves. When Churchmen come once to be Mercenary, and to Prostitute the Truth for Mony, no wonder, after their Example, if the Laity Govern their Consciences too by the same Measure. It makes Religion look liker a Trade, or a Contrivance of State, then a Divine Inspiration: Nay, it staggers People in the very Foundations of their Faith, to see Ministers at Variance with themselves, and the Pulpits changing with the Times, and Paradoxing upon the Gospel. Holy Men Teach in their Lives as well as with their Lips, and it draws an Irreverence upon the Function, where the one bears a Contradiction to the other. There must be no Preaching of Salvation one Day, and Damnation another, upon one and the same Text. There are Quacks in Divinity, as well as in Physick, and Pretenders to the Absolving of all Sins, as well as to Remedies for all Diseases. But the Curate went beyond his Province, when he stretch'd his Patent for the Cure of Souls, to a kind of Tutelary Guardianship over Goods and Chattels. When such an Impostor has once forfeited the Credit of his Doctrin, 'tis a shrew'd Temptation to his Disciples to question the very Authority of his Commission, and to take the Stories he tells 'em of the
next

next World, to be no better then a Trick of Spiriting Men away into a Fool's Paradise: But when he comes once to be Detected, he has either the *Wolf* or the *Devil* to bring him off again.

FAB. CCCLXVII.

A Priest and a Sick Man.

A Priest that was willing to give a Sick Man a Word of Comfort in his Extreme Misery, told him, *That whom the Lord loves he Chastens.* 'Tis no wonder he has so few Faithful Servants then, says the Poor Man; and I'm afraid he'll e'en have Fewer if he goes this way to work.

The MORAL.

Ignorance is some sort of Excuse, for a Man that Speaks or does an Ill thing, with a good Intention, or without Understanding that he does or says Amis.

REFLEXION.

A Man should no more commit such a Freak as this is, to the Publick, without somewhat of a Caution or Controul upon't, then 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 is in as much danger of Mistaking Evil for Good, as the other is of taking a Dose of *Mercury*, for a Sweetmeat. As for Example, here's a Lewd, Atheistical 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 presume, that the Author never intended this Extravagant Instance for a President, and therefore the Imperfection of the Fable, must be help'd out by some Pertinent Application of it in an Instructive Moral.

The Doctrin that arises 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, False, 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, then his Jest; nay, and venture his Salvation over and above too, into the Bargain. As in the Case here before us, where we have a Libertine Fooling even in his Last Agonies, with a Witticism betwixt his Teeth, without any regard to the Circumstances of Sobriety and Conscience. But this is a Wickedness only for Profligates and Madmen, to make Sport

Sport with, and Men of better Sense to Tremble at; for there must be no Quibling and Trifling with the Majesty and Judgments of the Almighty.

FAB. CCCLXVIII.

A Physician that Cur'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 Distemper; 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 Soking, began to shew 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 *Falkner* Riding by, with his Kites and his Curs, and all his *Hawking Trade* about him. Hearn 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 t'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 that I Ride upon*, (says he) *is a Horse that I keep for my Sport; and this Bird upon my Fist 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 t'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 perchance*, says the *Falkner*. Get you out of the way then immediately (cries the Fool,) before our Doctor gets sight of you; for if he sowc'd me up to the Middle in the Pond, you'll be in as sure as a Gun up to the Ears if he can but set Eye on ye.

The MORAL.

Every Man living is Mad in some respect or other, and the Doctors themselves as Mad as the Patients.

REFLEXION.

THIS Story gives us to understand in the Application of it, that there are more Mad-men out of *Bedlam* than in't; and that according to *Horace*, We are all Mad, every Mother's Child of us, more or less; and therefore 'tis but Neighbourly Justice for One Mad-man to bear with another. 'Twas well enough said of a Fellow in a Mad-House that was ask'd in the Interval of his Distemper how he came to be there? Why, says he, *The Mad Folks abroad are too many for us, and so they have Master'd all the Sober People, and Coop'd 'em up here.* There's an Alienation of Mind in the Moral, as well as in the Physical Acceptation of the Expression: and he's as Mad a Man that abuses his Reason, as he that has lost the Exercise of it: Beside, that there's as great a Diversity of Freak and Extravagancy in the one Sense as in the other; and they have their *Paroxysms* and their Intermissions both alike. Every Man Living in fine, has his weak side, and 'tis but striking the right Vein to set the Humour a Working.

The General Doctrin of this Parable, we find summ'd 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 Estimate both of the Price and of the Purchase, is only to set the one against the other, and so to Ballance the Account. One Man's Head runs riot upon Hawks, Hounds, Dice, Drabs, Drinking, Reveling, and for Brevity sake, we may e'en take in the whole Roll of Good Natur'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-Chase has cost him, and then say to himself on the other hand, what have I gotten to answer all this Expence, but the Loose, Giddy Frolick of a few Mad Hours, attended with Claps, Gouts, Palsies, Infamy, Beggary, Nauseous Qualms, Surfeiting Satieties, Anxiety of Thought and Conscience, and all attended with the Anguish of a Late and Unprofitable Repentance in the Conclusion? And it is the same thing too with the Diabolical Transports of Ambition, Pride, Envy, Revenge, and the like; over and above the Irreparable Loss of a Thousand Blessed Opportunities, to the extreme Hazard of Eternity it self. When 'tis come to this once, there's no way but the Doctor's Discipline; that is to say, Mortification and Affliction to bring us to our selves again.

FAB. CCCLXIX.

A Country Fellow Climbing a Tree.

A Country Fellow got an Unlucky Tumble from a *Tree*: Why this 'tis, (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 t'other, the Advice comes too late for this Bout, but let's have it however; for a body may be the better for't another time. Why then (says the Traveller,) *You must take care for the future, whenever you Climb another Tree; that you come no faster down than you went up.*

THE MORAL.

Do nothing Rashly.

REFLEXION.

'TIS Good Counsel rather to take Time and Leisure in matters that will bear it, then to venture Neck and All with overmuch Hast.

All Rash and Aspiring Humours, fall under the Reproof of this Moral; for there are Climbers in State, as well as in Woods and Orchards; and Favourites run as great a Risque in Mounting to Honours, Charges and Preferments, as the Fellow did here in Climbing an *Apple-Tree*. Their Rise is commonly Gentle and Step by Step; but when they are once up, they are in danger of falling down again by their own Weight: Wherefore *Slow* and *Sure* in these Cases, is good Counsel. 'Tis a Roguy kind of a Saying, that *He that will be Rich before Night, may be Hang'd before Noon*. High Places are Slippery, and it turns the very Brain of a Man to look down from 'em. He that first call'd *Experience the Mistress of Fools*, might at the same time have told us upon the Opposition, that *Nature is the Mistress of Wise Men*: Only the one looks forward from the Causes into the Effects, and the other traces the Truth, and the Reason of Things backward, from the Effects up to their Causes. 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 stress of it rests upon the matter of Foresight, and After-Wit, and the Doctrin tells us, that he that wants the one, must make his Best of the other: This was the very Case of the Man in the Orchard here, before and after his Fall. Now Nature does nothing by *Starts* and *Leaps*, or in a *Hurry*, as we say; but all her Motions are Gradual, Regular, and without Noise, which may serve us for a Lesson, and a President, not to do any thing Rashly.

F A B.

FAB. CCCLXX.

One that had Lost his **Mony** and **Cloaths** at **Play**.

A Fellow that had lost his *Mony* and *Cloaths* at *Play*, stood sniv'ling at a Tavern Door, to think what would become of him. One of his Acquaintance came to him, and asked him what he Cry'd for? For *Nothing* says he. How come you to Cry then, says t'other, if you have nothing to Trouble you? Why for that very Reason, says he, because I have *Nothing*. Now the one took it that he had no Reason to Cry, and the other meant that he Cry'd because he had nothing left him.

The MORAL.

Cautions are as Instructive as Precepts; the one shews us what we are not to do, and the other what we are.

REFLEXION.

THIS Quirk is little better then the Childrens Play of *Riddle me, Riddle me*; though the Conceit I know is Celebrated among the *Apothegms* of the Ancients. The *Mony* and the *Cloaths* were Lost on purpose to make way for the Jest; as the Gentleman dropt his Book into the River, off of *Maudlin Bridge* in *Cambridge*: What's that, says one of his Acquaintance that was passing by? Alas, says t'other, 'tis *Just In*; now the Book was *Just in*. We may observe from hence, what Pains some Men take to make themselves Ridiculous, and that Study may Improve a Coxcomb as well as a Philosopher. We may learn further, that *Men do not know when they are well*, or 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 Unreasonableness of Jestings in Cafes of Distress: So that the Figure at last is Fool all over. Upon the whole, the Fellow Plays, and loses his very Back-side, and then Cries: And what is all this more now, then the laying of a Train for the bringing in by Head and Shoulders the miserable Conceit of *Nothing* upon *Nothing*.

FAB. CCCLXXI.

A **Blinkard** 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 Sack, to Buy such a Provision of

of Wheat: He goes to his Corn-Merchant, and asks him the Price of so many Measures. Why, says he, one of these 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 less 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 Jeering Buffon 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 Imperfections, that he cannot help; and it holds as well too in the case of our Misfortunes, if we have not brought them upon our selves by our own Fault. 'Tis enough, where anything of this falls out one way or t'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 Licentious Humour of Scoffing at Personal Blemishes and Defects, should do well methinks to look into themselves a little, and begin their Animadversions at Home; for which is the Greater Scandal, the want of Charity, Modesty, Humanity; or the want of an Eye? 'Tis the Reasonable Soul that makes the Man, not the Body; and a Deformity in the Nobler Part is Ten Thousand Times more liable to Reproche, then an Imperfection in the other. We are not answerable for our Persons, but for our Manners we are. The Scorner should do well also to consider upon the Sight of a Cripple, or a Monster, that it was only the Distinguishing Mercy of Heaven that kept him from being one too; and not render himself by his Ingratitude the more Abominable Monster of the Two. The Boy in fine, did very Ill, and if he had but been soundly Whipt for't, it would have Perfected the Morality of the Fable.

FAB. CCCLXXII.

A Country-man with his Asses.

A Country-man that had been at Market with his Corn, and was Driving his Asses Home again, Mounted one of the Best of them to Ease himself: When he was up, he fell to Counting, and so kept 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

(a matter of Seven Miles off, back again,) Enquiring of all he met, if any Body had seen his *Afs*. He could learn no Tydings of him, and so Home he went, Late at Night, as arrant a Fool, as he set out. The Lofs went to the Heart of him, but upon Alighting, and his Wives giving him the Hint, he found his Beast again, and that the *Afs* 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 Case, 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 Lofs, 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 *Afs* we fought for, and the Cure of all our Misfortunes 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 Ease his Oxen.

A Peasant that had Plow'd himself and his Oxen quite a Weary, Mounted an *Afs*, with the *Plough* before him, and sent the *Oxen* to *Dinner*: The Poor *Afs*, he found was ready to Sink under the Load, and so he took up the *Plough* and laid it upon his own Shoulders. Now, says he to the *Afs*, Thou mayst carry *Me* well enough, when I carry the *Plough*.

The MORAL.

Some Brute Animals, have more understanding then some Men.

REFLEXION.

MAN and Wife are in many Cafes the *Ploughman* here, and his *Ass*; they think to Eafe one another, not confidering that what either of them bears, is a common Burden to both. There was a Fudling Couple that fold Ale, and their Humour was to Drink Drunk *Hand to Fist*, upon their own Liquor: They laid down their Club ftill for what they had, and this they called *Forcing a Trade*. Now fo long as the Tipple was paid for, all went merrily on they thought, without ever fo much as Dreaming that 'twas at their own Coft. 'Tis much thereabouts betwixt Rulers and Subjects: The *Prince* may carry the *Plough* perhaps, but the weight of both Plough and Prince lies upon the Peoples Shoulders.

Miscellany

Miscellany Fables.

FAB. 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-Cry toward them. The *Cat* presently takes a Tree, and sees the Poor Fox torn to Pieces upon the very Spot. Well (says *Puss* to her self,) One Sure Trick I find is better than a Hundred Slippery ones.

The MORAL.

Nature has provided better for us, then we could have done for our selves.

REFLEXION.

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 betwixt 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 Countermin'd with another. But this is to be said upon the whole Matter, That Nature provides better for us, then we can do for our selves; and instructs every Creature more or less, how to shift for it self 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 Uphot, they do more by Virtue of a Common Instinct toward their own Preservation, then if they had the whole Colledge of the *Virtuosi* for their Advisers. It was *Nature* in fine, that brought off the *Cat*, when the *Foxes* whole Budget of *Inventions* fail'd him.

FAB. CCCLXXV.

The Dancing Apes.

A Certain *Ægyptian King* Endow'd a *Dancing-School* for the Institution of *Apes of Quality*; and when they came to be Perfect in their Lessons, they were Dress'd up after the best manner, and so brought forth for a Spectacle upon the Stage. As they were in the Middle of their Gamboles, some body threw a Handful of Apples among them, that set them presently together by the Ears upon the Scramble, without any regard in the World to the Business in Hand, or to the Dignity of their Education.

The MORAL.

The Force of Nature is infinitely beyond that of Discipline and Imitation.

REFLEXION.

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'l be breaking out now and then by Starts and Surprizes, and discover themselves. The *Apes* were Taught their *Apes Tricks* by a *Dancing-Master*; but it was *Nature* that Taught them to Eat Apples, and the Natural Institution was much the stronger of the Two.

FAB. CCCLXXVI.

An Ass and Two Travellers.

A Couple of *Travellers* that took up an *Ass* in a Forrest, fell downright to Loggerheads, which of the Two should be his Master: So the *Ass* was to stand by, to see those Two Boobies try their Title to him by a Rubber at Cuffs. The *Ass* very fairly look'd 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 lye Battering one another for a Prize that gives them both the slip.

R E-

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 Manag'd, and Two Quarrellom Fools out-witted by an *Aſs*. 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 *Aſs* 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 Eſtate. So the *Travellers* fought here for an *Aſs*, and the *Aſs* ran away with the *Stakes*.

FAB. CCCLXXVII.

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 ſakes; or at leaſt to be frank of Civilities that coſt them nothing: Wherefore we are to Diſtinguiſh betwixt Kindneſſes that are only matter of Courſe, 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 Preſent of what he neither cares for himſelf, nor knows what to do withal? And of that which I am to be never the better for 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 ſtink him out of the Houſe, he invited *Mercury* to the Eating of them; that is to ſay, to the Helping him off with them.

FAB. CCCLXXVIII.

An Eagle and a Beetle.

A *Hare* that was hard put to't by an *Eagle*, took Sanctuary in a Ditch with a *Beetle*. The *Beetle* Interceded for the *Hare*: The *Eagle* Flapt off the former, and Devoured the other. The *Beetle* took this for an Affront to Hospitality, as well as to her Self, and so Meditated a Revenge, watch'd the *Eagle* up to her Nest, follow'd her, and took her Time when the *Eagle* was Abroad, and so made a shift to Roll out the Eggs, and Destroy the Brood. The *Eagle* upon this Disappointment, Timber'd a great deal higher next Bout; The *Beetle* watch'd her still, and shew'd her the same Trick once again. Whereupon the *Eagle* made her Appeal to *Jupiter*, who gave her leave to lay her next Course of Eggs in his own Lap. But the *Beetle* found out a way to make *Jupiter* rise from his Throne; so that upon the Loofning of his Mantle, the Eggs fell from him at unwares, and the *Eagle* was a Third time Defeated. *Jupiter* stomach'd the Indignity, but upon Hearing the Cause, he found the *Eagle* to be the Aggressor, and so Acquitted the *Beetle*.

The MORAL.

'Tis not for a Generous Prince to Countenance Oppression and Injustice, even in his most Darling Favourites.

REFLEXION.

THE Rights and Privileges of Hospitality are so Sacred, that *Jupiter* himself would not Countenance the Violation of them, even in his own Minion, the *Eagle*. Nor is there any thing so despicable, (as we see in the Case of the *Beetle*;) but Access is open for the Cries of Distressed Innocence, to Divine Justice. Let no Man presume because he is Great and Powerful, nor Despair because he is Low and Poor; for the one may Rise and the other may Fall, and the meanest Enemy may find a way to a Revenge. Tyranny may prosper for a while, 'tis true, and under the Countenance of a Divine Permission too, as the *Eagle* got leave here to Deposite her Eggs (or her Cause) in Heaven: But *Jupiter's* Lap it self, we see, is no Final Sanctuary for an Oppressor. Though nothing is more common in the World then to mistake Providences and Judgments, and to call the Wickedest and the worst of Men and of Things by Good Names.

FAB.

FAB. CCCLXXIX.

AN OWL and Little Birds.

HERE goes a Story of an *Owl* that was advised by the *Little Birds* to Build rather among the Boughs and Leaves, as They did, then in Walls and Hollow Trees; and so they shew'd her a young Tender Plant for her Purpose. No No, says the *Owl*, those Twigs in time will come to be Lim'd, and then you're all Lost if you do but touch 'em. The *Birds* gave little Heed to't, and so went on Playing and Chirping among the Leaves still, and passing their Time there in Flocks as formerly; till in the conclusion the Sprigs were all daub'd with Lime, and the poor Wretches clamm'd and taken. Their Repentance came now too late; but in Memory of this Notable Instance of the *Owl's* Foresight, 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 Lesson. But our *Modern Owls* have only the *Eyes*, the *Beak*, and the *Plume* of the *Owls* of *Athens*, without the Wisdom.

The MORAL.

Good Counsel is lost upon those that have not the Grace to Harken to't; or do not Understand it, or will not Embrace and Follow it in the Proper Season.

REFLEXION.

WHOLESOME Advice is worth nothing, unless it be (in Truth,) Given as well as taken in Season. This Fable shews the Danger and the Mischief of either Rejecting, not Heeding, or not Entertaining it; and likewise at the same time, sets forth how hard a thing it is to fasten Profitable Advice upon Men that Indulge themselves in Ease and Pleasure. They look upon it as so much time lost to employ the Present 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 Temper; as I knew a Man that would not be got out of his Bed when the House was a-Fire over his Head. Action is Death to some sort of People, and they'd as live Hang as Work. It arises in a great measure too from an Habitual Heedless Inadvertency, when Men are so Intent upon the Present, that they mind nothing else; and Council 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
t'other.

t'other. Men, in short, of *Blood* and Appetite, have no Foresight; and of *Postpone* Prudence as a Virtue of another Season.

F A B. CCCLXXX.

A Gourd and a Pine.

THERE was a *Gourd* Planted close by a Large Well-spread *Pine*: The Season was Kindly, and the *Gourd* shot it self up in a short time, climbing by the Boughs, 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; inso-much that the *Gourd* had the confidence to value it self above the *Pine*, upon the comparison. Why, says the *Gourd*, you have been more Years a growing to this Statue, then 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 very same thing still that I was so long ago. But when you come to the Proof once, the First Blight or Frost shall most infallibly bring down that Stomach of yours, and strip ye of all your Glory.

The MORAL.

Nothing so Insolent and Intolerable as a Proud Upstart that's rais'd from a Dunghil; he forgets both his Master and his Maker.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE *Gourd* 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 sakes, as well as for the sake of the Publick. He's a Fool that takes himself to be Greater, Richer, Fairer or Better then he is; or that reckons any thing his own, which is either but borrow'd, or may be taken away next Moment. He that lives barely upon Borrowing, is effectually but a Beggar when his Debts are paid. This *Gourd* in 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 Fooleries that a Man of Honour and Substance would blush at. And nothing else will serve him neither, but to vye Excellencies with those that took him out of the Dirt; nay, and to elevate himself (when all's done) to the Dishonour of the Supporters. And what's the Issue at last of encouraging these Minions, but his bringing of a Scandal upon Common Justice, by a most pernicious Example, that ends in the very Starving, as well as the Defaming

Defaming of their Benefactors; for 'tis impossible but they must Pine and Wither, that entertain such Hangers-on. This *Gourd* in fine is the true Emblem of a *Court-Leech*; he Fastens and Sucks, without 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. CCCLXXXI.

A Raven and Wolves.

A *Raven* that had waited upon a Herd of *Wolves* a whole Days Ramble, came to 'em at Night for a share of the Prey they had got. The *Wolves* 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 so fall'n out, would have serv'd a *Raven's* turn as well as a *Dead Sheep*.

The MORAL.

Most People Worship for the Loaves, from the very Plough-Tail to the Crozier and Scepter; and the World bows 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 Business. The *Raven* Dogg'd the *Wolves* for his Supper: Now if these *Wolves* themselves had been Hounded by a Herd of *Tygers*, that should have Worried *Them*, one sort of Carrion would have been as good to the *Raven*, as another. This is the Case, as well betwixt Man and Man, as of *Wolves* and *Ravens*, that suck the Blood of those they Follow and Depend upon, under a Pretext of Service and Kindness. How many Examples have we seen of this, among those that follow Courts, and the Leaders of those Followers? If the Master gets the better on't, they come in for their Snack; and if he happens to fall in the Chace, his Temporising Friends are the Foremost to break in upon the Quarry. Whether the *Wolves* Took or were Taken, was all a Case to the *Raven*.

FAB. CCCLXXXII.

Arion and a Dolphin.

THIS Famous *Arion* was a Great Favourite of *Periander* the King of *Corinth*; he Travelled from thence into *Sicily* and *Italy*, where he gathered a great Mass of Treasure, and gain'd

gain'd over and above, the Good-Will and Esteem of all People wherever he came. From thence he put himself A-board a *Corinthian* Vessel, to go back again, where he got an inkling among the Ships Crew of a Conspiracy to take away his Life. He Discours'd the Mariners about it, and came in the end to this Composition; that if he would cast 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 Agreement he obtain'd Liberty to give them only one Song before he Leap'd Overboard; which he did, and then Plung'd into the Sea. The Seamen had no thought of his ever coming up again; but by a wonderful Providence, a *Dolphin* took him upon his Back, and carried him off safe to an Island, from whence he went immediately to *Corinth*, and presented himself before *Periander*, just in the condition the *Dolphin* left him, and so told the Story. The King ordered him to be taken into Custody as an *Impostor*; but at the same time caus'd Enquiry 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 Vast Estate. Upon these Words, *Arion* was Produced before them, with the very Harp and Cloaths he had when he Leapt into the Sea. The Men were so confounded at the Spectacle, that they had not the Face to deny the Truth of the Story.

THE MORAL.

Money is the Universal Idol. Profit Governs the World, and Quid Dabitur & Tradam may be the Motto: But Providence yet in the Conclusion makes all things work for the Best.

REFLEXION.

SOME Men are Worse than some Brutes, and little less than Beasts in the shape of Reasonable Creatures. This Fable shews us, that Men of Bloud will stick at no Profitable Villany, but they are Blind, Deaf, and Inexorable where Money's in the case. The Charms of Reason, Art, and Innocence, are Lost upon 'em, and the Sea it self we see, had more Pity for *Arion* than the Men. The *Dolphin* represents the Instrument of an Overruling Providence that interposes Miraculously to our Deliverance, when ordinary Means fail us. The Wonderful Discovery in the Conclusion, serves to shew us that *Murder will out*.

FAB. CCCLXXXIII.

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 Ceremony, went into the House of a Rich Burgher, 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 Devillish Housewrenches still at hand, that whatever she set up this Moment, was swept away the next: So that this miserable *Insect* was the only Creature within those Walls that felt either Want or Trouble. But the Gout all this while, was fain 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 on't, 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 us'd; how cursedly Nice and Cleanly the Master of the House was; how impertinently Diligent his Servants were, &c. And then the Gout Requited the Spider with the Story of her Mortifications too. They were in short so unsatisfied with their Treatment, that they resolv'd 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-Beds, *Beccasica's*, Pheafants, Partridges, Generous Wines; the best in fine, of every thing that was to be had for Mony, and all with *Pure Heart and Good will* as we say. The Spider was as much at Ease on the other hand; for she was got into a House where she might draw her Lines, Work, Spin, Mend what was Amifs, Perfect what she had Begun, and no Brooms, Snares or Plots to Interrupt or disturb her. The Two Travellers after this met once again, and upon conferring Notes, they were both so well satisfied, that the

the *Gout* took up a Resolution for ever after to keep Company with the Rich, the Noble, and the Voluptuous; and the *Spider* with the Poor and Needy. What Wise 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 Lazy Life of Pomp and Pleasure: For Courts are but Nurseries of Diseases and Cares.

REFLEXION.

ONE may be very Uneasie 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 Nursery of Diseases; it Breeds '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, then lye Carking upon a Bed of State, with the Qualms and Twinges that accompany Surfeits and Excess?

A
 SUPPLEMENT
 OF
 FABLES,
 OUT OF

*Phædrus, Avienus, Camerarius, Neveletus, Apththonius,
 Gabrias, Babrias, Abstemijs, Alciatus, Boccalini, Bau-
 doin, De la Fontaine, Æsopæ en Belle Humeur, Meslier, &c.*

FAB. CCCLXXXIV.

A Lamb, a Wolf and a Goat.

A *Wolf* overheard a *Lamb* Bleating among the *Goats*.
 D'ye hear Little One, (says the *Wolf*,) if it be your
 Dam you want, she's yonder in the Field. Ay (says the *Lamb*,)
 but I am not looking for her that was my Mother for her
Own sake, but for her that Nurfs me up, and Suckles me out
 of *Pure Charity*, and *Good Nature*. Can any thing be Dearer
 to you, says the *Wolf*, then she that brought you forth?
 Very Right, says the *Lamb*; and without knowing or caring
 what she 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't, I know
 not how. 'Tis *Charity*, not *Nature*, or *Necessity* that does
 the Office of a *Tender Mother*.

The

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. Our Mothers brought us into the World; a Stranger takes us up, and Preserves us in't. So that here's both a Friend and a Parent in the case, 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; beside, 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 *Filial Duty*; and there is an *Affection* that is grounded upon the Moral Considerations of *Benevolence* and *Friendship*. In the one, we lye under an Obligation of Reverence and Respect to a Parent, be the Father or Mother what they will; in the other, we pay a Regard to *Civil Acknowledgements* and *Virtue*. Nature, and the Principles of Nature must be kept Sacred; but Men cannot Love to what degree, or whom, or what they please: So that in many Cases, we pay a *Veneration* upon *One Score*, and an *Affection* upon *Another*; and this Fable does very well distinguish the *Gratitude* from the *Respect*. The *Wolf's* Preaching to the *Lamb*, is no Ill Emblem of a *Scandalous Minister*, that *Discredits* a very *Good Sermon* with an *Ill Life*, and gives the Lie to his *Doctrin*, in his *Practice*. The *Wolf* took the same Care of the *Lamb*, that the *Keepers of our Liberties* in former days did of the Innocent People of *England*. They pretended to put us out of Harms way from others, that they might Devour us themselves.

FAB. CCCLXXXV.

Jupiter's Altar Robb'd.

A Thief Kindled his Torch at *Jupiter's* Altar, and then Robb'd the Temple by the Light on't. As he was Packing away with his Sacrilegious Burden, a Voice, either of Heaven, or of Conscience, Pursu'd him. The Time will come (says that Voice) when this Impious Villany of Yours shall cost ye Dear; not for the Value of what you have Stoll'n, but for the Contempt of Heaven and Religion, that you ought to have a Veneration for. *Jupiter* has taken care however to prevent these Insolent Affronts for the Time to come, by an Express Prohibition of any Communication for the future, betwixt the Fire upon *his Altars*, and that of *Common Use*.

The

The MORAL.

Nothing more Familiar then 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, then those we have Nurs'd and Bred up; and that Divine Vengeance comes sure at Last, though it may be long first.

REFLEXION.

THE Kindling of a Torch at the Altar, and then Robbing the Church by the Light on't, is an Old Invention contriv'd betwixt 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; insomuch, that the Rule of Faith is Perverted into a Doctrin of Heresie and Schism; and the Gospel of Peace is made a Voucher for Sedition and Rebellion. There's nothing commoner then to cite Holy Writ for the Overturning of Religion, and to Over-rule one Divine Authority with another; nay, and when all is done, to Justifie the Sacrilege of Seizing and Employing the Revenues of the Church to Prophane Ufes. 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 Polite Curiosity and Skill, then Evangelical Zeal and Affection. The School-men have spun the Thread too fine, and made *Christianity* look liker a Course of *Philosophy*, then a *System of Faith and Supernatural Revelation*: So that the Spirit of it evaporates into Niceties and Exercises of the Brain; and the Contention is not for Truth, but Victory. The whole Business in fine, is four'd 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 then to the *Church Robbers* that shall be found among them that serve at the *Altar*. But 'tis no New Thing for Men that call themselves *Professors* and *Disciples*, to *Sell* 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 Dishonour'd by his own Domesticks; that is to say, when the Sacrilege is Countenanc'd by the Authority of a Holy Character, and the Violence supported by a Text.

FAB. CCCLXXXVI.

The Crows and the Pigeons.

THEre happen'd a Suit in Law betwixt the Two Families of the *Crows* and the *Pigeons*; but for Quietness sake, they agreed upon an Order of Reference, and the *Kite* was

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 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 *Person* 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 *Cabals*, *Ignoramus'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 *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 Fiction, than what we see every day made good in common Business and Practice. 'Tis but dressing up a *Bird of Prey* in his *Cap and Furs*, to make a Judge of him; and so for a *Knight of the Post*, 'tis but dubbing him with the Title of a *King's Evidence*, and the Work is done: For in these Cases, *Judge*, *Jury*, and *Witneſſes* are all of a Piece.

FAB. CCCLXXXVII.

A Gard'ner and his Landlord.

A Man that had made himself a very Fine Garden, was so Pester'd with a *Hare* among his Roots, his Plants, and his Flowers, that away goes he immediately to his Landlord, (a great Huntsman it seems,) and tells him a Lamentable Story of the 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 Breakfast, Eat up his Victuals, Drink him Dry, and Kiss his Pretty Daughter into the Bargain. So soon as they have done all the Mischiefs they can within Doors, out they march into the Gardens 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 'em toward the Picking of a Sallad. Well, (says the Gard'ner)

Gard'ner) this is the way of the World, when the Poor sue for Relief to the Great. My Noble Friend here has done me more Damage in the Civility and Respect of these Two Hours, then the uttermost Spite of the *Hare* could have done me in twice as many Ages.

THE MORAL.

Appeals are Dangerous from the Weaker to the Stronger, where the Remedy proves many times worse then the Disease.

REFLEXION.

HE that finds himself Uneasie, and proposes to mend his Condition in what case or in what manner soever, should do well to sit 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 Lose 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 lyes at Stake, we take up Resolutions Hand over Head, without Calculating upon the Profit or Loss of the Thing in Question; as in the Instance of the Poor *Gard'ner* here. He might have Treated a Brace of *Hares* sure, much Cheaper than a *Troup of Horsemen*, with so many Packs of *Dogs*, and such a Gang of *Ruffians* at the Heels of 'em. Had not he better have born *Wat's* Nibbling of his Plants and Roots 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 Childrens Meat out of their Mouths, 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 apply'd, 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 Imprudence over and over, in the case of *Temporal* and *Eternal*! Is it that we do not Believe the Doctrin of a Future State, or that we do not think on't; or (which is worst of all,) that we do not Mind it? For we Live as if we were more sensible of the *Hares*, than of the *Devils*.

FAB. CCCLXXXVIII.

Jupiter's Two Wallets.

WHEN *Jupiter* made Man, he gave him *Two Satchels*; one for his *Neighbours Faults*, t'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

came up a great while ago it seems, and it has continu'd in the World ever since.

The MORAL.

Every Man living is partial in his own Case; but it is the Humour of Mankind 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 admonish'd of a Double Fault; want of Charity and Justice toward others, and want of a Christian Scrutiny and Examination into our Selves: So that here's the Sin of Detraction in making other People worse than they are, and the Sin of Pride and Hypocrisie, in Boasting our Selves to be better. It were well if we could Place our *Transgressions* out of the Ken, as well of our *Consciences* as of our *Eyes*: But these are only Amusements to put off the Evil Day a little longer, that will certainly overtake us at last. The *Mythologist* does well enough however; in Assigning that to *Jupiter*, which we our selves are but too prone to do, upon a Propension of *Nature*; that is to say, of *Nature* corrupted; for there is both a Sin and a Frailty in't, to be over Censorious 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 *Repent*, 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 'tis the Case 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 Registers of our Neighbours Faults, and none of their Good Deeds; and no Memorials all this while, of what we do amiss our Selves. But [*I am not as this Publican*] is the very Top of our Righteousness.

Thus goes the World, and a lewd Practice it is, for one Man to value himself upon the Wickedness of another: But the Worst of all is yet behind; that is to say, to think our selves safe, so long as we keep our Iniquities 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 Wisdom that Observes all our Mis-doings, and has them perpetually in his Sight.

FAB. CCCLXXXIX.

A King and a Rich Subject.

A Certain Prince that had a very wealthy overgrown Subject, found it convenient to make a Traitor of him, provided it could but handsomly be brought about: So the Man was taken into Custody, and the King's Evidence produced against him for *Consults* at this Place, and at that, against the Life of the King, and the Peace of the Government; and for Receiving, Comforting, and Abetting the Enemies of the Crown. The Man had the Character of a very Loyal Person, and People were almost at their Wits end, to hear of so horrid an Accusation against him. But the Witnesses Swore Home, and one of them Extremely Positive, 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 *Tichbourn* and *Flixham*, were Nothing to't. The pretended Criminal began now to Moralize upon the Story, and so away goes he to His Majesty; casts himself at his Feet, and promises that if he might but have as Ample a Pardon as other Witnesses to *Consults* have had before him, he would shew him the very Bottom of the Plot. I cannot deny, says he, but I have a great many of the Enemies of your Royal Crown and Dignity at this time Conceal'd in my House; and if your Majesty shall be pleased to appoint any Person to make Seizure of them, they shall be immediately Delivered up. So the Prince Order'd a Squadron of his Guards, and a Trusty Officer in the Head of 'em, to go along with him. The Gentleman led them very Frankly to his Coffers, and shew'd them his Treasure.. These are the Traytors, says he, that you are to take care of, and pray be pleas'd to see that they may be kept in safe Custody till they shall be Deliver'd by Due Course of Law.

The MORAL.

We may gather from hence, that Riches are many times but a Snare to us; and that Money makes many a Man a Traitor: But if a Body will Compound at last 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 *Abab* 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 Practice: 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 so forward *Mutatis Mutandis*, to the End of the Chapter. There's not any Corruption in Nature, but Money is at one end on't; 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 Factions, Robbers, Cheats, Knights of the Post, and the like: It fills their Heads and their Hearts with Cares and Disquiets. And what at last are all the Baggs and Possessions that Rich Men take so much Pride and Pleasure in, but Spunges Deposited in their own Hands, till there shall be occasion to squeeze them for the Publick Use!

FAB. CCCXC.

A Merchant and a Seaman.

A Merchant at Sea was asking the *Ships-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 t'other again, What Death did *Your* Father, Grandfather, and Great Grandfather Dye? Why they Dy'd all in their Beds, says the *Merchant*. Very good, says the *Skipper*, and why should I be any more afraid of going to *Sea*, then you are of going to *Bed*?

The MORAL.

He that troubles his Head with drawing Consequences from meer 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 soever it shall please God to send it. The Reason and the Doctrine of this Fable

is Clear, Strong and Edifying : We are either not to Fear Death at all, or to Fear it every moment of our Lives ; nay, and in all the Forms that ever it appear'd in, which will put us to such a stand, 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 Presidents, and at the doing of those things over again, that ever any Man dy'd of before. There is not one instant of Life in fine, but may be our Last. Beside, that we Live, not only in the daily Danger of Death, but in a continual Certainty of it : So that the Question is not how, or of what this or that Man Dy'd, but the inevitable Fate and Mortality of Mankind. One Man Dies in his Bed, another at Sea, a Third in the Field ; this Man of one Accident or Distemper, that of another : And what is there more in all this now, then so many several ways to the same Journey's End ? There is no such Preservative against the Fear of Death, as the Conscience of a Good Life ; and if we would have it Easie, we must make the Thought of it Familiar to us.

FAB. CCCXCI.

Mice, Cat and a Bell.

There was a Devilish Sly *Cat* it seems, in a certain House, and the *Mice* were so Plagu'd with her at every turn, that they call'd a Court to advise upon some way to prevent 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 *Puffs* is a coming. They all look'd upon't as the best Contrivance that the Case 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 Doers.

REFLEXION.

THIS is the course of the World, to the very Life, we can never want Advisers and Councillors in Matters of the Greatest Hazzard : But let the Reason be never so clear, we are still at a Loss for an Instrument to put Dangerous Projects in Execution.

Desperate Cases require Desperate 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 consult the Good of the whole. It was the Interest of the

the *Mice* to have a *Bell* put about the *Cats Neck*, and they all agreed upon't to be a very good Expedient: But when it came to the Issue, the Counsel fell to the Ground for want of one to put it in execution. This is no more than what we see frequently in difficulties of State; but the true Reason of failing in that Case, proceeds rather from some Failings in the Administration, than 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 Common-wealth are only made Sacrifices to the Passions and Interests 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 Consent with the whole: and such a Government in the uttermost of Extremities, shall never fail of *Devotes*.

FAB. CCCXCII.

Usurers and Curriers.

A Parcel of *Curriers* fell into Company with a Gang of *Usurers*, and past this Complement upon 'em; What a Blessing they accounted it to meet with so many worthy Men of their own Trade. One of the *Usurers* was a Head Man of the City, it seems, and took it a little in Dudgeon to be Rank'd Cheek by Jowl with a Scab of a *Currier*; and so ask'd one of 'em what he meant, by saying they were all of a Trade? Nay, I must confess, says the *Fell-monger*, there is some difference yet betwixt your Trade and ours; for we deal but in Flaying of *Dead Horses*, and *Asses*, and the People of your Trade Flay *Living Men*.

The MORAL.

A Reproof has more Effect when it comes by a Side Wind, than if it were Level'd directly at the very Vice or Person.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a very great Mistake in the World, to give Reputation to many Unconscionable and notorious Practices, that ought rather to be Punished. One would try all ways of setting People Right in their Wits and Manners: Authority and Friendship works upon some; Dry and Sober Reason works upon others: but these Means are only effectual, where there's Place for Modesty and Conscience. Some are reclaim'd by Punishment; some

some by Example, and some again are set Right by good Nature, or upon Second Thoughts: But there are a sort of Men that will not be *Reason'd* into their Senses, and may yet be *Laugh'd* or *Droll'd* into them. A *Jest* works more many times then a *Text*. Every Man, in fine, has a weak Side, if a body could but hit upon't: The Figure of a *Currier* applied to an *Usurer*, sinks deeper with him, then all the *Woes* in Holy Scripture, upon the Topick of *Grinding the Faces of the Poor*. Men must Angle for *Converts* as they do for *Fishes*. There's no good to be done, without fitting the Bait to the liking of the Fish, and to the Course of the Season: As the *Currier* here struck the *Usurer* upon the Right Vein.

FAB. CCCXCIII.

Two Travellers of differing Humours.

There were Two Men together upon a Journey, of very differing Humours; one of them went Slugging on, with a Thousand Cares and Troubles in his Head, exclaiming over and over, *Lord, What shall I do to Live!* T'other Jogg'd Merrily away, and left his Matters to Providence and Good Fortune. Well Brother (says the Sorrowful Wight,) *How can you be so Frolick now? As I am a Sinner, my Heart's e'en ready to break for fear I should want Bread.* Come, come says t'other, *Fall Back, Fall Edge,* the Resolution's taken, and my Mind's at Rest. What Resolution says his Companion? Why, a Resolution, says he, to make the best Shift I can, and commit my self to Heaven for the Rest. Ay, but for all that, says t'other, again, I have known as Resolute People as your self, that their Confidence has Deceiv'd them in the Conclusion; and so the Poor man fell into another Fit of Doubting and Musing, till he started 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 befall him. In this *Interim* his Fellow-Traveller that follow'd him, found a Purse of Money upon the way, which made good his Doctrine of leaving things to Providence; whereas the other mis'd that Encounter, as a punishment of his Distrust; for the *Purse* had been *His*, if he had not put himself out of condition of *Seeing* it.

The MORAL.

He that commits himself to Providence, is sure of a Friend in time of need; While an Anxious Distrust of the Divine Goodness, makes a Man more and more unworthy of it; and miserable before-hand, for fear of being so afterward.

REFLEXION.

THE Two opposite Humours of a Cheerful 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 *Foreboders*, *Supposers*, and *Putters of Cases*: They are still Calculating within themselves, What if this, or that Calamity, Judgment or Disaster 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*; beside that, Fancy breeds Misery as Naturally as it does the Small Pox. Set a Whimsical Head agog once upon Sprights and Goblins, and he'll be ready to Squirt his Wits at his own Shadow. I'll suppose my self *Blind*, (says one of the Travellers,) and try what will come on't: And what is this more then the Experiment many and many a Man makes in the World? Well, I shut my Eyes, I Stumble, I Lose my Way, Break a Leg or an Arm perhaps; step over a Bag of Money, for him to find that comes after me with his Eyes open: In one Word, I slip my Fortune in a Fantastical Freak, to no manner of Purpose but for my own Ruin. There is no surer Remedy for this Superstitious and Desponding Weakness, then first to 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.

FAB. CCCXCIV.

An Agreement between the **Wolves** and the **Dogs**.

THE *Wolves* found themselves in a great Streight once how to deal with the *Dogs*; they could do well enough with 'em one by one they saw, but were still worsted and over-born by Numbers. They took the Matter into Debate, and came at last to this conclusion, That unless they could make a Party among them, and by a parcel of Fair Words and Pretences, engage them into a Confederacy against their Masters and Themselves, there was no good to be done in the Matter. Upon this, they sent out their Spies among the *Dogs*, with Instructions to go to those among them that were nearest their own Make, Size and Colour, and to reason

son

son the matter with them, after this or the like manner. [*Why should not we that are all of a Colour, and in a manner all of a Kind, be all of a Party too, and all of an Interest? You'll say perhaps, that your Masters, and your Fellows may take it Ill, and pick a Quarrel with ye. Well, and what will they be able to make on't then, against You and us together? If it comes to that once, 'twill be but one Push for all, and the Work is done.*] This Discourse wrought as well as Heart could wish; for a great many of the *Wolfe-Colour Dogs* cry'd out *Well mov'd* upon't, and so went over to the other side? And what came on't at last, but that after the *Dogs* had Deserted, the *Wolves* Worry'd one Part of their Enemies by the help of the *Currs* that went over to them; and they were 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 Cafes, where Parties are divided with Factions from abroad, into Feuds and Animosities among themselves. 'Tis an easie 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 Master of Art, and Address, and in any sort of Credit with the *Mobile*; for 'tis not the Reason of the thing in Question, but Passion and Prejudice that Governs in the Cafe. 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 Complexion of the Ministers, to the Reason of the Government; as the *Wolfe-Colour* of the *Dog* is made an Argument for a Resemblance 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 *Last Eaten*. The *Wolves* Proposal was Practicable and Natural enough, and a perfect Emblem of the Confusions and Politicks abroad in the World. The *Wolves* sit in Council, and so does the *Cabal*; and the Subject Matter of Both their Debates is *Division*. The one sends out their Spies and their Agents, to Tamper and Seduce the *Dogs* from their Faith and Duty: The other have *their Instruments* at work too, in their Clubs and Pulpits, and to stagger the People in their Allegiance. The *Dogs* are to be *Debauch'd*; that is to say, the *Guards* are to be *corrupted*: The *Wolfe Colour'd Currs* to be dealt with in the First Place; that is to say, those Courtiers, Officers, Soldiers, and others

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 these Liberties are taken, that attend-ed the Dogs and the Sheep here in the Fable?

FAB. CCCXCV.

A **Wolf** turn'd **Shepherd**.

THere was a Crafty *Wolf* that Dress'd himself up like a *Shepherd*, with his Crook, and all his Trade about him, to the very Pipe and Posture. 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 somewhat of a *Howle* 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 Hamper'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 Seduc'd by those that should Protect and Instruct them. No Impostor is so Exquisite, as not to lye open some way or other to a Discovery.

REFLEXION.

THIS is in some sort the Reverse of *Boccalini's* Advice from the *West-Indies*; that the *Spaniards Dogs* there, that were sent to preserve their Flocks from *Wolves*, were grown *Wolves* themselves. Now here's a *Wolf* turn'd *Shepherd*, with the same Design, only better Dress'd up: For there is no Treachery so plausible, as that which is cover'd with the Robe of a Guide or Governor. Nothing like a Mercenary *Bar-Gown* to make a Sedition War-rantable; nothing like an *Assembly* of *Pye-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 Instruments of Mis-chief, then Corrupt Officers and Ministers, that Abuse their Authority, com-mit Publick Violence in their Masters Name, and do Wrong under a Colour of Right and Justice. But this does not come up yet to the Force and Point of the Fiction; for 'tis one thing to abuse a 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 *Usurper* in the Shape of a *Protector*; a *Persecutor* under the Cloak of a *Governor*; a Creature that's Cruel and False by Nature, in Op-position to all the Methods of Piety and good Manners: So that here's all
summ'd

summ'd up in a few words, to make the Case Miserable and Shameful. The Morality in fine, of this Fable, may be fairly enough apply'd to the Errors on Both Hands: That is to say, of those that put a *Lawful Authority* upon the Stretch, to the Abuse of that Power, under the Colour of *Prerogative*; and of those that take upon them to Exercise the Offices of Power, without any Right to't at all. But the Sheep however are well Guarded in the mean time, that have a Wolf for their Keeper.

FAB. CCCXCVI.

An *Ass* and a *Lion*.

IN Old Time when a Generous Beast made more Conscience of his Word, then many a Modern Christian has done of an Oath; a *Lion* shook hands with an *Ass*, and so they agreed upon't to Jog on up and down in the Woods, Lovingly and Peaceably together. As they were upon this Adventure, they discover'd a Herd of *Wolves*; the *Ass* immediately sets up a Hideous Bray, and fetches a Run at them Open Mouth, as if he would have Eaten 'em. The *Wolves* only Snear'd at him for his Pains, but Scamper'd away however as hard as they could drive. By and by comes the *Ass* back again, Puffing and Blowing from the Chase. Well, says the *Lion*, and what was that Horrid Scream for, I Prithee? Why, (says t'other,) I frighten'd 'em all away, you see. And did they run away from you, says the *Lion*, or from me, d'ye think?

The MORAL.

Noise and Bluster is so far from doing Business, that instead of Awing and Frighting People, it serves only to make them Sport, when the Vanity of it comes to be Discover'd.

REFLEXION.

THERE are *Braving Men* in the World, as well as *Braying Asses*; for, what's Loud and Senseless Talking, Huffing, Damming and Blasphe- ming, any other then a more fashionable way of *Braying*? Only the one is that to the Ear, which the other is to the Mind; and a Man may better endure the Shocking of his Sense, then 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 allow'd to make themselves Merry with *Buffons*. The *Wolves* running away from the *Ass*, while the *Lion* was looking on, tells us in the Allegory, That *Favourite Asses* have the Privilege of *Favourite Dogs*; they may Snap and Snarl where they please *Gratis*: But 'tis for their Master's
fake

fake at last, that they come off with a whole Skin. And what's the Issue now of all this Noise in the Conclusion, but the making of the Noise-Makers still the more Ridiculous?

FAB. CCCXCVII.

An Ape and a Mountebank.

There was a *Mountebank* Tric'd up as Fine as a Lord; a certain *Ape*, that had a Mind to set up for a *Beau*, spies him out, and nothing would serve him, but he must have a Suit and Dress after the same Pattern; he press'd the Quack so hard for't, that at last he told him plainly, Upon condition, says he, that you shall wear a Silver Chain about your Neck, I'll give ye the very Fellow on't; for you'll be running away with your Livery else. *Jack* agrees to't, and is presently rigg'd out in his Gold and Silver Lace, with a Feather in's 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 sold his *Liberty* for a *Fool's Coat*.

The MORAL.

'Tis with us in our Lives, as with the Indians in their Trade, that truck Gold and Pearl, for Beads and Glasses. We part with the Blessings of Both Worlds for Pleasures, Court-Favours, and Commissions; and at last, when we have sold our selves to our Lusts, we grow Sick of our Bargain.

REFLEXION.

A Vain Fool can hardly be more Miserable then the Granting of his own Prayers and Wishes would make him. How many Spectacles does every Day afford us, of *Apes* and *Mountebanks* in Gay-Coats, that pass in the World for *Philosophers*, and *Men of Honour*; and it is no wonder for one Fool to value himself upon the same Vanity, for which he esteems another. He that Judges of Men and of Things by Sense, Governs himself by Sense too: and he that well considers the Practices and Opinions of the Age he lives in, will find, that Folly and Passion have more Disciples then Wisdom and Virtue. The Feather in a Fool's Cap, is a Fool's Inclination; nay, it is his Ambition too; for he that measures the Character of another Man by his Outside, seldom looks further then the Business of Dress and Appearance in himself. Beside, that Ill Examples work more upon us then Good; and that we are Forwarder to imitate the one, then to Emulate the other. This now is the Highest Pitch of Infelicity,

Infelicity, when we do not only square our Lives in General, according to Vicious Preferences, but set our Hearts in particular (with the Fantastical Ape here,) upon this or that Extravagance. No other Sort of Fool would please him, then the very *Counter-part* of this Quack. His Mistake was double; First, he plac'd an Opinion of Happiness 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 Trucking the Greatest Blessing of Human Nature for the Handy-Work of a Taylor.

F A B. CCCXCVIII.

Boys and Frogs.

A Company of Waggish Boys were watching of Frogs at the side of a Pond, and still as any of 'em put up their Heads, they'd be Pelting them down again with Stones. Children, (says one of the Frogs,) you never Consider, that *though this may be Play to you, 'tis Death to us.*

The MORAL.

Hard-heartedness and Cruelty is not only an Inhuman Vice, but worse then Brutal: For such Men take Delight in Blood, which Beasts spill only in Self-Defence, or in case of Necessity to satisfy Hunger.

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS a Dangerous and an Ill Natur'd Liberty, the Wanting or the Suffering of Children to play with Birds and Flies. The Cudgelling of *Sbroving-Cocks* is a Barbarous Custom; and so is the common License that Roguy Boys take in the Streets, of Tearing and Tormenting of Puppies and Kitlings. The very Sport is Cruelty; for 'tis no longer a Laughing Matter, when the Life of a Creature comes to be concern'd. This is a Freedom not to be endur'd, so much as in the Spectacle, but much less to be Approv'd or Practis'd especially by those that are Born and Train'd up to any considerable Figure in a Government: For, Hard-heartedness in Boys, will be Brutality and Tyranny in Men. Softness and Tendereness of Nature, are the Seeds of a Generous Humanity: Provided always that Children be taught to distinguish betwixt a Benignity and a Facility of Disposition, and that they may not confound Gracious with Effeminate. By this means there may be a Foundation laid of worthy Thoughts, which will ripen in due time into Glorious Actions and Habits, to qualifie Men for the Honour and Service of their Country. This Foundation, I say, of a Pious and a Virtuous Compassion, will Dispose Men afterward, instead of adding Affliction to Affliction, and of Grinding the Faces of the Weak and Innocent, to Minister Protection to those that are Oppressed.

F A B.

FAB. CCCXCIX.

A Council of Beasts.

THE *Beasts* (a great while ago) were so harass'd out with Perpetual Feuds and Factions, that they call'd a *General Council*, in the nature of a *Committee of Grievances*, to Advise upon some way for the Adjusting of Differences, in order to a Publick Peace. After a great many Notable Things said 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 then Another; but the Weaker will still be a Prey to the Stronger: Wherefore we humbly propose an *Universal Parity*, and that we may be all upon the same *Level*, both for Dignity and Power; for we may then, and not till then, promise our selves a Blessed State of Agreement, when no one Creature shall be able to Hurt another.

The MORAL.

The Mobile are still for Levelling; that is to say, for Advancing themselves: For 'tis as Broad as 'tis Long, whether they Rise to others, or bring others down to them. Beside, that the Doctrin of Levelling 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 Upshot, they serve only for Sport to their Superiors. The World is like to be well Govern'd, where those that have neither Resolution not Courage, shall take upon them to give Laws to't: 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 Rebuilt, as any part of the Work of Providence Improv'd. If God Pronounc'd upon every thing that he made, that it was *Good*, who shall presume to think he can make it Better?

The Question is the Procuring of an *Universal Peace*; and the *Hares* are of Opinion, that the Disarming of *Lions*, *Tygers*, &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 Affectation of that Equality; for 'tis as Broad as 'tis long, whether the other shall be brought down, or they themselves Advanc'd. 'Tis Sottish, I say, to offer at things that cannot be brought about; it is Wicked to meddle towards the Altering or
Unsetling

Unfetling of Things Sacred; and it is a Madnefs for the Weaker to talk of Binding the Hands of the Stronger. The Simple are not to direct the Wife, nor the Inferiors to Impofe upon thofe that are Above them. 'Tis Nonfence to fuppoſe a Level in the ſeveral Parts of the Universe, when the very Frame of it is only an Orderly Pile, or Scale of one thing above another.

Now there are *Hares* in Councils and in Commiſſions of *State*, as well as in *Fields*, 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 on't, 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 they'd have no Body Under them.*

FAB. CCCC.

A Cock and a Fox-Caſe.

There was a *Fox-Caſe* ſet up near a *Hen-Rooſt*, to hold forth the Doctrin of Terror and Example. A *Cock* ſpy'd it, and ſcour'd away from't, as faſt as his Legs and his Wings could carry him, and the Birds hooted at him for't. Hark ye my Maſters, (ſays he,) there are *Live-Foxes* as well as *Dead Ones*, by the Token one of 'em had me by the Back but t'other day, and a Thouſand 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 ſtarted 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 *Alarums* at leſs; eſpecially of the ſame Kind. One had better be Laugh'd at for taking a *Fox-Caſe* for a *Fox*, then be Deſtroy'd by taking a *Live-Fox* only for a *Caſe*. The very Fancy has ſomewhat of Reaſon in't, for 'tis but a Meaſuring Caſt, upon ſuch a Suppoſition as this, whether it proves the one or the other. A *Lark* we ſee will *Dare* at a *Painted Hobby*. I ſing'd the Toes of an *Ape* through a Burning-Glaſs my ſelf once, and he would never be brought to Endure the ſight of a Burning-Glaſs after. I knew another *Ape* that was Shot behind his Maſter in the Long Rebellion here, and would never
after

after that Endure the fight of a Pistol. 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 sort 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*, put's 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 out-live it, I'll give ye a considerable Sum of Money for your Receipt. The poor *Quack* had more Care of his Life then of his Credit, and so for fear of being Poison'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 Madnes 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 passes upon the Multitude for Science; and it is with Men as 'tis with Brutes, some are to Eat, and others to be Eaten. Confident Knaves, live upon Credulous Fools.

REFLEXION.

No Fable can be Pleasant, 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 Test of an Edifying Parable, is a Congruity of the Moral to the Lines of Practice, and to the Image of Truth. The Resemblance 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 Instances have I seen in the World of this *Cobler* turn'd *Doctor*? How many *Underlayers*,
that

that when they could not live upon their Trade, have rais'd themselves from *Cobling* to *Fluxing*, and taken upon them to cast the Water of a Body Politick, as well as of a Body Natural? This minds me of a *Cobling Colonel* of Famous Memory, (and he was a Statesman 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 Bare-foot: And as she was warming her Feet once in the Chimney Corner, the Colonel took notice that her Shooes wanted Capping; *Lord, Madam* (says he) *Why d'ye wear no better Shooes?* Why truly Sir, says she, all the *Coblers* are turn'd *Colonels*, and I can get no body to Mend 'em. Now to do Right to the *Apologue*; there are several Remarkable *Innuendo's* in't: Here's First a *Coxcomb* that Commences *Doctor*. Secondly, A kind of an *Individuum Vagum*, dress'd up in the Character of a Man of Quality. Thirdly, From being ready to Starve Himself, he makes a very good Living out of the Priviledge of Poisoning and Destroying other People. Fourthly, It gives us to Understand the Force of Impudence on the one hand, and of Ignorance on the other; for what was it but the brazen-Face of the Quack, assisted by the Silliness of the *Mobile*, that advanc'd this Upstart from the Stall to the Stage? It is not to be imagin'd the Power of Tumour and Pretence, 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 *Botchers*, 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 any Man look about him in the World now, and cast his Eye and Thought upon every Days Instances of some of these wonderful Improvements and Conversions, without saying to Himself, The *Mythologist* Pointed at all these Men in this Fable? For it holds as well from *Foppery* to *Policy*; from *Baseness* to *Honour*, and from *Beggery* to *Superfluity*, as from *Patching* to *Purging*, and from the *Stall* to the *Urinal*. But a Tryal of Skill at last puts him past his *Latin*; and when it comes to that once, he'll have more Wit than to venture his Life upon his *Antidote*.

FAB. CCCCII.

A *Cobler* and a *Financier*.

There 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 happen'd to Doze a little now and then in a Morning, twas Forty to One the Jolly *Cobler* Wak'd him. How often would he be Wishing to 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

thou liv'ft like a Prince here, How much a Year canft thou get by thy Trade? Nay, Faith Mafter, fays 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 felf for to Morrow. Well, fays the Officer, but if you know what you can Earn by the Day, you may eafily caft up what that comes to a Year: Ay, fays he, but that's more or lefs as it falls out; for we have fuch a World of *Holy-Days*, *Festivals*, and *New Saints*, that 'tis a Woundy Hindrance to a Poor Man that Lives by his Labour. This Dry, Blunt Way, took with the Officer, and fo he went on with him: Come my Friend, fays he, you came into my Houfe a *Cobler*, what will you fay now if I fend you out on't an *Emperor*? And fo he put a Purfe of an Hundred Crowns into his Hand. Go your ways, fays he; there's an Eftate 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 emptied into his Lap. Up he Locks it immediately, and all the Comforts of his Life together with his Crowns in the fame Cheft. From the time that he was Mafter of this Treafure, there was no more Singing or Sleeping at our Houfe: not a Cat ftirr'd in the Garret, but an Out-cry of Thieves; and his Cottage was fo haunted with Cares, Jealoufies, and Wild Alarms, that his very Life was become a Burden to him. So that after a fhort time away trudges he to the Officer again; Ah Sir, fays he, if you have any Charity for a Miferable Creature, do but let me have my Songs and my Sleep again, and do you take back your Hundred Crowns, with an Hundred Thoufand 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, Public or Private; but the Houfe that has Money in't, is as good as haunted.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable makes Riches to be a great Enemy to our Repofe, and tells us that the Cares of Money lye heavier upon a Good Man, then the Inconveniences of an Honeft Poverty. He that fets the Anxiety, Fears and Dangers that accompany Riches, againft the Chearful and the Eafie Security of a Private Fortune and Condition, may very well be Thankful for the One, without Repining at the other. He that fets his Heart upon any thing in this World, makes himfelf a Slave to his Hopes and Fears,

Fears, and is as sure of being Disappointed, as he is of the Uncertainty of Human Affairs. Let it be Love, Preferment, Court-Favours, Popularity, or what else it will, some Rival or other he must expect to meet with in all his Pretensions. The Proud Man's Inclination is Glory, High Place in the World, and the Applause of People. The Envious Man's Heart is fet upon doing shrew'd Turns, Defamatory Calumnies and Revenge. In few Words, Violent Affections never fail of being Uneasie and Importune: but of all Extravagant Passions, the Love of *Mony* 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 *Mony is an Universal Mistress*; Men are always Watching, Spying, and Designing upon't; and all the Engines of Worldly Wisdom are perpetually at Work about it: So that whosoever is Possess'd of, and Sollicitous for that Interest, shall never Close his Eyes, so long as Craft, Violence, or Conspiracy, shall be able to keep them Waking.

FAB. CCCCIII.

The Eagle, Cat and Sow.

There was an *Eagle*, a *Cat* and a *Sow*, that bred in a Wood together. The *Eagle* Timber'd upon the top of a High *Oak*; the *Cat* Kitten'd in the hollow *Trunk* of it, and the *Sow* lay Pigging at the *Bottom*. The *Cat's* Heart was fet upon Mischiefe, and so she went 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 *Sow* lies Grubbing every Day at the Root of this Tree; She'll bring it down at last, and then your Little Ones and Mine are all at Mercy. So soon as ever she had Hammer'd a Jealousie into the Head of the *Eagle*, away to the *Sow* 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 *Pigs*, and so soon as ever you are but out of the way, she will certainly Execute her Design. The *Cat* upon this, goes presently to her *Kittens* again, keeping her Self upon her Guard all Day, as if she were afraid; and steals out still at Night to provide for her Family. In one Word, the *Eagle* durst not stir for fear of the *Sow*; and the *Sow* durst not budge for fear of the *Eagle*: So that they kept themselves upon their Guard till

till they were both Starv'd, and left the Care of their Children to *Puffs* and her *Kittens*.

The MORAL.

There can be no Peace in any State or Family, where Whisperers and Tale-bearers are Encouraged.

REFLEXION.

BUSIE-BODIES and Intermedlers, 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 Pest to Government, Conversation, the Peace of Societies, Relations and Families, then Officious Tale-bearers, and Busie Intermedlers. These Pick-thanks are enough to set Mankind together by the Ears; they live upon Calumny and Slander, and cover themselves too under the Seal of Secresie and Friendship: These are the People that *set their Neighbours Houses on Fire to Roast their own Eggs*. The Sin of Traducing 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 Mis-representing, Mis-understanding, or Mis-interpreting 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 Insinuations, 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 stifle 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.

FAB. CCCCIV.

The *Frogs* and the *Bulls*.

There happen'd a desperate Duel betwixt a couple of *Bulls* upon a Point of Honour; for the Quarrel was about a *Mistris*. 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

for he that's worsted will be sure to take Sanctuary in the Fens, and then are we to be trode to Pieces.

THE MORAL.

Delirant Reges, Plectuntur Achivi. *When Princes fall out, the Commonalty 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 *Frogs* 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 Couzen'd with a *Bricole* at Tennis. But Mischiefs, whether meant or not, are to be Provided against and Prevented, with as much Care and Industry as if they had been designed from the Beginning; and the Application of Foresight in the one Case, must supply the want of Foresight in the other. 'Tis the Fool that lives *ex Tempore*, 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 worst that can Befall him. The *Frogs* Case, in some Respect, is that of a Civil War; where People must expect to be crush'd and squeeze'd in the Consequence, toward the Charge and Burden on't. *The Lords make Merry, but 'tis the Commons must pay the Piper.*

FAB. CCCC.V.

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. Nor (says she) if we are almost scorch'd to Death already, with *One Sun*, What will become of us when that *Sun* shall have *Children*, and the *Heat* increase 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.

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 Maledictions, and Mortifie themselves upon the Mistake of Imaginary Blessings. 'Twas a Wise *Frog* that Advis'd her Fellows to think well on't, before they rung 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 shar'd in *Consort*; and when *Sovereignty Marries*, 'tis no longer *Single* but *Popular*; and still 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 Dissolv'd, the First thing to be done is to fall to Cutting of Throats toward the setting up of Another.

FAB. CCCCVI.

The *Fox* Condemn'd.

THEre was a *Fox* (as the Story has it) of a Lewd Life and Conversation, that happen'd at last to be catch'd in his Roguery, and call'd to an Account for the Innocent Blood he had spilt of Lambs, Pullets, and Geese without Number, and without any Sense either of Shame or of Conscience. While he was in the hands of Justice, and on his way to the 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't at first, and 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 Musick, and he had rather have one Chirping Madrigal in the Woods, then Forty *from Turks and Popes* upon the Ladder.

The

The MORAL.

Many People are harden'd in an Habitual Defiance of Heaven and Hell, that they'll sport with them at the very Gallows; and value themselves upon Living and Dying all of a piece.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable hits the Humour of a great many loose People in the World, that are so Wicked as to value themselves upon their Ill Manners, and the contempt of all Goodness; Nay, to the Degree even of taking a Pride in their Iniquity, and affecting a Reputation by it, in proportion to the Measure of the Extravagance. Some Men are so Harden'd in Lewdness, that they make it a Point of Honour to be True to't, and to go to the Devil with a Frolick betwixt their Teeth. They have gotten a Habit of Laughing Honesty and Good Manners out of Countenance, and a Reprobated Hardness of Heart, does them the Office of Philosophy towards a Contempt of Death. Our common Executions yield but too many Instances of this kind; and it helps mightily to keep up the Humour, that instead of Owning and Professing an Abhorrence for these Affronts upon God and Nature, the Impiety is celebrated for a Jest. And whence comes it now, that Men should be so Insensible, either of a Present Calamity, or of a Future Judgment; but from the Custom of a Scoffing Atheistical Life; where Licentiousness has so long pass'd for Sharpness of Wit, and Greatness of Mind, that the Conscience is grown Callous; and after this, it is by a Natural Congruity for Men to Dye as they have Liv'd. Now a Liberty in this Latitude is not more Execrable, then the Example is Pernicious; especially where it is attended with the Pleasure of a Frothy and a Surprising Wit to Recommend the Wickedness.

FAB. CCCCVII.

A Man at a Fish Dinner.

A Certain Prince took a Learned 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, says the Master of the Feast, You have some pleasant Thought or other in your Head now, Pray let the Company take part with ye. Why Sir, says he, My Father had the Ill Fortune about

about Two Years ago to be Cast away upon this Coast; and I was asking 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 Examin'd the Great Ones, 'tis possible they might be able to say somewhat to't. The Prince was so well pleas'd with the Fancy, that he Order'd his Mefs to be Chang'd, and from that time forward, no body welcomer to the Table then this Man.

THE MORAL.

It is a Master-piece in Conversation, to intermix Wit and Liberty so Discreetly, that there may be nothing in't that's Bitter, Course, or out of Season.

REFLEXION.

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 Discretion. The Skill on't lies in the Nicety of Distinguishing, First, what Liberty is necessary in such and such a Case. And Secondly, How to Temper and Accommodate that Freedom to a Consistence with Good Manners: And this must be done too without Formality and Affectation; for a Studied and a Labour'd Forecast toward the Setting of such a Humour Abroach, is Putrid and Nauseous to the Highest Degree; and better Fifty such Conceits were lost, then that any thing of Contrivance or Premeditation should appear in't. There are a sort of People, that when they have once hit upon a Thought that Tickles them, will be still bringing it in by Head and Shoulders, over and over in 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 Trifling were his Master-piece. Now these Turns of Fancy and Entertainment, should pass off as they came on, Carelessly and Easily, without laying any 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 fine, as a Sauce 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 Importune; and yet if he were not clear enough to be Understood, he was in danger still to lose his Longing. So that he found out such a way of Asking, as to Provoke a Question without speaking a Word to't; and he did it in such a 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 a Foot, rather to wait till the Explanation should be Desir'd, then to prompt the Master of the Feast to call for't.

F A B.

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 lies he too, upon the same Experiment; but the Water that Dissolv'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 thing Ruins one, that Saves another. It is the part also of an Honest Man to deal Above-board, and without Tricks. The *Ass* with the *Sponge*, fail'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 False to his Master too, in Abusing a Trust for the Easing of his own Carcass; and then it cost him his Life Over and Above, which was both his Mishap and Punishment.

FAB. CCCCIX.

A Black Bird afraid of a Kite.

APoor Simple *Black Bird* was frighted almost to Death with a Huge Flopping *Kite* that she saw 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 Shrieking is but Fooling; and you shall see this Lazy Buzzard at last, e'en take up with some Pittiful Frog or Mouse to her Supper, and be Glad on't too. No, no, the
Hawks

Hawks are the Dangerous Birds, Child, that Bite, as they say, without Barking, and do Execution in Silence.

The MORAL.

The more Noise and Flutter, the less Danger.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S no great Danger in Men of Huff and Bluster: Noise and Pretence without Execution, is only *much ado about Nothing*; and yet this way of Trifling, is the very Bus'ness and Practice of many that pass in the World for Great Men, though they are much Mistaken that think them so. But there are Reverend Appearers in all manner of Glorious Professions and Adventures, as in Arms, Letters, Religion; Law, Policy, &c. There are Quacks, in short, of all sorts, as Bullies, Pedants, Hypocrites, Empyricks, Law-Jobbers, Politicasters, and the like; and there are *Men* as well as *Black-Birds* that are Silly enough not to Distinguish betwixt a *Hawk* and a *Buzzard*.

FAB. CCCCX.

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. *Poor Creature!* says the *Wolf*, *Why how comes this about? Prithee how long hast thou been here? Thou canst not but be mighty Cold sure.* 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 Trifling in the Case. 'Tis a Barbarous Humour to stand Bantering out of Season. 'Tis no Time or Place for Raillery, when a Life's at Stake.

REFLEXION.

HERE are Three Calamities in One: First, The *Foxes* falling into a Pit, and not being able to get out again. Secondly, The Misery of being put to beg Relief of an Enemy, for want of a Friend. Thirdly, The Affront of the Refusal, as it was accompanied with Raillery and Scorn. 'Twere well if we had not too many of these Brutal Mockeries in our
Daily

Daily Conversations; for we have Banterers in Religion, in Point of Honour, and upon all the Distresses of Human Life. He that has no Pity or Compassion for the Miserable, is not in Truth of a Reasonable Make; for Tenderness of Nature is but a kind of Lay-Charity; and a Body can be no more a Good Man without the One, than a Good Christian without the other. Let a Man be never so Wicked, 'tis a Base and an Unmanly thing to Insult upon him in his Calamity. His Punishment may be Just; and when he suffers Justice, 'tis all that a Good and a Generous Man can wish for in the Case.

The Scorns of Great Men, or Buffons of Quality, are every jot as Wolvish in Conversation, as they are here in the Fable; tho' 'tis looked 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 Cases, the Precedent is as Dangerous, as the Practice is Odious, where the Quality of the Droll serves to Authorise the Indignity: But from a *Fox*, that's made up of Trick and Treachery, there's no better to be Expected.

FAB. CCCCXI.

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 Stoops to take it up; the Other gives him a Push, and tells him, 'Tis not yet Decided whether it shall be Yours or Mine. In the *Interim*, while they were Disputing their Title to't, comes a Passenger that way, and to him they referr'd the Matter by Consent, 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 Loosens the Fish, Gulps it down, and so soon as ever the Morfel was gone the way of all Flesh, wipes his Mouth, and pronounces Judgment. *My Masters*, (says he, with the Voice of Authority,) *The Court has Order'd each of ye a Shell, without Costs; and so pray go Home again, and live Peaceably among your Neighbours.*

The MORAL.

Referrees and Arbitrators seldom forget Themselves.

REFLEXION.

THE Scope of this Fable, is to divert People from Contentious, Expensive and Vain Law-Suits. *Agree, Agree*, (says the Old Saw,) *the Law is Costly*. The whole Bus'ness of the World is about *Meum & Tuum*; either by Right, in Good Earnest, or by Wrong, under the colour of Right: And while the Clients are Contending about the Title, the Council runs away with the Estate. This Litigious Humour, where Men are as well Stubborn and Wilful, as Captious and Quarrelsome, burns like the Fire of Hell; for 'tis never to be Quench'd: Beside, that whoever is given to Wrangling, can never want Matter or Occasion for't. And this is not only the Case in Matters of Propriety, and in Legal Claims before a Bench of Justice, but it works in a Thousand Instances of Vain Disputations, Competitions, and other Tryals of Mastery and Skill, where there's little more than Pride, Stomach, Will and Vanity, to uphold the Contest. Nay, and he that has the better on't at last, is only the more Fortunate Fool of the Two. Let but any Man set before him the Vexatious Delays, Quirks and Expences of most of our *Barretry Suits at Law*, and 'tis odds he finds at the Foot of the Account, *the Play not worth the Candle*.

FAB. CCCCXII.

A Raging Lion.

HERE was a *Lion* ran Stark Mad, and the very Fright on't put all the Beasts of the Forrest out of their Wits for Company. Why what a Condition are we in, they cry'd, to fall under the Power of a *Mad Lion*; when a *Lion* at the very Sobereft, is little better then *Frantick*?

The MORAL.

Rage upon Rage is a Double Madness.

REFLEXION.

GOVERNORS had need be very well Principled, and good Natur'd, to keep their Passions in Order and Obedience: But when an Absolute Power shall come to be put upon the Stretch by an Outragious Humour, there's no Living under it. By a *Raging Lion*, is meant an Unruly and a Cruel Governor, which is a sad Calamity, but not without somewhat of Dignity yet in the Misfortune; for 'tis a *Lion* still, how Mad soever. Now if it had been a *Raging Ape*, the Fancy had been Ridiculous and Scandalous to the Last Degree; and therefore the Moral is Refrain'd to the True and Genuine Character of Sovereignty, without Descending to the Counterfeit.

The

The Moralists that make this Raging of a *Lion* to be a Surcharge of One Madness upon another, must not be Understood Simply, as if they took Government for a Burden and an Oppression; but it refers to the Infelicity of that State where an Impotent Will 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 Insurrection had been thought Lawful, the Fable would not have made the Case so Desperate: So that this is only to Insinuate the Sacredness 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 Assign'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 lye at the Mercy of a *Raging Lyon*; 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 d'ye take all these People about me for? Why Sir, says he, I take them for your Majesties Nobility and Great Officers. The Prince was wonderfully pleas'd with the Civility and Respect of the Man, and Order'd him a Bushel of Pippins, as a singular Mark of his Royal Favour. His Majesty after this, put the same Questions to the *Plain Dealer*, who fell to computing with Himself, that if his Companion had gotten a Reward for a damn'd Lye, certainly he should have twice as much for a Plain Honest Truth; and so he told the King Bluntly, that he took him for a very Extraordinary *Ape*, and all those People about him for his *Trusty and Well-beloved Counsellors and Cozens*: But the Poor Man Paid dearly for his Simplicity; for upon a Signal from the Emperor, the whole

Band

Band of *Apes* fell Tooth and Nail upon him, and tore him one Limb from another.

THE MORAL.

Where the Rules and Measures of Policy are Perverted, there must needs Enſue a Failure of Juſtice, and a Corruption of Manners: And in a Kingdom of Apes, Buffons may well put in for Commiſſion-Officers.

REFLEXION.

THIS (ſays *Camerarius*) is to reprove the Practices of perverſe Courts, and Extravagant Princes.

It is proper Buſneſs of *Mythology* 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, Huſbands or Wives, Rulers or Subjects, Friends, Countrymen, Relations, and the like. Now as there are Good and Bad of all forts; ſo their Virtues and their Vices, their good Behaviour and their Miſdemeanors are to be ſet forth, Circumſtanc'd and Distinguish'd in ſuch ſort, as by Rewards or Punishments, to Encourage the One, and to Diſcountenance the Other, in proportion to the Dignity of the Action, or the Degree of the Offence; by conferring Marks and Characters of Honour, Offices of Truſt, or Beneficial Commiſſions on the one hand, and by inflicting Sentences of Shame, Infamy, Pains Corporal, or Pecuniary on the other. Without this Diſtribution, one main end of Emblem is loſt; neither is it the true Figure of Life. For, Wicked Men, Falſe Brethren, Unnatural Parents, Diſobedient Children, Barbarous Huſbands, Undutiful Wives, Tyrannical, Weak or Fantaſtical Governors; Rebellious Subjects, Cruel Maſters, Faithleſs Servants, Perfidious Kindred and Acquaintance: All theſe Lewd Characters are as Absolutely neceſſary to the Perſecting of the Deſign, as the moſt Laudable Excellencies in Nature.

In this Fable of the Kingdom of *Apes*, the Author according to *Camerarius*, intended the Picture of an Extravagant Government, where he gives Flattery 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 Moralliz'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 Government it ſelf be never ſo Sacred, Governors are ſtill but Men; and how Neceſſary and Beneficial ſoever the Order is at all Hands Confess'd to be, the Officers yet, and the Adminiſtrators are but Fleſh and Blood, and liable to the Paſſions and Frailties of other Mortals.

There are in fine, many Diſtempers, Errors, and Extravagances, that ſhew themſelves in the Exerciſe of Political Powers; as an inexorable Rigour for the Purpoſe, or as a *Laſche* Demiſſion of Sovereign Authority. There are Caſes of Senſuality, Pleaſure, and Appetite, where Governours have only the Name of Rulers, while ſome over-grown Subject perhaps Ufurps 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 License and Presumption of a Daring Servant.

There is also a certain Manage that leaves all at Six and Seven, and thinks to support Greatness without either Rule, Weight or Measure; and that's a dangerous Point, when Prudence and Fidelity shall turn to Loss, and wickedness be supported by the Reputation of Favour and Applause. The Misery of these false Measures is excellently well Pointed out to us in this Fable; and consequently the Blessings of a steady Admiration, where the Ends of Government are Conscientiously observ'd, and the Divine Priviledges of Power maintain'd; and where Truth and Justice are impartially Asserted and Administer'd, and as resolutely Defended.

FAB. CCCCXIV.

An *Ass* made a Judge of *Musick*.

There was a Question started 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 *Ass* 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 sit Judges upon the Niceties of Honour and Government.

REFLEXION.

THE Old *Adage* of *Asinus ad Lyram*, answers this Figure to the very Letter. The Fable extends to all Incompetent Judges, Umpires or Arbitrators, in what Case or Matter, or under what Incapacity or Disability soever. 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 Fitness of the Officer, let his Commission be Ecclesiastical, Civil, Military, or what else it will. Here's an *Ass* made a Judge of *Musick*; a Faculty that he neither Loves nor Understands; for there's *no Song to One Ass, like the Braying of Another*. Let any Man fancy to Himself, how it would look to put a *Law-Case* to a *Jack-Pudding*; a Question of *State* to a *Corn Cutter*; a Point of *Conscience* to a *Knight of the Post*. In short, let every Man be Consulted and Credited in his own Way and Trade. Neither can it be Expected that a Fool should judge according to Wisdom, Truth, Reason and Justice. There may be very proper Exceptions too upon the Matter, as well of Morals, as of Abilities. One would not

not trust a Covetous Man in Mony Matters, where there's anything to be Gotten, either by Fraud or Corruption; nor a Vain Man, where there's a Temptation to Popularity. False men are not to be taken into Confidence; nor Fearful Men into a Post that requires Resolution; nor Cruel, Insolent Men, into a Station where Power may be Abus'd to Oppression. All these Absurdities fall within the Dint of this Fable; for want of Honesty makes a Judge as Incompetent, as want of Understanding.

F A B. CCCCXV.

An Ape Judge betwixt a Fox and a Wolf.

A *Wolf* charges a *Fox* with a Piece of Pilfery. The *Fox* Denies it. The *Ape* tries the Cause, and upon a fair Hearing, Pronounces them both to be Guilty. You (says the Judge to the *Wolf*) have the Face to Challenge that which you never Lost; and you (says he to the *Fox*) have the Confidence to deny that which you have certainly Stoll'n.

The MORAL.

When both Plaintiff and Defendant happen to be a Couple of Crafty Knaves, there's Equity against them Both.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable tells us what Credit is to be given to Witneses of a False and Lewd Conversation, and that a known Liar 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 *Ape* to try the Cause; and it was a Sentence worthy of such a Judge, to pronounce them both Guilty; which in Equity they were, with a respect to their Character and Reputation; tho' in Law they could not be so, upon the Fact in Question. If the *Ape* in this Fable had too little regard to the Letter of the Law, we have seen some Cases where more stress has been laid upon the rigour and strictness of it, then Conscientiously did belong to't: For when one Man of an Exemplary Improbability, Charges another of the same Stamp, in a Court of Justice, he lies under the Disadvantage of a strong Suspicion, even before he is Heard; and People are Prepar'd to believe the Worst 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 Ballance the Improbability of the one, with the Improbability of the other, as the *Ape* 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, then too Much: For 'tis a Scandal to Publick Justice, to make use of such Instruments for the Supporters of a State.

FAB. CCCCXVI.

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 Accession 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 sift them all upon this General Question; *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 Hypocrisie; and the other for their Insolence. It came to the *Ape* at last, to deliver his Opinion upon the Matter; the *Ape* Smelt and Snuffled, and consider'd on't: Why certainly Sir, says he, You have some Rich Perfume in your Mouth, for I never smelt any thing so fragrant since I was Born. The Roguy *Ape* in fine, Wheedled him so Artificially, that the *Lion* had not the face to Chop him up immediately upon the Spot, and yet he was Resolv'd he should not Scape neither: So the *Lion* counterfeited Sick, and there was notable Puzzling among the Doctors I warrant ye, about his Pulse and his Water: But they told him however upon due consideration, that they found no Mortal Symptoms about him, only a kind of Heavy Indisposition, that might be easily Rectified by a Careful Diet; and so they Desir'd him by all means to bethink himself what Flesh he lov'd best, and e'en make a Hearty Meal on't. Why then (says the *Lion*) I have a strange Fancy for a Mouthful of Good Sound *Apes-Flesh*, if you find it proper for me: Nothing like it, they cry'd; and so the Poor Flattering *Ape* was presently Taken up, Dress'd and Eaten by way of Prescription.

The MORAL.

There's no Hope for an Honest Man, where Flattery is Encourag'd and Rewarded, and Plain-Dealing Punish'd.

R E-

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable gives to Understand, that where Men of Power happen to be Unjust and Cruel, all the Prudence and Innocency in the World will not save a Man: He that would Thrive in such a Court, must Govern himself betwixt Sincerity and Adulation. The Art of Pleasing is not every Man's Talent, neither will the same way of Manage work upon all Humours alike. The Art of Pleasing, is in Truth but the Art of Living; and the Skill of Cutting to a Third, betwixt Flattery and Ill Manners; but so as to Accomodate the Method and the Application, to the *Genius* of the Man, or of the People, and to the Quality of the Bus'ness in hand: Not but that there are some Cases and Natures that a Man cannot so much as Touch, without Burning his Fingers, and where Truth, Flattery, and Trimming are all Mortal.

We may learn from hence also, that Justice is so Awfully Sacred, that the most Faithless 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 Provoke great Men, or indeed to have any thing to do with them, if they be not Men of Honour, as well as of Power; for though their Hands seem to be Bound, they can yet Untye themselves, by Virtue of a certain Prerogative they have to Play *Fast or Loose at Pleasure*.

FAB. CCCCXVII.

Two Laden Asses.

There's an Old Story of *Two Asses* Traveling upon the Road, the One Laden with *Oats*, the other with *Mony*: The *Mony-Merchant*, I Warrant ye, was so Proud of his *Trust* and of his *Bell*, that he went Jurking and Tossing of his Head, and Tabring with his Feet all the way, as if no Ground would hold him. The other Plodding on with his Nose in the Breech of his Leader, as Gravely 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 *Asses* that carried the *Treasure*. They Beat, Wound and Rifle him, and so leave him, without so much as taking the least Notice of his Fellow. Well, (says the *King's Ass*,) and for all this Mischief I may e'en thank my *Mony*. Right, says the other; and it has been my Happiness that I was not thought worth the Robbing.

The MORAL.

Poverty is both Safe and Easie; and Riches a Great Snare to People in many Cafés: As it far'd worfe here with the State-Afs then with the Muletiers.

REFLEXION.

THE poor Peaceable Man has nothing to Fear, but does his Bus'ness, and takes his Rest, without the Trouble either of Thieves or of Alarums. 'Tis the Booty, not the Man, (save only for the Booty's Sake,) that is in Danger. There's either *Mony* or *Mony's-worth*, in all the Controversies of Life; for we live in a Mercenary World, and 'tis the Price, in some sort or other, of all things that are in it; but as it certainly draws Envy and Hazzard 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 Countrey or his Friend; but it has the Comforts yet of being free from the Cares and Perils that accompany great Masses of Treasure and Plentiful Estates. Beside, that the Virtue of a Generous and a Charitable Tenderness of Nature, is never the less 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 Merrier Note
Then he that cannot change a Groat.*

FAB. CCCCXVIII.

A Boar Challenges an Afs.

THEre pass'd some Hard Words betwixt a *Boar* and an *Afs*, and a Challenge follow'd upon't. The *Boar* depended upon his Tusks, and computed within himself, that Head to Head the t'other could never be able to Encounter him. So he Advanc'd upon his Adversary: And the *Afs*, so soon as ever he had him within Distance, turn'd 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.

The MORAL.

No great Enterprize should be Undertaken without considering beforehand the Good or the Ill that may come of it.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable shews the great Oversight of Engaging in Quarrels, without considering from what Quarter the Danger may come. Where Adversaries are unequally Match'd, it will behove the Weaker to supply the want of Force and Courage, by Invention and Address. Presumption can never Justifie either Temerity or Carelessness; for every Creature has its Weak Side, and lies open to be Impos'd upon by Craft or Surprise. There's an Infamy in the very Challenge of so Base and Timorous a Creature; but then to be Worst'd by an *Animal* that's the Scorn of all the Rest, is Shameful and Ridiculous to the Highest Degree.

FAB. CCCCXIX.

A Cuckow and Little Birds.

A Cuckow was asking several Little Birds, what made them so shy of coming into her Company. They told her, that she was so like a *Hawk*, they did not care to have any thing to do with her.

The MORAL.

A Wise Man Searches into the Nature of Things, and does not Govern himself by outward Semblances and Appearances.

REFLEXION.

THERE should a Regard be had in all our Actions and Councils, to the Nicety of the matter in Question. This is to tell us, that the very Appearances of Evil are to be Avoided, and all the Semblances of Danger to be well Examin'd and Consider'd. Why should not a Bird as well trust a *Hawk* that's like a *Cuckow*, as trust a *Cuckow* that's like a *Hawk*? Two Likes may be Mistaken, and a Man cannot be too wary where the Error is Mortal. There may be a Disguise 'tis true, in the one case, and a misapprehension in the other; but it is safer yet to stand upon our Guard against an Enemy in the Likeness of a Friend, than to Embrace any Man for a Friend in the Likeness of an Enemy. There's no Snare like Credulity, when the Bait that's laid for us is cover'd with the pretence of a Good Office. Neither are there any Impostures so Pernicious, as those that are put upon us by fair Resemblances. He that is
not

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 *Cuckow*.

FAB. CCCCXX.

Hungry Dogs and a Raw Hyde.

A Company of *Hungry Curs* Discover'd a *Raw-Hide* in the Bottom of a River, and laid their Heads together how to come at it: They Canvass'd the matter one way and t'other, and brought it to this Issue in the Conclusion, that the only way to get it, was to Drink their way to't. So they fell to Lapping and Guzzling, 'till in one Word, they Burst themselves, and never the nearer.

The MORAL.

He that sets his Heart upon Things Impossible, shall be sure to Lose his Longing.

REFLEXION.

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 Pressing too eagerly for any thing that's out of our Reach. We spend our Strength, and our Credit in clearing the way to't, 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 Impracticable, and consume their Lives in Hopeless and Fruitless Undertakings. This falls out for want of Computing upon the Proportion betwixt 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 Designs.

FAB. CCCCXXI.

An Ass and a Shadow.

ONE Hir'd an *Ass* in the *Dog-Days* to carry certain Bails of Goods to such a 'Town: 'Twas Extreme Hot, so that he lay down upon the way to Refresh himself under the Shade of the *Ass*. The *Muletier* Bad him Rise, and go on According to

to his Bargain. T'other faid, that the *A/s* was His for the time he had Hir'd him. Right, fays the other, You have Hir'd the *A/s*, but not the *Shadow*.

The MORAL.

Work for the Lawyers.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable Plays upon the Contentious Humour of People that go to Law for Trifles. *De Afini Umbra*, is effectually but this Fancy in an *Adage*. There needs no more to the setting of the whole World in a Flame, then a Quarrellom Plaintiff and Defendant, and a Brace of *Chicaneurs* to Blow the Coals. Wrangling is Inſtructed as an Art or a Science on the one ſide, and made uſe of as an Exerciſe on the other. Some People can no more Live without Law, then without Air, and they reckon it better Husbandry to ſpend a Thouſand Pounds upon Counſel, to Defend a Trivial or an Unwarrantable Cauſe, then to part with one ſingle Six Pence for the Payment of an Honelt Debt. This Fable in ſhort, is Moralliz'd in *Westminster-Hall*, Forty times over every Term.

FAB. CCCCXXII.

A Country-fellow and a River.

A *Blockheaded Boy* that was ſent to Market with Butter and Cheefe 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, fays She, what have we here to do! Why Mother, fays this Booby, yonder's a *Scurvy River* that has been running all this Day, and I ſtaid till Juſt now for the Running of it out, and there 'tis Running ſtill. The Lord help thee Son, fays 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 Gratifie the Sickly Freak of every Fantaiſtical Humour.

RE-

REFLEXION.

THIS is to shew us the Mischief and the Danger of Procrastination. The Sloathful and Irresolute slip 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, then they put themselves to the trouble of Moving One Step out of their own way for the sake of Bus'ness and Nature. They'll rather wait the Running of a River Dry, then take the Pains 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 then any thing else in't; for what Man in his Right Wits can pretend to Wish, 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 Impotent Affections, that nothing less then Portents, and the Confounding of Nature in her Course and Causes, can Content us. How can any thing succeed well to People that are to be pleas'd with Nothing, unless the very Ball of the Universe may be Unravel'd, and the Laws of Providence Revers'd?

FAB. CCCCXXIII.

A Bladder with Beans in't.

IN the Days of *Adam*, when (as the Story says,) the World had here and there a Shrew 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-Ach, 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 Betook 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 Present Cure.

The MORAL.

There's no way like Raising one Devil to Cast out another; For there must be no Answering of Noise, Folly, and Reviling, in the same Kind.

REFLEXION.

THE Husband here in the Fable found no Charm to lay the Devil in a Petticoat, but the Ratling of a Bladder with *Beans* in't; and I my self have known a *Cat-Pipe* us'd in the like Case with very good Success. There's no Contending with an Impetuous Woman, by Authority or Reason. The Banging of it out in a Dispute at length, would be a loss both of Time and of Honour, and to no manner of purpose neither; for what should a Man do, Reasoning upon a Point where Reason does not so much as enter into the Question? So that it is the Best of a Brave Man's Game to make a Drawn Battel on't, where there's no Possibility of a Victory. He in fine, that contemns a Shrew to the Degree of not Defending to Word it with her, does worse then Beat her. But we live in an Age, when Women, we hope, are better Instructed, then to fly in the Face of Religion it self, Law, and Nature: And these Desperate Encounters can never fall out betwixt a Man and his Wife, but where the Woman is lost to all fence of Shame, Prudence, Modesty, and Common Respect.

FAB. CCCCXXIV.

A Fox and a Divining 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 Foreknowledge 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 Sot 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, shal never want a Knave to give it him.

REFLEXION.

THE Power of Flattery, where it is once Entertain'd, is well nigh Irresistible; for it carries the Countenance of Friendship and Respect; and Foolish Natures are easily wrought upon, and Perverted, under that Semblance. When Pride, Vanity, and Weakness of Judgment meet in the same Person, there's no Resisting the Temptations of a fair Tongue, and consequently no avoiding the Secret and Malicious Designs of a False Heart. Here's a Credulous *Cock* already prepar'd for the Entertainment of the Grosest of Flatteries: Nothing so Ridiculous, nothing so Impossible, but it goes down whole with him, for truth and Earnest: Nay, and the Folly is so Unaccountable, and the Madness so Notorious, that in this Humour the most Spiteful Enemies we have in the World, pass upon us for Friends. The *Cock* takes the Counsel of a *Fox*, and, like the *Squirrel* to the *Rattle-Snake*, puts himself into the Mouth of his Mortal Adversary, How many such Diviners do we meet with in our Daily Conversation, that lay their Lives, Fortunes, and Reputation at the Mercy of Parasites? How many Sots that Commence Philosophers upon the Credit of these Fawning Slaves! There's no Fool to the great Fool that's Fool'd by a little Fool; nor any thing so Scandalous as to be the Fool Of a Fool.

FAB. CCCCXXV.

The Moon Begs a New Gown.

THE *Moon* was in a heavy Twitter once, that her *Cloaths* never Fitted her: Wherefore, Pray Mother, says She, let the Taylor take Measure of me for a *New-Gown*. Alas Child, says the Mother, how is it possible to make any one Garment to Fit a Body that appears every Day in a several Shape?

The MORAL.

'Tis the Humour of many People, to be perpetually Longing for something or other that's not to be had.

REFLEXION.

THIS shews us the Vanity of Impracticable Propositions, and that there is no Measure to be taken of an Unsteady Mind. There's no Quieting of Unsettled Affections; no satisfying of Unbounded Desires; no possibility in Short, of either Fixing or Pleasing them. Let a Man but say what he would have, When, and how Much, or how Little and the Moon's Taylor may take Measure of him; but to be Longing,
for

for this thing to Day, and for that thing to Morrow; to Change Likings for Loathings, and to stand Wishing and Hankering at a venture, how is it possible for any Man to be at Rest in this Fluctuant Wandring Humor and Opinion? There's no fitting of a Gown to a Body that's of one Size when you take Measure of it, and of another when you come to put it on. 'Tis the very same Case with a Heart that is not True to it self. And upon the whole Matter, Men of this Levity are Condemn'd to the Misery of Living and Dying Uneasie.

FAB. CCCCXXVI.

A Young Fellow about to Marry.

Marrying and Hanging, they say, go by *Destiny*, and the Blade had this Thought in his Head perhaps, that Desir'd the Pray'rs of the Congregation, when he was upon the very Point of Matrimony. His Friends gave him no Answer it seems, which put him upon Reasoning the Matter with them. Why, Gentlemen (says he) if there had been but a *Snick-up* in the Case, you'd have cry'd *the Lord Bless ye Sir*; and there is more Danger in *Marrying* I hope, then there is in *Sneezing*.

THE MORAL.

The Parson was much in the Right sure, that like the Hangman, ask'd all People Forgiveness that he was to Marry, before he did Execution upon them.

REFLEXION.

MANY a Man runs a greater Risque in a Wife, then the World is aware of. The Whimsical Freak of this young Bantering Spark, would have made no Ill Ingredient into a Wise and Sober Man's *Litany*, and though it looks like a Jest, 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 Blessed State, to Recommend the Morality of the Allusion, to the Thought of others, that are not yet Enter'd into the Matrimonial Noose.

FAB. CCCCXXVII.

A Woman Trusted with a Secret.

THere was a Good Woman (in the Days when Good Women were in Fashion) that valu'd her self wonderfully upon the Faculty of Retention, or (for the sake of Good Manners) upon the admirable Gift she had in the keeping of a Secret. The Toy took her Husband in the Head once, to make a Trial of her Virtue that way; and so he told her one Morning upon Waking, in the greatest Confidence imaginable, one of the strangest Things perhaps that ever was heard of, which had that Night befall'n him: But my Dear, says he, if you should Speak on't again, I'm utterly Ruin'd; and Women are generally so 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 Husband's Secrets, I'd Die a Thousand Deaths first. No my Heart, if ever I do, may---- Her Husband at that word stopp'd her Mouth, for fear of some Bloody Imprecation, and so told her. Come Wife, says he, *They that will Swear, will Lye*, and so I'll rather tell you upon Honour, Look ye here what has befall'n me: I have laid an Egg to Night; and so he took the Egg from his Back-side, 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 Disgrace of it would make me a Scandal to Mankind. This Secret lay Burning in the Breast of the Poor Woman, and kept her *Waking*, till she had Day-light enough to Rise by; and then softly out of the Bed she steals, for fear of *Waking* her Husband, and so away Post-hast to a Gossipping 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 'twas Three Eggs. The next made it Four; and so it went on (increasing still,) from one Gossip 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.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S no such way of Publishing or Proclaiming any thing, as by Enjoining 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 shews me a very Inquisitive Body, I'll shew him a Blab, and one that shall make a Privacy as Publick as a Proclamation. But if your Wife will have it so, and calls for a Categorical Answer, [*Will ye tell me, or will ye not?*] If you tell the Secret, 'tis odds but in Twelve Hours it shall be Town-Talk, and be made Thirteen times more then 'tis. If you refuse to tell it, there's no enduring the Exclamations, for want of Trust and Confidence, and the Unaccountable Jealousies that Follow upon't. For there are a sort of People that never consider the many separate Privacies of Trust 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 betwixt 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 Blessed Memory*: when so many State-Intrigues pass'd through the Hands of Women, who are without Dispute the best of Spies, and the most proper Instruments for Discovery and Intelligence: Especially if they be Women of Address, Wit and Beauty; for the very Sex has certain Priviledges upon the point of a Cavalier Gallantry and Good Breeding, to cover them from the Strictnesses 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 be both Fit and Unfit to be Trusted; this Fable does not strike so much at the Futility of Women in General, as at the Incontinent 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. CCCCXXVIII.

A Woman and Thrushes.

IN the Days of Yore, when Men and their Wives agreed like Dog and Cat in a House together, the Good Man had been a Shooting it seems, and brought his Dame Home a Dozen of *Black-Birds* with him. *Come, Sweet Heart,* says he, *Prithee let's have these Black-Birds to Supper.*
Black-

Black-Birds? says she, the Lord Bless us, why certainly the Man's a Changeling. Come, come, you shall have your Thrushes for Supper then. *Well,* says he, *but I tell you again, I'll have these Black-Birds to Supper.* That's well, quoth the Woman, and I tell you Again and Again, that you shall have these Thrushes for Supper. *Prithee my Dear,* says the Man, *If I say they are Black-Birds, let 'em be Black-Birds: I'll allow you to think they may be Thrushes, but don't contradict me.* Prithee my Dear, says she, If I have a Fool to my Husband, is my Husband's Wife bound to be a Fool for Company? *Hussy, don't Provoke me,* says the Man, *but let the Black-Birds be Dress'd, and do as I bid ye; Obey your Husband, ye'ad best.* Lifelikins, says she, I know no more Reason I have to Obey my Husband, then my Husband has to Obey me; and Sirrah in the Teeth of ye, since ye are Huffing of me, no other Woman would have the Patience to be Abus'd thus. From these *Family-Words* they fell to *Blows*, and there was the *Wig* in one Corner, and the *Head-Gear* in another: upon the Question whether they were *Black-Birds* or *Thrushes*. When the Bickering was over, they went very comfortably to Bed together, and so rubb'd on in a kind of a *Catterwalling Life*, till just *that day Twelve Month*: And then came the History of the *Black-Birds* and the *Thrushes* upon the Carpet again. Ah ye Beast you, says the Woman, How did you beat your poor Wife Sirrah, *this Day Twelve Month* about those Damn'd *Thrushes!* *Black-Birds ye Jade,* says the One; *Thrushes ye Rogue,* says t'other: And so in one word, they play'd the same *Farce* over again; infomuch, that for the time they Liv'd together, the Woman had an *Anniversary Beating*, as duly as the day of the Month came about every Year after.

THE MORAL.

----Cælum licet & Mare Terris
Confundas, Homo sum. -----*What must be, must be.*

REFLEXION.

'TIS a Folly next to Madnes for Women to be trying Masteries with their Husbands; to say nothing of the Scandal they bring upon themselves and their Families, by such a forfeiture of Honour, Discretion, Modesty, and Good Manners. Nay, and 'tis well too, if from some Men, and upon some Provocations, they scape the Discipline of a good Drubbing into the Bargain.

There

There are divers Important Doctrines couch'd under this Fable; First, the insuperable Obstinacy of a violent Woman. Secondly, the Scandal of the Example, as well as the Folly of the Competition. Thirdly, The Natural Issue of the Controversie, where the weakest must expect to goe to the Wall. The World, Heaven be thanked, does not want Instances to illustrate this Figure. So that there will be less need of amplifying upon it. We are not here upon the Philosophy of the Freak, but upon the Shameful Lewdness of the Practice. *Sirrah*, (says a Woman to a Friend of mine, that took her off from beating her Husband,) *I'm a Wor'stershire Woman, and I won't be Abus'd.* *Juvenal's Homo sum*, says all in Two Words. When the Devil of this Passion is rais'd, there's no Abiding the Storm, and there's no Laying on't. *One such Womans Tongue* (says the Poet) *is beyond all the Pans and Kettles in the Country, to bring the Moon out of an Eclipse.* Keep up the Dialogue and she 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 Passion put her at last into Fits, and the first word she said upon coming to her self again, was no more then this, *Ab Sir*, says she, *Ever while you live, Answer a Woman.*

To come now to the Doctrine that's wrapt 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 Indiscreet, because if the Man be not a Coxcomb, the Woman is sure to be worsted; and if he be one, 'tis as good as a *Noverint Universi*, that there's a *Fool and a Shrew well met.* The word *Y oak-Fellow* goes a great way with a *Thrush-Woman.* And so does the *Text*, that says, *They shall be both One Flesh.* From whence she infers an Equality at least, if not a Right of Dominion; for the Rib ought to have some Preference above the Clay.

This is not to be taken for a General Character of Women, but for a Reproof only of some Eager-Spirited *Gypsies* of the Sex; and for the Honour also of those Angelical 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. CCCCXXIX.

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; t'other went forward to the Army, where he got himself both Money 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 Snip 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 t'other; but then there are other things to be divided too, which I han't told you of, and when we come to reckon, we had e'en as good make one work on't, and count all together. This, says t'other to himself, must be something of Plate, Jewels or Precious Plunder; and so he came bluntly to the Question, what it was that his *Camrade* had gotten besides? Why look ye, says the Soldier, (shewing 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 e'en keep all y've got to your own use then; for I'll have no dividing upon those Terms.

The MORAL.

Part'ners must go Half-Profit, Half-Loss, 'tis no Bargain else.

R E F L E X I O N.

'Tis Wisdom not to give more for a Thing than 'tis worth; and in Common Equity, Part'ners should take the Good and the Bad, one with another, or let both alone. People should not enter *Hand over Head* into Part'nerships or Adventures, either in War or in Business; they should consider that the Blows and the Scars are to be divided, as well as the Pistols 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 for 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 than the same Mixture that we meet with in all our Undertakings: Wherefore let no Man Brag of his Bargain, till he has cast up his Account, and set the Scars against the Booty.

FAB. CCCCXXX.

A Lion and a Man.

AMong other good Counfels that an Old Experienc'd 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*

be worsted. The Little Lion gave his Father the Hearing, and kept the Advice in his Thought, but it never went near his Heart. When he came to be grown up afterward, and in the Flower of his Strength and Vigour, About and About he Ranges to look for a Man to Grapple with: In his Ramble he chances to spy a *Y oak of Oxen*; so up to 'em he goes presently; *Hark 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 ask'd him the same Question; *No*, says the Horse, *I am no Man my Self, but he that Bridled and Saddled me, and ty'd me up here, He's a Man.* He goes after this to one that was cleaving of Blocks. D'ye hear, says the Lion, You seem to be a *Man.* *And a Man I am*, says the Fellow. That's well, quoth the Lion, and dare you Fight with Me? Yes, says the Man, I dare Fight with ye: Why I can Tear all these Blocks to pieces ye see. Put your Feet now into this Gap, where you see an Iron Thing there, and try what you can do. The Lion presently put his Claws into the Gaping of the Wood, and with one Lusty Pluck, made it give way, and out drops the Wedge, the Wood immediately closing upon't; and there was the Lion caught by the Toes. The Woodman presently upon this, Raifes the Country; and the Lion finding what a Streight he was 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 on't.

REFLEXION.

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 Beasts; 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 Ruler 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

Contend with him; so that consequently no Creature of less Force is upon any Terms to Encounter him. Not but that there are some special Instances to the contrary, in Exception to the General Rule. The *Moralist* makes the Event to confirm the Reason, and to support the Authority of the Lions Counsel. It may pass likewise in some sort, for a *Punishment* of Disobedience to a Parent; but there's the Voice of Providence and Wisdom in't as well as the Voice of a Father; which is intimated in shewing us, that the Yoak of Oxen, and the Horse that stood Bridled and Sadled, had a *Man* still to their *Master*.

F A B. CCCCXXXI.

A Hare and a Sparrow.

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) and why don't ye Run for't now? I thought your Footmanship would have Sav'd ye. In this very Moment comes a Hawk and whips away the *Sparrow*; which gave the Dying *Hare* this Consolation in her last Distress, that she saw her Insolent Enemy overtaken with a just Vengeance, and that the *Hard-Hearted Creature* that had no *Pity* for another, could obtain none for her self neither, when she stood most in *need* on't.

The MORAL.

'Tis with 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.

R E F L E X I O N.

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 so 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 Neighbour's Misery, and to make Merry with it, is not only a Brutal, but a Diabolical Barbarity and Folly.

FAB. CCCCXXXII.

A Fox and a Cock.

A Hungry Fox that had got a Cock in his Eye, and could not tell how to come at him; cast himself at his Length upon the Ground, and there he lay winking and pinking as if he had Sore Eyes. Ah, (says he to the Cock) I have gotten a Thorn here, with Creeping through a Hedge t'other Day; 'twould be the greatest Charity in the World, if you would but help me out with it. Why truly, says the Cock, I am no Oculist, and if I should go to *Help one Eye*, and *put out T'other* with my *Spur*, we should have but an Untoward Business on't; but if you are not in very great Hast, I can fly Home in a Trice, and bring ye One that shall certainly Cure ye. The Fox finding 'twas all but Banter: *Well*, (says he,) 'tis no Great Matter then; for the more Physicians, the more Danger, they say.

The MORAL.

Shuffling and Fencing, is in many Cases both Allowable and Necessary: Especially where Craft is to be Encounter'd with Craft.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S no Trusting to a *Known Hypocrite* and an *Enemy Both* in One, and therefore the Cock was too Crafty for the Fox here, and kept himself upon his Guard. There is this Mischief in *False Dealing*, that it forces People to be *Hard Natur'd* and *Suspicious* in their own Defence; for Credulity is Mortal. Not but that many Men are Impos'd upon to their Ruin by a *Mistaken Charity* and *Compassion*. It is a Nice Point however, for a Man to take upon him to Assign the many and Various Cases that occur upon this Topick, and so as to allot them their Just and Proper Limits, with such a Regard to *Good Nature* and *Discretion*, as neither to be wanting to *Our Selves*, nor to *Others*: But yet the *Possible Danger* of Relieving a *Miserable Person*, for fear he should be a *Counterfeit*, will not Excuse a Man from doing Acts of *Humanity*, notwithstanding that Pretence. But there is a Double Hazzard in't, for we may Miscarry either by *too Little Caution* One way, or by *too much Presumption* the other. Now the Smelling out of a Trick, and the *Defeating* of it, does not come so Home, as *Repaying* of it in *kind*; for the *Contempt* in the manner of doing it, gives a kind of *Sting* to the *Disappointment*. But the Fox however has the Grace of other *Bantering Buffons*: That is to say, he is never to be put out of *Countenance*; and when he finds himself *Pinch'd*, he shifts it off with a *Droll*.

FAB.

F A B. CCCCXXXIII.

Joy and Sorrow are near A-kin.

There pass'd a great many Bitter Words once upon a time betwixt *Joy* and *Sorrow*; infomuch that they Mov'd the Court upon it by Consent, and made a Chancery Cause on't. Upon a *Fair* and a *Full Hearing*, the Judge found some colour of Equity on *Both sides*, and would fain have made 'em *Friends* again. You should confider, says he, how near y'are *a-kin*, and what a Scandal 'tis, to have these Heats and Squabbles among *Relations*: But all this went in at One Ear, and out at *T'other*: So that when he saw there was no Good to be done, he pass'd this Sentence upon them, That since they would not go Hand in Hand Amicably of *Themselves*, they should be *Link'd* together in a *Chain*; and Each of them in his Turn should be perpetually Treading upon the *Heel* of the *Other*; and not a Pin Matter then which went *Foremost*.

The MORAL.

No Man is to Presume in Prosperity, or to Despair in Adversity; for Good and Ill Fortune do as naturally succeed one another, as Day and Night.

R E F L E X I O N.

IT is the lot of Mankind to be happy and Miserable by turns. The Wisdom of *Nature* will have it so; and it is exceedingly for our Advantage that 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*: Beside that, such an Abstracted Simplicity, (if any such thing there were,) would be neither Nourishing to us, nor Profitable. By the Meditation of this Mixture, we have the Comfort of *Hope* to support us in our Distresses, and the Apprehensions of a *Change*, to keep a *Check* upon us in the very Huff of our *Greatness* and *Glory*: So that by this Vicissitude of *Good* and *Evil*, we are kept steady in our *Philosophy*, and in our Religion. The one Minds us of *God's Omnipotence* 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 *Resignation* in the prospect of an *Over-ruling Providence* that takes Care of us. What is it but *Sickness* that gives us a Taste of *Health*? *Bondage* the Relish of *Liberty*? And what but the Experience of *Want* that Enhances the Value of *Plenty*? That which we call *Ease* is only an *Indolency* or a Freedom from *Pain*; and there's no such thing as *Felicity* or *Misery*, but by the *Comparison* 'Tis very true that *Hopes* and *Fears* are the *Snares* of *Life* in some Respects; but 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

Force of Natural Reason, to Master the Temptation of falling either into
 Prefumption or Despair.

F A B. CCCCXXXIV.

The Owl and the Sun.

There was a Pinking Owl once upon a very Bright and
 a Glorious Morning, that fate Sputtering at the *Sun*,
 and ask'd him what he meant to stand Staring her in the *Eyes*
 at that *Rate*. Well, says the *Sun*, but if *your Eyes* will not
 bear the *Light*, what's your Quarrel to *my Beams* that *Shed* it?
 Do you think it a Reasonable Thing that the whole World
 should be Depriv'd of the Greatest Blessing in Nature, to Gra-
 tifie the Folly, the Arrogance and the Infirmary of One Sot?

The MORAL.

*There is nothing so Excellent, or so Faultless, but Envy and Detraction will
 find somewhat to say against it.*

R E F L E X I O N.

IT is no more in the Power of Calumny and Envy to Blast the Dig-
 nity of a Wife and of an Honest Man, then it was in the Power of the
Blar-Ey'd Owl here, to cast a Scandal upon the Glory and Greatness of
 the *Sun*. The Principles of Good and Evil are as Firm, as the Founda-
 tions 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 Imposing
 their Corruptions and Infirmities upon the World for Virtues, under false
 Semblances and Colours. But there's no Man all this while, that sets up
 for a Knave or a Coxcomb in Direct Terms. Now the Mystery of the
 Cheat 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 Pre-
 tence is fair still, let the Practice be never so Foul, and Men will be try-
 ing to bring down the Rule to the Error, where they cannot Reconcile
 the Error to the Rule. When People have once Inverted the Measures
 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 Envious Malevolence upon the Opposition. As for Example;
 A Fool Naturally Hates a Philosopher: A Debauchee does as Naturally
 Hate a Man of good Government and Moderation. A Man of Con-
 science and Religion is as much an Eye-Sore to a Profligate Atheist:
 And a Mercenary *Knight of the Post* has just as much Kindness for a Man
 of Probity and Virtue. To Conclude the Moral, There are of these

Owls

Owls 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.

F A B. CCCCXXXV.

Jupiter and a Farmer.

J*upiter* 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* Covenanted 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 Grass 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, then we know what is good for our Selves.

The MORAL.

We should do well to make it One Petition in our Litany, that in many Cases Heaven would be so Gracious to us, as not to bear our Prayers; for we are otherwise in Danger to be undone by our own wissh.

R E F L E X I O N.

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 Mercifull to us, then to grant us our Wisshes? Wherefore there must be no Prescribing of Rules to the Divine Wisdom. 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 Intermedlers with the Works and Orders of an Over-ruling Power; and yet

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 obliged to Resign, 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 best 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 *Milford Haven*, in the Year 167 $\frac{7}{8}$. One of his Relations that had the Fortune to Meet him in this Holy Garb and Pretence, took him up Roundly, for stooping so much below the Dignity of his Family and Profession. *Why what would you have me do?* says the *Pilgrim Wolf*; *My Teeth and my Heels are gone, so that I can neither Run, nor Worry, and I must either Cant, and turn Religious, or Starve.*

The MORAL.

When People can live no longer by downright Rapine 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 Semblance of Religion and Virtue. So that Impotency goes a great way toward the Conversion of an Old Sinner.

REFLEXION.

A *Profelyte-Wolf* is a very Saint yet to a *Profelyte-Christian*, 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 Wonderfull Conversion, 'tis Pleasant enough to consider how Gravely the *New-Convert* 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 Canting and Begging; which in the Moral, gives us to Understand, that the Hypocrite is the Fouler and the Baser Beast of the Two. The Doctrin of this Fable, if the Matter were well Examin'd, would more or less run through the whole Race of Mankind; for Repentance and a New Life, is naturally the Discourse and Retreat of Old Sinners, when they find they can live by Barefac'd Wickedness no longer: What a Hideous Roll would it make, if the
Names

Names of all the People that are Pointed at under this Emblem of the *Pilgrim-Wolf* were written in their Foreheads!

FAB. CCCCXXXVII.

The *Asses Skin*.

A Miserable *Ass* 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'l make Drums of your Skin, when your Carcass shall be Carrion, 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 it self: That is to say, there are Men that lead Restless Lives in this World, under a Dreadful Apprehension at the same time, of being more Wretched in the next.

REFLEXION.

THIS Moral does not lye so square, as to bear any great Weight upon't. 'Tis true, that our Fame and Memory shall out-live our Bodies; and that in that sense a Man may be said to be Miserable after his Death; even in a Pagau way of Understanding it, as well as with a Regard to the Immortality of the Soul in a Christian Application. It holds forth to us the Pertinacy of Ill Fortune, in Pursuing some People into their very Graves: But they that are born to a Fatality of Endless Misfortunes, must submit to go thorough with them.

FAB. CCCCXXXVIII.

A *Fool* and a *Hot Iron*.

A Smith threw down a Horse-Shoe in his Shop that was but just come out of the Fire. A Fool took it up; it burnt his Fingers, and he cast it down again. Why ye Block-head you says the Workman, could not you have try'd whether

ther 'twas Hot or no before you meddled with it? *How try?* says the Fool. Why a *Hot Iron* would have Hifs'd if you had but *Spit* upon't. The Fool carry'd this Philosophy away with him, and took an Occasion afterward to *Spit* in his *Porridge*, to try if they'd *Hifs*. They did not *Hifs* it seems, and so he Guttled 'em up, and Scalt his *Chops*. Well says one that was by, and could not you have stay'd till they were cold? Why, I thought they had been Cold, says the Fool. You might have known they were Hot, says t'other, by their Smoaking. The Fool carried this in his mind too; and going a while after to a Spring-Head to quench his Thirst, he fancy'd that the Fountain Smoak'd too; and there he staid 'till he was almost Choaked, for fear of Burning his Chops once again.

The MORAL.

This very Innocent 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 Hap-Hazzard, and without any Insight into Causes and Effects.

REFLEXION.

'TIS a Great Folly not to Distinguish betwixt things Extremely 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 Connecting upon the *whole*. 'Tis an Odd thing now, that a *Mountebank* should get Reputation by the same Error that makes an *Idiot* yet more Ridiculous; that is to say, by Prescribing the same Remedy to all Diseases. 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 Coming to take off the *Range*, and let down the *Cynders* 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, *Y'are as warm as Wool*; and so shook 'em off again. Now this *Innocent*, I dare Answer for him, had never read *Camerarius*, so that he did not Burn his Fingers by that Copy.

FAB. CCCCXXXIX.

A Cock and Horses.

A Cock was got into a Stable, and there was he Nestling in the Straw among the Horses; and still as the Fit took 'em they'd be Stamping and Flinging, and laying about 'em with their Heels. So the Cock very gravely Admonish'd them; Pray, my Good Friends, let us have a Care, says he, that we don't Tread upon One Another.

The MORAL.

Unequal Conversations are Dangerous and Inconvenient to the Weaker Side in many Respects, whether it be in Regard of Quality, Fortune, or the like; where the weight of the One, sinks the Other: And no matter whether we Embark out of Vanity or Folly; for 'tis Hazzardous both ways.

REFLEXION.

So says many a Vain Fool in the World, as this Cock does in the Like Case, and Exposes himself to Scorn, as well as Destruction. 'Tis a necessary Point of Wisdom for People to sort 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 Miscarriage draws Pity after it, but when we are Transported by Pride and Vanity into so Dangerous an Affectation, our Ruin lies at our own Door.

FAB. CCCCXL.

A Gard'ner and a Mole.

A Gard'ner took a Mole in his Grounds, and the Question was, whether he should put her to Death or no. The Mole Pleaded that she was one of his Family, and Digg'd his Garden for Nothing: Nay, she Insisted upon't, what Pity 'twas to Destroy a Creature that had so smooth a Skin, and Twenty other Little Pretences. Come, come, says the Gard'ner,

Gard'ner, I am not to be Fool'd with a Parcel of Fair Words: You have nothing for Digging 'tis True; but pray who set 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 bufiness at last, but by doing all you can for the filling of your own Belly, to leave me nothing to Eat?

FAB. CCCCXLI.

A Man and a Weazle.

There was a Weazle taken in a Trap, and whether she should Dye or not, was the Point: The Master of the House Charg'd her with heavy Misdemeanors, and the Poor Vermin stood much upon her Innocence and Merit. Why says she, I keep your House 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 Master of House) You your Self devour the same things that they would have Eaten, Mice and All: But you would fain sham 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 Case of the Mole here and the Weazle: That is to say, the Case of the People that Value themselves mightily upon Merit; when in the mean time they do only their own Bufiness. 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 Deserve to be Punish'd 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

Fable neither; for many People have the Confidence to Plead Merit, when Effectually they do us Mischief.

F A B. CCCCXLII.

A Woman, Cat and Mice.

A Good Woman that was willing to keep her Cheeses from the Mice, thought to mend the matter by getting her a Cat. Now *Puffs* Answer'd 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, Cheese and all.

The MORAL.

This has been our Case within the Memory of Man: There were a matter of Half a Dozen Little Roguy Political Mice lay Nibbling at our Liberties and Properties, and all Peoples Mouths Open'd for the Providing of some 500 Cats to Destroy them. The end on't was this, they Kill'd the Vermin; but then they Gobbled up Priviledges and All: And was not the World well Amended?

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Present State of Things is best, unless we may be very well Assur'd that the Danger of the Remedy is not Greater then that of the Disease: Nay, it so falls out many times, that a Thing may be Good for the Distemper, and yet Mortal to the Patient: Wherefore Men should never Trouble their Heads about Innovations for slight 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 Case of *Monarchy* and *Episcopacy* in the Days of King *Charles the First*. There were Grievances of all sorts Complain'd of, and Popular Disputes 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 Issue at last, but the *Cats* that should have Kill'd the *Mice*, Eat up, as the Fable says, *Mice, Cheese and All*.

F A B. CCCCXLIII.

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 Widdower in the Flush of his Extravagancies 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 Self now she is gone. As he was in the Transport of his Lamentations, and about half thorough the Farce, 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 Linnen 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 Hypocrisie, to take upon us to be Kind as well as to be Righteous, beyond Measure. But Time and Nature will bolt out the Truth of Things, through all Disguises.

R E F L E X I O N.

IT is Morally Impossible for an Hypocrite to keep himself long upon his Guard; for the Force is Unnatural, and the least Slip or Surprise, either a Word, Look, or Action, lays him open through his Disguise. But to Sum up the Case in short: what with the Hazzards of Conjugal Disagreement, Ungracious Children; None at all; or the Loss of them; with a Hundred other Uneasy Circumstances incident to that Condition, Happy is the Couple that in a Marry'd State have the Good Fortune to make a Saving Game on't.

FAB. CCCCXLIV.

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 Mony: The whole Entertainment of his Life was Vision and Phantome; Thieves, Earthquakes, Inundation; nothing in short came amiss to him, that was Possible, Dangerous, and Terrible. In this Torment of a Restless Imagination, he call'd a Beggar to him, told him his Case; and now says he, I must send you presently of an Erand to *Fortune*. Go your ways to her immediately, (you'll find her in *Japan*,) and desire her from me, that for the future she'll never Trouble her self further upon any Accompt of mine; for I am absolutely resolv'd never to touch Penny of her Mony 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 Hawing upon't,) he agreed to undertake the Jobb. Do so then, says the Rich Chuff, and you shall have *Ninety* Crowns down upon the Nail. The Poor Creature stuck a while upon the other Ten that he promis'd; but at last came to his Price, and for *Ninety* he was to go. Well then, says the Miserable Churl, *A Bargain's a Bargain*, and *Fourscore* Crowns you shall certainly have. At this Rate he went Chaffering on, 'till by Bating Ten and Ten still upon every New Demand, the Man was e'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 Resolv'd 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 e'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 Groat*. 'Tis true, y'ave gotten Ten Crowns in Hand, and you should never have had that neither, if I had not been Fast Asleep when they were Deliver'd 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.

REFLEXION.

THE Covetous Man is *never well* (as we say) *neither Full nor Fasting*: Avarice has a great deal in't of the *Dog-Appetite*. It is Greedy, Ravenous and Infatiable; 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 these Opposite States, takes it Rise in a great Measure from the same Root. Only Men are Sollicitous 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 Missing or in Losing, is much the same. For what is the Difference betwixt 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 Case has much in it of what we find in an Extreme Drought, or a Nauseous Surfeit. Men are ready to Choak for want of Drink, and when they have Over-charg'd themselves with more than 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 Covetous Man Deliberating betwixt the Qualms of a Wambling Stomach, and an Unsettled Mind. Here is he a 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 Almost *Half a Christian*. 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 Practises what he pretends to Disclaim, and Couzens the Labourer of his Hire. We are not therefore to value our Selves upon the Merit of Ejaculatory Repentances, that take us by Fits and Starts, and look liker Confessions upon the Torture, then Acts of Piety and Conscience. 'Tis not for a Desultory 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 qualifie an Effectual Conversion. We are to Distinguish betwixt this Miser's being Weary 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 still, in spite of his Heart: That is to say, for his Greater Condemnation and Punishment. And the last Touch is to shew us, in the Churlishness of *Fortune*, what a Poor Honest Man has to Trust to in this World.

FAB. CCCCXLV.

An Eagle fets 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 lyes in your Beak, and in your Talons, that make it Death to Dispute it.

The MORAL.

The Veneration that is paid to Great and Powerful Men, is but from the Teeth outward, not from the Heart; and more out of Fear then Love.

REFLEXION.

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, Conscience, &c. for *the Longer 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 'tis *Pro & Con* at the same time. The whole World and the Business of it, is manag'd by Flattery and Paradox; the one sets up False Gods, and the other maintains them. Power in short, is Beauty, Wit, Courage, and all Good Things in One, where Slaves and Parasites are Judges.

FAB. CCCCXLVI.

An Image Expos'd to Sale.

A Certain Carver, that had a *Mercury* lay a great while upon his Hands, bethought himself at last of Billing it about in *Coffee-Houses*, that at such a place there was a God to be Sold, a Merry Penn'worth, and such a Deity as would make any Man Rich

Rich that Bought him. Well (says One) And why d'ye Sell him then? For he will make you Rich, if you Keep him, as well as he will make me Rich if I Buy him. You say very Right says t'other; but 'tis Ready Mony that I want, and the Purchaser will have only an Estate in Reversion.

THE MORAL.

Ready Mony goes as far in Religion as in Trade: People are willing to Keep what they Have, and to get what they Can, without Launching out into Lives, and Uncertainties. They are well enough Content to deal in the Sale of Reversions, but they do not much care for Buying them.

REFLEXION.

THE Old Saying, *A Bird in the Hand is worth Two in the Bush*, holds with most People in Religious Matters, as well as in Civil. A Sum of Mony down upon the Nail, goes further with them, than Heaven it self in the Reversion. Where we are in the Dark, we are but too apt to be Doubtful, and to reckon upon it the common Acceptation of Flesh and Blood, as the Parting with a Certainty for an Uncertainty. Now the Moral of this Fable must be Understood to Tax the Vanity and Error of the Common Practice and Opinion of the World in this Matter. The Fiction methinks has somewhat in't of the *French Libertines* Conceit to a Severe Religious upon the Point of Mortification: Father (says he) What's the Meaning of all these Austerities of Hard Living, Hair Shirts, Watchings, Fastings, and I know not what? Oh Brother (says the Holy Man) 'tis all for *Paradise*. Well (says the Licentious Droll again) but what if there should be no *Paradise* at last, are not you finely brought to Bed then? The Mockery of this Fable is somewhat a-kin to the Freak of this Story, and by no means to be Allow'd of but in Reprehension of so Irreverend a Freedom.

FAB. CCCCXLVII.

Demetrius and Menander.

WHEN *Demetrius Phalaræus* (a Tyrant and an Ufurper,) took Possession of *Athens*, how was he Befet and Pursu'd with the *Huzza's* and *Acclamations* of the People! Nay, and the Leading Men of the City too, with Joy in their Looks, and Gall in their Hearts, striving who should be Foremost in the Solemnity, to cry *Vive Demetrius*, and Kifs the Hand that Enslav'd them. After them follow'd the Men of Ease, Luxury and Pleasure, for fear of being thought Wanting in point of Affection and Respect.

Respect. *Mænander* the Famous Comical poet was one of the Number, but in so Loose a Garb and Dress, and with so Unmanly a kind of March and Motion, that *Demetrius* had his Eye upon him presently, and call'd Aloud to know how such an Effeminate Sot durst presume to Appear in his Presence. Somebody gave the Tyrant immediately a Whisper, and told him, Sir, says he, This is the Poet *Mænander* 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 *Mænander* to him, and Treats him with all the Instances imaginable of a singular Liking and Respect.

THE MORAL.

This Fable sets forth the Slavish Humour and Practice of the World, upon all Violent Changes, let them be never so Impious and Unjust: And it shews us again, that no Tyrants Heart can be so Hard, but it may be Soften'd, and wrought upon by the Force of Wit and Good Letters.

REFLEXION.

'TIS no Wonder, where there's Power on the One Side, to find Flattery and Slavery on the Other: Nor is there any Inference to be drawn from the Outward Pomp of Popular Addresses and Applause, to an Inward Congruity of Affections in the Heart: For Blessings and Cursings come out of the same Mouth. These Noisy Acclamations are rather made of Mode and Ceremony, than of Zeal and Good Will; and the *Huzzas* of the *Rabble* are the same to a *Bear* that they are to a *Prince*, and signifie no more to the One than they do to the Other. The Tyrants Reproof here of *Mænander* for his *Meen* and *Garb*, and his Recollection then, upon being better Inform'd, 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. CCCCXLVIII.

A Consultation about Securing a Town.

There was a Council of Mechanicks call'd to Advise about the Fortifying of a City; a *Bricklayer* was for Walling it with *Stone*; a *Carpenter* was of Opinion, that *Timber* would be worth Forty on't: And after them, up starts a *Carrier*.
Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, says he, when y've said all that can be said, there's nothing in the World like Leather.

The MORAL.

Charity begins at Home, they say, and 'tis every Man's Bus'ness in the First Place to look to his own Mother's Child.

REFLEXION.

HERE was a Debate set afoot, but the Board came to no Resolution, we see; and it could not be expected they should, where the Advisers were Every Man Interest'd for himself, and consequently both Parties and Judges. This is the Fate and the Issue of all Mix'd Councils, where the Members that are Intrusted with the Protection, the Care, and the Treasure of the Publick, lie under the Temptation of Voting Honourable Charges to themselves, and putting Mony in their own Pockets. These Men in some Cafes are call'd Pensioners, in others Patriots; and in some again Committee-men, according to the Humour of the Age they Live in. Now where a Sharper is allow'd both to Shuffle and Cut, the Devil's in him if he does not deal himself a Good Game. The Disposers of other People's Fortunes seldom forget themselves; and all this is no more then the Common Liberty that every Cook has of Licking his own Fingers.

F A B. CCCCXLIX.

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 Grubb'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 convinc'd of his Folly, in taking away the Guard that Preserv'd his Vines, and in expecting Grapes from Brambles.

The MORAL.

There needs as much Care and Industry to the Preserving of Things, as there does to the Acquiring of them, and the Centinel is as necessary to the Common Safety, as he that Fights the Battel.

REFLEXION.

THIS Parable of the *Hedge* and the *Vineyard*, may be aptly enough expounded of the Laws that secure a Civil Community. So long as the Enclosure is kept up, and maintain'd, the Peace and the Order of the Publick is Provided for; but if it be suffer'd by Neglect, either to fall to Decay, or to be over-born by Violence, and all laid in Common, the Beasts of the Forest break into't, and of a Vineyard it becomes a Wilderness. This Fable marks out to us also the double Folly of those, that First disappoint the Intent, Use and Benefit of Things, for want of Understanding the Reason of them; and Secondly, ground all this upon as gross a Mistake of 'em: For what's his Quarrel to the *Hedge*, but that his *Thorns* and his *Brambles* did not bring forth *Raisins*, rather than *Haws* and *Blackberries*?

FAB. CCCCL.

A Bull and a Gnat.

A Gnat that had Planted himself upon the Horn of a Bull, very civilly begg'd the Bull's Pardon for his Importunity; but rather than Incommode ye, says he, I'll Remove. Oh, never Trouble your Head for that, says the Bull; for 'tis all One to me whether you go or stay. I never felt ye when you sat down, and I shall take as Little Notice of ye when you Rise.

The MORAL.

The Vanity of this Fly, strikes at a Humour that we meet with every Day in the World, in a Hundred Trifling, Nonsensical People, that will be still making Themselves more Considerable than they are.

REFLEXION.

THERE are a Thousand Frivolous and Impertinent Pretensions of Civility that are struck at in this Fable; and they well deserve to be Corrected; for it is certainly one of the most Nauseous, Mawmish Mortifications under the Sun, for a Man of Sense and Business to have to do with a Punctual, Finical Fop, that's too Mannerly, and does every thing forsooth by Rule and Compass: Especially where his Quality, Relation, or Authority, Entitles him to a Respect.

FAB. CCCCLI.

Rats that Eat Copper.

A Merchant that had gotten a Friend of his to lay up a considerable Quantity of *Copper* for him, comes afterward to have Occasion for't, and so desires he may have his *Copper* again. Alas, says his Friend, my House is so Pester'd with Rats, that they have gotten to your *Copper*, and Eat it all up. The First *Rats* of that Diet, says the Merchant, that ever I heard of. O Good Sir, says the Man, 'tis a common thing with 'em here in this Island. So away goes the Merchant, and the next Morning comes his Friend to him, Wringing his Hands, and Exclaiming, Oh what should he do! The *Kidnappers* had stoll'n away his only Child. Bless me, says the Master, this minds me of a Raven I saw Yesterday Steeple-high, just over your House with a Child in's Foot: My Life for't, that was your Child. No, no, says t'other, a Raven Fly away with a Child! that's Impossible. Pardon me, says the Merchant, 'tis a common thing where *Rats* Eat *Copper*, for *Ravens* to Fly away with *Children*. The Man found himself Beaten at his own Play, and so Compounded with the Merchant to give him Satisfaction for his *Copper*, upon condition that he might have his *Child* again; for he had smelt it out by this time that the *Merchant* himself was the *Kidnapper*.

The MORAL.

'Tis a Dexterous Turn of Address, to Baffle One Banter with Another; And the Nearer the Resemblance of the Humour, the Hit is so much the Better.

REFLEXION.

ONE Nail must be driven out with Another. *Bantering* is only an old way of *Fooling*, under a new Name; but the License of the Age has perhaps given it more Credit in the World, in this Nation and Conjunction then ever it had. It is a Turn of Wit next to *Slight of Hand*; and the Play of *Jest* or *Earnest* is as arrant a *Jugglers* Trick, as little *Hocus's* *Fast* or *Loose*. It is a stroke of Wit, Pleasant and Agreeable enough, if it be kept within the Bounds of Sobriety, Candor and Respect: But when it comes to Lash out once at a venture, into matters Holy as well as Prophane; when it comes once I say to be Intemperate, Ill-Natur'd, Sceptical, Scandalous and Bitter, 'tis a way of Conversation for a *Merry-Andrew* or a *Buffon*, rather than for a Man of Honour, or of Common Sense

Sense. It is not one jot better then Boys Play, when they cry, *I made 'em Believe so*; and that's the very Point at last that they drive at. *The Rats have Eat your Copper*, says the *Trustee* here to the Merchant. What was there more in this, then to try whether the Merchant was a Fool or not, and so to Couzen 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 Dammee to the Truth on't, according to the Modish Humour of the Times, some Soft-headed, Conscientious Fop might have Swallow'd it perhaps; but the Merchant very Dextrously turn'd the Conceit upon him, and sav'd his Copper and his Credit both at once.

FAB. CCCCLII.

A Woman Reviv'd with Beating.

There was an Untoward Perverse Piece of Womans Flesh 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 Beast is Dead, we must e'en make the best of his Skin, and so he fell to work, and began to flay her at the Heel. The Woman did not like that way of Fooling, but started up, and came to her self immediately.

The MORAL.

This in the Fable, is One of those 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 Dagger 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 needs persuade the Good Man that she was Dead; and the Husband in Requital, gives her to understand, that she must be Flay'd then; which was the only way the Poor Man had of making the best of a Bad Game. 'Twas a Sham both ways, and so they Compounded the Quarrel upon't; and the Good Woman never Dy'd after this, 'till she came to Dye for Good and all. There are some Peevish Cases that will bear no other way of Conviction.

FAB.

FAB. CCCCLIII.

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 that which we call *Fortune*. They were both well enough to pass, but of very Differing Humours; the one a Man of Project and Bussle in the World, the other altogether for Ease and Quiet. The one had a Roving, Rambling Head; the other was a Man of Privacy and Reserve. 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 on't at this rate of Living; here's neither Honour nor Mony to be got by staying 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 t'other. Why, says the Rambler, we must e'en beat it out the best we can. Pray'e, says his Companion, Advise well with your Pillow before you Embark in this Adventure. You are going you know not whither, to find out you know not what, or whom: A Phantome, that slips out of your Arms in the very Grasping 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 Jilt; and a Shadow; in one word, if you'll needs be wandring, Pray'e, when we meet next, remember what I told ye; And in the mean time, I'll e'en lye 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, and there, if I'm Alive, you shall be sure to Find me.

Upon these Terms they parted, and away Posts the Cavalier in Quest of his new Mistress. His First Jaunt is to Court, where he Enquires for Madam *Fortune's* Lodgings: But she shifted so often, they told him, that there was no certainty of Finding her. He never fail'd to make one at the Princes *Levee* and *Couche*, where he heard over and over, how she had been at this Place and at that Place, but never could get sight 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 *Buffoons* Apartment; but

but she was still so Busy, 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 Progress 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 pressing forward still for all this, 'till in the conclusion, he was Fobb'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 *Nor'ward*. These Phantastical Amusements and Miscarriages brought him by little and little to his Wits again, and to a contempt of all the vain Promises and Pretences of Avarice and Ambition. With these thoughts about him, he makes all the hast he can back again, to his poor Blessed Home; where he finds his old Friend and Acquaintance, without any Cares 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 Dye for her, and throws her self at the Feet of others that Despise her.

REFLEXION.

'TIS Great Virtue and Happiness for a Man to set his Heart wholly upon that Lot and Station which Providence has Assigned him, and to Content himself with what he has, without Wand'ring after Imaginary Satisfaction in what he has not. Fancy and Curiosity have no Bounds. Their *Motto* may be [*SOMEWHAT ELSE.*] And how should it be otherwise with People that are never Pleas'd with the Present? 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 any more upon't in this Place.

FAB. CCCCLIV.

A Boy that would not learn his Book.

There was a Stomachful Boy put to School, and the whole World could not bring him to Pronounce the First Letter in 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*] once, they'd make me cry [*B*] too, and I'll never do that, I'm Resolved.

The MORAL.

There's no Contending with Obstinacy and Ill-Nature; especially where there's a Perverseness of Affection that goes along with it.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Spaniards will have it that *Apes* can speak if they would, but they are afraid they shall be put to work then. The *Boys* Reason here, and the *Apes* are much at one; and 'tis the case of Counterfeit Cripples too, that pretend they cannot do this or that, when in truth, they are Lazy, and have no mind to be put to't. The same Humour Governs in a World of Cases, where a Pretext of Disability is made use of, either out of Crossness or Sloth. This Restiff Stubbornness is never to be Excus'd, under any Pretence whatsoever; but where 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 Resolution that puts all the Functions and Offices of Order and Authority to a stand. He that says I cannot do this or that, where the Thing is Lawfully Impos'd and Requir'd, and not *Simply Evil*, might e'en as well have said, I *will* not do't; for the Exception is not to the *Thing Commanded*, but to the *Commanding Power*. If I yield in one Point, says the *Boy*, they'll expect I should yield in more. Grant *One* Prerogative, and grant *All*, says the *Republican*. But then says the Sovereign on the Other hand, Part with one Prerogative, and part with All: So that the Contest is not Matter of *Scruple*, but who shall be *Uppermost*. In One Word, *Stubborn Boys* and *Stubborn Subjects*, where they will not Comply upon *Fair Means*, must be *whipp'd* into their *Duties*.

FAB.

FAB. CCCCLV.

Hercules and Pluto.

WHen *Hercules* was taken up to Heaven for his Glorious Actions, he made his Reverence in Course to all the Gods, 'till he came to *Pluto*, upon whom he turn'd his Back with Indignation and Contempt. *Jupiter* ask'd him, what he meant by that Disrespect? Why, says *Hercules*, that *Son of Fortune* Corrupts the whole World with *Mony*, Encourages all manner of Wickedness, and is a common Enemy to all Good Men.

The MORAL.

This is only to shew the Opposition betwixt a Narrow, Sordid, Avaritious Humour, and the Publick-Spirited Generosity of a Man of Honour, Industry, and Virtue.

REFLEXION.

MONY has its Use 'tis true; but generally speaking, the Benefit does not Countervail the Cares that go along with it, and the Hazzards 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 Defiance, to the Practices and Precepts of our Lord and Master. It is no Wonder now, that *Hercules* should so Contemptuously turn his Back upon *Pluto*, or the God of *Mony*; when the One's Bus'ness is to Propagate and Encourage those Monsters, which the other came into the World to Quell and to Subdue.

FAB. CCCCLVI.

A Lion, Boar, and Vultures.

THere happen'd a Desperate Quarrel betwixt a *Lion* and a *Boar*; they Fought upon't, and the *Vultures* came hovering over the Combatants to make a Prey of him that should be left upon the Spot: But it so fell out, that there was

no

no Death in the Cafe, and the *Vultures* were not a little troubled at the Disappointment.

THE MORAL.

When Fools fall out, it shall go Hard but Knaves will be the better for't.

REFLEXION.

THERE are several sorts of Men in the World that live upon the Sins and the Misfortunes of other People. This Fable may be Moraliz'd in almost all the Controversies of Human Life whether Publick or Private. *Plaintiff* and *Defendant* find Bus'ness 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 *Carkasses*, there will never fail to be *Vultures*.

FAB. CCCCLVII.

A Man that would never Hear *All 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 t'other, 'tis not very Good. Pray, says the Grazier, keep it to your self then; and so he went his way. The Grazier was telling the next day, that the Wolves had kill'd one of his *Bullocks*: That's like enough, says the same Man; for I saw him wand'ring from the Herd, and I was afraid on't. I would you had told me this in time, says the Grazier. Why I came I know not how far yesterday a-purpose to tell you the Story, and you would not hear on't.

THE MORAL.

The Man is too Delicate to be Happy, that makes it in his Bargain not to bear any Thing that may give him a Present Trouble.

REFLEXION.

THIS way of Consulting a Bodies Ease, makes a Man Accessory to his own Ruin. There's an Attempt design'd for the Purpose, upon the Person of a Man; and he shuts his Ears 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 Mischiefs, by not suffering himself to be Inform'd whereabouts the Danger lies. Secondly, He lives in a continual Dread of all Accidents that may befall him in 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, nay, Death it self at a Distance, they'll put it off to the last Moment, and venture the Surprisal, when it comes indeed, rather then abide but so much as the Hearing on't Before-hand.

FAB. CCCCLVIII.

A Miser 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 then make use of the Bounties of Providence in their Season, suffers them to lye by and Perish.

REFLEXION.

How Miserable are those Cormudgeons 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 Griping (which they call Saving) fall foul upon the very Extreme of Profusion another way. They either Lose or Spoil every thing by Keeping it, till 'tis fit only to be thrown away; and that's their way of Spending it. Their Money lies as close 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 pervert 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.

FAB.

FAB. CCCCLIX.

The Devil Refus'd to Marry.

A Certain Devil had the hap to live for some time in a State of Wedlock, with a Spiteful, Vexatious Gipsy, that in Truth was too hard for him. She Dy'd at last of the Pip, and the Breath was no sooner out of her Body, but he fell to Blessing the Stars for his Deliverance; and so bound himself by a Desperate Vow, that he would never Marry again. It fell out some time after, that a Poor Man was Possess'd with this very Devil, and that when an *Exorcist* had try'd all the ways of Charm, Prayer and Menace, to Remove him, and found him Proof against all manner of *Exorcisms*, he Bawl'd it out, once for all, *Either come forth, or Marry*. The Devil immediately cry'd out for Mercy, *I go Father*, says he; *Any Hell but that of a Second Wife*.

The MORAL.

Take this Droll by the Right Handle, and it gives to understand, that some Women may as well fright the Devil out of a Man, as others Conjure him up into one.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable is only a High-Flown *Hyperbole* upon the Miseries of Marriage under the Judgment of a Wayward, a Jealous and a Brawling Wife: And the Moral of it is Directed to all the Poor Husbands, that are Condemn'd to that Purgatory.

FAB. CCCCLX.

A Country-man and Jupiter.

A Poor Plain Fellow was so Dazled and Transported with the Pomp, the Splendor, the Plenty, State and Luxury that Great Men live in, that it was the First Petition of his Daily Litany to *Jupiter*, to make him a *Lord*. *Jupiter* found he could not be Quiet for him, and bad *Mercury* carry him Two Curious Baskets with Honour and Money in them. They were both cover'd, the one with Purple, the other with Gold,

Gold, and *Mercury* was Order'd to let the Man Open and Examin them as strictly as he pleas'd, but to bid him have a care not to meddle with them Rashly, for fear of the worst. The Countryman 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 Diseases that were inseparably to go along with his Bags and Dignities; he found himself much more Uneasie now then he was before; and that he had Sacrificed the Peace of his very Soul, to the Vanity of his Eye and Appetite.

THE MORAL.

'Tis not for a Wise Man to set his Heart upon Gay and Glittering Appearances. The Devil himself Baits all his Hooks with Pomp, Lusts and Pleasures: and the very Glory of the Outside, makes the Contents the more suspicious for't.

REFLEXION.

A Man may bear the want of Honours and Riches, before he has 'em, much better then the Loss of them when he has obtain'd them. And they are in short the Plagues of an Inconsiderate Life. He that wishes them for the Common Good, and applies them when he has them, to that Generous End, makes a Right Use of the Divine Providence and Bounty: But he that seeks them for his own sake, and Converts them wholly to his own Profit, Defrauds the Publick. As if a Man should apply an Estate that was made over to him in Trust, to the wrong Uses.

FAB. CCCCLXI.

A Bee that went over to the Drones.

TO what End (says a *Bee*) should I Toil and Moil myself out of my Life for a Poor Subsistence, when the *Drones* that do nothing at all, Live in as much Plenty every jot as I do? Upon this Thought, the *Bee* Resolv'd after their Example to work no longer. The Master 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 pass'd the Summer easily enough, and to her Satisfaction. But upon the Winter's coming on, when the *Drones* were all Dispers'd into their

their several Holes, the *Bee* would fain have gone Home again; but the Cells of the Combs were all Clos'd, so that there was no Entrance, and the Poor *Bee* Starv'd to Death betwixt Cold and Hunger.

The MORAL.

It 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 her self is always at Work; and a Prince has no more Prerogative to be Idle, than a Beggar.

REFLEXION.

ACTION is a Reasonable Duty, how variously 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, then the Sun can stop its course. This Fable branches out into several Morals: First, it serves for a Re-proof of Sloth. Secondly, In the *Bees* 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 Laziness 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; those of her own Family shut the Doors against her; and so she's Abandon'd to the wide World, as an Object of Detestation 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 Desperately given to Croking and Fore-boding upon Evil Things to come, that they fell both into Disgrace for't.

The MORAL.

Great Talkers, Medlers, and Busie-Bodies, are the very Pest of Human Society.

REFLEXION.

THERE is no Peace to be expected, either in a Government, or in a Family where Tale-bearers, and the Spreaders of Ill and of False News, are Encourag'd. Now the Curiosity of Hearn'ning after Privacies that do not concern us, and of Prying into forbidden Secrets, does not arise so much from a Desire of knowing the Truth of Things simply for our own Satisfaction, as from an Itch of Screwing our Selves 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.

FAB. CCCCLXIII.

The Bitches Bed-maker.

YOU must needs make this Bitches 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'de have made her Bed with all my Heart, if I could but have told which way she'd lie with her Head, and which with her Backside.

The MORAL.

There's no Pleasing those that cannot Please themselves.

REFLEXION.

A Steady Mind will admit Steady Methods and Counsels; but there's no 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 Posture-Master, and his Taylor. When the Workman took Measure of him, he was Crump-Shoulder'd, 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 at himself, and made him another Suit; and that would not do neither, for his Body was then as Straight as an Arrow.

F. A. B. 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 Bus'ness once, found a Cradle Over-turn'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 it self up the side on't, to Destroy the Child. The Dog leaps upon the Serpent, and Tears it to Pieces; but in the Scuffle, the Cradle happen'd to be Over-turn'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 Mistake.

The MORAL

The Repentance of a whole Life, is not sufficient to Atone for the Miscarriage of One Rash Action.

REFLEXION.

ANGER without Consideration, is little better than a downright Mad-ness; it makes us take Benefits for Injuries, it Confounds Truth and Falshood; and we have but too many Instances of Outrages committed on the Persons of the best of our Friends, upon a False Persuasion of their being our Mortal Enemies. Charity bids us Hope and Believe the Best 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.

FAB. CCCCLXV.

A Fool and a Sieve.

AN Innocent found a Sieve, and presently fell to Stopping the Holes, which he call'd Mending it. When he had been Puzzling a good while about it, he threw't away in a Rage: I shall never make any thing on't, says he, for I don't know which I am to Stop, and which to leave Open.

The MORAL.

It fares with the Pragmatical sort of State-Menders, much as it did with this Sieve-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 setting them to Rights again.

REFLEXION.

THERE are none so Forward as Fools to Mend Things that are Well already; though they find upon Experiment that they Make and they Leave every Thing worse then they found it. They are at first for Stopping of Holes, and when that won't do, they are for Making of 'em again. We have abundance of Fools in the Moral to answer this Fool in the Fable; that is to say, People that take upon them to Correct what they do not Understand; and that when they have Embroil'd the Publick, leave the Main Chance to Fortune, to Shuffle the Cards anew, and Play the Game over again. This is the Fate on't, when Pedants will be meddling with Politicks, and Botchers 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 these? 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 Figs. Well (says t'other again,) and 'twould be against Nature too, for a Fig-Tree to bring forth Flowers: Beside that, I have Fruit you see, that is much Better.

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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 Derogate from 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 betwixt 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 Understands the Other ? Nay, the very Ostentation of the Thorn, is a Weakness, and I might have said a Vice too ; for the Vanity Unhallows the very Virtue, especially where it is Accompany'd with Detraction.

F A B. CCCCLXVII.

A Wolf and a Fox.

A *Wolf* had the Fortune to pass by, as the Thief-Leaders were Dragging a Proper Goodly Fox to the Place of Execution. The *Wolf* took such a kindness for him, that he Resolved to Employ his Interest with the Lion to save his Life ; but by the way, says he, what's the Malefactor's Crime ? So the Officers told him, that he had not only Robb'd several Hen-Roofts, but had the Impudence to Steal a Fat Goose, that was Reserv'd for his Majesties own Table. Say ye so ? says the *Wolf*, why then *the Case is Alter'd*, quoth *Plouden* ; and so he left him to take his Fortune.

The MORAL.

Interest is the very Test and Standard of Good and Evil. If I may gain by doing a Thing, 'tis Honest ; if it be against my Profit, 'tis consequently against my Conscience. This is the Pro & Con of Common Practice ; and 'tis but Casting some Grains of Allowance into the Scale, to Palliate the Foulest Iniquity.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable hits the Humour of the World to a Hair, and it holds from him that sits upon the Throne, to the poor Devil that has scarce a Tatter to his Breech. Men are easie to Pardon Offences committed against other People; but when they come to be Touch'd Once in their Own Copy-Hold, the *Lion's Fat-Goose* weighs 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 Stoll'n a *Prerogative-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 veriest Villain in Nature*, cries one, *for I'll tell ye how he Us'd Me. As Worthby a Man*, says another, *as ever trod upon a Shoe of Leather; for really I have been much Beholden to him.* In short, there is such an Affinity betwixt our Prudentials and our Appetites, that they are like two *Unison Strings*, if you Touch the One, the Other Moves by Consent. There was a certain *Filacer* (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 Best Church upon the Face of the Earth Destroy'd; the Nobility and Gentry trampled under Foot, and begger'd; the Commonalty Enslaved; the Laws Overturn'd; the Constitution of Parliaments Dissolv'd; a most Pious, Gracious King Murder'd; And now to *Consummate the Villany*, they say they are putting down the *Filacers*. When it comes once to the *Filacers*, it Touches to the Quick.

FAB. CCCCLXVIII.

A Rich Man and a Poor.

AS a Poor Fellow was Beating the Hoof upon the Highway, and Trudging on Merrily in a Bitter Cold Morning, with never a Rag to his Tayl: A Spark that was Warm Clad, and Well Mounted, (but his Teeth Chattering in his Head yet,) call'd to this *Tatter-de-Mallion*, and ask'd him how he was able to endure this Terrible Weather? Why, says t'other, how does your *Face* endure it? My *Face* is us'd to't, 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 MORAL.

By Custom, Practice and Patience, all Difficulties and Hardships, whether of Body or of Fortune, are made Easie to us. Mankind is all of a Make, and if we shrink in the Wetting, as we say, or in any Trial of Distress or Persecution, 'tis our own Fault; for we are Consulting our Skins, and our Affections, when we should rather be attending to the Motions of our Reason, which would give us better Counsel.

REFLEXION.

IF Men would but Inure themselves to do those things by Choice, which 'tis Forty to One they shall be some time or other forc'd to do by Necessity, it would exceedingly Advance the Peace and Comfort of Human Life; for all those Miseries are only Visionary and Fantastical, so far as we Govern our selves by Opinion rather than by Reason. Our Bodies are not Naturally more Tender than our Faces; but by being less Expos'd to the Air, they become less able to endure it. Exercise makes things Easie to us, that would be otherwise very Hard; as in Labour, Watchings, Heats and Colds: And then there is something *Analogous* in the Exercise of the Mind, to that of the Body. 'Tis Folly and Infirmary that makes us Delicate and Forward. We are taught likewise in the Differing Tempers and Conditions of the *Rich Man* and the *Poor* here, that a Man may be Happy with a Little, and Miserable in Abundance.

FAB. CCCCLXIX.

A Wolf and a Hog.

A *Wolf* that had liv'd 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't; and not to Eat One Bit of Flesh for a Whole Twelve-Month: But Fasting it seems did not agree with his Constitution, 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 Fish, that being Taken, Grunteth like a *Hog*; and so he made a Supper of the *Hog*, without breaking his *Fast*, and without any Offence to his Vow of *Mortification*.

The MORAL.

In a long Practise of Wickedness, now and then a Faint Vow or Promise of Amendment, goes for Nothing: And if a Body should have a Mind to break a Commandment under such an Obligation, it will be hard if he cannot bring himself off with some Salvo, and be his own Confessor.

REFLEXION.

MEN that are Habitually Wicked, may now and then by Fits and Starts feel certain Motions of Reflexion that look toward Repentance; but those Dispositions are commonly short Liv'd, and the same Meat shall be Fish or Flesh as it may best serve their Turn. We find this Fable Moraliz'd in our Daily Practice, not only among our *Falsè Converts*, upon the Matter of Truth, Steadiness and Justice, but among *Politicians, Lawyers, and Divines*, that shall make the most Establish'd Principles of Law, Prudence and Religion, *Felons of themselves*, and by the help of a little *Sham and Paradox, 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 *Confessarius*, for Fating Flesh 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 *Hog* into *Porcus*, he kept his Fast in *Latin* still, though he broke it in *English*.

FAB. CCCCLXX.

A Farmer and his Servant.

A Country Farmer mis'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 cros him, 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.

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The MORAL.

We have this Fool Moraliz'd abundantly to us in Common Practice. We leave the main End and Business of Life Unregarded, to run after Butterflies.

REFLEXION.

A Man cannot look into himself without an Application of this Fable to his own Soul and Conscience. He was much in the Right, that call'd *Old Men* only Great Blockheaded Boys with Beards, that Entertain themselves with *Bigger Play-things*. There's an *Ox* lost, and this *Coxcomb* runs a Gadding after *Wild-Fowl*. Is it not our very Case now, that when our Souls, Good Names, Bodies, and Fortunes are at Stake, we must be running out at Check, after every Crow, Buzzard, or Jack-daw that comes in the way, and leave the main Chance at last at Six and Seven? Nay, and here's this more in't too, that the *Quarry* would not be worth the taking up neither, if we could Catch it? beside, that it flies away still before us, and is never to be Overtaken.

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 Transported 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 your Beard, says *Prometheus*; nay, and of your Chin too; for 'twill both Singe and Burn ye. 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, 'tis 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 Necessary Purposes, provided only that we make a Right Use on't.

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 Spar'd; nor so much as any One Particle of it that Mankind may not be either the Better or the Worse for, according as 'tis Apply'd. The most Sovereign Antidotes

Antidotes have Poison in them; the most necessary Means of Life may be Corrupted or Perverted, and render'd the most Derstructive to us; As an Infected Air, for the Purpose, a Raging Sea, or a Consuming Fire: But let this Air continue as God made it; the Waters be kept within their Bounds, and the Fire from breaking out into Conflagrations, and there's no Living without them under this Regulation.

REFLEXION.

THE Best things in the World may be Misapplied; and the greatest Blessings Abus'd, may become the Occasion to us of the most Judicial Maledictions. What's more necessary for the common Comfort and Benefit of Mankind, than Understanding and Power; and nothing certainly is more Pernicious than those Illustrious Qualifications Perverted. We are not to Quarrel with the Heavens for Pestilential Influences, or Unkindly Seasons; nor with the Earth for Poysonous Minerals and Exhalations; nor with the Water for Inundations, and Shipwrecks; nor with the Fire for Conflagrations. We must not take upon us to Dispute or to Correct the Wisdom of Providence, but sit down Contented and Thankful, and with this Reflexion upon the whole, that we are Indebted to the Divine Bounty for all the Good we Enjoy; and that for the Evil we Suffer, we may thank our Selves.

FAB. CCCCLXXII.

A Generous Lion.

AS a *Lion* was Beftriding an *Ox* that he had newly Pluck'd down, a Robber passing by, Cry'd out to him, *Half-Shares*. You should go your Snip, 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* bad 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 Ride 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 forwarder to Commend such Precedents, than to Imitate them: for
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the Bold and Rich Thrive in the World, when the Poor and the Bashful go a Begging: But Virtue is never the less Venerable for being out of Fashion.

FAB. 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 Lass took for a Reproche, 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 than a Sword. The Good Man Kiss'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 not any Accident or Adventure in Nature, that does not yield Matter and Occasion for Good Counsell: And the Excellency of that necessary Office lies in the Address of Managing it Pertinently, and without Reproche.

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 Usurp upon the proper Ornaments and Privileges of a Woman. The Sister's Envy may be better Reprov'd then Reform'd; for to say that a Woman is not Handsome, 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.

FAB.

FAB. CCCCLXXIV.

The Bees and the Drones.

There was a Controverſie betwixt the *Bees* and the *Drones* about ſome *Hony-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 Tryal of the Cauſe, they ſeem'd both to ſtand fair for't, as being of the ſame Size, Make and Colour. Now, ſays the *Wasp*, I am upon my Oath, and therefore let me ſee them work their Combs, and fill 'em here before me in the Court, and I ſhall be then the Better able to Underſtand the Merits of the Cauſe. The *Drones* would not Agree to't, and ſo the Verdict went for the *Bees*.

The MORAL.

Pretences go a great way in the World with Men that will take Fair words and Magiſterial 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 Mens Labours, fall under the Reproof of this Fable; and the Judges in thoſe Caſes are not always ſo Tender, Circumſpect and Conſcientious as the *Wasp* was in this; for they let False and Frivolous Pretenders run away many times, not only with the Character, but with the Reward, both of Honoſter and Soberer Mens Virtues. There's no Proof like Matter of *Fact*, and putting the *Drones* to the Teſt of making *Wax* and *Hony*.

FAB. CCCCLXXV.

A Fox and a Dragon.

As 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 Maſs of Hidden Treasure. He made his Excuse for his Intruſion, and begg'd the *Dragon's* leave but to Ask him One Queſtion. Pray (ſays he) where's the Pleaſure or the Profit of Spending

Spending all your Days in a Hole thus, without either Light or Sleep? Why, 'tis my *Fate*, says the *Dragon*, and there's no more to be said. Here's a Monstrous Hord, says the *Fox*, and I cannot find that you either Give or Use One Penny out of all this Store. 'Tis a Misery, says the other, that I am Doom'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 Amifs, and to Persevere 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 sooth of it is, that an Ill Habit 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*; Beside that, he wants what he *Has* too; for 'tis lost to all Intents and Purposes, when neither he Himself, nor any Body else is the Better for't. 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 Doom'd to't, 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 Condemn'd to this Misery by the Fatality of any Inevitable Decree; but in these Cases, Custom and Corruption, superinduce upon us a kind of Necessity of going on as we begun.

FAB. CCCCLXXVI.

The Shipwrack of Simonides.

Simonides was a Learned Man, and an Excellent Poet, especially in the way of *Panegyrick*, or *Encomium*, to the Honour of the Great Men of his Age; insomuch that he made his Fortune by't. After some time spent abroad, and a great deal of Mony got by his *Encomia* upon the *Hero's* of those Times, he put Himself and his Treasure A-board for his own Countrey again, in an Old Rotten Vessel. They fell into Foul Weather, and the Ship Miscary'd. In the Hurry of the Shipwrack, while the Passengers were at
their

their Wits end how to Save that which they took to be of the most Value, *Simonides* was the only Man that appeared Unconcern'd, notwithstanding that his whole Fortune was at Stake in the *Cargo*. One Ask'd him why he did not look after his Goods. Why, so I do, says he, for all the Goods that I pretend to, I have now about me. In this Extremity, some made a shift to Swim A-shore; the greater Part sunk under the weight of what they thought to Preserve; and in the mean time came in a Crew of Free-Booters, that Rifled and Stript those that Scap'd. The Men that were Paddling for their Lives, made a Port, where by great Providence there liv'd a Famous Philosopher that was a Passionate Admirer, and a Diligent Reader of *Simonides*, and his Writings. This Philosopher, upon the First Encounter, found out *Simonides* by his very Discourse; took him into his House Cloath'd him, Furnish'd him with Mony, Provided him Servants, and put him into a Condition in fine, to Live in Honour and Plenty. As *Simonides* was walking the Streets a while after, he saw several of his Shipwrack'd Companions begging their Bread from Door to Door, with a Certificate of their Misfortune. Well, says *Simonides*, and d'ye not find it True now as I told ye, that a Man of Letters and of Integrity, carries all his Goods about him?

THE MORAL.

The Moral is no more then this, that Virtue shall never Fail of a Reward in the Conclusion.

REFLEXION.

A Wife and a Good Man carries his Happiness in his own Breast; and that's a Happiness too, that the Uttermost Malice of Wicked Men, and of Cross Fortune can never take away. Let all Men of Honour apply the Moral of this History to their own Comfort and Support, and Assure themselves, that Providence either in the Blessing of a good Conscience, or in that of a Happy Deliverance, will never Forfake them.

FAB. CCCCLXXVII.

Two Men and a Halter.

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 bethought 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 Mony along with it. The Fellow presently 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 *Marrying and Hanging*, they say, *go by Destiny*. The last Comer, in fine, succeeds to the Rope 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 Mony in the Case, 'tis Forty to One but some Body or other goes to the Devil for't.

REFLEXION.

POVERTY and Avarice are near A-kin, and the Rich Infatiable Miser 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 betwixt Gold in one Part of the Earth, and Gold in Another? Betwixt the Minted Gold that the Sordid Churl Buries in a Pot, and the Ore that Nature has Prepar'd and Tinctur'd in the Mine? They are Both equally lost 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 Folly of those People that Starve themselves to Enrich others, and make their Own Lives Wretched for the Advantage perhaps of Thieves or Strangers. The Halter, in fine, serv'd both their turns; as well His that had no Mony at first, as t'others that Lost it.

FAB.

FAB. CCCCLXXVIII.

A Mountebank and a Bear.

AS a Quack was Exposing his Bills and Med'cines upon a Stage, in the Quality both of a *Doctor* and a *Jack-Pudding*, Thousands and Thousands of People Gaping and Staring at him with as much Reverence and Attention, as if every Word that came out of his Mouth had dropt from the Lips of an Oracle: It happen'd just in the Nick of this *Interim*, that an Officer of *Paris-Garden* was Leading one of his Majesties *Bears*, that way, with a Ring through the Nose of him. The Rabble immediately upon the Novelty of this Adventure, quitted the *Mountebank*, and Gather'd in Multitudes about the *Bear*, *Shouting* and *Huzzaing* along with him, as if it had been a Procession to a *Pope-Burning*, or peradventure some more Pompous Spectacle. The *Bear* upon this Noise and Bussle, (though none of the Quickest-Witted Animals,) made a Speech to the Crowd after the best manner. Hark ye my Friends, says he, I'm Glad to see you so Merry at my being led like a Sot by the Nose thus; but pray let's Laugh at one another by Turns, for you are every Jot as Ridiculous to *Me*, as I am to *You*, the *Mobile* are led by the *Ears* just as the *Bears* are led by the *Noses*; and that's all the Difference in the Case betwixt us.

The MORAL.

The Mobile are altogether for Noise and Novelty, and One New Thing drives out another: Nay, we take Pleasure in the very Spectacle that Effectually Abuses us; as a Bear with a Ring in his Nose, is no more then an Emblem of Every Man of us, for we are led as much as He, some by the Ear or Eye; others by our Lusts and Affections: But in fine, every Soul of us some way or other.

REFLEXION.

No Man should make Sport with, or Condemn any thing in another, without first Considering whether he be not Guilty of the very same thing Himself. The *Bear* is led after *One* Manner; the *Multitude* are led after *Another* Manner; and in some sort or other we are all led; only the *Bearward* in this Fable leads but *One* Brute, and the *Mountebank* leads a *Thousand*: And what's the whole Bus'ness at last, but Noise, Novelty, and Example? And One Fool Staring and Hooting 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 Peoples
leaving

leaving the *Mountebank* for the *Bear*, Imports as great Readiness, even to leave *Him* too for what comes next, and shews us that there's no Trusting to the *Mobile*. It may serve also to Mind us, that the very Course of our Lives is little better then a *Series* of Mistakes, and a Transition from One Weakness to Another. He that finds himself Uneasie in One Unreasonable Choice, has Recourse naturally to Another, perchance as Unreasonable: And let him be never so Sick of the Error, there's yet some Pleasure in the Variety; though it be but in the *Hope* of Mending the Matter.

FAB. CCCCLXXIX.

A Skittish Horse.

There goes a Story of a Restiff, 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 Spur and the Bit was wholly Lost upon him. When his Rider found that there was no Reclaiming of him by the Ordinary Methods of Horsemanship, he took him to task upon the Philosophy and Logick of the 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 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 then his Master,) 'tis no new Thing in the World, even for the greatest *Heroes* to shrink under the Impression of *Panick Terrors*. What are all the *Sprights*, *Ghosts* and *Goblins* that you your selves Tremble at, but *Phantom*es and *Chimera*'s, that are bred and shap'd in your own Brain?

THE MORAL.

Nature and Reason have Fortify'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 Boggling at Imaginary Evils, let us never Blame a Horse, for starting at a Shadow.

REFLEXION.

'TIS a Common Thing for People to Blame what they Practise, and to be spending their Censures upon others, when they should be Examining Themselves: Whereas in Justice, Charity and Prudence; we should make no other Use of our Neighbours Faults, then we do of a Looking Glass

Glaſs to Mend our own Manners by, and to ſet Matters right at Home. When we ſee a Horſe ſtart at a Shadow, what have we more to do then to Contemplate the Folly and Vanity of our own Surprizes and Miſtakes in a Thouſand Inſtances of the ſame Quality! For what are all the Vexatious Tranſports of our Hopes and Fears, Extravagant Wiſhes, and Vain Deſires, but the Images of Things every jot as Whimiſical, as the Viſion 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 ſay all in a Word, the whole Buſneſs comes to no more then this; Firſt, we form ſome *Nonſenſical Idea* to our ſelves, and then fall down to an *Idol* of our *Own Making*.

F A B. 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 Peſt of all Commonwealths and Families, wherever it is Entertained; and yet, to the Scandal of Human Policy, even in the Beſt of Governments, the World was I know not how many Thouſand Years Old, before ever any Proviſion was thought of for the Preventing or the Suppreſſing of this *Epidemical Corruption*. *Apollo* was the Firſt that (out of his Own Wiſdom and Goodneſs) Erected a Court of Juſtice for the Tryal of *Parasites*; appointing the Sharpeſt Satyrifts 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 *Chained to a Stake*, and *Flay'd Alive*. It was Obſerv'd, that notwithstanding the Severity of this Inexorable Law, *Flattery* was ſtill as Bold, Buſie, and Barefac'd as Ever, from the very Palace to the Cottage; and yet in a matter of Six Months time, not One Complaint brought into the Court againſt it. Upon this Neglect, there were *Spies* and *Informers* ſet at work in all *Coffee-Houſes*, and other Publick Places, to Watch the Company, and give intelligence to the *Tribunal* of what was ſaid or done there, that might be laid hold of. The very next day 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

Good Government, and Virtue, when the whole World knew him to be no better than an Ignorant Mercenary Sot, that without any regard to Honesty, Prudence, or Good Manners, Abandon'd himself Entirely to his Lufts and Pleasures. The Prisoner both Confess'd and Justifi'd the Fact at the same time, appealing to the Person most concern'd, whether he had wrong'd him or not; who not only Acquitted the Man, but Reflected most Desperately upon the Scandalous Practice of the Court it self, in making that to be *Flattery*, which upon the whole Matter, was no other then *Truth* and *Justice*. The Commission was hereupon Discharg'd, for they found it utterly Impracticable to punish a Fault that no Body would either Acknowledge or Complain of.

The MORAL.

'Tis nothing but Self-Love at Home, that Provokes and Invites Flattery from Abroad: And the Disposition of One Man to Receive it, Encourages Another to give it.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fiction may serve to shew us, that what Influence soever Political Laws and Provisions may have upon the External Regulation of our Practices and Manners; it is a thing yet utterly Impossible for Human Wisdom to form such an Act of State, as shall reach the Wickedness of the Heart: So that in despite of all the Rules and Cautions of Government, the most Dangerous and Mortal of Vices will still come off, without so much as a Publick Censure. As who shall pretend to inflict any Punishment upon Flattery, Hypocrisie, and other Sins of the Heart, when there lies no proof against them? One may be a very Honest Man in the Eye of the Law, and yet a most Abominable Wretch in the Sight of God, and of his Own Conscience. But still it is worth the while however, to consider how we may discountenance and prevent those Evils which the Law can take no Cognizance of. And to gain this Point, the Effect must be Obviated in the Cause. *Flattery* can never take Place upon any Man (so as to Corrupt him) that did not Flatter Himself First; for it is a vain Opinion of our Selves, that lays us Open to be Impos'd upon by Others.

FAB. CCCCLXXXI.

Three Dreaming Travellers.

THREE Men were Travelling through a WilderNESS; 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 'em yet, though too little for all; and how to Dispose of the Remainder, was the Question. Come (says One of the Three,) Let's e'en lye down and Sleep, and he that has the Strangest Dream, shall have That that's Left. The Motion was Agreed to, and so they dispos'd themselves to their Rest. About Midnight, Two of them Wak'd, and told one another their Dreams. *Lord,* says one of 'em, *What a Fancy have I had! I was taken up methought into the Heavens, I know not how, and there set down just before Jupiter's Throne. And I,* says T'other, *was Hurry'd 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 too Lugging and Pinching their Companion, to tell him the Story. *Nay, pray be Quiet,* says he, *What are ye? Why we are your Fellow Travellers,* they Cry'd. *Are ye come back again then?* says he. They told him they had never stirr'd from the Place where they were. *Nay then,* says t'other, *'twas but a Dream, for I Fancy'd that one of ye was Carry'd away with a Whirlwind to Jupiter, and t'other to Pluto: And then thought I to my self, I shall never see these Poor People again: so I e'en fell on, and Eat up all the Victuals.*

THE MORAL.

There is a Fooling sort of Wit that has nothing more in't than the Trick-ing up of some Insipid Conceit to no manner of Purpose, but to Mortifie Good Company, and Tire out an Ingenious Conversation. The Jests of these People are only to be Order'd as we do Cucumbers: Wash them, and Beat them, and then throw them out at the Window. That is to say, they are Flat and Insipid, without either Meaning or Morality 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 closer yet too, when the Trick is Encounter'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 Concerted in Form, as here in the Fable. The Frolick of a Cleanly Banter, may do well enough *off-band*, and without *Affectation*; but a *Deliberated* Foolery is most Abominably Fulsome.

F A B. CCCCLXXXII.

Reason of State.

UPON the coming out of a Book Entituled *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 Erecting, 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 soever to the Laws both of God and Man.*] There was great Exception taken to the Plain Dealing of this Latter Definition; but upon Consulting Presidents, it was found very Agreeable to the Practical Truth of the matter.

The MORAL.

Honesty may do well enough betwixt Man and Man, but the Measures of Government and Righteousness are quite Different Things. The Question in Reason of State is not Virtue, but Prudence.

R E F L E X I O N.

Reason of State, in the Simplicity of the Notion, is only the Force of *Political Wisdom*, Abstracted 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't, 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 Use 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 *Devillish Thing*, under a *Specious Name*, and a Cover for all Wickedness. 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 Cafes, to *Hear, See, and Say Nothing*.

FAB. CCCCLXXXIII.

An Eagle and a Leveret.

AN *Eagle* that was Sharp fet, and upon the Wing, looking about her for her Prey, spy'd out a *Leveret*, made a Stoop like Light'ning, and Trufs'd it; and as she had it in the Foot, the Miserable Wretch Enter'd into an Idle Expostulation upon the Conscience, 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 Master of all Living Creatures under the Sun, and from whom That Propriety cannot be taken without manifest Wrong and Usurpation. *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 advanc'd a very Pretty Invention here, in setting up Reason against Force, where the Cause is not to be Decided by Argument, but by Power: And to Convince ye now how much I am in the Right, You shall find, in despite of all other 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 Cobwebs to Catch Flies; but Power is the Law of Laws, and there's no Disputing with it, but upon the Swords Point.

REFLEXION.

Tyranny and Oppression never wanted either a Plea, or an Advocate for whatever they did; for the *Majority* of the *Lawyers*, the *Divines*, and *All Quæstuary Professions*, will be sure to run over to the *Stronger Side*, where *Will* passes for *Law*, and *Rapine* for *Providence*. So that it is a Folly next to Madness, for a Friendless, and an Unarmed Innocence to Expostulate with an Invincible Power. The Case of the *Hare* and the *Eagle* is a Common Case in the World, where the Weaker is a Prey to the Stronger; where a forcible Possession gives a Title, and where the Justice of the Cause is Determin'd by the Success. When the *Hare* comes once

to be in the gripe, 'tis too late to talk of *Reason* and *Equity*, when contrary to all the Rules of *Moral Justice*, the *Conqueror* is both *Judge* and *Party*.

FAB. CCCCLXXXIV.

A Dog and his Master.

There was an Excellent *House-Dog*, that spent his whole Night still in Bawling and Snarling at all People Indifferently that pass'd within Hearing of him. His Master took him to Task once for Barking and Yelling so at every Body that came near him, without Distinction. Why what have you a Nose for, says he, but to smell out a Thief from an Honest Man? I will not have you so much as Open your Mouth, I tell ye, at a Venture thus. Sir, says the Mastiff, 'tis out of the Zeal I have for your Service; and yet, when all is done too, I would I had no more to Answer for, then giving *False Alarums*, and *Barking out of Season*. You may fancy perhaps, that there are *No other Thieves* then those that the Law Exposes to the *Pillory*, or a *Whipping-Post*; or to a Turn perchance at *Tyburn* the next Sessions. You'll find your Self Mistaken 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 Post*, a *Catch-pole*, a *Jayler*, a *Pawn-Broker*, a *High-wayman*, a *Crop-Ear'd Scriv'ner*, a *Gripping Usurer*, a *Corrupt Judge*, or any of these Vermin, pray'e Cry out *Thief*, and spare not: And I beseech ye Sir, says the Dog, what if it should be a *Pettifogging Splitter of Causes*, a *Turncoat*, *Ecclesiastical*, *Military*, or *Civil*; a *Trading Justice*, a *Mortal Enemy* under the Mask of a *Friend*: A *Glozing Hypocrite*: Or in One word, let it be in any other Case or Encounter whatsoever; You will find it Twenty Thousand to One upon the whole Matter, that I Bark Right.

The MORAL.

The History of Cheats and Sharpers truly Written, would be no other then the History of Human Nature.

R E-

REFLEXION.

'TIS an Unhappy 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 *Try'd Friend* and *Servant*, falls under the Judgment commonly of giving too much heed to a *Secret Enemy*: Beside, that it goes to the Heart of a Man of Honour and Address, when he has done his Uttermost for his Masters Service, to fall under the Scandalous Character of *Officious*, and *Impertinent*, for his Pains. The Master here was in another Mistake too, in Supposing that all *House-Breakers* and *Sbarpers* had *Thief* written in their Foreheads; whereas the most Dangerous sort of *Cbeats*, are but Masqueraders, 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 Eminence told him they were so Holy at *Rome*, that he thought there had been *no Thieves there*. Well, says 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 did wisely in't; for he that keeps himself upon this Guard, shall never be Couzen'd. The Best will help it self, and therefore 'tis good to be wary for fear of the Worst.

FAB. CCCCLXXXV.

Two Doctors and a Sheep.

AS a *Sheep* was Grazing One Evening in a Pleasant Meadow, it had the Hap to Overhear *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 Bussle 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

clear Resolution of this Question, you must first set your Selves at liberty from the Over-ruling Awe of Disgrace, Shame, and Punishment; and by the Removal of that Force, leave your Selves to the full Scope of your Avarice and Ambition. You will then find by the Event, whether Man be Naturally a *Protector* and *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 Constraint upon us, either of Vows or Penalties; and the very Flies and Pismires upon this Topick, will Rise up in Judgment against Mankind.

The MORAL.

The Philosophers will have Man in a Degree of Excellency to be a Sociable Creature; but these Philosophers are Men themselves then, and Judges in their Own Case: Now, if we may Credit Matter of Fact and Experience, Men are the most Disunited Creatures under the Heavens: 'Tis their Delight, Study, Practice and Profession to lye Cutting One Anothers Throats, and Destroy their own Kind: Insomuch that Birds, Beasts and Insects, to the very Flies and Pismires, will rise up in Judgment against Mankind in this Point.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE *Sheep* in this Fable was clearly too hard for the *Two Doctors*; and we find all those Reasonings to be true in the World, which the *Mutton* Alleges in the Fiction. For Man is certainly one of the most Perverse Pieces of the Creation; and not only Cross to his Rational Brethren, 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 shuts 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 Compass of their proper Bus'ness and Duty. Whereas Man, that over and above the same common Instinct, is endu'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 Brutes, as the due Exercise and Application of those Rational Faculties that Heaven has Bestow'd upon us: Which comes to the very case of the *Sheep* and the *Doctors*. *Man* knows what he *Ought* to do, but (to his Greater Condemnation,) he does not Act according to his Knowledge; whereas *Animals* that are Guided barely by *Instinct*, live in Obedience to the Voice of Heaven in that of *Nature*.

FAB.

F A B. CCCCLXXXVI.

Few Friends.

ONE that had a Great Honour for *Socrates*, took Notice of a Pitiful Little House that he was a Building: 'Tis a strange Thing (says he to the Philosopher,) that so Great a Man as you are should ever think of Living in so Wretched a Cabin. Well, says *Socrates*, And yet as Little as it is, he were a Happy Man that had but *True Friends* enow to fill it.

The MORAL.

A Friend in the World, is quite Another Thing then a Friend in the Schools: And there's a Great Difference in the Speculation of a Friend, from what we find in the Practice.

R E F L E X I O N.

Friendship is a Divine Excellency, wrapt up in a Common Name, and nothing less then the uttermost Perfection of Flesh and Blood, for Wisdom and Virtue, can Entitle a Man to the Character of a *True Friend*; though 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 Paucity 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.

F A B. CCCCLXXXVII.

An Ass Carrying an Image.

AS an Ass was Carrying an Image in Procession, the People fell everywhere 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 Ass with this Burden upon your Back, that you were before you took it up; and 'tis not the Brute they Bowe to, but the Image.*

The

The MORAL.

A Publick Character is never the less to be Reverenc'd, because a Coxcomb perhaps may Carry it; nor that Coxcomb one jot the more, save only for the sake of his Office.

REFLEXION.

THE Simple Vanity of this Afs is a very Pertinent Reproof to those Men that take the Honour and Respect that is done to the Character they Sustain, to be paid to the Person; as if Mr. Constable should Assume to his Visage, the Reverence that's paid to his Commission. There are that Interpret every Nod or Glance of Civility, in their own Favour, though it was neither Due to them, nor ever Intended them.

FAB. CCCCLXXXVIII.

A Dog and a Cat.

HERE was a *Dog* and a *Cat* brought up in the same House, from a *Whelp* and a *Kitling*, and never were Two Creatures better together; so Kind, so Gamesome and Diverting, that it was half the Entertainment of the Family to see the Gamboles and Love-Tricks that pass'd betwixt them. Only it was Observ'd, that still at *Meal-times* they would be Snarling and Spitting at One Another under the Table: And what was the whole Sum of the Controversie at last, but a *Dog-and-Cat-Wrangle* about the Picking of a Bone, or the Licking of a Trencher?

The MORAL.

Flesh and Blood does Naturally Consult its own Advantage; and when that comes to be the Question, There's the Bone that in some Degree or other sets all Mortals together by the Ears.

REFLEXION.

HERE'S a Perfect Emblem of the Practices and Friendships of the World; for Men have their Toying Seasons: and their Pleasant Humours, as well as *Dogs* and *Cats*. We Contract Little Likings; enter into Agreeable Conversations, and pass away the time so Merrily and Kindly together, (at least while that Fit of Dalliance and Diversion Lasts,) that one would think it impossible for any thing under the Sun
to

to Break the *Intrigue*; and yet upon the throwing in any Cross Interest among 'em; (which is all One with the Bone under the Table,) nay, upon a Jealous Thought, or a Mistaken Word or Look, all former Bonds are Cancell'd, the League Broken, and the Farce Concludes in Biting and Scratching one another's Eyes out. The same Figure will serve for Princes and States, Publick Persons and Private, Marry'd and Single; People in fine of all Professions and Pretences.

FAB. CCCCLXXXIX.

Aristotle's Definition of a Tyrant.

There was to great Offence taken at the Definition of a *Tyrant* in *Aristotle's Politicks*, that all the Governors under the Cope of Heaven, found themselves Touch'd in the Reflexion: Infomuch 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 then that of their Subjects. The Princes were so Nettled at the Scandal of this Affront, that every Man took it to Himself; for according to that 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 Sawciness of a *Pedant*, (for there's no *Grammar* for *Politicks*,) then to any *Malice Pre-pense*, they made him Eat his Words, and Expound Himself; that what he said of *Tyrants*, was only meant of a sort of *Persecutors of Old Time*, that have been now long since *Extinct*.

The MORAL.

In all General Characters of Bad Men, whether Princes, Publick Ministers, or Private Persons, Care should be taken not to Involve the Good under the same Scandal and Condemnation. There are some Principles and Methods of Government, wherein the Best and the Worst of Princes may Agree; but then there are certain Perverse Notions of the Thing, and Corrupt Practices, that can hardly be Touch'd upon, without Engaging all Crown'd Heads in the Reproche: And 'tis Dangerous Skewing upon the Errors of the Age a Man lives in.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fancy gives us to understand, that Secrets of State are not properly the Bus'ness of the *Schools*, and in truth it is a *Topick* too, that does as little become the *Pulpit*; for *Politicks* are matter of *Practice* rather than of *Notion*: Beside, that the Rules of *Government* and those of *Religion*, Abstractedly consider'd, have very little Affinity one with the other: For the Wisdom of this World, or that which we call *Civil Prudence*, does not at all Concern it self in the Question of *Virtue* or of *Conscience*. From hence it may be Infer'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 Position, as for the *Scandal* of Exposing Majesty, by the *Innuendo* of so Irreverend 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 Present Times, and be still looking another way, whatever we mean.

As to the Definition of a *Tyrant* it self, let it be Candidly taken, and the Drift of it is this; the common Safety of King and People is wrapt 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 Tenderness of Care and Duty, and another of Personal Inclination, or (if I may so Call it) Infirmity; and *That's* Aristotle's *Tyrant*, where a Ruler Indulges his Private Appetite, and Sacrifices his People to his Passions or his Pleasures.

FAB. CCCCXC.

A Country-man and a Panther.

A *Panther* had the Fortune to drop into a *Pit-fall*. The People came Flocking about him; some Pelting and Battering him with Stones and Cudgels; others Pity'd him, and threw him somewhat to Eat. Toward Night, they went All Home again, taking for granted that they should find him Dead next Morning: But in that *Interim* 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 Pit, set your Hearts at Rest, for I'll not Hurt a Creature of ye, now I'm at Liberty.*

Liberty. I have not forgotten who they were that gave me Bread, and who threw Stones at me; and I'm an Enemy only to those that were Enemies to me.

THE MORAL.

There's no Creature so Wild and Savage, but it may be wrought upon and Reclaim'd by Good Offices and Benefits; to the Shame of that part of Mankind, that returns Evil for Good, and is yet to Learn Humanity from the Beasts of the Forrests.

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 so to Him in His. How much Worse then Brutes are those Men then, that owe the Best Blood in their Veins to the Bounty of their Friends and Patrons, and yet after Raising them from the very Dunghil to Honours and Fortunes, are the forwardest to Insult upon their Supporters and Masters, when they see 'em 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 Distinguishes his Enemies from his Friends, by Destroying the One, and Sparing the Other. Shall we call the One a Judgment 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 in both Respects; for, let the Judgment or the Execution of Death be never so Just, it is yet Barbarous, Inhuman and Unwarrantable to Agravate the Suffering with Insolence, Contumely, Malice and Reproche: And so for the Tenderneſs on the other hand, 'tis a Softneſs Inſeparable from the Genuine Impulſe of Reasonable Being: For the Compaſſion is a Laudable Benignity of Diſpoſition, though Exercis'd upon a Beast.

FAB. CCCCXCI.

A Mastiff and an Ass.

HERE 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 Begg'd a Bit of Bread of him. The *Ass* made him Answer, that if he were Hungry, he might e'en do as he did; for he had no Bread to spare. While this pass'd, up
comes

comes a *Wolf* toward them. The *As*s 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 e'en Fight Alone too, for me: And so he left his Fellow-Traveller at the mercy of the *Wolf*.

The MORAL.

Common Defence and Preservation, is the Main End of Society, and the Great Benefit we receive by Joining 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 Reciprocal Kindness fails, as we see here in the Dog and the As's, the League drops to pieces.

REFLEXION.

ONE Good Turn, we say, requires Another; and it may be added that one Shrewd Turn Deserves and Provokes Another. The *Asses* want 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 Consequently was Providential and Just. He that shews no Compassion, shall find None.

FAB. CCCCXCII.

A *Laconique* Try'd and Sentenc'd.

IT was the Ill hap of a Learned *Laconique*, to make use of *Three Words*, when *Two* would have done his Business: The Matter was so Foul, and the Fact so clearly Prov'd upon him, that being Cited before the Senate, he was Heard and Condemned to Read over *Guicciardines War of Pisa* from End to End, without either Eating or Drinking till he had gone through it. The Poor Man fell into so Desperate an Agony before he could get over One Single Leaf on't, that he threw himself upon his Face, Imploring the Mercy of the Court, though 'twere but to change his Punishment: They might send him to the *Gallies*, he said, or if it were to *Flay him Alive*, or *Bury him betwixt 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

deal of Tedious Trash and Pedantry, the Torment, he said, of *Perillus's Brazen Bull* was Nothing to't.

THE MORAL.

Time is Life, and Life is Precious; 'Tis short enough at Best; but the more we Contract 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 Business 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 than needs, and in the Exchange of Idle and Impertinent Discourses; Beside the Mortification of a Tedious Talker. The Figure is carry'd to the Height, in the Representation, both of the Crime and of the Punishment; over and above the Equity of Tormenting the Tormentor of Others in his own kind, as *Phalaris* Sentenc'd *Perillus* to be Burnt in his *Own Bull*.

FAB. CCCCXCIII.

Matchiavel Condemn'd.

NO Man ever had a Worse Name in the World for a Promoter of Seditious and Atheistical Politicks, then *Nicholas Matchiavel the Florentine*: Infomuch, that he was Banished not only the Conversation, but the very Libraries of all Learned Men, upon pain of being Burnt for his Pestsilent Doctrins, wherever he should be taken; and a Severe Punishment inflicted over and above upon any Man that should presume to Comfort, Abet or Receive him. It was his Fortune after this, to be found upon a Search, in the Corner of a Friends Study, and to be made a prisoner; and then in course to Undergo a Sentence according to the Decree. But all these Formalities notwithstanding, he was yet by the Extraordinary Favour of his Judges, upon his Humble Petition for a Hearing, admitted to his Defence, which was to this following Effect. He made no Difficulty of Confessing the Fact, and of Acknowledging himself the Publisher of Pernicious and Execrable Positions; but withal, says he,

no Mortal upon the Face of the Earth, has a Greater Abhorrence for those Desperate Maxims then my self. As to the Inventing of those Tenets, he made Protestation, that he had no Hand in't it all, and that the Political Part of his Discourses, was only Copy'd out of the General Practices of Christian Princes; and that if they pleas'd, he was ready to Instance in the very Precedents. After this, he appeal'd to the Justice of the Bench, whether it were not very hard to make it Mortal, for One Man to write the Naked History of a thing done; and at the same time to allow the very *Doing* of it to be Praise-worthy 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 *Dogs Teeth* into their Mouths, which must inevitably be the Ruin of the Shepherd; 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 Touched with Unwash'd Hands, and Expos'd to the Multitude; 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 Overruling of it.

R E F L E X I O N.

HE that Exposes the Arts of Government to the people, does 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 Publish'd for, but to be Read, and to lye consequently at the Mercy of the Reader how to Understand it? As if the Author should say, Gentlemen, here's a *Scheme of Politicks* Submitted to your Grave Consideration, pray'e 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 *Bias* upon the Proposition they themselves please? So that let the Matter be Handled 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*. *Matchiavel* Excuses 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 Doctrins 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

is

is this, that in all these Cafes, Men are Apt to take things by the Wrong Handle, and raife Arguments for their Own Advantage. And that's the Moral of *Matchiavel's* putting *Dogs Teeth* by Night into the Mouths of the *Sheep*: That is to say, 'tis a Sly way of Irritating Subjects to fall foul upon their Rulers, which certainly is a Crime Unpardonable in any State.

FAB. CCCCXCIV.

A Dispute betwixt a Doctor, a Vint'ner and a Botcher.

There was a *Vint'ner* and a *Botcher* Challeng'd a *Doctor* of *Divinity* to a Tryal of Skill in his own Trade. He Ask'd them by whom they'd be Try'd? They'd be Try'd by the *Text* they said. The Thing was Agreed, and the Time Set, and so they brought their *Geneva* Bibles along with them. The Doctor told them by way of Preface, that though *St. Paul fought with Beasts at Ephesus, it was not the Fashion for his Followers to Fight with Beasts in England; and therefore if they could not prove themselves to be Men, he'd have nothing to do with them.* They stood upon their Pantoufles, that *Men* they were, and that *Men* he should find 'em to be; and they were ready to cast the Cause upon that Issue. That's well, says the Doctor to one of 'em, and pray'e what are you for a Man in the First place? I am a *Vint'ner*, says t'other. Very Good, quoth the Doctor, and do you ever put New Wine into Old Bottles? Yea, I do so, says the *Vint'ner*. Then, says the Doctor, You are no Man; for the *Text* says, that *No Man putteth New Wine into Old Bottles.* I shall now come to your Companion; Pray'e, 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 Case now that my *Doublet* were out at the Elbows, and I have no more of the Old Cloth to Patch it up withal, could you Mend it dy'e think? Yea, 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 Beaten 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 MORAL.

This Fable strikes at the Ridiculous License of Prophane Intermedlers in Holy Matters; that is to say, a sort of Illiterate Enthusiasts, and Mechanicks, that without either Authority or Skill, will be Correcting Magnificat, and setting up the Phantome of New Lights against the Doctrin of Christ and his Apostles.

REFLEXION.

THE Wisdom of the Law will not suffer any Man to Exercise a Trade that he has not serv'd his Time to; and a Body would think that the Reason of this Provision should hold as well in Divinity, as in Manual Crafts, for *Revelations* at this time of the Day, are as much out of Date as *Miracles*. This Comical Whimsie may serve in General for a Reproof to Bold and Ignorant Pretenders in matters that they do not Understand; and so to those also that Confidently Usurp upon other Mens Provinces, without any Right or call to the Function. What are the Freaks in fine, of these *Religionaries*, but Fits of the *Spleen*, and the Fumes of a Dark Melancholy, Cover'd under the name and pretence of Divine Gifts and Graces? They'll Cap ye *Texts*, as School-Boys Cap *Verses*; and in Defiance of all the Extraordinary Cases, 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 *Vint'ner* and the *Botcher*, according to the *Letter*. They'll draw ye a Warrant for the Murdering of Kings, from the Example of *Ahab* and *Benbadad*. An Authority for *Couzening* their Neighbours, from the *Israelites Robbing the Egyptians*. In One Word, they shall Overturn all the Principles of Human Society, Morality, and Religion it self, and shew ye a Text for't: And upon the whole Matter, what is the Conscience 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 *Hereticks*, and for his part he was a *Lutheran*: Now the Poor Wretches were both of a Side, and Understood it not. As for the Bus'ness of 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 in't, then whether 'twas a *Kentish* or a *Kirton Pippin*. The Good Man told him, that it was an *Apple*, and that *Adam's* Eating of it, brought all his Posterity under a Sentence of Condemnation. T'other said, it was so hard a Case, 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 Heresies, nay of Atheism it self. For when people have been Beating their Brains about a Difficulty, and find they can make Nothing *on't*, they are apt to think there's Nothing *in't*; for the *Mystery's* Lost to Him that stands Poring only upon the *Letter*.

FAB. CCCCXCV.

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 Towz'd and Tumbled at that Rate, i'faith not She.* In fine, *No Peny, No Pater-Noster*; and there was no Good to be done unless he would Marry her. The Poor Devil was under a kind of *Dureffe*; and for brevity sake, promis'd her with a kind Oath, that he would Marry her *to Morrow*. Upon this Assurance, they Sign'd and Seal'd. The next Day they met again, and the Next to that; and so *Every Next Day*, for a matter 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 Fool'd, and put off thus from *One to Morrow to Another*, fell in the Conclusion to Expostulating with him upon the *Matter*. *Did not you Swear, Yesterday 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 Lads, is not *to Day to Morrow?* No my Heart, says the Gallant again, that's thy Mistake; for there are *No to Morrows*; People are apt to *Talk* of 'em indeed, but they never come, for *Life it self is but the Time Present*.

The MORAL.

The Sparks Case here in the Fable, of to Morrow and to Morrow, is Every Man's, and Every Days Case in the World; and we do the very same Thing with God Almighty, that this Blade does with his Mistress, we Promise, and Put-off, and Perform Nothing.

REFLEXION.

WHOEVER Reads and Considers this Emblem, will find it to be his own Case; we promise, and we put-off, and we sin, and we go on Sinning; But still as our Conscience Checks us for't, we take up Faint Purposes, and Half Resolutions to do so no more, and to lead a New Life for the future. Thus with the Young Fellow here, we Indulge our Selves in our Pleasures from Time to time; and when we have Whil'd away our Lives, Day after Day, from *One to Morrow to Another*, that same *to Morrow* never

never comes. This is the Sluggard's Plea and Practice; the Libertine's; the Miser's; and in short, whose is it not? Now if Man would but Consider the Vanity and the Vexation of a Lewd Course of Life; the Impiety first of Entering into Vows, which they intend Before-hand not to Perform, and afterward of Breaking them; the Folly and the Presumption of Undertaking for any thing that is wholly out of our Power; the Necessity of Emproving every Moment of our Lives, the Desperate and the Irreparable Hazzard of Losing Opportunities: People would not venture Body and Soul upon the necessity of a Procrastinated Repentance; and Postpone the most uncertain 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. CCCCXCVI.

A Lady in Trouble for the Loss of a Set of Horses.

A Certain Lady, that was fall'n under Great Tribulation for the Loss of a very fine Set of Horses, went Raving up and down like a Mad Woman from Place to Place, and Every Body must be Tir'd with the History of her Misfortune: *Well*, says She, *they were the best Natur'd Poor Wretches, they'd look at Me so Kindly still when I came to take Coach; to say Nothing of the Value of them, really I cannot think my self safe with other Horses.* And at this rate, she went on, Amplifying upon the Affliction, while her Friends and Relations on the other Hand, were not wanting to Ply her upon the Ordinary *Topiques* of the Transitory State of Mortals. But when they had proceeded as 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 Confidants, *this is a very great Tryal, but since they are gone, and there's no Recalling of them, I hope your Ladyship does not think 'em too Good for Him that Has 'em.*

The MORAL.

We are more Sollicitous for our Horses 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 Case of Losing a Set of Horses.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fancy looks at First Blush, 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 Transports of Extravagant Passions for Trifles: As it was the Case of a Lady that kept her Bed for the Loss of a Favorite-Puppy she had. Her Friends came to Condole with her upon the Tydings of some Dismal Calamity that had Befall'n her, and ask'd her very tenderly what terrible Misfortune it might be, that she laid so heavily to Heart? Only, says she, the Greatest Affliction (I thank the Lord for't,) that every befel 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 T'other, 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 Study'd the Infirmities of here and there One perhaps of that Fair and Frail Sex. But we must not Imagine at last, because the Moralist has made it a Woman's Case in the Story, that we our Selves are not Guilty Every Man of us, in some sort or other, and in a Thousand Instances, of the same Weaknesses and Mistakes, even in the Ordinary Course of Human Life; for what's the Doctrin of all this upon the main, but a Rebuke to those that set their Affections too much upon the things of this World, and consequently too little upon Matters of Greater Moment; with him that upon the Firing of his House, was so Overjoy'd for the Saving of his Plate, Linnen, Paintings, Hangings, and other Rich Moveables, that he never so much as thought of his only Child all this while that was Burnt in the Cradle. Every Man has his *Feeble*, 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 Wine, Women, Jolly Company and Good Cheer, as if all the Faculties of their Reasonable Souls had been only given them to Subminister 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. CCCCXCVII.

The Hypocrite.

There happen'd a Discourse in very Good Company, upon the Subject of *Religion* and *Hypocrisie*; and how hard a Matter it was, in the Case of an Artificial Disguise, to know the One from the Other; though the Scripture Allows us, and in truth Obliges us, to Judge of the *Tree* by its *Fruits*. Well, says One to his Next Man, *Do you know such a Person?* Oh very well, says t'other; *he's one of the Holiest Men to Heaven-ward that ever you met with, but the Arrantest Rascal among his Neighbours in the whole Parish.*

The MORAL.

'Tis not the Name, the Semblance, or the Ostentation of Religion and Holiness that will Attone for the Abuse on't: In making God the Author, the Director and the Abettor of those Flagitious Villanies in Christians, that Pagans Themselves would have an Abhorrence for. But when All comes to All, a Knave in his Practice, 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 easie Matter to Distinguish the One from the Other; so 'tis a thing of a most Desperate Consequence to Mistake them; and the Question will be this at last, How to Reconcile the Offices of *Charity* and *Prudence*. The One bids us believe and hope the *Best*; the Other bids us provide against the *Worst*. Now it is not for Nothing that the Holy Ghost it self has Denounc'd so many Woes against this sort of Impostors; and Inculcated over and over so many Cautions how we have any thing to do with them; which is no other then a Declaration of an *Abhorrence* of these People, and a plain Intimation of the Danger of being Deluded and Impos'd 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, Impulse and Direction. Churches are Robb'd and Prophan'd; Princes Depos'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 Use of, as a Principal and as a Witness to the Impiety, in a Defiance to all the Dictates of Heaven and Right Reason: And all this is but a Preachment upon the Text at last, of *Fear God and Keep his Commandments*. When a King's Head is to be struck off by his own Rebellious Subjects, 'tis brought on commonly with the Prologue of a Fast, which in the Style of the *Holy Intrigue*, is call'd a *Seeking of the Lord*.

Lord. *This Work and Judgment of God (though it be Secret) must be done with Great Gravity, (says James Melvil, by way of Preface to the Murder of Cardinal Beaton.) Vive l' 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 Protestations, that She had rather lye with Forty Men then go to One Mass: Nay, and I have heard of Tenants too, that Refus'd to pay their Landlord his Rent, unless he could shew a Text for't. Here's enough said to set forth the Character of an Hypocrite, so as to Answer the Morality that is Couch'd under this Figure; but the great Difficulty will be the Steering of a Middle Course, betwixt Believing too much, and too little: That is to say, betwixt 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 God-ward, to be no better than a Juggling Knave among his Neighbours, that's the very Hypocrite that we find Stigmatiz'd among the Scribers and Pharisees in the Holy Gospel.*

FAB. CCCCXCVIII.

The Conscientious Thieves.

There was a Knot of Good Fellows that Borrow'd a small Sum of Mony of a Gentleman upon *the Kings High-way*: When they had taken All they could find; *Dam ye for a Dog*, says One of the Gang, *You have more Mony about you Sirrab, some where or other.* Lord, Brother, says One of his Companions, can't ye take the Gentleman's Mony Civilly, but you must Swear and call Names! As they were About to Part, Pray by your favour Gentlemen, says the Traveller, I have so many Miles to go, and not One Penny in my pocket to bear my Charges; you seem to be Men of some Honour, and I hope you'l be so Good as only to let me have so much of my Mony back again, as will carry me to my Journeys End. *Ay, Ay, the Lord forbid else*, they cry'd, and so they Open'd One of the Bags, and bad him Please Himself. He took them at their Word, and presently fetch'd out a Handfull, as much as ever he could Gripe. *Why how now*, says One of the Blades, *Ye Confounded Son of a Whore, Ha' ye no Conscience?*

The MORAL.

'Tis a notable Trade that many drive in the World, of pretending to make a Conscience of One Sin, and taking out their Penn'orths in Another. Some there are that Commute Swearing for Whoring, as if the For-
earance

bearance of the One, were a Dispensation for the Committing of T'other. We have heard of Others too, that have been Strict Observers of the Lords Day, and yet made no Scruple at all of Robbing the Lords Altars. But a Good Christian and an Honest Man, must be all of a Piece; and these Inequalities of Proceeding will never hold Water.

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS just with Publick Thieves, as 'tis with Private: A pretended *Necessity* sets them both at Work, and a Pretended *Religion* or *Conscience* brings them off when they have done. This is no more then what we our selves have found within the Memory of Man, to be Literally and Historically True; when that, which in those Days past for *the Law of the Land*, was in Effect no other then *the Law of the Road*; and the One had as Much and as Little to say for it self as the Other. There are *Political Bands of Robbers*, as well as the *Jacks* and the *Toms* that are Cry'd in *Gazettes*; and they fall both of them under the Regulation of the same Mystery and Trade. The Poor Man here that was Robb'd Himself, was Charg'd Effectually with Robbing the Thieves, upon a Suspicion, that he had Reserv'd some small Pittance of his own Mony, to his own Use, which they accounted a Defrauding of the Publick. Now we have seen this to be the Sense and Discipline of the *State*, as well as of the *Pad*; and 'tis Broad as 'tis Long at last, whether a Man be Undone by a *Cabal of Sharpers in a Committee of Safety*, or by a Troup of *Canary Birds* upon *Newmarket Heath*. Nay, and the Parallel runs upon all Four, a little further too; *Can't you take the Gentlemans Mony Civilly?* says the Spark: That is to say, Cannot you play the *Rogue Demurely*, as if *Butter would not melt in your Mouth*, and pick an Honest Gentleman's Pocket with a *Pater Noster* betwixt your Teeth? Cannot you Plunder, Sequester, Decimate, Draw, Hang and Quarter *in the Fear of the Lord*, but you must Blaspheme and Call Names? Is it not enough that you are 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, Backbite, Covet, and make Bold in short, with all the Commands of the Second Table, but you must be Breaking in upon the Former? Thus goes the World; *the Little Thieves Hang for't, while the Great Ones Sit upon the Bench*; and there's a Cloak of Conscience still thrown over both Pretensions, to Cover, and to Consecrate the Cheat.

FAB. CCCCXCIX.

The Trepanning Wolf.

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 Passage into't by a Gate with a *Portcullis* to't. The Rebellion brake out, and put a stop to his Design. The Place was Horribly Pester'd with *Wolves*; and his People having taken one of 'em in a *Pit-Fall*, Chain'd him up to a Tree in the Enclosure; and then planted themselves in a Lodge over the Gate, to see what would come on't. The Wolf in a very short time fell a Howling, and was Answer'd by all his Brethren thereabouts, that were within Hearing of it; infomuch that the *Hubbub* was Immediately put about from One Mountain to Another, till a whole Herd of 'em were gotten together upon the Outcry; and so Troup'd away into the Park. They were no sooner in the Pound, but down goes the *Portcullis*, and away Scamper the *Wolves* to the Gate, upon the Noise of the Fall on'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 then the common Practise of Vindictive Flesh and Blood, on the one Hand, and the common Fate of Publick Incendaries on the Other.

REFLEXION.

'TIS with *Men*, as 'tis with *Beasts*, in the Case of this *Wolf*. We do naturally Hate the Instruments of our Ruin: And it matters not much neither, as to the Event of the thing, whether it be by *Chance* or by *Choice*; for it seldom succeeds better, where the Advice or the Instigation of One Man draws on the Destruction of Many. There's a Great Difference 'tis true, betwixt the Works of Malice, and those of Misadventure, but the Mischief is still the same; for he that's Undone, is equally Undone, whether it be by Spitefulness of Forethought, or by the Folly of Oversight, or Evil Counsel. The *Wolf* at the *Stake*, had no Design upon his Brethren in the *Woods*; and the *Wolves* in the *Wood* had as little Design upon their Brother at the *Stake*; but One was in Distress, and call'd out for Help, while the other Associated, and came in to his Relief. But after

after they were once In, they were all Involv'd in the same Common Fate : And when the Herd found themselves Hamper'd, 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 Freak of the *French Farce* comes as Pat as is possible to the Earnest of this Moral : The *Plot* of it was a *Grammar-School* ; the Master setting his Boys their Lessons, and their Exercises, and a Loobily Countrey Fellow putting in for a part among the Scholars. Well, says the Master, I am just going out of Town for Four or Five Days, wherefore Pray'e be sure ye be Good Boys, till I come back again ; and so he took Horse and away. He had no sooner turn'd his Back, but there were they at it *Helter Skelter*, throwing Books at one anothers Heads, and playing such Freaks, as if Hell were Broke Loose among 'em. In this very *Interim*, the Master Bolts in upon them, and Surprizes them : In thort, he enquires into the Riot, and takes the whole School to Task One by One, about the Occasion of this Uproar. *I'd have been Quiet*, says One, *if it had not been for Him ; and I'd ha' been Quiet*, says T'other, *if he'd ha' let me alone*. So that in fine, all (Pointing at the same Person,) the Poor Country Fellow was taken up and Lash'd upon the Stage, and all the rest forgiven.

F A B. C C C C C.

A Miller and a Rat.

A Miller took a huge Over-grown Rat in his Meal Tub ; there was He laying the Law to him about the Lewdness of his Life and Conversation, and the Abominable Sin of *Stealing* ; but your Thieving, says he, is now come Home to ye, and I shall e'en leave Honest *Puffs* here to reckon with ye for all your Rogueries. Alas Sir, says the Poor Rat, I make no Trade on't ; and the Miserable Pittance that I take, is only from Hand to Mouth, and out of Pure Necessity to keep Life and Soul together : As the Rat Pleaded *Hunger* on the One Hand, the Miller threw the Matter of *Conscience* and *Honesty* in his Teeth on the Other, and Preach'd to him upon the *Topick* of a *Political Convenience*, in making such Pilfering Knaves 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 Case* ; and that *You and I are 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 Sirrah, *Your Tongue's no Slander* : So he turn'd the Cat Loose upon him to do that which we call in the World an *Execution of Justice*.

The

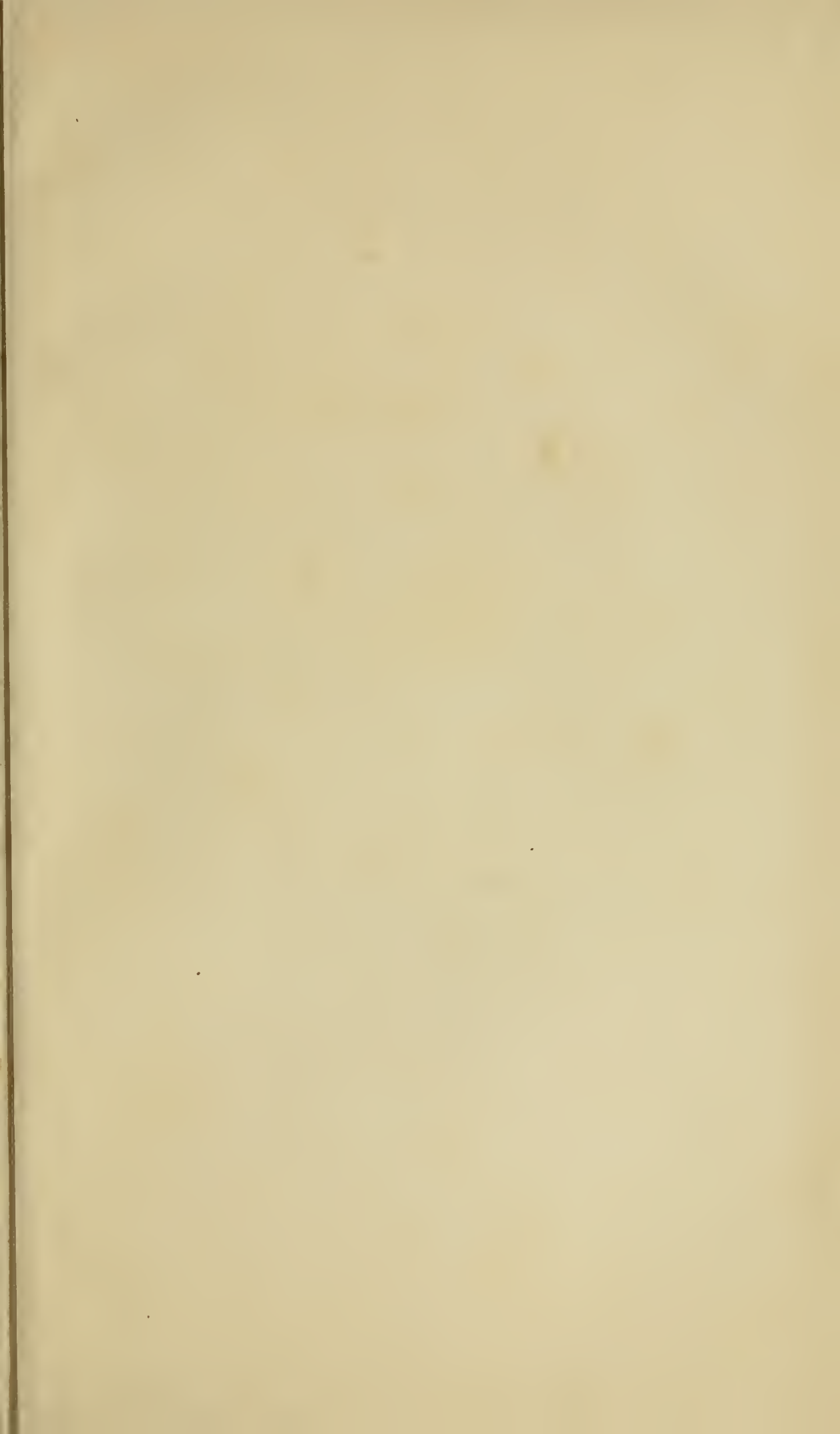
The MORAL.

'Tis a piece of Market Policy, for People of a Trade to bear hard One upon another, when it comes once to the Question betwixt a Couple of Knarves, which is the Honeſter Man of the Two.

REFLEXION.

THERE are no Greater *Atbeiſts* under the Sun, then that ſort of People that Diſtinguiſhes it ſelf from other Men by the Name of the *Godly*, and the *Ungodly Party*: No Arranter *Hypocrites* in Hell, then thoſe that told the Sons of *Levi* they took too much upon them, but that the Congregation was *Holy Every Man of 'em*, and the Lord was among them. Divine Vengeance cut 'em off we ſee, *Flagranti Crimine*, for the Earth Open'd her Mouth and Swallow'd them up, Them 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 Griping *Uſurer* Inveighs againſt *Extortion*; *Church-Robbers* againſt *Sacrilege*; the moſt Inſupportable of *Tyrants*, Exclaim againſt the Exerciſe of *Arbitrary Power*; and none ſo Fierce againſt the Sin of *Rebellion*, as the moſt Execrable of *Traytors Themſelves*. Thus we find it in theſe Inſtances; and the ſame *Phariſaical Spirit* runs through the whole Roll of our Darling 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 Whore Firſt*; as if the *Impudence* of *Out-facing* the Wickedneſs, were ſome ſort of *Atonement* for the *Scandal* of it.

F I N I S.

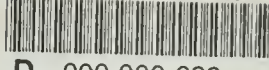


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