
 pound with desopics of a Second roaccotion of Fabears Lonime $16<8$

## 1 im:



Tipperd un. Frenfistiecs la,
W. HeElar, 16.65 . Studio: 601 West 115 Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10025 Telephone 212 864-0141

2. AESOPUS. Aesopi Pbrygis, et aliorum Fabulae ... elegantiosimis iconibus in gratiam otudiosac iuventutis illustratae. Brescia: Pietro Maria Marchetti, 1594. $12^{\circ}, 278,[10]$ pp. Printer's dolphin and anchor device on title; woodcut portrait (Aesop and Xanthus) and 132 woodcuts in the text. 19th-century purple morocco, richly gilt spine, gilt dolphin and anchor on covers, gilt edges, with Syston Park plate and monogram label of Sir John Hayford Thorold.
\$2,500
Charming little pocket edition of $\Lambda$ esop's Fables, with a series of 132 woodcuts whose first use may be traced tol574, in the Venice edition of Iandi's Italian translation.

The Aldine dolphin and anchor device on the titlepage may indicate that this Brescia press may have had some connections with the Venetian Ilouse of Aldus.
§ Küster, Acoop-Ausgaben, 184; Index Aureliensis 101. 304; not in STC Italian, Adams, or NUC. [Sec illustration]

-



## THE

## F A BLES O F

# ESOP 

 Paraphras'd in Verfe :ADORN'D
WITH

## S C U L P T URE,

A $\mathrm{N}^{\prime} \mathrm{D}$
ILLUSTRATED
WITH
ANNOTATIONS.

The Second Edition.

JO H N O GIL B Y, Efq;
Mafter of His M A JESTIES Revells in the Kingdom of IRELAND.

Printed by Thomas Roycroft, for the Author, MDCIXVIII.
 [27.71 120 A

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { 4V2.2935 }
\end{aligned}
$$

下ionovo凡 ? A2T0.1'1


## CHARLESR.



H A R L E S by tbe grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, \&c. To all Our loving Subjects, of what degree, condition orquality foever, witibin Our Kingdoms and Dominions,Greeting : Whereas it batb been manifefted unto Us, tbat Our Trufty and Welbeloved, John Ogilby, Efq; Mafler of Our Revels in Our Kingdom of Ireland, batb at bis great Charge, and expence of Time, Printed and Publibed, in fair Volumes, adorn'd with Sculptures, Virgil tranflated, Homer's Iliads, Æfop Parapbras'd, and Our Entertainment in paffing tbrougb Our City of London, and Coronation,togetber with Homer's Odyfes, and bis former Æfop, with Additions and Annotations, in Folio. Know ye therefore,Tbat it is Our Royal Pleafure, and We do by thefe Prefents, upon the bumble Requeft of Him the faid Ogilby, Arreigbtly Charge, Probibit, and Forbid all Our Subjects, to Reprint the Said Books in any Volumes, or any of them; or to Copy or Counterfeit any the Sculptures or Ingravements therein, witbin the Term of Fifteen years next enfuing the date of theje Prefents, without the Confent and Approbation of the Said John Ogilby, bis Heirs, Executors,or Afjigns, as they and every of themi fo offending, will anfwer the contrary at their utmof peril: Whereof the Wardens and Company of Stationers of Our City of London are to take particular notice, that due Obedience be given to this Our Royal Command. Given under Our Signet and Sign Manual, at Our Court at White-hall, the $25^{\text {th }}$ day of May, in the $17^{\text {th }}$ Year of Our Reign, 1665 .

By His Majefties Command,
ARLINGTON.

(a) Aufon.-ter clara infiantis Eo Signa canit Serose deprenso Marte /a$t$ telles.
Mars tardy Sentinel three times aloud proclaim'd

## FABLES <br> 0 F

Æ SOP.

## Fab. I.

Of the Cock and Pretious Stone.


T OUT Cbanticleer (a) three times aloud proclaims
Day's Signal Victory oreNight's vanquilh'd Flames:
As oft the mighty ${ }^{(b)}$ Lyons are affrighted
With his fhrill Notes, while others are delighted.
In a fhort Coat of Feathers warm as Furs,
In Boots drawn up, and Gilded Spurs, (Of old the Valiant Cock the Eagle Knighted )
He from proud Roofs, high as the Thatch defcends, His Wives, his Concubines; and Fair Race attends. Th’approaching Day.
...The Fable is thus related by Laci-
an. Therewas a joung man named Alector, very intimate with Mars, in $/ 0$ much that whenfoever Mars went so Venus, be took Alector with him, (fearing the Sun might betray bim to Vulfan) and left bim to watch at the door, and to give notice when the Sun ap. proactbd. On a time Alector fell afleep, and unwillingly betray'd bis truft: The Sun difcover' d the troo Lovers to Vulcan, wibo caught them in a Net. Mars as form as be was got loofe, in anger turtid the joung manto a Cock: for this reafon, before the Sun rifeth, the Cock crows to give notice of bis approach. Cheremon the Stoick, and Proclus and Porphyru, pythagorean Philofor hers, afrribe the crowing of the Cock before day to a fympathy betwist that Bird and the Sun, affirming, that the Sun contributes fomethirg Coleftial to it , firs which it gratefully rifeth up, and clap. pethits wings, and celebrates the ap-
proach of its Patron. Hence perhaps is the Cock calld d the Per bin Bird,
 becaufe, as the Perfians, te worfhip; the rifing Suri : but the common reafon is taken from the Fable related by A ifophanes, in Avious, That on a time the Cock was Eniperour of Pirfas, and raign'd cyranrically'; infomuch that fill all perfons as foon as he crows betake themfelves to labour, as iffearing punifhment for negligence. (6) The re fon why the Lron is afraid of the Cock Proclus fili h, is becaufe the Cock hath a much greater thare of the Suns influence than the f.yon, though they both derive their Natures fion him. But Lucritius 0 the wife.
Nimirum, quia fuxt Gáitorami su corpore guredurin
Scmima, ofue cun funt occulis imimif. Leon":
Pupillas ivece fodisent, ace eimp; doleress Prabcitt, st nequeant contra disr sic s:-

Recaule a feed in the Cocks body lies, Whofe effluent attoms hurt the Lyons Ejes,

And through the Balls with horrid anzuith noes, That they their Coursge, and all fiercenefs tole.

[^0]
## ASOPS FABLES.

(c) The Diamond playes four waters, which are four colours Whice, Brown, Blew, and Gieen. White the belt, Brown the fecond beft, Blew the third Green the worft; yet the White Table Diamond, if ic be chick, will play black, bus if ic play white it is much better.
(d) Pliny lib, 37. cap, 6. Drritia incnarrabilis iff, fiw úlque ignium viEtrix natura, ó numquam incalefcens, unde ef nomis Indomita vis Graca Interpretatione accepit. Its hardneffe is unexpreflible: its nature conquers fire, never taking heat : whence named ädorpas by the Greeks, by the $A$ rabians, Diamab, from Dim, to endure: whence our word Diamond.
(e) Amongit other properties for which the Diamond is compar'd to, and made the Emblem of Learning, receive thefe from Pliny, lib. 37. c.6. Venena irrita fatit, en lympationes abigit, metus vamos expellit: It sulls the force of poyfon, it expells fres$z y$, and vain fears.

This Fable was elegantly trar.flated by Yhedress, one of the Libertiof Auguftus.

Iib. 3. Fab. I I:
In ferquilinio pullus Gallinaceus Isn guerit efcam, margaritam reppe${ }_{7}$ rits
faces indigro qusnta res, inquit, loco! Hoc $\sqrt{1}$ quis pretii cupidus vidiflet tai, olim redifes ad /plendorem maximxm Ego quite inveni, potior chi multo of cibus,
Nec tibi prodeffe, nec mibi quicquam potes.

Hoc illis narro gui me non intelligunt.
The young Cock ranfacking a Dunghill found,
In queft of fofter fare, a Diamond;
Bright Gem, how ill faid he, thou - here are fer,

If one with thee who knew thy worth had met
Thou had't e'r this in all thy glory chin'd.
But give me food, fuch Gewgaws I not mind,
Here's no preferment for your faires looks.

Know this all you who value not good Books.

Scaling a fordid Mountain, ftraight he found A Star in Duft, a fpar'ling Diamond. Then fpake the Cock: Stone of the (c) whiteft $W$ ater, Whom (d) Time,nor Fire can waft, nor Anvil batter ; If thee fome skilful Jeweller had fold,

Adorned thus with pureft Gold, To a fond Lover: He, his Love to flatter, Would fwear his Ladies Eys out-fhine thy Raies (Brighteft of Gems) although fhe look nine wayes.

## Thou (e) Emblem of vain Learning may't adorn

 The Wifeft, but give me a Barley Corn.Let meagre Scholars waft their Brains and Tapers, In queft of thee, while they turn anxious Papers, Let me have Pleafure, and my Belly full;

Far better is an empty Scull
Than a Head ftuff'd with Melancholy Vapours. Lye fill obfcure ; I'll be to Nature kind; My Body I'll not Starve, to Feedmy Mind.

## Moral.

Voluptuous Men Pbilofopby defpife;
Down with all Learning the Arm'd Soldier cryes.
, On Gleab, and Cattell, greedy Farmers look;
And Marchants only prize tbeir Counting Book.


## स्TOPS FABLES:

## FAB. II. Of the Dog and Shadow.

THIS Dog away with a whole Shoulder ran, Let thanks be to the carelefs Larder-man, Which made the Proverb true : both large and good
The Mutton was, no way but take the Flood; His fellow-Spaniels waiting in the Hall, Nay Hounds, and Curs, in for a fhare would fall; Thofe Beggars, that like Plague and Famine fit Guarding.the Gate, would eat both him and it; Shrewd were his doubts left Serving-Men might put In for their part, and frrive for the firft cut. A thoufand real Dangers thus perfuade; As many more his nimble fancy made; Faces about, ftraight at a Poftern-Gate He takes the Stream, and leaves the reft to Fate.
'Twas in the Dog-daies too, the Skies were cleer, Not one black-patch did in Heaven's face appear : Breathlefs the Sun left two and thirty $W$ inds, And fuch the Calm as that the (a) Halcyon finds.

When a refracted Ray, a golden Beam In the grofs Medium of the darker Stream Pencil'd another Shoulder like to that The Dog had purchas ${ }^{3}$, ${ }^{(b)}$ but more large, and fat. To him who oft had fed from Beggers Caps, Shar'd in the Dole, and quarreli'd for faln Scraps, With twenty more for a gnawn bone would fight, A greedy Worm, a dogged Apperite Gave fad advice, to feize one Shoulder more. (Some Mortals till tbey'r Rich, are never Poor:) Too rafh he bites: down to the deepeft Streanr The Shadow and the Subftance, like a Dream
(a) It is obferv ${ }^{\text {d }}$ dy the antient $A$ c: thors of Natural Hiftory, that the Alcyon (or King fither) breeds aó bout the Winter Solftice, when the Seas are moft fmooth and calm. whence Alcyniis dies grew a Proverb amonglt them for ferene weather; and the poets ufe to attribute the caule of it to them: as Theocritus in his Bucolicks.


 xts xevef
 alsa
 ä 2 р".

The Halcyon Smootb Ball th' Oceans billows make,
And calm thofe bluftering winds that fea-weeds Sake.
The Halcyon of all Birds that baumt the Seas,
Is molt beluv'd of the Nereides.
We cannot better give an account of thefe birds than in the words of Pliny, who writes thus; Dies Halcyonum partus, maria, guigue navigant, novere Fertificant bruma, qui dies Haly yonsdes vocantur, placido mari per cos cor navigabili, Siculo maxime, \&ic. The very Seas, and they that fail thereon know when the halcyons fit a breed. They lay and fit about Mid-winter, when daies be fhorteft, and the time whilft they are brooding is calid the Halcyondaies: for during that feafor the Sea is calm and navigable, efpecially on the Coalt of Sicily. In other parts aifo the Sea is not fo boyterous, but more quiet than at other times, But fure the Sicilian Sea is very gentle, both in the Streights, and alfo in the open Ocean. Now within feven daies before Mid.winter they build, and within as many after they have hatch'd.
(b) Francifcus Bosf. gives the eqtural reafon.
Objicit huic velut alierius camis atade figuram,
Malto majorem pradam porsantis in ore,
Ipfum nimirum propter medium, alte longe
Craffius, idradios vijus difpergit or anget,
Sufceptos in agua velut in foccoilogue refractos,
Et facit ut fe res videatar grandior effe.
Another Dog 'midtt cryfal Waves appesrs,
Who in his mouth a greater Nored bears;
Becaufe thairs medum is more th:n and brighr,
Which both extends, and adds rajes to the fight,
Water the figure, as in Mirrors takes,
Which by refration all things larger makes.

## ISOPS FABLES.

- $V$ anilh'd together ; thrice he dives in vain ;

For the fwift Current bore it to the Main, To furnifh Triton's Banquet, who that day (c) The rable of Lsion is ctus re- Married the famous Mermaid Galate. minn if $\{$ ", fierer, folicited $f$ uno his Queen to his fond imbraces; which when fhe
 berra:n experimenof hetrualloud
 lep eleminty a teempped, and begot of ethe $C$ entusteres, who had the upper prei of Man but from the nivel d,wnvard carried the fhapes of Horfes; by wlich fabie they figuified the vinin perfuit of imag:nary glory, attempred by $u$ :lawful $m$ a: ass, and the مo itious conceptions of Ambition. fhe lifory on which this 1 able was founde is is h.s : Ixion K:ng of Th bofaIy whofe Couniry was infefted with wi'd Bulls, proclamed a certain re ward (w) fuch as fhould deftroy them wh ch che Inhabitants of the Town of Nifbite (which figrifices a Cloud whence rife the Fable of their o-igina!) mounted on horfes (the firt in thofe parts that had made ufe of any) be t'le addicion of their fpeed, overwo: $k$ the Bulls and killd them with their Jivelins: But the Borderers not being before acquainted with fuch a fight, fuppofed both oae Crea:ure; whereupon they calld dhem Centaurs. Pbad'ras lib. 1. Fab. 4.

Canis, fer flumen carnem dum ferret
Iymbarum in Spechlo vidit fimala-
Aliánque preduin ab alio perferti pstan'.
Erifere yol.it: verrem decepta avidi$t_{t a s,}$
Et qu:cm t: : : bat ore demifit cibum,
Nec queme patibat adeo potris attin-
A gere. adp. it:

Snan, with his prize, whilit ore a brock lie fwam,
Saw, in the cryital Mirrour of the fiream,
Himfelf tranforting fuch another Prey.
A fecond Courfe; fuch fond hopes him betray,
Provok'd by aipetite, the greedy wre:d
Drops the fiveet Bone, a fapiefry fhade to carch.
Thus both the vain refemblance, and his own
Were, gaping for two Benefice, gon. He that loves Gold, tarves more, the more be's fed:
Doubling of thoufinds Vfurers to their coft Know, when looth Use and Principal is lof.


Fab. III.
Of the Lyon, and other Beafts.

VVHen troops of Beams led by the.greyey'd Dawn
From Eaftern Ports rufh'd with
recruited light,
And beat up all the quarters of the Night ;
When Cyntbia fled, with broken filence drawn, Her glory plunder'd, pale at the affright;
When Acberon's Jaws for routed (a) Spirits yawn, Dreams and Fantaftick Vifions put to flight; When Stars diforder'd hid in ${ }^{(b)}$ Sea-Nymphs Beds, Or back to Heaven did fhrink their golden heads:

Then was the Lyon up, and all his Court , Prepar'd to hunt, from Woods and Defarts came Various wild Beafts, from Fields and Cities tame. About his Palace throng a huge refort, Becaufe the R oyal Ediê did proclaim There would be profit, Feafts, as well as Sport :

Thus expectation heighten'd was by Fame, The Strong, Swift, Cunning, all laid Nole to ground, Should fhare alike with him of what they found.

With ${ }^{(0)}$ Ifgrim, ${ }^{(d)}$ Bruine came, and all his Bears,
Attending in the Prefence yet being dark;
Ram Belin fafe was there as in the Ark, (1) Reynard was bufie with his Gins and Snares, Well knowing all walks and out-lets of the Park, ${ }^{(f)}$ Tybert attends with Troops of Mountaineers, And $\ddagger$ effry the Ape, well Hors'd, a gallant Spark. All forts of Dogs, 'mongft whom the Spaniel waits, For Shadows hoping now fubftantial Cates.
(a) Thofe who firt pretended to have converfe with Gholts (the Egyp= tians, I conceive, who belic $\mathrm{v}^{\prime}$ d thé World to be full of Spirits) chofe the night as a veil for their forgery, ma. king this pretext, that the sun was an Enemy to thofe Umbre or da:k Thades; this is evident in the fpeech of Anchifes, who as he appear'd to - Eneas at Night, Virgil Eneid 5.

Et nox atra polams bigis fubveltateEt nox at
nebat:
Vifa debinc colo facies delappa parestio Anchifx. Subito tales iffundere vocis.
When Night's black Chariot bad poffefs'd the pole,
From Heaven he did behold Anchifes Soul
Defcending, which to him inttefe words faid.

So upon the approach of day he tellis him he was compellid to depart;
famque vale: torgutt medios nox humida curJus,
Et me Savus equis Oriens afflavit an belis.
Down from the vertick point the moift Night fpeeds,
And me the Sun drives hence with panting Steeds.
Where he gives the Sun the Epither of Savus, cruel, becaufe he would not permit his aboad on earth any lorger.
(b) The more general opinion of the Antients was i before the latter Navigations had demonfrated the Earth to be a Globe) that the Superficies on which we liv'd was a Plain; encompafs'd on every fide wiht the main Ocean: whence at the ferting of the sun in the molt weftern pars of the World, the Horizon being cteminated in the Sea, the poets defcitbed, that by the Suns defcending inco it, and its rifing by its emergency oue of it. So Hemer defcribes the fet: ting of the 'un, Iliad 8 .
 ${ }^{21020}{ }^{2}$,
 eqy.
Mean a bile the Sun did in the Ocean fos His glorious beams, and Night's blick. Cartains wet.
And its rifing, Ody $\sqrt{6} 23$.
 yesev

Whin from the Ocias rofe the gcildes Morn
Brought light to Nortals, ant aid Earth adorn:
Anorher opinion there was, that riesun declining in a Clondin the Weft recurnd back over the inhabicas ble parts of the North, and forefe again in the Eaft.
(c) The Wolf.
(a) The Leat ${ }_{6}$
(e) The Fox. (f) The Cate

## 6 AESOSFABLES.

> (g) It was a common opinion a. stio (hat the sun 15 nourifed by exhalanons from inferiour bodies. In perfur hercof they affirm'd, thac $\mathrm{N}_{2}$ ware pidd he Ocean direct y under the $Z$ diect, that he and the other Hzaers (buberert fubjecti ham:orisalimeniam: Mactub. in Somn. Scipionis 3 might be nourifhed by the moiflure beneah them. Hence when Himer Odyf. I 2. fiizns that fupiter was fed by rigeons,

Ariftute faies that he did allegorically fignifie, that the Gods. or fuperiour Bodies, received their nu rriment from the Exhalations that afcend from below. In like manner that Golden ( hain (mentioned Iliad 8.) with uhich fupiter threatens to draw up all unto him,
 épu'aru

ars, icc.
With sbefe we'll all tbe Goddeffes and Gods,
With Rer, and Beafs, vaft Earth, and ample Floods,
Draw upp to Heaver, and bind without con:role
Th-World,great Natares Fabrick, to sbe R'olis.
The Stoicks interpret thus; fapiter that is, the Air, fhall by the golden
Chain, the Sun, exhault in procefs of Chain, the Sun, exhault in procefs of monture alfo out of the Earth, to fupply ard feed it.

The ( $\delta$ ) Sun fearce drank his draught of morning dew
Nor did his Bowl of diffolv'd Pearl exhauft,
When mix'd Troops take the Field, no time is loft.
At laft a Royal Hart they ran in view,
Whom, having at a Bay, the Lyon drew About him round his various languag'd Hoft :
Many their Limbs, and fome their Lives it coft;
At laft ore-powr'd by number, down he falls, While Heaven and Earth Ring at his Funeralls, Th' unlace, then ftrip, and next divide the Deer. Thus the offended King did then complain : Thefe fhares not equal are, divide again. One portion of the Quarrey will appear My Perquifite, as I'm your Soveraign ; The next is Ours, as being Strongeft here ; The third you muft acknowledge for my pain; The laft fhall be your Bounty, not Our Claim : But who denies, look to't, his Foe I am. No Subject'gainft his Prince durf try his Suit; Not Reynard, though moft learned in the Law. Vain are all Pleas againft the Lyon's Paw, ${ }^{\circ}$ Tis onely Force mult Violence Confute, Juft Title, prefent Power doth over-aw.
None of the Beafts their grievances difpute,
All home return, fad with a Hungry Maw. But as they went, one faid, Thougb Equals muft, Yet when they pleafe Superiors may be Guft.

## Moral.

When mighty Power with Avarice is joyn'd, Will is obey'd, and fuffice caff bebind: So Tyrants to ingage the People, grant, And at their pleafure break the Covenant.


## Fab. IV.

## Of the Eagle and the Daw.

T
He (a) Royal Eagle, when the Ocean's dark Waveshad retir'd to their low water mark, Weary with grofier food,and bloody meat, Forfakes his Cedar Court and mountain Seat To feek frefh banquets; nothing that the Ark Contain'd could pleafe,Kid, Pidgeon,Lamb,nor Lark, Nor Humane flaughter moyft with putrid gore His gorge with furfeit weaken'd could put ore. Shell-fifh being falt
Might cure the fault,
That onely muft his former health reftore.
When (b) his quick Eye piercing the Air a mile, Upon the Sea-wafh'd Margents of an Ifle

A Scollop found: which was in fhell fo lock'd That if the Devil and his Dam had knock'd, They might have ftaid for entrancea while. Without fucceffe long did the Eagle toyl, His Beak grows blunt, his griping Tallons ake, No form nor Stratagem the Fort will take :

When the flie Daw
The leagure faw,
Thus to his King and Royal Mafter fpake。
Prince of the plumed Citizens, to whom We come for Juftice, and receive our Doom, Your Highnefs hath been pleas'd to take advice From filly Birds, from pratling Daws and Pies, And oft great Kings will hear the meanef Groom. Not far from hence (Sir) ftands an antient Tomb
(a) The fame appellation Ovid gives the Eagle in his Metamorphofis lib. 4.
Imsplicat si Serpens, quam Regia Jufri:
net ales, met ales,
Sublimemgue rapit, 2c.
A Serpent fo the Royal Ezgle trufs'd; Which to his head and feet infetter'd clings,
And wreaths his tail about her ftretchd out wings.

Whence it was ufually born on the Scepters of Princes, and at length became the Enifign of the Roman Em. pire. Ovid.
Signa, decus belli, parthus Romanà tensbat,
Romanxque Aquila $\sqrt{\text { g n nifer }}$ biftis crat.

To which they added two heads, when the Empire was divided into the Eaft and Weftern, as it remains at this day.
(6) Pliny in his Natural Hiffory; The Eagle bas the quickeft and clearefs eye of all others, foaring and mousting on bigh: She beats and frikes her little ones with her wings before they be plumed, and thereby forces them to look directly againft the Sun-beams. If Be Sees any one of them to wink, or thit Eys water at the raies of the Sun, fie cafts it out of the $N \in f t$, as illegitimate, bus breeds up that whoofe eyes do firmily abide the light.

$$
8 \quad \text { KSOPS FABLES. }
$$

Hard as the Adamantine Gates of Hell, Mount with that Fifh Enchanted by a Spell, Leffen to a Lark Then take your Mark, And on (c) hard Marble break th' obdurate fhell.

[^1]> MOR A L.
> Let Princes of the beff Advice beware, Nor truft the Greedy, they fill Treacherous are : Subjects to Kings Exchequers bave no way, Unlefs themjelves deliver up the Key.


## ASOPS FABLES.

## Fab. V.

## Of the Crow and the Fox.

vVA $S$ it the Crow that by a cunning Plot

A piece of Cheefe had got ?
Or fherking Rook, or Chough, or Pye ?
Some bold affirm, as boldly fome deny.
But fure I am it was that Daw, or Crow,
And I can prove it to be fo',
That robb'd the King his Mafter of his meat ; And now to make his Cozenage more compleat, On Man, his King's King, puts the fecond cheat.

The Crow, furpriz'd with his own happy Wit, Could neither ftand nor fit ;
Proud of the Spoil, he makes a fearch
Through all the Grove to find a dancing Pearch:
From bough to bough th'Infulter hops ;
Too low are now tall Cedars tops.
At laft he fix'd ; whom flie Sir Reynard fees, And foon projecting how to get the Cheefe, Thus he accofts him , plac'd 'mong lofty Trees;

O thou moft (a) Weather-wife, who beft canft tell When Heaven as dark as Hell guno incens'd fhall make, and when fove condens'd air, will rarifie agen.

But what fings lying Fame? She faies
Thou blacker art than thofe foul daies:
But yet to thine, Swan's filver down feems tann'd, Phonix her funerall Fire with fuch Plumes fann'd, And Mexicans in fight like Angels ftand.

## D

(a) The Superfitious Ancients, as they attributed divine knowledge to feveral forts of Birds and Beafts, fo efpecially to the Crow ; and I believe that the Greek and Roman Hiffory has not recorded fo many fatal predictions made by any animal as by this. Buc in particular they gheffed at the fou'neff or ferenity of the weather fiom the manner of their Croaking or Flying, as we find in Aratus his Fhisoomena, thus stranfrcibed by Virgil in ilie firft of his Goorgicks, though they af fign a natural reafon for it, which the reft underttood not.

Tum liguidas Corvi preffoter gutture voces
Aut quater ingeminant, ơ $\int$ ape cubilibus altis.
Nefcio guâ preter fulitum dulcedine capti,
Inter Ce foliis freppitant: juvat imbribus actis; of.

Three or four times then with extended Throats
Loud croaking Ravens double watery Notes,
And oft, I know not by what reafon, fport
Amongft the Leaves that thade their lofty Court;
And the Storm pait, delighted are to fee
Their own lov'd buildings and their progeny.
Nor think I Heaven on them fuch knowledge fazes,
Nor that their Prudence is above the Fates.
But when a Tempeft and a fleeing rack
Have chang'd their cour $[e$, and the moift Air grows black
With Southern Winds, which thicken in the Skies
Thin vapours, and the groffer rarifies,
Their thoughts are changid, the motions of their mind
Inconftant are like Clouds before the Wind :
From hence Birds chaunt forth fuch melodious Notes.
The Beafts are glad, and Crows ftretch joyful throats.

The difference of their Notes upon change of air is thus delivered by P/iny; Crolles crying to one anotber, as if they fobbidor yexed ibercwith, and befides clapping thon: Selves with their wiergs, if iby ccratinue this Note do portend Winds: but if thy give over between whiles, axd cut their cry foort, as if they frallcwed it back again, they preAs lage Rain anà Wixdbath.

As thou in Plumes, didft thou excel in voice, 'Twould Heaven and Earth rejoyce:
(b) by Heractin his Sulicians is yrs, where and manners of men.

Omribus hoc vitium of cantoribus, inter
Ut surquas indusant animum cartare,

Ille Tigellius hoc. Cxfar qui cogere And (c) Swans no more tune their own Obfequie. pofet
Sipeterit per amicitiamp patris, atque fuam, non

All this the Crow believes :
This is the crime that all Muficians ufe, When they yere molt entereted to ore. Trying to reach no common Note,
Unakkd dhey'lner' give ore. This is Down drops the Dainty in Ily Reynard's throat ;
Of fan'd Tigellius the Sardinian.
Should greac Auguffus who might him compel,
Him of his own, and 'Cafar's kindnefs tell, dend:
Who when he lifts, Io Bacche fing th' end.
of Liguria, a Prince much addited to
Mufick, was transform'd into a Swan
by Apolio, whith Bird ever fince was lis Epinles,

Sis ubi fata rocant, wdis abjectus in berbis,
aid vada Mxandri cosscinit albus olor.

The dying Swan, adorn'd with Silve: wings,
So in the Sedges of Meaxder fingc,

- Tis true that the Authours of Natural Hiftory gave little credit to this relation of their harmonical Notes be. fore death, as Arifotle. Pling, and the like; and Aleiandier Myndizs faies, that he has attended the death of feverai of them, yer never heard one mufical Note. However, it being the vulgar notion, it ferv'd the Poetsto beaurifie their Poefie withal. Martal in his Epigrams.
Dalcia defectâ modulatar carmina lino ghit
Cantator cygnus funeris ipfe foin.
The Swan her fweetef Notes Sings as fhe dies,
Chief mourner at her own fad Oblequies.
(o) Peataramian notes hat Cyymwing Since once it turn'd a Syren to a Scold.

Spoyles from the Eagle got ;
Who chops it up; then fleering faid :
You have fung well, and I have plaid My part not ill: All learned Doctors hold Cheefe for the voice far worfer is than cold,

A Beaft hath cozen'd of no lefs
A dainty now than my whole fecond mefs.
What cannot glozing Flatterers do,
When our own felves we flatter too?

Go, fcorn'd of all, and take thy woful flight
To difmal Groves, there mix with Birds of Night :
Did thy onn eyes helieve the Crom is White?

## Moral.

Great is the poover of Cbarms, but what incbanits More tban bemitching tongues of Sycophants ?
Love, and the wealth of Kings, are in their poner, And Gold not Jooner takes the Maiden Tower.


## Fab. VI.

The Battel of the Frog and Moufe.

FRog-land to fave, and Micean Realins to fpare
From War and R uine, two bold Kings prepare
The Empire of the Marbbes to decide In fingie fight ; From all parts far and wide Both Nations flock to fee the great event, And load with Vows and Pray'rs the Firmament: Oppos'd Petitions grant Heaven's Court no reft, While Hopes and Fears thus ftruggle in their breaft. Up to the fatal Lifts and meafur'd Banks Both Armies drew ; bold Yellow-coats in Ranks And black furr'd Moufcovites the circle man, Which the fix-finger'd Giant could not fpan.
The rifing Hills each where the vulgar crown'd : Nor long expect they, when the Warlike found, Of fpirit-Atirring Hornets, Gnats and Bees, (Such Trumpeters would blood turn'd Ice unfreeze)
Told the approach of two no petty Kings,
While the long Vale with big-voyc'd. Croakers rings.
Firft King F Fogmorton with the freckled face
Enters the Lift (for they by Lot took place)
Riding a Crafifh, arm'd from head to heel
In Shel, dame Nature's gift, inftead of Steel.
Although the many-footed could not run With the great Crab, which yearly feafts the Sun;
Nor with the golden Scorpion could fet forth And meafure daily the Tun-belly'd Earth; Yet fuch his fpeed, he ne'r was overtook By any fhel-back'd Monfter of the Brook.

D 2
The

The Arms he wore once were a $W$ ater-fnake's,
Which in the battel, when the fprings and Lakes
Decided were, a Conquerour he brought
From the deep floods, with gold and purple wrought ;
Ore thefe a water-Rat's black Fur he caft,
Dreadful with teeth and claws. Thus, as he paft
The Vulgar fhout to fee their fix-inch'd King.
 years of age, flew the Nemean Lyon, (whofe skin 7uno had caufed to be impenetrable, intending thereby the
deftruation of Hercules which he bore

A whole houfe arm'd his head, had been a Snail's : deftruaion of Hereules) which he bore
ever after for his Target. Euripides in his Hercules Furens.



Though Eftridge Plumes it wants, and Peacocks Tails, Yet every colour the great Rain-bow dies, Hone on his Creft, the wings of Butcr--Hies, upon jour heed you put the Lyon's Sent him of old a prefent from Queen $M a b$. Which both his cask, Back-piece, and Brefl-plate was.

The Man-like fwimming King unvanquifb'd yet.
Six fprightly Todpoles his rufh Javelins bore;
His Sword, a fharp long two edg'd Flag he wore
Girt to his thigh, a wand'ring Snail the Hilt,
 many windings and turnings, that it became a proverb amons theGrecians,
all obliquities being called by them Meanders.

Appointed thus, about the Lifts he rid,
While all admire the Champions Arms and Steed.
Soon as the pleas'd $S$ pectators ferled were,
Glad acclamations melting into air ,
Voices were heard through ecchoing valleys ring,
Th' approach foretelling of the Micean King.
A fubdu'd Moufe-trap, his Sedan in peace,
His Chariot now, from Man's high Palaces
Mouftapba brought : Ne'r through the foorching plain
Did fweating Kings draw fuch a Tamberlain:
Six Princes, Captive Ferrets, through deep tracts
Fearing the lafh, of fird his thundring ax:
厈SOPSFABLES.

And though a heavy mortal was their load, King Oberon they ore Hilland Dale out-rode. Enter'd the Lifts, he lights, then mounted on A dapled Weefle; the bold Misedon Appear'd (may we great things compare with fmall) Like the World's Conquerour, though not fo tall.

His Arms were not of Steel, nor Gold, nor Brafs;
Nor fweating (6) Cyclops turn'd the yielding mals With griping tongues, nor Bull-skin bellows rore To purge Electrum from the frothic Ore; But the black coat of a Wefppbalit Swine, Long hung in fmoak, which now like Jet did fhine.

Fame fayes (and fhe tells truth as oft as lyes; )
The feafon'd Gammon Miceans did Surprize, Spoyl'd the red Aefh before 'twas once ferv'd up After full boarde, to relifih a frefh cup: This their Kings right, his Captains did prefent To him for fafety, and an Ornament; Such was black Mouftapbri's habergean :

The ancient Hero's had but fteel upon The heads of cruel Spears; but this did weild A Lance, whofe body was all over fteel'd; It was a Knitting-needle, ftrong and bright; His Helm a Thimble, daz'd th' Enemies fight, Ore which a thick fall'd Plume, wagg'd with each gale, Of Tiffany, gnawn from a Ladie’s Veil ; In it a Sprig which made his own afeard, The fiff Muftachios of a dead Cat's Beard.

His folid Shield which he fo much did truft
Was Bisket, though fome write 'twas Manchet cruf.
Hiftorians oft, as Poets, do miftake;
But I affirm 'twas Bisket, for the Cake,
They all agree by Navigation,
Four times was feafon'd in the Torrid Zone.
(c) The Cyclops were the Sors of Colum and Tellus,releafed by 7 ufiter out of Hell, and imployed to lorge his fearful Arrillery, Thunderbotes for him : of whomtlus Virgi!, Æneid.\&.

Ferrum exercebant vafso Cyclopes in antro:
Bronteโque, Steropelque, ocr nudus membra Pyracmon,
His informatum manitus jamz parse polita
Fulmen erat.
The Cyclops in valt Caves their Arvils bear :
Steropes, Brentes, naked syracmon fwear,
Inforging Thunder.
The names of thefe three exprefs their faculties; Thunder, Lighning, and Fire.

The Story thus is told, the Rattijb Prince A great Diviner, had Intelligence
From occult Caufes, that the dangerous Seas Muft be forfook, and floating Palaces:
The Ship next voyage would by Storms be loft :
Therefore his black bands fwom to the next Coaft
On Bisket fafe; but Tybert by the way
(The Prince of Cats) made him and it a prey,
Slew on the fhore, and feafted on his head;
He , with blood fated, leaves neglected bread, Of which black Mouftapha after made his Targe, Like (d) Ajax feven-fold fhield, but not fo large.

His Motto was his Title and his Name ar defription by the prince of poets, Iliad 7.
 कưpzor,
 Tuvizus, © ©
Ajax drew nigh, bearing a Tower-like shield
Shield
Of Brass with feven Hides lin'd, by The Parmazan affecter, Jtrong, and great. ((e) Charms,
Tybius dreft,
Of all the Curriers in tich Hyle the beft:
He with feven Skins of Bullocks fed at Grals
Cover'd his shield ; ore all a plate of Brafs,
Defended with this Ereaft-work, Ajax made
Straight up to Hettor, and thus threatning faid.
(o) It feems to have been the opinion of the Antients, that it was in the power of Maģick to preferve men invulnerable : for Chryfermus in his Hi fory of Peloponne/us tells how funo by Magical Arts caus'd the Moon to
defcend from Heaven, which fild a Cheft with froth, out of which was broughe forth a Lyon, whofe skin was impenetrable: A nother fory there is to the fame purpofe, recorded by $E$ than two hundred Myriads, who died fometimes of ficknefs, but moft commonly in the Wars kil'd either by stones or Wood, for they were invulnerable by Seet.
( $f$ ) It is oblerved that no venomous crearure lives in Ireland, neither Frogs which are not venomous, which being brought over in Billatt from England, and laid upon Irifh ground, they galp
ready to expire; but being resurned, recover prefently: of which I have been an ege witnefs.
impenerrable : Another fory there is
to the fame purpofe, revorded by E-. Yet foon recovering, never Frogian Knight
lian thuss where silenus tells she King of Lydia, that there was a certain City Made fuch a Charge; for with frange fury led
whofe Inhabitants were not fewer Made

Both Champions fearcht, found free from fraud or They take their ftands, and peife their mighty Arms. At once loud Hornets found, at once they ftart ; At once couch'd Spears, with equal force and Art Clos'd Bevers met, ftruck fire; at once they both Did backward kifs their mother Earth, though loth. But firft his nimble foot the Micean found :
When King Frogmorton as loath'd ( $f$ ) Irihb ground His limbs had touch'd, lay on his back upright: At the firft blow, he leaps quite ore his head, Bearing his pond'rous arms, his Sword and Targe. Nor was black Mouftapba wanting in the Charge To fhew his wondrous courage, ftrength, and skill : For by th' advantage of a rifing Hill A Mole had wrought, he frikes; and though the ftroke Would not have fel'd an Oxe, or cleft an Oake;

Yet fuch it was, that had it took, in blood His Soul had wander'd through the Stygian flood;
But miffing, the foft air receives the wound, And ore and ore he tumbles to the ground.

Nor at th'advantage was Frogmoreton flack, But at one jump beftrides the Micaan's back; Then grafping him 'twixt his cold knees, he faid; Robber of Man, who now fball give thee ayd? Foul Toad, fo Oberon pleafe, I fear not thee, Stout Mouftapba reply'd : then actively He backward caught the fhort arrid King by th'wrifts, And bore him on his fhoulders round the Lifts ; Lowd croaks fcale Heaven, then maugre all his ftrength R egain'd his Sword, and threw him thrice his length.

On equal terms agen they battle joyn'd:
Heroick Souls in narrow breafts confin'd!
For thefe in Trojan Wars, once Champions fierce
With gallant Acts adorn'd great Homer's verfe:
After became Teftie Philofophers,
And fought in hot difputes and learned jarrs ; Then (g) Lyons, Bears, Cocks, Bulls and brifly Hogs; Laft tranfmigrated Scifmaticks, or Dogs: Where ere they meet, the War isfill renew'd, With lafting hatred and immortal feud.

The King, whofe Grandfire when it thundred loud, 'Mongft fire and hail, dropt from a broken Cloud, And with an Hoaft of ${ }^{(b)}$ Todpoles from the sky, In thofe valt Fenns a Frogian Colony At firt did plant : though icy was his skin With Rage and Shame an Etria felt within; R ais'd his broad Flag to make a mighty blow, Thinking at once in two to cleave the Foe;
Who nimbly traverfing with skill his ground, On th' Cerealian Shield receiv'd the wound:
(g) The Pythagorians taught not only the Tranfmigration of the Soul from one Manto another, but from Man into Beafts, and from Beafts into Man again. This is clearly delivered by Ovid fpeaking in the perfon of PY thagoras.

Ipfe ego (nam memini) Trojani tempore belli
FanthoidesEuphorbus eram, cui pettore quondam
Hafit in adverfogravis bafta mixoris Atride, ©r.
I'th'Trojan wars (which I remember well)
Eupborbus was, Panthous fon, and fell By Menelans Lance; my Sbield again At Argos late I faw in $74 n 0^{\prime}$. Fane.
All alter, nothing finally decaies,
Hither and thither fill the Spirit ftraies;
Gueft to all bodies, out ofBeafts it flies
To Men, from Men to Beafts and ne: ver dies.
(b) Amongit the reft of the Prodigies, the Antients accounted the raining of Frogs, Mice, Blood, Scones, of which he will find many inftances in the Hiftory of the Romans, that will perufe fulias

Yet from the orbed Bisket fell a flice,
Which neer the Lift was fnapp'd up in a trice.
Here the Crum-picking King puts in a fluck,
With a bright needle, his ftiff Spanifs Tuck; (mail ;
Which peirc'd Frogmoreton's skin, through's Dragon's
Rage doubles, then the Flag becomes a Flail ;
And on his Thimble Cask ftruck fuch a heat,
That Mouftapha was forced to retreat :
Not ftruck with fear, but from his hole to fling
Affured vengeance on the Diving King,
Seven times he fallies forth, as oft retir'd;
But now both Champions, with like fury fir'd,
Lay off all cunning, fcorning to defend,
Strength, Rage, and Fortune muft the Battel end:
There was no interim ; fo the Cyclops beat
When Mars his Arms require a fecond heat,
Though lowder the Ætnean Cavern rores;
Blows had for death now mado a thoufand dores,
As many more for life to iffue out.
But here among our Authors fprings a doubt :
Some in this mighty combate dare averr
Both Champions fainting, Symptoms fhew'd of fear ;
In a cold fweat Frogmoreton, almoft choak'd
W ith heat \& duft,gaf ${ }^{\prime}$ 'd thrice;and three times croak'd.
And Mouftapba, beftew'd in blood and fweat,
As oft cry'd Peep, and made no flow retreat.
To thefe Detracors, fince I am provok'd,
I fay 'tis falle; this peep'd not, nor that croak'd.
Hiftorians feign, but truth the Poet fings;
Some W riters fill afperfe the beft of Kings.
While thus the Battel food, the Kytifh Prince
Had from lowd croaks and cries intelligence
Of this great Fight ; then to himfelf did fay, What migbty matter's in the Marfh to day !
ASOPS FABLES.

Then mounted high on labouring wings he glides And the valt Region of the Air divides.

The woful Fary Mab did this forefee ; Whom grief transform'd now to an humble-Bee :
She flies about them, buzzing in their Ear :
For both the Champions fhe efteemed dear.
The black Prince did with Captive Frogians come,
And at her Altars paid a Hecatomb
That day : and King Frogmorton in her Houfe
With rear'd up hands offer'd a high-born Moufe;
And when th' Immortal mortal Cates did wifh,
The fatteft Sacrifice was made her Difh.
Therefore She hums ; Defift ; No more ; Be Friends ;
Behold, the common Enemy attends;
In vain 'gainft him are your United Pow'rs:
O ftay your Rage; fee,ore your head, he towers.
But they engag'd in cruel fight, not heard
The Queens admonifhments, nor did regard
Approaching Fates': but fuddenly they bind In grapple fierce, their Targets caft behind. (ftoops, When the plum'd Prince down like fwift Lightning And feiz'd both Champions, maugre all their Troops: Their Arms drop down, upon them both he feafts, And reconciles their doubtful Interefts.

Amaz'd Spectators fly, Hunt-crums, and $V$ aulters, Run to their Holes, and leap into the Waters.

## Moral.

Tbus Peity Princes frive woith mortall Hate, Till both are fowallono'd by a Neigbbouring State :
Tbus Factions with a Civill War imbru'd By. Jome unfeen Affirer are Subduid.

## Fab. VII.

## Of the Court Moufe, and Countriey Moufe.

ACourtly Dame of Mouftapha's great line, When length of time digefted had long forrow Will with her Sifter in the Country dine : The Ruftick Moufe dwelt neer a little Burrough, About her round Verminious Troops inhabit ; The Weefle, Fox, Badgers and Brocks, And Ferrets, which fo perfecute the Rabit.
(a) Court-Moufe.
(b) Countrey-Moufe,

Hither (s) Crevifa coming, foon was brought
Down by (6) Pickgrana to a homely Table, Supply'd with Cates, not far fetch'd, nor dear bought;

Which to behold the Court Moufe was not able :
Cheefe that would break a Saw, and blunt a Hatchet, She could not tafte, Nor mouldy Pafte, (it.
Though twelve fout ruftick Mice that night did fetch
Yet had fhe Fruit, and fore of Pulfe and Grain,
Ants Eggs, the Bees fweet bag, a Star's fall'n jelly,
Snails dreft ith fhells, with Cuckow foame and Rain,
Frog legs,a Lizard's foot,a Neuts py'd belly,
TheCob, and hard Roe of a pickled Herring Got for a Dog, As they did prog,
And a rufh Candle purchas'd by pickeering.
When Dame Crevifa thus at length begun :
Dear Sifter rife, and leave this homely Banquet ;
Who with Weftpbalia hamms and Parmazan
Are daily feafted (Oberon be thanked )


Such meats abhor ; Come, go with me to th' City, Here is cold Air, Famine, and Care;
Your miferable life in truth I pity.
We Lords and Ladies fee, dance, laugh, and fing;
Where is that Difh, they keep from us is dainty?
Proud Cats not oftner look upon the King,
And We with Princes fhare prodigious Plenty.
Invited thus, they went through many a Crany,
When it was wide,
On, fide by fide,
To the Court Larder undefcry'd of any.
There heaps appear'd of Bak'd, Roft, Stew'd, and Sod;
The vaft Earth's Plenty, and the Ocean's Riches;
Able to fatisfie a Belly-God:
The roof was hung with Tongues, and Bacon flitches;
Beef Mountains had R ofemary Forrefts growing
On their high back,
Nor was there lack
Of Vinegar in Pepper Channels flowing.
Little they faid, but fuddenly they charge
HugeV enifon walls, thenTowr's of Pafte they batter;
Breaches are made in trembling Cuftard large,
Here a Potrido the bold Sifters fhatter ;
This takes a Sturgeon, that a pickl'd Sammon;
Then tooth and nail
They both affail
Red Deer immur'd, or feiz'd an armed Gammon.
While boldly thus they Mighty Havock made, They hear Keys gingle, and a Groaning Wicket; E 2 From

From place to place Pickgrana as betray'd
Seeks in ftrange corners out fome Hole or Thicket.
To thefe Alarms Crevifa being no ftranger
Needs not think
Where was the Chink
That fhould from Man protect her, and all Danger.
The coaft being celar, the Court-monfe ftraight did call
The Countrey-dame to pillage the whole Larder ;
And Sifter faid, to fecond Courfe lets fall :
But fhe amaz'd, fill feeking out fome Harbour,
Trembling and pale, Dear Lady, faid, Pray tell us
Are thefe fears. oft ?
Crevifa laught,
And thus replies ; 'Tis common what befell us.
No danger this ; it adds to our Delight ;
Nor are we with a carelefs Servant frighted;
Motion and Time revives dull Appetite,
And we to Banquets are afrefh invited.
Then faid Pick-grane ; Is this the Royal Palace ?
Better are Farms
Without Alarms,
Where we enjoy lefs Plenty, but more Solace.

## Moral.

What Relifb bath the fated Appetite, When falle Alarms tumultuous Cities fright? But in the noylefs Countrey, free from Care, Swains are more bleft, though barder be tbeir Fare.


## FAB. VII.

## Of the Mountain in Labour.

HArk, how the Mountain groans, what wond'rous Birth,
Committing Inceft with his Mother Earth, Did mighty ${ }^{\left({ }^{( }\right)}$Typbon get! His Sifter Fame, Heightning the Expectation, did proclaim 'Twas with Rebellior big; the hopeful Heir Should pull proud fove from his Ufurped Chair ; The Starry Towers by Mortals fhould be form'd, And the Gods fculk in ${ }^{(b)}$ feveral Shapes transform'd

Poets and Painters, nay, Hiftorians too, As near as they in modefty could doe, Draw to behold the Iffue, and to fee A Monfter might beyond all Fition be.

Come, you long-fided Widdows, fix or feven, Whofe Husbands fell in the late war 'gainft Heaven, And help the labouring Mountain; quickly come And mollify her Adamantine $W$ omb. While thus it labours, Fame divulg'd abroad, The Hill was eas'd of her prodigious Load. Fear tells fhe faw, and th' Infants Shape defcribes; Not all the Covenanting Brethren's Tribes, That Heaven affaulted, could fuch Forces boaft: This bigger was than that Gigantick Hoaft. This could more ponderous than his Mother peife A Hill on every finger: Hercules In Cradle ( $\odot$ ) ftrangled Serpents; but this can Crack 'twixt his nail, Ironfide Leviatban: So much it grew in every hour, that foon The Gold and Silver of the Sun and Moon
(a) Typhon was a Giant, feign'd to be the Son of Erebus and Terra: Ambition afcending as all other vices from Hell, of which he was a Type. He was faid to reach Heaven with his Heads, becaufe of his afpring thoughts, and to have forced 7 upiter from Heaven, be caufe by ambitious Spirits Princes are often chas'd from their Thrones.
(6) When Typhon rais'd the War againt Heaven, the Cods fled into Egypt, concealirg themfelves forfear under the fhapes of Beafts: which 0 vid has elegantly defcrib'd in his Metamorghofis.

Emiffumque ima de fede Typhoëa terra
Calitibas feciffe metum, csuctofque áediffe
Terga fusa, orc.
How Typhon, from Earth's gloomy entrails rais ${ }^{\prime} d$.
Struck all the Gods with fear, who fled $\stackrel{\text { amaz }}{ }{ }^{2}$,
Till Egypt s forched foil the weary hides,
And wealthy Nile, who in Seven channels glides,
When fove did turn himfelf into à Ram,
From whence the Horns of Lybian Hammon came,
Bacchus a Goat, Apollo was a Crow, Phobe a Cat, fove's wife a Cow of Snow,
Venus a Fifh a Stork did Hermes hide, And fill her Harp unto her Voice apply'd.
This was an invention of the Grecians in derifion of the Egyptians, who adored Bealts for the benefic they did them.
(a) $7_{\text {инo is faid to have fent two }}$ Serpents unto Hercules to deftroy him in his Cradle, both which he frangled. Ovid.

Tene ferwst gemings prefiffe texaciter angurs,
Cumtener in cexis jann Jove dismus eras?

You in your hands frangled tro Snakes they fay,
When in your Cradle you foves Iflue

Would all be his; and forme not flick to fay Jove's Arms and Thunder would be feiz'd next day.

At lat the Mountain a huge Groan did fetch, Which made her Belly's Marble Portals fletch, And was deliver'd ftraight ; from this great Houfe, That threaten'd fo much danger, leaps a Moufe. A Shout fcales Heaven ; all cry, $a$ Mouse is born : And what fo much they fear'd, is now their Scorn. Silence our. Pipes, and Mules too be dumb; Great Expectations oft to nothing come.

## Moral.

Thus haughty Nations, with Rebellion big Land-Forces rife, and buge Amado's rig, Againft the State, Fame trebling their great Poor, Which bappier Stars oft scatter in an Hour.

Fab.

$5$

Fab. IX.

## Of the Lyon and the Moufe.

VVHat's this that troubles us we cannot fleep?
Somthing is in our Furs, we feel it creep Betwixt our Neck and Shoulders,'twill invade Our Throat anon ; the weary Lyon faid, Now come from Hunting, ftretch'd in a cool fhade.

Peace, and wee'l catch a Moufe ; his word is kept, His great paw feiz'd the ftragler as he crept.

Who trembling thus begun, King of the grove, (fove
Whom when thou thunder't Beafts more fear than
Let no fmall crime thy high difpleafure move.
Hither I fray'd by chance ; think not, great Sir, I came to pick a hole in Royal Fur,

Nor with the Wolf and Fox did I contrive
'Gainft you, nor queftion'd your Prerogative:
If fo, then juftly me of life deprive.
Should I relate for what great A\& my Name Through Micean Realms refounded is by Fame, It would too much my modefty invade;
But when at ftake Life is and Fortune laid, To fpeak bold Truths, why fhould I be afraid ?

Pyrrbus who now is through the World renown'd, The Roman Souldier no Barbarian found.

In compleat Steel he faw their Armies fhine.
Full Squadrons ftand exacter than a Line,
Beyond the (a) Cinean Tacticks Difcipline.
(a) Cineas was a Commander under Pyrrbus King of Epirus, who writ a Book of Military affairs. Cicero in his Epiftes, Summam me Dacem litera the reddidernnt. Plane nefciebain te sams peritum elfe rei militaris. Pyrrbite libros of Cinee vidco bectitafco. Thy Litters bave made me an caxcllent Commander. I know not thou wers fo expert in military affairs. Now I fee thos haft read the Works of Byerhus and Cineas.

Mountains of fleth, he mighty Land-W hales brought, That Towr's fupported with arm'd Souldiers fraught : Suppofing by the Caftle-carriers Might, To break the brazen R anks, and to affright Aufonian Squadrons with th' unufual fight.
(b) SO Elian tells the ftory of the overthrow of King Pyrrbus his Elephants, and the lofs of his A rmy thereby, though Platarch mentions them not. However it is generally oblerv'd, by the Phyliologifts, that Elephants are affrighted at the Gruntings of Swine.

But the great Warriour fail'd in this defign, The fubtle Roman Herds of filthy ${ }^{(b)}$ Swine On th' Elephants drove: ftraight at their difmal Cry Cittadels clafh, rang'd Caftles routed fly, And Tow'rs unfadled in their Ruine lye.

Yet one maintain'd the Field againft all odds; For which his King him with new Honour loads: And to Paternal Scutcheons, charg'd before With Sable Caftes, in a field of Ore Canton'd in Gules, he adds an Argent Boar.

This mighty Elephant I in dead of night, With thefe fmal arms, though fharp, challeng'd to fight, And faid ; Your Caftle and your Guard are gone, On equal terms encounter me alone. True Valour beft is mitbout Witnefs frown.
(e) That tlephants worfip , the Strange ! from a Moufe this Mountain trembling ran, the Ancients. So Pliny in his Natural Hifloy, I. 8. Imè vero (quactiam in Fímine rara) probitas, pridextia, aquitas, religio quoque fiderum, Solifgue ac Lune vencratio, occ. The Elephants embrace too honefty, prudence and equity (rare qualities to be found in men:) and withal have in religious revererce the Stars and planets and worthip the Sun and Moon. Writers there be who report thus much of them ; That when the New Moon
 come down by herds to a certain Rio ver in the Deferts of Mauritavia,
where having purified and prinkled where having purified and frrinkled themfelves over with water, and adoWoods again. 'The fame is delivered by Elian in the Hiftory of Animals. l. 3 .

And Prayers in vain to the high (c) Moon began :
But when in Clouds the hid her filver Wain, I through his Trunk, like Lightning pierc'd his brain, And till the Dawn triumphed o're the flain.

Imploring quarter from your Majefty:
Make me your friend ; to Sentence not proceed; If fickle Chance fhould frown, (which fove forbid) The Lyon of my Aid may ftand in need.

This faid, the King admiring that a Moufe
Should fuch a Monfter's mighty Soul unhoufe, Seizing the Piamater of his Brain, And there with Death and fullen darknefs reign: Signs his difmiffe, then feeks Repofe again.

Soon as to th'Eaft tall Shades began to creep, The Lyon rofe, and thakes off drowfie fleep:

Fealts for his pregnant Queen muft now be fought,
In Fields remote; far fetch'd, as dear was bought,
The roring King in a ftrong Net is caught.
Laid by a fubtile Sun-burnt African;
While he his great ftrength us'd, and ftrove in vain, Twifted grates gnawing of his Hempen Cage, The Micean heard th' indulgent Lyon rage, And grateful ftreight to free him did engage.

Firlt hunts out bufily to find the Cord
Which clos'd the Snare, which found, as with a Sword, His teeth (before well on an old Cheefe fet ) Cleers all the Mefhes of the tangling Net. When thus the Lyon fpake at freedom fet:

Kings be to Subjects mild ; and when you move In higheft Spheres, with Mercy purchafe Love. From private Grudges oft great Princes have
'Midft Triumphs met with an untimely grave: (fave
And Swains have power fometimes their Lords to

## Moral.

Mercy makes Princes Gods; but mildeft Tbrones Are often Shook with buge Rebellions:
Small Help maybring great Aid, and better far.
Is Policy than Strengtb in Peace or War.

## Fab. X.

## Of the fame Lyon and Mourf.

THen to the Moufe he fpake, though Kings requite
Their Saviors oft with Steel, or Aconite ;
Yet I, Magnanimous Micean, fince I'm free, And had this great Deliverance from thee, Shall (if our Kingdoms have it) Grateful be. I know the Frogians, now a Popular State, By various Chance of War, and long Debate, Have driv'n your race to fenced Towns, and Tow'rs, Where cruel.(A) Tybert, in Nights difmal Hours, Many a harmlefs Moufcovite devours.

But noble Catus boafts his Stock from Us, For of our Species is Majeftick $P_{u f s}$.

I'll ufe my Pow'r firm Peace from him to gain, And by the Eagle's means from Gove obtain A Stork, that fhall or Croaking Frogians reign.

But more than this, by that Coeleftial Sign (Which gilds the Corn, purples the plumper Vine)

The Lyon call'd, by wife Aftronomers,
What's mine is thine; Ask then : In Peace and $W$ ars Be alfo one of our Prime Councellors.

Thambitious Moufe who chufeth ftill the Beft, For where his Phang Tooth hath a Seal impreft,

ASOPS FABLES.

If pureft Bread, rich Cheeff, or mellow Fruit,
That the whole Table eats without difpute;
To great Kinğs, Tafter is this little Brute ;
Encourag'd by the Lyon, thus reply'd;
Then let the Royal Virgin be my Bride.
Nor wonder at my Sute ; though I am fmall, My Mother was a ${ }^{\text {(a) }}$ Mountain, full as tall As high Olympus, fove's huge Council-Hall.
(a) See Fable the 8,

Great was the Expectation at my Birth;
When flying ${ }^{(b)}$ Fame divulg'd our Mother Earth Swell'd with a Son,fhould give Heaven frefh alarms.
What e'r my Limbs, me no lefs Soul informs, Than bold Briareus with the hundred arms.

The troubled King then to the Micean faid; Son, dar'ft thou venture on the Horrid Maid ? See where fhe comes: attended from our Court, Pards, Leopards, Panthers, round about refort, Neer, her Delight, two wanton Jackcals fport.

The Lyon then afide his Daughter took, And to prepare fweet Love, thus kindly fpoke; From whom I Life and Freedom have, behold: Amongft our Kings his Name fhall be enrol'd, One wife in Counfel, and in Battle bold.

Then take this Jewel, honour him as Lord, And in thy Bofome wârmeft feats afford. She then advaricing with Majeftick Gate, Looking too high to view fo low a Mate, Trod on him unawares, and flew him ftreight.
(b) Virgil hath left us an admirà ble defcription of Fame, © Eneid. I.

Famamalum guo non alised velocins ullam
Mobilitate viget, vir éfque acquirit es, undo, orc.

Fame far out-Atrips all mifchief in her courfe,
Which grows by motion; gains, by flying, force;
Kept under firft by fear, foon after throwds,
Stalking on Earth, her head amongit the Clouds;
Vex'd by the Gods, the All-parene Earth brought forth
This Sifter, laft of theGigantick birth.
The huge foul Monfter fwiftly goes and flies,
So many Plumes, as many watching Eyes
Luik underneath; and, what more Atrange appears,
So many Tongues, loud Mouths, and Lifning Ears.

Then faid the Lyon weeping o'r his Friend; Great are the woes unequal Beds attend. Therefore I judge thou art more happy dead Than thofe lye tortur'd in a fcornful Bed, Where Vultures on their bleeding Hearts are fed.

Moral.
Who dare a Combat with the Deviltry, Are often vanquilbjd by a Lady's eye: Thofe that from Schools and bot Difputings come, Are at a Woman's prefence frucken dumb.

$$
\square
$$


ASOPS FABLES.
$\mathrm{F}_{\mathrm{A}}$ b. XI.
Of the Boar and the $A / s$.

IHe $A \int s$ preferr'd from toil, and tedious roads; Labours no more now under packs and loads:

That Goddefs blind
To Affes kind,
Gave him Trapings and a Golden Sadle;
With the Horfe he prances, with the Ape he modes,
And fpends his time in fidle fadle.
His once fhort Main is powder'd,curld,and dri'd;
He wears Heart-breakers too with Ribands tide ;
No more he brayes,
But loudly neighs
Love Verfes, Madrigals and Fancies
To fome fhe-Afs his Miftrefs; by her fide
No Hobby-hore more proudly dances.
The Warlike Boar who never knew to yield, Who oft with Blood, and Foam, had dy'd the field,

Though round befet
And in the Net
Would break through Hounds, like tamer Cattel, Charge Horfe, and Man,Spear,Sword and Shield, This beaft th' $A f s$ challengeth to battel.

Sir, I have heard a Souldier's Horle well fhod, His Armṣ, his Sword, and Piftol, are his god;

And you I know
Havefeen the Foe,
By your Buff-jerkin, and your Briftes:
'Tis like the paths of Honour you have trod,
Where Rofes do not grow, but Thiftles.

Fortune hath courted me, and I court Fame ;
And though the Arms we ufe are not the fame, The golden $A f s$ Will try a Pafs
With your Boarfbip in a Duel;
'Tis true I ne'r was try'd by wild or tame, Yet Honour I efteem a Jewel.

The Warlike Boar viewing the $A f_{s}$ fo brave, Perceiving yet in him more Fool than Knave ;

Though fudden rage
Bids him engage,
Yet with an $A f s$ he forns to meddle, As Merchants trafficking through th'azure Wave

To deal with thofe bear packs and peddle.
But to the high-fed beaft the Boar thus fpoke;
Thou art not worth my Anger, nor a Stroke, But I'll not ftick
To give you a kick,
But for a Combat choofe a Brother;
And there with equal Arms your felves provoke;
One Afs muft almayes beat another.

## Moral.

Let valiant Men tbemfelves from Comards blefs, Left Fortune favouring Fools grant them Succefs: Who deal woith fuch, oft confcious Sbame difarms, While bope of Honour the faint-bearted warms.

ASOPS FABLES.

## Fab. XII.

## Of the Frogs defring a King.

SInce (a) good Frogmoreton fove thou didft tranllate How have we fuffer'd turn'd into a State?
In feveral Interefts we divided are;
Small Hope is left well grounded Peace tobtain, Unlefs again
(A) Pheatrus will have clis Fable to have been made by e $\pm$ fop, upon occafion of Pififtratus his feifing of the Fort of Athess, and taking the Supreme Power into his own hat:ds, as Tyrant. Neither is the account of time repugnant; for effop was con: temporary with the feven Wife men, and confequently with Solon, who oppos'd Pififtraths in that defign.

Great King of Kings, and we for Kings declare.
That Supreme Power may on the People be Setled, 'tis true; but who that day fhall fee ? Men, Beafts, and Birds, nay Bees, their King obey. When wealthy Regions factious Counfels fteer, Deftruction's neer.
Thus Night and Day, Grant us a King, a King, the Frogs did pray.

Gove hears, and fmiles at their vain Sute ; but when The great Affairs he faw of Gods and Men Vex'd with their Clamoring, down a Block he threw ; With a huge Fragor circling Billows roll

From Pole to Pole :
The People flew,
And far from fuch a thund'ring Prince withdrew.
At laft all calm and filent, in great State
On filver Billows he enthroned fate, Admir'd and reverenc'd by every Frog; His Brow like Fate, without or Frown or Smile, Struck Fear a while ;
Then all the Bog
Proclaim their King, and cry fove fave King Log.

But when they faw he floated up and down, Unactive to eftablifh his new Crown;
Some of the greateft of them without Dread
Draw nearer to him ; now both Old and Young
About him throng,
On's Crown they tread,
At laft they play at Leap-Frog ór his Head.
Sreight they proclaim a Faft, and all repair
To vex Heaven's King again with tedious Pray'r,
This Stock, this Wooden Idol to remove;
Send them an acive Prince, a Monarch fout,
To lead them out,
One that did love,
(b) Thas Syy had the honour to New Realms to Conquer, and his Old Improve. have the gods to fwear by it, we learn
from Hefiod, in his Genealogy of the gods.

Gove grants their Sute, o'r them a Stork he puts,




Devouring Subjects with a greedy Maw. (ftruts,
In that great day when high7ove fum-
Again the Frogians with a doleful Croak mond all
The immortal Gods to his Olympick Hall,
And faid, whatever God would in his Right,
Refolve againf the Titanois to fight, This cruel Prince that made bis Will a Law.
He would reward, and unto them re-
He would reward, and unto them re ftore
The eferal Honours they enjoy'd Then thangry God in Thunder anfwered thefe;
before:
And thofe of meaner rank, in Saturn's To change your Government great fove did pleafe,
Reign
should more efpecial dignities obtain,
Styx with her fons then firft did mount And you I gave a peaceful Soveraign :
the Skies
Oblerving her dear Fathers grave Since he diflik'd you, by the (6) Stygian Lake
advice;
Whom fove fo honour'd and rewarded there
That all the Gods by her muft onely fwear.

A Vow I make,
The Stork fhall reign,
(c) The appication of fhis rableby And you for evermore repent in vain.

Afop to the Atberians (as Phedres will have it) is this;
-Vos quogue, 0 Cives, ait
Hoc fuffincte, majus ne venist, malsm.

Heaven's King invoke,
He would withdraw

the Ox aud the Frog.

## ASOPS FABLES:

## Fab. XIII.

Of the Frog and the Ox.

FRom the Hydropick Kingdoms of the Bog, Up to a verdant Mead,
With green Plufh Carpets fpread,
Comes a proud Frog;
Who once did tread
Upon the Head
Of his own gracious Soveraign, mild King Log.
Whom fat with mighty Spoyl
Of the rich Wooden Ifle
The Stork perfu'd, the new Malignant flyes, And now in thady Grafs in fafety lyes.

Amongt the bellowing Herds, and bleating Flocks,
This Frog by chance efpies
Of a prodigious fize
A fadl-fed Ox ,
Such Chines and Thighs
Good ftomachs prize,
And Bones with Marrow big as hollow Okes;
Wide was his fpreading Horn
As Evening from the Morn :
When thus the Frog, in length not half a Span, Stuff'd up with Envy, and Self-love, began.

I, who once greateft of our Nation feem'd;
Now ftanding by this Clown,
Whofe flefh might Feaft a Town,
Am unefteem'd,
And up and down
Hop 'thout Renown ;
Though

Though no fuch Bull-calf my dear Mother teem'd;
With Wind my Sides and Back
I'll fwell untill they crack;
Fancy fhall help, a Revelation now
Bids me be great, as thof-fpring of the Cow.
Thus having faid, on his Defign he falls;
And both with $W$ ind and Pride
He fwells his Back and Side;
To his Son then calls :
And faid, My Hide
Now grows as wide
(a) Diah hang obsuind of Lather As that in Thongs once meafur'd (a) Carthage Walls. would compafs, did cut the Hide into fo many Imall pieces as inclofed twenty two furiongs, on which he built the City Carthage, mentioned by Virgil. Eneid. I.

Nor on a longer Chine
Did valiant Ajax dine,
Devenere locos nbi nunc ingentia cernis Mcenia, furgentémque nova Carthaginis arcem,
Mereatigue folum, facti de nomise Byrfam,
Taurino guantum foffent circumdare tergo.

They found thofe parts where now huge Walls, and new
Tow'rs of alpiring Carthage thou mait view,
Callad Byrfa from the Bargain; fo much ground
Bought as a Bull's Hide could encompafo round.
(b) This Story is related by Homer, Iliad. 7.

A Father I hall lack;
Should you bear on your back,
Thus having done; to Banquet they repair, All of the fhare:

Thus the wife Son to his fond Father fpoke,
While he did ftrive in vain
Four Winds to entertain
In one frall Nook :

ASOPS FABLES.

## 35

Regions where Rain
And Hail remain
Muft in his Bofom be, as Prifoners took ;
At laft he grew as full
As Toads live in a Scull,
When at a mighty Rupture enters Death, And Air confin'd, now flies with vital Breath.

Then fpake the Son, over his gafping Sire,
Hadft thou contented been
With this thy little Inn,
Not aiming higher,
Here thou hadft feen
Good dayes agen,
But thou like Icarus didft too much afpire,
On thy King's Neck haft trod,
Now th'Oxe th' Egyptian $^{\text {God }}$
Strov'ft to be like : So the proud Angels fell,
And though in Heaven, not knew when they were woll.

Moral.
To frive what feems impoffible to get,
A Supererogation is of Wit,
Not Folly now, when every day we fee
What men thougbt once impoffible to be.
G 2
$\mathrm{F}_{\mathrm{Ab}}{ }^{\prime}$

## Fab. XIV.

## Of the Wolf and the Lamb.

IT fortun'd the fierce Wolf and tender Lamb, Vex'd with high noon, and Pboebus forching flame To quench their Thirft, to one cool River came.

To whom the Wolf, betwixt his Draughts, with flow Yet rancorous fpeech,thus fpake; How dar'ft thou blow My Drink, and with thy feet up Gravel throw ?

Son of a rotten Sire ; How durft thou (Slave To cruel Man, who with thy fleece doth fave Himfelf from cold) foul this cleer filver $W$ ave?

The Lamb aftonifh'd, ftruck with fudden Fear, To fee his Glowing Eyes, and Brilly hair, Said; Sir be patient, and your Anger fpare.

I humbly crave your pardon, that fo neer, And at one time with you I water here ;
Yet under Favour, fill your ftream is cleer.
I am beneath, Sir, if you pleafe to note, And from your Mouth to mine the waters float; It paffeth yours, before it touch my Throat.

The fell Wolf grinn'd, his Eyes like Fire-brands glow; Oh curfed Race ! he faid, to mine a Foe, Still plotting harmlefs $W$ Wolves to overthrow;

Thy Father, Mother, Sacrilegious Lamb, And all thy bleating Kindred, from the Dam Stile themfelves Guiltelef, but I Guilty am ;

14.25.

$$
\text { ASOPS FABLES. } 37
$$

And none dare fay you in Wolves Habit come, And teardead Bodies from the New-built Tomb, And poor Wolves then for your offences doom.

Dogs, once our brethren, curfed Curs, you lead Againft our Race ; Who now will hear us pleàd? When you'r the caufe of all the Blood is fhed.

Now by our King (a) Lycaon's Crown I fwear, So wrong'd by that rebellious fupiter, Affronted thus, no longer I'll forbear.

Thus having faid, at the poor $L a m b$ he flies, His cruel Teeth a purple River dies, Whilf warm Blood fpurtles in his face and eyes.
(a) Lycacn was King of Aircadia, whom pupiter transform'd into a Wolf, becaufe he inhumanly enter: tain'd him with the fefh of a stranger. The Fable is thus recounted by Ovid in his Metamorphofis, in the perfon of 7 upiter;

Nocte gravemin fomno nec opirâ perderé. morte
Me parat, hac illi plaoti experiention veri.

In dead of night, when all was whif: and fill,
Me dire Lycaon purpofeth to kill;
Nor with fo foul an enterprife con: tent,
An Hoftage murthers from Moleffia fent:
Part of his fever'd fcarce-dead limbs he boyls,
Another part on hiffing Embers broils;
This fet before me, I the Houfe oreturn'd
With vengeful flames which round a. bout him burn'd.
He frighted, to the filent Defart flies,
There howls, and fpeech with loft en: deavour tries.
His felf like jaws fill grin : more than for food
He flaughters Beafts, and yet delights in Blood.
His Arms to Thighs, his Cloaths to Brifles chang'd,
A Wolf, not much from his firft form eftrang'd ;
So hoary hair'd, his looks fo full of rape,
So fiery ey'd, fo terrible his fhape.
Which Fable was devis'd to deter Men from Impiety, Treachery, and Inhe fpitality.

Moral。
They that have Ponver to do, may, when they will, Pick Quarrels, and, pretending Guftice, kill. Wbo bunt for Blood and Spoyl, need not invent Nero Crimes, but lay their orn on tbimnocerit.

## 38 ASOPS FABLES.

## Fab. XV.

## Of the Wolf and the Crane.

BUt while the Wolf devour'd the innocent Lamb Raifing her voice and eyes to Heaven, the Dam Implor'd revenge : Pan from the Sheapherds coat
(a) Menalus is a high Mountain in Arcadia, confecrated to Pan, the Guardian of Shepleards, abounding $0: i d$.

Manala traxfieram latebris borrenda ferarum;
Et csm Cyllene gelidi pixeta Lycxi.
I paft der.-dreadful Menalus confines, Cyllene, cold Lycaus clad with Pines

To (a) Menalus heard, and fix'd a Bone in's Throat. He wonders what obftructs ; who $W$ arder ftood, Stopping fo old a thorough-fare of Blood. What fhall he doe? or whére now find a Cure ? Great was the Danger, nor could he indure The pain ; while he o'r Hill and Dale did pafs To Native Realms, where his own Surgeon was. When on a rifing Bank hard by, he fpy'd Bellin the Ram : He could but be deny'd; And though his Teeth blufh'd with the purple Gore Of his dear Son, flain neer his Mother's door, Yet would he try ; in fome Mifchances, Foes Will, with our Friends, commiferate our Woes. Upon this fcore he went, and thus befpoke The King, and horned Father of the Flock.

Sir, may your $W$ ives be numerous, and bear Twins alwaies, and be pregnant Twice a Year ; And may your beauteous Son, who on yon Baflk Conferr'd with me, where we together Drank, Be Golden-fleec'd, and when his Horns grow Large, T'a thoufand Yews a Husband's Love difcharge.
'Tis true, our Nations long at ods have been;
Yet why fhould Publick Jars raife Private Spleen ?
Let there, my Lord, no Perfonal difference be;
Or frive we, let us ftrive in Courtefie.
Favours may purchafe Love, Love Peace may win,
Quarrels may end, fince once they did Begin.

## ASOPS FABLES.

## Sufpecting Plots, his Bell wife Beline rung;

 When troops of Rams to guard his perfon throng. Then faid; Your bufinefs Sir ? Be brief, and know; It muft be lawfull that I grant a Foe.When with dejecied Look thus I/grim fpake; A Bone ficks crofs my Throat, fome pity take; And draw it forth; and when the filver Moon Makes low-brow'd Night faintly refemble Noon; The Goddefs I'll befeech, you never may Want Grafs in Summer, nor in Winter Hay; No Floods in Autumn, no deftructive Cold Send Scabs, nor Rots depopulate your Fold. And She will hearken to our Pious Race. Oft when She fwounds, and notes of ( $b$ ) Tinkling-Brafs Cannot recall, nor colour her pale Lips, Our Cries have Refcu'd from a dark Eclipfe. Then Beline faid; Impudent Wolf be gone; Who knows, but late thou haft fome Murther cone, And this a Judgment due to thy defert ? On pain of Death, our Quarters leave, depart.

Thus to the fhaggy Goat, he did complain, To the fwift Deer, and the dull Oxe in vain; They all refure and fay, no punifhment On Ravening Wolves can be unjuflly fent.

When ftalking through the Marfh he meets the Crine (Low-Country People know no God but gain) To whom the Wolf thrice Congecing began: May your plump Phalanx pafs the Ocean, To Southern Regions fafe, and landing there, May all the (c) Pygmie Kingdoms fhake with Fear.
(b) The vulgar people among the Antients being ignorant of the natural caufes of the Ediples of the Moon, belier'd that the fuffer'd at that time under the power of Magical charms, which they thought was remedied by the tinkling of Brafte, and ringing of Bells, found of Trumpets, and the like: of which we have a memorable ftory in Tacizus, fpeaking of the fedition of the Pamnoxian Legions againft Tiberiws the Emperour.

Noctem minacem ơ in foelus eraptw $=$ ram fors lenivit. Nams Lunaclarorepente calovifa languefcere. Id miles, rationis ignarus, omes prafentinm accepit, ac fuis laboribus defectionem Siderss - finmilans, prefper épue ceffrra qua pergerent fifulgor of claritudo Dea reddereswr. Igitur cris fono, tnbaram cornámque concents frepere, ot.

Chance quieted the night that threatned Sedition:for in a clear nighs the Moon was feen to languilh. The Souldier being ignorant of the resion of it, thought it to be an Omen of their prefent defign, and the darknefs of the Planet they likned to their troubles. and its fulgour and clearnefs to their fuccefs. Wherefore by the tinkling of Braffe, the found of Trumpets \& Cornets they made a noyre; and sccording as that appear'd more fplendid or obfcare, to rejoyce or mourn. And when that light was hindred, by the intervening clouds, and they thought the Moon to be involved in darknefs (as mens minds once fruck, incline to faperftition) they complain that their eternal mifery is pre-fignified, and that the Gods did abominate their underraking.
Nay, Plutarchin the life of Pericles faies, that the Aibinians were fo fuperflitious in this particular, that they burnt them alive who pretended to give a natural reafon of the Eclipfe of the Moon. This fuperftition continued fome Centuries of years even amorg theChriftians, as appears from the Homilies of Maximus Tahrixenfis.
(c) The Cranes defert Thrace in Winter, declining the piercing cold of that Climate, when making their rendizoouz firt at Hebras, a River of that Country, they make toward $E$ thiopia, a warmer Region, and Southern parts of Egjft, where they encounter the Pygmies, the Inhabitanrs of thofe Countries. This was fuit de. liver'd by Homer, liad. 3 .





Sn clamouring Crants on wings expanded march
Through unpart'd Regions of Heavens glittering Arch,
From b.ting Cold, and Deluges of Rain,
To warmer Margents of the Southern Main:
Where the Plumid Squadrons on the Pyamies fet,
A nd with great nuughter up their quarters beati
And gain'd credit among the mof judicious of thofe that followed him : For Arifteite in his Hiftory of Arimals vindicates it as a truth, and far from fiction; and a Roman Legate, in his Emballie into Ethiogia, avowed that he faw the Pygmi:s inlit biting the Nountains of that Country. Cleans'd in a filver Stream, and free from Mud. If that not fatisfy, moft noble Crane, To pleafe thy Pallat this whole Fen I'll drain.

He undertakes the Cure, nor pluck'd he of With his long Bill, but Ifgrim's well, and cough'd. The Bird demands his Pay: The Wolf at that With a fowr Smile reply'd; Sir Crane for what ? For plucking out a Bone are thy Demands? Thou migh't have ftretch'd, fool, on thefe yellow Sands Vent'ring thy long Bill in my Throat, thy Head I freely gave; Thank me thou art not dead. Or come and draw another out, though loth I fhall reward thee nobly then for both. When to himfelf, the griev'd Crane mourning faid; Great Favours thus are by thingratefull paid.

## Moral.

So Marcbants, baving fapp'd a dangerows Sea, Mocks to their Saints, for promis'd Offerings, pay: But Jome more impious, baving toucb'd dry Land, Tbink. they perform, to let tbeir Statues ftand.



He uncoyls his feeckled Cable
And prepares by Arms
To feize all the Farms
Of him that was fo Hofpitable.
And with Injuftice thius he tax'd the Gods;
Gives fove to filly Swains fuch warm Aboads,
When fubtile Serpents muft lye fterving?
Who elfe will dain,
But this dull Swain,
To take us up and eafe our Pain,
What ever our deferving?
But leaves us galping in a Furrow;
Or with a Staff,
When we are half
Dead, kill, and fo concludes our Sorrow.
Ill feoorfe my Windy lodging for this Grange;
Nor is it Robbery to make a Change,
A Cool Houfe for a Warmer ;
Him I'll affign
What e'r is mine,
In open Field to Sup and Dine,
And here I'll play the Farmer.
I'll take the Charge of Sheep and Cattel,
And when there's need
On them I'll feed.
This faid, he fraight prepares for Battel.
His nervy back, and his voluminous Train, Are both drawn up to Charge one fingle Swain ,

His Eyes like Ætna flaming,
His Sting he whets,
His Scales he fets,
Now up and down the Room he jets:
With Hiffes War proclaiming :-

He, Stools and Tables, Forms imbraces,
Wreathing about,
Now in, now out,
And takes Poffeffion of all places.
Mean while the R uftick had with founding Strokes
Whole Elms difrob'd, and naked left tall Oaks,
To bring the Snake home ftore of Fuel :
Little the good
Man underftood
Whom he fav'd would fék his blood,
And with the Devil to have a Duel.
But when he came into the Entry,
It made him quake
To fee the Snake
Stand, like an ugly Souldier, Centry.
Not ftaying to plead the goodnefs of his Caufe,
Arm'd with a Stake, up the bold Shepherd draws,
To fave his Houfe and Dwelling;
Well he knows,
He muft oppofe:
Though Fire and Poyfon arm your Foes,
At firt Charge them Rebelling.
A Horfe and Arms the Knight could brag on,
This with a Stake
Affaults the Snake
Swoln with Fury to a Dragon.
Long time the Fight was equally maintain'd;
The Shepherd now, and now the Serpent, gain'd ;
Chance gave the Swain the better :
When with a Stroke
Three Ribs he broke,
And Words with Blows thus mixing fpoke;

$$
H=\quad \text { Sir, }
$$

Sir, til I am your Debtor ;
I tender thus my Houfe and Cattle.
The Serpent flies,
And Quarter cries,
And once more dying quits the Battle.
Spawn of th'old Dragon, Worm, Ingrateful $W$ retch, (Then lights a Blow which made his long fides ftretch,)

What do you cry Peccavi?
Unworthy Soul
Think't thou a Hole
Will melter like a Worm or Mole
And from my fury fave thee ?
Ill fign your Lease frt on your Shoulder ;
Next take this fowfe,
And then my House;
Now go, and be a good Free-holder.
With what he meant for Fire, a knotty Stake,
He warms the Serpent's fides until they ake,
Then on his Breaft he tramples :
His purple Head
Waxed pale as Lead
His golden fcales with Blood were red;
Live now (he fid ) among Examples,
While this tough Cudgel aft Ill bang thee;
I to my grief
Have fav'd a Thief
That would have been the firft to hang me.

## Moral.

Ungrateful men are Marbal'd in three Ranks, This not returns, the Second gives no Thanks. Evil the laft for Good repayes, and this Of all Hell's Mongers the moot Horrid is.


## Fab. XVII. Of the Sick Kite and bis Mother.

THe Kite firf Steerage taught to Mariners, By which flrange Lands they found, and unknown Stars, And took from Seas Imaginary Bars.

They faw when Heaven was cleer His Plumy R udder fteer
Starboord and Larboord, plying here, now there.
Thefe Saylers having a good Voyage made, Neer Kitilb Seats rich Veffels did unlade, And to that Prince a Royal Banquet made :

Him with fat Offerings fed, With Oyl, Wine, White and Red; Which Surfeit a Malignant Fever bred.

And now, who long by R apine and by Stealth; Had heap'd up R iches, lof his former Health, More worth to Mortals than all worldly Wealth :

In his well-feather'd Neft
The fick bird takes no Reft, When to his Mother he himfelf confeft ;

Mother, you know, and I now to my grief, That I have liv'd a moft notorious Thief, Robbing for Pleafure oftner than Relief.

I once from th'Altar fole
With Flefh a kindled Cole,
Which burnt my Neft high as the lofty Pole.
Such are my fins, no God I dare implore, Left they fhould know Ilive, and punifh more : You for your Son may Pray; as heretofore.

Let Heaven but grant me Health, I'll give the Church my $W$ ealch, And Orders take, repenting former Stealth.

Then to her Son the Mother made reply ; Ah my Dear Bird, couldft thou but once-more fly, And cut with fanning wings the ample Sky,
1 Wert hungry once agen, Thou'lt rob the Lyon's Den, Spoyl th'Eagles Neft, and Pillage Gods and Men.

Moral.
A Golden Robe in Winter is too cold, Too bot in Summer is a Beardof Gold:
Cburcb-Robbers thus cram impious Coffers fill, And Greedy Men count Sacriledge God's Will.


## Fab. XVIII.

## Of the Old Hound and his Mafter.

O
Ld $\operatorname{Dog}$ 'tis thou mult doe it come away;
Within a Thicket neer
Is lodg'd a gallant Dear,
We muft not, friend, neglect fo brave a Preý.
Kill'd, thou and I will Feaft,
To Morrow and to Day,
Upon the flaughter'd Beaft;
Then come, I fay.
Remember once a Conquerour thou wert, And feizing didft pull down a mighty Hart, When the King's fwifteft Dogs thou didft out-ftrip. This faid, the Hunts-man let his old Hound Ilip.

The rows'd Deer flies for life, the Dog to kill,
Through Lawns, ơr Hills and Dales,
So fwift the nimble Gales
Seem in their faces, turn which way they will.
Ready to pinch, Kilbuck
With Air his Mouth did fill;
At laft the Deer he took,
Yet was deluded ftill:
His Phangs grown old, now fail ; and what vext more
He croft a Proverb, 'Fays, Old Dogs bite fore.
Then ftripes refound upon his panting fide,
Who while his Mafter beat him, loud thus cry ${ }^{\prime}$;
Ingrateful Lord, once I did fave thy life,
When thou by thy own Hounds
Wer't chac'd through neighbouring grounds, Transform'd like to ${ }^{(a)}$ AEtaon by thy Wife.
(a) Whill Diama, accompanied by her Nymphs, bath'd her felf in the Valley of Gargathia, ACteon by chance came thither and beheld them naked, whom the angry Goddefs, left he mould divalge what he had unfortunately beheld, transform'd into a horned Dear, and was flain by his own Dogs; which Ovid thus defcribes,

Dúmque ili $\begin{gathered}\text { perluitur folitâ Titania }\end{gathered}$ lymphâ,
Ecce nepos Cadmi dilatâ paric laboorиm
Per nemus ignotum mon certis pafibus errans
Pervexit in lucum, of $\dot{c}$.
Whilf here Titania bath'd (as was her gruife)
Lo Cadmus Nephew, tir'd with exer. cife,
And wandring throunh the Woods; approach'd this Grove
With fatal feps, fo Leftiny him drove :
Entring the Cave with skpping frings bedew'd;
The Nymphs all naked, when a Man they view'd,
Clap'd their refounding Breafts, and filld the Wood
With fudden fhrieks, like Ivoiy pale they food
A Sout their Goddefs: but the, far more tall,
By head and Thoulders, over:tops thein all.
Now tell, The faies, thehaft feen me difarray'd.
Tell if thou cant, I give thee leave. This faid,
She to his Neck and Ears new length imparts,
Th his Brow the Antlers of long-livirg Harts :
His logs and feet with arms and hands fupply'd,
And cloath'd his Body in a Spoited Hide, or $c_{0}$

This is the Fable, the grourd whereof was. the Heund in the Canicular daies being poffersd with fury through the power of the Moon that is Dians, worried their Mafter; wh-ch Fate, as Scaliger 1eports, befell thany Youl $\begin{aligned} & \text { Fate, as } S \text { faliger ieports, betell } \\ & \text { Hunters of } C o r j i c a n ~ h i s ~ b i t i c . ~\end{aligned}$

You a Horn'd Monfter, Sir,
I knew, and ventring life Beat off the leading Cur;
But thefe Rewards are rife;
Thus Mafters former Services forget ; This no new way to pay old Servants Debt. Ah me poor Wretch! And muft the Proverb hold ? A Serving Creature is a Beggar Old.

## Moral.

Servants bemare, oft is but little pace Betwixt Preferment and the Lofs of Place.' Ladies are fickle, and fantafick Lords Would See Nem faces maiting at their Boards. :

Fis.


THE HARES AND FROGS.

ASOPS FABLES:

# Fab. XIX. Of the Hares and Frogs. 

(wood refounds, 7. THile a huge Tempeft through the The frighted Hares
Prick up their ears,
Suppofing loud-mouth'd gufts, fhril Horns \& Hounds,
And leave their native Seats, and ancient Bounds;
Wing'd with vain fear, th'out-ftrip the thundring wind
Not one durft make a halt,or look behind.
A Stream th incounter, fwoln up to the brim,
Which a full Cloud
Had made fo loud
As ranting Aufter; this they dare not fwim,
Viewing the hollow Wave it look'd fo grim.
Nor durft the valiant Hares once backward look ;
The Devil's behind, the Devil is in the Brook.
One of the graveft, here did Courage take,
When he did fpy
The Frogians fly
At their Approach, and did their Camps forfake
To fhelter in the bofome of the Lake:
Then bids them ftand and make the Front the Rear ;
Vain is the Frog's, as vain máy be our Fear.
All do as he commanded, not one ftirs ;
When foon they find
Threats empty Wind,
Which did not hurt, but difcompofe, their Furs.
Then thushe faid, There is from barking Curs
No danger ; We are fwift, and ftrong, all parts
We have, that make good Souldiers up, but Hearts.

$$
\text { I } \quad \text { Fortune }
$$

Fortune affifs the Bold, and he that dares, Though but a Swain, May Scepters gain,
But whom cold Blood beleaguers with bare Fears, That ftart at every Sound, like timorous Hares, At Court not thrive, nor in the Martial Lifts, Nor Venus in Love's Conduct them affifts.

Moral.
Strange are effects of Fear, Danger to Bbun On grim Death's ferneft Vifages we run: Fear in a Nigbt mill blaft the Conquerour's Bays, And from fervid Cities mighty Armies raije.


## FAb. XX. <br> Of the Doves and Hawks.

LOng had the Doves a happy Peace enjoy ${ }^{3} d$, Broaching no quarrel with their neighbour natiNor firr'd up civil ftrife, with plenty cloy'd(ons
Than Love the Pigeons had no other Paffions;
They have no ${ }^{(a)}$ Gall, Nor know at all
Diffention, nor ftern Mars his angry Mood, Nor pleafure tak'n in Rapine nor in Blood.
(d) It was the general opinion of the Ancients, that there was no Gall in Pigeons, becaufe they found not the Veffel in which the Gall is contain'd, on the Liver, as in other Animals; whence they were made the Symbol and Hieroglyphick of Love, kindnefs and mildnefs: But this is fufficiently refuted by Galen, and the latter Ana: tomiftso

But they Diana flighted, nor prepare
For Pallas Offerings, nor great Funo's Diety,
To Venus and her Son, is all their Pray'r;
Thefe Powers offended highly with thimpiety,
Did Mars intreat,
Now in a heat,
Since more Adonis, Venus did delight,
To raife 'gainft gentle Doves the cruel Kite.

Mov'd by the Gods, the Kitifh Prince proclaims
War 'gainft the Turtles, and their wealthy Regions;
Far more than Honour, Booty him inflames, And from the North he mufters feather'd Legions;

The War grows hot,
The Turtles not
Inur'd to Battels, Camps, and fierce Alarms, Many ftrong Houles lofe by force of Arms.

They call a Councel, and confult of Aid;
They know the Harok more valiant is, and ftronger ;
Would he take Pay, they need not be difmaid,
His Pounces fharper be, his Wing is longer :

The Hanokes defirè But Souldiers Hire,
Their Purfe fhall only for the Pigeons fight, And they are certain to defeat the Kite.

The Harokes are mufterd, and the War renews,
Soon they regain their Houfes, Forts, and Caftles :
As foon the Pigeon their Affifance rues:
For thofe they hir'd, and were the Turtles Vaffals, Seiz'd them for Pay, And day by day
Their Bowels rend, and tender bodies plume, And, more than Kites, the Dovijb Race confume.

Morai.
Effeminate Nations to long Peace inur'd, Are by Auxiliaries ill fecurd: Who e'r prove Vittors, they Sall be the Prize; But beft your Friend knows where the Mony lies.


## Fab. XXI.

Of the Dog and Thief.

BOngh roough, Who's there? Bough nough, Who's that dare break
Into my Mafter's Houfe? firft ftand, then fpeak,
Or elfe I'll have you by the Throat; ne'r ftart
You Sir, I'll know your Bufinefs e'r we part.
Thus in the Cynick Language, loud and brief, A true $D o g$ bark'd, difcovering a Tbief. When foftly thus Night's pilfering Minion faid, This facred filence, and the holy fhade Of Night, dear friend, difturb not: I am fent (Becaufe thy Mafter keeps a ftricter Lent Than wifer Mortals) with a Sop to thee From (a) Cerberus, at fuch fond Piety From triple Jaws exclaiming, he bids Eat. Wife Sects, wobo Nature ferve, forfake no Meat. Then take this Morfel and lye down to Reft, Let not Fleas thee, nor others thou moleft. When thus the faithful Dog reply'd agen : Haft thou thy Habitation among Men, And know'f not me ? Haft thou not heard how I Six Winter-dayes,and ftormy nights did lye Watching my Murther'd Lord? His bleeding Head Three Spring-Tydes waff'd on a cold Ofier bed; At laft with extream Hunger overcame, I to this Houle, through the broad River fwam; Where well recruited with warm Viands, then
From Hofpitable boards, and living Men, I croft rough Mountains with a filver Head,
To.wait in open Manfions of the Dead.
At laft they following me with fwiffer Oars, Where by the Smell were foind polluted fhores,

They made a fearch, and e'r I took my place, Kifs'd his pale Lips, or lick'd his woful Face, My perfon they fecur'd; then him interr'd, And I for Faithfulnefs was thus Preferr'd.

Nay,more than that :'Twas I the Murtherer found, And with my Forces firt beleagur'd round; Loud Vollies fpent with Foam, with Tooth and Nail Fell in on's Quarters, all parts did affail, No Man durft rate me off, no not the Frown Of my dread Lord, untill I pluck'd him down; And he cry'd out, 'Twas I thy Mafter flew ; Then fiercer Dogs upon him, Sergeants, flew : And think'ft thou I'll be treacherous for a Cruft ? Dogs are than Men, more Faitbful to tbeir Truf. (b) The famene had hno only Tul Tot our ${ }^{(b)}$ Penates keep a fricter $W$ atch but peculiar Gods for every particular Houmbol, whilild hey yallid turruand aver thefe Seats, than I, fuch Rogues to catch. (awake. penates; to whom they attributed the Protettion of the Houfe and Farriily , so Plastus.

Ne qui miretur gui fim, paucis eloHe frighted flys, the trufty Dog then fpake;
 milia;

 Lef nany Hhould dadire who I may be, Their Country, or their native King for Gold ;
Khow I the Lar am of this Family; ${ }_{I}$ I many years firom whence se se fe me To them Judge Minos deepeft Seats allots, come,
Dwell and poffenion held of every Room. And when their Blood with burning Liquor fryes, They get on Snakes, the $W$ orm which never dyes.

Moral.
Servants that Centinels to Princes are, Wben clofe Conffirers, Plotting Civil War, Do Send them Gold, if they prove Faitbful, then, They are the Beft, if Falfe, the Worlt of Men.


## ASOPS FABLES.

## FAB. XXII. <br> Of the Wolf and Carved Head.

vvAs it Alecto in that Impious Age Stirr'd up the People's Rage ? When Dedicated Temples they did And What no Prophet did profage, (fpoyl;
With Heroes broken Statues ftrew'd the Ile,
And horrid R udnefs did R eligion ftile;
This trod
Upon the Image of his God,
And that bold Souldier ftorms
Heaven's Queen, and breaks the Marble in her arms:
Then Man
Began,
Seeing Vengeance flow fall from unwilling Sky, To queftion Truth, and Sacred Writ deny:

Not fearing Hell, nor hop'd for Heav'n when they dy.
'Mongft Legs,and Arms, and Bulks of Men and Gods,
Which lay in mighty Loads,
The Sacrilegious $W$ olf, who preys by Night,
In Sacred and Prophane Aboads,
Came,and with Eys cafting malignant Light, Through gloomy Shades efpy'd this joyful Sight ;

And thought
Some Battel had been fought,
Or fatall ( a ) Vefers had, with blown-out Lights, Mix'd bloody Butcheries with Sacred Rites.
(a) The Eicilian Vefpers when all the Frexch in that Inand were murder'd by the Inhabitants.

Where beft
To feaft,
And be with Blood and humane Slaughter fed, He mus'd a while, then with much Purple red,

Painted to life, he faw a decollated Head.

The bloody Neck inviting ; ftreight he feiz ${ }^{\text {d }}$ d
What little pleas'd;
And in obdurate Oke his teeth engag'd;
Which not his Hunger well appeas'd,
Nor thirfty Jaws with crimfon draughts afswag'd:
Who while his broken Phang extreamly rag'd, Thus faid, Beauty hath Wit betraid,
All is not Gold that glitters, and a foul
Cabinet oft includes the faireft Soul:
They're wife
Whofe eyes
With deep infpection on the infide look, Regarding not the gilding of the Book;

But they are fools with Idol ftocks,\& ftones are took.

## Moral.

A comely Carriage, ,outb, and beauteous Form, T ake proudef Hearts, and enter witbout Storm: But woben they find their Lif of Vertues fhort, As fuddenly they are expell'd the Fort.
Fab.


## $\mathrm{F}_{\mathrm{A}}$ b. XXIII.

## Of the Lyon grown Old.

COme all, Come all, take your Revenges full, My Coufin Horié, the Boar, the Bear, and Bull;
Come all you Free-born bealts, and now no more
Tremble to hear the cruel Lyon Rore;
The Forreft now is ours, that Tyrant which
So long proud Scepters fwaid, in yonder Ditch
Lyes bed-rid, brays the Affe; Then come each one And give him ample Retribution.

And Ill redeem my Reputation loft :
The Lyon now fhall know unto his coft,
The $A f s$ is no fuch Daftard, nor fo Dull;
Then come, Come all, and take Revenges full.
This faid, the Vulgar rufh, both wild and tame,
Where the Old Lyon lay, Weak, Sick, and Lame:
His Crown they feize, upon his Scepter tread, 'c
And pull his Royal Ermine oor his Head.
When round his Eyes the Dying Monarch caft,
And as he view'd them, Groaning, fpake his laft ;
I did not well, when I had Strength and Power,
So many loving Subjects to Devour,
Whofe Friends take Juft revenge: But where are they
Who drank with me their blood, and fhar'd the Prey,
To Guard my Perfon from their cruel Rage ?
Some my dim fight prefents, who now engage
With greater Malice: Ah ! for which good deed Friends, do you tear my fides? You make me bleed?
'Twas no well-grounded Policy of State
By Arbitrary Power to purchafe Hate ;

But I did worfe, in choofing fuch Falle Friends, That joyn with Foes, having obtain'd their Ends.

Moral.
When Kings are weak, then active Subjects frive To raije their Porper above Prerogative:
Botb Friends and Foes confire witb $T$ ime and Fates, Oft to reduce proud Kingdoms into States.


## Fab. XXIV.

 Of the Dog and the $A / s$. haft thou gotThy breakfaft yet, fpeak Sirrah;haft
thou not?
Your whining and colloging will not ferve, Thy fat fides, Villain, fay thou doft not fterve, The Mafter faid to's Dog ; then ftrokes his Head, And claps his back, and neck: The Cur well bred With fawning pofture firft plaies with his Knee, Then leaps up to his breaft, next who but he, His Mafter's Lap's his Cufhion, where at eafe He lyes, and torments the tormenting Fleas.

This put the fullen $A \int s$ in woful dumps, Who his deep Judgment for a Reafon pumps Why he fhould toyl, and eat the bread of Care ; And th' idle Dog like his rich Mafter fare.
Then with a figh he faid ;
Have I with Patience, and Pack-fadles, broke
My Heart and Sides, my back fo many a froke Endur'd, to make my greedy Mafter Rich ? When his proud Steed lay fainting in a Ditch, And cry'd no more hed be a Pack-Horfe made : I took the burthen from the pamper'd Jade, And bore it foutly through a tedious R ode. And yet this $W$ help, this Cringing $A$-la-mode With Bells, and Collar, Hair in th' Ifland guife, Feeds with his Lord, and on foft Couches lyes. And why ? becaure he'l fort, and fawn; and cog, He knows no other Duty of a Dog.
This keeps no Sheep, nor takes foul Swine by th' ear, Ne'r barks at Thieves, nor playes at Bull or Bear,

But

But a meer Foifting-Hound; well, now I fee, Not alwayes Strength, nor Wit, nor Induftry Gains Fortune's Smile; too oft in Princes Courts Great Favòurites rife by Jefts and idle Sports And Complements: If fo, there's none furpafies For Complement your Complemental Afes. I am refolv'd their Dog-fhips, Ape-fhips all This day to imitate, fall what may fall.

This faid, the Afe pricks his notorious Ear,
And like a Hobby-horfe, or dancing Bear, Begins to move, now like a Spaniel plaies, But fill his own Voyce frights him when he brays.
Then to his Mafter boldly he drew neer,
At laft charg'd him with a full Career :
Then rifing up, takes with a rough imbrace, About the Neck, offers to lick his Face, And with foul Hoofs wanders all o'r his Breaft. With wonder then and fuddain fear oppreft, Th' affrighted Mafter calls aloud for aid; Then Afinego for his folly paid:
Who, while his bones Swains made with beating fore,
Did thus his Fortune patiently deplore;
My Gerius, and my Perfon I miftake;
Not every Block a Mercury will make;
Foul ways, and heavy Burthens better fuit
With Ruftick AJes, than the Ivory Lute.
All things befit not all, and Imitation:
Is for the Ape, more than tbe Afs in Fafbion.
Moral.
Oft Airy Geffers, and phantaffick Drolls:
Take more than Wije, Learvid, or Induffrious Souls:
A Handfome Mien, a Varnifb'd Out-fade, can More than the golden Linings of a Man.


## Fab. XXV.

## Of the Husband-man and Snake.

THere dwelt a Learned Serpent neer a Grove, Whom Fortune did not love. She gave him want, whom Nature had made And Induffry had taught all Sciences.
He knew each walk in Heaven's great board of Chefs
Where Games not end in many thoufand years:
Could golden Hieroglyphicks allexprefs
Which fill the Volume of nine mighty Spheres:
He could the Muffers of Heaven's Army tell, And when Stars ruling Seafors, rofe, and fell.

There was a Shepherd, who by his advice
Grew Wealthy in a trice.
His thoufands wandring on Sicilian Hills.
Twice every day a milky River fills
His frowy Pails; His numbers not decreafe :
When from the Sky fome dire Contagion falls, (mels When Herds and Flocks fcarce make up Deatb one Tbifipon raging in full Coats and Stalls.

This Swain invites the Snake his Houife to grace, And live with him, the (a) Genius of the place.

He that the wifeft Charmer would not hear
Gave to this Ruftick ear,
Refolv'd to leave fad Hunger, Cold, and Care,
For Roofs, where Joy, and W armth, and Plenty were Nor long he fojourn'd, when thitl natur'd Swain,

Vex'd that he could not fell a fubbcrin Oke,
W ith the fame Hatchet would his Gheft have flain, And raging charg'd him with a mighty Stroke ;
(a) Snakes were genérally the Enign of a place confecrated to. the Gods, as may be conjectur'd from this Verfe of Perfins Satyr 1.

Pingue duos angues; pheri, facer of locys, extr à
Meite -
but efpecially to the Temples built o. ver the Tombs of Heroes: of which Piutarch in the life of Agis gives this




 $x^{\prime}$ mosay, Humane bodies, after the moifnelfe of their marrow is conipact. ed, produce Serpents: which the Ancr. ents obferving, of all aximals didesprcially appropriate them to the Heroes. The fame Author reports, that a Serpen: was taken about the dead body of Cleoments; and Paslus e Emilins writes that one was found in the tomb of Cbarles Maytel, where thete was nothing bue theCorps to protuce it: And Pliny affirms that he hath heard of mery.

Hardly with Life the wounded Serpent fled
To his own feats, and frighted hides his Head.
Tbofe robom woe Wrong, we Hate: What Arts the ftem
R untick before did learn
From the wife Serpent, now feem'd poor, and cheap:
Who Winds and Stars obferve, not Sow, nor Reap.
Him Induftry, and Fortune happy made ;
But not long after Udders full wax dry,
A Chaffie Ear fhoots from a wither'd Blade;
His Corn is blafted, Sheep and Cattel dy.
Suppliant he flands then at the Serpent's dore.
And thus defires his Company once more.
Wife as thy felf, than Doves more innocent,
The Injury I repent ;
And though 'tis Juftice, fince thy Head did feel
My cruel Axe, that thou fhouldft bruife my Heel;
Yet pardon me, and once more I entreat,
That thou wouldft bleffe my little Houfe again.
Then fooke the Serpent from his low-roof 'd feat,
Though the Wound's whole, the Memory I retain;
Yet I'll forgive the $W$ rong, but never more
While thou a Hatchet haft, come in thy Dore.

Moral.
What Pleifure batb full Boards, woben or our Head, A ponderous Sword bangs on a twifted Tbread? Fly dangerous Company, wben Cboler burns, Oft Princely Cbeer to Bloody Banquets turns.


## ASOPS FABLES.

## Fab. XXVI. <br> Of the Fox and the Crane.

NOble Sir Crane, I tarried at my Gate, You,and your Victory to congratulate. I heard the Battel was both fharp and long; The ${ }^{(a)}$ Pygmies are a Nation fierce and ftrong. Be pleas'd good Sir to light,
(a) Of the Cranes and Pygmins, fee Note on Fable 15.

And take a Bait with me, 'tis long to night;
Thus did the Fox the mounted Crane invite.
The Crane not doubted but the Fox could gibe, As well as any of his fubtle Tribe.
But the fharp Air amonght Riphean Rocks,
Where nothing was but Hunger, Cold, and Knocks, Provok'd his Appetite;
Befides, a favoury Steam did him invite, And his long Nofe now food in his own light.
At laft Fox-Hall they enter, where they found A Table in a Broathy Deluge drown'd:
Broath muft not cool ; This piddles with his bill, While young Sir Reynard did whole Rivers fwill, Licks up the Mediterrane,
Drinks mifty Bays, then guzzles up the Main, Till the Boards Weinfoot face appears again.
When to himfelf the vex'd Crane faid; Did I That Giant Pygmie kill twelve inches high, When breaking of our Egs a Sea he made? Him, fpitted on this Bill, with Wings difplai'd I carried ör the Rocks:
And haall this long-taild Cur, this Fox-furr'd Fox Atule me? Muft my houlders bear his Mocks?

It mult not be. This faid, he wipes his Bill, As if that he had banqueted his fill, And Reynard then invites, with many thanks, To tafte a Difh brought from Caifter's Banks,

The Fox confents, nor did Believe the Crane to any thing would bid His Worhip, unlefs Veal, or Lamb, or Kid.

Thappointed hour is kept, and as he wifh'd Choice Cates he found, but in Glafs Viols difh'd.
(b) Tantilus, $\begin{aligned} & \text { ariend of the Gods, } \\ & \text { dminted to their counfels, was cait }\end{aligned}$ This diving with his Beak fweet Morfels picks, down into Hell for revealing of them; where he hargers and thirfls in the midft of Plenty.
 With watry Jaws dry Glafs Sir Reynard licks:


-Next Tantalss I fpy'd
Suffering a horrid corment, fanding in A pleafant River clofe up to hischin; Who thirfy, oft as he defir'd to drink, Dry fin is appear, and fwelling billows flurink
Benearh his Teet, forc'd by fome angry God:
About his Head, Trees which rich Fruit did load,
Pcars, Arples, Figs, and Olives in a throng
Their various kinds in dangling Clu.
flers hurg:
Oft as thold man ftrove one of them to catch
AWind conceal'd, or blew out of his reach.

Whom ovid followis lib. 4. Misaworphof.

- tibi Tantale nulla

Deprexduntur aqua, qaaqut imminet iffugit ambra.
From Tantalm deceitful water flips, And catch'd at fruit avoids bis couche ed lips.
By which the Antients fignified how fatal a thing it was to difcover the fecrets of Princes.

## Moral:

The mof ingenious Scoffs, and bitter'f $T_{\text {aunts, }}$ Are bef Revenged woitb tbe like Affronts: But many times from them fuch Rancor breeds, Tbat be that Laugb'd at firft, foon afier Bleeds.


## $\mathrm{F}_{\mathrm{Ab}}$. XXVII. Of the File and the Viper.

VVAs't ill-advifing Hunger did perfwade, Or Anger, that fond $V$ iper to invade A horrid File, which had an iron husk Scorn'd the Sharks tooth, defid the wild Boars tusk :

It had a skin fo hard and rough, As that Infernal coat of Buff
The Luciferian General had on
In the firft grand Rebellion :
Which no Coeleftial arm
Could harm,
Or pierce,
But His, who guids the Stars, and Rules the Univerfe.
But Anger gave the caufe he fo miftook ; He knew the fweating Artilt was no Cook, Who with this File that day had polifhed

The Snakes which Periwig the (a) Gorgon's Head,

And had fild down the fpeckled Mail, Which fhining arm'd thold Dragon's Tail:
He thought thofe Snakes alive had beerr, And frange Tortures he had feen.

Since on the Man he could not light
To bite,
He glides
(a) We cantot better cuefribe the Gorgons head than in the words of $S$. donius Apolisnaris, Epithalam.
Gorgo tenet pectus medium, factura videnti
Et truncata moras; nitet infidiofa futerbum
Effigies, vizitgue animâ percunte च̌siffas.
Alta cerafiarnm foinis caiut afperat atrum
Congeries, \&ic.
The Gorgoss head, which guards ber bofom, would
Change thee to flatue fhouldit thou it behold.
Raging with venom'd tooth, to pierce frong Iron-fides.
The fecure File, whilft he did gnaw and bite, Smiling lay fill;; at length it laugh'd out-right; Finding his Foe no Eftridge weapons had, To murther Horle-fhooes, and devour a Gad.
be creacherous face flines proudly, and though dead,
Lifes beauty keep: snakes matted round her head,
In fpechied Cuties voluminoully wieath,
Ard biting treffes direly hiffing breath.

It was the bead of Mrdura cut off by Perfess while the was ofleep, an i W.1s carried afterwards in the midtt of
Mincraits theld according to the Mincreats theld, according to the Then $\begin{aligned} & \text { fircriptions }\end{aligned}$

Then thus began; Defift for flame.
Thou hurff not me, I'm ftill the fame:
When thou begin'f a $W$ ar, not only know Thy own, but Forces of the Foe:

Thou feeft Ilye upon my back, And crack
Thy Gums :
He is not wife mith bis oren Strength bimfelf orcomes.

## Moral.

Fools that with Spleen and Fury are poffeft, Not mind their onen, nor publich Interef: Some, vext abroad, on their Domefficks fall; Or bruife their knuckles on a fenflefs Wall.


## Fab. XXVIII.

Of the Hart.
$\rightarrow \mathrm{He}$ Hart beholding in a Fountain clear
His flately Creft,
With Antlers dreft,
Admiring faid, I am a gallant Dear.
How many in the Park like me appear ?
Where is the Beaft that can,
Or the Cornuted Man,
Shew fuch a Horny Forreft on his Head ?
Nor could that mighty Stag,
Arms like thefe $W$ eapons brag,
Which with the famous Clubman combated, Nor were Alteons branches fairer fpread.

But his Supporters did ftir up his Gall;
'Mongft all the ranks
Of Spindle-fhanks,
None were fo little, none had Legs fo fmall.
Both God and Nature he unjuft did call,
To mount him like the Crane,
On four Limbs lefs than twain.
Such fpiny Shins ne'r went in any Road;
Thofe ufher Dames boaft half,
His Legs had nér a calf;
He wonders that on Stilts he durt abroad;
And why four Sticks bore fuch a gallant Load?
Thus while he defcanted on every part,
The Wood refounds
With Horns and Hounds;
Like to a Scytbian Shaft, or Indian Dart,
Or Clouds with Tempeft driven, flies the Hart :
L =
Thofe

Thofe Legs he fo much fcorns
Did fave him, but his Horns
Entangled 'mongft thick boughs made him a Prey,
Whofpake with weeping Eys;
Poor Friends I did defpife,
Who me from Dogs and Hunters did convey:
But Pride, vain Pride, did the Proud Hart betray.

## Moral.

Too much we value Beauty, Wit, and Arts, Since oft great Men are ruin'd by their Paits: Some woitb fmall Learning, and a fender Lift Of Vertues, Froonns of fickle Cbance refif.


## Fab. XXIX.

Of Birds and Beafts.

A
Difference 'twixt Birds and Beats arofe,
But how, no Story flows;
Traditions tell, that Beats
In Trees would build their Nets;
nus
Others, that Birds did Forreft Lands enclofe : $10 . \ldots 3$
But hot Debate at laft did come to Blows.
Both Feather'd, and Four-footed not delay
To muter and array ;
And as the Nations ufe,
Their Generals they choofe :
The Eagle muff the Winged Legions fway, The Lyon, in great bodies, Beats obey.

Poets and Painters added to their force, The Feather'd Gripbon and the Winged Hor re;

Than thole no other dare
'Tempt Caftles in the Air, Nor through untracted Sky to bend their Courfe, Among fteep Rocks the Eagles Nett to force.

The Bat obferving that the Beftial Power
Encreafed every hour,
How Lyons, Wolves, Bears, and Boars,
Dogs, and Horfes, filled the flores, Enough ten Flying Armies to devour; Streight he revolts, and yields his Airy Tower.

Both fides engage, there was a mighty Fight , From Morning until Night; ;

Beafts well maintain their place, Birds charge them in the Face:
The Eagle by advantages of Height, Both Salvage and Domeftick put to Flight.

The Treacherous Bat was in the battel took :
All hate the Traytor's Look, He never mult difplay, Again his Wings by Day, But hated, live in fome foul dufty Nook; 'Caufe be bis Country in Difrefs forfook.

## Moral.

Wife Men are Valiant, and of Honef Minds; Treacherous fubtile, and explore all Winds: Or King or State their Ruin they'lindure, May they from Sequeftration be fecure.


## Fab. XXX.

## Of the Fay and Peacocks.

vvHo hath not heard of that moft cruel Fight,
(a) Argus was feigned to be a max with an hundred eyes, to whofe cufody $7 u \times 0$ delivered 10 transform'd into a Cow ; who, by the Command
 Fable is at large related by ovid in the firft of his Metamorphofs.
to flight?
When, from Supplies fell in at fetting Sun Of Harpies, Furies, and fad birds of Night,
Tygres like Steers, like Sheep bold Lyons run : Then firft on birds and beafts Men to the height
Did feaft themfelves, and they who often prey'd On flaughter'd Armies, now a Prey are made.
'Mongft other Chances of that dreadfull day, A wing of Peacocks was difcomfited :
Their valiant Leader 'mongft the foremoft lay,
His Angel-plumes dy'd with his own blood red.
This had a Page, a proud and foolifh fay,
Whom from an Egge, he in his Neft had bred:
This ftrips his Lord, and boldly then affumes His Train of (a) Argus Eys, and gaudy Plumes.

When to the Eagles Court the proud fay got,
And like a Turky-Cock ftruts up and down, Sueing to draw in (6) funo's Chariot,

As if thofe gaudy Feathers were his own :
With Love fair Pea-Hens here he follows hot,
Keeps company with Noble birds, or none:
Among the Wits, and Braveries did fit, And would be (ftrange) a Bravery and a Wit.
lis tongue condemn'd to everlafting prate,
Boafting his Beauty, Wealth, and better Notes;

Donec Areftoridx fervandamstradidif Argo.
Centum luminibus cinctam caput Argus habebat, ofc.

Until The Io gave to Argas guard
A hundred eyes his Heads large cir: cuit farr'd;
Whereof, by turns, at once two only flepr,
The other watch'd and fill their ftations kept.
Which way fo er he ftands he Io fpies.
10, behind him; wàs before his eyes, ofr.

The Moral of this Fable is thus expreffed by Pontanus,

Argus enim Coclum ef ; vicilantia lu: mina flamma
eltherea, arrio labentia fidera mundo.

Argus is Heaven, xtherial fire his ejes,
That wake by turns, and Stars that fet and rife.
Thefe fpatkle on the brow of fhady night,
Sut when Apollo rears bis glorious lighr,
They vanquifhd by fo great a fpler: dor die,
And buried in obfeure olympas lie。
(b) That the Chariot of 7 yso was drawn by peacocks appears from many of the Roman Meddals, witrence it is called ales? ?uncria.

Explicat atgse fuas rics Juronia pernas.

The Poets feigned that fimm cor:verted the eyes of Argas, after he was fiain by Mercury, in her Peacocks Train, Otidl. i. Mitam.

Excipit bos, volucri!gue fue Satur. nia pennis
Collccaí,et gemmis casdam follantib:as implet.

Yist that thofe Stàry jew wisls might remain,
Brighe 7 froo fix'd them in her 「easects Trin.

Brought on him firt Sufpicion, after Hate :
(Peacocks,thoughAngels plumes, haveDevils throats) At laft they frip him, as he chattering fate,

Of his fairy Feathers, and his gaudy Coats;
Naked and banifh'd from the Court of Birds, He to a doleful Note compos'd thefe words;

I ftand the true Example of vain Pride,
Since I the fayibh Nation did defpife;
Not only noble Birds will me deride,
But I fhall be a fcorn to Jacks and Pies:
Not Tyrian Robes can Birth and breeding hide,
Let tbeir own Fortune fill content the Wife,
And let all thofe that climb above their place, Strip'd be like me, and fuffer fuch difgrace.

Moral.
Whetber Ambition, Vertue be, or Vice? Hatb rais'd great Difputations'mong the Nice: Who by unfeen gradations reach a Croonn, Heroes are fill'd, but Traytors tumbling domn.


## Of the Wolves and Sheep.

THe Wolves and Sbeep, great Nations both, and ftrong,
Had long
A mighty War maintain'd:
Great flaughter oft there was of old and young, With various Chance, yet none the better gain'd. Finding their Strength decay'd, their Treafure drain'd, With one confent Commiffioners are chofe, That might fo great a Difference compofe, And joyn in lafting Leagues fuch antient Foes.

Long they not fate, when they conclude a Peace: On thefe
Few Articles they ftreight agreed; The Wolves fhould give their $W$ helps up Hoftages, The Sbeep their Dogs, their fout Moloffian breed, And then they might in Fields at pleafure feed; The Wolvifh bands fhould fally forth no more From Wood nor Hill; no $V V$ olf come neer the dore : To this horn'd (a) Beline, and fierce (b) Ifgrim fwore.
(d) The Ram.
(b) The Wolis.

And now on pleafant Plains themfelves the Sbeep Dokeep;
No Dog of War to guard the Cote;
All feem fecure ; they eat, and drink, and fleep: When the young $V V$ olves extend a Hungry throat, Wanting their Dams, and raife a difmal Notes.

Wolves cry, The Peace is broke, and like a fhower. Fell in their Quarters, and whole Flocks devour.
Neitber to Friend nor Foe give up your Poover.

Moral。
Not Hofages, though Sons, the Foe can Bind, If they an evident advantage find:
Let Motbers Weep, Dy Cbildren, fuffer Friends, Tb. Ambitious, values notbing but bis Ends.


## ASOPS FABLES.

## Fab. XXXII. Of the Wolf and the Fox.

THat Night what flaughter did the Fields im. brew,
When from the Woods, and Hills the Wolvifb Crew,
Pretending Refcue of their curfed Brood,
Howling the Peace was broke,
Fell on the guiltefs Flock,
And fatisfied their Ravening Jaws with Blood!
They who a Solemn League and Cov'nant fwore,
But one fhort day before,
Then flew Ram Beline at the Shepherd's Dore,
And with him Slaughter'd many thoufands more.
-Mong thefe was one whom Wolves themflves did call,
For Rapine, Plunder-Mafter-General;
This having ftuft, in that great Maffacre,
His Den with Fattef Sheep,
Refolves a Feaft to keep,
And fit in State álone like King's to fare :
When with Self-kindnefs ftruck , he thus began;
I Fear nor Dog nor Man;
I forn theSwain; and Sheep-Protector Pan;
Soul, take thy Reft, do they the worft they can.
A Crafty Fox; who ftrict account did keep
Of thoof well-fed, and Golden-fleeced Sheep
He, by the Horns, that night to's Den had drawn,
Two days and long nights waits,
Expecting open Gates;
When with the Greedy Worm his bowels gnawn,

$$
\mathrm{M}_{2} \quad \text { Aloud }
$$

Aloud he calls? Ho! Colonel, How d'ye fare? Be pleas'd to take the Air;
And fince the Wolvifb Army Conquerors are, Keep not within, nor Spirits waft with Care.

The Wolf perceiv'd the Fox defir'd to Feaft, And in his abfence make himfelf a Gueft; When with a heavy Groan he thus returns; Ah deareft Coufin, I Am Sick, am like to dy ;
In a hot Feaver all my body burns.
In that nights Service I, provok'd with Zeal To ferve the Common-weal, After much Toyl, would needs ftand Centinel, Where I took Cold, which did my Blood Congeal.
$\mathrm{I}_{\mathrm{n} \text { my }}$ ftopp'd $V$ eins rules adventitious Heat ;
Swift doth my Pulfe like an Alarum beat;
My Throat fo dry, that Seas of Sbeepijb Blood,
Which fill did ufe to cure The Wolvifb Calenture.
Commix'd with Humane gore, will do no good.
Defire not to come in ; Coufin, I fear
'Tis dangerous; Spots appear:
My fhort Breath tells me my Departure's neer;
Ah! that I had fome $Z$ ealous Paftor here.
Thin Hunger now gives place to fwelling Rage;
Thirft to Revenge, fpurs Reynard to engage
With Mortal Foes: Who ftraight thus calls a Swain;
Ho ! Shepherd, come away,
Make this a Holy-day;
The Wolf, by whom fuch lofs you did fuftain,

ASOPS FABLES.
Ill bring you to ; be pleas'd to Fancy then Me , with his Goods and Den, And cleer my Score of Lamb, Kid, Goofe, and Hen: The Shepherd grants, and calls his Dogs and Men.

Mean while the Wolf did fit at joyful Feafts;
When at his Gates he heard no welcome Guefts.
Repeated Surfeits oft make Courage fail.
Upftarts his brifly Hair,
His fiery Eyes now ftare,
And Cowring 'twixt his Legs he claps his Tail.
But out he muft, and venture to the Field;
No quarter Shepherds yield:
His pamper'd Belly made him leaden heel'd, That e'r he ran fix fcore, the Wolf was kill'd.

This done, the Man fets on his Dogs again, And Reynard feiz'd; who dying did complain; I the fad Emblem am of Rancorous Spight.

The foolifh Fox repin'd, Becaufe the Wolf had din'd
So well alone, and would not him invite.
Thieves falling out, thus True Men get tbeir onn.
His Head muft go to Town,
My Skin muft face fome wealthy Burgers Gown :
Thus Avarice hath the Wolf and Fox or-thrown.

Moral。
Wben Conquerours, rich witb fpoil, forrn Men and Gods
Cbance unexpected, Jbakes Revenging Rods.
Are Common Foes defroy'd? thiunequal Share
From Complices will raije a fecond War.

## Fab. XXXIII. <br> Of the Fly and the Ant.

VV
Hen the hot Dog-ftar, joyn'd with Pbobus Beams,
Drank broad-back'd Floods to nar-row-fhoulder'd Streams, From the King's Palace comes the filken $F l y$, And cuts with Sarcenet Wings the Sultry Sky;

From whence he faw black bands of Labouring Ants (Mindful of Winter, and approaching $W$ ants) March through ftraight paths, on many fhoulders born, View'd a great Convoy guard one Grain of Corn.

Then to himfelf he faid; 'Tis wond'rous ftrange Ants thus fhould toyl, to fill fome petty Grange, When thofe in Courts, and Cities, with lefs pain, Oft in an hour get more than Rufticks gain In their whole Life: Clownstoyl for Cloath and Milk While Courtiers Feaft, and flant in Gold and Silk, Purchas'd in Kid-skin Gloves a thoufand wayes; None e'r by Smeat did a great Fortune raife. Then to a Labouring Ant the Fly did call, And makes Comparifons odious unto all.

What art thou Wretch, to me? worm, thou doft creep And liv'ft in Caves, while I my Palace keep In Princes Courts, and when the World is May, About their Sun-reflecting Tow'rs I play :
Among Heavens Feather'd Quirifters I have flown, And to Cœeleftial Mufick was the Drone. Thou W ater drink'ft, and cat'ft the Bread of Care, And when your Squadrons plunder, thou doft fhare Perhaps one grain of Wheat, gain'd with more Toyl, Than fome get Kingdoms, and fubdue an Ifle.


THE FLY AND THE ANT:
ASOPS FABLES.

I from the Margents of the Golden bowl Drink Liquor that revives the faddeft Soul; Frees Prifoners, cures the ftripes of cruel Rods, Makes Peafants Princes, and makes Princes Gods.
On gilded Ceilings my Heels upward, I, O'r my broad Shoulders looking down, efpy
Feafts for a Mighty Man, and full Cups placit :
At pleafure all thofe Delicates I talt.
Pbobus my. Father was, me he begot
When his Steeds fainting fell into a trot
In the high Solftice; Then my Brother Fly
Dy'd by Ambition in a Prince's Eye :
In his V aft Kingdoms he no place could find
But that to reft in, equal to his mind.
Why fhould I boaft that Sad, yet happy Fate
Of my dear Coufin, the Renowned Gnat,
Who with his Trumpet fav'd a fleeping Swain
From the Snake's Tooth, yet for the Fact was flain?
But foon th'ungrateful Shepherd did Repent,
And built him an Eternal Monument ;
Whofe Epitaph the (a) Prince of Poets made.
(a) Virgit

And the firft Stone with polifh'd Verfes laid.
Then fpake the Ant.; Sir Fly, I in a Cave
Not Golden Beds, nor Ivory Tables have ;
Yet I contented live, though under Ground,
When thou doft wander like a Vagabond;
And where thou fojourneft, thofe high Aboads
Are none of thine ; Thou haft no Houfhold-Gods;
But when a Tempeft comes, and Fortune's Frown
Tumbles thy King, as other Princes, down,
Then in vaft Circles may the Hungry Fly
Round empty Halls, and keep his parch'd Trunck dry;
There fhall the Spider fubtile Mefhes fpread,
And having feiz'd thee, feaft upon thy Head.

And while fhe changes Poifon for fweet Blood, Thou dying fhalt in vain thy King and God Great Belzebub implore, who minds not thee, Nor pittying will thofe mighty Slaughters fee That Emperor makes, when he fo many dayes To kill Flys, off all other bufinefs lays.

That thou art Pbcebus Of-fpring thou mai'ft pride, But fay, What art thou by the Mothers fide? From Excrement, or Putrefaction fprung, Foul Ordure brought thee forth, or Madam Dung.

Though I inhabit Caves and narrow Cells, Yet mighty Kingdoms, and great Common-weals, Following examples of thinduftrious $A n t$, Rife to their height; VVbo Labour fball not mant.

Thou that of Idleneffe and Impertinence The Embleme art, go, feek a fafe Defence, In the great Shambles, from the Butcker's Flap,
(b) Excys in honour of his Mother e fgina, having appronrizied her name to the Ifland where he Reign'd; funo her rival, chereat much incens'd, fent a lamentable Peffilence, whercwith the Inhabitants were all deftroyed, except the Royal Family : whereupon efacus, efpying a multitude of Aivts at the root of an Oak, defires as many Men from Pupiter to fupply the number of thefe whom the pertilence had devourd: : who dieams in the night that the Ants were turn$c \mathrm{~d}$ into Nen, which in the worning nroved true. Ovid relates the Fas: bie at large,
Jorth went I, and beheld the Men whichlate
My dream prefented : fuch in every itate
I faw and knew them. They falute their King.
frve prais'd, a party to the Town I bring;
Leave to the reft the empty fields, and call
Them Myrmidons of their Original.
This Fable was invented from the Inhabitants of that Inand, who to avoid the incurfions of their neighlours, dweit in obfcure Caves under the Earth like pifmires, who being afterwat ds exerufed in martial difciatterwalds exercifed in martial dificohabitin Cilles, they were feign'd io thave been of pifmires converted ntom m .

## Moral.

Short life and merry, give me Eafe, this crys, VVbile that woith Sweat and Care bis Marrow drys:
Tbeje are Extremes; apon tbe Medium fix;
Study, and Toyl, with Recreation mix.

$34$

## Fab. XXXIV. Of the Fox and Ape.

THe French. Ape gives the Fox of Spain Bon jour
Three Congees, and Tres bumble Serviture:
Then thus begins; In France we not indure
To fee long Cloaks, all there
Go in the fhorteft. Wear,
Eut your large Fafhion is the Statelier fure.
Pardonne moy, as we are all too fhort, In Curtaild Garments, A la modes o'th' Court, So with th other Extreme, yours Sir; doth fort.

Be pleas'd to wear your Fur
A little fhorter, Sir ;
Twill be as grave; and fuit well with your Port.
Seignour, I know your Taylor is not here,
My Apefhip's. W orkman, quickly with his Shear Shall cut you fhorter, and my Self will wear

The remnant of your Train, Conformable to Spain:
And then Don Diegoes both we fhall appear.
Si Semmor, faid the Fox, we Dons of Spain Are conftant to our Fafhion, fuch a Train My Father's Father wore ; and to be plain, This Long Wear I will keep, Though it the Kennel fweep:
Rather than give an Inch to Monfeur Vain.
Moral.
Heaven to each Nation Several Geniusgave; The French too Airy, Spaniards Seem too Grave: City, the Country; Courtiers both defife; ̇ivil, and Rude, nnoft tbeir own Manners prije. N

Fab.

## Fab. XXXV. Of the Horre and the $A \int$.

HE was a Fole o' th' Winds, or of the Breed Which Circes ftole, got by a Heavenly Steed.
Broad was his Back, his Belly fhort, a large
And dimpled Breaft, the Office to difcharge
Of fwelling Lungs : His Fet-locks clean, a Hoof
'Gainft ftony R oads, and Rocky Mountains, proof.
Eys full, quick Ears, fire when the Trumpets found
From's Noftrils flyes; nor ftands on any Ground.
His Colour Daple-grey, his Skin more fleek
Than Venus bofom, or plump Bacchus Cheek :
On's Breaft a Feather, on his Crown a Star :
Such Alexander, or the God of War
Did ufe to ride ; bearing down all before
Their White Feet Strawberri'd with Crimfon Gore. His flowing Main, and bufhy Tail was ty'd
With Ribands, baffled Rain-bows in their pride:
His Bridle, Sadle, all you could behold,
His Cloth, and Stirrups, nay, his Shooes, were Gold.
This at Olympus, when the Prize he won,

 the sunis the fountain, OvidM ecam. L.6. 2.

And far left all Competitors behind.
Inetrici velucres Pyrocis, Eous, $\sigma$ This proud of many Viftories, at a Pafs



 Neefinirg aloud infame the dir with Curft by all thofe thou hindreft in the Road.
And with their thundring hoofs the
The filly beaft not daring in his face
To look, nor anfwer, fuddainly gave place,


Who, while the Clock ftruck Twelve, did run a Mile, And flakes with thund'ring Hoofs the rotten Soil.

And now the day was come, the hour drew on, When feven Steeds, fwift as thofe drew Pbaëton, Were match'd to run for a huge Golden Bowl; Which,crown'd with Wine,muft glad his Mafter's Soul That wins the Cup. Daple fo well was known On his fide all would Bet, but 'gainft him, none. To the firft Poft they came, fockies were weigh'd, Great Cracks on each fide were, and $W$ agers laid. The Signal's given, at once feven Champions ftart, Now Spur,now Switch,Hank,Loofe, no little Art Their Riders hhew : Low as their Horfes Ear Bending their Heads, they break refifting Air. The Earth with Hoofs, the Skies with Clamours rore, While Voices tumbled Eccho on the Thore.

But as Swift Daple far did all out-ftrip, Ah dire Mifchance! he ftrain'd and fhot his Hip;
Thus fhaken out, he and his Rider droop, While in a dufty Cloud on goes the Troop. Here our fad Tale begins; this Steed unfit To run the Race. or with a burnifh'd Bit
To bear his wealthy Lord with Proud fhort Steps, Difgrace for all his former Service reaps: They take from him his Trappings, Silk, and Gold, And to a cruel Car-man he is fold, Labour'd all Day, and fed at Night with Grains, He Dreams of Loads,fteep Hills, and narrow Lanes. With's Cart at's Back, weary and ill-Arraid The $A f s$ elpid him, and thus vapouring Braid: Sir, I'm miftaken, if I did not meet Your Horf-fhip lately in this winding Street, But you'r much alter'd in a little time, You'r Lean, and Poor, then Fat, and in your Prime;

Where's all the gallant Furniture you had ?
How Ruftily you look in Leather clad?
Nor your foft Neck bends proudly in a Trot,
With Ladies in a Belgick Charior,
Bounding on Velvet Beds ; nor I difcern
No golden Scutcheons, on your gilded Stern;
Your Wheels not thunder, nor your Axes flame;
This is a Cart; you draw as if you'r lame.
Thus are proud Mortals paid, and They that know
No Mean in Blifs, ball bave no Mean of Woe;
And this fhall be the greatef Gall to Pride,
Whom they fcorn'd rich, grown poor, fhall them deride.

Moral.
Let no Profferity move Arrogance;
Like April are the fichle Brows of Cbance:
But whenen he moft feems for thee, then provide Witb Caution to allay o'r-fwelling Pride.


## Fab. XXXVI.

## Of the Husband-man and the Wood.

Ter a vaft Commons, was a mighty Grove,
Protected by the (a) Hama-dryades,
(a) The Antients invented peculiar Gods for their Mountains, Rivers, and Groves, \& 2 c . as appears in $\mathrm{Ho}-$ Which then had Manfion in thofe long-liv'd Tres;
mer's Hymn to Venws.
 moviar
 т $\dot{s} \sigma$,
 2ทの。

The laft of which were called Dry. ades or Hamadryades; and thefe were believ'd to live and die with the Trees in their protection, according to $A$ : pollonizs.
He fuffer'd for bis Sire wobo durff pro: - voke The Dryades, by cstting down their

Oke.
The Nymph full oft petitiond bins with , tears,
To spare ber Tree of equal birth and - years:

Since both their lives did flourifh is , shat bole.
But no intreats could bis rafb yautb controle;
Who bews it down. The Nymphreveng'd ber Fall,
To bim and to his Iffue tragical.
(b) Pling in his Natural Hiftory, lib. 12. c. 1. Arbornm genera Numinibus fwis dicata perpet ino fervantur, it Jovi Efoulus, Apollini Lauras; Minerva Olea, Veneri Myrtus, Herculi Populus. The Ceremory of decicating this and that kind of Tree to $\int$ ezieral Gods mas alwaies obferved; fur the $E$ foules is cowfecrated to Jupiter, the Laurel to Apollo, the Olive.trec to Minerva, the Myrtle to Venus, aisd the Poplar to Hercules.
(c) The Laurel.

Crown'd Libanus, about him Elmy Peers; 4h, Fir, and Pine, had flourifh'd many years, 3y him protected both from Heat and Cold. Eternal Plants, at leaft ten Ages old,

All of one mind,
Their ftrength conjoyn'd,
And fcorn'd the Wind;

Here highly honour'd ftood the facred $O k e$, Whom Swains Invoke, Which Oracles, like that of (a) Dodon, fpoke.
(a) At Dodona in Epirus, was the moil ancient and lamous Oracle of ? upiter. The flory of it is thus relared by Hercdetus, the antienteft of the (irccich Hiftorians, who feems to have been inquifitive after the original of ic. 7 he Priefts of 7 upiter, at $T$ hibes $a$ (ity in Egype, told me that the Phenicians had tioln away formerly two of theic Priefteffes, \& fold one of them into Libya, the other into Grece, which Women firf Confiturted, as they underflood, Oracles in thofep piaces But the priefieffes at Dodona fay, thar there flew two black pigeons from T bibes of Egypt; the one into Libys, the other to them, which lighting on an Cak, faid with a humane voire, That there ought to be anOracie of fupiter there. Thiy, rupporing it to be a divine commard caus'd one to be built there. The
$r \mathrm{fft}$ of the Dodoneams agreed with $r$ eft of the Dedontans agreed with
them in their relation, My opyiion of them, fiàes Herodotens, is this; If it be true that the Plienicians carried away thefe rwo brily Women, and Jold one of them into L Lbya, the other into Hellas, it feems to me that this worman wae fold to the Thefprotians, is the Conntrey now call:d Hellas, before Pel firis, where drsring ber Slatuery fae confecrated the place neer a neighbouring Oak, it being prebable that Be having beenconfecra. ted to Jupiter in Egypt mosldretaix the memory of him bere. Now thefe Wi. mon mere called by the Dodoneans Tinactádes Pigeons, becaufe ufing an unkramen Laxguage, they feemed io tulk like Brods; but that ihis after a while Jpake 2rith a hamane vicice, becaufe be by converfution hed learnid the Greck Tongue; whentbey fay the Pigeon was blaik, they jignife that be Womun wes ant gyptan. The Oracle at Thebesin FEjpt, and bat in Dodona, are very lke cay aroober.

But in the neighbouring Commons dwelt a Swain
That to his Hatchet long did want a Heft;
Which only was the Royal Cedar's Gift: When to the under Cops ( that did complain Their Soveraign
A Tyrant was ) he fu'd, they promifd Aid: No Helve of Brier or T horn, mas ever made. Some R otten-hearted Elms, and $W$ ooden Peers, Run with the Stream; fpurr'd up by Hopes or Fears; Avarice, Pride, Make others fide; Hoping more wide, Some mighty Trees remov'd, they in their ftead Branches might fpread
From Sea to Sea, and raife to Heaven their Head. Then to the Cedar he his Suite prefents, About whom round his whifpering Counfel grows ; Hot they debate, fome fide, and fome oppofe; When, but unwilling, the forcd King confents,

And foon repents:
Arm'd by his Gift, Trees fall in Ranks, and Files, Friends, Foes, in Stacks to Heaven the R uftick piles;
Then hollow Pines firt cut with Sails unfurl'd Lines, that, like Nets, are drawn about the World;

Great Trees and fmall
Together fall,
He Ruins all :
But firt the Grove told Oracles expires,
And all their Quires,
Enough to have made twelve Cafars Funeral Fires.

At laft the Shepherd ftanding on a Hill,
Beheld the Havock his own Hands had made,
And with a deep fetcht figh, thus weeping faid;
$W$ here is the Maft, and Akorns that did fill
My brifly Cattel ftill?
ll-gotten Wealth, ah me! is ill imploy'd, And I am poorer the whole $W$ ood deftroy'd.
Where fhall my Kids browfe? How fhall I maintain
My board with Nuts, and blufhing Fruit again?
Thus Avarice brings
People, and Kings,
Their Ruinings.
Thus Grants of Princes have themflves brought low, And oft O'r-throw
Them, by their fall on whom they did beftow.

## Moral.

Who Weapons put into a Mad-Man's Hands;
May be the firft the Error underftands:
But Kings, that Subject's with their Swoord intruft, If they do Suffer, Seems not mucb unjuft.

## Fab. XXXVII.

## Of the Hart and Oxen.

AH me ! poor Hart,ah ! Whither fhale thou fly? A pack of cruel Hounds in a full Cry Are at thy heels, on the bold Hunts-men rufh; In Woods there is no Safety, every Bufh My Horns will tangle in : ah ! where's the Stream Whofe Waves commiferating would from them To further Shores in Safety me convey, Where I at laft my weary Limbs might lay ? Thus the chas'd Deer his woful Chance bemones
To Hills and Dales, deaf Trees and fenflefs Stones;
When his own Fate, by ill advice, did call
Him to feek Refuge, at the Oxens Stall.
To whom he faid; Ah ! for Acquaintance fake,
Since we in one Park dwelt, fome Pity take,
Receive me in ; a thoufand ways you may.
Save this poor Life; I'll hide in yonder Hay.
When one repli'd, He might in Safety ly
There till the Men, and cruel Dogs pass by ;
But if their Mafter or his Man came in,
The Danger greater was, fhould he be feen.
Keep Counfel, Sirs, and I will venture here:
Under the Cock, at All-hid plays the Deer.
When a dull Servant enter'd, one that did
Not half the W ork his carefull Mafter bid,
Returning when the Beafts were ferv'd with Hay.
Then flatt'ring Hope did the glad Hart betray.
But an Experienc'd Ox, whom Liviz made
Once feak before, to him rejoycing, faid;
Unhappy Friend, thou haft fmall caufe to vant;
Wert thou as mighty as an Elephant,


37


## ASOPS FABLES.

Stood where I ffand, a Caftle on thy back, This Clown had left thee feeding at the Rack. This is a Clod heavier than Earth ; fuch Souls, Were all Heaven Sun, would fee no more than Moles :
But when our Mafter enters, I advife
That clofe thou ly, for he hath Argus Eys;
To fcape from him, that is a work, a Task, Would all the Shifts of fubtile (a) Proteus ask:

Scarce faid, but in the bufy Mafter came, And firft his Servant's Negligence did blame, Gathers the Offalls, did the Litter fpread, The Labouring Yoke-mates with his own hands fed; Here, there, he pries, and fearcheth every part, Three Fathome under Hay he finds the Hart. Glad of the Prize, aloud for Aid he calls, jtreight on the Deer, a Troop of Rufticks falls; No hope of Quarter, he with weeping Eys Chief Mourner was, at his own Obfequies.

Moral.
When urgent Dangers prefs, 'tis bard tò Sbun; Stern Fortune loves to end as Jbe begun : On Fear, and Haft, bad Counfell fill attends; Let none Seek Refuge from unable Friends.

$$
0 \quad F_{A}
$$

## Fab. XXXVIII.

Of the Lyon that was Sick,
Hrough all the Forreft was a R umor fpread,
The King the Lyon's Sick,fome report Dead.
No fooner was it trumpeted by Fame,
But Wild and Tame,
From all parts came,
With Countenances fad, Though inly glad ;
A mighty Throng at the Court Gates appear :
But flie Sir Reynard was not there.
To whom the King thus with a Porcupin's Quill
Writ on a Leaf; Dear Coufin, I am ill,
And your Advice now want to make my Will.
If you fufpect (but Fear is cauflefs, Sir)
Danger at Court, alas! I cannot ftir ;
The holy Wolf here teacheth Heaven's Commands, Grim Malkin ftands,
Wringing her Hands, The Lamb and Tygre fit Both at my Feet ;
But none of thefe can Comfort Us, like you.
You fhall not, Friend, your coming rue,
Ah! let me fee thee e'r my Eys do fail ;
You oft have help'd me, oft your Wifdom's Tail
Made on the ground my Parliament R obes to trail.
To whom the fubtile Fox repli'd again,
That he to Heaven would pray, his Soveraign
May former Health recover, and once more
From Shore to Shore
Be heard to Rore,
And with his Voice to make
The Forreft fhake :


But to obey his $W$ ill muft be deny ${ }^{3} d$,
Becaufe he many Tracis efpid
Of Vifitants repair'd to's Royal Den;
But faw no Print of thofe return'd agen.
His Majefty muft pardon him till then.

Moral.

## Not too much Credence to Kings Letters give ;

In Flowry. Eloquence black Serpents live: Confter tb' ambiguous Words, and pary read, For I'll advance, that's I'll take off thy Head.

$$
\mathrm{O}_{2} \quad \mathrm{FAB}_{1}
$$

## Fab. XXXIX.

## Of Cupid and Death.

cUpid too careful of his Mothers task Roving all day did wound a thoufand Hearts With Golden or with Leaden pointed Darts; At night his fport perfuing to a Mask, Where he his Quiver empties and fupplies

Again from beauteous Ladies Eyes, While they in comely Motion act their parts; What Nymphs are thefe, fome whifper ? others ask What Goddefs now appears ? and as the admire, Active and fierce Defire Seven couples fhootsat once with mutual Fire, And e'r Nights Wheels could the Meridian cur, There thoufands more the God to torture put.

The fame Day Deatb had at a cruel Fight
As bufy been, and mighty Slaughter made. She and blind Chance on both fides double plaid ; Then the grim Angel vifits Towns by night.
Now weary, and grown late, Deatb could not well
Reach th Adamantine Gates of Hell,
VVhere Plague, VVar, Famine, her Companions laid (a)A A Cityiu the IIRand of Copphe was sald ${ }^{2}$ Paphian

On Iron Couches, trembling Ghofts affright;
Nor could blind Cupid (a ) Papbos find, fo dark The Sky was grown, no Ipark In all Heaven's Face to give the Boy a Mark : At one Inn therefore two great Furies lay, Till Sleep Death's elder Brother doth obey.


$$
\text { IESOPS FABLES. } 93
$$

Nor Death long refts her weary Bones, but wakes;
Not clearing well her Eys which were two Coals
That caft Malignant Beams from gloomy Hoals;
She Cupid's Quiver for her own miftakes,
And hungry out fhe flys to Countrys far,
To breakfaft at a Mafiacre.
Nor long the Boy from torturing Lovers Souls
Ceflation made, but out with fpeed he makes, And forms with deadly Arrows Myrtle Groves,

Where perch'd his Mother's Doves,
Where cunning Lovers ufe to find their Loves;
There while the Youth did Cyprian Vigils keep
Death feals their Eys up in Eternal fleep.
Then through the World a mighty Change appears,
When the curl'd Youth, whom Love \& Beauty lead
Under pale Enfigns mufter with the dead,
Sad Verfe and Garlands fix'd to Virgin Beers;
While in a Dance up the long bed-rid leaps,
And Beldams mince with wanton fteps,
And their pale Cheeks with borrow'd blufhes fpread
Falfe $\underset{\text { Lillies trenches fill plow'd up with years; }}{ }$
Whom Death had mark'd for fuddain Funeralls
Now for the Viol calls,
And old remembring, makes new Madrigals.
This hath a Son, that hath a Daughter dead, And their Houfe clear'd, the lufty Parents Wed.

But while this Tragi-Comedy was plaid
Of Error long, a Youth more háppy faw
When to his Ear the God did aiming draw
A Shaft at him, and thus to Cupid pray'd;
O hold thy Arrow tipp’d with Charnel Bone,
And fhoot me with a Golden one,

Thy Darts are wing'd with Death, 'gainft Natures See in the Groves what flaughter thou haft made. Law;
Muft the W orld end? Muft all our Youth be flain ?
Muft feeble Age again
Recruit the lofs? Then let the Gods ordain
That Winter Marrying with North-Winds be bound
To make, with fharp Frofts, pregnant barren ground.
Admonifh'd thus, he looks about, and fpi'd
Old Men and Matrons Dancing in a Ring,
And joytul Peans to Love's Mother fing,
While arm in arm fad youthful Lovers dy'd.
Streight the Mifchance Cupid to Deatb makes known,
Requiring to return his own;
But Death in various Conquefts taking Pride, Referv'd fome feather'd with the Sparrows Wing, And left him others dipt i'th'Stygian Lake.

From whence rofe the Miftake,
That when fweet love Virgins and Youth fhould make It proves fad $\dot{W}$ ills; and Old folks one Leg have In $W$ anton Sheets, the other in the Grave.

## Moral.

Age burns with Love, wobbile Youtb cold Ague Jbakes; And Nature oft her Principles miftakes:
So Suffers Youtb in Ages cold imbrace, As Living Men to Dead boind face to face:


## Fab. XL.

## The Parliament of Birds.

VVHen fove by impious Arms had Heaven poffeft,
And old King Saturn fetting in the Weft Finifh'd the Golden Dayes, a Silver Morn, Pale with the Crimes fuccefs, did Earth adorn, And gave its Name unto the fecond Age.
Then Skies firt thund'red, Seas with Tempefts rage, Four Seafons part the Year, Men Sow, and Plant, (The Golden Times nor Labour knew nor $W$ ant) Then Toyl found Eafe by Art, Art by Deceits, Then Civil War turn'd Kingdoms into States, (For petty Kings Rul'd firft ) then Birds and Beafts Did with Republicks private Interefts Begin to tuild; Eagles were vanquifh'd then, And Lyons worfted loft their Royal Den.

The Birds reduc'd thus to a Popular Staté, Their King and Lords of prey eje:ted, fate A frequent Parliament in th antient $W_{\text {ood, }}$, There Acting daily for the Nations Good. When thus the Swallom rifing from the flock, To Mafter Speaker, the grave Parrot, fpoke. Great things for us, Sir, Providence hath done, And we have through a $W$ orld of Dangers run, The Eagle and the gentle Falcon are Deftroy'd or Sequefter'd by happy $W$ ar ; The Kitijb Peers, and Bufard Lords are flown, Who fate with us till we could fit alone : Like worthy Patriots fince, your fpecial Care Hath fetled our Militia inthe Air.

The Silver Age:

All Monarch-hating Storks and Cranes, who march
Like Sons of Thunder, through Heavens Cryftal-arch,
When Tumult calls, to beat thofe Wigeons down,
That vainly flock to re-advance the Crown.
Of Maritim bus'nefs, let our Sea-fowl tell,
Who now as far beneath, as'tis to Hell,
Th' Antipodes dive, to fetch home Gold and Spice
From Pbocnix, and the Bird of Paradife;
Whom Thunder-eating Fire-Drakes fafe convey
From Royal Harpyes, that pickeer at Sea.
War is far off remov'd, and almoft done;
And we now fporting in the golden Sun
Prune, and re-gild our Wings; while on hard Coafts,
Wedded to Famine, and eternal Frofts,
The Eagle rigid Difcipline digefts,
Drove from his Godmoits to the Byters Nefts.
We fear no flying Nation, fhould the King
Plum'd Griffons, and his winged-Horfes bring,
 rife out of the blood of Medura flain
by Perfens, Ouid 1. 4. by Perfens, Ovid 1. 4.

So oft chas'd round our vaft Dominions.
Dimpate graiji Jmmsuscolubtrox ip/am. But a new Danger, with a dire Oftent,
 Pegafon, of fratrem matris de Sangui-
me natos.
How her head he from off her thoul. derstook
E'r heavy fleep her Snakes and her forfook.
Then told of regafus and of his brother, from the blood of their new flaughter'd mother.

Begins to threaten. Line unthought upon
Now fhades it felf and to a Wood is grown, By which Fable the Foets exprefLuxurious Branches fhooting to the Sky. This, this, behold ! is the great Enemy : Man will make Nets of this, where he'll no fewer fod that Fame which fies through the Than thoufand filly Birds at once fecure: mouths of reen, and celebrates vito-
rious vertue.

Under the Tyrany of twifted Cords
Oft Lybian Lyons grone ; thofe Forreft Lords
Wild Bulls,and Boars, make all the Wood refound:
When they are taken in this Limnen Pound.
Fetter'd in thefe, how loud ftorm falvage Bears ?
And took Hyena's weep with unfeign'd Tears.

This Branch and Root muft up, or elfe your State Which Forein Eagles now congratulate) Will be fhort-liv'd; down, down with't to the ground, Nor let its Place or Name be ever found : Enact with fpeed, your Time, your Strength imploy To Ruin that, which elfe will you Deftroy.

The Swallow for his Wifdom much renown'd, Since he the Art of Architecture found, Whofe well-built Nefts incircle fcarce a Span, Are yet but coldly pattern'd out by Man; Whofe Cement fmiles at Time, and th'Elements Rage; Strengthen'd with Storms, and more confirm'd by Age, Had now prevail'd, and his great Eloquence, So fympathizing with the Houfes fenfe, Perfuaded ftreight an hoft of Geefe and Cranes Should Plunder and depopulate thofe Plains. But that the Linnet ( private Intereft much, Since Linfeed was his Food, this Bird did touch,) Arifing faid, Moft honour'd Houfe of Birds, The Swallow hath, in well-compofed words And handfome Language, dreft up fcar-Crows doubts Of fome Priapus, or a Thing-of-Clowts, Such as Plum'd Forragers fright from Corn and Fruits, And well with his complaining Nature fuits. Sure I believe e'r fince the $W$ orld began, This Line hath grown, or wild, or fow'd by Man; Yet ne'r employ'd our Nation to betray: (a) But thefe times find new Arts out every day, (a) The Silver Age, Lime-twigs are lately known, and Hair and Hooks Which Scaley people draw from Cryftal Brooks.

But grant all this, will Man his Cordage pirs To the high Poles, ánd fread his Linnen gin

O'r Heaven's broad Face like Geometrick Lines. To catch Stars wandring through twelve fpangled Sigr Then, if hot Pbobus burn it not at Noon, How fhall our gifted Wood-cocks reach the Moon, Whonow from Churches Lunatick have brought Revelations, both for Life and Doctrine taught.

Or over Earth's broad Surface will he fpread This new Device, and with entangling Thread Where e'r we light engage our heedlefs Foot ? If fo, then grub it up both Branch and Root.

The worft that can, over fome little patch Of Earth, this Yarn Deceitful Man will watch, And with fome Bait the hovering Foe entice : Then let them fuffer for their Avarice.

But the Chief Point I moft infift upon, Too much we have incens'd already Man; Libidinous Doves and Sparrones, ( moft unjuft, ) Plunder his Wheat to heighten filthy Luft : And wicked Geefe, Storks, and infulting Cranes, Spoyl their own Quarters, midft his Golden Plains.

But Humane Forces if you long to know, And aggravating wrong would raife a Foe; Mufter your Power ; your Strength confider firt, And the Malignants in your Bowels nurft , Ready to rife at all times, when fo c'r Or Bird, or Beaft, or Devils, or Men appear.

Unfetled, no fucch $W$ ar you can maintain, Unlest the Common Foe you home again With joy invite, unanimous joyn in One; But e'r I fee that fatal Union, And under cruel Eagles Enfigns goe, Let me defcend to unclean Birds below.

## ASOPS FABLES.

Brief, 'tis impoffible to joyn agen;
Who Gods and Friends defpife, tremble at Meri.
To Heaven, the harmlefs Vegetive let grow; And Man incenfe not, he's a dangerous. Föe.

May our good Angels thofe Coeléftial Birds,
Who skreeking Eagles drove with flaming Swords
From this warm Paradife, our State defend,
'Gainft all dire Fowl, from Stygian floods afcend.
This faid,th'Houfe thunders with difcording Notes
This for the Swallow, that, the Linnet Votes;
The major ftill the weaker part, decry
The Smallows Counfel, bearing to the Sky
The Liment's VVifdom and high Eloquence;
This Houfe by Reafon was not rul'd, but Senfe.
They act, that Line fhall to perfection grow, And make it Treafon to call Man a Foe.

Soon fiery Sirius, joyn'd with Pbobus R aies, Faint Heats encreafed, with decreafing daies : VVhen Ceres golden locks each where were fhorn, And Line in fafery to dry Houfes born. Then faid the Swallow, fearing future Fates, Whom Jove will Ruin, be Infatuates; And fraight to Man he flys, and makes a Peace, The Articles they fign'd in brief were thefe : He grants him Chimneys for his ftately Neff, For which his Song muft calm Man's troubled Breaft.
Mean while fine Threads are Spun of hatcheld Flax, And nothing for the Expedition lacks:
The VVar grows hot ; Fowlers both night anid day, By their Commiffion thoufands take and flay. Here in vaft Fields, Nets colourd like the Cotrt Do Execution Evening and Morn;
Their Dogs and Stalking 4 Horfes many frighe Into the Snare, and Lowbels dreadful light ;
P = Eiglee

Eagles and Hawks Auxiliaries they imploy, And treacherous Fowl their deareft Friends decoy.

Thus foon this rifing State was overthrown, And Man e'r fince did rule the Earth alone. When this fad Ditty filver'd o'r with Age A Captive Stare fung in his woful Cage ; When Civil War hath brought great Nations low, Deftruction comes of with a Forein Foe.

Moral.
In perverfe Counfel beft Advice is fcorn'd, The noorf, with Art and bandfome words adorn'd, Enacted is; But private Intereft blinds Tbe Wifeft, and betraies the Nohleft, Minds.


## Fab. XLI.

## Of the Ruftick and Hercules.

OThou that didft fo many Monifters kill,

And of twelve (a) Labours didft none ill, Help, if it be thy will.
O thou that forced fire-fpitting Cacus Den,
And got'ft thy Catted then,
Though mine I ne'r could have agen.
Alcides, thou that art the flrongeft God, Help with thy long Arms out, and Shoulders broad, My Wheels, which flick up to the Nave in Mire :

Ah! 'is a mighty Load,
Help, I defire,
Or here I will expire.
In a deep Tract his Cart being lodged thus pray ${ }^{5} d$ A lazy Swain to Hercules for Aid.

When thus the Deity in a mighty Crack
Of Thunder to the Ruffick. fake,
Then lying on his back;
Fool, whip thy pamper'd Horfes up the Hill,
Thy Shoulder lay to th' Wheel, And there ufe all thy Strength and Skill:
Not only me whom now thou doff Invoke,
But then expect a God at every Spoke
To thy affiftance, who offended be,
When they implor'd fall look
From Heaven, and fee
A heavy Clown like thee.
(a) The Labours of Hercules were the Argument in which all the Antiant Poets did luxuriate, briefly emumerated by ovid thus; f peaking in the person of Hercules.

Ergocgo fadaintem peregrino t̀emplé rhone
Bufirim domui? Savógue alimenta parents
Antro eripui ? nee mépaforis Iberia
Forme triplex, nee format triplex tux, Cerbere, movit:
Vófne mains , valid preffitio cornuä Tauri?
Veffrum op as Elis baber, veftrumStymiphalides rude,
Partheniumque semen, of co
Have I this gained
For flan Bufiris, who hove's Temple ftain'd
With Strangers blood. That from the Earth Earch-bred
Antaus held \& whom Geryons triple head,
Nor thine, of Cerberus, could once diffmay ?
There lands, there made the Cretan Bull obey.
Your labours Elis; roth Siympha. liar floods
Confers with praifes, and Parthenian woods.
You got the Golden Belt of Thermos: don,
And Apples from the fleep-lefs Brago won.
Nor Cloud-born Centaures; noun th' Arcadian Bore
Could me refit, nor Hydra with ier fore
Of frightful heads, which by their
lois encreas'd.

We help the active, though they wicked are; Tbe Gods ne'r did, nor will, bear Itle Prayer.

Moral.
Vnder the Tropicks more refined Souls Cberifh old Piety: but neer the Poles Men follow War, Sail, Bargain, Sow, and Reap, And no Keligion love, but what is Cbeap.


## Fab. XLII.

## Of the Fox and Weefle.

VVIth Fafting long, Reynard was grown the Type
Of Seven years Famin,
Inforc'd with Hunger, which fo much did gripe
His Clem'd and empty Tripe,
At laft he came in
To a full Larder, through a ftraiter hole, Than ever Body paft, or fcarce a Soul.

When he had ftuff'd his Panier like a Sack
With ftore of Forrage,
Until his Belly's Hoops, his Ribs, did crack,
Streight he refolveth to go back
With all his Carriage,
By the fame Pafs he enter'd, nor did think
His fides might larger grow, or the hole fhrink.
At laft the ftreights of the long narrow Lane
And low-roof'd Entry
He came to, but a paffage lought in vain;
The Fox repuls'd was fain;
There to ftand Centry :
Seven times the rocky Pafs with Teeth and Claws
He ftrives to open, and as oft did paufe.
Then Confcience pricks, a Melancholy Fear
Shews all his Slaughters,
Sad Partlet following of a woful Beer,
Where lay told Cbanticleer
And his three Daughters;
Then jetting Turkies with blew fnouts he fpy'd, And White-fleec'd Lambs, which he in Scarlet dy'd.

## 104

ASOPS FABLES.
 Lake of Lerna, in the Country of the Argives, which was faid to have many heads ; whereof one being cut off, two rofe in the room more terrible than the former; afterwards by Hercules deftroy'd : Which Fable relates to that place which by the eruptinns of its waters annoyed the neighbouring Cities, when one being fopt many arofe in the room: whofe noyrome and infectious waters were dryed up by the extraordinary heat of the Sun, fignified by Herczles according to Macrobius.
(b) The Hare.

At's Eys the Crow, took with his Pizle, pecks;
(b) Keymard's pale Ghoft with fqueaks

About him wanders :
That fome fuppofe the Fox this day did dine On melancholy Difhes, wanting Wine.

Then fpake the jeering $W$ eefle from the $W$ all ;
Sir Fox I know you'r crafty, But you have made a Prifon of your Hall,

Nor can you fcape at all,
Or look for fafety,
Untill you be as thin, as when
You enter'd, then you may return agen.
Then faid the Fox; Hunger didill perfwade,
Yet thofe are ferving Oft through a Wall of Stone a Breach have made,

And I may now be paid
My juft deferving.
But thou that in fuch danger jeer't the Fox,
Like Fortune may reward thee for thy Mocks :
Revenge draws nigh, beware the Cat ; I can But be uncas'd, and bravely dy by Man.

## Moral.

Heaven's goyes wee fell for Broath; ratber than want With Deatb and Hell confign a Covenant.
Greedy of Spoyl, with Violence and Deceit We daily att, confidering no Retreat.


## Fab. XLIII.

## Of the Hawk and the Cuckow.

UNworthy Bird, bale Cuckons, thou that art

Large as my felf in every part, Strength,length,and colour of thy Wing,
Mine much refembling;
Whofe narrow Soul, whofe no, or litcle Heart, Will to thy board

Afford
Vothing but $W$ orms of Putrefaction bred;
Which of the Nobleft Mortals are abhorr ${ }^{\circ}$, ince they muft turn to fuch when they are dead;
Mount, gorge thy felf with fome delicious Bird;
Be wife, juch Banquets leave for Daws, and filly Pies. Thus the bold Hank the Cuckore did advife.

Who not long after taken in the Field,
Having a harmlefs Pidgeon kill'd.
Was in a moft unlucky hour
Hung from a lofty Tow'r;
「o teach all thofe, who blood of Innocents fpill'd.
The Cuckons faw, By Law,
The Murtherefs fuffer'd; when thele Notes the fung;
Better with Worms to fill my hungry Maw, Then betwixt Heaven and Earth by th' heels be Hung, And a Cold Bird ly in my Stomach Raw.

## 压SOPS FABLES.

## Had I

Thy Counfel took, and forrag'd through the Sky, There had I hang'd with thee for Company.

Moral.
Some without Confcience plunder, Spoyl and kill, As if for Bloody Banquets weere no Bill: But Vengearice Spring-tides batb;', as well as Neap, When Malefaitors fhort from Ladders leap.


## $\mathrm{F}_{\mathrm{A}} \mathrm{B}$. XLIV.

## Of the Bear and the Bees.

BRuine the Bear receiving a flight $W$ ound
From a too wafpifh Bee, Joyful to raife a $W$ ar on any ground, ( It was their $W$ ealth had done the injury )

Did now propound,
And to himfelf decree,
Ne'r to return, till he had overthrown
Twelve Waxen Cities of that Nation, And feiz'd their Hony-treafure as his own.

This being refolv'd, he to the Garden goes, Where ftood the flately Hives, One, after one, the Barbarous overthrows, And many Citizens of Life deprives :

A few furvives,
Who in a Body clofe;
For your everted Towr's, your flaughter'd Race; For your great Loffes, and your high Difgrace, Fix all your venom'd Weapons in his Face.

This faid, the Trumpet founds, the Vulgar rage,
And all at once in mighty $W$ ar ingage.
Now Bruine's ugly Vifage did not freeze;
No: his foul hands want Gloves; The monftrous Bear you could not fee for Bees, No Bacon Gamon was fo fuck with Cloves:

Who Hony loves
Not with fharp Sawce agrees.
Ore-powerd by multitude, and almoft flairt, He draws his fhatterd Forces off again;

Thens

Then faid; I better had endur'd the pain Of one fharp Sting, than thus to fuffer all; Making a Private Quarrel National.
(a) The infolence of the Perfian Emperour, here alluded to, in his Expedition againt Greece, we fhall deliver in the words of Herodotus, who liv'd though but a child, at the fame time. From Abydus to the oppofite Continent, is a Streight of only feven Furlongs over; which when Xerxes had caus'd a Bridge to be laid a violent Tempeft on a fudden deftroy'd it: which when he heard, high y incens ${ }^{2} d$, he commanded that they Mould inflict three hundred ftripes on the Hellefpost, and drop a couple of Chains into the bottom of it Charging them to fay thefe impious and barbarous words. O Bitter and Salt water, thy Mafter inflites this Punifomest on thee, because thoo baft injur'd bim, being not provoked by any preccedcrt Wrong, King Xerxes Ball passover thee whether thou wilt or no. the sea and to flrike off the Heads of the O verfeers of the Work.


[^2]
## Fab. XLV. $^{\text {b }}$

## Of the Hart and Horfe.

䓢Ong was the War betwixt the Hart and Horre Fought with like Courage, Chance, and equal Force;
Until a fatal day
Gave fignal Victory to the Hart : the Steed Muft now no more in pleafant Valleys. feed,
Nor verdant Commons fway,
The Hart who now o'r all did Domineer,
This conquering Stag, Slights like a Nag,
The vanquifh'd Horfe, which did no more appear.
In want, exil'd,driven from Native Shores,
The Horfe in Cities Humane aid implores,
To get his Réalins agán.
Let Man now manage him and his affair,
Since he not knows what his own forces are.
Thusfues he for the Rein;
For fweet $R$ evenge he will indure the Bit,
Let him o'r-throw
His cruel Foe,
And let his haughty Rider heavy fit.
He takes the Bridle or his yielding Head.
With Man and Arms the Horfe is furnifhed,
And for the Battel neighs.
But when the Hart two Hoftile Faces faw
And fuch a Centaur to encounter draw,
He ftood a while at gaze.

At laft known Valour up he rows'd again, More hopes by fight
"There was, than flight;
What's wom by Arms, by Force he muft maintain.
Then to the Battel did the Hart advance; The Horfe a Man brings, with a mighty Launce
Longer than th' others Creft :
The manner of the Fight is chang'd, he feels
No more the Horfes hoof, and ill-aim'd heels;
They Charge now breaft to breaft.
Two to oneods'gainft Hercules; the Hart,
Though frong and ftout,
Could not hold out,
But flys, and muft from Conquer'd Realms depart.
Nor longer could the Horfe his joy contain, But with loud Neighs, and an erected Main, Triumpheth after Fight ;
When to the Souldier mounted on his back,
Feeling him heavy now, the Beaft thus fpake ;
Be pleas'd good Sir to light.
Since you reftor'd to me my Father's Seat, And got the Day,
Receive your Pay,
And to your City joyfully retreat.
Then faid the Man; This Sadle which you weat
Coft more than all the Lands we conquer'd here,
Befide this burnifh'd Bit,
Your felf, and all you have, too little'are
To cleer m' engagements in this migltyy War ;
Till that's paid, here I'll fit:

Ind fince againft your Foe I aided you,
Can you deny
Me like Supply ?
Jome, and with me my Enemy fubdue.
Then figh'd the Horre, and to the Man reply'd;
feel thy cruel Rowels gall my fide,
And now I am thy Slave;
But thank thy felf for this, thou foolifh Beaft, That for Revenge to Forein Intereft

Thy felf and Kingdom gave.
Mongft Rockie Mountains I had better dwelt ,
And fed on Thorns,
Gor'd by th Hart's Horns,
Than wicked Man's hard Servitude have fett.

## Fab. LXVI. Of the Satyr and Traveller.

VVHen Lucifer the firf Grand Rebel fell, With all his Winged Officers to Hell; Th' Almighty Conqueror thought not That then
All fhould be quarter'd in the Brimftone Pit
Prepared for bad Angels, and worfe Men :
But they, the vulgar Spirits did incenfe
Againft God's Counfel, with a fair pretenfe, (make, That thus Heaven's King they would more glorious
Were fent by Thunder to the Stygian Lake :
But fuch whofe Crime was Error, he confines
To Caves,
And Graves,
And tender Gold to Guard in hollow Mines:
And fome there be, that dare
Make their repair
To Etherial Air;
Thefe the rough Ccean rule, and others guide
Wing'd Clouds, and on the backs of Tempefts ride.
Such are thofe Spirits timerous people fright
In horrid fhapes, and play mad Pranks by night ;
Nympbs, Faryes, Goblins, Satyrs, Fauns,
Which haunt
Soft purling Streams, cool Shades,and filent Lawns,
Begot on Mortals, Sires Immortal vaunt.
Of which our Satyr was, whofe cloven Hoof,
Rough Thighs, and crooked Horns, were ample proof;
Who, by the Mothers fide more gentle, gave
To a cold $T$ raveller fhelter in his Cave,


Whom Boreas charg'd with a huge Drift of Snow.
The Man
Began
Having no Fire, his Fingers ends to blow.
Why thus he blew his Hands?
His Hoft demands,
And wondring ftands:
Wha then reply'd; My breath, my Fingers will Streight unbenum, and warm, though ne'r fo chill.

Soon the kind Satyr made a Fire, and got Boyl'd Lentils, which he gave the Stranger, hot.

The Traveller begins to blow
His Broth,
Then ask'd the Rural Deity, Why fo ?
My Breath will cool't, he faid: Then wondrous wroh
The faring Satyr anfwer'd; I that am
The Devil's Sifter's Son, and to his Dam
As neer ally'd by my dear Mother, which
Is now a famous Caledonian Witch,
Dare not a Monfter like to thee behold ;
A Man
That can
With the fame Lungs at once blow Hot and Cold.
Be gon, or elfe that Breath
Thou fhalt bequeath
To mẹ in Death.
A Sycophant, and a Backbiter too!
My Uncle himfeif had beft beware of you.

## Moral.

Who fmile, andStal; at once cleer, and attaint;
Like Pitiures are, bere Devil, and there Saint:
Eut Fiends and Saints convertible be, for where
We Jpy a Devil, fome fay a Saint goes there.

$$
R \quad F_{A B}
$$

## Fab. XLVII.

## Of the Rebellion of the Hands and Feet.

REafon, once King in Man, Depos'd,and dead The Purple Ifle was rul'd without a Head: The Stomach a devouring State fwaid all ;
At which the Hands did burn, the Feet did gall: Swift to fhed Blood, and prone to Civil Stirs Thefe Mermbers were, who now turn Levellers :
The vaft Revenue of the little W orld Is in the Exchequer of the Belly hurl'd, And Toyl on them impos'd by Eternal Laws; With a drawn Sword the Hands thus plead the Caule, Free-born as your, here we demand our Right ;
(a) Dadalus with his Son Icarus be-
ing imprifoned bv Minos, and feeing irg impifilued by Minos, and feeing no polibility of efcape, either by Sea
or Lard, makes himferir and his son or Land, makes himieti ard his son flight through the Air ; but his Son, havirg the cement of his wings melted by his too near approach to the Sun, dropt into the Sea, from himcalled che Ycarian Sea: The Moral of this Fable Seneca the Tragedian deli. vers thus :

Mole ponfantur maina minit, Fallix aliss magnergue volet;
Mensilla voitt turba potentom, orc.
Grent heights, great dewnials ballance !ijl,
Be great and glorious they that will; Ler nont for potent me adore.
Way my fmail Bark coant by the fhore Unícre'd to sea by lofy Winds,
Caln Bays proid fortune never
$r_{1}$ de;
But po on high-wrought feas alfanls,
Whete Top fails fwell with cloudy gaies. L.abyrimth, efaped by a wile, and put to cea in two fraill reffels; the ore gुvided by himfelf. the other by his fon Icaru, when by the help of theirSails, invented by Dedalus, they oue fript were dirplay'd like Wings, and carr1-

 cd with them fo frange a celerity, Skies,Seas, vve fpread vvith Nets,vaft Earth vvith Gins, by bearing too greats sail, overfer his To banquet you, vvto feaft Seven Deadly Sins.
Eark, and ferifhed in the Sca.

Reafon being vaṇquif'd, the proud Appetite In Microocofmus muft no Tyrant be, The idle Paunch fhall work as well as we.

The Stomach promis'd, and fo gain'd our loves, Our King Dethron'd, we Thould in Kid-skin Gloves Grow foft again, and free from Corns, the Feet In Cordovant at leifure walk the Street, Who now toyl more than when that Monarch fwaid: Then we did works of $W$ onder, then vve made FEgyptian Pyramids, Maufolus Tomb, Built the Gran Caire, great Ninive, and Rome; Heaven-threatning Babell,thofe sky-kiffing Tovv'rs, Proud boaft themfelves, a mighty Work of ours; And Thunder fram'd out-ranted Gove's loud Fire; Thefe vvere our W ork, vvhich are by Fame enroll'd; To banquet you, vvito feaft Seven Deadly Sins.


Did we for this form the bold Breaft, and raze Gove's Image in the Heaven-advanced Face? Where our fharp Nails a Rubrick pen'd in gore, And curl'd roofs from King Reafon's Palace tore?

For fuch rewards the Feet in cooling ftreams, Sweating did rufh ; who by fuch Stratagems Did at ftrange diftance difaffect with pain The Head, hurt Reafon, and difturb the Brain. In brief, or work, or faft, take up your Staff, Gird thy Loyns, Belly, and leave Banquets off. This faid, the Stomach with fharp Choler firr'd Caff forth fuch things, belching at every word;

Rebellious Members, you that be fo far From Peace,that rather 'mong your felves you'l War; What Acts did you to thofe that we have done? Who was it carried the great bufinefs on ? The Senies took, the Cinque-Ports of the Realm, With a fair Shade, and a deluding Dream ? Was't you, or we? full with (a) Egyptian Gods
The Brainifh Monarch drove from his Aboads;
Beat up all Quarters of the Heart by Night, And did that Fort with its own trembling fright? Who fwell'd the Spleen ? and made the Gall o'r-flow? The Feet and Hands? who made the Liver glow, Till all thofe Purple Atoms in the Blood Which make the Soul, fwom in a burning Flood. From whence inflam'd, they feiz'd upon the Head, And o'r the Face their blufhing. Enfigns fpread ?

All that you boaft of fince this War began, Are but light Skirmifhes with th Outward Man ; Leave threatning, muft we keep perpetual Lent ? The Members fhall, as foon as we, repent.

Trembling with Rage, the Feet and Hands depart, The Stomacb fwels, high goes th incenfed Heart,

$$
\mathrm{R}_{2} \quad \text { Three }
$$

## ASOPS FABLES.

Three days in Pockets clofeted the Hands Refufe to put on Gloves, the vex'd Foot ftands.
Mean while the Stomach was come down,and cries,
What once a hollow Tooth fervid, would fuffice
The ftreighten'd Maw ; one Bit, one Crum beftow : But fill the moody Members anfwer, No.

At laft an extreme feeblenefs they felt, Saw all but Skin and their hard Bones to melt, A pale Confumption Lording over all; At which a Counfel the faint Brethren call; The Stomach muft be fed, which now was fo Contracted, that, like them, it anfwer'd, No. At which pale Death her cold approaches made, When to the dying Feet the weak Hands faid;

Brethren in evil, fince we did deny The Belly Food, we muft together dy. All that are Members in a Commonswealth, Should,more than Private, aim at Publick Health : The Rich the Poor, and Poor the Rich muft aid : None can Proteit themfelves witb their own Sbade. None for themfelves are born. We brought in Food, Which the kind Stomach did prepare for Blood,
The Liver gave it tincture, the great Vein Sends it in thoufand feveral Streams again To feed the parts, which there affimulates. Concord builds bigh, mben Diford Ruins States. But the chief Caufe did our Deftruction bring, Was, we Rebell'd 'gainft. Reafon our true King.

## Moral.

Civil Commotions frongly carricd on, Seldom bring Quiet mesen the War is done: Tben thoufand Interefts in flrange Brapes appear, And tbrough all wayes to certain Ruin feer.


## ASOPS FABLES:

## Fab. XLVIII:

Of the Horfe and laden Ass.

D
Ear Brother Horfe, fo heavy is my Load;
That my gall'd Back
Is like to crack, Some pity take,
Or I thall perifh in the Road;
For thy fair Sifters fake,
Who once did bear
To me a Son, a Mule, my hopeful Heir,
Affiftance lend,
My Burthen fhare,
Or elfe a cruel end
Waits on thy Fellow-Servant, and thy Friend:
Here I mufty
And dy;
The tird $A f s$ faid to th empty Horfe went by.
Prick'd up with Pride and Provender, the Horee
Deni'd his aid;
Shall I, he faid,
My own back lade,
And hurt my felf, ftirr'd up with fond Remorfe?
My prudent Mafter laid
This on thee, who
Better than you or I knows what to do.
My Sifter Mare
Was given to you,
Our Nobler Race to fpare,
The $A f s$ and Mule muft all the burthens bear.
I mult no Pack,
Nor Sack,
But my dear Mafter carry on my back.

This faid, Heart-broke the $A f s$ fell down and dy'd: The Mafter ftreight
Laid all the Weight
On his proud Mate;
And fread above the $A f e^{3}$ s hide.
Repenting, but too late, The Horfe then faid;
Thou wert accurs'd did'f not thy Brother aid, Now on my back
Th' whole burthen's laid. Such Mortals goodnefs lack;
And Counfel, which their Friends difteft not aid : Had I born part

The fmart
Had been but fmall, which now muft break My Heart.

## Moral.

People tbat under Tyrant Scepters live; Sbould each to otber kind Afjfance give: The Rich, the Poor, fill over-Tax'd Sooild aid, Left on their Sboulders the mbole Burthen's laid.


# Fab. XLiX. Of the Fox and the Cock. 

Oon as the Fox to Pullein-furnifh'd Farms
Approaches made,
Though valiant, Cbanticleer not truifing Arms
Nor Humane aid, Afcends a Tree,

Where he
Stood fafe from harms:
Loud vvas the Cackle at no falle Alarms :
From ground
About him round
For fafety all his feather'd Houfhold flock.
When Reynard thus fpake to the vvary Cock;
O thou through all the World for Valour fam'd,
Haft thou not heard,
What our tvvo Kings fo lately have Proclain'd?
Both Beaft and Bird
At Amity
Muft be :
War vvhich inflam'd
Since Adam's Fall, all Creatures Wild and Tam'd
Muft ceare ;
In lafting Peace
The cruel Lyon, and the Eagle then
Will joyn their Force againft more cruel Men.
The Sacrilegious Wolf in Graves muft feed,
And Birds of Prey
With Humane flaughter muft fupply their need:
The Popinjay

Needs not to bauk The Hawk, The Lamb and Kid
'Mongft hungry Bears may in dark Forrefts feed; At Feafts
Both Birds and Beafts Begin to meet ; the Cat with Linnets plays, And Griffons dine where tender Heifers grafe.

Thereforefore, moft Noble Cbanticleer, defcend;
And though your Spurs,
Maintaining Pullein Quarters, once did rend
My tender Furs,
When Feathers I
Made fly,
I'm now your Friend;
Unlefs we ftrive in Love let us contend No more;
Though Reynard's poor,
He's faithful to his Truft, and boldly can
Affirm, No Beaft is balf fo Falfe as Man.

The Cock long weary of devafting $\mathbf{W}$ ar ,
And fierce Alarms,
Well knowing what Outrages committed are,
By Civil Arms;
And how the Man Had flain,
To mend his Fare,
His Off-fpring, yet pretending Love and Care :
Right glad,
To him then faid,
I meet your Love, Sir Reynard, and defcend To choofe 'mongft Beafts, rather than Men, a Friend.

Vile the Cock fake, a pack of cruel Hounds
The Fox did hear,
And faw them powdring down from Hilly grounds
After a Deer;
Reynard not fays,
Delays
Are dangerous found,
But Earth's himself three Fathom underground.

> At lift

The Dogs being part,
All Danger or, again he did appear.
Then, to the Fox return'd, fake Cbaiticleer;
Learned Sir Reynard, if the words be true
Which you have fid,
Why did the fe Dogs the trembling Deer perfuse?
They fhould have fain;
Like Enemies
From the le
You alto flew.
Then fid the Fox, though I th Agreement drew; So late
This Act of State
Came forth, I fear, they th' Edict did not hear:
But I hall trounce them : Have they kill'd the Deer?
The Cock reply'd, but Ill make good this Tree:
Is it now true? then 'twill to morrow be.

## Moral.

To moat wee like, we cafe Credit give, This makes us oft from Foes feign'd Nepos believe: Fame mighty Holds bath took, and form'd alone, And false Reports whole Armies overthrown.

## Of the Lion and the Forefter.

Aft Forefts and great Cities open'd, when Betwixt.Wild Beafts and Men A long Ceffation was;

And it was then
That Citizens and Rufticks view'd the Lion's Den, At his vaft Courts amaz'd;
Where now fat Bulls, Colts, and Tame Affes graz'd,
Through Defarts Travellers took the neereft way,
Where with their Spaniels wanton Tygres play,
Foxes 'mong Geefe, Wolves 'mong fat $W$ eathers lay
At Skinners Shops the Bear unmuzzel'd calls,
Cheapning on Furnifh'd Stalls
His Friend or Coufin's Fur ;
In common Halls
Pantbers behold themfelves on ftately Pediftalls.
And now no Yeoman Cur,
Nor Sergeant Maftive, Beafts indebted, ftir ;
The Woods Inhabitants wander every where,
And brifly Boars walk fafe, with untouch'd Ear,
After the Proclamation they did hear.
When the Great Lion met a Foreffer,
With whom he oft in War
Had ftrove with various Chance.
This with a Spear
TheLion gall'd, that would his ftrong-fpun ambufh tear.
Then boldly up advance,
And with his Teeth in funder bite the Lance.


To whom the Lion faid; Sir, you and I, Could ne'r decide our Strength by Vittory, Let us difpute, and it by Logick try.

Then faid the Woodman, Let us wave Difpute,
Antiquity fhall dot,
Behold Maufolus Tomb,
And then be mute
If the W orld's W onder by Example thee confute;
There let us take our Doom.
This faid, they to the Monument did come, Where ftreight he fhew'd him by rare Artifts made A Lion's head in a Man's bofome laid.
This no fufficient proof, the Lion faid.
Could we, as well as you, our Stories cut,
We might, and juftly, put
Your lying Heads beneath
Our Conquering Foot:
From partial Pens, all Truth batb been for ever fout. Where firt I drew my breath,
I heard a Cartbaginian at his Death,
The Roman Nation moft perfidious call;
Crying out, by Treafon they contriv'd the Fall
Of them, and their great Captain Hamnibal.

## Moral.

Tbrough agrofe Medium by refracted Beams Hiforians Friends appear: Still in extreams The wrong end of the Perfecitive mult Jheno In luttle, the great Actions of their Foe.

## Fab. LI.

## Of the Lyon,the Forrefer, and bis Daugbter.

VV
Hen they had view'd the wonder, and the frife
Admird of Artifts working to the life;
Then drew the Forrefer's fair Daughter neer, And whifper'd in her Swarthy Father's Ear.

The Lyon farts, and feels a fudden Wound, As when at firf his Lyonefs he found, And made her pregnant in a fhadie Wood, High with Man's flefh; and draughts of humane blood. To whom the Woodman faid; Sir, fince the Sun Mounts our Meridian, half his bufinefs done, And your own Court fo far, be pleas'd to fhare Part of what's mine, though mean, yet wholfome Fare ; Oft Humane Princes in poor Lodges have Gladly repos'd, and low Roofs Honour gave.

The King the proffer takes; to lowly Rooms, Yet daily vifited with clenfing Brooms,
The $\boldsymbol{L}$ yon is convey'd, where he in State At a full board in antient Maple fate. Where, whom the Father never overcame, The Daughter did; fcorch'd with Love's cruel flame The Lyon burns, the Valiant, Strong, and Wife, Who Javelins did, Dogs, Men, and Nets defpife, Trammels of bright Hair took, a flender Dart, Shot from a Virgins eye, tranfpierc'd his Heart. The Amorous Lyon lays his dreadful Javvs Novv in her Lap, gently vvith dangerous Pavvs Her fair Hand feiferh, fhrinketh up his Nails: Fain vvould, but could not tell her vvhat he ails.


Then faring in her face offers to rife Ambitious of her Lip; She frighted flys; Whom with a groan he draws by thi Garments back, And troubled, to the trembling Virgin fpake :
Sweet Creature fear not me ; a Roman Slave, Who cur'd my fefter'd Foot, once in my Cave I Feafted forty days, and when that I Was Pris'net took, and he condemn'd to Dye In a fad Theatre, where Men fate, and laugh'd To fee how Beafts the blood of $W$ retches quaffd, I mock'd their expectation; and did grace My trembling Surgeon with a dear imbrace. The Story known, to him they Pardongave, And honouring me, fent to my Royal Cave.

Dear if you knew me, Inot dreadful am ; How many Ladies have made $L$ yons tame? My Grand-fires (a) Berecynthia's Chariot drove, Not by force coupled, but almighty Love. We with your Smiles are rais'd, and when you frown The greateft Monarch values not his Crown.

Then to her Father turning, thus he faid, Still holding in his armed Foot the Maid ; Lo! I, the King of Beafts, a Suiter ftand; And this thy Daughter for our Queen demanid. We need not tell you what our Interefts are In this great Forreft, and my Power in War
To you is known, but joyn'd with fuch a Bride,
Our Race deriving from the Father's fide Such active Spirits, Strength, and $V$ alliant Hearts; From her Womb taking Humane Form, and Arts; How may we be advanc'd ? where fhall our Sons Find limits for their vaft Dominions? The Sibils Man-Lyon, ftil'd the wondrous Birth, Muft rule the Conquer'd Nations of the Earth.
( $\kappa$ ) That the Chariot of Beracin: thia, or Cybelf, the Mother of the Gods, was drawn by Lions, we find in the third of Virgil's Encid's;
Hine mater cnltrixCybele ${ }_{j}$ Coryban: tiaque ara
Idxumque nomus: binc fida folentia Sacris,
Et juncti currum Domine fubisre let. wrs.

Corybantian Sounds for Cybel he or: dain'd,
And filent Rites in 1dn's Grove main? tain ${ }^{\circ} \mathrm{d}$.
The Ladies Chiariot is mith Lions drawns
by their heat and rapacity reprefenting the Heavens, wherein che Air, is which the Earth, or Cybele is moved, is contained. Ovid feigns that $H: p-$ powenes and Atalanta, having polluted a facred Grott with their unfea. fonable lufts, were by cybole tranfform'd into Lions, and forc'd to draw her chariot.

Stygial Tontes dutritaque shater
An Stygia fontes dutitavit mergeret mndil.
Panalivis tifaef: Ergomodo levid fulve
Colajabe velaxt, \&'C:
Cybel crown'd
With Tow'rs, had frock them to the Stygian found
But that fhe thought that punifhment too fmall.
When yellow Mains on their fmooik Shoulders fall;
Their Atms to Legs, their Fingers turn to Nails
Their breats of wondrots ftrength; their cufted tails
Whisk up the Daff, their looks are full of dread;
For Speech they rore, the Voods become their bed.
7 hefe lions fear'd by others, $C 7$, checks
The Wi h curbing bits, and yotes lis: stubborn neeks,
(a) Alexander the Great.

The (a) Macedonian was a Type of this, Who fent the Spoyls of Perfia to Greece. Which to his Father was in Sleep Reveald, When his Queens Womb he with a Lion fealld. Then faid the Man ; I know great Prince you are
In Defarts King, I know your Force in War,
But all the Laws of Men and Gods forbid,
That Humane Creatures $\mathrm{Th}_{\text {hould }}$ with Salvage Wed.
The Lion then, ready to lafh his fide,
Rowfing up Anger, with Grim looks reply'd;
Did not a Queen Match with an ugly Bear?
And in dark Caverns liv'd with him a year ?
Was not the pregnant Lady, he being flain,
By Hunters brought to her own Courts again?
Did not his Son prove a moft Valiant King,
And flew all thofe were at the Murthering
Of his Dear Father ? Orfon was no Beaft,
Though like his Sire hẹ had a Hairy Breaft.
Thus having faid, he cruel $W$ eapons draws,
Sharp Teeth appear, and Needle-pointed Claws.
Now Wit affift; againft the Lion's Rage
Inflam'd with Love, what Madman would engage ?
Then faid the Forreffer, Great Sir, fheath your Arms,
If you vaft Realms will joyn to huinble Farms,
My Daughter's yours, my Error I confefle :
For many Salvage Beafts in Marriages
With Women have conjoyñd, the golden Afs
As fair a Lady hath as ever was;
Maftives and pious Virgins Wed fo rife,
Ballads in Streets have fung them Dog and Wife.
Take, Sir, my Daughter to your R oyal Seat:
Yet one thing for the Damfel I entreat ;
For fweet Love grant her this; See, how fhe ftands
Trembling to view your Teeth,and Armed Hands! Met

Meet her with equal Arms, that Face to Face She may as boldly Charge with ftrit Imbrace : Then pare, and drawthem out. The Lion faid; What e'r thou ask't, I freely give, O Maid;
I will Deveft my felf of all my Pow'r, And make my Teeth,and Claws,thy Virgin Dow'r.

No fooner faid, but done: With bleeding Jaws
On tender Feet he ftands; the Whodman draws Then a bright Falchion hanging by his fide, Which to the Hilts he in his Bofom dy'd. The Lion's flain, and the Ceffation broke; When to the dying King the Woodman fpoke;

They that give up their Power to Foe or Friend,
Let them for Love expect a Woful End;
They tbat undo themfelves to purcbase Wives, Like Indians, part woitb Gold, for Beads and Knives. Love is a Cbild, and fuch as Love obey, Like Kingdoms fare, that Infant Scepters fway:

Moral。
Tbe Poroder'd Gallant, and the Dufty Clown, The Horrid Souldier, and tbe Subtile Goron, Old,Young,Strong,Weak,Rich, Poor, botb Fools and Wife Suffer, when they with frantick Love advife.

## FAb. LII.

## Of the Forrefter, the Skinner, and a Bear.

THe Lion flain, the greedy Forreffer Soon ftrips him of his Robe,and Royal Fur ; The Crown and Scepter, old Regalities Of many former Princes, now are his; He takes poffeffion of the Palace, which Trophies made Proud, and Spoils of Enemies,Rich : Where at an Out-cry Preticus things are fold At frall Rates, deer to Potentates of old. When the fame Man that bought the Lion's Skin, Thus to the Infulting Vietor did begin ;

Sir, fince the Groves are yours, and you have won Dark Haunts, impenetrable by the Sun, The Lioin dead ; go, and th' ambitious Bear Deftroy who now afpires his Mafter's Chair. A Heathen King fent to my Shop this Morn, To have a Libyan Bears-skin to adorn His fpreading Shoulders with at Annual Feafts, When barbarcus Cups muft raifé his Salvage Guefts. Call forth thy Dogs, and a frefh War begin, Then Gold receive for flaughter'd Bruin's Skin. Then faid the Woodman; Wilt thou buy? I'll fell The Devil's Hide, and bring it thee from Hell, For ready Money ; come, and give me Coin, And the Bear's Skin, though now he lives, is thine. And thou flialt go along and fee the Sport, And how I'll rowfe him from his flady Court :
l'll make him pay now for my flaughter'd Bees.
Here they frike hands, and Gold the Earneft is :


Then in vaft $W$ oods to Hunt they both prepare.
The Valiant For'fer trufts his new-ground Spear,
The Citizen, more wary, takes a Tree,
Neer Bruin's Cave, where he might fafely fee.
The Dogs are ftreight fent in, fuch ranting Gueft
So troubled Bruin newly gone to Reft ,
That to the Tarriers he refigns his Cave;
At whofe dire Gates the Woodman with a Glave
Did ready ftand, thinking to give the blow
Should his Staff Crimfon in the dying Foe;
When his Foot flip’d, his fure Hand fails, his Spear
Leaves him to Mercy of the Cruel Bear ,
Fainting, or feigning, to the Ground he fell, As one ftruck dead. Then with a hideous Yell
Came the Incenfed, and arrefted him
With his great Paw, to tear him Limb from Limb
Fully refolv'd ; he brake the Peace, he flew
The King his Gueft, and watch'd to kill him too.
But when he nuzling laid his Nofe to ground, And from his Mouth nor Lips no paffage found For vital Breath, nor faw his Breaft and Sides
To Ebb and Flow with life-refpiring Tides, Scorning to wreak vain Anger on the Dead,
To Man more Cruel, he this Lecture read;
Let Wolvibh Monfters rip up putrid Graves
Of buried Foes, and be old Malice flaves :
Although thou fought'tt my Life when thou didft live, Thy Friends fhall thee due Rites of Funeral give; I War not with the Dead: Thus having faid, He coverts in the Woods protecting fhade.
When from the Tree the Skinner did deffend, And having rows'd almoft from Death his Friend, He thus began; Good Sir, what was't the Bear Spake, when fo long he whifper'd in your Ear?

Who anfwer'd ; Bruine faid, I did not well, Before the Bear was flain , his Skin to fell.

Moral.
Fortune affits the Bold, the Valiant Man Oft Conqueror proves, becaule be tbinks be can: But wobo too mucb flattering Succeffes truff, Have faild, and found tbeir Honour in the Duff.



## FAb. LIII.

## Of the Tortoife and the Frogs.

VVOuld it not grieve one fill to goe aYet ever be within; (broad, To lye condemn'd to a perpetual load, And over-match'd with every gowty Toad,

And thus be hide-bound in
A flough
Of proof,
An Adamantine Skin :
No Curafe is more tough;
A home-fpun Iron Shirt,
A Web of Mail ftill on, would Gyants hurt.
How happy are thefe Frogs,
That skip about the Bogs !
Some pittying God, ah eafe me of my Arms
And native Farms,
That naked I may Swim
Below, now on the Brim,
Among the Scalie fwarms,
Searching the Bays, and Bofoms of the Lake,
And with thefe nimble Crokers pleafure take:
Vext at his Shell, thus the fond Tortoije fpake.
But when he faw, fierce Eels devour the Frogs,
And mark'd their tender Skin
Pierc'd with each Rufh, which circle in the Bogs, And his lefs penetrable then hard Logs,

The Tortoife did begin,
To find
His mind
Contented with his Inn
T 2 And

And thought the Gods now kind
To grant him fuch a Fort,
Over whofe R oof one drove a Loaden Cart ;
Better to bear his Caftle on his back,
Though it thould crack,
Than to be made a Prey
While he abroad did play,
To every Grig, and Jack.
Then thus aloud his Error be confeft ;
I live in Walls impregnable, at Reft, While all my Friends with Tyrants are oppreft.

Moral.
Thus at Home bappy, oft fond Youtb complain, And Peace and Plenty witb Soft Beds difdain. But woben in ForreinWar Death Seals his Eys, His Birtb-place be remembers ér be Dies.


## Fab. LiV.

## Of the Tortoife and the Eagle.

BUt now again fhe cries, Ah , muft I creép, Still as I were afleep!
All Creatures elfe can Swim, or Walk,or R.un; I in the dufty Road lye like a Stone:

The Birds do fly
So high,
That oft they finge their Feathers in the Sun. Moft Princely Eagle bear me through the Sky, That I may meafure the bright Spangled Arch, Where the great Planets march,
And I will give thee Jems
Such as do fhine in Princes Diadems,
With a huge Pearl I in a Scollop found
In the Hellefpontick Sound
Thought worth Nine hundred Ninty thoufand pound.
This faid, the Eagle lifts her, and her Houfe,
Up like a little Moufe;
Through the cold Quarters of the Stars they go, And Magazines of Rain, Hail, Wind, and Snow :

Such was their Flight,
They might
See the dark Earth's contracied Face below, To calt forth fullen Beams, with Brazen Light, Like a huge Moon, and turning on her Poles

Dark Seas like Pbabe's Moles, Cafting a dimmer Ray.
Then rolling Eaft, they view America, Afia, and Africk; Europe next arofe:

No Map fo perfect flews
How the great Mid-land Sea betwixt them flows.
But here the Eagle his Reward did ask
Due for fo great a Task,
But when the Tortoife fay his threatning Beak,
And cruel Sears, amazed he could not freak.
The Royal Bird
Then firr'd
With Indignation thus did filence break ;
Thou that didft boart as if thou hadst a Hoard,
And didft with promis'd Jewels mock a Prince,
Now for thy Infolence
I'll Atrip thee from thy Shell;
Cheaper thou might'f have fees the Gates of Hell
Than the high Stars; who rais'd thee from thy hole
To Seats above the Pole,
Shall now divide thy Body from thy Soul.

Moral.
What to gain Treafure, will not greedy Kings, Sweet Smells the Coin drain'd from Merdurinous Springs But Promisers, moo Princes hopes defeat, Oft pay fad Forfeits with their Lives and State.


## Fab. LV.

## Of an Agyptian King and bis Apes.

REalms,Marl'd and Water'd with the fertile Nile A King did R ule, who lov'd nor care nor toyl, Nor with Devafting War. his Neighbours
Land to foyl.
Jor he in Oftentation Riches fent
Vexing poor Ifraelites,
Proud Pyramids to build;
Whofe pointed Spires fill wound the Firmament,
Darkning our Weftern Nightits,
When they our rifing Moon and Stars unguild: Vor took he pleafure to Hunt Salvage Beafts, 3ut Entertainment lov'd and Princely Feafts. ?leas'd with his own, or to hear others witty Jefts.

## When, at full Boards a jolly Peer did ftart

This Queftion, Whether Apes might learn the Art
Of Dancing, and be taught to act a Humane part ?
The Novel Fancy much the King did pleafe;
When thus he faid, my Lord,
This Project I'll advance;
Since here are none, we'll fend beyond the Seas,
To Realms far off well for'd With Mafters, that fhall teach them how to Dance. Both Greece and Rome the Art of Ocafry Alwaies efteem'd, where Dancing-Mafters be Whofe Feet Hiftorians are, and tell a Hiftory.
(a) Mars in a Net this in a figure fhapes; That, ravifh'd Proferpine; thefe, the feveral R apes Of all their wanton Gods, and lufful fove's Efcapes.
(6) That the antients danc'd not to Tunes only, but to Songs, reprefenting with the figures and motions of their body the fubject of the Ballad, appears from this place of Homer, where in King Alcinoss Court they dance the Story of Mars and $V$ enus taken in Adultery by Vulcax.

 2010
 $\lambda \omega \nu_{2} \& c_{0}$
Our Dances bid prepare ${ }_{j}$ that he may tell.
His friends at home how much we all excel.
Let one fraight for Demodoczs repair,
And bring his Harp, of which pray have a çare.
This faid, thence for the Iyre his Herald goes,
Nine Mafters of the Revels then arofe
Who drove the People back, and more room made.
The Harp brought in, Demodocus not ftaid
But went into the midft : primeYouth advance,
And plac'd in figures, roand about him Dasce.
vhyfes much sheir motions did admire,
Whilft he fang fweetly to his charm. ing Lyre
The fapes of Mars and Vinus ; how he fped
When firt the brouglie him to her Husbands Bed;
How their foln fports the Sun to him declard.
And how the news the jealous chafing heard;
Who at his Forge ftrait Anvil'd out a Chsin
Whofe links not Force, nor Cunning could conftrain.
Then Raging to his Chamber wert, and /pread

But there are Mafters in a Realm far $W$ eff.
As Travellers relate,
More for our purpofe fit ;
Where the whole Nation like our Apes are dreft,
And Grave long Garments hate,
Being much of their Capacity and Wit;
Go then and Dancing-Mafters fetch from France,
The beft Choofe by their Apifh Countenance,
To teach our Apes like Men, or like themfelves, to Danc
Sails from Marfellies a ftout Veffel fets,
Laden with Dancing-Mafters, and their Kits,
To purge the King of all his Mellancholly fits.
Now Eaftern Apes ply Gallick Dancing Schools,
Where the dull German, joyn'd
With the raw Englifh-Afs,
That Imitate all Nations, look'd like Fools;
The Apes were fo refin'd,
That all our Alamodes they far furpafs:
How they a Brawl, a Saraband would do!
How ftately move in a Coranto! Who (knew
From their great Mafters, now the cunning Scholar
Oft for his Monfieur the King pleas'd to ask :
But when he heard they had perform'd their Task, He Solemn Order gave to have a ftately Mask.
And now th' expected Night was come: when late
Enters the joyful King,
And takes his lofy Chair:
About him Peers and Princes of the State,
And in a glorious Ring
Sate Gypfie Ladies, there, accounted Fair.
The Scene appears, the envious Curtain drawn,
In Gold and Purple, tufted with pure Lawn,
Beafts Frenchifi'd, fliew'd like the blufhing Dawn.

W hen from the Scene a nimble Hermes fprings, VVith his Caduceus, Golden Shoos, and VVings, Conducting in a Dynafie of antient Kings;
That had been Mummey many thoufand years
Before, our Authors fay,
Adam the VVorld began :
Each in his hand a mighty Scepter bears,
And from their Heads difplay
Twelve Silver R ayes, fhot from a Golden Sun.
Like demy-Gods the Apes began to move,
(b) Semele faw fuch a Majeftick fove:

The Men admire, the taken Ladies fire, with Love.
VVhen one that knew what beft would pleafe the King,
A Mufs of Nuts did 'mong thefe Hero's fling;
VVhich fuddenly did all to great diforder bring.
Figures they quit, and alter foon their pace,
And fcambling run to feife
Their moft beloved Nuts,
Refpecting not the Majefty of place:
Thefe would Kings Palaces
Forfake to reign in well for'd Squirrels Huts.
At laft the Dancing Kings began to rage, Scuffling for Prey, old Princes feeming fage, All Laws of Revels brake, and in fierce VVar engage.

They fight, they fcratch, they tumble $o^{\prime} \mathrm{r}$ and $\mathrm{o}^{\boldsymbol{s}}$, Their Masking Sutes are all in Mammocks tore,
The Stage with green Cloth fpread, is now a field of gore.
Their $A p i / b$ Mafters taken with the Sport,
Among the thickeft run,
VVhere fcrambling down they fall:
(b) Simale was perfuaded by the fraud of $7_{3 n 0}$, in the form of her Nurfe, to ask a boon of fupiter (which he rafhly confirm'd with an Oath ) that he would approach to her in the fame manner that he did to 7 mno, with all the Enligns of his Regality, who burns in his embracements, as not being able to endure the Divine brightnefs. Ovid in his Metamorph,

2ualem Saturnia dixit,
Te folet ampletti, Feneris cum foedxe initis,
Da mibi te talemsa


Then Showts and Laughter fhake the joyful Court,
Which had not yet been done, But that the King did cry, a Hall a Hall. All filent then, he gravely thus began; Ricb Cloatbs, nor Coff, nor Education can Cbange Nature, nor transform an Ape into a Man.

## Moral.

Nature in tb' Old World's Infancy woss frong: But Education, Diet, Art, fo long 'Mongft Mortals batb prevail'd, tbat Apes and Owls Not only Sbapes transform, but Cbange their Souls.


## Fab. LVI.

## Of the Eagle and the Beetle.

OThou moft Noble Beetle, thou that art Stil'd by fome, Nations the black flying Hart, O fave my life, and do a friendly part!
The towring Eagle threatens from the Skies Poor (a) Keymard to deftroy.

The Beftial Army did annoy, More in that fatal day the $L$ yon loft,
Than they, who Wings like fpreading Sails might boaft : Arm'd Trumpeters they were, whofe numerous (warms Thunder'd about their ears ftill frefh Alarms, And in their Faces fix'd their venom'd Arms.

Thus at approaching Death the Hare difmaid
To the poor Beetle for Protection pray'd,
Who pities, and to fafety him convey'd.
The Eagle lights, and asks, Who's in that Cave?
She ftreight replies, I here
A harmlefs Beaft my menial Servant have,
The Hare whom I efteem moft dear.
But th' Eagle tore him freight without remorfe.
Then faid the Beetle, I that kill'd a Horfe
With Hornets nine in that Victorious day, And doft thou thus thy Souldier's fervice pay?
Tbofe that can Help, to Hurt may finda way.
And now the Eagle's Queen laid Royal Egs:
When the vext Fly aid of Alecto begs:

$$
\nabla_{2} \text { Who }
$$

140 历ESOPS FABLES.
$W$ ho fprinkles her black $W$ ings with Stygian Dregs;
And to fmall Members gave a mighty Force.
Soon the high Neft fhe found,
And what an Embrio was, without remorce,
Did break and tumble to the grcund.
At which her Husband mounts Etherial Skies
And to his great Protector fove thus cries;
The fightful Beetle to Our Palace came,
And Our dear Race, which fhculd preferve Our Name,
She hath deftroy'd, and I moft wretched am.

To whom thus fove in pleafing Language faid,
(a) Ganymed the Son of $T$ ros King

Thou brough'ft me ${ }^{(a)}$ Ganymed on wings dilplai'd, of Troy, being a youth of admirable
beauty, was foln away by $\mathcal{F}$ upiter beauty, was tholn away by fupiter
transformd into an Eagle, and carried into Heaven. Thus the Fable is related by ovid.

Rex Superum Phrygii quendamGany: Thou need'f not thus for Our high Favour plead. When next thy Queen brings forth a happy Birth, And hath fupply'd her Neft,
medis anore
Arit, $*$ irventum of al gruid grod Bring them to me up from the dangerous Earth,
2upiter fife 2 2imat mallt: nello tamun And thofe I'll cherifh in my Breaft.
 Heavers sing yongs Garymerd en. And did his Spoufe with fweet Love entertain : Thereses was whlthet ovece would raxher be Whe ftreight another hopeful Iffiue brings, than fove;
Yet deigns no other fhape than hers that bears

Who forthwith nooping with deceitful winns
Tiufs'd up fair Ganymed by Idz's Springs:
Who now for fove (though jealous 7 uno fcowls)
Deticious Nectar fills in flowing bowls.

Becaule 7 uppiter wore an Fagle on
his Creft, he was feign'd to bave ta-
ken hima away in that form.

Hell hath no depth,nor profound Heaven that height, Will not be found by wrong begotten Spight.
Thither the furious Beetle takes her Flight ;
And bears with her foul Pils of fordid Earth, Which in Gove's Breaft fhe threw.
He flakes them out, with them the unhatch'd Birth :
Which when the God did view,
He faid ; I that have made, and can unhinge
This W orld's great Frame, yet cannot curb Revenge.
And therefore Mortals, you that ftrongeft are

Of injuring the fmalleft $W$ orm beware;
Since they Our Lap, a Sanctuary, not fpare.

Moral.
To find mucb Treafure; to obtain a Bride, For whom So oft thou baff, and otbers dy'd;
Hungry and Cold, Feafts and Ricb Wine to meet, To Sweeetness of Revenge are notbing fweet.

$$
F_{A B} .
$$

## Fab. LVII. Of the Fox and the Cat.

THus to the Ciat the Fox did boaft his Parts, And glorify'd himfelf with his own Arts. Know Madam Pufs, a thoufand ways I have Beloved Life to fave,
Defpifing the Advantage of a Cave.
When bloody Hounds perfu'd me, I have oft
Trac'd my own Scent, and their vain Fury fcoff'd :
When Dogs the Men, Mafters their Dogs,condemn,
While I did both contemn,
And in contracted Circles hunted them.
When me fwift Grey-hounds follow'd, though a brace, I have ftruck blind, and Urin'd in their face :
When after me both Court and Country throng,
I from a Branch have fprung ,
And in a Stream on yielding Sallows hung :
Only my Mouth above the fwelling Wave.
The King is mad, the Dogs and Huntf-men rave.
Thefe Arts of mine would many Volums make, My Slights would fill a Sack,
Of which from many, this Chort Story take;
In a full Slaughter-houle hung round with Meat, I uninvited did defcend to eat ;
Feafted with Poultry,Mutton, Veal, and Lamb,
I did attempt the way I came
To have leap'd back, but fell fhort of my aim ;
When in the fierce man Man comes, no fooner fpy'd, But withloud voice, The Thief is found, he cry'd;


P375

IE SOPS FABLES.

Theri fhuts the Door and cafts at me a Stone, Which bruis'd my Shoulder-bone, And made me Fiz, 'twas with fuch Fury thrown.

The Fight was long, and doubfful; in fhort fpace
I could expect no other but Uncare :
My Liver given in Wine to them that could By Night no Water hold, And Hectick Lords to drink my Tail in Gold. At laft he threw at me a mighty Stone, Which fell beneath the place where I came down; He foops to take it up, on's Back I ftep'd,

Thence through the Window leap'd, And fpight of him my Skin and Breakfaft kep'd.

Then faid the Cat, I have no Trick but one, If that Grimmalkin fail, then The's undone. While thus fhe fpake, a Pack of Dogs they fee:

Pufs nimbly takes a Tree, The Fox's Heels muft his Deliverers be. Safe on a Bough the Cat, in th'open Plain, Maugre all Arts, faw boafting Reynard flain; When thus fhe fpoke ; Friend for thy Death I'm fad.

Mucb Knoorledge makes fome Mad;
One good Ari's better tban a tboufand bad.

## Morat.

Some tbink mucb Learning and too many Arts
Debilitate the Strength of Natural Parts: Oft one Ingenious Myftery fills tbe Bags, When Men of many Trades foarce puchafe Rags.

## Fab. LVIII.

## Of the Fox and the Goat.

NOw Sirius and the Sun feem'd to confpire To fet the great $W$ orlds Arctick fide on fire Countrys forbidden by eternal Laws
To feel exceffive Heat,
Lay in a burning Sweat;
Opening ten thoufand parched Jaws
Water to get :
To filence put were all thofe purling Streams, Whofe murmur gives to Shepherds pleafant Dreams:

And fome did think,

[^3]Through open Fields now rufh the fpreading Floods,
And hurry with them Cattle, People, Woods,

Then ipake the Learned Fox,
Dry are all Pipes and Cocks;
Hourcs and demples with sheier Gods
errosid.
For Drink I'll venture down to Hell :
What fuch a force, unoverthrown, oppos'd
The higher fwelling water quite devours,
Which hides thafpiring tops of fwal-

## Through Adamantine R ocks

To Pluto's Cellers break, to get one drop;

borere man wea, nor had the sea a Let it befo,
for ail
flore.
One tiere. s hill, ore in a Boar de- Come Father, let us try thefe Shades below.
Ande wherefelelcely plowid, now plys
his 0 Pass,

This from high Elms intangled Fifhes
hales;
In ields shey Anchor cant, as chance There they drank deep, and now their hands being in, did guide,
And hippstie under-lying Vinegards
hide:
Where Mountain loving Goats did Many go-downs on Reputation drank ;
lately grafe,
The sea calf now his ugly body laies, or。


> ESOPS FABLES.

To th' Bull, the Bear, and Boar, To all could fight and rore ;
To Animals, then, of the civil Rank. Suffic'd gave ore ;
For Senfual Beafts could alwaies better tell,
Tban could the Rational, mben they are well.
But here the Goat
Stroking his Beard the hard Return did note ;
And fighing faid. To Hell's an eafie way,
But how fhall we again revifit day?
That is a Work, a Task beyond my Skill.
Then faid the Fox, Have a good courage fill ;
The means is found to fcale Ethereal Skies :
Againft thefe fteep Walls fet
Your two fore-feet;
Stand Man-like on your hinder Thighs ;
Let your Chin meet
Your Hairy Bofom, that your Horns may rife
Upright, as if prepar'd to Butt the Skies:
Then from your back to thofe two Spires I'll leap,
Whence out is but a Step,
Then on the brink I'll in fit pofture ftand, Grave Sir, to bring you off with my ftrong Hand.

Th' advice is took; Who would good Counfel doubt ?
And at three Skips the nimble Fox got out.
Then at the Margents like a wanton Hind
Sports, proud of his fuccefs,
Nor more his promifes,
Nor his forfaken Friend did mind ;
Who in diftrefs
Falfe Reynard did with breach of Faith upbraid.
Th' infulting Fox to him deriding faid;

$$
\mathrm{X} \quad G_{\text {oat }},
$$

Goat, in thy Head had fo much Wifdom been
As hair upon thy Chin,
(But long Beards witlefs are)thou wouldft have known How to get up, before thou hadft come down.

Moral.
For Action Youtb, Age bef writh Counfell fits, But readieft are in Danger Younger Wits. A Forref-Beard, grave looks, and Silver locks, 'Mong Sbaven Cbins Buero nowo like Tradefmens blocks.


## Fab. LIX.

## Of the old Weefle and the Mice.

IThat fo long maintain'd this ample Houfe From bold Excurfions of the plundring Moufe, And in huge $W$ einfcot $W$ oods have in the holes, Where never Cat could venture, freed their Souls:
Now growing old, my Strength and Courage fail,
Juft when I have them by the Tail,
Like a fwift Ship arrefted under Sail
By Rocks or Remori's, I ftay,
While they the Pillage to ftrong Holds convey.
And when I ftand and Cough, And fharp-breath'd Tyficks fhake my panting fides, The Miceans laugh, And Old-Rat m' imbecility derides.

In this my Houfe Souldiers and Scholars dine, Infpir'd with truth from moft Oraculous Wine ; I heard them fay, That Strength and Courage are Inferiour much to Policy in War. Their gouty Generals will fit,

And by a Stratagem of Wit, Make ftubborn Kings, with all their Powers fubmit. If it be fo, Ill Cunning ufe at length, Since with my Youth Courage is gone, and Strength :

In this huge Pile of Wheat I'll fhetcr, and the Cat's Invafion thun.

Let Micenis eat
To my Retreat,
And dind, then lee them from the Weefle run.
Th' Old Vermin faid, and dives into the Hold Thrice his own length ; as foon the News was told, The Foe was dead: then black Rands iffue our, $\mathrm{X}=$ And

And like a Deluge through the Houfe are born : They plunder all the Corn, And highly Fealt from Ev'ning to the Morn. When with the Dawn Cerelian Mountains fhook, And a dire Spectrum with a ghaflly Look R ofe from th' Infernal Shade, Which to the Plunderers did no Favour fhew : Great Slaughter made, The Weefle faid; Who Queftions Fraud or Valour in a Foe.

Moral.
Oft unkruown Stratagems foorten a long War :
'I is not boos Valiant, but bow Wife, they are
That Armies lead: But Mory is a Jpell
That Conquers all, and takes in Heav'n and Hell.


## AS OPS FABLES.

## Fab. LX.

## Of the Spider and the Swallow.

With my own Poyfon ftirr'd!
Oh that accurft
And molt defpightful Bird!
The Swallow daily on Spread $W$ ins refounding,
$\mathrm{Ne}{ }^{\circ} \mathrm{r}$ leaves furrounding
There vat and empty Halls; And bold at once on $W$ inged Legions falls

Of Fly that fort
About our Court,
And gives whole thoufands cruel Funerals:
While I in vain
Have built my lofty Rooms, From Wind and Rain
Secure, and cruel Brooms.
There I read Nets to catch the Bonelefs People,
High as a Steeple :
With fender Hands and Thighs
Spinning my Bowels, poor Arachne lyses
Watching all day
To féize a Prey,
And catch not one; this Bird takes all the Flyes.
What fall I do
Now to revenged be ?
Ill make a Clue
And Threads swift three times three:
I know the Chimney top where builds the Swallows,
Thither Ill follow,

The Spider faid;
Then o'r her Neft, moft skilful in her Trade,
All night fhe Spun
Tillday begun,
And, as fhe thought, a dangerous Engine made.
The Swallow faw,
And faid thus with a Smile;
I that gave Law
To th' over-flowing Nile, And with huge Bulwarks did keep out his $W$ ater,

Though Floods did batter
A Furlong wide,
I with rang'd Nefts kep'd out his Conquering Tide :
And is this Net
To catch me fet?
Thou fhould'ft thy Mefh, fond Spinffer, firft have tri'd.
When with the Dawn
Out the fwift Swallow fies,
And Cobweb Lawn
She breaks, then to the Skies
The Spider, and her vain Endeavour, carries;
And never tarries,
Until her flight

When thus fhe faid;
I am defervedly
Example made,
That fcarce could take a Fly

Nith all my boafted Art, and fond Indeavour.
To think that ever .
n fuch thin Mefhes I could Snallows catch:
I did but ill
Imploy my skill
And a Nights toyl, my felf to over-reach.

## Moral.

Fens, Turks, and Cbrifitians, feveral Tenets bold, èt moft one God acknowoledge, and that's Gold; 'arent of Love and Hate, in Peace or War trength and Craft may, but tbou much more by far.

Fab.

## Fab. LXI. <br> of Cupid, Death, and Reputation.

Upid, and Death, with Reputationmet
At woful Hymens, where the cruel Fates
At once fnatch'd two, fair, young, and noble Mates:

And th' unrequired Debt
Inforced them to pay,
Long time before the day
That was by Nature fet :
Conjugal Rites are chang'd, a Funeral Torch Conduct dead Lovers through a mournful Porch.

The fatal Archers having put up Darts
With which glad Offices, and fad were done,
Their Fames enroll'd by Reputation,
And three Gods play'd their parts :
They in the woful Houre
Full Cups of Brine Carowfe,
And from fad Parents hearts, Kindred, and Friends, which in long Order ftood,
Quaff'd,broach'd with fighs, warm fpirits mix'd with (bloo
They then began to vapour, and with vain
Boafting promote their Power ; now mellow grown, Defire $t$ ' each other to be better known,

And where to meet again,
Such Company to enjoy.
Cupid, although a Boy,
Yet eldeft there, began:
All-Conquering Death, and Reputation, know,
Though Heaven's my Seat, I places haunt below:



But feek not me, where oft you hear my Name, In Princes Courts, nor 'mong the City throngs;
They all are Atheifts, only in their Tongues
My Deity proclaim :
Their Bofoms never felt
My kindly Shafts, nor melt
With true coequal Flame.
They Luft, and Wealth adore, to me they bring
Poefies for Offerings, conjur'd in a Ring.
But I refide in th unfrequiented Plain,
Where filly Sheep the harmlefs Shepherd feeds;
Playing fweet Paftoral Notes, on Oaten Reeds;
There every Youthful Swain, And blufhing Virgin, well Can tell you where I dwell;
Who in their Bofom reign ;
In thofe chaft Temples refident I am,
Till the laft hour quench the long-lafting Flame.

Then Death began; My Habitations are
Not in this World, but at the Gates of Hell, I with the. Devil and his Angels dwell :

The cruel Furies there On Iron Couches lye, And bloody Fillets tye
Their Elf-lock'd viperous Hair.
By Love, nor Reputation to be found,
Three thoufand Mile and more beneath the Ground.

But you fhall find me, where in mighty $W$ ar, Againft his King, fome Valiant General ftands;
There you fhall fee me ufe ten thoufand Hands.
Or when that burning Star

Joyns a peftiferous Ray With the great Eye of Day,
And Towns infected are:
Then th' Angel Deatb you with a Syth fhall meet; Mowing down thoufands daily in the Street.

Then Reputation fpake ; I have no Seat, But wander up and down from Coaft to Coaft; Hard to be found, and eafie to be loft.

Therefore I would entreat,
Since now you have me, you
W ould keep me ; there are few
Having departed, meet
With me again: Though falfe or fmall the ground; Lof Reputation bard is to be found.

## Moral.

From Honef Dealing Reputation Jprings; But otber Notes the Matcbivellian fings. They are mof bonor'd, mobo are mof tujuff, And, Wrong or Rigbt, fand Faithful to their Truft.


## FAb. LXII. <br> Of the Gourd, and the Pine:

THere was a ftately Pine which long had ftood The glory of, and was it felf a $W$ ood;
Which when the warring Tempefts took the
Did fhake a hundred Arms with leavy fhields, (Fields Which watch about her, a perpetual Guard, 'Gainft all the injuries of Heav'n prepar'd. Conquerors Trophies, Shepherds there their Pipes Did ufe to hang; of War and Peace the Types. Upon the fwelling Bark Lovers did put
Their Names with Knots, and pleafant Fancies cut, Still intimating, as the Letters grow
With the increafing Tree, their Loves fhould fo.
Neer to this Plant which flourifh'd many years,
In one fhort Night fhot up, a Gourd appears:
Which by fweet Seafons, gentle Dews, and Rain, Did fuddenly a mighty Body gain;
Her Boughs were fpread, to Heav'n her proud Head With Bloffoms white, the hopes of blufhing Fruits.

This Princock, the bafe Iffue of the Morn, When fhe beheld the Pine with Branches torn, Her Front want Curles,an antiquated Grace, Mix'd with Times Ruin in a careful face,
Her felf beholding Glorious as the Day, In Green and Silver Liveries of May;
Proud of her felf, at laft forth boldly ftood, Comparing thus with th' Honour of the Wood.
Give place bafe wither'd Pine, that I may grow,
And at a Diffance me your Better know :

Doft thou not fee how far we do excell?
My Crown ftrikes Heaven, and my Roots touch Hell.
My Leaves are fairer, and more frefh than thine;
A Prince may on my Golden Apples dine;
When yours are fit to lerve a hungry Pig.
See how my Treffes flow! thy Periwig
So ruffled and uncurl'd, with boyfterous Storms, Is powder'd with the Duft of Canker-Worms,
Of which you're pleas'd fome to beftow on me.
Then gravely thus reply'd the fcorned Tree;
I many a raging $W$ inter here have been,
And felt black Auffer's and bleak Boreas Spleen,
And when loud Winds made Cock-hoots through the Wood,
Rending down mighty Oaks, I firm have ftood:
So when I with Autumnal Blafts have loft
My golden Treffes with a biting Froft.
I ftood bare-headed, and was naked-arm'd,
When the Sun-beams no more than Cyntbia warm'd;
I , in as extream Heats here alfo ftood,
When Sol and Sirius to the fwarthy Mud
Drank brim-full Rivers, what the Earth did yield
R ofted to powder in the parched Field,
And to the bellowing Herds, and bleating Flocks
Gave flhelter under my thick flady Locks.
Here I ftand firm, all Changes have indur'd,
My Body with its mighty Arms fecur'd.
But when the raging Heat, or bitter Cold,
Or rough $W$ inds rife, Gourd, You'l not te fo bold,
Thefe gaudy Flow'rs and fpreading Leaves you boaft,
Favours of Madam May, will all be loft :
Then I flall fee thy Root and Branches torn,
And blown about, to the proud Winds a Scorn.

Of Pride in thy Projerity bemare,
Vicifitudes of Fortune Confant are.

## Moral.

Wbofe Treffes are in Golden Billows curl'd, Wbofe Eys give Life and Ligbt unto the World, Bald worinkled Age defife, and bate to bear, They faall in time as Ruinous appear.

## Fab. LXIII. <br> 1 Of the Devil and a Malefactor.

A-Malefactor, fuch a one that made Of Murther,Theft,and Sacriledge a Trade: One that could Club
Plots to work Mifchief with old Belzebub, And had from him at need efpecial Aid; A little Devil ftill
Help'd him when things went ill, And oft from Prifons and ftrong $W$ arders took, And when Condemn'd did fave without his Book,

He was an Honeft Devil, and a fout, A good Sollicitor to trot about.

How he would trudge!
There with a Golden Dream corrupt the Judge, Here with like Vifions a whole Jury rout;

On this a plenteous fhowr
Of yellow drops he'd powr
To Angel Gold transform'd; there he would fet Some Courtier on, that fhould his Pardon get.

Who,as his cuftom, now in Jayl thus prayd Unto the Devil his good Lord for aid :

Almighty Fiend, To thy poor Barabas fome Comfort fend, Who moft unjufly is in Prifon laid:

Whom I fo late did ftab,
Did call my Miftrefs Drab;
Good Pluto hear, and leave a while Debates Of friving Princes, and afpiring States.

ESOPS FABLES: I弓9

Thus while he pray'd, his Spirit appear'd, his Back
With old Shooes loaden,and thius fadly fpake;
Evening and Morn,
Trotting for thee, out all thefe Shooes are worn.
No more thy bufinefs,' Friend, I'll undertake :
To Hang then be content
Since all my Coin is fpent,
Without which, bufy Lawyers will not dò
Ought for Great Belzebub, my felf, or You.

## Moral.

The Devil oft for's Servants does bis Bef;
But noos fince Mortals bave the Fiends poffeft, Seek Hell no more, but with woore Men compact, Would't thou to life unbeard-of Mijcbief act.

## Fab. LXIV. <br> Of the Lion and the Horfe.

寛He Lion old, his pow'r grown weak, his Crown By Beftial Commotions trampled down, Refolves to fill his Coffers with the Gown. Doctorfhips three,
Of Law, of Phyfick, and Divinity; There be:
But which of thefe may greateft Profit bring, He long debates; Then fake the Quondam King.

Sir Reynard thrives not fince this Civil War, Nor Pleading Beafts oft wake the flumbring Bar ; Sutes few be grown, but Bribes more frequent are : Law hath no Force
When Plains are eaten up by Armed Horfe, Her courfe
Obftructed is, what ever Gods and Men Injuftice fille, is Law and Juftice then.
(a) The Wolf

Nor (a) Ifgrim's Preaching Tribe now better fare, Though great Incendiaries of this War, Since Beafts in Buff full as long-winded are :

The Sheep-skin Gown,
Lin'd with Hypocrifie and Rebellion,
Is down;
In his own Cloaths th' $A f s$ ftands without a Ruff, Beating the Pulpit with an unpar'd Hoof.

Law and Divinity of thefe times farewel;
The Souldier is about to ring your Knell;
lll turn Phyfician, and Difeafes fell.

$64$

## A Turf, or Stoné,

Conceals ill Cures are by bad Leeches done :
If one
Or two we chance to help, Up goes our Name,
Then Patient Beafts come in, both Wild and Tame.

While thus he fpake, a pamper'd Horfe he fpies :

- And clapping on his Doctorfhips Difguife,

Said ; On this Patient firt I'll exercife,
And let him blood,
For me a Drench may make him prefent Food,
And good:
Oft Skilful Empericks do as bad or worfe,
And try Experiments would kill a Hor $\mathrm{F}_{\text {e }}$
Then to the grazing Steed the Lion fpake,
Your Horfefhip looks not well, be pleas'd to take
Something I'll give you for prevention fake:
What's W orldly Wealth ,
When fad Difeafes fhall invade your Health,
By ftealth?
When in thefe Paftures you fhall R aging ly,
And tear thofe pamper'd Limbs before you dy.
Sir, I in Germany have practis'd long,
Where Humane bodies are like Horfes ftrong,
What there I did prefribe, no Beaft can wrong ;
In England too,
Where Men now drink as deep as they; or you,
A few
Cures I have done; I made one caft a Frog
Had turn'd his Paunch, with drinking, to a Bog.

Mercurius-Dulcis, Scamony, and the Flos Of Sulpber, Colocyntbus, each a Dofe; Shall purge all Humors Cholerick or grofs.

And next our Art
Directs a Cordial to refrefh the Heart, A Quart
Of Dyapenthed Mufcadel each Morn, Shall feven years free you from the Farriers Horn.

The Horfe perceiv'd the Doctor was not well, Did through Difguife a hungry Lion fmell, And thus his Malady began to tell;

Sir, th other Morn, Leaping a Hedge to breakfaft on green Corn; A Thorn
Did pierce my Foot; your Doctorfhip, no doubt, Hath fo much Surgery to draw it out.

The Lion joyful was of any Hint, And looks on's Foot ; which, as the Devil were in't,
Dafh'd him o'th' Brow, and leaves in blood the Print,
And dead him lays:
Wheeling about him then the Palfrey Neighs,
And faies;
A double Fee, dear Doctor, is your due
For your great Cures; come, and I'll make it two:
At laft th' aftonifh'd Liou rifing faid;
I am with Fraud for Fraud moft jufly paid,
And my own Stratagem hath me betray'd.
Who lay a Bait,
Should fee left others ufe not like Deceit :
Too late
ASOPS FABLES.

They may repent, having their Error then
Writ on their Brovv, thus, vvith an Iron Pen.

## Moral.

He tbat in Health by Pbyfick's Prefrript lives, Sicknefs $t^{\prime}$ bimjelf, Wealtb to Pbyfcians gives.
Sick, take Advice; but noell, to Nature truff:
Let none woith Doctors deal, but roben they muff.
$Z=$
Fag.

Fab. LXV.

## Of the Sun and Wind.

ROugh Boreas, proud of many Vittories, now Will not Preheminence to the Sun allow. While Pbobus ftands in the high Solltice mute; The bluftering Wind did thus for Place difpute: Pbebus, we are not ignorant of your Parts, And profound Science in ignoble Arts; Of Minftrelfie and Phyfick, and we know Well you can Dart, and ufe an able Bow. But thefe are Toys; Let Gods for Power contend: When I my Forces mufter, when I blend My Rain, and Hail, and Snow ; or when I cleer, As now, black Clouds from the bright Hemifphere; (Which you with all your Raies could not Difperfe,' But fuffer'd once to Drown the Univerfe) I fhall appear more Potent far than Thou. Thou canft warp Timber, make green Staves to bow ;
But Itall Okes, that lofty Mountains crown, And only with my Breath can tumble down.
How many fately Piles have I o're-thrown ?
And Towns interr'd with their own falling Stone?
But vvho at Sea can my great ViÁories tell!
Where I 'tvvixt Billovvs form the Gates of Hell ;
On vvatry Mountains and congefted Floods,
Then make Approaches dreadful to the Gods.
Like Racket-balls vvith Argos's I fport,
And the vvhole Ocean ismy Tennis-Court.
Saylors in vain then to thy Deity pray,
That thou vvouldft let them knovv therè is a day.
But vvhile I thunder through the trembling Shrouds,
Thou dar'ft not peep through melancholly Clouds.


And when Autuminus with the Year grows old, Thou looking on, I break hard Rocks with Cold; And turn broad Seas,plow'd up with thundring Keels, To Roads, where $W$ aggons jolt with groning $W$ heels Thefe are the Acts that I have done, nor can They be deny'd by Fiend, or God, or Man.
Then Pbobibus faid;'Words, Boreas, are but wind;
But let Experience judge, then thou fhalt find Who ftrongeft is. That Traveller behold : Mufter Riphean Blafts and Ruffian Cold, And take from him his upper Weed, that Cloak, Which trembled at each breath, now while you fpoke:
But if thou canft not, leave the Task to me, And ceafe comparing with a Deity.
Here he a Cloud unfolds, which like a pack, Bore $W$ inds to fell to $W$ itches at his back;
And at one foup he treafures in his mouth, Dry Northern Vapours, and the dropfídSouth.
Adding Cafe-fhot of new created Hail :
His fwelling Cheeks made frighted Seamen pale.
But on the Man he falls with all his Power, And round beleagures with a fuddain Shower ; Storms him with Whirlwind, lin'd with biting Cold, Yet all in vain, he fafter kept his hold.
What rent huge branches from a furdy Oke,
Could not divorce the crafty from his Cloak. Who figbt with Heaven, witb Wooll muft keep out Death. Then Boreas fainting ask'd fome time to Breath.
When Pbobus fmilld, and bid the weary Reft;
His Brows then he with all his Glory dreft,
And at the Traveller a whole Quiver hot
Of Fiery Darts, he warms firft, then grows hot :
From Pores exaufted briny Rivers flow;
He takes thort Breath, at laft he face could Go;

Weary and faint, then refting in the Shade, Throws by his Cloak, and Pbobbus Victor made.

Then faid the God; Borens, thou art but Voice, Great Actions are not carried on by Noyfe; What $\mathbf{R}$ anters, nor loud Bluftering can obtain, A Fancy, or facetious Jeft may gain.
They that contend, they fhould not only know The Forces, but the cunning of the Foe. Valour and Strength,though $W$ arriors great, fubmit To Counfel, and th' Almighty Power of Wit.

Then Northern Boreas faw himfelf a Fool, And was refolv'd to put his Sons to School.

## Moral。

 Loud Tbreatnings make men fiubborn, but kindWords Pierce gentle Breafts fooner than farpeft Swoords. To Rant and Mouth is not So neer a may To Cheat your Brotber, as by $\Upsilon_{e a,}$ and Nay.

## Fab. LXVI.

## Of the Wolf and the Lamb.

$G$Reat Seed of Mars, O Romulus, who art My Grand-fire's Fofter-Brother, Aid impart : If e'r you at a ${ }^{(\pi)}$ She-Wolfs bofom hung, If her life-faving Milk made you fo ftrong, And fierce, If e'r thofe Hands fhe Fafhion'd with her Tongue Laid $W$ alls which after rul'd the Univerfe,

Then for her fake fend Help;
$I$ and my tender $W$ help
Are like to dy:
Ah for fome Food,
A little Blood!

## Wecry ;

Help Thou that art the Wolves great Deity.
Scarce were his Prayers ended, when he fpi'd A Bearded Goat and Lamb walk fide by fide.
Then faid the glad Wolf, I am heard: this Lamb
To me a Prefent from Rome's Founder came.
She's fat,
Her Guardian is more dangerous than the Ram,
The Fortune of all Fights
Are doubtful, I'll ufe Slights.
Then loud he cries,
Good Miftrefs Lamb,
As is your Dam,
Be wife,
And leave that ftinking Letcher I advif.
(a) Amwlius King of Aufonia forc'd his brother Namitor's Daughter Ila to become a Veftal, whereby the was bound by her vow to live a perpetual Virgin, and fo all hopes of her Father's fofterity cut off. But fhe bare two Sons at a birth, begotten, as pretended, by Mars impregnation, by a God being accounted honourable. Amulins charg'd that the Tiwins Ahould be drown'd, and Ila buried alive, according to the Law concerning Veftal Virgins: But the Children were expos'd only, not murther'd by the relenting Executioners, and were nourifh'd, according to the Roman Hiftories, by a VVolf, Monuments of which there are fill remaining feveral Stacues; and generally avouch'd by the Latin Poets. Firgil Eneid 8.

Fecerat ef viridi fotam Mavortis in Procubuiffe lupans: gemimos huic ubc? ra circsm
Ludere pendentes pueros, of lambere matrem
Impavidos, ơe.
Mars pregnant Wolf in a green CO verclay,
And hanging at her Breafts two infants play:
Bending her Neck the licks the tender young,
And quiet, thapes their Body with her Tongue.

But it is rather believ'd, that they were nurs'd by a Harlor, the Wife of Fanfulus, call'd Lupa by the Latins; which word being equivocal, and fignifying a Wolf too, gave the occafion of the fable.

Seek'ft thou fweet Milk from Ranck He-Goats to get Return poor Innocent to thy Mothers Teat, There at extended Udders take thy fill, Kids drain their Dams, the Lamb her Mother fill.

Befide
Such Mafters of the Flocks are counted ill, That rough Goats not from fleecy Sheep divide.

Sweet Lamb, forfake this Goat,
Go to thy Mother's Coat ;
The neereft way
Is through the Woods,
Where tender Buds
You may
Gather, and you and I in fhade will play.
Then faid the Bleater; Know, Sir Wolf, I am
To follow the Inftructions of my Dam;
My Parents Counfel, and not yours, obey:
She bid me with this Armed Father flay.
The Counfel of our Friends
Too oft have byafs'd Ends,
But when a Foe
Shall give advice
The Lamb's fo wife
To know;
Some Plot may be to work her Overthrow.

Moral.
Youtb that muf Travel, careful Tutors need, Left God's Commands, their Parents, and their Creed, Should Jbaken by frange Tenets be, and they Return worre principl'd, tban put to Sea.


## Fab. LXVII. Of the Oke and the Reed.

THe Four $W$ inds mufter'd up $W$ inds four times feven,
From all their Horizontick Seats in Heaven, Thirty two Brethren did at once Confpire,

Becaure the Sacred Oke was,Free, .......n By fove's Decree,
Both from Celeftial Fire,
And Thunder,
On her to wreak their fpight,
And in one hideous Night
T' extirp and Ruin quite,
And all her Boughis and verdant leaves to plunder. To the Skies Arbiters fince fhe'll not bend, They are refolv'd up by the Roots to rend.

Stout Eurus mounts his Steeds; on Northern Hags
Rough Boreas rides ; Black Aufter's Sable bags
And foul Boracho's fill'd i'th' Southern Main;
Bright Zepbyre now comes muffled up,
And in a Troop
Did bring a Heuricane
To rend her.
They all at once difcharge ;
Huge Arms and Branches large,
'Gainft Sun and Wind a Targe,
From their proud Fury could no more defend her,
But with a mighty Ruin Branch and Root,
Groning her laft; lights at the Mountain Foot.
Fiom whence down on the River's back fhe fwims,
Which the foul Night had fwell'd above the brims.

> A a

Catching
170 ASOPS FABLES.

Catching her Boughs a fmall Reed ftoppd her way ;
The haplefs Oke not yet quite Dead, Then rais'd her head, And to the Reed did fay ; I wonder
That thou fhouldft fcape laft Night,
Who fcarce canft ftand upright,
So huge a Tempeft's Spight,
And art not Rent, like wretched me, afunder :
Trufting my own Strength, I from Rocks was torn, And to ridiculous Winds am now a Scorn.

The gentle Reed then foftly whifpering faid;
1 am not of the greateft Storm afraid;
When raging $W$ inds among themflves contend,
What way they hurry through the Sky
That courfe ly I,
And flexible do bend:
I marvail
How you fo long kept up,
Difdaining ftill to ftoop
To that All-conquering Troop
Which Wracks tall Ships, and Drowns the ftouteft I to the Strongeft yield. What ever cbance, All Fortunes vanquijb'd are by Sufferanc?

## Moral.

Tbough Strong, Refft not a too Potent Foe; Madmen againft a violent Torrent row. Thou maylt bereafter ferve tbe Common-weal; Then yield till Time fball later Aits repeal.

压SOPS FABLES.

## Fab. LXVilI: Of Fupiter and the $A \int$ s.

TOve, Thou who view'ft from thy Empircal Sky,
And pittyft oft a Worm or injur'd Fly,
Leaving to Fate,
That Supreme State,
The March and Mufter of the Golden Stars, And to inconftant Fortune Princes Wars ; Without Advice of thy great Council fend, And well thou may ${ }^{3} f$, Aid to th ${ }^{j}$ oppreffed $A \delta s$, Me from the Gard'ner's Tyranny defend;

Father of Men and Gods,
So heavy are my Loads,
That though my Ribs were Steel, my Shoulders Brafs,
I in a little fpace
Muft yield to cruel Death;
O change my place, or ftop my vital Breath.
The Gard'ner's $A f s$ to mighty fove thus pray ${ }^{3}$, Who ftreight did bind him to another Trade ;

A Tyler now
His Back did bow,
And him with what whole Roofs mult cover, loads, Through deep Ways Lafhing, and far longer Roadı̀:
When thus to fove the Beaft again did pray ;
Thou who from Slavery brought'tt the Golden $A f$.
And didft prefer 'moingt them that Scepters Sway;
With fupercilious Look,
He now denies the Book,
And cruel in his place
Off frights fad Prishers with his beiftly Face :
O hear me when I cry,
And change this Mafter too; or elfe I Dy.
Aaz
172 LESOPS FABLES.
fove turn'd him over to another ffreight, A cruel $T$ anner, who with no lefs $W$ eight

Did load his Back
Till it did crack :
But when he found his Mafter's Trade, and fpy'd
Him Currying of his brother Afes Hide, Struck with fad Omens of his woful Doom, Thus to himfelf the $W$ retched did complain ; 1 fee that feldom better Mafters come,

I fhould have been content,
With what the Gods have fent ;
This, when I am with cruel Labour flain,
Will put me to frefh Pain,
And what fhould fhroud me in He will nọt fpare, but dead will Tan my Skin.

## Moral.

Is it Decreed, and did the Fates conjent, None Goould with prefent Fortune be content, Thougb in rigbt fudgement they mot bappy are? If fo, no wonder Men change Peace for War.


## Fab. LXIX. Of the fame Afs.

BUt after, fove, pitying the woful $A f$, Bids Hermes take, and turn him out to Grafs; There let him wander far in unknown ground, Nor by his cruel Mafter foon be found.
There the Free-born did lead a Happy Life, Among Wild Afes, there he got a Wife, A dainty Female $A f_{s}$, whofe $A \int f a n$ feed, In Vales and Groves, and on green Mountains feed: Of Concubines, fince profperous his Affairs, He had a whole Seraglio of Wild Mares. The Martial Steed, though fpurr'd with Venus, proof Was not for his enamour'd Rival's Hoof; But when he thought, though up to th' Eys in Grafs, Of his mean Houfe,though Rich, yet fill an $A f s$ : That the brave Horfe could boaft proud Anceftors, And great Atchievments got in Antient $W$ ars; Then he repin'd, and when he faw his Ears At watring, brackifh made the Flood with Tears. But he had Friends at Court, the Golden $A / s$, T' in-noble him, might fee his Patent páfs. While thus he murmurd, mighty $W$ ar arofe, And great Kings proove (to raife their Interefts) Foes, Thofe Horfe gras'd with him, on Theffalian Plains, Were all took up, and curb'd with Bits and Reins, Yet fill he kep'd his walk; at laft he faw Full Legions in thick Ranks to Battel draw. Then fees them Charge, when fuddenly the Fields Were ftrew'd with Men \& Horfe, and Spears, \& Shields. And Steeds he knew thruft through with hoftile Spears, At this new Light, 'twixt Grief and Joy, with Tears He

He thanks the Gods they coyn'd him but an $A f_{s}$, Nor made a Horfe, then faid; I here may pafs My life in fafety, and when $W$ ars furceafe, An Afs may make a fuffice of the Peace.

Moral:
In Halcyons fome repine, ot bers no Lofs Deject at all. Is thy own Fortune crofs? Rectifie't then; woith better Men compare, 'And let their Loffes mollifie thy Care.

## Fab. LXX.

Of the fame $A f s$ and his Lion's skin.

AFter that mighty Battel, where the $A / s$ A fad Spectator was, (pleafe, Had long been fought, as various Chance did Till many valiant Captains dy'd the Grafs, And,their great Souls ftood neer the Stygian Seas Begging a pafs :
While Dogs, and Vultures feafted on the flain ; The Long-ear'd went to view the bloody Plain, And though an $A f s$, not without hope of Gain.

Among huge Heaps of Slaughter, on the Green
He found a Lion's Skin,
Once dreadful Trappings to a gallant Steed. Old-fancy'd Honour, as this Prize was feen, To raife himfelf and his ignoble Breed,

Did frefh begin ;
The fhaggy Main conceals his Back, the Jaws Gape o'r his Face, long was the Train, the Paws Struck fire on's Hoofs, and fhine with golden Claws:

Accoutred thus, he with Majeftick pace
Returns unto his place,
And at firt view routs all the timorous Flocks, (The $A f s$ is dreadful in the Lion's Cafe:) Bulls leave their Courthip, and the Labouring Ox ,

As he did pafs,
Ran bellowing as if bit by Summer Swarms, Nor Goat, nor Ram, hàve Confidence in Arms, But fly for fafety from fuch fierce Alarms.

And now the $A f s$ did or vaft Countreys Reign, Commanding all the Plain, Scorning thofe Honours which at firt he aim'd, W ond'ring he Thoughts fo mean could entertain.
The Lionefs a Princefs him inflam'd, Her Love to gain,
Th' Impoftor faid, mult be our next Defign,
The Royal and the Affan Houfe muft joyn, Then by juft Title all thefe Plains are mine.

When Fortune, that delights in cafting down Great Kings, began to frown, The cruel Tanner who had loft his $A f s$, Several occafions fent on Foot from Town; He faw the Prodigy, wondring what it was, To be his own
He little dream't; What e'r thou art, faid he, I'll lofe fome way and time, but I will fee;
Thou canft not fure the dreadful Lion be.
Thus faying, he advanc'd: The $A f s$ did know This is a dangerous Foe;
Should he go lefs than what he feem'd, and fly,
He would a Scorn to his new Subjeas grow :
When thus he faid; I'll keep up Majefty , And Courage fhew.
Then to his Mafter loud he thus began ;
What e'r thou art, fly hence, prefumptuous Man Elfe thou art dead : and at him fiercely ran.

Then fuddain Fear the Tanner did furprife, But when his Ears he fpies,
He ftands,and by them Prifoner took the $A f s$, And wondring at his Royal Weeds, replies;
ASOPS FABLES.

Among thefe Forrefters thou well might'lt pals,
Who have no better Eyes,
For the great Lion, and poffefs a Throne
In Groves where Affes are no better known ;
But You my $A f$ sare, and I Seize my own,

## Moral.

The Taylor makes the Man, Breeding and Coyn, Of them pafs by, as thofe Ride or a Mine, Are unregarded: Great Impoftors so In Royal Habits oft for Princes goe.
B b
Fig

## Fab. LXXI. <br> Of the Wolf and the Sow.

A
War-Wolf mangy with an entail'd Itch; Sympling Compreft a Caledonian Witch :
She, neer her time, with others did imbark
In a tite Egg-fhell; fafe as in the Ark
Mountains they to Southern Kingdoms rowld, While Northwinds loud from fixteen Angles fcowld. Then, landing fafe, they mount fantaftick Foals, And bent their Courfe to Cocker up their Souls With Gallick Wine, down in a facred Vault Where never came the impious Race of Malt, Where fweet $L$ yous no fmall Hoops contain, The Hags defcend in Thunder, Wind, and Rain. Heighten'd with Baccbus blood, and Bisket Sops. Frolick, they throw Spigots o'r Houfes tops; Black, and Red Seas, mix with the Mediterrane, While they in Purple Muft their Ankles ftain. Then Hoytie-toytie, frantick Baccbanals Begin to Revell : When the Spirit calls, Aboard, aboard, the Chariot of the Dawn Rattles on Eaftern Hills; Their Cobweb Lawn Streight is unfurl'd, all yare, and tite, they fail Back, whil't Seas Seas charge with an adverfe gale.

But here the Dame pregnant with Wolvifh feed Deliver'd was, but when they faw the Breed A rough fhe-Wolf, ftreight inconcocted Grapes Began to work, nine, and no little fcapes
Nine Hags difcharge at once, and th' Infant bore
To Ardens Forreft, far off from the fhore


A pittying $W$ olf took up, and Nurs'd the Child, And from her wond rous Fortune Erfiwind ftil'd. She Married Ifgrim, and, if Fame be true, Him a fhe-Wolf bore to a $W$ andring Jew; Who by his Humane Nature got the hint Of Wolvifh Dificipline in Geneva Print, And his Mad Zeal firft made the Foreft blaze; This by his Howling Rhetorick did raife Arms'gainft his King, did antient Right fupplant, And made Beafts take a beafly Covenant; This Urchins call'd, and ftir'd up fenflefs Molks, And innocent Sheep infpir'd with Wolvifb Souls ; Then Females, like Milch Tygres firt were feen To Rage againft the Lionefs, their Queen ; Steers, Colts, and Affes, did like Panthers ftare, And Bulls Horn-mad for Reformation were.

When Erfwind with a bleffed Offfpring big, Weary with Lamb and Mutton, long'd for Pig, And thus She howl'd to move her furly Mate; Swine's flefh I loath with a Maternal Hate, Yet for the Of-fpring of the Salvage Boar, The fat Prieft's Quarters which I keep in ftore, Which at my Lying-in I meant fhould Feaft My Mother, and her Caledonian Gueft, Now I would give to fee one Pig depart
To eat the Liver and the bleeding Heart.
When the grim Sire reply'd ; Leave off complaints, Affictions bave been robolfom to the Saints: But if the Boar her Husband be abroad, My mortal Foe, by Force or Pious Fraud I'll get thee one, no Scruple is in Meat, And Thou and I abundantly will Eat.

This faid, he hafts unto the fpreading Oke, Where lay a pregnant Sow, and kindly fpoke; Sifter, your Husband hath great Service done, And by his Valour we rhe Viftory won; But fince I hear your Spoufe in Countrys far, Muft for fmall Pay attend a lingring War, And this your Charge is great, take friendly helps: Some of your Sons lill fofter with my Whelps, Not in Prophaner Arts, like Popifh Pigs, To pettitoe-it on the Organs Jigs, When Surplic'd Afes Chant it to the Lyre; Nor they fupine fhall wallow in the Mire: But Paftors be, and them I'll teach to keep The Sheepifh Souls of Flocks, and fhear the fheep. They have Prick-ears, and as we Teachers wear, Howling in hollow Trees, fuch is their Hair. - The Brawny Dame did here break off all feech; If you are fuch a Friend, Sir, I befeech You'l fhew it in your abfence, nothing more Can me and mine oblige, back twenty fcore, That is the greateft favour you can do ; You hate all Swine, and I abhor a Jew :
I hear him whet his Tusk, the Boar is neer, And you have taken a wrong Sow by th' Ear. Cowring his Tail, endeavouring to have fled, Wings Fear not added to his Feet, but Lead;
Whom fuddenly the angry Boar or-took :
Him, at whofe Rage the Lion's party fhook,
No more Refiftance than a tender Lamb
Made 'gainft this Foe, whom ftreight he overcame;
And with his Phang a Window in his fide
To Flanck from fhoulder rent, where, as he $\mathrm{Dy}^{\prime} \mathrm{d}$,
The deep Hypocrifie and bloody Ends,
Writ in his Heart, were read by Foes and Friends.
Soon

Soon after that the Boar the $W$ ood enjoy'd, And Wolves as new Malignants were deftroy'd.

Moral.
Micchiefs Beft Plots Women too of bave laid, Avd tender Females fooneft are betrai'd. Some great Seducers make a timely End, But oftner they in Bloody Sbeets defcend.

## Fab. LXXII. Of the She-Goat and Kid.

A
She-Goat Widowed by Civil War, (As many other woful Matrons are) Although her Sequeftration a fmall Fine Had taken off, Had little caufe to laugh, For when fhe rofe, fhe knew not where to Dine, Which made cold Cups be feafon'd oft with Brine.

One Son fhe had, now Heir, Juft of his Fathers Hair, Her Comfort, and her Care ;
But what did mof extol this gentle Kid, He did
All the Commands which his dear Mother bid.
When to her only Hope the Parent faid, I go dear Child (fubfiftance mult be had)
Where I for thee will crop the tender Bud,
And fearch the Ground,
For Moon-wort, rarely found ;
Which from our Wounds draws Steel, and fops the A Soveraign Med'cine, and a dainty Food. (blood,

But Kid, when I am gone,
Open the Gate to none,
To Friend, nor Foe, not one.
The Wolf, although the Bore had brought him low,
I know,
His Nature keeps, and will no Mercy fhew.
Shall I forget how he thy Father flew, When from the Cambrian Hills a Goatifb Crew

…

$$
\text { ITSOPS FABLES. } 183
$$

Jf Britifh Long-beards with three Sons he led?
He pierc'd his Throar,
And drank his beft blood hot,
Then on his Bowels and his Liver fed. As ill, woes me, thy haplefs Brethren fped,

When down their Arms they threw,
Quarter being granted too, Moft barbaroufly he flew
And in his Den their Limbs in pieces tore;
Nay more,
With their gnawn Bones he pav'd his bloody Flore.

This faid, away fhe fpeeds. The Wolf, who long Had watch'd his time, skill'd in the Goatifh tongue, On's Loins the Britifh Captains fpoils did guird, With his fair Horns
His Horrid brow adorns,
Down from his Chin hung a long Silver Beard, As if the King and Father of the Heard.

Accoutred thus before,
At the dull Goat-herd's dore
He oft drank Kiddifh gore:
When thus difguis'd with feigned voice he fpoke, Unlock,
Long-beard is here, the Father of the Flock.
ILive, whom Fame reported Dead, and bring Good tydings; Never better was the King. The Lion now is Forty thoufand ftrong, Innumerous Swarms,
Both Old, and Young, take Arms, And he will Thunder at their Gates e'r long, Changing their Triumph to a doleful Song.
$\square$
And now the Conquering Boar, 'Of thofe fubdu'd before, Doth fpeedy Aid implore,
But the diffenting Brethren in one Fate,
Too late,
Shall rue they turn'd this Forreft to a State.
Whom Pan, his Parents, and his King obey'd, Duty, Belief, and Piety betray'd, And tolted doors he fuddenly unbars: The Wolf rufh'd in, Throwing off his borrow'd Skin,
His Eys with Rage blazing like ominous Stars, Which threaten Earth with Famine, Plague, and Wars, Then on the expected Prize
With open Mouth he flys,
His Jaws fweet Purple dies.
When thus th' Infulter did the Kid upbraid, And faid;
Let all thus Perifb wifh the Lion Aid.

Moral.
Firf, God's Commands, your Parents next obey; A thoufand Snares, Pride, Lutt, and Avarice lay: But other Arts now taugbt in Modern Schools, Stile all our Wife and Pious Fatbers, Fools.

$\cdots \cdots$

## Fab. LXXiII. Of the Yoing-man and the Cat.

GRimmalkin's Grand-child, Tybert's Noble Race, For Beauty gave no Cattifh Damfel place, Round was her Face, Her Eys were Grey as Germans, or the Gaul, The Stars that fall
Through gloomy thade, caft no fuch dazling, light :
Nor Glo-worms that moft glorious are by IVight ;
Her Bofom foft and white
Like Down of filver Swans, her Head was fmall
And round as any Ball,
Daily fhe wore a party-colour'd Gown, Curioully mix'd, with White, Black, Grey, and Brown.

Stoln from her Mother's Teat, a Young-man bred This Female up, and laid her in his Bed;

Each Morning fed,
And Evening, with warm Strokings from the Cow, Would Finh allow,
But not to Wet her tender Feet afford, She may in pleafant Gardens catch a Bird, Or make afeard.
Scorch'd with Love's cruel flames this Youth did now
At Venus Altars bow,
That She, his Love would change into a Maid, When thus with rear'd-up Hands to Heaven he pray'd;

O Citberea, fince the Cruel Dart
Of thy dear Son hath frrangely piercid my Heart,
Some Aid impart ;
C

```
Crprior, Meterert dey the be beally y life Thou at the Prayer of fad (a)Pygmalion
gene
rally incident to wonen refolv'd to Mad'ft Flefh of Stone,
```



```
with his own workmanfhip, at whofe
```



```
into a Woman, of whom he begot Par. This hath her Paffions, hath Affection fhown,
Sit Conjux opto, non aufur, сburnea
    virgo,
```



```
Cive mea wire, one like, Pggmalion
faid, Will Day and Night adore thy Deity.
But durft not fay, give me my Ivory
    Maid.
The geiden \(V_{\text {gusus }}\), prefernat her The Goddefs heard, firft on her Hairy face
feill Fealt,
Concei's his wifh, and friendy figns
espreft
Did Lillys of untainted beauty place,
The Iire thrice flaming, thrice in Which R ofes grace;
flames afpires.
```




```
found diem warm:
That lefton of refeears, her bofom off 'Twixt Hills of Snow, which Curral Fountains fhews',
With amourous touches feels, and felt
It it forfity dimpled with his frigerss; And her clear Neck like Silver Dawn arofe,
laks
```



```
Relernss sitit heat, wich chaing
thembs educe Now a fair Palm, whence fingers long difplay?
Top piann for funs, by landling fram'd
for ure. Where azure Rivers ftray :
\({ }^{\text {Arcridid wilh dobbefifl joy, and hope }}\) ther A Virgin then appear'd, fo Fair and Sweet,
Asain the to tove what he e winhes feels,
```



```
A perkite Virgin fiul of Juice and
    Heas, oc.
```

Nor could the ravifh'd Youth admire too much,
Nor could believe, till by enduring Touch
He found her fuch,
Eut when the Spake, fweet Love was in his Breaft
With Joy oppreft,
And loud he cries; Come all my Friends, and fee
The God's great Gift, what Heaven hath done for me,
I fhall too happy be.
Bring Silk and Gold, with Jems let her be Dreft,
Prepare the Marriage Feaft:
All came, and wonder, Womens Envious Eye,
Surveying her, could not one blemifh fpy.
ASOPS FABLES.

All R ites perform'd, and $H$ Hymen's Torch put out, Who of the Joys of Marriage-bed could doubt, Or fear a flout?
The Cyprian Goddefs then defir'd to find If that her Mind
Was with her Form improv'd ; a little Moufe Streight fhe prefents on th' Evins of the Houfe:

The Bride leaps from her Spoufe, And leaves the Young-man to imbrace the Wind,

The Cat will after kind;
Juft when he thought to reap the Joy of Joys, A Moufe fhe cries, and all his Hope deftroys.

When Venus thus, highly Incenfed, ftorm'd:
A hateful Cat to a Virgin We Transform'd
But fill Deform'd,
And Beftial Thoughts within her Breaft remain,
The Task was vain,
No Power can ftave off Nature ; though our Art Gave fair Dimenfions to the Outward part,

We could not change the Heart.
Here fhe transform'd her to a Cat again;
Then did the Youth Complain ;
Thy Pity Venus thou haft turn'd to Spight, W ouldt thou not let me have her one fhort Night ?

## Moral.

No Punibbment, no Penalty, nor Hire, Can repulfe Nature led by frong Defire. So Barbarous People Civiliz'd witb Care, The leaft Occafion turns to wobat they were.

Cc 2
Fab.

## Fab. LXXIV. Of the Cat and the Cock.

SHe that fo lately was the Young-man's Spoufe, And left the Joys of Marriage-bed to Moufe, Now confious of her Crime, and hooted at By all the Houfe, Grew more and more a Cat : And after that
By Day fhe haunts fad Rocks, and fhady Groves, When dark,through Gutterso'r Houfe-tops fhe roves, And feeks Night-walking Loves, Who couple not like Doves; Where round about her Cattifb Youngfers throng, (For fhe was fair) and with a Hideous Song,

A difmal Note and long,
The haughty Rivals Challenge, Meet, and Fight, And Terrifie the filence of the Night.
(laid,
'Mongft thefe fhe proves: Her Pregnant $W$ omb being
The Ravenous Beaft in neighbouring Houfes prey'd,
That Milky Breafts her tender Young might breed :
Once thus fhe ftraid,
And not fupply'd her need,
Nurfes mult feed.
When thus fhe fpake ; Each Paffage, Door and Lock
In my Lord's Houfe I know : where dwels a Cock
Chief of a feather'd Flock,
Which once my Hopes did mock;
But now he fhall not fape : Hark how he Crows;
What, boafts thou Fool e'r thou fubdu't thy Foes!
This faid, on ftreight fhe goes,


Through waies unknown, and mirchievounly bent,
Down boldly leaps, and feiz'd the Innocent.
With her fad Prifoners Pufs was us'd to play,
Though he muft Die, fhe'l do't by Legal way,
And thus Attainders formally began;
Thou before Day
Awakeneft drowfie Man, Who Curfe and Ban,
Vext with thy Minftralfies unwelcome Airs,
At fuch a time when Heaven fhould hear their Prayers
To profper them and theirs.
This faid, the Cock declares;
I am the Husband-man's Alarm, and $W$ atch ;
Thofe Sons of Toyl, that live in Smoke and Thatch, Rais'd by my Voice, difpatch
(Buckling on Leather,Freeze, and clouted Shoon)
A long Day's Labour, often before Noon.

Then faid the Cat ; Is thy Impiety
( O wicked Bird) and Inceft hid from me ?
Thou haft againft all Laws of Men and God,
Which I did fee,
Thy Virgin Daughter trod;
Nay, thy hot Blood,
Thy Sifter, Mother, Grandam, did not fpare.
Then he reply'd; Thy laft Charge lefs I fear, Since'tis my Mafter's Care,
For him, and for his Fair
Lady, I fhould get Eggs, who now is Wed.
Shalt thou a Strumpet feed injoys the Bed
From whence I'm banifhed?
Accumulative Crimes have no Retreat;
Tis Treafon, thou fhalt Die, and I mult eat,

Said angry $P u f_{s}$; and fharp-fer with a Groul She eats hisflefh, and drinks in Blood his Soul.

Moral.
When Tyrants would their Empty Coffers FiH, Againgt fome Wealtby Peer they drawa Bill The Tryal's fair, Cbarge, Anfwer, and Reply, But Ricbes is your Crime, and you mul $D y$.


## FAB. LXXV.

## Of the Cat and the Mice.

A
Nd now our $C a t$, which once had been à Wife The Iron Tooth of Time Had alter'd from her prime, Old, fhe with Nuns led a Monaftick life, Free from rough Lovers, and proud Rivals frrife;

And with thofe pious Virgins went to Prayer,
Who while they number Beads,
About them foffly treads, Difturbing none that at Devotion were; Contented with long Fafts, and Lenten Fare.
jetled for Strength, Convenience, and Health,
Neer to the Larder Door,
Some Miceans had a poor
Plantation rais'd from Sacriledge and Stealth, Almoft from Nothing to a Common-wealth.

Thefe Hogen Mogens, when their cruel Foe
The Cat they heard drew ineer, W ere fruck with mighty fear, And at the Tydings ftreight to Counfel goe; [ill then, thefe People knew no face of Woe.

When fome inform'd, and they of no mean place,
They Tybert's Iffue faw,
Her Countenance fruck no Aw, 3ut full of Meeknefs, Heavy was her Pace, Ind Sadnefs much Dejected had her Face.

They faw how oft the Contemplating fate;
Nor in that holy Houfe,
They thought; 'he'l touch a Moufe,
Nor view with jealous Eye their rifing State ;
This was a Saint, a moft Religious Cat.
When they this Characier had underftood, Commiffioners they chofe, (No time they careful lofe)
That fhould bear gifts, and kifs great Pufes hand, And Leagues confirming lafting Peace demand.

Soon they admitted were, and Audience had;
The fubtle Cat in State
Heard what they could relate
With mild Afpect, her Vifage pale, and fad, And thus to them a Friendly Anfwer made;

Bold Miceans know (if you ne'r heard the fame)
I have been once a $W$ ife,
Seeking one Micean's Life,
I was transform'd to what you fee I am,
For which bold Crime to Penance here I came.
Your Sute We grant : but as Our Cuftome, nine Potentates I Invite
To Sup with me this Night,
So intimate ; but you with Us fhall Dine:
Then in their Prefence lafting Peace I'll Sign.
This known, Nine chofen march through narrow Ports
And winding paffes forth,
With many Mice of Worth:
There the fond Vulgar in great Troopsteforts, Expecting Banquets in the Cattiß Courts.

No fooner in, but ftern Pufs fhuts the Door, Stops all the Chinks and Holes;
Then Terror ftrikes their Souls :
And to a Fury fhe transform'd, once more, Beftrews the R oom with mangled Limbs, and Gore.

Which to the Senate a new Leffon reads, Fair Words, and fimpering Looks, Areftill Deceivers Hooks:
None tbat is Wife, Outward Comportment beeds;
Mortals:tbeir Face declares not, but tbeir Deeds.

## Moral.

Treaties are full of Fraud; if rifing States Would joyn with Princes, and make Kings tbeir Mates,
Let them berware bono they Confirm tbe League; Monarcbs fill jealous for fmall Caufe Renege.

Dd FAD.

## Fab. LXXVI. <br> Of the Fox and the Lion.

OH ! all you Gods and Goddefies that dwell
In Heaven and Earth, in Heaven, Earth,Sea, and Hell.
If all your Power Conjoynd can one Protect,
Save the poor Fox,
Nor Prayer reject.
What is it I behold ?
His fhaggy Locks,
Are preft with fhining Gold.
It is the Lion; See! his fpreading Robe
Covers at leaft half the Terreftrial Globe :
Terror of Beafts and Man,
Whofe hard Teeth can
Crack Brazen bones of the Leviatban.
Help, help, if me he not in pieces tears, I hall in funder Shake with my own Fears.

At firft the Fox thus Trembled to behold
The Scepter'd Lion, Arm'd and Crown'd with Gold.
But when the King the fecond time he faw
Hunting in green,
Not fo much Awê
Did in his Looks appear,
Lefs Majefty in's Mein,
Then Reynard drew more neer ;
But the third day the bold Beaft had the Face
To come up clofe, and cry'd, Gove fave your Grace.
At laft fo neer did frand,
He kift his Hand,
Soon after did the Royal Ear Command,

ASOPS FABLES.

In which he faid; Cufome makes Mortals Bold, To Play with that they durf not once bebold.

Moral.
Who Hate to Drawo a Swoord, and Guns abbor, Cuftome batb made moft Valiant Men of War.
Love's Novice fo, trembling, frefb Beauty forms, Wbich Soon lies ruffed in bis Conquering Arms.

Dda FAв.

## Fab. LXXVII.

## Of the Lark and her Young.

IT is the fweet early Chanting Lark, That to the Heavenly Chorifters is Clark, And mounts the Sky as freely as a Spark;
Yet fhe in haughty Towres not builds her Neft,
Nor on the tops of lofty Cedars dwells, Which are with all the Roring $W$ inds oppreft, That Northern Witches Conjure up with Spels; But in Corn Fields her Habitation's found, Flanck't round with Earth, fix inches under ground.

From whence fhe iffuing to her Young-ones fake ;
Notice be fure of what you hear to take,
Anḍ frict Account at my returning make.
When thus the Landlord to his Heir begun;
This Wheat is R ipe, we mult have down this Corn;
Go, and invite my Friends with Rifing Sun
To Reapit, and at Night it flall be Born.
At this fad News the Larks aftonifh'd were, And told their Mother, fruck with mighty Fear.

Then faid th' old Bird; If for his Friends he look, (He may be, but I fhall not be miftook) This Corn need fear no danger of the Hook. Giving like Charge, out the next Morn fhe fies, While th' Old-Man long did Friends in vain expect ;

At laft he faid, grown with Experience Wife,
Son, call our Kindred, fince our Friends neglect,
Thofe from our own Loyns fprung will not forget,
That we to morrow may cut down this $W$ hear.


Th' affrighted Birds this to their Mother told, Who cheer'd them thus, Kindred too oft prove cold;
This Corn will ftand, and we fhall keep our Hold.
The fecond Morn made bright the Hemifphere,
When of the Confanguineous none were feen :
Then faid the Father to the Son, I fear
We fhall not be beholding to our Kin;
Stand to me Boy, to morrow thou and I
Will Reap this Corn, Coufins and Friends defie.
With thefe, the Birds their Mother did acquaint, When with a Sigh fhe faid ; We Time fhall want, For we to morrow muft new Regions plant.

They that with Care to their own bufineffe look,
Are in the readieft way to have it done,
But who fhall truft to Friends or Kindreds Hook.
Shall find it at a ftand, or backward run :
As when the Arm againit the Stream is flack, The Boat in the fwift Channel hurries back.

Moral.
Intelligence beft moves Affairs, by wobich
Botb Kings and Common-wealths grow Great and Rich.
But wobo their Bufnefs roould bave follow'd, muft
More to themfelves than any otber truft.

## Fab. LXXVIII.

## Of the Hawk and the Nightingale.

VVHen the Triumphant Sun in his Ca roach,
Cut from an entire $T_{\text {opaz, made ap- }}$ To the great Tract betwixt the Golden Horns (proach Of the Celeftial Bull;
When the Ambrofian Treffes of fair Morns With liquid Pearl were full ;
Then Pbilomel did from her Neft depart, With a fad $O$ men, and a heavy Heart, To try neglected Art ; By the Grove fide fhe on a Haw-thorn bough Sung her firft Song, and paid her Yearly Vow :
Lovers that heard her, e'r the Cuckow's voice, Rejoyce,
Since $V$ alentine chofe, but fhe confirms the choice.
While thus fhe Chants, a fharp Thorn at her breaft,
A prying Swain, who late had found her Neft,
Came fecretly, and in her abfence ftole From thence the Callow young;
A frefh Wound's anguilh in a wounded Soul
What Pen can fay or Tongue?
He to his City Landlord bears the Prize,
But fhe fends loud Complaints to Marble Skies, And moves the Deities:
Which (as relentlefs as their Statues were)
A Bird of War pickeering through the Air,
A fierce Hawk fent, who while fhe did in vain Complain,
Seiz'd, and poor Philomel muft now be flain.


## ASOPS FABLES:

Though great her woe was, and fhe much did grieve, Yet at Pale Deaths approach fhe fain would live, And from the proud Foe thus begs quarter then;

This little body fpare,
What is to thee a Nigbtingale or Wren, A Mouthful but of Air?
Take fome Large Bird, and Fat, on whom is Meat; Behold on every Tree, and Bufh they feat, And fpare me I intreat.
With frowning look, the Falcon then replies;
Thus counfel Daws, no Hawok is fo unwife, When in their Pounces they have feiz'd a Prey,

That they,
Let it, in Hope of Better, fly away.

## Moral:

A Small Eftate, and Sure; is better far,
Tban Fortunes that in Expectations are:
What we Poffess woe Have, Fancy may feed The Mind, but not Supply the prefent Need:

## Fab. LXXIX.

## Of the Husband-man and the Stork,



THere was a greedy Villager took pain To Plow deep wrinkles on a Virgin Plain, Where, his ftrong Steers broke fuch obdurati Glebess
As might have Danc'd into the Walls of (*) Thebes Inftead of: Stones, fmall Town call'd Eusefis afterwards remov'd to Thibes, which he was forcd to Bulwark round for fear of the phlegye, potent enemies neer hand. The poets generally fay, that he played fo fweetly on his Harp, that
the very Stones and Trees fontaneouny followed it to the building of the Walls of Thebes. Horace in his Arcof Poetry,

Ditius or Amphion Thebanx conditor Sircis,
Sixa movere fonotefis linuo, of prece blaw. ${ }_{\text {â }}$
$\qquad$
Amphion who built Thibes made ftones advance,
Asthey report, and to his Mufick dance.
And lead chem where he pleas'd with moving flrains. the fweetnefs of his Difcourfe and cariage, had mollif'd the more fierre and Barbarous Peopie, and perfuad. ed them to a polisick Seciery.

By which they figififd, tharte by When a fierce Troop of Plundering Cranes he fpies,
Harder than Pyrrba's moyftned Mothers Bones. This Swain while he did whet his blunted Share, Often to Ceres, and Superior Gods,

Did make no idle Prayer,
To recompence his Care,
And fruitful render hard and barren Clods. They heard, and Nurs'd his Hope with timely Rain, That now black grounds did fhine with golden Grain.
 And wicked Geefe, to cut the Cryftal Skies, Call'd in by thofe Domeftick Geefe he fed In his own Barn, with what fhould make him Bread. His Gander thus
He heard declare ; Welcome dear Friends to us : Our fpightful Mafter, if he fee us look But or the Hedge, with threatning voice will call :

Who can the injury brook?
Come, let's deprive the Hook.



This faid, th' whole Army on the Field did fall. Plots met with Counterplots, ftrong Gins were fet, Which took both Foes and Traitors in a Net.
'Mongft whom he found a Stork, who to the Swain Thus pleaded Innocence ; I am no Crane, Nor impious Goofe, nor have I touch'd your Corn, But the beft Bird am I on wings is born :

- Tis I that feed

My Parents fpent with Age, and in their Need Bear like the ${ }^{(b)}$ Trojan Hero on my back. The Pelican that feafts with her own Blood Her Young when Meat they lack, Compar'd to me, is black ;
Who will not fpend their Lives to fave their Brood? Great Love deícends ; to Age who gives refpect ? Children and Friends, Parents grown Old, neglect.

Then faid the Swain, Your boafting will not ferve ; You found with thefe fhall find what they deferve, And with thefe curfed Malefaciors dy, Though, as you fay, you are the beft that fly;

> Your wicked Troop

W ould all my Harveft hopes have eaten up:
Wert thou the Pbornix, though we loft the Race, A Cberubin, or Bird of Paradije,

Expect from me no Grace;
Now thou thale Suffer in this place :
You tell your Vertuers, Bird, but not your Vice,
(b) exneas, who at the facking of the City of Troy, fav'd the Gods of his Family, and bis Fa:her, bearing them away on his Thoulders, mentioned by Virgil and Ovid; by the firft Encid. the fecond

Ergo age, chare pater, cervici imponere moftra,
Ipfe fubibo bameris, nec me labor iffe gravabit.
2 \% ores cnngue cadent, wnшm of com: mame peric/am,
Una falss ambobus erit, \&ec.
Dear Father get upon my floulders Itreight,
Nor burdenfome to me thall be your weight:
Whatever chance, one cogimon danger we
Shall equal fhare, to both onc fafery be.
I Thall Afcanius my companion chufe: My Wife muft follow, but fome diflance ufe.

```
                Ey the other, Metamorph.l.I3.
```

--Sacra or facra eleera patrem Fert bumeris, venerabile onns, Cythereius bercs.
De tantis opibus predam prius clogit illam,
Afcaniumgze f8sm, \&c.
——lie Son and joy
Of Cytherea with his houmold-Gods And aged sire his pious Shoulde:s loads.
Of fo great Weallh he only chofe that prize,
And his Afeaniss: from Aneandros flies
By Seas, and Muns the wicked Thracias Thore,
Defild with Bloud of Murther'd Po. lydore.

Antorisus Piss, the Nowar Empe.
rour, had a Signet bearing the Image
TO Back.

To your own Parents you obedient are, But not for Kings (our common Fathers) care.

Moral.
What Crines commit wee, or wobat grofs Abufe,
That is not palliated by Excure?
Who faies be's Guilty? Thefe Bad Company load, The DevilT bis, and tbat lays all on God.


## Fab. LXXX.

## Of the Eagle and the Crow.

THe Plumed King fpreading his feather'd fail, Down through the Clouds like a black Tempeft foops,
Paffing through Quarters of Wind, Rain,and Hail, He feiz’d a Lamb among the bleating Troops; While the Dogs bark, and the old Shepherds rail, That he a King, fhould Prey on harmlefs Beafts, He flys to cruel Nefts, And bears the Prey to Courts nine Steeples high : Then wond'rous, Blood and Wool rain from the Sky.

A foolifh Crow viewing this gallant Flight
The Eagle made down from the Arched Skies,
Swell'd with Opinion, foars a mighty height,
To rob the Flock of fuch another Prize:
Thence on a Youngling did with Fury light, And Knee-deep ftrikes himfelf in Silver Wooll,

That thence he could not pull
His tangled feet, with Art, nor Force, again, But yields himfelf thus Prifoner to a Swain.

Who gave him to the Boys,they clip his Wing, (play
And 'mongft the Flocks would with their Captive
Taught him new Notes, another Song to fing,
And when Men ask'd what Bird he was, to fay
He thought he was an Eagle, and: a King:
But to his grief he now too well did know
He is a foolith Crow,
E e 2

Who 'tove his Power great things attempting, fell A Sport to Boys, as Mercilefs as Hell.

## Moral.

All Imitate, or Imitated are:
A Sbrivell'd Desarf batb managed in War A mighty Steed, and boldly Cbarg'd the Foe, Sbooting tbrough Loop-boles in tbe Sadle-bow.


## IESOPS FABLES.

## Fab. LXXXI. Of the Dog and the Sheep.

ROugb with a trundle Tail, a Prick-ear'd Cur, That had nine warrens of ferv'd Fleas in ${ }^{3}$ s fur, On whom was Manginefs entail'd, and Itc̣, From his Sire Ifgrim, and a Cat-ey'd Bitch; With thefe Endowments Rich, . And fome bold Vices now we Vertues call, He brought to th Judgment Hall His Accufation 'gainft a guilteles Sbeep, That he the Staff of Life from him did keep,
A Loaf he lent him of the pureft $W$ heat :
At the High Tribunal Seat
At once he Charg'd, and at once Claims the Debt.
The Sbeep denies that e'r he had to do
With this ftrange Dog, that no good Shepherd knew; Since he no Bond could prove, defir'd $R$ eleafe.
Then bawls the Cur ; behold my Witneffes,
Let them the Truth confefs;
The Vulture, Fox, and fquint-ey'd Kite appear,
Who God nor Confcience fear,
To whom he promis'd equal fhares before,
For which (as they inftructed were) they fwore
They faw when he delivered him the Bread,
Refufing Bond, and kindly faid,
Without fuch things, Brethren fhould Brethren aid.
The Beafts had Salvage Laws, Who could not pay;
Convifted, at the Crëditor's Mercy lay ;

Such was the poor Sbeep's cafe, none could exhort The Dog to fave the Honour of the Court, Since Cruelty was his Sport, But at the Sbeep with open Mouth he flew, And in th' whole Benches view, Sucks his warm Blood and eats his panting Heart, And to each Witnefs quarters out their part : When one did fay; Thus Innocence, we fee, Was never yet from Danger free; As th' Evidence, fo mult the Sentence be.

Moral.
Wbile Oatbs and Evidence fall bear the Caufe, Men of small Conjcience little fear the Laws. What Trade are you? A Witnefs, Sir: Dramp neer, There's Coin, go Swear, what I woould bavie you Smear.


## Fab. LXXXII.

## Of the Frogs fearing the Sun would Marry.

LOw-Country Provinces, United Bogs, Once diftreft Sates,now Hogen Mogen Frogs; Royal and Noble Intereft gone, Command, Grown formidable both at Sea and Land: Who but a Century of Years before Dabbled in Fifhing, Defpicably Poor, In feamlefs Veffels, Troughs, cut out of Logs, Catch'd Whiting-Mops; now Gogs and Gogmagogs, In ftately Pines new Conftellations raife, Ploughing up Billows two and thirty ways; Through boyling Brine, and Cakes of crufted Ice, For Gold and Silver, Ivory, Oyl, and Spice; What Straights, Gulpls, trending Bays, fpare they to By $W$ ater to take in the Univerfe? (pierce,
Are they with Force not able to Invade?
No matter; They'l undo the $W$ orld by Trade : Four Frogs, two Tod-poles, and one greafy Toad.
Deep freighted Bottoms bear from Road to R oad.
Whom now a confternating Panick Fear
Dejected much : The Sun will Wed they hear :
The News from India, worfe than Plague or $W$ ar,
Brought and attefted by the Blazing Star.
To Pigmy Inches thefe Gygantick Frogs,
Pale Terror, fhrunk : Summon'd from all the Bogs,
Hopping or crawling they in Clufters came
Up to their Prime Morrafs, their greateft Damm.

There the new Stat-houfe ftands, built fair and large For their own Profit, but the Peoples Charge ;
Where they on all Emergencies of State, Or Private bufinefs, in Convention fate.

No Portico this Modern Building fac'd, Within no Ancient Princes Figures grac’d; Nor Granfires with their Nets, fuch were too Poor To ftand with Befoms there behind the Door, Who for their own Good-Old-Caufe Martyrs dy'd By Hemp, or by more zealous Faggots try'd : But Gods and Goddeffes in Marble Carv'd, Or finely Painted, which the Heathen ferv'd, In all the Nieches, each convenient place, In Stone or Tables the fair Structure grace. But yet for all their Skill, thefe Belgick Toads Made $V_{p f i e-D u t c b ~ H e r o e s ~ a n d ~ G r e c i a n ~ G o d s . ~}^{\text {Br }}$ Early this day affembled Old and Young, The Damm they cover, and the Stat-houfe throng : Silence commanded, not one whifpering Croak, An Old Sag-bellied Toad, rifing thus fpoke :

Grave Hogen Mogen, High and Mighty Frogs! Whofe Care and Prudence fertiliz'd thefe Bogs, And fo improv'd thefe your United States, Princes to Beard, and be with Kings Cope-Mates; Though we from Mufhromes fprung, and Spawno Like Palaces are now our fair Aboads; Toads When through brack $W$ aters, and a fale Morrafs, $W$ c in cut Trenches fafe at pleafure pafs From Damm to Damm, and time with Talk beguile, Our flyes and Goods Landing 'thout Care or Toyl;

From which new Water-works more Rent you raife,
Than from rank Acres, where fat Oxen grafe.
But what of thefe Improvements will become ?
The Sun will Wed, and Nuptials keep at Home ;
Whom Laws of Gods and Men allow a Year
From W ar or Travel, with his fair Compeer ;
His Abfence will our Marfhes in a trice
To Cryftal turn, a never-thawing Ice.
Or fhould we fape fuch a continued Froft As girdles up nine Months the Artick Coaft, His Teeming Spoufe may yet produce a Son, Shall quite out of the beaten $Z$ odiack run, So un-experienc'd drive his Father's Chair, That foon to fire he'l rarefie the Air, Water and Earth to Duft and Afhes turn, And all in one new Conflagration burn.

They tell how Pbaeton our ampie Bogs To Jelly boyl'd; few'd Tod-poles, Toads, and Frogs In one Pottage, and Pluto gave, who fwore He never tafted Broth fo Rich before.
Many fuch Yonkers may fring from his Loyns, And fhare his Houfes twelve Celeftial Signs ; And they may Wed, have Sons, and Daughters too: What in this Imminent Danger fhall we do !
To what Protector fhall we make addrefs ?
Ali know that Neptuve this concerns no lefs;
Such Drinking Suns may, at one Meeting, quaff, If he had twenty Plumblefs Oceans, off.
Him to implore lay by next Sabbath day, We're no fuch Jews nor Chriftians but we may :
He heard us lately, when a fwelling Tide
Imbodied, threaten'd o'r our Tow'rs to Ride;
F f

And foon as mov'd, with his great Trident came, Beats off green Reg'ments form'd our yielding Damm; Which had they batter'd but nine Inches higher, We had not liv'd, Ruin to fear by Fire.

This faid, Oh wondrous! the Foundations quake, And the fiff Idols, fixt in Marble, fhake; When Neptune, where he did in Triumph ride, On a rich Shell, his Cheeks frefh Sanguine dy'd, His Trident waving then with Arms difplaid, Thus to the great Convention, wondring, faid;

Batavian Frogs, Advanc'd by My fole Power, Whom fove firf Planted from a Thunder-fhower, Fear not the Sun, nor at his Of-fpring fhake : To the laft Drop I'll Drain my ample Lake, My Watry Kingdoms Laver into Suds, To quench their Torches; to the Stygian Floods l'il Titan fend, and all his fiery Tits,
To Light their Lamps, and to regain their $W$ its.
Lay idle Fears afide, he'll never Wed, Nor plant a Female in a Flaming Bed. Sufpect no Conflagrations from the Eaf;
But a new Sun now Rifing in the $W_{\text {ef }} f$;
His Flames beware, make Peace, or Arm with fpeed;
You more than all the Elements will need :
Call our Supernal, call th' Infernal Lift, Both Gods and Fiends too weak are to R efift :
He threatens my large Arms to bind in Chains, And now at Home a fecond Neptune Raigns; Who Three great Nations Swaies, and two fair Ifles, His People Ruiler of the Ocein files.

## ASOPS FABLES.

This faid, their God grows Pale, Limbs ftiff and cold,「rembling with Fear,/hrunk in their Marble Mold.

Moral.
Princes bemare to Aid a Groming State, Leff they be firft that give you the Cbeck-Mate. Wealth and Succefs turns Humblenefs to Pride : Beggars on Horf-back to the Devil ride.
FINIS.


## 曆SOPICS: OR

A Second Collection O F

# F A B LE S, 

## Paraphras'd in Verfe :

A DOR N'D<br>W I TH

## SCULPTURE,

AND
ILLUSTRATED W I TH

## ANNOTATIONS.

B Y
JohnOGilby, Efq;

Mafter of His M A JE S TIES Revells in the Kingdom of $I R E L A N D$.

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { LONDON, } \\
& \text { Printed by THOMAS ROYCROFT } \\
& \text { for the Author, MDCLXVIIII. }
\end{aligned}
$$

$$
\begin{aligned}
& 891408 \text { 3 } \\
& \text { and } \\
& 8 \\
& \text { CHI \& A } \\
& \text { div'l in becudenal. } 9 \\
& \text { (3) 品1) } 4 \text { 1103 } \\
& \text { प्राप्त } \\
& \text { "To } \\
& \text { RИOITA.TOKMA }
\end{aligned}
$$

## CHARLES R.



H A R L E S by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, \&c. To all Our loving Subjects, of mbat degree, condition or quality foever, witbin Our Kingdoms and Dominions, Greeting : Whereas it bath been manifefted unto Us, tbat Our Trufty and Welbeloved, John Ogilby, Efq; Mafter of Our Revels in Our Kingdom of Ireland, batb at bis great Cbarge, and expence of Time, Printed and Publibed, in fair Volumes, adorn'd with Sculptures, Virgil tranjlated,Homer's Iliads, Æfop Paraphras'd, and Our Entertainment in paffing through Our Gity. of London, and Coronation,togetber with Homer's Odyffes, and bis former 趾op, with Additions and Annotations, in Folio. Know ye therefore,Tbat it is Our Royal Pleafure, and We do by thefe Prefents, upon the bumble Requeft of Him the faid Ogilby, Areigbtly Cbarge, Probibit, and Forbid all Our Subjects, to Reprint the Said Books in any Volumes, or any of them; or to Copy or Counterfeit any the Sculptures or Ingravements therein, witbin the Term of Fifteen years next enfuing the date of thefe Prefents,without the Confent and Approbation of the faid John Ogilby; bis Heirs, Executors,or Affigns, as they and every of them So offending, will anfwer the contrary at their utmoft peril: Whereof the Wardens and Company of Stationers of Our City of London are to take particular notice, that due Obe=: dience be given to this Our Royal Command. Given under Our Signet andSign Manual, at Our Court at White-hall, the $25^{\text {th }}$ day of May, in tbe $17^{\text {th }}$ Year of Our Reign, 1665 .

By His Majefties Command,
ARLINGTON.



Æ S O P S
F ABLES.

## The Second Part.

Fab. I.
Of Juno and the Peacock,


H U S on his Patronefs her Bird (m) orisu was fon of typiter, Nephure, and Meresry, flain by a Scorpion for his infolence towards Dians, then affumed into the number of Conftel. did call,
 Heavens $W$ bite-ball, $\quad$ Arfawn, nnd the pliaduts, prefag'd Storms, Plin. 18.28:
(b) Heltor of the Sky, for when

Chamber fate
Court and confult like fove, or fullen Fate ; Whom I fo oft in dangers hurri'd by ${ }^{(4)}$ Orion the grand ${ }^{(6)}$ Hector of the Sky, The mighty Dragon, great and leffer Bears, And all the Monfters in their feverall Sphears, Hear my requeft, left wanting your relief, I fuffocate with over-charging grief.

## 平SOPS FABLES.



- Conjuratio Colum refciindere fratres

Scrlicete atque O If efrondefum involvereolympum,
Jir pater extruitos disjecit fulmins: ,
The Conevesunting brethrox thrice ar. If feafible, if in my power it be,
fai'd
To pull down hesven, ofa on Prlion If y et not granted by my Husband fove,
faid,
lwid,
On offa green olympus would have Nor any other Deity above:
thrown:
thrice fove with Thunder threw I thofe Mouncains down.
(b) Clasdian, l. 3. De rapta Pro. When all Heavens houfes fet not out one Light,
ferpisc. Serpixa. $\xrightarrow{\text {-Thlege cis filva fuperbit }}$
 Hic patuli vilum, bic prodigiofa cii-
santum
When in a Jealous fir Mad forth I flung,
$T$ ergora dependent, ơ adbuc credule
minentar minantar
Afixa facies truncis, imwanviaq; of $z$ Serepentump palim thmalis cxanguibass
albont,
Et rigida multo fusfirant fulmine pelles,
Nnllaque non magni jatat fo nominis arbor, $\sigma^{\circ} \mathrm{c}$.
$\xrightarrow{- \text { The }}$ Tride, Woods in Spoils Pblegraan pride,
The whole Grove vid'ry cloath'd, here, Gapings wide
Of horrid Jaws ; there, Backs of hideous fize
Hong, and flakd faces threatning fill
Hung, and flak'd faces threatning fill
the skies:
Huge serpents Skeleions in bloodefs Nor Fove, though arm'd with Thunder, her Gallant.
There, bleaching white lay in voluminous Coyls,
Whofe faly Sloughs fmell with sul. phureous Flame:
No Tree but boafts fome mighty Giants Name.
This, loaden, under ftern $\mathcal{A}$ gaon yields,
Who us'd an hundred Swords, as many shields;
Thar, brezgs bold Ccrus bloody fooils: this, bears
The Arre of Mimas; that ophions wears.
But higher than the reft, with fpread. ing ihade.
A Hirr $E$ necladus Cref and Corflet lade,

Had'ff not thou heard his waves my Brother rate,
Realms in Commotion forming to a State, We in the Hurly burly had been dipt, And ore our Stern Rebellious furges fhipt; When with a Canceleere thou drew'ft to land, Where his fine Miftrefs felt my heavy hand: No more durft fhe me in my Bed fupplant, Her in good humour finding, the glad Bird, Thus his Petition to Heavens Queen preferr'd: Now many years have circling periods fill'd, Since that the fummon'd Gods a Council held, When fove and You were Crown'd in Starrie Robes, Ore the Coeleftial and Terreftrial Globes, Old Saturn faln, ( ${ }^{\text {( ) Cov'nanting (b) Gyants flain, }}$ The Giants King; which with its The Ginnts King; wlich with its
weighic had brokec

Government chang'd, began your filver Raign : If not tuppored by a neighbring Through milky paths your golden (r) Chariot drew, Hence a Religious aw preferves the Woads,
And none dare wrong the trophies of the Gods. (c) 7 mro is faid to have her Chariot New Conquefts vifiting from Sphere to Sphere, In this your Livery, which now I wear,

 Hence the $S_{\text {amii }}$ lave the portrai-
 ©ins, becaufe ? 1 ne, to whom this Gird is decicaced, wấs by them adosed.
ESOPS FABLES.

My ill lee Mufick $\mathbf{W}$ rens and Kobms mock, Nay Buzzards make my Notes their laughing ftock. Oh grant me Pbilomel's inchanting Voice, That I may You, and Gods, and Men rejoyce.
Then angry ${ }^{\prime}$ funo, This no farther move, Peculiar Gifts long fince were paft by fove, Perquifets, Fees, and their Immoluments, And ratified with all-the Gods confents: To beg what is anothers Patent wave; They to the Eagle frength, thee ( ${ }^{(d)}$ beauty gave, The (e) Raven fate, the ${ }^{(f)}$ Crow ill luck to tell, Chief ( $s$ ) Chorifter conferr'd on Pbilomel :

Take heed, lef I transform you to a Coot, And fute your Livery to your Note and Foot.
(d) $\mathcal{E}$ lian faith, that this Bird was tranfonted from the Perberians in the Greciens, ar che teginning to rare. that amongt the Atbrnians is was not to befeen without money.

And further he relates, that Ale.rander the Great havirg feen this bird among the Indians was fo much taken op in the admiration of it, that he laid a heavy purifhment upon al thufe that mould dare to kill ise Whence Marsial.
Miraris quoties geminatas explicat

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { alar, } \\
& \text { Et pores bunc lavo tradere. dure }
\end{aligned}
$$ Coso?

When thou admiring on his wings doft look
Him wouldf thou kill, and fend unto the Cook?
(e) Pierius reports the Ravens to portend future emnity between two friends: wherefore he laith, that two of them perfecuting an Eagie, which fate upon the Palace of Auguftres, were by her caft to the ground, even at that time when he cransferred the bands of the Trinmviri into Bomonia, they prefaged and foretold the civit Wars and fatal Battel at Pbilippi.
(f) Virg. Eclog. 1.

Sape finiftra cavâ predixit áo llise cornix.
Ah! had we not been blind, the unlucky Crow
Oft from thold Elm this mifchiefdid forefhow.
( $\delta$ ) Ifiderses faith, that the is called Lufcinia, as if Lucinis, becaufe by her finging the doth denote day breaking.

Morail:
Some, all Injoyments Jigbt, wobat they bave not, bough mean, the Augmentation muits be got;
1,tbofe, tbat in felicity may dwell, queft of trifles make their Heaven a Hell.

## Fab. II.

## Of the Ox and Dog in the Manger.

(a) Pierius reports, that amongst the Greek Authors, the Ore is called rail - , because he is ordained and appointed to labour about the earth. The Mathematicians observe, that thole Children which are born when the Sun enters into $T$ auras, are condemned to perpetual fervitude; for which cause the Syrians, having en. which cause the Tyrians, having en. broke off their work upon the find. ing of an Ores head, which Arrange fight portended nothing but anxious labour: Until foch time as they found
a Hordes head, which being not long a Horfes head, which being not long
after, they renewed their former resolution.

IO day this Ox gave more than ample proofs Of patient ${ }^{(\cdot)}$ labour by his gravell'd Hoofs, His back and fides pinck'd ore with nettling Turning hard Gleab in ridges wide as Roads, (Goads, Who late, and tyr'd, unyok'd went to his Stall, Not doubting there he fhould to fupper fall, Seeing full Mangers, and his well known place, When up a Fury farted in his Face, J aws dropping foam, his fierce eyes darting flame, A curled Carr, Cromwell his loathed Name; Dutch Cromwell a wild ${ }^{(b)}$ Sooterkin his Sire,
(b) One of which kind of mon-
 my to be feer at Amfterdam.

Whom, ere the Nurfe or Midwife could attach
To fiffe, pregnant made his Mothers Brach;
She in her pangs had all the $V$ foes help,
When her whole Litter prov'd this fingle Whelp, Who flailing kept the Ox thus at a bay, Not fuffering him to touch one lock of Hay.

Then fid the troubled Ox, Pray Sir forbear, I know you fland for no Protector here; Why then thus drive you me from Cates prepared? Who toyl, from Vi\&tuals fhould not be debar'd. Soon as the Dawn vermil'd her paler Brow, I and my Yoks-mate Harnefs'd were at Plow, Where Clods and Stones we up in Furrows tore, Fallow had lain at leaf nine years before'; My Brother quite wrought out, harrafs'd and tyr'd, Fainting, dropt down, and fuddenly expir'd:

$-\quad$.

$$
\mathbb{E} S O P S F A B L E S \text {. }
$$

## 5

Chey fwore he fain'd ; ligh'd to tee him tall, Tet reft expetted at his Funerall :
Jut then our cruel Goader put me to 1 double task, the W ork that both fhould do.
I know you at your Mafter's elbow wait, Ind feldome fhift, Im fure, an empty Plate; Enow, in the Hall, Kitchin, and Larder, you, 3efides your Vails, take more than what's your due; fow in the Beggars Dole you go a fnip, Ind I have feen you miching after Sheep. Why drive you me then from my well known Crib, Ind from what you difdain to touch, thus frib ?
Who growling thus reply'd, evre, erter, I hate
$N$ retches maintain themfelves by toyl and fweat ;
My Mother told me once, to her reproach,
I Whelp fhe drew a little ( a Todpolls Coach;

Vo Idlers fufferd in United Bogs,
(4) Alluding to the Paraphras ${ }^{\circ}$ Fable of the Frogs informed that the San would marry; beginning thus;
[here they turn Spits,draw water, plough with Dogs;
[hofe who are born to beat their Brains and toyl, Their Fortunes defpicable are and vile.
Whilft the poor Ox ftood chewing a reply, Their Mafter well obferving them, drew nigh, And with a Cudgel fightful Cromwell bang'd, Ind after, for like mifdemeanors, hangd.

## Moral.

Who otbers drive from that themfelves not ufe, rbofe Dogs in Dublets noorfe tban Turks or Jews, iucb crefs-grain'd Currs, may they in want implore, Finding no pity, Bread from Dore to Dore.

C
Fab.

Fab. III.
Of the Leopard, the Fox; and the $A / s$.

sOon as the Sun, dayes glorious Lamp, arofe, Nights glittering Guards retir'd to their repofe, The new made Mafter of the R oyal Game, Lord Leopard, to a Chryftal Fountain came, Where he the Fox and $A f$ s at watering met, Not of his new Imployment hearing yet; To whom he faid, Congees forbear and Caps; I hate all Complements and formal Fops; You are my Tenants, at this living Spring Let's tope a while, a Health, here's to the King, Who laft night gracioufly my Warrant fign'd, You know my place, but I'll to you be kind, Your former $W$ alks fhall all confirmed be, Onely my Secretary pay his Fee: And fince the Morning fmiles, no fign of change, Let's take the Air, and through the Foreft range, And if by chance on a fat Buck we fall, We'll fhare alike, and be hail fellows all. They take his Word, at the firft motion joyn'd, As if Indentures tripartite were fign'd; And fingling out a well-fed Deer they flew, Expering, as agreed upon, their due.

Then fpake the Leopard in a rougher file,
 the divine Hymne of Apollo, thus by the Gods to be punifher, thar thore ( 6 ) Reynard's a cunning fnap, you may be Juft, $\substack{\text { mener might becramiformed into an } \\ \text { Ance. }}$ But ah! in this bad world whom fhall we truft ?
 hatrest.

Lacretins faith, that this Crestor is naturally crafty and fubtle.
Varro faith, thas fuch is the fubtle- The Quarrie out in three divifions laid, ? of this creature, thas from thence
the word $V$ vppinari was made, which the Greth call dianxi\{ Mu!,


His Honour then befeeching firt to chule, A while he pondring food, as in a Mufe; Voleys of Oaths at laft a paflage found, That made Earth tremble, and the Groves refound: Thus clofing all; Now by the $L$ yons Head, Thou wert in fome Malignant City bred, Thus learn'it thou there to weigh out, flice, and mince, Thus meafur'd they Rebellion 'gainft their Prince, Dividing in the late unnatural ftirs The Lyons Ermine, and his Nobles Furs; Skinners on Stalls, took in their cruel Toils, Hung Pantbers Vefts, and Leopards (e) gaudy Spoils: Thus raving, at the Innocent he flyes, Soon guiltefs Blood the falvage Monfter dyes.
Then turning to the Fox, bids him divide, At his Friends fortune ftrangely terrifid :
(c) Oppias.

Verficolor, pellis nisido micat aurea $\mathrm{fH} / \mathrm{co}$
Intexfufa nigris masulis candore ni-
The various Coloured Leoparde skia bebold,
Whofe black Gown fhines with fives Studs and Gold.

Soon as the Shares he up in one could ger, Himfelf and them cafts humbly at his feet ; Who fmiling faid, The Court you underftand, And Great ones Power well as Law Cafes fcand : How could you hit, at what he fhot fo wide ?

I took my aim from him, the Fox reply'd; Here lies the Prefident fhall bear your Caufe, And fetch you off with Honour and Applaufe In any Court, prove this a mild rebuke, And how the fawcie Beaft himfelf miftook.

Then faid the Leopard, You to purpofe fpeak, Lay the whole Burthen on the Affes back, Then fhall the Countrey, and the City too, Bring thee more $W$ ork than all the Inns can do, For fuch a Lawyer, acive, wife and fout, That labours well, can bring what's what about, Blanch Crows, turn Cat in Pan a thoufand wayes, Who will not fuch to Wealth and Honour raife?

But he who ere to this fat Buck pretends, Had better, Dam Me, eat his Trotters einds.

## Moral.

'Tis dangerous to deal witb Hestring Lords, That Seldom pay but fuch as carry Smords, Bonds, Bills, not fignifie mben fure's the Debt, If due at l. Hombre, or a Game at Beat.


## ESOPS FABLES.

## Fab. IV. Of the Fox and the Porcupine.

Ir Keynard's Pregnant Madam now grown big, Long'd to Eat Swine's flefh, Bacon, Pork,or Pig ; T' infpectt the Haflet and the bleeding Heart, Elle with her quickning Embrio fhe muft part : Thus haftned forth, to fore with frefh fupplies His Fainting Wife, a Porcupine he fpies;
Then joyful, faid; What need I farther prog?
Yon Urchin, that fmall parcel of a Hog,
Will eare her Fit : But how fhall I take in
This Armorors Hall, this thwack'd up Magazeene ?
To ftorm a Fort fo fortifid, decline;
When Reynard thus began to underminie.
Oft have I feen you, Sir, and wondred long,
How like an Army forty thoufand ftrong
You brandifht Pikes,Shafts ready drawn to fhoot; Would dim the Sun, and rout both Horfe and Foot;
Such moving Towers that fo could Javlins Ipend The Lion's Army might entrench'd defend.

Had th' (a) Okeland Fleet, in every Veffel two Such Engins quivers could unload like you, Ufelefs were bouncing Broad-fides, without noyfe Decks would be cleer'd of big bon'd Belgick Boys: But why where Quiet reigns, in fuch a Heat W alk you the fultry Streets in Arms compleat? Sweat with a Load would break a Camels back : When your grand Cutters, and your greateft Heck
On each Puncilio fight as they would Play, And lightly Armd with Whittles, Kill and Slay: Devided parties after a thrown Glafs,
About, a Straw, a Feather, or a Lafs,
D
(a) Alluding to Great Rrittain, in the Map Form'd like an Oaken leai. as Ircland a Bears foot, and Jra!y refembling a wais's Leg. Sirabo.

Fiercely engage, and warm with Gallick bouls, Tap with fteel Spigots one anothers Souls;

Oft, as by Night, Glafs $W$ indows go to wrack, When they the Watch and Conftable attack, Though fractures happen, and brains beaten out, Th' are not fo often Routed as they Rout:

But the French Ape the Ulrchin Turk ore-threw, Each loaden with a Magazeene like you; Your feffries mounted with fhort Swords and Daggs, Cleer'd the Champaigne of filver crefted Flags: Wear,Sir, a Veft, like perfons of your Note, A Golden Bauldrick over-thwart your Coate, Which from Affronts you better fhall fecure: This Load once laid afide you'll ne'r endure.

When thus the furly Porcupine Replies; I fmell a Fox! ftand farther I advife !
No nearer draw ! You like a Bailiff look, And I ftand charg'd upon the Taylor's Book :

I that have made of Alleys and By-wayes, Maps of this City, and no mean Effaies Of places Privileg'd, each Nook and Lane A $W$ ar Defenfive better to maintain, Hardly will now into Arreft be gulld, By Dogs in Doublets to the Counter pull'd; A red Beard Sergeant, Pewter-button'd too ! More Cruel are than Devil, Turk, or Jew.

> Mor a L.
> Tbofe fubtleft are, beff troow bow to Trepan Into belief, the Apprebenfive Man: Yet oft tbeir Labours but fmall Audits make, Dafj'd by fome Surly Fool, or grofs Miftake.


## Fab. V. Of the Swan and Stork.

IHat Formal Fowl, the grand Canary-Bird, Who firft in our fo late Rebellion fird; Prime Leader of the Hypocritick Crew, Who Swearing hate, as much as telling True ; Th' Antimonarchical Republick (a) Stork, Steps forth be-moded, now your only Spark :
(a) Storks are oblervd to breed only in Republicks, as Venice, Switzerlamd, Gexiva, Helyesia, and the Love: Countreys.

His Steeple-Hat reduc'd, and treacherous Ruff, To a Low crown, fhort Sword, Veft, Coat, and Muff; Struck into frefh Imployment, new his place Chang'd, with his Habit, Character and Face : Who after Scepter-rifing, Wealthie grown, His Neft well Feather'd, Pluming of the Crown :
The long-bill'd Bird his old Note changing fings; I am the King's Canary-Bird! the Kings!.
Who ftalking through the Strand, thus to a ${ }^{(b)}$ Sman
(b) Swinns äre Birds Royal, and fo the King's Game,

Meeting by chance, facetioufly began.
Oh my kind Foe, my old Antagonift, We fhall no more enter the $W$ rangling Lift, And there in hot Difputes, and teftie jars, Fight Tooth and Nail, the Stork's and Eagle's Wars; I in thofe Counter-fcuffles plai'd the $W$ ag,
Dang'rous to whifper then, what now I brag: I fent the King good fore of Plate and Coyn, From Friends Collected, and no fmall part Myne; And now intruft am with my Gracious Prince:

But what Preferment, Friend, may Yours be fince:
Your Loyal Pen not only merits Praife,
But fome Preferment, well as $W$ ind and Baies.
Who thus reply'd; I'm glad you look fo brisk,
No danger Running now, the Royal Risk,

Your Garb and $W$ eeds are alter'd much ! how big Your Storksbip looks! Owl'd in a Periwig! But wearing Time makes alterations ftrange, And to Extreams Fafhions and Humors change;
What Crimes were Love-locks and long hair of lat
When who e'r came before a Magiftrate,
Proud of exuperant Curles, his Caufe, what e'r
Till thofe he had reform'd, they would not hear.
That frenzie o'r thefe Perfecutors were
Themfelves not only for a Cap of Hair,
But ranker Harvefts reapt from Damfels Heads, Curl'd Treffes flowing to their Girdle-fteads : And fome believe e'r long, who look not big, Before the peruck'd Bench, $W$ ig faceing $W$ ig, Shall run .th' old Ruffians R isk, his Knights o'th' Poft And good Caufe larded well with Bribes, be loft.

But as for me, and Swan's Affairs, the Thames Few Signets breeds, low run his famous ftreams; Banks, once refounding notes more fweet and higher
Than Rome ere boafted, or the Grecian Quire
Ring with Rime dogrel, Traveftes, fo loofe

 ${ }_{F}^{E L}$ be wities,

But foft Alternate whynings cool the Stage,
-Argato Anfir Arypit hater rolores.
The Goofe 'mongt warbling Debofh'd Nocturnals belch'd by toping Owls, Decoy in flocks both Court and City Fowls, and sfirms, that he writ the Afs of of here Hect'ring Caftrills'mongft young Merlins fit, lignd by vur Author.

Admiring Non-fenfe, little, or no wit.
And you, Sir Stork, that hated once a Play,
As Fiends, and Birds of Night to fee the day,
Grin at chang'd Scenes, and edifying fockes,
'Mongft Knighted Daws, and Parlimental flocks.
Then faid the Stork, Birds of my Coat and feather
Like Steeple-Cocks, turn round with wind and weather

## ASOPS FABLES.

And I that late at Directories fate
Hearing demurely tedious Pulpit-prate;
Am pleas'd with wit, and Sanctifie as well,
When pretty Ducklings Dance like Mis or Nell.
I care not fo my felf not tumble down, Who gets the beft, the Copper or the Crown : All Winds ferve us, we Tack to every Port, Committee-Birds, Canary now at Court.

Kings Chambers open lye, the Eagle Knights Dowos, Rooks, and Owls, 'mongft gentle Falcons, Kites.

## Moral.

Princes fbould caft a ferene Look on all, But if Preferments on the worong fide fall, Tbofe wobo prefent them, leffer they foould truff; Kings ne'r, but Favourites may be unjufl.

## Fab. VI.

## Of the Cramb'd Capons and the Lean one:

COck-chickens Mars his brood, birds of the game, By Decaftration freed from $V$ enis flame, And Duel Heats; no more thefe little Hecks Spurs yet but burgeond ufe, or tender Beaks, Difputing fenflefs jars on flender feores, For Crums, a barly Corn, or vain Amours :
But pen'd up live an Abby Lubbers life, Where to be Fatteft was their only ftrife :
With Rice and Reafons cramb'd in feveral Paftes; Large Capons ftrut with Hogen Mogen Waftes!
Whofe Leg Pierce Plomman would a Meal afford,
Like (a) Bruffels breed, or a Geneva Bird!
Yet one of thefe, feande Capoon, who made
Them all the fport, grew penfative and fad;
Feafts feed not him, he dwindling pines away,
Fearing that Scores would be, and Sawce to pay;
This took all Relifh from his Cates and Jokes,
When fack a Lent mop't like a fobn an Okes:
The Corpulent Fraternitie thus charg'd.
What ailf thou ? that with us fill over gorg'd,
Liv'ft at full Pleafure in a plenteous coupe,
Yet like the Picture doft of Famine droop;
Since cur'd of Love, which keeps poor Mortals low,
Why lookft thou like a Rook, or Carrion Crono?
Thy Mirth that fed us more than all our Feafts,
So in abufive and fuch favorie jefts
No clintch drie bobs nor borrow'd, good-wits jump, Lyes filenc'd in a Melancholy dump.

A SOPS FABLES.

Who now grown ferious, gravely thus repli'd;
The Steward Audits will for us provide:
He muft be backwards read, if underfood, His Treatments fignifie your Flefh and Blood; He on our Bodies and Eftates will fall, And bring us under Premunire all :
Oft in he peeps, and counts us with his Staff,
You may, but I fmall reafon fee to laugh :
In his fowre Looks I read fome dire Defign,
Which makes poor fobn to languifh thus, and pine.
Juft as he fpake, the Major Domo comes,
At one breath thus pronouncing all their Dooms.
Grannie, thefe Capons muft one Charger fill,
That Rafcal fpare, but all the fat ones kill.
My Lord to morrow a grand Monfeur treats,
That difin'd, like Larks, on Chapoones Boulie eats:
But we muft have an Oleo and a Bisk;
For Fin-fan Madam, and faftideous Brisk, Potages, grounds for Sawce, will coft my Lord What a whole Month would keep a Country-board;
Chick-peepers muft be had, all forts of Squabs, For our Dames Gallants, and his Lady Drabs; They for fweet change upon each other wink : Whileft Rents comes flowly in, thus flys the Chink.

This faid, he exits, huffing with a Curfe, Whileft to make ready, hobbles Gramy Nurfe.

Poor Capon Gobn, though for his brethren fad, This flort Survey of both their Fortunes made.

> Mora L. A Sbort Life and a Merry, many cry, Yet curfe rich Wine and Surfeits ér they dy. Otbers long Poverty fin out till Age, Their Lives mbole bufnefs farce wortb one Potage.

## Fab. VII.

## Of the Fox and Bujh.

SW ains forth, and Mafters, Lords and Tenants Fox-bal beleagur'de'r the purpling dawn;(drawn, Refolv'd for Injuries both to Man and Beaft, Themfelves with Sport and fweet Revenge to Feaft, Reynard Alarm'd, feeling fhady Roofs Shaken with clamors, Dogs, and thundring Hoofs;
With mazing Terror ftruck, Life at the ftake,
No ufe could of his Quirks and Quidits make;
He that his Country Neighbours, kept in Awe,
With Fox-fur only, and the name of Law:
In Court too, fo much Power and Intereff gain'd,
That fome faid Reynard, not the Lion Raign'd;
Who hanging on the King by either car,
Made Ifgrim wait, Bruine his Dancing Bear,
Attending when his Leifure would vouchfave
They, or their Clients might Admittance have,
Who now from beat up quarters takes his fight,
(di) The Frais oberevd abe the And a Courfe fhews them twenty Miles out-right. (a) fubuilef Resffi in preving, and mot difcompos ${ }^{2}$ d and filly when in danger of his life, then trufting only to his Heels.

To him much tir'd, his Spirits almoft fpent, A fheltring Bufb her felf feems to prefent;
Tborn-Cafle, in for Safety he retires,
Forcing his paffage through a fland of Briers,
$W$ ith fome fmall buffle, and a little frratch, Maftering a furly and affiduous Watch;
Who when Purfuers he no more could hear,
His Wits recovering ftupifid with Fear;
Thus threatned he the Captain of the Fort:
Of your Behaviour I'll inform the Court.
How dare you keep a Privy-Couns'ler out?
When open lyes to Robbers your Redoubt,


Town Bulls and Goats by you unqueftion'd, Sin, And make this Brothel-houfe their conftant Inn; To thofe fhun Juftice, or the Kings Imprefs, You grant Protection in this dark Recefs:
But Loyal Subjects, when purfu'd by Foes, Thus to their cruel Mercie you expofe.

To whom the Captain of the Caftle fpake;
You are Sir Reynard, if I not miftake, Such Counfelors the Lion may have fore : To take the Scepter, You advis'd the Boare, His Brawnie Shields, with Ermine to infold, And Swinifh Temples Crown with facred Gold; That $W$ rits and Pleas might run as erft they were, No matter who contaminates the Chair ! What Dog? what curfed Cur or Hel-hound Raign'd? So Lawyers Props and timber-work remain'd:
I forn your Threats, and though my Spear fell fhort, I wifh thee all thefe Javelins in thy Heart.

## Moral。

The Prond, and Rich, Deatb knocking at tbeir Gattes, Oft for a Horre will offer tbeir Eftates:
The Fear once or, they to themijelves return; Refuming foon their former Pride and Scorn.

## Fab. VIII. <br> Of the Fox and the Crow.

THis Crom a dainty piece of Cheefe had nim'd, Moft Authors fay, all of Newmilk unskim'd; But of what kind or fort fcarce one agrees, Whether our Home-made, or elfe Forein Cheefe : Yet both fides hearken to, a Reverend Bard, Who Cambrian ftyles the Theft, fo rank and hard, Since it not melted in her watry Mouth , 'Mongft humid Vapours and the Wind at South, And Smell, which through the ambient Air convey'd To Reynard's noftrils,fo quick paffage made; Whofe Nofe at random mounted, thence he hies, And running, plots how to obtain the Prize: Nor long he for the Croon nor Morfel fearch'd, But found her on a branching Alder pearch'd.

To whom he faid; O thou mof Heavenly Fair, Whofe Plumes like Peacocks trains, or Rainbows are ! Th' imbroider'd Lights and Shadows of thy Wings Richer than Coronation Suits of Kings: I thought you Black, when in a Mourniag Gown And Vizard-mask you lately came to Town : But now that fhade, and envious Curtain drawn, So Venus glitters uthering in the Dawn.

Ah could you fing! To thefe add Heavenly Notes, I hould procure you both the Houfes Votes To be the King's White Crom ; He keeps fine Birds, That pleafe him with new Songs, and well-fet VVords, VVhen he from Eurthening care himfelf unloads, Muffch and Beanty conquer Men and Gods.

But, $\mathrm{Nadam}_{\text {, }}$ if at no fuch heights you aim Not firlt to foar, yet covetous of Fame,


> ASOPS FABLES.

You，I＇ll my felf，and all my Friends engage， To make the Prop and Glory of the Stage， Where in the Comik and the Tragick Scene You $W$ omen fhall undoe，as well as Men； Thofe daies you Aat，what W orlds will there refort ？ Both from the Country，City，and the Court．
The fond Bird at the Court and Stages Namej Straight dreamt her felf a Beauty of the Game； The Glory of the Scene，the King＇s White Bird： Why may not fhe be Married to a Lord？

Thus wandring in her own Fools Paradife， Offering to Sing，down drops the favourie Slice； Which Reynard feiz＇d，ftreight fwallowing as his own ； Then faid，Foul Witch，in that Frencb ruffet Gown， Thought＇ft thou thy felf the Pbonix ？ugly Toad！ More like Old Nick＇s Neece in that mouldy Hood．

This faid；he fleering，leaves her full of woe； Remembring then her felf a Carion Crons．

## Moral。

Flatterie wide doors to Climbing Spirits opes，
Beneath tbeir Scorn，then Seem all former Hopies s
Dreaming to great Preferments they afire， Awalk＇d with Dun，th are flabled in the Mire．

## ASOPS FABLES.

## FAB. IX.

## Of the Crab and her Mother.

HAd ever Hielding Crabat fuch a Miene ? Stil hobling fide-ward, thy foul claws turn'd in Bafe Maggots in a Magnifying Glafs 'Mongft Chedar Common-wealths more comly pace; Conducting bufie Mites from Grange to Grange, Forts raifing or to build their new Exchange.

How wouldft thou of Step-ftately Ladies learn, To raife a Duft, trailing thy Silken ftern; Couldft thou but get into the City Vain, To trip up Maiden, or down Mincing-Lane; I might be pleas'd with fuch a decent Sight, Though Modefty be out of fafhion quite:

Thus Beldam Crab, her Crablin Daughter chid, Becaufe fhe hirpl'd as her Mother did.

When thus her ill-pacid Little one reply'd; Still you lie Baiting, alwayes Braul and Chide; Examples are beft Precepts, Talk's but talk, Leave finding fault, and fhew me how to $W$ alk.

The Mother then ; Daughter y' are very fhort, Though Blows more fit than $W$ ords are, to retort ; I'll take advice ; Come! bridle clofe your Chin, Thruft out your Breaft, and keep your Belly in.

When I was Young, and little as thou art, I led a Bevie fir'd by Cupid's Dart, From Mountain Seats to pay accuftom'd Scores (m) The Crabs are oberer'd at In Thetis V Vatery Court to brisk Amours; Spawning-time, in the weffern-Ifes,

 Arructs wheir paffage.


Fab:9

A SOPS $\bar{F} A B L E X$.
21
Je'r deviating ftep, till in the Main, 3risk Males attending us did entertain.

Come, follow me, I cnce did learn to Dance; $W$ alk'd ftately meafures that ne'r came from France; The $F$ airy Court admir'd me, and Queen $M a b$ Jrew Jealous, though grown now a wither'd Crab; jo! to the Right, nor to the Left hand fwerve, Sut me your Mother, punctually obferve.

Th' old Beldam thus, Hipfhotten and Bunch back, Deníd by Nature, Ámble, Trot, or Rack, fer Daughter taught, to whom at laft fhe faid; You tread awry, and I move R etrograde : My fteps like yours, as Coyn drops from the Mint, With like Impreffions yielding fand imprint : But if my Obfervations be true, Court Madams waddle now like me or you; Who fhould Exemplars be, give others Rules, Waving Formalities of Boarding-Schools, Taking proud freedoms fcorn reftraintive $\mathbf{L a w}$, Like Ships in Storms at Anchor rowl and Yaw, No more'gainft me and my Behaviour preach, Firt learn your felf, and then your Daughter teach;

Who beft are ftor'd moitb Ignorance and Pride, Mof otbers Imbecillities Deride.

## Moral.

Age, Toutb Inftructs, Vices wbate'r to Jbun, Wbilft Cbildren o'r their Parents Footfeps run: Motbers their Daugbters in the Oven find Where once They bid ; and Cat woill after Kind. F

Fabi

## Fab. X. Of the Bald Man and the Fly.

THe Sun and Syrius in Combuftion joyn'd, Broild Rivers,and gave Fiery breath to wind; Whilf fultry Atoms moving from the South The Air inflam'd as from an Ovens Mouth, Which Heat on broody moyfture Infects forms, Buzzing about on Sarfnet $W$ ings in Swarms.

A weary Swain with fweltering beams grown Faint, Ready almoft in his own brine to taint;
Down in a Checkering Bower and frett-work fhade Sate to Repofe, and by his Bonnet laid, Rubs his high Forhead where had once been Hair, Now many lufters; Oberon's Bowling Bare, Where 'monigtt the fringing Purlues oft Queen $M a b$, With her Gallant Pigmiggen play'd the Drab.

On this frange Spectacle Sir Cranion look'd: As on a Calves-head in the Shambles Cook'd, By Heat, and Drowth,and Pbabus bufie Raies, Made fit for his impregnating Effaies; The Fly in high cafe novel beauty warms, They Deatb and Danger flight, that Cupid arms. The fierce Amour falls on like Mad or Drunk, And eager thrufts in his bane-breathing Trunk.

The Swain at once a tickling felt, and fmart
From Poyfon of th' injected venom'd Dart ;
Plotting Revenge, the Fly how to difpatch,
At once the Criminal Punifh and Attach ,
He lifts his Hand up foffly, with a rap,
To diffipate him like a Butcher's Flap;
Which coming down fwift as the Ax and Lead,
That falls upon the Malefactor's Head;


## ASOPS FABLES.

Yet he on $W$ ings.expanded makes Efcape,「riumphing at the bravery of the Rape; And that the Ruftick he had fo trepan'd, To make him hurt himfelf with his own Hand.

Then faid the Swain, Laugh'f thou that thee I mift ?
Bruifing my Forehead with my falling Fift ;
If I had catch'd thee, I had beat as flat
Thy bonelefs body as a limber Groat;
Thou that haft drunk my Blood and pierc'd my Flefh, And thus infule'ft, hadft now been made a Mefh.

Who thus reply'd; Such Swains,be who thou wilt, I forn not able their bald Crowns to quilt ; Old Daws and wrinkled Rooks here fheath their heads, In Life-hair Perucks to their girdle-fteads: But you with unthatch'd Sconce, give thanks to Fate;
That I have done my bufinefs on your Pate ;
Be fure your empty Noddle now is fped,
You ne'r fhall want a Maggot in your Head, There you will find Ingredients, that fhall Tickle your addle Brains both Spring and Fall.

## Moral.

When you enrag'd, Revenge for Injuries Plot,
Take 乃pecial care your Self you Injure not;
Left Scoffers fall on you witb lefs remorfe, Tban thofe tbat can witb feering kill a Horfe. $\mathrm{F}_{2}$
$\mathrm{F}_{4} \mathrm{~g}$.
(a) See Virg Gerg lib. 3.

Atryue Idto Tauio procel, atq; in fula relegunt
Pof ua ouft moritem oppofitum, co trans fatminalasa
Aut intus cluufos fatura ad prafepia forvant.
Carpit cnim vircs passlatim, uritgue videndo
Fcemina-
Far off che Bulls alone are feeding ti'de
Behind a Mountain, or beyord fome Flond,
shat up at plenteous falls with pleafant fuod:
For feeing of the Female wafts their ftreng:h,
Who burnirg, mird nor Grafs, nor Groves, ar leng:h ;
Groves, ar length ; inticements oft
provokes
Proud Rivals, till theirfury tern to frokes,
In pleafant Groves the beautous Heifer feeds;
But chey juyn Buttel, and in warlike deeds
Gain many wounds, their bodies bath'd in gore,
Clofing thar Horns mor dreadfully they rore ;
The mighy woods, and heavens valt coure refourd.
No more thefe Warriours pafiure in one ground;
Fxild in Coafts unknown, the Vari-
quithid gors, Conqueror's blows,
That uni eveng'd fiom him his Love
Wastook,
Viewing his falls, and native Realms forfo k .
Then carefully recruits his furce, teing!ad
On ahard Rock, a bed but roushly made,
Feeds oa harm leaves, and brifly


His Horns then cxercifing, Anger whers
Againtt a Tree, venting on th Air his
finights
scattering the fand as Prologue to the
fight.
fis torce rectuited, on the foe he fe:s,
And buldly uphis carcleís Quarters beats.
As when at Sea the nu:ured Waves grow whire.
A id rowling from the Ocean gather And how at land, 'gaint Rocks they firangely rear.
Nur lefs than Mountains break upon the fhore;
The deep!lood: boyl, whit'd with the foaming Tide.
And working calt up fand on every fide.

See V.rgil Encid. lib 12 .
So when from Syla, or T.barnus, we Two Bulls e! gag'd in bloody Battel fee;
,
र̀m duo converjos inimica pralix
Frontibas incurrunt, paridi cofere
magztri,
Stat pechi omne mita mutum, man $\int$ ant-
que fuverca, Which odious Injury fo ill I brook,
 Colla armó $\mathrm{f}_{\mathrm{j}}$ lavan:, gemitw nemus omme remugit.

## $\mathrm{F}_{\mathrm{Ab}}$. XI. Of the Rufick and bis Ox.

 H moft defpightful and unworthy Beaft ! What? wilt thou never work, yet always feaft There muft be Audits, if you'l nothing doe; Or Sweat, or Pay; Why who are you Sir ? you ; Go'tt thou not daily to the Eyes in Grafs? What muft your Dung for fatisfaction pass? Are not your Mangers ftuff'd? brim-full your Crits I'il fetch my pen'orths from thefe Larded Ribs. Thus faid the Smain to his Rebellious $O x$, Who butts for Blows returns, and fpurns for Knocks. Then fpake the Beaft ; Art not afham'd to beat Me for not Working, and our Mafter Cheat ? How can they Service do that want their Pay? Fed with Danck Provender and Mufty Hay? Whilf I am fterv'd, like one of Pbarob's. Kine, What fhould my Belly fill, your Coffers line: But this not all the Quarrel, though all truth, Thou rob't me of my Dowcets in my Youth; That now fand by, forfooth, and only look ; I could well wifh,fuch my Revenge fhould be Day through both fides thy treacherous heart may fee Piave are thofe flames that kindle in the Male, Viewing a beauteous Heifer in the Vale ; Sure 'tis a Heavenly War,delightful Rage!When (a) Bulls,fpurr'd on by Rivalhip, engage : Their frighted Owners fy ; filent with fea Jut zutcr fefe maltâ vi valnera mifcent, (tar; The Cattel fland, the Heifers doubtful are Coonnaq; otn xi infiguxt; or fanguine largo. Who thall Command; whom muft the Her: They gore each other in the dreadful fray, Till itreams of Blood their necks ard stio(ders drown And ecchoing Woods the Bellowers cryes re


The Herds amazed ftand, the Grove refounds, The bellowing Hectors dealing wounds for wounds.

By this I might have been the Parfon's Bull, And like him round, Choice beauties pick and cull; Had fweet-breath'd Wives, and black-ey'd Concubines, And a Fair Iffue fprung from my own Loyns, Who now thus live a folitary life,
Barr'd from the dear enjoyments of a Wife.
Then faid the Swain; Fond beaft, is that the caule?
How many know I, could they find a Claufe
To be Divorc'd, their whole Eftates would fpend, Who fee now of their Miferies no end : Hadft thou a curft Cow, though her Horns were fhort, Evening and Morn fhe'll gore thee to the Heart ; Ne'r let thee reft, until Commanding all, She Rule at Rack and Manger in thy Stall : Know thou dull Lump, know inconfiderate $O x$, I have a Wife, am Married with a Pox; Who never refting, either Eare alarms VVith fuddain Tempefts, and affiduous ftorms;
At Promifes, and Marriage Vows fhe fpurns, To Rogue and Rafcal, Lord and Mafter turns; As Law and Gofpel, her own will Tranflates: Cold Comforts freeze my Bed, and froft my Cates;
That I believe thee Happier in thy Stall,
Than I with fuch a Partner in my Hall.
Once I her baitings not fo well could brook, Long-fuffering Patience over-power'd, I ftruck; My hand rais'd high, and with a knotty Crab, At once to Humble and Chaftife the Drab;
Tipfid with Ale, Slipp'ry the Floor, I fell, And fraight the Devil my VVife, mounts Micbael:
Ne'r lay faỉn Husband fo be-Belzebub'd, My Cheeks the Rubrick'd, and my Temples drub'd;
(a) A tind of FIf that vexelh My Head new moulding, pummel'd into Pap:






Diffuginnt armenta, \&c.
A Tly about the Groves of Silarus A manag'd Coll-ftaff, and in Pennance rode; hanns,
And dhigh Alturnmis, green with fate. But one not ferves your turn, a fingle Spoufe,
 The Gratk fille.ffrew by an ani: You for a Legion are. Ah ! hadft thou half Exsicmely fierce and lood, whofe Exitemfit hur,
To Thelrring Woods affrighted Cattel Of mine, and fhar'dft my Miferies, fenllefs Calf,
run rud wither Bellowings frike Hea: Wherich Groroce,s,ndrd findlow $T_{\text {anengrus }}$ W ouldft, Bellowing, thy Country fly Horn-mad :
Witfound tis dire Monfler, $\mathrm{qumm}^{2}$, long a. But fince fuch Paradoxes you difpute,
 flow:
This, for : it rages in the forching hear, I'll beat new Principles into thy Pate,
Thou nuth with care from teeming Cattel beat,
And tecding Herds, boht when the Shall from courfe Flefh thy duller Soul tranflate ; Sun fall in int
Ondint with't blorious sars staon Since Decaftration will not mend thy Head, the Skies. Death fhall, much better than my Marriage-bed.

> Mora L.
> Dull are inteffine Wars, and civil Strife; To lomd Divifons betwixt Man and Wife; Gentle OJurpers mild tbe Ty rant's rod, To a Smook-Rampant, and to be Hen-trod.


## Fab. XII.

## Of the Ant and Grafhopper.

THe King of Antbil and Pifmirian Lords, Each mounted on their own peculiar Hoards ; Sate fo diftinguifh'd Earls,Marqees,andDukes: And not by Blazonrie in Heralds books, Where Worthy Sires produce lefs worthy Sons, Such as long Patience teach unwearied Duns, At bafe Mechanicks fawcinefs admire, Juft Debts befeeching, Ruin'd by the Fire; Who fcorn all Principles accounted Juft, Indulging Sloth, Pride, Ignorance, and Luft : But thele advanc'd by Induftry and Care, Were to themfelves both Anceftor and Heir, Their Purchafe for th infuing $W$ inters fore, Entitledd them to Honours lefs or more.

An Envoy from the Grafooperian States, Thus had Conven'd thefe pettie Potentates, When to the Monarch and his fmall Devan, Thus humbly their Ambaffador began. Antbillian Soveraign, and Emetian Peers, Enrich'd with wealth from Ceres golden ears ! Who in thefe Penetralia's under ground, Not hear rough $W$ inter, flaws and Storms refound, Nor prices minding of rais'd $W$ ood and Coals, Sit warm and feafting, cocker up your Souls: Live happy fill, and be for ever bleft, So you will pitty a poor State diffreft; Who had while Summer lafted, plenteous Boards, Meads, Flowrie Vallies of their own accords, Serv'd up choice Cates, but when the Sun declin' ${ }^{3}$, And Days did up in fhorter periods wind,

Ufhering cold blafts, and bleak Autumnal fhowers, Which Trees difrob'd of Leaves, Fields of their flower Winters approach threatning to R uin all, Difcharg'd upon us fove's cold Arenal ; All forage thus deftroyd, all green below Left naked, Pennanc'd in cold fheets of Snow; All forts of Herbage, Fruits, whatever Corn, Are in by Peafants or your People born : Affiftance from your Granaries we crave, Let not a Nation Perifh, you may fave, For which next Harveft, they will make return, Our Lufty Long-fhanks fhall help in your Corn: Thus grateful they propofe to pay their Score, And double by their pains your next years Store.

When the Antbillian Heroe thus reply'd; In Summer we 'gainft $W$ inter ftorms provide ; How could you Golden Harveft idly fend? Could you believe thofe Joys would never end ?

Who thus return'd; Sir, we were over-reach'd, By one to us New-fangled Doctrine teach'd, Holding forth, Pbobus our Protector would Tranflate us from all Hunger, Thirft, and Cold To $\not$ Egypt, and the fruitful banks of Nile, To endlefs Feaftings without Care or Toyl. So him we treated, and in Sunfhine fung, Living as Merry as the day was long, Expecting when a $W$ eftern wind would rife, Should bear us to our promis'd Paradife; But when the time, and long'd for hour was come, That we believ'd fhould be the (a) Day of Doom; cerning the Lutherian War. Sleiden. No Storm appear'd, no thick condenfed Crack, With Thunder rofe, Heavens Turrets to attack, But prov'd all Fair, fo univerfal Cleer, That Day fands Crown'd the Glory of the Year ;

Nor more our falle Enthufiaft we beheld, Who us to this fad Enibaffie compell'd.

When thus the ${ }^{(6)}$ King to the ftarv'd Envoy faid; We know no Manufacture, ufe no Trade, In Spring we Sowe not, nor in $W$ inter Reap, Yet ftuff'd our Granges are, our Markets cheap; Rather than we would Prince implore, or State, Or hang poor Clients at an Emperor's Gate, I, and my fwarthy Legions fhould not fpare, ©) Alcinous Fruit, but Camps revitual there, Hort-yards or-run, our bowells never yearn At havock made, minding our own Concern, Choice Plants and Flowers deftroy, we ne'r make halt, Unlefs we Scalding water feel, or Salt.

Say to your Lords, I not deplore their chance, You who in Summer Sung, in Winter Dance, So fill your bellies, fo your bodies arm, 'Gainft wants approaching, and th' infuing ftorm.

Begon, who to Pbanaticks credit give, Fifib-Monarcbic People I fhall ne’r relieve; Befides, You term your Self a State Diftreft, Antimonarchal Locuft, I deteff.
(b) See Virg. Eneid. lib. 40 Ao veluti ingentem formica farris ${ }^{\text {No }}$ cervum
Cum populant, bjemis menores, lelloghé reforunt,
Eft nigrum campis agmen, pradaingue per berbas
Coivectlant calle auguflo; pars agiminà $\operatorname{cog} n n t$,
Caffigantque moras: opere omìis femita firvet:

So cheerful Ants plandring a heap of Wheat,
And minding Winter, to their Granges get;
The black Bands march; a Convoy guards the foy!
Through narrow tracts, fome with joynd forces toyl
To bear one pondrous Grain, whilelt others beat
The tardy Troops; all paths with la: bour heat.
(c) See Virg. Georg. Iib. 2.

## Moral.

Some always Feaff, make Court, /nig, play and Dance, And never fear the turns of fickle Cbance: Provide for Age, wobilf Toung get Lands and Money, Left Old and Poor, the Dogs do pif $\underset{\mathbf{G}}{ }$ pon ye.

## $F_{\text {A } \cdot \text { b. XIII. }}$

## Of the Ox and Steer.

THus to a labouring $O x$ turn'd out to feed, Himfelf recruiting in a verdant Mead, In Ralyarie, a well-fed Bullick faid; Welcome old Uncle, you drive on your trade, Whilft I in fweeteft grafs keep Fat and Plump, Your Ribs like Billows threat your Rocky Rump; Why wafte you thus your felf, and health deftroy? Sweating for that which others mult enjoy ? Fill up your hollow Flanks, and craggy Chine, Feaft all the Evening, all the Morning Dine; Powder your Hair ${ }_{2}$ fullied with Sweat and Duft, Nor more with back and belly run a truft, And though unfit to get your felf an Heir, Keep Company with Heifers fat and Fair, Them, and their Town-bulls, bellowing Hectors treat, So your Executors whater defeat, And me 'mongft Madam white-fac'd Calves invite, Spending your lives remainder in Delight.

When gravely thus the fober $O x$ reply'd;
Thus the Induftrious, Idle Beafts deride, Each guzling Bulchin, Buffle-headed Calf, At all indeavours whatfoever, laugh; Bufinefs they hate, purfuing no Defign, But what concerns the Belly, or the Groyn; Rather than I my precious time would waft, And winged Minutes fpur, that fly too faft, Lead to Spring-Gardens, Mulberry fhades,and Parks, Vizard-Mask'd Heifers, and their pye-bald Sparks, Proud giggling Females fill unveild attend, And be on Duty, my EGate to fpend,


## ASOPS FABLES.

would endure both ftinging Flys, and Goads, and Yoak'd hot Summers dräw in dufty Roadś.
Whileft gravely thus Difcours'd the Labouring $O x_{i}$ he Lion's Purveyors, the Wolf and Fox, he Prey furveying, to each other fpake;
Leave that Lean fterveling, the Fat Bullock take, Ie will become the Boyler and the Spit, or barrell'd help to furnifh out the Fleet.
This faid; The Steer they to a Covert drew; Ind in the Lion's Name Arrefting, flew.

Then Praife-fove Bare-bones fpake; Thou maylt be 'oor pay no Poll-money, nor Royal-Aid, Jo Subfidies, their no-lands raife no Tax, fhall be ftill the fame, a Labouring $\mathrm{Ox}_{\mathrm{f}}$; o long as they can thus count up thefe Ribs, fhall in fafety be at Empty Cribs.

## Moral.

One mounted on the moings of Touth and Wealth, Ve'r dreams of Poverty, or loss of Health: Nbo mbilft be dallying lies in Fortune's Lap;「be Strumpet gives ber young Gallant aClap. 2


Fab: 14 :
ASOPS FABLES.

Grim Sir, be you the King! The Kid replyes, Though you Speak mildly, dreadful are your Eyes ! Should I your Favourite be, and very near, I fill fhould Tremble when you; Sir, appear !
Princes as well as Courtiers, now, they fay, Sign Debts, make Grants, Promife and feldome pay ;
They talk abroad, Exchequers are lock'd up;
At Court no Tables, fcarce a Cheering Cup:
Rather than to Neceffities afpire,
I'll tarry here, and feed on humble Brier;
Who well are fetled, though in Mean eftate,
Their Cogng'd condition may repent too late.

## Moral.

Better be Captain in the frialleff Fort; Than be Commanded in a Princes Court : Yet the Ambitious that Preferment priq̌ ${ }^{6}$ Rua tbrough the meaneft Offices to rife.

## Fab. XV. Of the Saty and the Sword.

ASatyr paffant by a Forreft fide, A Sword 'mongt checkring Foliage efpy'd, Firft fartled at the dreadful Blade and Hilt; With Antique figures hatch'd,and rarely gilt, Off Difcompos'd he drew, then undifmaid, Lof Spirits recovering, thus th ' Admirer faid.

W onder whate'r ! fince I did ne'r behold Such dazling Silver, nor fuch lightning Gold Thy Country, Name, and Character impart, That thee I Value may at thy defert.
The Pomel then, caft like a Hero's Head, From Brazen Lips with Gold enamell'd, faid;

You fee a Sword, an Inftrument of Death! This fhining Coat of fteel is Hector's Sheath, Whofe Soul through feveral Tranfmigrations paft, Lyes penn'd up in this Cut-throat Inne at laft: When firft within this Iron cage confin'd Iin a Monarch's Hand in Battel fhin'd, Pruning rank Rebels with a tender Edge, That choak'd Prerogative with Priviledge; Mildly he us'd me, lopping Weeds with care, Though ftubborn TTraitors they his fubjects were, When fickle Fortune, who dethrones or Crowns, Kings topfie turvies, and advanceth Clowns, With a damn'd Oath, and Covenanting Kirk, Out-weigh'd the Right, and fettled a bad Work ; Of Royal Ermins did the Meek difrobe, Sciz’d Swoord and Scepter and Terreftrial Globe, Whileft deluges of tears his pious Soul In briny Billows wafted to the Pole :

-

## ASOPS FABLES:

Then Guarded I a one Nights upftart Gourds, Parliament Govern'd without King or Lords ; Me from that throng a Copper Captain gain'd, Who Rul'd in Purple of three Realms diftain'd; This bloody Monfter greedy of bad Fame, Only of Kinghip, wanting but the Name, Refolv'd to be a Moinarch; when kind Fate Lef he fhould antient Thrones contaminate; To Seats of Furys with a Tempeft hurl'd, This demie Fiend, and Troubler of the World: Then change of Goveriment each minute fpawid, Me fhuffing here and there, from Hand to Hand,

When from the rifing (a) Sun and glorious Right,
(a) The King's bappy ReftauraA guilty Flyer dropt me in his flight.

Art thou that Hector, faid the Satyr, who So oft the Greeks in that long War o'rthrew ? By Prowefs purchafing immortal Fame : We hear that many now goe by your Name, That in the Suburbs exercife their Rage, The Taverns and the Ord'naries, the Stage; Be they like you, when you imbodied were, R outing whole Squadrons with your fingle Spear? If fo, why thus prepare we 'gainft the tall Batavians, of their Amadis de Gaule ?
Had there been two fuch (b) Hectors, Stories fay, Troy might have food and flourifh'd to this day.
Then faid the Sword; Thofe Hectors that are there, Ne'r faw a Field, never in Battel were ; They arm'd by Bacchus, ufe for Warlike Tools, Edg'd Pots and Bottles, Trenchẹrs,Chairs,and Stoools; One like me living, one fo Strong and Stout, W ould thoufands of fuch fhadow-Hectars rout : But here wants time thefe Braggarts to unmask, Their Character would more than Volumes ask,
(b) See Virgil. Aneid. lib. 8.
---Ductores primi, Meffapus of Uifens,
 gue cognmt
Auxilia, of latos vaftant caltoribus agros.
Mittitur of magniVenalas Diomedis adurbem,
Qui petat Auxilium, ơc.
Mefapus and bold Ufens, Generals were,
With proud Mezentias, who no Cod didfear;
Each where they prefs, and empry fpacious plains.
To fill their Regiments with furd'y Swains.
They Visulus fend to great Titides Seat,
Againft the Trojans landed, Aid tintreat,
And rell, eAneas vanquifid Gods did bring,
Who ftyles himfelf, by Fates Decree, a King;
That many Nations with the Dardun fidè,
his Name through Latium fpreaxirg far and wide.
Offuch Beginnings, what may be che Fnd?
Iffavouring fortune fhould his strora attend;
Was far more cuident to him alone,
Than to King Turnes, or Exiners:
Znown

Then fid the Satyr; True, I have a Spell Shall free thee, if thou Prifoner wert in Hell : But frt Ill feat this Blade, foften the Edge, And at the Point purge feel powder free, Then Vomiting, eject thee at the Hilt, Go after to the Devil, if thou wilt.

This faid, he haftens home, and kept his Word, Making the Senfitive a Senflefs Sword.

## Moral.

Princes to Laws and Policie may ruff, Be Merciful, Religious, Wife, and $\ddagger \mathrm{ff}$ :

- But Swords muff fubborn Subjects keep in awe, All other Tyes not valid at a gram.



## Fabi, XVI. <br> Of the Heatben and his Idol.

0
H thou ! whom monght ourLars and (Gods My Anceftors tranfported through the floods, From burning Troy, and fettled here to be Iappy in their Pofterity and Thee : et now with contrite heart and blubber'd Eys, hough daily I Invoke and Sàrrifice; Jo means neglected, doing what I can, Vant comes upon me like an Armed Man, Ind the poor Remnant of my torn Eftate, me in Rebellion with the King of late, calls his Inheritance, lays Claim untó; Which if he carry, me muft quite undoe: Yet my wife Father made a fair accord, te Purchas'd what was gotten by the Sword, 3ut frrupling Lawyers have enough pickt out To put my Title and his Sale in doubt ; ret I my Counfel have, and Witnefs Feed, [o Plead and Swear th' irrevocable deed: Sut ah! my Wants will ferve my Caufe, all's loft,
(i) See Firg: exnid, libog. Vone gratis Damn themfelves, not Knights o'th' poft ; Help now, or never, help elfe comes too late! And I muft Alms crave at anothers Gate.
Thus Pray'd the Superfitious, when a (a) Nod 3lind zeal prefents from his confenting God.

Now joyning Iffue they to Hearing came, Jreat concourfe thither drawn by pratling Fame, uries impannel'd, Witnefs fworn , and all juppos'd the Plaintiff's Caufe would to the wall, When his grave Counfel drew their latter Card; And one fhort proof a well-pack'd bufines mar'd;

Fal'n from his Hopes, thus thrown down in a trice, Undone for ever, ne’r again to rife;
He from the Court went Sweating in a Rage, On his damn'ḍ God his Fury to afwage;
When thus upon him the incenfed fell.
If I had ferv'd the Fiends, the Devil in Hell, With half that Zeal and fervour Thee Iferv'd,
He would not thus have left me to be fterv'd,
Turn'd out of all, naked a begging go,
Furies may melt, Stocks, no Compaffon knoon.
What made my Ignorant Parents thee implore ? And with fuch Reverential awe Adore?
Whofe deaf Ears Marble are, whofe Bowels rock,
(b) Thore Hoovnold Gods or $P_{i c}$ : zathes liad Hurane ! flapes, but Headed like Dogs.

A Humane fhape, but Headed like a ${ }^{(b)}$ Shock.
But Dog'sface, now thy weaknefs I'll detect, And this foul form of Godlinefs diffect;
Beaten to powder thee I'll level lay,
For my undoing, and this difmal day.
This faid ; he takes him Pediftal and all,
And with ftrange Fury hurls againft the Wall,
In pieces daflh'd like brittle glafs, then trod
To Morter, fcattered fragments of his god:
When a new Light the duftie mifts unfold;
Out of the Head and Ruptur'd-belly, Gold,
Reverberating rung the $I$ dol $^{\prime}$ 's Knell,
And Lightnings midft a Rubifh Tempeft fell ;
Whileft through a Cloud of Witnefies he fpies,
Gemms, Jewels, Ingots, a no little Prize!
Which he at firt an idle Vifion thought,
But feeling what he found and never fought;
So huge a Treafure, fuch prodigious fore,
That thofe that thirft for Gold could ask no more;
Smiling, he faid; Ah miferable Hound!
Why didft thou thus conceal what I have found ?

$$
\text { ASOPS } \vec{F} A B L E S \text {. }
$$

Nouldft not to thy Devoted torn with $W$ ant And greedy Lawyers, one fmall Penny grant ?
The tythe of this had my undoing Cauife
Brought off, and me with Honour and applaufe;
But thus recruited I'll recover Coft, And all my Land in Forma Pauperis loft.

## Moral。

Madness oft belps the Defferate, fometimes Cbance Otbers Debaucberie and full Cuips advance;
Some dive the Seas, Search Mines, Coffers to load, Thefe Sell tbeir King, and that Betrayes bis God. $\mathrm{H}_{2}$ Fan.

## Fab. XVII.

## Of Pbecous, the Covetous and Envious Man.

(a) See Virg. eEneid. lib. Io.

Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olynpi;
Cenciliumquue vocat ait îm pater, atq; bmmisam Rex
Sidercam in fedem; terras unde arduus omnes,
Caftràque Dardanidùm a pectat, popus
lugque Lativos.
Confidhmt teffis bipatentibus; intipit ippe.

Mean while Heavens fpacious Cour fpreads open, when
The Father of the Gods, and King of Men,
A Councel cail'd, where from his Stary. Throne,
Th' Auforizon quarters, and beicaguer ed Town,
With the whole Worlds vaft Regions
he furvey'd,

Then to his Houre of Deities thus said.

SUmmon'd by (a) fove to his great Counfel, all The Gods Affembling in Heavens Starry Hall, In Chryftal Nieches order'd places take; When thus the Sire in nipping Language fpake. Coeleftials, Convocated here you fit, Enacting things nor handfome, juft, nor fit, You private Pieks and felf-concerns debate, Whilft Fallow lies the grand Affairs of State; And if by chance fome wholfome Laws we makè, Such care you of the Execution take ; That Man Our Chief Authority contemns, Looking on Gods as Poets idle Dreams, That now their Crimes reach fuch a brazen height, Unmask'd Day fees the darkeft deeds of Night;
Nay, more on Us each Malefactor pins ;
His venial, greater and more hainous Sins:
Mars Protects Murther, and Rebellious Swarms
Influenc'd by him , 'gainft Princes take up Arms :
On Baccbus lay they the Abufe of Grapes;
And $V$ enus Pillows all their loofe Efcapes;
The City-Cheat, and Highway-Robber too,
Hermes, they boaft their Signatures from you ;
With Laimpoones, Pbobus, and burlesk Reproach,
And funo for Dame Haugbties Golden Coach :
Neither fcape I, that Heaven and Earth Command,
When Surley People are to be trepan'd;
Clandeftine Plots for open Action ripe,
Striking at Kings that are of Gods, the Type,
When down muft come Religion, and all Laws,
In my Name Arm they, and Attêt their Caufe:
Therefor


## ASOPS FABLES:

Therefore let $P$ bobbus take a frict review
And make Report, if what we hear be true; Mercy We rather would than Wrath imploý, Not drown bad Cities, nor with Fire deftroy:

The God thus ordered, leaves his fhining Robe, Vefted in Clouds, and makes the Terrene Globe Swifter than Thought, fwift as the quickeft Eyes, Through Empires, Kingdoms, and $R$ epublicks flyes; Saw the feven deadly Champions Flags unfurl'd, And open Vice Encampt about the World; Finding Crimes much alike, as on a Stage, Here, Act they Comick Shifts, there, Tragick R age; Though he no Gyants found, 'gainft Heaven to fight, Nor Rigg out fifty ${ }^{\text {(b) }}$ Chambermaids a night; Nor blazing-Comets, Drinkers that could fwill
(b) Alluding to Hercules greateft Labour, Devirgining fify Mảds in one Niglur. Whole Oceans off, and yet be Thirfy ftill; Yet All well-wifhers were, did what they could, And each where fwarm'd Offenders, Young and Old.

An accurate Survey thus having made, Of Men and Manners, to himfelf he faid; Why fhould I more incenfed Gove provoke ? l'll turn this ferious bufinefs to a Joke, No end of Crimes, Offenders every where, And feveral Laws, fufficiently fevere; From two comes yonder,Humane Creatures fcarce, Matter of Moment fhall become a Farce, That fpightful Dog,and Avaritious Chuff, Shall make for Laughter Argument enough :

To whom he faid; Accept from Heaven a Grant, That you, nor yours hereafter never $W$ ant, But he that firft implores, be fure to crave Whole Mines of Gold, fince 'tis but Ask, and Have; He who e'r fecond begs, fove will not grutch Summes doubled: his enjoyments twice as much.

This Riddle put the $W$ retches to a ftand, That he fhould Happieft be, did Laft Demand! The Avaritious judg'd himfelf accurft To lofe a Moyetie by begging Firf ; When double Mifchief the Envious thus defigns, Gove take this Eye, and keep thy promis'd Mines; Then of his Purchafe let the Greedy boaft, When I but One, and he both Eyes hath loft. Then Pbobus faid ; This feems a fubtle Plot, To be two lofers, when both might have got ; By this you each had Miriads enjoy'd, This Spightful Wretch hath all your hopes deftroy'd; Since here Gove's Grant, and my Commiffion ends, Kindnefs not Harme, to Mortals he intends;

This faid, he fcales Coeleftial Aboads, And told this pleafant Story to the Gods.

## Moral.

Fonl Avarice with Gold and Silver nurs'd, Cryes fill more yet, and never quencbetb thirf : The Envious woretch whofe eye makes otbers fmart, Feel bungry Adders baiting on bis Heart.


## $\mathrm{F}_{\mathrm{A} B}$. XVIII.

## Of Fupiter and the Bee.

THe Gods thus put upon a merry pin, Wav'd pruning Vices,and vain Cure of Sinf,
Remembring they themfelves had often And for like Crimes juft Punifhment deferv'd; (fwerv'd, When fove thus fpake ; Lay by the Earth's Affairs ${ }^{3}$ - Man little for Our Acts and Statutes cares; Princes Ediçs not Executed, they Like Cobwebs force, and make their King's high-way; Bring Nectral Goblets fwoln above the edge, Hang, bufinefs, let us Gods each other pledge.
This faid, Coleftial Tables ftraight were fpread, Nectar their Tope, Ambrofia their Bread. When the Hyblean Monarch,King of Bees, A Hony-comb, thus fove upon his knees, Humbly prefents: Take, Emperour of the Skies, A Nations Work, the load of many Thighs; Extracted Quinteffence from various Flowers, Which deck May's bofome, big with April fhowers, Their King Grand-bee the Offering foon as faid, In humble pofture at fove's Footfool laid.
W ho thus reply'd ; I well refent your gift, Who for himfelf an Infant, could not fhift, Left in a Cretan Cave hem'd in with Woods, Obfcur'd from Mortals and Immortal Gods, When I for Milk, the Teat long wanting; cry ${ }^{j} d$, With fweeter Food your Grandfires me fupplyd ; Betwixt my thirlty Lips they Hony ftiv'd, Which my faint $\subseteq$ prits nigh yielding up retriv'd; Starving I fcap'd, condemned to be flain, And then a Eaft-zway, in Heaven nọw raigg.

This faid; he bids ftraight Ganymed infufe
Amongft Coeleftial, this Tereftrial Juce:
Who fweet tears crufhing from the yielding Wax,
Of rougher Nectar pleafing Liquor makes;
Whillt filver foam margents the fparkling Cup,
fove he prefents, fove turns the bottome up:
Thus faying, Since I Rul'd all beneath the Cope,
I never tafted more delicious Tope:
Then bids him round to all the Table skinck,
Both Gods and Goddeffes much praife the Drink ;
But when that Bacchus faw the liquor foam,
Firment, he cryes, Molofus or elfe Stome,
Poor and rich Widows fmile, or mourn in black,
Praifing or Curfing medicated Sack,
Or balder'd Gallick Wines, that took away
Their poyfon'd Husbands in a drinking day :
But if that you fhould Countenance fuch trafh,
Gods be Exemplars, tipling Balderdafh;
Who me will $W$ orfhip, and pure $W$ ine adore ?
Or eat falt Pilchers on my Altars more ?
Then fove reply'd ; Bufinefs when we Carowfe, (a) See Pirs, Geors. ifi. 4i. What ! Baccbus, treak the Orders of the Houfe?

EIfc apibus pariem diviva mentis, of When we Sit fafting in a frequent Court:
Aibereos dixere, ofe:
From thefe examples fome there are maintain,
That Bees derive from a Coeleftial ftrain,
And Heavenly race; they fay the Deity
Is mix'd through Earth, the Sea, and lofy skie;
Hence Mien, and Beafts, both wild and tame, derive vive;
To this they after are diffolv'd, and
They re-affume firf principles agen: Nor is there place for death; their Spirits fly,
To the great Stars, and plant the lofty Sky:

Then to the Hony-bird he turning fpake,
But I this gift of yours fo kindly take,
That you muft ask, what may your State Improve, And teftifie Our gratitude and Love.

When King Hive faid; O fove if thou haft grace For Infects (though (a) Bees boaft Coeleftial R ace)
Let not bafe Villagers our Stocks deftroy, And what you fo are pleas'd to like, injoy; Who Drown whole Nations, or with fiffing Smoke, Eftablifh'd Kingdoms in a minute Choke;
veet Treafure feize, laid up in VVaxen Forts, let deadly Poyfon arm our little Darts; hat if the skin we pierce, no Scorpions bite Sall fooner kill, nor fharpeft Aconite.
Then fové reply'd ; You know not what you ask; our Malice to our Minion you unmask; ool! fhould I grant what Man would fo annoy, ou and your Progeny foon they would deftroy: 'herefore whoe'r fhall wafpifh thruft his Sting, ${ }_{1}$ Humane Flefh, a Peafant, or a King )ifarm'd, fhall turn a Drone, nor more fhall toyl; fut in Rebellion live upon the Spoyl.

## Moral.

A bandfome treat, a Bottle of good Wine, May more prevail tban femols, Plate, or Coyn:「o flowing Boolls your bufiness woll applid, rour Suit is bad, if then you be deny'd.

## Fab. XIX. $^{\text {. }}$

## Of the Covetous Man and bis Goofe.

THat greedy worm who ftood in his own light, And firft let thenvious ask to wreak his fpight, Had now a bufinefs faln into his Lap,
That he to Fortune ought $t$ ' have veil'd his Cap; Had he been thankful, but bad Natures will Ne'r return good for good, though ill for ill ; This anfwer'd all, he of the Gods could beg, Each day his Goofe laid him a Golden Egg; Moft ftrange! yet true, though fcarce believ'd when told, The Yelk not only, but the White was Gold:

- कs Fearing his precious Bird, now in her Prime, Might Old grow barren, and he loofe his time, Nor of the Bleffing prefent Profit make, His Opportunity he now will take; To fwell his Bags, improvments to enlarge, When thus he gives his Golden Bird a Charge :

You daily mé handfome Egg produce, For beauty valued, elfe of little ufe; Though Creffus fuch bright Images ador'd, Yet he to Iron bended, and the Sword;
Ah! of this gaudy toy, to quench their thirft, Make Man unhappy, and the World accurft.

But to the point, though my own Barn-door, You Diet have, yet run you on the fore, Contrary to our Covenant, oft. you get, Into my Corn, and fpoyl whole Fields of Whear,


## ASOPS FABLES.

There you not only Feaft, but undertake, For others, which no little havock make;
But howfoe'r to ballance all Accounts, Since not your $W$ ages to fo much amounts, Double your task, lay me two Eggs a day, So will the furplus juited Audits pay.

Then faid the Dame; Your Judgement Sir,confult, Lay not on me a duplicated Mulct; Forc'd Embrios may ýour Golden Mine confume, And Births imperfect, perifh in the Womb.

At thefe words Avarice and Choler mix'd, The hinges of $R$ ight reafon quite unfix'd; When thus her Death refolving on, he faid;

I Thall be happy, and for ever made!
'T is beyond fcruple, paft uncertain Hope, She hath the Stone, th' Elixer in her Crop, Cr elle it lodgeth in her Heart or Soale : Fly Lymbecks ! fy, lent fires and Beechen Coal ! Whole years of Toyl, Tryals of Skill and Wit, To make the Medicine for projection fit, O'r is that Voyage, palt thofe dangerous Seas, And we Arriv'd in the Hepperides; Nor need we mix with Copper, Steel, or Brafs, Cooperate with a ftiff unyillding Mass; But on green Corn like this defpightful Bird, Who Wheat-blade-milk converts to glittering Curd; So at one touch Fitches, and Fields of Tares, Shall Mettal fhine, and wave with Golden Ears,

This faid, he kills the Goofe, and then diffects, From a bad Caufe, but follow fad Effects, Infpection through her panting Entrails made, He found no Indian Mines, nor Guiny trade :

He his injoyments loft, and hop'd for Pelf, Though dear, a Halter bought, and Hang'dhimfelf.

Moral.
Or-reveening. Hopes are portalls to Defair,
Who climb a Pracipice, let them bermare:
Higher they mount, the loneer is their Fall:
Some catch at Heaven and Hell, the Devil and All.


Fab: 20

## $\mathrm{F}_{\mathrm{Ab}}$ XX.

## Of the Sheep and the Butcher.

VVEtbers a dozen, all of fecial Note, Each in a Golden-fleece, or filver coat , Fed in one fall, rich in their numerous Free from incurfions of the Wolf and Fox; (flocks, Where they long profpering fecurely dwelt, And never frown of fickle Fortune felt ; Whom from their golden Dream a Butcher wakes, And a fat Brother from Sheep College takes. Much at this unexpected Chance difmaid, In frequent Council, thus Bell-wetber faid.

How are we fall'n whom Pride and Riches fwell'd ?
Who fuch a Confternation e'r beheld ? We in Gold Tunicks and frip'd filver Vefts, For Nuptials fitted, look like Funeral Guefts; With our Surprifal ftruck, each face did fhow A Map of Mifery and enfuing woe; Whers former Strength and courage, where our vaunt? No fortune could the Sbeepib Nation daunt; But now our bufinefs mind, no time neglect, VVemuft be fuddain Stout, and circumfpect ;
Apparent danger's neer, by one confent, Our Ruin by defenfive Arms prevent :
VVhat fool on us imbodied, once dares fall ?
VVhofe Heads may batter down a brazen VVall?
But if you fuffer thus, the fubtle Foe,
To feize us fingle, and unqueftion'd goe, Thus unarraid let him the Fatteft cull, And at once frip us both of Skin and Wooll,

We inch by inch fhall like a Taper melt , Loft in deftruction, e'r one Blow be dealt ; Wars are begun, and yet no War Proclaim'd; No Trumpet founding, why fhould we be blam'd To take up Arms, and fo Revenge our $W$ rong ? Surprizal makes us Forty tboufand frong; In Belin's Name, next entring him Arreft, And beat the Breath out of his wicked breaft, This bloody Butcher kill, and then fit down In Peace, and once more Mafters of your own.

This faid, a byas'd Brother rifing fpoke, And thus in pieces his grave Councel took:

We may your Courage, not your Prudence praife,
Would us perfuade a dangerous $W$ ar to raife
Upon fuch flender grounds, before we know If this Invafion be, or he a Foe:
Under Attainder and to Prifon lead,
Muft him we refcue, private quarrels wed?
Engage Republick on fo flight a fcore,
Be all undone rather than one grow poor ?
A Province feiz'd, the Fact will never reach
To make upon the Empires Peace a Breach;
Whilft you enjoy whate'r makes Mortals bleft,
To help a Neighbour nere your felves moleft ;
Some with their Blood may water Flenr-de Liece,
Others re-gild pale-growing Golden Fleece ;
But who e'r takes up Arms, the Die once thrown,
May call their proper goods no more their own ;
Let their Allies and Friends the better get,
United States may in a Province fet :
But to the Point, the Foe you would Surprize,
He watches with his own, not others Eyes;
His preparations he will never flack,
But ftill be ready at the firft attack,

Not Sloth nor Avarice fhall er abufe, Being a Mafter of his own Reviews; So fall on when you pleafe, you foon fhall feel 'Gainft your unpractis'd Arms, his ready Steel; Though twelve to one, he in prepared bowls; Will cool this Feaver in your purple Souls; So in one action we fhall perifh all.
The worft that may betide, fall what may fall ! We fhall have time, whilft us he fingly takes, Each pofting minute alterations makes; Whilft prefent Junctures may our Caufe advance, Wonders the Bofome fill, of Time and Cbance, And this encroaching Tyrant may, perhaps, On falfe pretenfions Levying $W$ ar, relaps: Therefore be patient, Live whilft live we may, Nor to a defperate hazzard all betray.

This Counfel taking, they difpife the firf, And none there Contradicting, chofe the worft; When in the Slaughterer comes, juft as before, And their full Dozen fhrunk to half a fcore: So daily picks and culls, making no Noyfe, Till of twice fix, remains not any Choice; Only his Orator, whom forth he draws, Laft to Reward, who fo Preach'd up his Caufe; Who not fufpected Cutting of his Throat, But to be Duke and Peer made of the Coat;
Falfe and Ambitious Councellors, then Said be;
May they be paid their Punifbmerit like Me.

## Moral.

Fens publick Spirits, Common Counjels find;
Thefe Fatbom Wants, thofe Private Intereff blind:
Moft for the Preefent, and their own Affairs:
Suddain Calamities feizetb unamares.

## Fab. XXI. <br> Of the Wolf and the Fox.

ARiver by a Thunder-Tempeft fwellid, Would not in bounds of Modefty be held; But with an Inroad o'r-runs bordering ftrands Retreat then founding, Plafhes leaves, znd Ponds: 'Mongt which a tardie Salmon, Reynard fpies, And without Net or Angle,makes his Prize.

The Wolf hard by, obferv'd the lucky Hit, And thus puts in to fhare the dainty bit.

Halves ; half I cry! what you feiz'd, firf I faw, And claym the Moyetie by Partners Law; In happy time this Creature-comfort came, My queafie Stomach checks, at Kid or Lamb, Taftefs feems Humane blood; I from a Drab Laft night made feizure of a tender Squab, Thought on the Infant, warm, my felf to treat, And fcarce the Liver and the Heart could eat.

Come, let's to Breakfaft, and at Night with me You thall Co-partner of my Fortune be; I at Hog's-Norton twinckling of a Jigg On prophane Organs took a Popifh Pig, I'll only Feaft you with that fingle difh, By that time well we fhall digeft our Fifh.

Then Reynard thus; What er this Lenten fare, For a fmall purchafe I releafe my thare; My peevifh Madam ready to cry out, Nothing will ferve her, but a Salmon-trout, VVhich brought not, when expected, fhe will rife, Bedung my Face, and Urine in my Eyes.
But learn to Fifh, I'll foon your VVolfhip teach, Both for your felf and Friends, enough to catch ;


## ASOPS FABLES:

3ring yonder Basket tackled to that Rope; Which you fhall fatisfie beyond your Hopé :
That $W$ icker laden will be fuch a Heap; hall Markets make fo mucl now rifen, Cheáp.

This faid; -Ifgrim thoughffurley, draws the Tools, Which tying to his fterne, thus Reynard fools: Now to the River bring the faftned Paile, Which I'll fo fettle that you fhall not fail ; 3ut you by no means till I give the Word, Muft not look back, nor your drag-Net be ftirr'd.
The greedy Wolf, this faid ; obeys Command, And as the Fox directed, takes his ftand ; Whilf he the Wicker with huge pibbles thwacks, Intil the circling fallow-belly cracks :
「his done; he calls; Now pleafe your $W$ olf-fhip puill!
Well you are hanfel'd, your new Engin's full, [he River's drain'd, what Fifh,how fat, and fair! Now I demand with you a Partners fhare; ?ut all your ftrength, your Cordage ftrong, and Dock jo well United, may remove a Rock.

This faid ; glad Ifgrim gives a lufty hale, Intil he tenter'd out both Rope and Tail ; 3ut faft, the work ftood fix'd, nor more would jogg Than ftuborn Rock, or a perverfer Log:

When Reynard calls, I Ifee we need fome help, . 'Ill fetch my Eldeft Son, an able Whelp, Who joyn'd with you, the task fhall undertake; 3ut till we come by no means, Sir, look back :
The Wolf perfuaded, Fox bears home his Trout,「hen muftering thus the Villagés ábout.
Swains, Come away ! and Arm with fpeed; the Wolf Your Flocks devourer, that all-fwallowing Gulph, Now drains your River, and what havock there Nay Sheep-skin Doublets make that never Swsar, K Pure

Pure $Z$ eal pretenders; to your grief you know, Now, now aveng'd be on the Common Foe! (throng, Straight from the neighbouring Dorps, bold Rufticks And like a gather'd Tempeft, Old and Young Upon his quarters falling, him affail, Wich Batts, and Staves, and Stones as thick as hail; No way to fave himfelf, of Life no hope, He quits his Rudder faltned to the Rope, To neereft Coverts bare-breech'd I grim flies, :Whilft mingled Shouts and Clamours Scale the Skies.

Moral.
Tbofe that at Private, or at Publick Feafts, Use to invite themfelves'mongft bidden Guefts: Often upon tbem fucb. Affronts areput, Tbey biad been better at the Tbree-peny-Cut.

## ASOPS FABLES.

## Fab。 XXII.

## 2. Of the fame Wolf and Fox.

GLad of the Mercy and Efcape fo fair, Though with no little fmart and Gafcoins bare ${ }_{3}$ Whilft he lay licking whole, his fearce no ftump, Rufticks in Tryumph bearing round the Rump :
Thus IJgrim did his bofome difembogue;
How fhall I be Reveng'd upon this Rogue?
Who me in Danger put, and utter fhame , To be thus defpicable as I am ; Where fhall I wander now ? where fhew my face? Bearing about the brand of my Difgrace? How fhall I be difguis'd, or which way dreft, Unlefs I wear a Tunick and a Veft ?
I that abhorr'd all Fafhions, what e'r New, Muft bid to thofe my dogging modes adieu; lill lay my Vizzard by, a Hector turn, And my too Formal Sanctity adjourn; Fall on this fubtle Fox where e'r we meet : No, 'twill not do , Wit muft encounter Wit; Thus Clad I'll to the Court, the Lion's Sick, Mint on my Brains, and fhew him Trick for Trick.

This faid ; he lays afide his formal fhape, His Sheep skin Cloak, and Mutton-Velvet Cape, Puts on a Veft, that cover'd his Difgrace, And with a Peruke owldd his $W$ olvifb Face; Low-crown'd his Hat, not the fame Beaft he fhow ${ }^{i} d_{\text {; }}$ So forth he walks, a New Old $A$-la-mode:

Entring the Court, he in the Royal Hall, The King and Queen faw, fitting at a Ball ; Dancing. Baboons, and Singing Paracbitts, The Lion eas'd in Melancholly fits;

Up in a Bower his Cats and Fiddles ftood, The band twice Twelve, made Galiards in the blood.

The Paftime over, Ifgrim did appear; And going forth, defir'd his Royal Ear, He his old Counfellor, though difguisd, not balks; But a turn with him in the Gallerie walks:
Then he himfelf applying, from his Forge,
New Anvil'd Spleen and Malice did difcharge. I from a populous City came of late,
Where all Difeafes fell at any Rate,
Who Golden fhowers poure in a Danae's Lap,
Only to purchafe a fufficient Clap :
Small-pox is little valued, leffer Swine, All feek the beft, they Earter may for Coyn;

About your Health inquifitive, I found Thofe that kept Patients Sick, could makethem found, At Spring and Fall their bloods did fo firment, To pay them twice a Year their conftant Rent; I 'mongft thofe Doctors met a Reverend Sage, And told him your Diftemper, Sir, and Age,
Not only trufting Practife, down he took
From Shelves with Learning loaden, an Old Book,
The Text and ftuff 'd up Margents long furvey'd,
And thus from Gallen's Oblervations, faid;
The Perfon difaffected, vext with Fumes,
Vertiginous, Vapours, and diftilling $R$ humes,
Muft Purge, muft Dyet, and muft Iffues make:
But Old, take care left any Cold he take :
Get him warm Furs, his Garments line and face,
Nothing more Soveraign than a Foxes Cafe;
That only will, if Rich, foather all flawes
Of Wintry Age, and quite remove the Caufe.
Then faid the Lion; A Fox skin fo good
Youth to renew, and circulate the blood!

## ASOPS FABLES:

## King Craft, and graveft Counfellors alledge

Thiat Foxes Tails beft Royal Ermin edge.
Then Ifgrim faid; Sir Reynard now gone down, That in late Turmoils fought againft your Crown, And Knighited fince by You, get him to Couirt, Ind your dear Life to lengthen, cut his fhort.
The Lion likes th' Advice, and Orders ftraight That on Emergencies, Affairs of State, He fhould attend the King, whom more to blind, His Gracious Letter he both Seal'd and Sign'd ; No Commoñ Meffenger, hor ufual Poft, We ère fert, by which the bufinefs might be loft ; But a fwift Tyger, that like Lightning flew;

The W ork thus perfected, the King withdrew; And Ifgrim joyful of his well plaid part, Soes to his Lodgings with a Merry Heart.

## Moral.

He tbat receives a Wrong fbould bear it too; Are they too Subtle; or too Strong for you? Better fit dorn, Lofs and Afronts difgeft, Then Rifing, tread upon a Serpents Nef.

## Fab. XXIII.

## 3. Of the fame Wolf and Fox.

THis Clofet-fecret, the whole Juncto two, Early next morning, fly Sir Reynard knew, His Penfioners, Intelligencers there,
Pick'd out each Whifer from the King's own Ear ; Such as their Prince and Countrey, fuch as would Their Wives ! their Wives and Children fell for Gold:
Who Publick Spirits count both weak and bafe;
Let Private Intereft, felf-concern take place:
What care they if whole Kingdoms finck or fwim,
So they buoy up and float above the brim.
Startl'd at firft, a confternating Cold
Agu'd his Joynts, attack'd lifes warmer Hold,
Soon as his better Spirits cleer'd the Damp,
And fparks of Courage, lightned Reafons Lann;
Then Reynard fpake ; Be circumppect, and quick,
Mifchief prevent,and fhew him Trick for Trick;
To Cure the Lion, muft I be uncas'd ?
You may be met with, Wolf, for all your haft.
This faid, he all bemires his Back and Head,
In Carrion rowls, where Rooks and Ravens fed,
So to Court goes, fo Arm'd with this Difguife
And noyfome ftench, to play his Mafter-Prize;
And foon he came where the Old Lion fate,
Bemelanchollied and Difconfolate.
But when he faw Sir Reynard there, he faid;
Coufin! draw neer, to fee you I am glad;
You muft for me, a bufinefs undertake,
Concerns my Life,and Crown! why draw'tt the back?

## ASOPS FABLES:

Come neer, and me your King advice afford, The work's too knotty for our Council-Board : They only follow Sport, Eat, Drink, and Droll, Scarce one a Learned or a Knowing Soul. Then Reynard faid; Ah my moft gracious Liege! I thus befpatter'd with foul dung and fiege, Sir, ought not in your Royal Prefence ftand, But that I bring you from a Forreign Land, Fair Overtures of Health, nay, certain Cure, For lingring Sicknefs worfe than Calenture; What Comfort boafts the Emperour of the W orld ? Whofe Cheeks bear pale Diftempers, Flags tunfurl'd;
W. hen Hypocondrick fumes, more ftrong than fpells,

Or Pulpits,Conjure up ten thoufand Hells,
Legions of Devills,and as many Saints, Breathing Rebellion, Oaths, and Covenants; Tortur'd with Fancy worfe than his Difeafe, He Lives or Dyes, as Court Phyficians pleafe. Obferving Sir, that all in Phyfick dealt, Oftner our Purfes than our Pulfes felt ; And whenfoever Double Fees not drop, They leave their Patient then in little Hope; Gallenick this, Cbymilfrie that pretends, Their chiefeft Learning Greek and Latine ends: So Iat laft, a great Magician found, That only dealt with Spirits under-ground; By me importun'd much, he call'd from $R$ eff, Old $\not I^{E}$ op, that Renown'd Methologift ;
Who firlt to bufinefs found the neareft way, What in long Sermons, Orators could fay Of State Affairs, of Moral, or Divine, His Cock and Bull contrats all in a Line. Whofe pale Shade told me, vain were Med'cines alli, You might perhaps, linger a Spriring, and Fall ;

But you your courfe muft finifh.e'r the Sun
Could through the Ecliptick, Annual periods run.
I grieving much, ftraight made this fad reply;
Ah ! muift my dear and Royal Mafter dye ?
When thus he fpake in few and pithy words,
One only Med'cine the whole World affords,
Whofe Soveraign Power can o'r his Fits prevail;
And that's a Wolf, a Wolf without a Tail ;
Whofe brilly Skin muft gird him Back and Side, This in feven dayes fhall Cure, if well apply'd.

This faid, the Vifion fled the dazling light, Since when I neither refted Day; nor Night, To bring from Shadows, and the Gates of Hell, What us muft Happy make, and'You, Sir, Well. My haft and your Neceffity, hath made Me venture in your Prefence, thus bewray'd:

Whofe there? the King faid; On your lives not fail, But fetch me ftraight a Wolf without a Tail.

When one reply'd ; Ifgrim late come to Court, A Rudder wants, or elfe 'tis wondrous fhort :
To hide his wants, thus he himfelf hath dreft, His Sbeep-skin Cloak turn'd to a Coat and Veft :

Ha , faid the Monarch ; Bid him hither ftraight ;
No fooner entered, but he met his Fate.
The Lion throws him back upon the floor,
And off his Skin; and out his Bowels tore.
No fooner Reynard faw thus Ifgrim ftrip'd,
But to Fox-ball the fly Infulter flip'd.
Moral.
Not be who Firft, but Laff, the King's Ear gets, At fubtle Plots, and counterminings beats: Yet they mobo Foremof Charge, cry Traytor firft, Play a fore-game, and feldome get the wrorft.


## Fab. XXIV. Of the Camel and the Fly.

THat Emblem of Impertinence, the Fíy. Mounted upon a Camel Steeple-high; Becaufe the laden Monfter flowly went, Her petulant humour ftirr'd up, did firment, Who pitch'd upon a Turbant o'r a Pack, In a high Chafe thus Arrogantly fpake:

Why? Bunch-back, creep’ft thou in fo fmooth à Am I fo great a Lady ? fuch a Load ? (Road?
This Tiffany Whisk, and Sarfnet Cloak of mine, Ne'r Navel gall'd, nor broke a Hores Chine; Hafte thou dull Lump of flefh, why doft not goe? This Morning is Sir Cranion Wedded know, Гo Madam Lady-Bird, more Fair and gay Than May her felf, and all the Flowers in May; There will be painted Flyes of all Degrees, Prime Courtiers, and the King himfelf, of Bees; Gnats, Humbles, Hornets, twenty four his Band; (a) Hybleans Confort ready at Command; Who late Prefented Gove a Hony-comb, Sent with Gifts loaden, and great Honours home; His ${ }^{\text {(6) }}$ Waxen Realms to Strengthen and advance, Above the Power of Change, or fickle Chance ; The Married Pair prefent their Royal Gueft A fately Mafque, after a fumptuous Feaft; And I my Self, whofe Name you needs muft know, Dame Gadfy, am Invited to the fhow :
Had I a Switch or Spur, I'd pay your coat, That thus with Calling make fo Hoarce my Throat.

The Camel hearing from his Fardle come Vexatious buzzes, and fo lond a $\mathrm{Hum}_{j}$
(a) Which Epithite is derived from Hjbla, a City in Sicily, where is great itore of Thyme, which is the caufe why that Hony is the mot pleafant.
(b) See tivg: Georg. lib. 4.

Inums adeò placaiffe apibues siniraberé̉ morem,
2uod nec conerbith indulgent, nee coro pore Segnes
In venerem folvast, aut fatus sixibus edant:
Verum iple folizs natos, of fanvibas' herbis
Ore leghat : ipfà regem parvofgue quio rites.
Sufficinht, antafque or ceres regrare fighto
${ }^{\text {'Tis ftrange that Bees fuch crfomes }}$ hould maintain.
Fencs to forn, in wanton Luी difdaire
To walte theirftrengeth : and withoue throws they breed,
But cull from leaves, and various flowers, their feed.
Their Kings and perty Princes they proclaim,
Then Palaces, and Waxen Eing gom so frame.
Thought that fome Spirit Ranted in the Sky;
But when he faw there but a Summer $F l y$
Why Madam Gad? why all this ftir ? he faid ;
My Mafter for your place you never paid:
If I could reach thee with my Train or Teeth,
I'd make thee far unfit to Roaft, or Seeth;
You that fo poor and Proud are;one fmall lafh,
Would turn thee bonelefs Nothing to a Hafh.

Moral.
The noyse of Wrangling Gamefers at their Games, Makes Heavenly Mufick to your All-tongu'd-Dames: Eccho a Voyce without a Body frange!
Let Silent Women'mongft fucb Wonders range!

## Fab. XXV. <br> 2. Of the fame Camel and Fly.

DAme Gad-fly now that fuch a puther kept, Returning home, on the fame Camel ftept; Weary with Dancing at the Bridal, where So many Flefh-Flys and hot Courtiers were; The laden Beaft through beaten Tracts jog'd on, Till both his Journy and the Day were done; The Fly warm fitting in bright Pbobus beams, Pav'd all her pafiage with delightful Dreams; Whilft through deep waies on went the burthen'd Slug His Reins and Harnefs rattling, fhe fate fnug:
But when the Sun behind th' opacous Globe Suffer'd Ecclipfe,Cold, pierc'd her flender Robe ;
At which fhe waking, brufles up her Tail,
Then lighting pearch'd upon the neighbouring Pale;
With Curtfies after Curtfies, Lady Gad,
Thus to the Camel, oft repeating, faid: Sir, I'll no farther trouble you to Night,
Iin Compaffion of your Burthen light, My many fhanks I ne'r fo eafie rode, You muft be Weary fure, with fuch a Load!
Iflept all day, thofe fleep fit Heavyer far, Than thofe that wake, and talk, and jocund are ;
Your humble Servant ; thoufand kifs'd hands, pray
Make ufe of my Houfe when you come that way.
The Camel then; Pox on thee, art thou there?
Did ever any fuch a Goffip hearr?
Excufive Complements vex ten times more
Than all your petulants ranting talk- before;
Begon, dlfe fomething on thee Illl beftow
You'll thank me for, fince youl nothing owe; ;
L 2

I feel no Ladys weight, th' are all fo light, But words may load me, that a Ship would fraight; The Hills and Dales I paft, Plafhes and Banks, Not fo much tird me, as your vexing thanks;
Strange trouble are your Complemental Gnats ! That neither Mony, Manners have, nor Sprats.

Moral.
Poor and loow breeding makes Pbanatick Elves, Competitors with Kings conceive tbemfelves:
Porters may think they bear a Kingdoms waigbt, And are the only Atlaffes of State.

## Fab. XXVI.

## 3. Of the fame Camel and fupiter.

OUr Camel, he that bore Dame Fly of late; Had got a Maggot now in his own Pate; Long fed in Pafture,and at plenteous Stalls Fat, in a fit of Melancholly falls; Prick'd up with Provender and fwelling Pride, To Gove thus fadly he himfelf apply'd. O thou that Rul'ft the lower and upper World!
Where nightly thy bright Enfigns fly unfurl'd;
On me a wretched Beaft, take fome Remorfe,
That under-valued am beneath a Hore!
I am become to all the Field a Scorn, What Tafte hath tender Grafs, or pureft Corn ?
What all my Eafe ? what my continued Feafts ? Imbitterd ftill with Jeers and biting Jefts ?
They fay, I bear a Fardle ori my Back, And only need behind, a Pedlars Pack;
Tell me betwixt my Belly and my. Brains, A gutter falls as deep as two long Lanes; To fet out my Deformity and $W$ ant , Honour and Arms upon my Temples plant; Adorn my Frontispiece with ftately Horns, Not with Ram Belin's, but the Unicorn's;
Then I fhall keep Monkeys and Apes in awe, And from his perch bring down the jeering Dawn $_{\text {; }}$
Then I hhall be a ftately Beaft indeed, And all thofe Scoffers at my pleafure Feed.

Then fove faid, friling at his fond Requeft;
Thou mak'ft thy felf the fame deformed beaft, By your Petition, and as foolifh too, As when in Lampoones they decypher you :

Horns on that Head already rais'd fo high ! Sure thou haft fome Defign upon the Sky ! To frike down Confellations in their March, Unhinge our Throne on Heavens fupremeft Arch ?
(a) Seevirgs. ienvid. ib. 2. Storm our Twelve Houfes (a) Watches rout, and


 They arect he Toun, buried insteep Hermes ftraight fetch, faid fove, yon Monfter's Ears,

 On like occafions, nail them to the $W$ all.

This faid, the God Defeends through Chryital And with a blaft of Lightning crops his Ears; (Sphears Heavens Court the Camel oft in vain implor'd, But they the Gates of Hearing ne'r reftor'd.

## Moral.

Sbould Princes grant what e'r their Subjects ask, They foon woould put them to a fecond task: T bat Gracious They all Patents would Reppeal, The Giddy Vulgar know not when th' are well.

## ASOPSFABLES.

## Fав. XXVII.

## Of the Lamb and the Crow.

APetulant Crows with Carrion banquets gorg ${ }^{\circ}$ d, And noyfome Offalls, to Bears College barg'd; Lcok'd round a foft and fteadier feat to find; han a rough branch, that danc'd with every $W$ ind ;
Spying a Lamb, faid fhe ; No further fearch, In yon foft Couch,that filken fleece l'll pearch, Ifer fhort refult put ftraight in $\mathrm{Alt}_{\text {; }}$ fhe came, .nd Quarters fettles on the harmlefs Lamb; Vho when he felt a burthen on his back, und hovering faw one lighted, all in Black, luppofing fome great Lady there had been, 'hat only Refted, not took up her Inn, If patiently endur'd; but when fhe ftaid is in her Lodgings ; thus the Sufferer faid.
Madam, who e'r you are, I not enquire, iut wifh to Privacy you would retire; hough foft the Palat, yet you Curtains want, Infit to duel with a brisk Galliant; Teed you a moving Brothel ? Call a Coach, There's all Conveniency and lefs $R$ eproach ; 3e what you will,Court-Dame, Goddefs,or Nymph, would not bear your Bed, and be your Pimp.
Then faid the Crow; Why how now fawcy Jack?
「hinkft thou a Strumpet fits upon thy back ?
$N$ ere I a Pleafure-Lady here I'd fleep,
Ind this place as niy own apartment keep.
The Lamb reply'd ; Lady I am content,
f you will pay my Mafter Chiamber-rent;
He hath a thoufand tricks, a thouland wayes,
[o lore you in Laws intricating Maze;

A Lawyer who his Neighbours keeps in awe, Will Sue them for the turning of a Straw ; A heinous Trefpafs o'r his Hedge to peep; Lady, agree with him before you fleep.

Then fhe reply'd ; Your Mafter I will match, E'r he proceed he firft muft me attach ; But ér Dog-Sergeants come, I'll take my flight, Where never Under-Shrieve fhall on me light ; Difturb no more, nor keep me from Repofe, Left I inftead of Parlying fall to blows.

Moral.
Poor and Proud Tenants hard are off to claw, Poffefion being Eleven Points of the Law: Are nee not able Tyrants to Supplant? Better with Patience fuffer, than to rant.


## 压SOPS FABLES:

## Fab: XXVIII.

## Of the Crow and the Pitcher.

$\Gamma$He Croon this faid, Indulging wholefome reft Her ftation kept, foul Banquets to digeff; When her from fleep a hot alarum wak'd, iates which in Dog-dayes Pbobus Itew'd and bak'd; trange Infurrections in her bowells nurs'd, urning high Surfeit into Raging Thirft; hen looking round, fhe on the neighbouring Bank
Pitcher fpies, well fhouldered in the Flank; Who ftraight or-joy'd, forfakes her Landlord $L a m b$, Ind to this Ciftern for Refrelhment came.
The Pot then finiling, faid, Your hopes are vain, Bucket wants my Treafury to drain; ou from my well-neald Margents may furvey, Iow on my water, beams reflecting play; 3ut down your throat one drop fhall nér diftil, I Sioans Neck wanting, or the Cranes long Bill.
The Thirfy Crom, this faid, thruft down her Nib, 1 Dry bob finding for expected bib; lea'd and defeated, now fhe muft afwage, Vot only burning Thirf, but burning Rage; fer Brains fhe romag'd, her Invention firr'd, Fancy prefents what e'r fhe faw or heard;
Co mind then calling an Atbenian Owol, That kept hard by, a Philofophick School, Who much infifted on three (a) Elements, And how the Liquid yield unto the Denfe, Water fhuts Air out, but a Turfẹ or Stone, Wakes that to fwell and break its ${ }^{(b)}$ fpherick Cone.
(a) The fourth Element is quite expleded by all Modern Writers.
(b) The Water iwelling atoveits madrgenss Sphaxically.

True, faid the Bird, were you as deep as Hell, Ill Conjure up your Liquor with this Spell;

Then labour'd fhe to vindicate her Caufe, With Pebbles ftuff'd her bill and griping Claws, Too and again, with fones then trudging hopps, And till fhe faw moyft Margents, never ftops; Then pearching on the baffled Pitchers brim, Exhaufted Liquour ftretch'd her bellys rimme.

Sure Dame you are no Witch, the Crons then faic, Although fo Eloquent a Speech you made ; You bad at bufinefs are, though good at words, You thought like Pitchers were Ætherial Birds; Dull Earthen Clod, that ftand'ft like Fobn a Dreams; O’r Rock's and Mountains Art will carry Streams; Us'd $W$ ater as they lifted, now enrag'd, Both Armies are midft ftanding Corn engag'd ; Flagfhips foon after, on the felf-fame fpot, Draw up bold Squadrons plying Canon-fhot; You that fo Wife were in your own Conceit, To me now as a Miftrefs, ftand in Debt; But fince no Credit get we by a Fool, I'll thus at once begin, and break up School.

## Moral.

What unto fome Inpoofible appears, Time, Induffry, a Purfe, and Conduct, cleers: Wares River, building Paul's, and fucb like Work, Lay under Geers, and Scribling Poets jerks.

## FAb. XXIX.

## Of the Wind and an Eartben Vefel.

Ta grand Bottle neiling in the Sun, Thus Boreas in huffing terms begun; What art thou bullie Monfter? thou that haft Such a prodigious Hogen Mogen Wafte! As if defign'd to empty brimming Quarts, And when Cork'd up, a bundle be of -Great King of Belly-Gods, I fhake to think What thou wilt be, fill'd up with Barmie Drink ! What face is that which on thy fomack feems, To dare the Sun'midft all his glaring Beams? Art thou Long-Parliament without a Head? And that th' old Speaker on thy Girdle-ftead ? Muft in that womb a Honfe of Commons fit ? Frothing and fuming, there their venome fpit, Which open'd, bouncing Votes afperfe the Sky, King, Lords befpattering, and who e'r frand by : (Iteer, When Copper Raign'd,Malt-worms the Helm did And Nations Rul'd with Cut-throat ftinging Gecre ;
What from fo bafe a Vefiel can we hope, Muft firment giddy and mad-headed Tope ?

Then fpake the fugg; Know Fool,I am not built For Dagger-ale, and Commoners, a Tilt ; Which mild at firft, turn Vinegar grown old, Too fharp for Peers, and with their King too bold.

A Merry Boy, the Merrieft of the Three, Befpoke my Predeceffor failing, me Though Cbina Ware, fo flands our brittle Fate,
That we come broken home, early or late ; I muft fupply his Major Generals place, Who after Treatments and a pittanced Grace,

All took away, $W$ omen, weak veffels gone, Cryes Battel bid, thofe that remain fallon; Bottles forlorn, all French, firlt fury ftands Bravely a while, fhort work make many Hands; Soon routed comes the Main, a ftronger doffe, Surrounding me, my Guard Long-beard le Grofe ;

Here Cavaleers true Valour fhew indeed, I and my Adamantine Squadrons bleed; Me to a Supernaculum they drain, Then Triumph o'r the numbers of the Slain :

But who art thou that mak'ft with me fo bold ?
I hear a Voyce, and feel backbiting Cold;
Though in the Sun my Face and Belly bake,
Thou makft my Neck and tender fhoulders ake;
Yet thou no Sinewes, Mufles haft thou none,
But Vapour'ft only, in à Hectoring tone;
I th' early product of this fingle day,
Have fubftance, and a Body, though of Clay ;
If thou darft cope, here I fhall ftand thy fhock,
As Waves difpierce thee beating 'gainft a Rock;
Thy mufter'd Attoms I'll fo difunite,
In rowted Eddies they themfelves fhall fight.
When Boreas Angry, thus began to huff;
Know Duft, know empty Pride, and brittle ftuff,
I am a King, with me my fourteen Sons,
All Princes, Govern Artich Regions;
Seven Eurus Race, feven $Z_{\text {epbyres }}$ Daughters Wed,
I only cold, lye in a fingle Bed;
Reciding much in Caledonia, Coafts
Efpous'd to Winter and eternal Frofts ;
Great Power I or thofe barren Confines vaunt,
Invincible Neceffity and $W$ ant
Joyn'd with my ftarving blafts, firf fign'd th' Intreague, Of their fo late dire Covenanting League;

## ASOPS FABLES.

Thence march'd we on, with Sword, and Book, and Guin; Charg'd the Soutb with Snow, with Clouds the Sun; Till Southern Yeomen help by Northern Lowns, Trampled on Scutcheons, Crofiers, and Crowns; And Topfie turvie turn'd, in queft of Spoyls, Three Famous Kingdoms, and two fertile Ifles; But thee, I for thy fawcineffe will tear; That fuch Affronters may of Kings beware.

This faid, the angry Prince, left breath fhould fail, Charg'd with fmall fhot, a fhower of battering Hail; And the orweening Veffel at the firft, In thoufand fhards, and ufelefs fplinters burft; Pots, Pans, and Pipkins, no fmall fufferers were, Company their Crime, and only being there;
The Potter wondring at the fuddain Clap, Loft in the Hurley burley forme, his Cap; Recovering Breath, thus Conquering Boreas faid, Conceited Fools fucb Objects ghould be made.

## Moral.

Princes foould not, till they are Settled in
Kingdoms regain'd, a Foraign War begin:
Great is the Work old Ruins to repair,
And fix 'gainft fuddain Gufts, their Tottering Cbairs:

## Fab. XXX.

## Of the Painter and the Devil.

AS in deep Extafie upon a peece Muft Modern Latium ftain, and antient Greece The Story various, many figures in't, A Painter fate, 'mongft which, the Fiend in Print, As moft concern'd, muft take a feecial place; In his own Colours and true Devils Face;

Yet to be Horrid, as the common Guife, Horns, fpirie flames, Fire in his glaring Eyes, His gaping Jaws wyre-drawn from Eare to Eare, Serpents contorted, mix'd with elfockd Hair, Would not Itand well; a Devil of the times, A Demure Fiend that holds forth godly Crimes; That Smiling Stab'd, Cheating with Yea and Nay, A handiome Goblin for a Holyday , He now muft Draw ; at laft he falls to Paint, What well might fand for Satan or a Saint, ACbina (a) Cacademon, the fore ground, Fills with bold Shadows like a ftatue round : (touch
Which whileft he Finifh'd,heightning touch by
Till as he fancy'd, he had Pourtrai'd fuch;
Whilft his new Idol he licks o'r and o'r,
A Perfon enters he ne'r faw before;
After fome Formal Congees, Cap and knee,
Let me, he faid, Sir, no Difturbance be,
Pray keep your place, a Virtuofs I am,
And your Admirer, hither fent by Fame;
Though in this Town I long have frequent been,
And me perhaps in Fublick you have feen,


Fab:-30:

## ASOPS FABLES.

Leading a Troop, or in the Pulpit, where, You feldome vifits make, or if you e'r To the Long-Parliament had your felf adreft, Where nothing paft without my $W$ orfhips Tefte;
We might have been acquainted, there I cou'd
Have done a Perfon of your worth fome good; So I till now, no means could find to own You, Honour'd Sir, nor make my felf thus known.

Whilft th' Artift Eye farce from his W ork did ftir; Anfwering to all, Ah Sir, your Servant Sir ;
He thus went on ; This Figure newly drawn Which now you feem fo much intent upon, Shews rarely well, you with no fparing hands, Here dropt your Skill, how boldly off it ftands ! Pray let me ask you, Sir, without offence, Are you acquainted with His Excellence? Or late from the Low-Countrys got his sketch ? How e'r, the W orld the W ork fhall never Match ; Or fhould this be, a Fancy all your own, Proving fo like that Prince, to me well known, His Sitting fpard, fome means Sir, might be made, That you may double be, and trebly paid.

Who farce by th' Artift minded, thus went on ;
Attention rowfing in a lowder tone.
Sir,Sir, look up, here flands he whom you paint, Monfeur Deveil, th' old Low-Country Saint ;
In my own likenefs thus my felf I fhow,
That you may fuch a Friend in Perfon know.
At this the Painter flarts up from his place,
On's Piture ftares, then in the Devils Face;
To him affrighted, Hogen Mogen faid;
Be not fo difcompos'd, be not afraid ;
What fee you here ? no Tempeft on my Brow,
But all ferene, juft as you paint me now !

There ftands my Self, each Lineament as well, As if the Piture had been drawn in Hell; And we have feveral famous Painters there, 'Mongtt whom e'r long, You, Sir, expected are; Where we mad Devils, merry Boys, and $W$ aggs, Change Fire-brands mounted on Infernal Haggs; And when grown weary of thofe rougher fports, We Anticks Dance beyond all Mafques in Courts ; And have our Poets in their feveral Desks, Writing Lampoons, Plays Riming, and Bourlesks, We act Ragooe there, Sandie, Tegue, and Thump, And merry are, as when you burnt the Rump; You by this Face my Character may find, Thefe your own Lines are Tables of my mind; Slight Firefide-ftories, and fuch idle Dreams, When we are pleas'd, we are in the Extreams, For me fo well thus Pencil'd Fiend and fair, I would not Gold prefent, increafing Care, Ask fomething may about your Heart fit warm, Againft all Fears and Jealoufies to arm, Bethink your felf of fome Rich Jewel, will Keep fweet Contentment in your Bofome fill.

The Artift though much troubled and difmaid, Thought if the Fiend for him a Favour had, He fhould uncivil be to flight his grant, Though (thanks to God) he knew no perfonal want.

Then Romaging his brains, he crys, my Wife O gracious Devil, dearer than my life, Make her my only Comfort, Joy of joys, Elfe all this Worlds Felicities are toys; Ah ! out of your abundant goodnefs grant That none in her imbraces me fupplant.

The Fiend reply'd; You know not what you ask, To tranflate Kingdomes is an eafier Task !

## ASOPS FABLES.

I that have plaid the Fiend fince two years old, Studied this point as much as Deril could; Ranfack'd the Elements, Earth, Sea and Hell, Could ne'r find fuch a Charm, nor binding Spell;
Nor Locks nor Keys, nor Adamantine wall, But when they fweeten once they break through all.

Yet take this Ring and put it on, fo long As this you wear, none you fhall ever wrong, This you of Fears and Jealoufies will cure, And your fair Wife for your own Ufe fecure, Safe from all loofe Efcapes, and wanton pranks;

He on his knees giving old Satan thanks: The flattering Dream, and Golden Devil fled, And he lay waking with his.Wife in Bed; The meaning of the Vifion foon he found, His Finger with incircling $H_{y m e n}$ crown'd.

## Moral。

## Fond Fealoufie, a Paffion all Extreams

Makes us believe vain thoughts and idle Dreams: Wives may be True or Falfe to Husbands Beds, But Fancy'd Horns, put Devils int their Heads.

## Fab. XXXI.

## Of the Ruftick and the Flea.

BLood-fucker! thou that thus haft broken in, Commiting Burglary upon my Skin, When pleafant fleep defcending from the pole, Refrefh'd with foft Letbean Dew, my Soul ; What faift thou Wretch? what R hetorick can prevai That forfeit Life thou paylt not on the Nail?
Confers and Hang, fuch favour I'll not grudge, That am your Executioner and Judge ;
To an arrefted Flea our Yeoman faid ;
When thus the Prisoner at the Barr did Plead.
Great King of Creatures, Pity my mifhap,
Pity one faln in thy tormenting Trap;
Let my fad Story melt thy yielding Soul,
To grant a Pardon, or elle take Paroll;
Thy Prifoner from a Prifon fcap'd fo late,
Yet feels the preffures of that heavy Fate;
Where I lay fhackled in a pondrous Chain
That did a hundred golden Links contain ;
Throngs from the Town and Country,nay, the Court
To fee my cruel Sufferings made their fport !
Me when my Mafter had with no fmall pains
Trufs'd like a Murderer, up to hang in Chains;
He tutered to fuch activenefs and ftrength,
That Laden I leap'd ninety times my lenggth !
Wondring Spectators hem the Table round,
Whilf to the R oof in gemmeld Gold I bound.
Yet I fome Pleafures'midft thefe tortures got,
On Vermil Cheeks I oft becane a Spot;


## ASOPS FABLES.

Oft in admiring Ladies bofoms Top'd
But never more to purchafe Freedom, hop'd;
Me and my Treafure up my Mafter locks,
In utter Darknefs in a filver Box;
When orr and o'r my lofty tricks were fhown,
In fuch a doleful Dungeon lay I thrown,
I, my Goale open, with no little pains,
Unyok'd my curbing Links and bridling Chains;
At laft far off from my deferted Box,
I in this Covert hid, your fheltering Flocks :
Three Days and Nights I kept that Woollen Hold,
Till overcome by Hunger, Thirf, and Cold,
I in dark filence neer your Perfon crept,
Feeling your warmth, hearing you foundly flept ;
There craving Cerberus had a little Sop,
Not much above a quarter of a drop,
Which from your purple Ifle, your crimfon Sea,
Could not be mift, yet fav'd a wandering Flea;
This all my Crime, a poor night-walking Thief,
R ather than dye, made bold with your Relief;
Take pity Sir, fince you my fory know, And Life thus Forfeited on me beftow.

Then faid the Smain, Thou Fables doft devife,
Haft hope to fave thy Life by telling Lyes?
Thou wak'f me from a Dream, befhrew thee for't,
Lofs of the Golden Vifion breaks my heart,
To my own Smoky Roofs flung in a trice, From Seats of Blifs, and joyes of a Paradife!
Such an America, a new-found World!
Our gentleft Calms feem ruffled, harfh, and curld
To their ferennefs, all our Delights, annoy;,
Felicities of Princes irkfome toys;
There I beheld Dames never to be match'd! Beautys like Stars ! not Painted nor be-patch'd!
(a) The Goddefes are oberved Nor proudly $W$ addled, but like (a) Clouds did march to moveliike Clouds, not llep by fep With pace Majeftick, through Heavens Chriftal Arch;
as Morals.
(a) Virg: eEncidlib. 1. Et vera :xeefn patait Dea-Her Garb a Goddefs Thews-
'Mongft thefe a Lady, one moft Heavenly Fair ! Said, Chear up Friend, no more now toyl nor care ; Spirits no more pour out in briny fweat, Early and late the Bread of Sorrow eat ; But here for ever fport in fhady Bowers, Shortning with various Joyes the tardy hours; A thoufand Years in Pleafure at the height, Shall like your Lovers minutes take their flight ; Such $V$ enus after-games we here fhall play, And ne'r be weary, never feel decay;
4. I ventur'd fair then for a gentle Touch To Doe-- ; what any could, they would, as much : When me of all my hopes thou didft bereave, And with one Pinch awaking, undeceive; Thou robft me, Villain, of a heavenly Wife, And haft confeft, fo forfeited thy Life.

This faid, he fqueez'd from him the blood he got, Leaving on either Nail a purple fpot.

Moral.
Nigbt-walling Gades wbilft they imbrace, they rob; The foveet Dream fying leaves an empty fob: Molt fteal for Want, for Pleafure ferw, or fight, Yet fome in Frolicks do the Gallows right.

## ASOPS FABLES.

## $\mathrm{Fab}_{\mathrm{a}}$ XXXIII.

## Of the Eagle, Oyfter, Hare, and Daw.

AHuge drag Oyfter, Prince of all the bed, 'Mongft others born to Market,almoft dead, The Trotter from his many hundreds drops n a High-way, hedg'd by a fheltering Cops; Kemlin the Hare, this Monfter heard fall down, And faw full Dorfors jogging to the Town, Whom drawing neer, admiring fhe beholds Jne like no Bird nor Beaft, in Woods or Woalds ! Curious, her foot juft as the Oyfter gafp'd, She ventring in, the two-leav'd Volume clafp'd ; Thrice try'd fhe how to make the Monfter gape, As of if with her clog fhe might efcape, But all in vain, the Remora fuck faft, And her to Parley thus inforc'd at laft.

What e'r thou art, Sea-wonder Bird, or Beaft !
The firft that e'r I ventur'd on, to Feaft, Free my gripd Foot ; You are a ftranger fure !
And under Fortune's Frown, not here fecure;
And I'll to th' Ocean, if you Water lack, With a ftrong Convoy bear you on my back, See you in fafety fetled there my felf, In the deep Streams, or bedded on a Shelf; Deluded with falfe Hopes, the Oyfer gapes, And thence, this faid, ingrateful Kemlin fcapes; No more her Promife nor Engagement minds, But to the Hills out-ftrips the $W$ eftern $W$ inds.

The Eagle look'd upon them all the while,
In one Difh plotting both to reconcile,

Left this thould alfo fcape, the Monarch ftoop'd,
Made feizure of the Prey fof frongly coup'd,
Invefted with a rough and double fhell, Hard as the Adamantine Gates of Hell!

He whets his Beak, his hooked Tallons grinds, Charg'd often, and as oft Repulfes finds; Three times fhe opening out-works, put him to ${ }^{\prime}$, Once by his.Beak, twice hanging by his Foot :
But whilf the panting King ceffation made, His wide Mouth opening, thus the Oyfer faid.

This Fortrefs only Steel or Fire muft winn, Your Bill and Claws I value not a pin ,
Who firft to form my rough-caft out-works, dar'd
A King, the valiantft Man alive dec'ar'd, His Knife then flipping, I but rac’d his skin, And this great Champion dy'd of a Gangreen.

The Dam obferving from Heavens Chryftal vaults,
How much in vain were all his ftrong Affaults, Thus to his Mafter faid; The wifh'd for Prize,
Bear to the middle Region of the Skies,
Then drop th' obdurate on yon harder Rock,
So you your Siege fhall finifh at one fhock.
The Counfel pleas'd, the Eagle in a trice
Scal'd Galleries ftor'd with Räin,Snow,Hail, and Ice;
There perpendicular takes fteady aim, And on hard Marble down the Oyfer came,
The breaches clattering like a Thunder-Crack!
${ }^{3}$ The Fort lay open for the leaft attack ;
In leaps the Dam, and ftraight to Plunder falls,
There leaving fractur'd fhells and broken $W$ alls.
Then faid the King,though vex'd,I needs muft laugh,
Thus to be Cheated by a cozening Cbough:
But if I ever catch the Rook at Court,
I'll keep him in my Kitchin fafting for't ;

## ASOPS FABLES:

There he fhall ftarve, and e'r he get one bit Petition to be beaten with the Spit.

Moral.
Who deal with Princes drive a fubtle trade, $\bar{W}$ ben large Bills fwell for moorthlefs Trigles made : Who make fuch Audits mount a thouifand mayes, The King's too bard for them, be never pays.

## Fab. XXXIII. Of the Cedar and the Sbrub.

ACedar whofe tall Branches did extend To kifs the Sky, and Roots to Hell defcend; Puff'd up with Pride, fwoln with vain Folly Owld with a bufh and faring Periwig;
Which Madam May curl'd for his Summer Cap,
To drop off with the firft Autumnal clap,
Thus proudly fpake unto a Neighbouring Sbrub.
Thou inconfiderate, ill-manner'd Grub,
When I voutchfafe to look thus down on thee,
Scorn'ft thou to ftoop, and bow that Wooden Knee?
When by my kindnefs thou art happy made,
FromWind and Sun protected by my fhade! (Towns
Knowft thou not me,whofe Arms build Tow'rs anc
Whofe Knees make floating Citys on the Downs;
The ftrongeft Marble Arch without my Wood,
Ne'r ftood the Violence of a fecond Flood ;
If my huge Branches ftrengthen not the Frame,
Down comes the Structure like a Millers Damm !
Nay more, on me the Royal Eagle builds !
The Lion and his train that range the Fields,
When Boreas huffs, or fcorching Pbabus burns,
My Leavy fhadow to his Palace turns;
The Mexicans, as flying Fame reports,
Not only off, but in me build their Courts.
The vain Tree boafting thus, no end had made,
But that the Axe unto the Root was laid;
Then boyftrous blows refound, and thundring ffrokes;
Such bring proud Cedars low, and furdy Okes;
The Bulb then feeing how her palfied Crown
Sunk by degrees, juft ready to drop down,


## KSOFS FABLES.

Spake to the Dying, at her lateft galp,
In Deaths Convulfions trembling like an Afp. Hadft thou been Mean as $I$, th' hadft fcap'd all Tax,
Nor hadft thou been Condemned to the $A x$;
Thou that fo late Contemn't a Herricanie, Charg'd with Hail-fhot, and Deluges of Rain;
Thofe Covenanting-brethren thirty two, Winds that not only Threaten but can Doe, That Spring and Fall, each Change of Weather fly, Not to the ruine only of the Sky;
But in their rage what e'r Menarchick, bear O'r Sea and Land and fweep them through the Air ;
Your Parts and Riches, that you fo did crack,
Though Tempefts could not, lay you on your back;
I Arm'd with Poverty, thus Mean and Low,
Defie the Hatchet and all $W$ inds that blow.

## Moral.

Who bave what e'r their wibhes could derife, Sbould ne'r the Poor and abject'f Worm defpife: When altering Times, anid fickle $\dot{F}$ ortunes frown, Brings of the Proudeft in a momerit down.

0

## Fab. X XXIIII. Of the Ruftick and the Wolf.

ATefty Swain when beatings not avail'd, His $O x$ with execrations thus affaild; Legion, ten thoufand Devils on thee fall, And eat thy quarters up, Atch-bones and all ; Like Summer Flies upon thee feafting fit, Not leaving poor and Serving Fiends a bit : But if for Beafts fnch Spirits little care, Turks, Heathens, fewsand Sectaries their Fare, Who living Rebels, fwallow'd at a Gulph, Once Three and twenty thoufand! take him Wolf;
Thou that now haunts thefe Downs, let $\cdot$ Ig grim's Cub
Powder thee up, a difh for Belzebub;
Or let thy Wife with Salt and Pepper frode, In Collors rowl thee up, Beef a-la-mode.

The patrezaring $W$ olf who lay in wait;
Hearing the Ruffick rail at fuch a Rate, Himfelf difcovering, thus puts in his Claim :
I take you at your $W$ ord, Sir, here I am ;
Swains, fuch as you, are punctual and juft, Keep Promife, and prove Faithful to their Truft ; When the Noblefs, and Peerage of the Land, Never pay Debts, and rarely cleer a Bond! Nay, Citizens, and thofe of primer Rank, Whofe Credits ftand unqueftion'd as the Bank ; Crack unexpected, and not then prove found, When Nine pence for a Noble they Compound ; Deliver up your grant, the Bullock pay, And I'll difcharge you to this prefent day.

Then faid the Swain; What Bullock ? who are you?
That talkft of Grants, and mak'ft fo much adoe ?


## ASOPS FABLES:

Art thou his Son that fav'd Sir Reynard's skin ?
Puppie begon, I owe thee not a pin.
The Wolf reply'd, Think not to put me off, My due Demanding with a flighting Scoff, Though you your racking Landlords fo do pay, Put nine Months off beyond their Quarter-day;
I look you fhall be punctual, this my Steer
Deliver ftraight, or it will coft thee deat.
Who thus return'd, Fond IIgrim prate no more,
I gave this Bullock to the Devil before,
The firft Grant ftands, but two befides you yet,
Put earlier Titles in, my Pot, and Spit.
This faid, he calls his Dog behind the hedge,
Who little thought on, rais'd his formall Siege,
Thence in diforder the raw Souldier fcudds, To fheltering quarters in the adjacent Woods:

Young Ifgrim worfted by a bumkin Blade, At firft thus broken fetting up his Trade, His R eputation crack'd, fo much ormatch'd, Labours his Brains, and all occafions watch'd His Credit to redeem, obtain his Right, Or try his Fortune in a fingle fight.

At laft the Ruffick and his $O x$ he found,
Fallow converting into Furrow-ground,
To whom hefaid ; Unconfionable Clown, To hold from me my Right, and what's my Owr,
Whilf I, my Wife and Children, almoft ftarve :
Ah Heavens! what Punifhment do they deferve?
Who care not whom they ${ }_{6}$ R ob, nor how they Cheat ${ }_{3}$
Widows and Orphans Goods, like morfels eat;
Refolve whate'r they gather fo to keep,
Yet as fupinely as poor Poets fleep;
But now thou fhalt no longer me evade,
Spight of thy Dog and Devil, I'll be paid.

In quiet then deliver up this Steer,
Take my Acquittance, and your Audits cleer.
The Swain obferv'd how fharp-fet Ifgrim look'd,
Ready to eat him and his $O x$ uncook'd!
Abfent his Dog, in danger of his Life!
Straight Arms he difconceals and draws his Knife, Putting himfelf in pofture of Defence:

Then faid; Come on, your martial Sute commence!
With this l'll trounce your Tripes, your Gullet rip,
Infpect thy Bowells, and thy Body ftrip;
Thy Head cut off, I'll carry to the Kirk,
The Parifh pays me for fo good a Work.
The Wolf; ftartled at Kirk, and much difmaid
At his bright Arms, and bold defiance,faid :
Short as you are, as Confident I am,
Thee to fubdue, as if a Kid or Lamb;
Trufting my Strength, my Courage, and my Caufe:
But my Humanity puts in a Claufe!
My Mother was a Caledonian Dame,
Lay Elder-like, War-Wolf my Grandfire, came,
And 'midft Devotion mingled Venus Work,
As the at Prayers lay groveling in the Kirk,
'Midft grones and feign'd Contrition, her imbrac'd,
And pregnant fwell'd her then no little Wafte;
Some few Months after fhe had play'd the Rigg,
With Wolvifb reed, and Calvinifme big,
With that firmenting Covenant enrag'd, Againft th' Epifcopacy the engag'd ;
(a) A Woman arruck the firt Threw the firft (a) Stone, and after, that her Chair, froke in the late grand Rebelliop.

Lawn-fleeves upbraiding, and néw Common Prayer;
The Signal given, with a hideous yell,
(b) Gifippo

The ${ }^{(6)}$ Commers that fold Cabages and Kell,
Thunder at once,Stools, Cufhions, Stones and Myre,
Diftain'd the Mag-pyes Pontifick Attire;

My Grannie fo begun thófe fatal broiles, Inflam'd three Kingdoms, and two fpacious Ifles; Therefore fince You and I may be ally'd, By Arbitration let the cafe be try'd, Wars doubtful are, and long expenfive Laws, Let hini whom firft we meet decide the Caufe, And to his Judgement promife both to ftand ; On this they agreed, and Seal'd a Counter-bond.

## Moral.

Who ventures on a Foe, and then falls back,
Makes like a Pifol without Ball, a Crack:
When to take up the bufinefs, Friends be moves,
Braggart bimfelf, botb Fool and Combeard proves.

## - Fab. XXXV.

## 2. Of the Ruftick and the Wolf.

NOr long with Talk did they the time beguile; When bufie Reynard whips me o'r the fyle, Whore Sire th' old Fox, bred with much car
Up to the Law, nor his endeavours loft ; (and coft Lucrative ftudies, early he and late
To Mafter ftrove, whence $W$ ealth grows fight of Fat If they to Pleading come, will fweat and trudge:
When both thus faid, Behold, an able Judge.
So after Congees to their Work they fell, And each their Tale to beft advantage tell ; Then faid the Fox; To this you'll both abide, I, I, at once the Sroain and Wolf reply'd.

Then firf apart he with the Rufick goes, And thus affrights, your Cafe, Sir, fouly fhows; You have confeft (a) primo Leonis, th' A©̂ Cafts you,'gainft thofe with evil Spirits contract ; You to the Devil made a Deed of Gift, If fuch work once we Lawyers come to fift, You are undone, your Life in danger too, Witches have burnt for doing lefs than You! Viffims, to Promife execratious Charms, The Bullock falls to him that firft informs : Not Friends at Court would fetch you off, nor Gold, Should any lay on this Advanrage hold: The nettled Sroain with many ill-made Legs, Of his furr'd Foxfbip kind affiftance begs;
Whatever Goods and Lands, though ne'r fo Rich, Let him difpofe, e'r fuffer for a Witch.

Who thusreply'd ; To make your bufinefs mine, Your Purfe mufftretch, whatever I defign;

## ASOPS FABLES.

A Counfellor or two, we firft muft make ; Each may a dozen of your Capons take, Thefe in the Breach muft fand, make good the Gap, And may perhaps, your Caufe e'r Hearing ftop, The Bullock fend unto the Lion's Guard, So get your Pardon and be never Heard: Me a Fat Goofe, fome Chickens for my Wíife; And we, I warrant, foon fhall hufh all frife.
This to perform, himfelf the Rufick ty'd, When cunning Reynard thus young IJgrim ply'd; So, pleafe your $W$ oolfs $b i p$, you were much too blame, To lay your Title in the Devil's Name, For the foul Fiend;Ah Heavens! Appearance make!
Your wary Sire did never fo miftake; Though he did often Satan well advife, And could out-lye the Father of all Lyes; When e'r to canvafing your bufinefs comes, One load of Fagots will prove both your Dooms; Your own Confeffions, (Ah ! not me imploy,) The Plaintiff and Defendant will deftroy ; But more than this, your loud Conteft I find, And wrangling in fuch Paffion, taking Wind, A Bird hath carried, and no falle Report, To the Kings Eare, and to his Hungry Court, There, Tables down, they empty lye,and Watch, Like greedy Fifh, whatever Prey to catch; I faw them buftle, Cringe, and making Legs, This urges Service, that his Promife begs; Be fuddain, Sir, elfe foon you'll fay, I fear; You had a fair Eftate, and once you Were: With Sheep and fatted Lambs Peace offerings make, What's all your Worth when Life lies at the ftake? A Drolling Favourite, and lefs ferious Peet Shall, brib'd, although accas'd of Tieafori, eleex :

My Uncle now in old Lord Ifgrim's Place, Shall, with a Prefent, gain the Lion's Grace; Send all to me, and I'll your Gifts difpofe, Confirme your Friends, and mollific your Foes; The Wolf thus nettled, faid, All this I'll doe, Whate'r'twill coft me, I'll my Pardon fue. Thus fubtle Reynard ended their Debates, Sharing no little part of their Eftates.


## Fab. XXXVI.

## Of the Eagle and the Chough.

THe Royal Eagle down like Lightning came, And truft in griping fears a tender Lamb, Then to a Cedars Crown that kift the Skies,
To his expecting Aerie bears the Prize ;
This Flight a Chough with admiration faw,
Who long had been a Student in the Law.
Then faid ; Why toyl we thus at Inns of Courts?
Sweating at Breviates, Cafes, and Reports;
Drain Ployden, Dyar, Littleton, and Cokes,
About a fack a Styles, and fobn an Okes;
Attend feven years e'r call'd unto the Bar :
When Sutes no Fortunes raife, like Chance of War,
We a long life may fpend, and fweating trudge
To be a Tell-Clock, or a gouty Judge ;
Make Term by Term the Hall with Pleadings ring :
When one Field, one fhort Battel Croonns a King:
We fpin out Caufes, Clyents to beguile,
One Lucky Hit concludes the Souldiers toyl ;
We only Fleceers be, this Eagle came
And made one bufinefs both of Flece and Lamb;
Litigious Fools Eftates we oft impair,
Get for our felyes perhaps, the better fhare :
But if in Military Power they fall,
Their Lands are fwallowed, Moveables and all.
Law and the Gown farewel, I'll now turn Blade,
Defign he puts in Action foon as faid;

And with a lofty flight cuts ambient Skies,
Thence fooping, a fat Weather makes his Prize,
Then with his load thinking to cleave the Clouds !
He found himfelf entrap'd in $W$ oollen fhrowds;
His Claws and Shanks intangled fluck fo deep,
That he lay Prifoner to his Captive Sheep;
As eafie he might raife this pondrous work,
As bear to Heaven a Covenanting Kirk!
The fond Bird fnapt thus in a fleecie ginn,
The more he labours, fticks the fafter in ;
The Wooll like Quick-fands, working,deeper drew About his Claws the intricated Clew.

A Smain obferving his ambitious flight,
A Gowned Lawyer, now turn'd errant Knight,
Thus friling faid; Welcome from Inns of Court!
Since you take pleafure in $W$ ars cruel fport, Illl bring you to a Regiment of $W$ aggs,
Who from the Fair mounted on Hobby Naggs,
VVith Treble Fidle, Tabers, Pipes, and Drums,
All merry Boys, and cach his Rattle,comes;
He gives him to the Childifh Troop, this faid,
They lay by nifels, and their trifing trade,
And ftraight the Fondlings feizing, pull and hale, His VVings they clip, and murilate his Tail ; And thronging round they queftion, ask his Name, His Nation, Parents, Age, and whence he came?
VV ho fighing, thus reply'd ; I, now your fport, VVas bred a Lawyer at the Inns of Court;
Thence like the foaring Eagle, thought to fly
From Chamber-work to Practife in the Sky;
But I now finding how I was miftook,
Confefs my felf a Temple-garden Rook;

VVhich were I there, no more I'd dream of VVari, But boldly Chattering, thunder at the Barr.

Moral.
Tbofe who Experience, Strength or Courage lack, I
Taking a Tartar may themfelves attack:
But to be fport for Boys and loytering. Facks, Little of an Infernal Torture lachs.

$$
P_{2} \quad F_{A B}
$$

## Fab. XXXVII.

## Of the Tyger and the Fox.

VVHen Hunting Nimrods firft began to And at ftrange diftance aiming execute, Before in Squadrons able Bow-men Diming noon-Sun beams with a feathered wood, (ftood Againft Wild Beafts they practife new-found skill, And Quadrupeds felt only biting Steel; When in the Forreft this dire work began, What God they knew not, or more Cruel Man Them thus afflicted, out they could not ftart, But here a Heifer drops, and there a Hart.

No Foe in fight, but loe! th' Infernal Hagg, (a) One of the fury ir in Hell, (a) Tifiphone, or elfe fome direr Plague Brought a Deftruction not to be control'd, None fparing,neither Sex, nor young nor old, So durft they not from fheltering Coverts draw, But there lay pining with an empty Maw.

VVhen a bold Tyger thus enquird the caufe;
You Forreft Rangers now who know no Laws,
But your own wills, who pleafure only ferve;
VVhat makes you thus pent. up to lye and fterve ?
Or what Scorbutick humor ftops your blood ? That thus you languifh here and feek no Food. VVhen one reply'd; We dare not take the Field, Unlefs protected with a Tortoife Shield;
Clouds that with Gove's Artillerie affail,
Lightning and Thunder, Wind,Snow, Rain,and Hail,
Ne'r us furpriz'd fheltered in Dens and Holes:
Now not a black patch feen ' c wixt either Poles;
Some God from cleer expanfions Bolts lets fly
Unwing'd with warning Tempeft, fo, we dy ;


Or if we fcape hurt by unfeen Serenes, The W ound not Mortal perifh of Gangreens ; And if we fall whiere fhot, the Lords of Lands; Make us their Prize, and feize for Deodands:
So we refolve to fend here lateff breath, Since of all Deaths the wortt is fuddain Death.

Then faid the Tyger ; Man o'r Beafts hath odds,
As much as over Men Immortal Gods;
But be it Humane, Heavenly Power or Hells, That kills at once and works fuch Miracles!
I'll venture a Difcovery to make ;
And good or bad whate'r my fortune take.
This faid, the Bold and Nimble waves difpuites
And reafon baffld, from the Covert fhoots : No fooner forth, an Archer him difcern’d, Stalking and gazing as not much concern'd, His tackle ready, clofe in Ambufade, Drawing his Shaft, thus he to Pbebus pray'd. Grant that yon Monfter with the haughty Garb, May receive Sentence from this deadly Barb: Give Pride a Fall, this Arrow in his Breaft, Make me the Mafter of his curious Veft, Which prizing next to Royal Ermin, fhall Hang a gay Trophie, up in Skinners-Hall. Whilft he at fears and vulgar errors laught, Apollo grants, and he difmift the ffiaft ; Making no obftacle a Rib it broke, And through his Bowels fixt upon an Okei

He felt ftrange Agonies through every part, And Deaths Convulfions fhake his trembling heart ; Strikes, Tears,and Flings, till almoft out of breath, Th' arrefted Patient falls, expecting Death; At his laft gafp whilf yielding up his Soul, Spake thus lly Reynard peeping from his Hole;

You that but now to venture were to hot, What ? Sink you at a Privateers firt fhot?
A clofe backbiter that can well defame You ne'r fhall fee, and he ne'r mils his Aim; You are a Courtier in the Lions Woods, There you may find many fuch Robin Hoads; That from the Kings own Ear their aim fhall take, And though in Favour, an Example make.

## Moral.

Backbiters oft infule fucb lafing ftains, Tbat blemifb Heirs in after Princes Raigns: A Jandrous Tongue, altbougb upon no ground, For ever may fair Reputation moonnd.


## IE SOPS FABLES.

## Fав. XXXVIII.

## Of the Eagle and other Birds.

ATyrant Eagle that had difpofieft His Royal Mafter,and enjoy'd his Neft, Which more to Feather he a thoufand ways, And griping Counfel fudies how to raife.
His pack'd up Parliaments gave what he would, Enough to build him Forts and Ships of Gold ; Yet though all forts of Birds were plum'd and pill'd His Clem'd Exchequers belly never fill'd; Lone, Taxes, Pole, his Cuftome and Excife Loft in their Rivers yield fcarce no fupplys, Collectors and Receivers, Rooks and Kites, Snip Pounds to Pence, and Shillings into Mites; The Tyrant by Neceffity put too't, Monopolies and Projects fers a foot.

At laft Religion Cloaks his impious aims,
So he an Annual Holyday Proclaims
To Aquilla his Grandfire, who now bears goves punifhing Thunder in his hooked fears; At laft the day of Solemnization came, From all parts gathering Birds doth Wild and Tame; Peacocks and Geef, Turkies, Wild-ducks, and Cranes, The Decoy Temple throng, with feveral Trains : They look'd that Griffons there they fhould behold, And flying Horfes wing'd with Angel-Gold! There, Birds of Paradife, there, would appear Pberilix, farce feen once in five hundred year:
But ah! Inftead of gaudy,Armed Birds, Bed-Chamber Harpies, Kites, and Craven Lords A Guard with griping Tallons ready ftood, Thofe fatal $V e$ efpers to conclude in Blood:
Whilft all with fuddain Confternations fhake,
Thus the Ufurper in rough language fpake. We

We with Our urgent $W$ ants and rifing Charge,
Oft mildly have acquainted you at large;
Suppofing well Our Aims you underftood,
Not Private feeking, but the Publick good:
But be it what it will, no more now fhall
Our Will and Pleafure queftion'd be at all ;
Since Fate hath put me in the Royal Chair,
Of blafted Reputation I'll beware;
No more I'll wheedle now, cajole or beg,
Make my own Subjects for my Right, a Leg :
But thofe who boldly oft did me oppofe,
Profcrib'd fhall all now fuffer here as Foes ;
I'll make this day prime Offerings of their Blood,
To Aquilla, Our Grandfire and Our God.
This faid, his Guard at once upon them falls,
Turning expected Feafts to Funeralls !
In heaps lay Maffacred the Fat and Tame,
The Rich were Criminals, and moft too blame;
The Eagle glad his cruel Project took,
Unto his bloody Murtherers thus fpoke.
Who would be abfolute, a reall King,
By Fear mult down Seditious Subjecis bring ;
Who goes about a Crimfon deed by ha'ves,
If one 'mongft thoufands his fond Mercy faves,
That proves his Ruin by imperfect Work :

Then Rule alone: Howe'r a Tyrant's brave,
Defending all in Scarlet to the Grave.

## Moral.

Kings as inclin'd, ons feveral binges move, This forns the Peoples Hate, that conrts their Love: But mbo woith general liking quiet Raigns. $A_{*}$ skilful Riders Reputation gains.


## ASOPS FABLES.

IOI

## Fab. XXXIX.

Of the Pedlar and his $A / \sqrt{ }$.

MUft I be alwayes at this heavy pafs?
Still the fides tawing of a fuborn $A f s$ ?
Will you -not mend your pace,fo light your Such pleafant weather, and fo fair a Road ? (Load,
Thus to his reftie Beaft the Mafter faid, Whilf tabring on his coat the Cudgel plaid; But he the form with furley patience food, As if a Sea-waflid Rock, or made of wood: Nor more would from his refolution budge, Than the fevereft fentence-paffing Judge, Since blows could not his tender Confcience force, He thus effaies him with a milder courfe. Jog $A \mathrm{~F}_{\mathrm{in} \text { nego, }}$ ftep by ftep, make proof Of this fmooth tract, with your imprinting Hoof; Here are no Plafhes, Clods, nor lumpie Clay, Here, had we time, us two at Dice might play; No more I'll wreak my Anger on thy Ribs, But my felf feed thee at replenifh'd Cribs, And like a Lord, although an $A f$, attend, And Filly-foal fhall be thy bofom friend.

Not fo the Polifh Chapman and his (a) Magg,
(a) The Pedar's Wife. Rais'd vaft Eftates,a Gallowway their Nag Still cheerful bore his Wealth encreafing Pack, Till he march'd forth a General from a Jack.

When thus grown defperate, fpake the moody Beaft, Thee, and thy Fairs and Markets I deteft; After fo many ftripes that me wouldft footh To fettle early in thy Cheating Booth; Laft night your Guzeling got into your Pate, And I muft fuffer, 'caufe you rofe fo late:

My Father told me Dying, whom you made
Like me, your Slave, like me your Pack-horfe jade;
You more by favouring of that Retel Scot
Than by your Pedling, this your Fortune got:
You with feditious Pamphlets f.tuff'd your load,
Long e'r Mercuriuses appear'd abroad,
Before Fame plum'd on paper wings could fly,
Plain Truth trod under by proud Madam Lye;
Fill'd the illiterate Dorps and Countrey Towns, With Cleaver's works, with Subtclif's, Dod's, and
On every Shelf, andCupboards-head they lay, (Brown's;
Opening to grand Rebellion the way;
My haplefs Father at his lateft breath
Laid to your Loads and cruelty, his Death :
I fuffering thus like him, refolve fo too,
And dying here, my Murther lay on you.
This faid, no longer he fuftains his load,
But ftretch'd himfelf athwart the beaten Road.
When to the defperate, thus th' inrag'd replies;
Wilt thou lye here, not do thy work, not rife ?
If to the Devil thou intend'ft to go,
I'll find you tortures worfe than thofe below ;
Thy endlefs beatings, fhall fill all parts with din,
Ill in twelve Tabers cantle out thy skin,
At Childrens feaffs, at Pupit-plays, and Fairs,
Thofe reftlefs Furies, Puddings, Apes, and Hares, Shall Taw thy hide, and with perpetual noyle, Call to lewd Shews, light Girles, and loytring Boys;
Perpetuall baftings, alwayes to be flamm'd
If thou fo well approv'ft, Dye and be damn'd.
The $A f s$ then in a melancholly vein,
Splenatick fumes, fuggefting Hell and Pain,
Dire Tortures after Death ! began to think,
No lucid intervals, no meat nor Diink!

But alwaies Furies labouring on his pelt, Better that Hell wherein he living dwelt, Where he 'mongft toyl and blows, might reft and feed : Then rifing, he outwent an $A$ fes fpeed.

## Moral。

Sucb Criminalls wobom foft nor tbreatning words
Will make confefs, cock'd Piftolls, nor dramon Smords;
Tell them of Tortures and Infernall flames,
Tbat brings all out, and greatef Monfers tames.
Q2 FAB.

## 104 IESOPS FABLES.

## Fab. XL. Of Fupiter and the Ape.

TR ansform'd to $W$ olves by fore, $L$ ycaon's race, Once more themfelves transform to Babes of The brifly beafta fheepskin tunick clouds (grace, And they, though living, walk in Woollen fhrouds; Thus carrying on a damnable Defign, Not Heaven to take by form, but undermine ; Monarchick Power up Root and Branch they'il grub, Thundring from Hell the Pulpit and the Tub; Heaven's Gates not battering, thus they will unhinge: So fatiate both their Avarice and Revenge; And Lords of the Afcendant fwallow down Bright Conftellations, Jewells of the Crown, Levell Revenues, fhare his Starrie Robes, Joyning Coeleftial and Terreftrial Globes.

Which fove perceiving, foon remembred well How on his Pallace earth-born Bomkins, fell, Thofe ranting Tytonoys in hurly burly, (Like ruder Sea-men after Pay grown furley) Strove Heavens twelve Houfes down at once to tear, Crying, They all light Venus Manfions wear.

Then faid great fove, Wolves threaten my Aboads, Their faction powerful grown 'mongft favouring Gods What fhall I do ? and Man's deceitful ftock, Though me with loaden Altars they invoke; Yet in the Gyants War not one did lift Nor Us, in that great exigence affift ; Well ; I with Bealts will fight the beftial Foe, Commiffioning Our Quadruples below.

This faid, he mufters up both Wild and Tame ; All free from this fo dire infection came.
'Mongft thefe, the King of Ape-land did engage, Attended with a Gallich Equipagé,
Tronck-hos'd Baboons, and liveri'd Drill Lacqueis, Which fove himfelf took pleafure on to gaze ! When drawing neer, with fobn-an-Apes his Son, Thrice Congecing to the Thunderer he begun. Though in our Kingdom Pulpit Wolves we have,
(a) Hyenas, fuch as make the vulgar rave;

Yet by our Care not far their Poyfon taints,
Within our Walls Preach no diffembling Saints;
(a) EJyenas is faid to bea fort of V Volves, that counterfeic Humane Voyces, and by their Complaints draw Children, and the weaker fore of people, our of villages, and feifirg, make their Préy.

Free from the witchcraft of their powerful Charms, I'll forty thoufand thee prefent in Arms,
'Gainft all the W orld my Army I'll maintain
To march up Hill, and fo come down again.
But for this Service one frall Boon I beg,
Behold my Son, thus mounted on one Leg,
Which if that Miracles not yet are ceas'd, Stands th' onely W onder betwixt Man and Beaft !
Should I his Qualities but reckon, they
Would take up the whole bufinefs of the day:
Therefore great King of Kings on him beftow
Some grant that may your fignal favours fhow.
Then fove reply'd; To give fhall be my task,
And you to find, what's worth your while to ask, Prefent me your defires, What you would have?
As ready l'm to grant, as you to crave.
Not long Confulting th' Apeland Monarch ftaies,
But thus upon hisknee, fove humbly prays:
Since you are pleas'd my Ofspring to advance,
Make him a King, a good King Gobn of France:
E'r rowls of Fate (fome fay) are quite unfurld,
An Apifh Prince may Rule the Weftern W alld;
1 beg this, Sir, upon our Injuries fore,
Forces to land upon the Britijb hore,

My Brother, and his Uncle to redeeni From Paris-Garden, one I much efteem, Whom now at Penfion amongft nafty Bears; A guarded Jerkin without Breeches wears, There making paftime on a gall'd Horfe back, And though a Prince at home, they call him fack:

To be the King of France, faid angry fove;
On fuch a high concern no further move, The Frencb King might have paft, he not unfit To Rule that Nation by his parts and Wit : But fince he after fuch Preferment gapes, To be a Monarch though a fack-an-Apes, Your Brother and his Uncle, never fhall From Paris-Garden be releas'd at all : But when his Mafter pleafe fhew tricks, and Dance, To meaneft Subjects of the King of France.

## Moral.

Clandeftine Plots more dangerous are by far,
Then all Hofilities of open War:
Let your Petitions Modef be, and fit, And ten to one, if any thing you get.


## Fab. XLI.

## Of the Carpenter and Mercary.

His Artift who no fmall Task undertook, No petty Tenements,nor paltry Nook;
Nor for fome Trees contracted, but whole
To build a ftately Temple for the Gods; (Woods, A huge Pantbeon where they all muff ftand That ér were Worfhip'd yet in any Land;
And empty Neeches left for many more,
New Lights might move hereafter to implore. (ftrokes,
Each where the Groves refound with boyiterous
And falls of groaning Pines, and dying Okes,
His work he plyes, fo that in ranks and files
Thick ftands a Foreft in congefted Piles:
This alteration fetled Eagles felt,
Who had in Cedar Courts three Ages dwelt,
Suppofing the Eftate for ever theirs,
At leaft long Leafes for themfelves and Heirs :
'Mongft thefe he on a feecial Tree did look,
Periñfuled with an incircling Brook, 'Mongft freading boughs that dangled o'r the fream, He fancyed one would make a fitting Beam, Which ftriding, while he fpriggs and foliage tops, Bufie to cleer the work, his Hatchet drops 'Mongft troubled waters, hard to be regain'd, Deep with a fhower, dark with firmented fand ;
Then the Coeleftials all he did implore,
His Ax imployed for them they would reftore.
When Hermes, whom this Artift late had carv'd,
And much for fuch a Mafter-piece deferv'd, Which in his Shop fhew'd like an unlick'd Bear, But an eighth Wonder mounted in the Air,

## ASOPS FABLES.

With his Caduceus ftanding on one Leg, Appearing, faid, In a good hour you beg, You building are tho Gods a flately Fane, Who work for them, they hear, when they complain. Who thus reply'd; My Ax whilft here I lopt Boughs for their fervice, in the River dropt; Lately new edg'd, and fitted to my hands, Which whilft I want, a Turret tottering ftands.

This faid, the God defcends, and in a thought,
Him from deep ftreams,a golden hatchet brought,
Asking if that were his, which when he fpild,
That's none of mine! I dropt none fuch, he cry'd;
I ne'r had any Ax fhin'd half fo bright,
For fervice mine! more than for fhew and fight.
Thence Hermes diving, brings another bait,
Both Helve and Hatchet-all of maffie Plate.
That neither, cryes the Artift, that's not mine!
Finding no Fraud to anfwer his Defign, Hermes well pleas'd, prefents him with his own, Dipt thrice in Styx, Stick-free 'gainft Steel and Stone, More worth than thrice the weight in folid Gold, Whofe Edge fhould never blunt, never grow old; Whilf he gives thanks,commixt with vows and prayers The difappearing God to Heav’n repairs.

Moral.

- Artifs wobofe Square a leatber Apron girds, Articles bind not Promijes nor Words: Their mortby company fmall muffers makes, That for their onn woould leave a Golden $A x$.


## Fab. XLII.

## 2. Of the fame Carpenter and Mercury.

 How to be mafter of a Golden Ax; Hot on his new laid Pro ject, thence he flips, And on the fame Tree mounted, hews, and chips; Then (as defign'd) ftraining a branch to lop, Down lets his Hatchet in the $W$ ater drop, And to the Gods conceives thefe feigned Prayers:You Powers that pittying look on Mens affairs,' And the moft abject help when they implore, My Hatchet; ah my Hatchet me reftore! Which, wanting, I fhall ne'r perform my Work, Though but to build a Calidonian Kirk.

Hermes the Hypocrites petition heard, And above Waves with a bright Ax appear'd; And thus, who durft trepan-the Gods, trepan'd; If this be yours, this Hatchet, eafe my hand, Which I'm not able longer up to hold, Although a Deity, all of maffie Gold; Stoop, ftoop,friend quickly, and receive your own : Which faid, the wretch flraight bending tumbled down, And at fhades grafping, fell into the ftream, Where foon he wakened from his golden Dream $_{\text {, }}$ Thence fcrabling out fafe on the River fide, He at his girdle his own Hatchet fpy'd, And at the transformation wondring food, The Heft turn'd Marble, and the Steel grown Wood:

R

IIO $\quad$ ESOPS FABLES.
When thus he faid; a very fine exploit
To get a Golden Ax not worth a doyt.

## Moral.

Artifts tbat Toyl, bard livings noring from Sxeeat, Strangely affect wobat's purcbas'd by a Cbeat: Wbo Courts or Cburcbes build, or elfe repair, Of fucb John Joyners, let tbem take fome care.

## ASOPS FABLES:

## III

## Fab. XLIII.

## Of the Dog and Wolf.

THis Dog with care attends his Mafters flocks, Protecting from the Wolf and fubtle Fox, Long winter nights would walk his rounds, and For Truft and affiduity unmatch'd;
(watch'd,
Yet for perpetual Vigils, conftant guards, Blows and long Lents, were only his rewards;
Who for fuch pains encouragement deferv ${ }^{\circ} \mathrm{d}$, Neglected went, clem'd up,and almoft fterv'd.

To whom, thus Ifgrim at a parly fpake;
You that fuch pains for blows and hunger take;
Adventuring life fo oft, and nothing fpare,
But Bare-bones to be call'd for all your care;
I wonder at, and pity, though a Foe,
Others that ferve your Mafter are not fo;
His Auditors, and thofe that bear the Bago
Their fides are larded, their ftuff'd bellys fag; Who fet his Lands, and Tenements demife, Their Cheeks and Nofes bow-dy'd fcarlet dyes. Who thus reply'd ; I'm but his Shepherd's Dog, Spaniels and Foyfting-hounds, that lye and cog, Filling his ears with Tales and idle prate, Pick up their Crums, when out foon me they rate;
He values more a Fool, or fawcie Knave, Than one whofe Wifdome might a City fave; Our Lord great Places holds, hath ftore of Lands, Of which, no more than I, he underftands; He knows not what his Rents are, what his Books, Nor bufineffe, onely after Pleafure looks;
Let them with forty pieces ftuff his Fobb, To lofe at Gaming, or rig forth fome Drab,

## ASOPS FABLES.

His work there ends, that done concludes all Cares, Both of the Publick and his own Affairs ; Let Ships and Cities be confum'd in flame, All's one to him, his principles the fame.
Then I ggrim faid ; Once take a Foe's advice, Would you new fheath'd, and fat be in a trice ? Fancy me yonder Lamb; I ask no more, Ne'r to your belly after run a-core ; And this the means, I'll feize your Cur $/$ ips s gift, Follow you me, I know you fierce and fwift; When you are neer, juft catching at my Throat, Feigning fall down, and let me take my lot, This will your Mafter,and the reft obferve, And for their own ends, you no more fhall fterve ;
The Common Foe and a falfe Servant joyn'd, Put ftraight in act what well they had defign'd ; Whilf all beheld how I/grim feiz'd the Lamb,
And (a) Hylax after, like a Tempeft, came;
The tender Prey was ready to regain, He feeming faints, nor could his fpeed maintain, The Wolf his Prize to fheltring Coverts bore, The Dog is worth his weight in Gold, the y fwore, And without queftion had the loffe regain'd, Had he for fervice better been maintain'd:
Both Town and Countrey then of him took care, And each-where treated, he grew Fat and Fair.

\[

\]

## Fab. XLIV.

## 2. Of the fame Dog and Wolf.

HIs Curfhip Hylax, now grown fleek and plump,
Dog in a doublet with a Velvet Jump, $R$ ais'd by his Mafter's Lord's efpecial grace, From Turn-fit, to the Major-Domo's place, Had both the Kitchin, Pantrey, Larder, all That were below-ftairs ready at his call; Spaniells, nay Maftives, veil'd to him their Caps, And Foyfting-hounds, though in their Ladies laps; Who late fome fruples taking 'bove his dofe, A large Potation and a fhort repofe, $W$ alk'd forth this morning, better to repair His quefie ftomach with refrefhing Air ;

Where under harder Planets I/grim fate, Repining at inexorable Fate,
Soon as the Wolf his old Acquaintance fpy'd, Craving an Alms, thus he himfelf apply'd;
Take pitty Sir, behold my fordid Coat, My clemd up Belly, and my rivel'd Throat;
Since you that tender bit on me beftow'd
I never tafted Flefh, nor drank warm Blood;
Ah! with fweet Creature-comforts me fupply,
That once more I may eat before I dye;
I wave all former Merits, neither hint
Councel, that fince hath prov'd to you a Mint, That well your back hath cloath'd, your Purfe well lin'd, Ah! let my $W$ ants your foft Compaffion find.

Dog Steward then reply'd; Ifgrim 'tis true,
To rob my Mafter I Confiri'd with you, And I fo well did your firt Leffon learn, I onely ftudied fince my own Concern;

## ASOPS FABLES.

By which I rais'd my felf in little fpace, Up from a Scullion, to the Caterer's place; A (a) Basket in my mouth, a Bill that bid The Butcher furnifh me with Veal or Kid; Beef, Lamb, or Mutton, which I day by day Brought to the Cook, ne'r asking what's to pay ; But once as I went luggering home my load, I faw two Maftives fighting in the Road; Straight to be Stickler, down my Charge I fet, When the great battel prov'd an arrant Cheat ; And they to plundring of my Basket fell, I thought I might put in my Claym as well ; So we together did divide the Spoyl;
My Lord faw this, and laughing all the while, Tickled with mirchief, and my ready $W$ it, Since me to make his Steward hath thought fit, And I'm no more a down-right Shepherd's Cur, But as you fee; Your humble fervant, Sir, Confeffeth that you rais'd mie; nor fhall forn As Courtiers ufe, to make a kind return ; I'll put you on a handfom Project fhall

Once more your belly fill, fall what may fall :
Soon as grown dark, you to pur Larder may Find ty a new made breach, an eafie way,
There you may wants fupply, there highly Feaft,
Which I could wifh you may as well digeft.
This faid, the joyful $W$ olf did thence depart,
And home went Hylax, treachery in his heart.
Moral.
Who get Advancement by finifer ends, Prove feldome to their Raijers cordiall friends: The Debt too great to pay, fome State-trick muff, By ruine or difgrace, acconnts adjuff.

## Fab. XLV.

## 3. Of the fame Dog and Wolf.

SOon as Sun-fetting rais'd nights fable flags, And Stars dreft up, laid by their muffling bags; Forth Ifgrim did from dark Receffes fteal, Venturing fweet Life againft one plenteous Meal; Through fhades and filence the old Robber drew, Where breaches lay expos'd to open view; Low and neglected out-works foon he mounts; The wealthie Plunder a!! his own, accounts;

Fierce; on cold Lamb and Mutton firt he falls, Next, breaches makes in Venifon Paftie walls; Then up and down pickering, tears and eats, Making a maffacre of broken meats!
Rich Wine in open bottles laft he marks, Whofe windy firment had blown up their Corks;
Th' uneven floor turning to Pools and Ifles, He French and Spanifb difference reconciles; Fear of furprizal vanquifhed with Wine, He calls the Vault his Caftle, cryes all's mine; Plots the falle Steward (though his friend) to kill, There fix his Throne, and Govern in that Cell:
Tuning his pipes, then he began to fing
The Ballad of Lycaon, once a King ;
How he with Humane difhes fove did Feaft, On Man's flefh treated his Coeleftial Gueft, Herbage for Beafts, Beafts Men, Man Angells food, What beft with them agreed might pleafe a God: But he at him, and fuch choice Banquets forms, And for his kindneffe to a Wolf transforms, Clofing each Stanza with Phanatick Rage, Should fove more than Gygantick ftirs engage,

Such dire Notes IIgrim fung, whilft down he trowls, After his favourie Morfels, cheering Bowls.
Dog Steward that well his voyce, though finging, knew.
From Ambufcade out with a party drew, At lock'd dores entring, they befet the breach, Crying the Wolf another Song they'll teach; Who feeing he mult perifh on the Spot, Seiz'd his falle Friend, the Steward by the throat, Though all to loofe him did what e'r they could With deadly wounds, the $V V$ olf fill kept his hold :

So grapled they in Death's convulfion lay, And dead, were thrown out on the Kings high-way.

## Moral.

Feign'd Friends sobo beft may Villanies complot's Oft their Defgns mifcarrie on the Spot:
$A$ dram this of the deadly Bottle gets, UVbich for bis dangerous Compeer be fets.

## AESOPS FABLES.

## Fab. XLVI.

## Of the Fox and the Eagle.

SO faire the Morning, that you could not fpy The fmalleft mote in Heav'ns great chriftal eye, And fuch the Halcyon, that in Pbobus Raies Light Attoms danc'd no Laborynthian haies, $W$ hilf the plum'd Quire to audit $W$ inter fcores, And long neglected love, call brisk Amours; Earth clad in green,bids February fly, The warm Sun's gallant now in Gemini. When thus Sir Reynard's heir, that hopefui Spark, His Mother cogs to wanton in the Park.

Give me, dear Mammie, leave a while to play
On yonder Mantlings, this inviting day;
How finely fhines the Sun ? how clear and warm ?
And I'll a Chicken from that meighbouring Farm
Perhaps convey, bearing a-pick, a-pack,
Like Daddie, with a Gander on his back.
Then fhe reply'd; Go Reynie, but beware
Left th' Eagle thee a further voyage bear;
I faw her truffe a Lamb, fo long did mark
Her flying, till fhe leffned to a Lark;
Thee if fhe light on, and thy little prize,
She'll carry to her Caftle in the Skies;
Where Chicken and you, fhe will together dreffe;
And her expecting Aeiry fo Cares.
This faid, the $W$ anton leaves their fhadie Court,
Caution forgot, and only follows fport:

## 118 ASOPS FABLES.

Whom,foon Mount-Eagle more than Steeple high Saw, and defcending from the liquid Skie, Seiz'd on the heedleffe Cub , and thence conveys To Feaft her Young, through Airs untracted wayes;
The buflle hearing, out Dame Ermelin flies,
Thus th' Eagle courting, to forfake her Prize.
A Mother hear, fince you a Mother are !
Vex not a frantick Female to difpair ;
My Son deliver, wave what e'r your Claim,
And I'll prefent you with a tender Lamb;
Orelfe a Tortoife in the fhell I'll drefs,
Shall better thee and thy fair young Carefs.
She neither her Complaints, nor proffers minds, But to her Cedar Court out-ftrips the Winds; Where for their fhares her fharp-fet Aeirys gapes,
(a) Indiansare alwayes perfonased in the Scene in Coats of FeaYoung Reynie wondring at their (a) Indian fhapes.
But fhe, Mount-Eagle finding no remorce,
Suddain refolves upon a defperate courle;
And from th' high Altar at Devotion, ftole
A fmoking Fire-brand tip’d with blazing Cole,
Thence, wing'd with Rage, like Draco Volans, flies,
And th' Eagle's Palace graples in the Skies.
Thus proffering terms, give me my Son, or Fire
Shall make thy lofty Seat a funeral Pyre,
Thy Ofspring and their Neft to afhes burn,
And if thou ftay'f, thy bones with them in-Urn:
Startled to fee a blazing weapon fhine,
Aloud the cryes; Thy ofspring I refign!
Ask what thou wilt, and Articles prepare,
And I will Sign them whatfoere they are;
And who fo long defpis'd both Men and Gods, Shall pay thee Homage at thy own Aboads.
Difpatch then, Ermelin cryes ; fhe foon as faid,
Young Reynié in his Mothers Bofome laid :

Who joyful, told her he had been fo far, That he had catch'd, almoft, a Blazing-ftar.

## Moral。

The Greedy only their onon intereft minds; Complaints lull them afleep like murmuring VVinds: Oft bigbeft Spirits roben you put them too't, Fall proftitute as bumbly at your foot. S 2
$F_{\Delta} \boldsymbol{m}_{1}$

## Fab. XLVII. <br> 2. Of the Fox and the Eagle.

MAdam Mount-Eagle forc'd to foop thus low, As if fome dung-hil bird, or carrion Crow, To Reynards wife on bafe conditions yield,
No Battel, yet fhe Miftris of the Field ;
Thus ftorming faid; What will of me become :
Abroad a laughingftock, and jeer'd at home ?
Dreft in Lampoons'mongft common Garden Birds, Fools bolts will fly, and Afes biting guirds, Me they'll Burlesk with fuch R hyme-dogerel Pens, Make Griffons Robins, Royal Eagles Wrens; Blood muft more eafie move this grating Hinge, No Salve for Reputation like Revenge.

To Merlin then her truftie Page, fhe fpake;
From me to Reynard's Wife, a vifit make ;
Say, I my felf, on her would willing wait,
But I my Charge attend early and late;
Hither, if leifure grant her leave to walk, We better may of kind Concernments talk.

The long-wing'd on his Meffage flyes with fpeed, And told Dame Ermlin what his Lady bid;
Though full of thoughts, invited thus fhe came, And fate as other Madams, by Madame.

Then fpake the Eagle, a branch higher perch'd;
A Female difference not at firft well fearch'd, May feem to heal under a formal skin, When the clos'd Orifice ulcerates within.

Therefore my Lord, and yours, now both from home, I have aparted a convenient. Room;
Which, pleafe you to arcept, "and Rent-free too,
The friendfhip to confirm 'twixt Me and You;

Since we live fingle, keep a flender Train, You Chamber'd in the Cedar may remain, Where we may vifit one another oft, Vuplyant Grudges Frequency makes Joft.

Whom profit blinds, perceive no reaching drift, She ftraight accepts the cunning Eagle's gift ; Her felf, and all her little ones removes, From fure foundations to deceitful Groves.
When going early forth (her ufual guife , Markets to make, in manner of Reprize:) Mount-Eagle skilful at Dame Ermin's Trade, A Tragick Scene in her fhort abfence play'd, Enters new Lodgings, on her Children falls, Makes bloody Banquets with their Funeralls ! Serves the whole Brood to her expecting Young, And Feafted, down their Bones and Offalls flung, Then boafting faid : I'm now Reveng'd to th' height, Let Parots prate, and idle Goofe-quills write.

## Moral.

In War to Conquer, be at Court preferr'd, Your Love-fuite kindly by your Miffris beard: Sbipporack to Scape, thefe mucb contentment bring, But fweet Revenge of foy's the only King.

## Fab. XLVIII,

3. Of the Fox and the Eagle.

$1 \sqrt{1}$Ean while Dame Ermelin following her trade, A Stubble-Goofe her own by purchafe made; Claim putting in by feifure, thwart her back
She threw her booty like a Pedlar's Pack;
Thence fpeeding home her little ones to treat, Where foon as entred, down her Fardle fet, Them by their names fhe calls, Squire, Sly, and Shirk, To breakfaft, here's good cheer, no picking work; Miffing her Cubs within, her Round fhe went, But them nor heard, nor faw, nor found by fcent:

Then thus fhe cryes, Some curfed Cavaleer Hath with his Blood-hounds ranfacking, been here; Who of my Children hath made meat for Dogs, Or Captive led, condemn'd to Chains and Clogs;
How like his Father,Squire, my eldeft Cub,
Would Preach in Pulpit, or hold forth in Tub, From tender Confcienc'd Geefe removing Doubt, W ould Orthodox and Refractory rout !
How would my fecond with drawn Pizzel lye ?
Rook an oid Rook, a carrion Crow, or Pye ?
The third for Policy and Valour might,
Ah had he liv'd! been like his Sire, a Knight.
This heard, Mount-Eagle and her doubts to cleer, Said, Moan no longer, your three Sons are here;

And as fhe fake, down a pick'd Carcafs flung, Thus her upbraiding with a bitter tongue.
Another Firebrand, noyfome fented Brache, If thou canft find one,from the Altar fnatch; Chriftian Religion cuts off Heathen Rites, Now each-where fhines the Gofpel with new Lights; Iuftead of Hecatomb's that fove Careft, Stifling with Smoke the Manfions of the Bleft Only a Contrite Heart they offer up, And their Libation a Communion Cup.
Then full of Grief and Rage, replyes the Fox; Thou mayit be met with, Kite, for all thy mocks : This faid, to former dwellings fhe retreats, And there long mourning, neither drinks nor eats.

Soon after in an unconverted Town, (Change of Religion by degrees march'd down From populous Cities, introduc'd by Arms, To Pagan Bumpkins, Villages, and Farms, ) At ${ }^{\text {(a) }}$ Bacchus Feftivals, a Goat they paid, The Vine-deftroyer on his Altar laid; And whillt with Rural Ditties they advancd, 'Mongft oyl'd Borrachios leap'd and fell, and danc'd ; Mount-Eagle foops like lightning from the Pole, And fratch'd a Morfel on a hiffing Coale, Which bearing to her Neft, the Cinder catch'd, Her Pallace fmokes, with Reeds and Stubble thatch'd; No hope left how to quench the rifing Flame ! Screiching aloud; at laft th' affrighted Dame, E'r fprinckling fparks had fing'd her callow Young, She on the ground, like ripe fruit falling, flung; Which Ermelin fpying ftraight upon them falls, And flaughtering, thus unto their Mother calls.
Robber and Murtherefs, thou that haft thy Tower Above the reach of Beafts or Humane power ;
(a) Virg. Georg. hib. 2o

Nois aliam of culpam Bascho caper omsibus aris
Caditar, of veteres inennt profcenios ludi :
Pramiaq; ingensteis pagos, or compita circum
Theffide pofsere, atgue inter pocyla lati
Mollibas in pratis untlos Saliere per atres.
Nea non Aufonii, Troja gens mifa, coloni
Verfibus incomstis ladent, ri/uque foluto,
Oraque certicibus fumunt borrenda cavatis:
Et te Bacche vocant per carmina lata, tibique
Ofcilla ex alta fufpendens mollies ріпн.
Only for this Crime we on Altars pay
Bacchus a Goat, and att the antient play.
Then from great Villages Atbesians haft,
And where the Highwayes meet the Prize is plac'r.
They to fofe Meäds, heighened with Wine advance,
And joyfutly 'mongt oyted Botties dance:
Th' Anjowian Race, and thole from. Troy did fpring,
Diffolv'd with laughter, Ruftick verres fing:
In vifards of rough bark, conceai theis face,
And with glad numbers thee great Bacchas grace :
Hanging fofe pictures on thy lofes Pine

## 124 压SOPS FABLES.

Yet Divine Juftice conquers all thefe odds, Gudgment, thougb late, comes certain from the Gods.

Moral.
The fierceft Tyrants though they guarded are, Witt all the Strength and Policy of War, Tbat Fortune forn, tbat Heaven and Helld dare figbt, Oft loofe themjelves by one fmall overfight.


## ASOPS FABLES.

## Fab. XLIX.

## Of the Pantber and Rufficks.

AForraign Pantber fall'n into a Pit, Vain finding Strength, Activity, and Wits Lay patient at the mercy of thofe Swains, Gather'd in throngs from the adjacent Plains, Admiring his rich Coat and dapled Veft, To whom, thus humbly, made he his requeft.
(a) You harmlefs Shepherds, you who here refide,

Free from Contention, Avarice, and Pride;
You, who enjoy long lives and lafting healths, From Changes free, of Crowns and Common-wealths,
Who old feel no decay, but Strength fill keep,
Dying in extreame age, as fall'n afleep;
You who fo bleft are, pitty my fad cafe,
And free me from thefe Gives and doleful place.
The giddie rout this faid, divided are,
The breach of Hofpitality beware,
Be kind to Strangers, thefe cry, fince the Gods
Like Pilgrims, vifit oft poor Swains aboads.
Whilf others bawl, no hofpitable breach,
Straight as our Prifoner him let us impeach;
Take forfeit Life, divide, his gaudy Spoyls
We not for Friends pitch here intrapping toyls.
Difcording Clamours clafh, loud fhouts and cryes, Cf fiding parties battell in the Skies, To animofitie Contention grows, And foon the form had melted into blows, But that a Father who in former ftirs, Had felt the Miferies of Civil Wars; T
(a) Virg. Georg, lib, 2,

- Fortunatos nimism, fwa fe bona noriny, quibus ipfa procul dif cordibus armis, Fundit bumo cormis,
Fundit humo facilems victum juftiffo:
O happy swains if their own good they knew!
To whom jaft Earth remote from cruel Wars,
From her full Breafts fofe nourifh: ment prepares.
Although from high roofs through proud Arches come,
No floods of Clients early from each Room;
Nor Marble pillars feek, which bright thells grace,
Gold woven Veftments, nor Corinthian Brafs;
Nor whice wooll fain'd in the Affyrian juice.
Nor fimple Oyl corrupt with Caffia's ufe:
Bur reft fecure, a fraudlefs life in peace,
Variounly rich in their large Farms at eafe.
T empe's cool thades, dark caves, and parling ftreams,
Lowings of Cattel, under trees foft dreams,
Nor lack they woods and dens where wild beaft haunc,
Youth,in Toil, Patient, and inur'd to want ;
Their Gods and Parents facred ; Ju. fice took
Through thofe her laft Iteps when The Earth forfook.
Let the fweet Mules moft of me ap: prove,
Whofe Prieft Iam, fruck with Al: mighty love. etr.


## 13I ASOPS FABLES.

To filence did the frantick Rout befeech, Then gravely makes this reconciling Speech. You that are Friends and Brethren, ah forbear !
Raife not on flender grounds inteftine W ar ;
But let a middle courfe all difference wave,
Let us this Stranger neither kill nor fave ;
Be what he will, thus fall'n into our Ginn, Let him get out himflf as he got in ; If he fcape, fo, if perifh in our Toyls, We guiltlefs are, and yet obtain his fpoyls. All pleas'd with this perfwafion thence depart, Leaving the Pantber with a heavy heart.

Moral. Fly golden means, woben tbe Extreams are good, Grant generaH Pardons, or elfe lavifh Blood: Off lukernarm Counfels neitber fof t nor mild, The Subteff to their Ruins bave beguild.

## FAb. L.

## 2. Of the Pantber and Rufticks.

VVHo from the bottom thus of deep Defpair, And hard imbraces of a cruel Snare,
No lefs than Death expecting, downhe lyes
In woful pofture, clofing his own eyes;
When through dark fhades a tender Virgin ftole; And him enfranchis'd from that difmal Hole.

As one who had been raisd up by a Spell
From Death and adamantine Gates of Hell,
So joy'd he viewing the Ætherial Sky,
His kind and fair Deliverer ftanding by.
And thus he faid; Tothee who me haft fav'd,
And for my Freedom thus thy felf behav'd
Adventuring forth in fuch a Night fo dark;
When all heavens Canopy not fhews one fpark;
What fhall I fay? or how return, fince fhort
Are all acknowledgments to thy defert !
Soft operations of a tender Breaft,
Are 'bove Rewards,and not to be expreft ;
Untainted Plains breed Innocence, like you, Spotlefs their Cheeks, fpotlefs their Bofoms too; But go with me to Court, who me redeem'd,
There fhalt take place, be like my felf efteem'd; On you the King fhall fmile, and my dear Spoufe
Shall wait upon, though of the Lyon's Houfe;
Be fafe and happy there, for I ér long,
Thefe Plains fhall vifit forty thoufand frong;
On thofe would neither evil do nor good,
For luke-warm Counfel hall pay reeking Blood.

$$
\mathrm{T}_{2}
$$

Then

## 128 <br> ASOPS FABLES.

Then fhe reply'd; If fo refolv'd you are, My Parents, Me, and my Relations fpare ; But if you love your Life, no longer ftay, The Eaft grows purple with the rifing Day ; If early Ruficks find us lingring here, We both fhall pay for our neglect too dear.
 To move the Lyon in thefe grand affairs; Nor fell he in his Expectation fhort, No fooner being arrived at the Court, His Caufe being heard, the King affiftance grants, And what e'r elfe fupplyes an Armies wants; Which foon arraid, he march'd to fertile Plains,
With Fire and Sword Chaftifing furley Swains;
Alarum'd thus, they in diftracted fwarms,
Not knowing how to fly, or take up Arms, Meet and coriclude down at his Feet to fall, And not by vain Refiftance venture all; The Maid that helpt their General from the Pit , As th' onely Mediator they thought fit.

The Embaffie fhe willing undertook, Oft Conquerors are Conquer dby a Look;
With her a Train of Rural Beauties march'd,
Not by rough winds impeach'd, nor Pbebus parch'd;
Faces who never Vizard-mask had on,
Yet fcorn'd all Weathers, and defid the Sun;
Attended thus, up draws fhe to the Van, And thus to plead her Countreys Caufe began:

Herc Sir, you are, and Forty thoufand ftrong;
Us to deftroy that never did you wrong; You fell into a Pit, catch'd in'a Hay,
For hungry Courtiers made, and Beafts of Prey,
By whom we fuffer'd much,and do fo fill,
Your Life we fpar'd, though we fuch Vermin kill ;

## ASOPS FABLES.

3ut when Invafion calls, th' ambitious Prince In flight Foundations builds a fair Pretence;「ake pitty Sir, your Arms not here imploy, Let not the greedy Soldier all deftroy; Though ftrangely barbarous many were to you, Yet Sir, your Party more were than a few ; What? Muft your Friends and Foes together fall ? In one Calamity this fuffer all!
Call you to mind thofe left you in the Pit, And fuch who had Compaffion forget?

His Eye then .fixing on th' imploring Maid,
He knew her ftraight, and raifing up, thus faid :
Art thou here me releas'd in dead of Night?
Brought tt me to live, and view Etherial light?
That Life call thine, dear Virgin, thou did!t fave,
Ask what thou wilt, thou needft but ask and have.
Then fhe ; Since fuch your favours you not fcant,
A General Pardon and Oblivion grant,
Let not Tumultuous paffions take their fwinge, But feaft on Mercy higher than Revenge.

Then he reply'd ; Here falls my Wrath and Spleens Them I Indulge, and You proclaim their Queen; They fhall for thee a Royal Seat erect, And pay due Homage too, with all refpect ; And when thou doft Efpoufe fome Noble Swain, Thou in thy Pallace, and not he fhall Raign.

Thence march'd the Pantber off in fair array, When he had Crown'd her Lady of the May:

## Moral.

Foul Hags. may raife a War, the borrid Work Begun mith Stools and Cufhions in the Kirk: But never Conjure down, when Beauties cbarms Makes angry Mars lay donon late took up Armr.


Arulucilens Sied 1


## ANDROCLEUS

O R,

The ROMAN SLAVE.

## Section I.

Androceleus.


Rom Shipwrack, mounted on a broken Maft, Androclens wet, and weary, Tem-peft-toft,
From Quick-fands,and inhofpitable Syrts,
Recover'd now rough Lybiås barren Skirts;
Where on the Profpect of a Towric R ock, A fad Survey he of the Countrey took; For Vales that flow with Hony, Milk, and Balm, He fhrubs beheld,and pairs of Wedded (a) Palm ; For Corn and Pafture, Villages, and Swains, Wilds, Sandy-Mountains, and deferted Plains.
(a) The Palm•trees are faid to be Male and Female, and are oblervid not to finurim, nor to be pregnant unlefs they be in prefence of each 0 cher.

When weeping thus he faid, I moft accurft, Better had dy'd at Rome, there fuffered firft,

Fally accus'd, Condemned for a Rape,
Than from a Dungeon, Gyves, and Drowning fcape
Here to be flarv'd, 'mongft Rocks and barren Heath,
And fo unpittyed, meet a lingring Death.
This faid, defending, he in woful plight,
Refolv'd to feek the wort of Fortunes fight ;
When fandy Hills which each wind changing fhifs, (b) Thef Difitu nor only fral. Difpiercing th' old in new congefted ${ }^{(6)}$ Drifts; low Travellers both Horfe and Foor, which become afterwards to be Murmm, but whole Armies have for
fered in this dry and duaty deluge.

Their fquadrons mufter with a rifing gale,
And him with Atoms infinite, affiaile,
Battering his Eyes, and vollying in his Face,
Impreft from Iron Earth, and Skies of Brafs.
Choak'd with the form, not able long to ftrive,
In heaps of Duft, almoft intomb'd alive;
No longer footh'd with hopes his Life to fave,
His better Fate directs him to a Cave;
Fenc'd 'gainft all Weathers, Winds, and Sun's affault,
With joy he enters the Aufpicious Vault;
Fainting with drowth, and fuffocating heat,
There refts the weary on a Marble feat.
When thus he faid; How happy now thou art,
Here undifturb'd, in peace I may depart !
From burning Sandsfree, and the raging Deep,
Ending Lifes Pilgrimage, as fall'n afleep.
Scarce faid, he at the Portall entring, fpies
A horrid Monfter of prodigious fize !
No means to fly; no fculking Hole, no Gap,
That from a hungry Lyon he might fcape.
When thus he figh'd, Ahe miferable Doom!
Muft that ftern Fury's belly me entomb ?
My reeking Blood thofe greedy Jaws diftain ?
And my torn Intrails dye that fhaggy Main ?
Ah! could I but that ftrength and courage boaft
Which late I had, all fhould not fo be loft;

Ere he this Bofom enter, plunder here, His Viçory perhaps might coft him dear ; I in a fharp Difpute would plead my Caufe, Thruft in this Arm into the Monfter's Jaws, Seize on his lolling Tongue with fuch a grafp, That I might live to fee his lateft gafp; Now Locomotive fäculties I lack, The fralleft ftraw not able to attack : But I my Race have run, this Cave the Goale; Take Fiend, my Body, and leave Heaven my Soul.
U , Sect:

## Sect. II.

VV
Hilft thus Androcleus Death expecting, ftands,
The Lyon drawing near him, kift his
As a Petitioner himfelf adreft,
And humbly thus preferr'd his fad Requeft.
O thou of Humane Race, be not afear'd!
Live long and happy; and when e'r interr'd, Ah ! may not ${ }^{(a)}$ Tranfinigrated be thy Soul,
(a) Pythagoras not only bolding the tranfmigration of the Souls of

But when tranflated re-afcend the Pole; but alfo into Vegetives, and fome Inanimates.

If with an Eagles Eye, and Lyons Heart, And gentle Hand, thou eafe me of my fmart :
This Foot fo fwoln with which I Scepters fway'd,
Proud Rebels routed, loyal Friends arraid;
Now. lofing Power, unnerv'd with raging Pain,
Subjects Confpire, and I no longer Raign ;
Soon as they felt me weak, and thus difarm'd, Each-where tumultuous Commotions fwarm'd, Much 'gainft my evil Counfell they alledge,
Prerogative trampling down by Priviledge;
Stuff'd with afperfions, Proteftations frame, Raifing an Army by my Power and Name:
But what more heavy on my Spirit fits, My Train, my Eaters, and my ${ }^{\text {(b) }}$ ) Maf-ca-dits,
Deferting me, to rifing Power refort,
And às you fee, left thus an empty Court;
Before this Room, thefe Galleries and Halls,
Were full of Beftial Lords, and fly Jackalls;
Now none attends or lights me to my Bed,
Who Penfions had, and at my Tables fed:
Thus you my fad Condition underftand,
And ruin near, without your helping hand.

Sect.II: $A N D R O C L U S$. 135

The Lyon thus implor'd Androclens aid, And in his Lap the Foot impofthum'd laid; Whilft he at large preferr'd this humble fute, Warm Spirits Androcleus bofome frefh recruit, Who gently then turns up his Feftered Paw, And 'mongft the Fibers a fwoln tumour faw ; For perforation ripe, and 'midft the joynts A barbed Thorn, ftak'd in with brilly points; Then with a well-edg'd Flint lay there by chance, The dangerous infurrection did lance; Straight from the Fountainel fharp quitter gufh'd, Which more to difembogue, he foftly crufh'd.

Thus freed from gnawing of th imprifoned bane, The King refumes his former Power again, His Foot the ground hits firm, no favouring hault He now Rebellious Subjects may affault.
U 2
Sect.

## Section III.

THe King then wondring at himfelf fo well, Cured ftrange and fuddain, thought a miracle ! That in the fmalleft parcell of an hour, Reftor'd him Courage,Health, and Soveraign Power !

When thus he fpake; Amidft my joyes I mourn,
Not knowing how to make a fit return;
Revenues of our Crown unfettled yet,
So much for this, my Happinefs in Debr;
If you not favourd are by fickle Chance,
Inforc'd to follow ill-advifing wants ;
The Power your help recover'd, Us affords
Houfe-keeping, and to fettle former Boards;
Provifion for the Belly well not lack,
(a) Lixits, or no co.did in Africa. Slight Rayment ferves, where feldom Colds (a) attack;

And if with plenteous Fare, when highly fed,
You want a kind Companion in your Bed,
For mixt Amours are not, nor would deface
 To quench in youthfull blood unruly flames,
My Satyrs and Hyenna's by their names,
Shall correly Girles from neighbouring Dorps intice, Taking them up for thee, at the Kings price;
My trufty and Right Honourable Pimps
Shall cull the choyceft Wood and Mountain Nymphs, And fipit hither, all on thy account,
Which patcl'd and painted Ladys far furmonnt;
Pure Virgins, not Decayes, piec'd up and vamp'd,
Frefh, and frefl quarters where none e'r encamp'd,
Thee fhall receive, fill hanfelling new Laps,
In varyed joyes,no fear of after-claps.

Sect.ill. ANDROCLEVS.
When faint Androcleus thus himfelf expreft;
To quench my Thirt fome $W$ ater I requeft, That ready almoft am now to expire, From Drowning fcap'd, and fuffocating Fire, After, a little reft, and fome repaft, Or elfe I fuddainly muft breath my laft.
The King, where Nature deep his Cellar laid,
Thither his Gueft with all refpect convey'd,
Where from the living Rock a Chryftal Spring
With murmuring falls made ecchoing Arches ring, Androcleus flooping, the cold Nymph falutes, And circulating blood with draughts recruits.

The Lyon then conducts him to a Bed With Skins the fpoyls of Beafts and Foliage fpread; Here Sir, then faid the King, repofe a while, Let gentle fleep flow moving time beguile, And e'r you wake, the bufineffe fhall go hard, If fomething not for Supper be prepar'd.

## Section IV.

THe Lyon thus, weary Androclens leaves, Whilt working fancy feveral Projects weaves; Some favourie Morfel fuddain how to get, Should make the Stranger up a handfome treat. Should I, faid he, thus in full Power appear, All would difpierce, furpriz'd with fuddain Fear, And up themfelves in Woods and faftnefs fhut, And me to trouble of long leagures put; Dayes fultry heats, by night ferenes $t^{\prime}$ endure, When fuddain action makes a feeedy Cure; I'll counterfeit, and Cripple up yon Hill, As if my Title were defective ftill; W eaknefs diffemble, and there ftooping low, My felf upon the Beftial People throw.

This faid, he hafting from the Palace Gates, His Subjects heard themfelves proclaiming States ; Bulls, Bears, and Wolves, leading his own Train'd-band, Saw marching towards his Palace, ore the Strand.

But on the Summit when their King they faw, His prefence ftruck a reverentiall awe, To whom he beck'ning with a Lamb-like look, Seeming much difcompos'd, thus mildly fpoke.

Why thus appear you in defenfive Arms, Seducंd by Rumours and bewitching charms ? Do Fears and Jealoufies fo much affright, That you draw up 'gainft empty walls to fight ? Your King alone without Jackall or Page, Stands ready to receive your utmoft Rage; Are Priviledges of Parliament infring'd ? Fall all on me, and be at once reveng'd; Have I upon your Liberties intrench'd? Then let your Fury with my Blood be quench'd;


Sect.IV. ANDROCLEVS.
Whill weak my pondrous Scepter I not wield,
Nor one for me declaring in the Field;
In vain you Solemn Leagues and Covenants joyn,
When I'm refolv'd what e'r you ask, to fign,
My Hand and Séal receive in ready Blanks,
And in my Name give both the Houfes Thanks;
Your Grievances let Reams of paper fill, And when Engrofs'd, and paft, I'll Sign the Bill :
Ceafe then thefe Tumults, and of Our grace accept.
The King, this faid, paufing, extreamly Wept.

Sect:

## Section V.

THis foftning Speech concluded with a tear, In Salvage Factions they divided were;
Some cry, the King is pious, meek and juft,
Others; beware, his promifes not truft;
When changing times, and fickle Fortune frowns,
What will not Monarcks to preferve their Crowns ?
But when the gathered form is over-blown, A Scepter'd Prince, who queftions in the Throne.

The $L$ yon them, thus finding at a ftand, A fign for filence, beck'ned with his hand, When noyfing parties murmurs were alaid, Thus in a fad and weaker tone he faid :

My Lords, and gentle Beafts, affembled here, Who whilft I had a Sword, my Subjects were; If you ftrike deeper, have a further drift, And me from my acquired Throne would lift; If prefent Juncto's and revolving Fates (That States to Kingdoms turn,Kingdoms to States)
Finifh in me a fingle perfons fway,
I the Decree fhall willingly obey:
Why fhould I prop what of it felf would fall? Approaching Death will foon furrender all ;
Which will the Peoples Majefty receive, As glad as they'll accept it, I hhall leave ;
Then I this woful Life now neer an end, In prayers for your Profperity may fpend:
But Sirs, let me advife the beft I may, By your Election let one perfon fway;
To a new Prince, to one ftill make appeals, Fly giddy Rotaes, Meagrim'd Common-weals,


No good the Government of many brings;
Parliament Members Jitting, all are Kings:
Yet 'mongft thofe Monarcks, one or other ftill
Gets Supreme Power,and Orders what he will;
Republicks vain! when e'r put to a ftand, Muft put their Power into a fingle ( $a$ ) Hand.

But fince I am not able to walk down, So pleafe you, I'll furrender here my Crown;
With my ${ }^{(6)}$ Phang-tooth the abdication Sign, So my whole Right in publick I'll rèfign.
(a) DiCtators witb abfolute $A R^{2}$ thority, alwayes chofen in a dangerous exigence by the Romam Senate, as Furiks Camelas, \&es.
(b) Allading to our äntient Kings onely fo fealing their Leares and Granrs.

At thefe his unexpected proffers, all Change Refolution, to frefh Councils fall, Th' intieing bait of facred Power, a Crown, Greedy to Govern, ftraight they fwallow down.

No fooner they neer to the Lyon draw, Within the compals of his ready Paw, But like himfelf he 'mongft the thickeft flew, And moft of the Commiffion'd Cattel flew : Amaz'd to fee their Monarcks Force and Rage,
So dire a Scene, and fuch a bloody Stage! They all difpierc'd, and ftruck with Panick Fear, Out-ftrip'd the Winds, flying they knew not where! The Lyon to Androcleus retreats, Well furnifh'd now with feveral forts of Cates.

## Section VI.

THe Rebells' rout, each-where divulg'd by Fame, To Court, from all parts, no fmall concourfe came,
His flattering Lords, Buffoons, and fly Jackcalls, Again replenifh defolated Halls; (For many Fav'rites by the King advanc'd, Firft to the Lilt of Reformation danc'd, And Friends amongft the Godly party made ${ }_{2}$ Acquainting them with what he did, or faid; Others whom he no longer could Protect,
To their own well-ftuff'd feveral Manfions fneak'd, Expecting there what the event might prove,
And as things fall, accordingly to move.)
All thefe return'd,ftand round their Gracious Liege,
And with obfequious faunings him befieg ${ }^{\prime} d$;
Whofe Pallace now with all Provifion for'd,
Sets up once more his late neglected Board.
His Table furnifl'd, at the upper end,
His huifhers he Androcleus bids attend;
Whom when the Lyon kindly had imbrac'd, Much Honouring, at his Royal Elbow plac'd; All fet at feveral Boards, to Meat they fall, Unlading fraighted Difhes through the Hall.

Whilft by the King, his Friend but fadly fits, Nothing he faw, his queafie Stomach fits; (a) 7bwg ger raw fech, for which To Kid or Lamb, to Beef, or Mutton, ( ${ }^{\text {( ) }}$ raw, caufe the Grecians call chem omiftsres, Omborris, Omophagois

Swimming in gore, he had but little Maw.
The Lyou as Andrötens he obferv'd,
At fuch a Treatment fitting àlmoft fterv'd,


Sea.VI. ANDROCLEひS.
Comes Mounfieur King of Apes, dreft like a Page,
Prefenting him a Hafh, and Frencb potage;
Then at his elbow diligently waits,
Supplyes him with rich Wine, and fhifts his Plates,'
Androcleus pleas'd, then plentifully fups,
Mixing with favoury Morfels fparkling Cups.
When thus the King to his brisk Waiter fpoke;
Who e'r thou art that didft thefe Difhes Cook, So well have pleas'd my Friend, from Us receive What's fit for thee to ask, or me to give ; If it be Freedom? Ranfomlefs depart, Or what e'r elfe may, anfwer thy Defert.

## Section ViI.

THen faid th' officious $W$ aiter, ftooping low, 1 am a Prince, Sir, in my Countrey, know; But by a Roman Conful prisner took,
In Gaule attending him, 1 learnt to Cook;
For him, Ragooes, Bisks, Oleos I dreft, And fill my feafoning pleas'd his pallat beft?
I with the beft of thofe Que diteq voms,
Their Boxes could, and feveral Spices use, Would with an ounce of Beef, of Mutton lefs, For Gallick Monfeeurs make a gallant Mefs:

But after that, condemn'd unto a Clog, Hugging to Death,my Ladys foyfting-Dog; And fome fufpecting that a prank I play'd For my releafe, with Madams Chamber-Maid:
${ }^{\text {'T }}$ Tis true, fhe fqueak'd not, and I boarded ftraight, And for a nine Months voyage her did fraight; Nay our great Miftris once but little mift, When my fweet breath commending,me, fhe kift,
Who growing kind, I had her in the Hugg,
But then the Conful entring, fartl'd Pug.
Queftion'd for driving fuch a fubtle Trade,
Private Efcape I to Marfeiles made;
To Cartbage in a Veffel got from thence,
Where I from Apeland had Intelligence
A fecond Macedon was drawing down,
Would foon deveft me of my Realm and Crown,
If Imy felf in perfon not affift,
Deriv'd from that Renowned Martialift My Anceftor, who bravely kept his Poft
'Gainft Alexander, and his Conquering Hoft;

Sect.VII. ANDROCLEVS. 145
Whom when the $W$ orlds Subduer then beheld, Draw glittering Pbalanxes into the Field; The poynted wedge extending Ranks and Files, Shields lyning Shields,bright Javlins threatning Piles,
Admiring, from Hoftility did ceafe,
And joyn'd with us in everlafting peace;
Me in my way your Troops did intercept, And for a Difh your ftomach (a) queafie kept:
(a) The Zjon's Prcy apon Apes, But more for Phyfick, than for Nourifhment.

To whom I hinting this your mighty Feaft
Not one Difh had to pleafe a Humane Gueft,
They let me thefe prepare, nor fhall he want, So pleafe you to confirm your Royal Grant ;

My Liberty, Great Sir, I onely crave;
That I my Countrey may and People fave.
The King confents, Androcleus and all, The paffage pleas'd, fate Feafting in the Hall.

## Section VIII.

THe grateful King well pleas'd to fee his Gueft Relifh thofe Difhes in fuch manner dreft, Thus friling faid, I'm wondrous glad that you To this ftrange Fare fo handfomely fall too; I once abhorr'd raw Treatments mixt with gore, Then Wine, not Water, fwell'd my Goblet ore; I had;--- what had Inot, a Princely Houfe, Attendants, Nobles, and a beauteous Spoufe; A Humane Prince, not in a fhady Den Commanding Beafts, once was I King of Men; Where I Transform'd by wicked Arts, became A Lyon, fuch as now you fee I am :

Come, let's be merry, and of this no more, Thank Heav'n you are a Man, though ne'r fo poor; I not in Beftial Soveraignty rejoyce, Though all the Foreft trembles at my Voyce; My high Condition wretched feems and bafe, Husk'd in a fhaggy Main and hairie Face;;
(a) Homer's Odjf. lib. ${ }^{11}$

I rather would, ${ }^{(4)}$ arm'd with my Lench and Aule, A Cobler be, Inthroned beneath a Stall ; Drive fome fuch fubtle Trade to purchafe Bread, Than be o'r Beaftsthe univerfal Head; Though 'mongft the numerous Animals that be, Next $M a n$, the $L$ yon takes the firt degree.
Fetching a figh, this faid, the King lean'd back,
When to his R oyal Hoft Androcleus fpake.
Sir, you amaze me, may I be fo bold,
To crave this wondrous Riddle you'll unfold,
We have fictitious ftoryes not a few,
Of Metamorphofes both old and new;


But You that really tranfmuted were,
Your Self relating, asks a ferious Eare;
Therefore the Honour I, and Favour beg,
That I may underftand this ftrange intreague.
Then fake the King;though much my bofom yearns,
Reminding thus my forrowfull concerns;
So full of Horror, height of Rage and Grief,
Such wondrous paffages paft all belief!
Yet may it pleafe you, my deferving Friend,
Though each word pierce my heart, I condefcend:
Sprung from a Dynaftie of 'Kings I wway'd
Once fertile Egypt, honour 'and obey'd,'
My Power and Wealth fo great, that flying Fame
Spread through the many Peopl'd world my Name ; $A$
King ${ }^{(b)}$ Amafis, ftupendious W orks I did,
Built for my Tomb a ftately Pyramid;
Beyond whofe Bafe, the lofty Spire, no fhade
When they are longeft at Sunfetting made;
A high-born Queen I had, fweet, young, and fair,
A fitting Mould to caft a hopefull Heir.
But we no iffue had: when from the Eaft rise
Came a Cbaldean Magick Arts profeft;
Who undertook applying powerfu! Charms,
My Queen t'impregnate next when in my Arms;
Nay more, he promis'd me, that by his skill,
I fhould march forth fubduing whom I will;
Who could fhape Serpents out of limber Rods,'
Could private Men make Princes, Princes Gods;
In fhort time $\mathbf{I}$ fhould for the $\mathbf{W}$ orld fet faire,
Which great Work muft be finifh'd by my Heir ;
He my Nativity had caft, he faid ;
Mars in the Lyon, help'd by Magicks aid,
Sol, Venus, Mercury, in th' Afcendant joyn'd
Should carry all before where e'r defign'd.
Sea.

## Section IX.

IThat lov'd War, for Wars fake that abhorr'd All purchafe if not gotten by the Sword; Swallow'd his Specious Baits, mad after Power,
What e'r he fet before me did devour ;
With fubtle Novelties he drew me, on,
Till fure intangled in his great Trepan;
My Wife and Crown he for himfelf defign'd,
Whilft me he did with Mifts and Shadows blind;
Soon he by Sorcery won her to his Luft, And me out of my felf and Kingdom thrult;

A Soporiferous Drink he firft did make, Which under certain Arpects I muft take, My Soul in fleep then eas'd from heavy Limbs, With Angels fhould converfe, and Cherubims; Infpection through Earth's difmal Entrails make, Sit with black Junctoes in the Stygian Lake; Quick, as from Star to Star we caft our Eyes, Climb vaft expanfions of th' enamell'd Skyes! 'Mongft Gulphs and fluctuating Atoms hurl' $d_{0}$ (world! Mount Sphere from Sphere, and fo from $W$ orld, to

With what mad Follies had he ftuff'd my heade
E'r me he firted for the Fatal Bed!
Thicker than Motes, he told me, in the Sun,
Our Demons and our Cacademons run In bufy Hayes, on Humane bufinefs fly, Courts vexing, and Star-Chambers of the Sky;
There I hould fee Fate finning Mortals Webs,
Their higheft Fortunes and their loweft Ebbs!
But mine with afpects bright I hould behold In Milkie Looms, in filver wove, and Gold.

Th: appointed time fit for projection come, We enter in the feell-prepared Room, There I muft Drink, there muft the Work be done;
To raife an Empire, and beget a Son,
Faint Heart nér Realm did, nor fair Lady win, So up he few'd me in a $L$ yon's skin; My fitted Legs and Arms up clofe he lac'd, The fhape fuck to my fhoulders and my wafte; Said the ; Alcides had been thrice as (a) ftrong Had he thus button'd what he loofly hung;

Then gave he me the Fate foretelling Bowle, That muff fuch $W$ ings add to my fleeting Soul : I faw the bottom though the drench was deep, Which foon my Eye-lids clos.d, in fettering fleep;
Then laid me on a Quilt of fheep-skins warm, To ftrengthen Fancy, and impower the Charm; Secur'd thus, as his Plot before he laid, He to my Queen with joy himfelf convey'd.

## Section X.

SOon fall'n afleep, I no fuch Vifions faw, But Dreamt of Blood, and eating warm flefh raw; Infpecting entrails of fat Cattel flain, How Gore my Jaws and Bofome did diftain ; (s) Cumuld fecth mudh ordd by Laft, how a bunch-back (a) Camel I had kill'd,
 Eew neither Men,Horfe, nor Cattel,

Thus various Fancys raging whilft I flept, Up dreaming from the fatal Couch I leapt, Not knowing what I did, nor where I was, My Brains a Cbaos, a confufed Mafs, Where humane thoughts with beaftial mixing, bred
A thoufand Monfters without Tail or Head;
Pufled with dire diftraction, out I went, Firf ftumbling on my Queens apartiment, Dores which I gently fhov'd, in fhivers flew,
So little of my wondrous ftrength I knew;
My Queen and Prieft, though loud I gave th' alar'm;
There found $\mathbf{I}$ fleeping circled arm in arm;
Some fenfe regain’d $I$ at fo ftrange a fight, My only Joy, fole Comfort, chief Delight, More dear than Life, or Conqueft of the $W$ orld,
To fee thus up in his imbraces furl'd ;
My Wife firt waking, ftrangely terrifid, When fuch a horrid Monfter fhe efpy'd Ready to tear her up, bolts from the bed, And with a fhriek into her Clofet fled ; At which he ftarts, muttering too weak a Charm An injur'd Husband's Fury to difarm;
I thought to feize him, apprehend no more,
When his torn entrails reek'd upon the flore;

tr $\gamma$

Sect. X. AND ROCLEUS.
Defild fheets dy'd in blood, the lufful Prieft
Ript from his Collar-bone down to the twift ;
My precious $W$ ife then I purfuing, found
Unnerv'd with terror groveling on the ground
But when fhe me ready to feize her $\mathrm{fpy}^{\prime} \mathrm{d}$,
With a faint fhriek breathing her laft, fhe dy'd;
Seeing her draw her lateft gafp, I felt
Compaffion, Rage into Remorfe did melt;
Then firft I call'd to mind what her fo fcar'd,
My dreadful fhape, rough Main and horrid beard;
So went I to flip off my Lyon's Cafe
Began t' untye, unbutton, and unlace;
Striving to fhift,the more my felf I hurt,
The fhape ftuck clofe like Dianira's (a) Shirt!
I found then I no propertie was in,
(a) A Prefent to Hercules fteeped in Nefus blood, which put on, fluck fo faft that it could not be got off without tearing the flefh from the bones
(6) Glats.

My felf I next did in the ${ }^{(6)}$ Mirrour view, And from my own reflecting fhadow flew !
Though i had feen all forts of $L$ yons ftore,
Ne’r fuch a Prodigie I faw before!
I call'd for help, my Voyce grown ftrangely loud,
Like Thunder rung, broke from a prifoning Cloud!
Like mouthing Tempef, or a $W$ ater-breach!
Or Battels joyn'd, Ten thoufand men in each !
Both Shape and Underftanding now Transform'd,
Humane no more, a dreadful $L$ yon ftorm'd!
Rufhing from thence into my Pallace-yard,
Ranted and Roar'd, that Court and City heard;
Where whofoere beheld me fhrieking fled:
The Captain of my Horfe, though made a Head, And my own Life-guard up againft me drew, As thick as hail, light Darts and Jav'lins flew; Then with a grove of Spears me hedging round, I like wing'd Lightning, broke their brazen pound, And

## 152 ANDROCLEUS. Sect. X.

And through the thickeft with ftrange Fury got, And Men and Horfe left gafping on the fpot; The whole Troop routed, marching down the Street, All fly amaz'd, and into Houfes get : So I my City, Court, and Kingdom left, Of Reafon and Humanity bereft, Amongft Wild Beafts in Wilderneffes dwelt, And long the injuries of all $W$ eathers felt.

## Section XI.

TBeftial fociety thus caft, Condemn'd to range inWilds and Defarts vaft,
I foon 'mongft Forreft-people gain'd Renown
Changing my Humane to a Salvage Crown; Once more a King Proclaim'd, a Soveraign Liege, I with large grants my Subjects did oblige, So Metamorphis'd fet my heart at reft, A Lyon being of all mutations beft; So th' Empire of thefe Defarts I obtain'd, And under me Kings, petty Lyons Raign'd ; On Expeditions Armies I could raife, Nor plotted we for fpoyl Clandeftine wayes; Lying whole nights in filent Ambufcades, But took the Field by Day in bold Brigades; And like a falling Deluge fwept up all, Emptying at once both Pafture, Cout,and Stall; Nay more, on skirts of Cities durft we Prey; Ships boarding at low-water, in the Bay. Thus formidable grown, being wondrous frong, I Roar'd Leontick, loft th' Egyptian Tongụe, Though Beafts and Birds ưfe feveral Dialects, That lefs than Humane Voyces have defects, Uttering foul dictates both more cleer and brief, Hatred and Love, Fear,Hope, their Joy and Grief;
Yet Leo Lingua who not underftands?
W ords Ediâs are, each fyllable Commands;
The Lyon's fats quicker than his Nods,
Like Angels Tongues, or Language of the Gods.

Then my grave Counfel me advis'd to Wed A Royal iffue from a Princely Bed; Befides, the comfort of a dear Confort My Power would ftrengthen, and my Crown fupport; Took with a Lionefs Majeftick brows, And fparkling Eyes, a Maid I did Efpoufe; And we e'r long a hopefull Iffue had, To whom, when time fhould ftrength and courage add, Decreafing, mine they Salvage Bands might lead, And Govern loyall Subjects in my ftead : Thus had I what the Defarts could afford, By all my People Honour'd and ador'd, My new rais'd Throne fo fixt and firmely plac.d, In many Ages not to be defac d.


## Section XII.

BUt my fo Powerful and well fetled State, Under the preffure funk of heavy Fate; Bruine, not to be nam'd, that greedy Lord; By inftigation of his Stomach ftirr'd; That Epicurean Beaft, could nothing elfe Pleare, but a Difh of tender Lyonells; That ript a $W$ oman up the day before, And from her Womb the tender Infant tore. Our Pallace empty, gone as we were wont, My Queen and $I$, the fportive ( $a$ ) Afs to hunt; In rufh'd the Fiend, and all our hopes and joyes
(a) Ecclef. 13.

They bate extreamly wisld Ades, and par/ue them ais a Prey:

To pleaíe his beftial Appetite deftroyes!
Returning, for our little ones we call, (Wondring at fcatter'd Offalls fpread the Hall) Vain Echo anfwering, none elfe there reply'd, When more diftinctly we gnawn bones. efpy'd! And dipt in purple, tufts of yellow hair, Soon we perceiv"d our Children murther'd were! My Queen defpairing rais'd a hideous yell, And Roring, I rung out a fecond knell ;
Which out from vaulted Courts like Thunder founds, And upwards flying, fcales Heavens ftarry rounds;

Then firt I fpake, let's quit our wofull Cave,
Purfue Revenge, a while all forrow wave:
This faid, in high diftraction forth we went,
And following hot upon the Monfter's fcent,
We made not many miles a privie fearch,
But found him where proud Eagles ufe to pearch
Up in a bufhy Tree he fate aftride,
And did Our Power and Majefty deride;

## 156

ANDROCLEVS. Sect.XII.

Then fcoffing faid; Your Children here are warm, Comfort your felves, go home, and never ftorm, Out of your Jurifdiction quite am I, You know not how to climb, and worfer fly; To meet for fweet Revenge, infulting guirds,
 I knew not how thwart paffions to afwage, Drowning in Sorrow; Eurning in my Rage.

Then to my Queen I fpake, watch here with care, Shut up in his own Fort this curfed Bear ; Whilf I raife aid, and Forces feek abroad, This faid, I hafted to a beaten Road, Arm'd with an Ax there I an Artift met, Upon him I with fauning pofture fet, He frighted flyes, who finding me too fwift, And that his Life lay onely in my gift, As $L$ ybians ufe, fell humbly on his knees, And quarter begs, I pointed to the Trees, Then put his new ground Hatchet in his hand:
Soon as my Pleafure he did underftand:
Not the leaft time the furdy W orkman flips,
Till he had hew'd thick Timber into Chips,
The aged Elm thrice nodding grones her laft,
And falling down her ugly Rider caft :
I and my Queen, ftraight on the Murtherer flew,
And as an Offering to Our Children flew ;
So my Auxiliarie I fafe difmift,
Him promifing when e'r diftreft t' affift :
Thus fomething eas'd we to Our Court return,
And Our irreparable loffes mourn.


## Section XIII.

AFter a while Our Grief and Mournings o're, We put Our Selves in pofture as before ; My Qüeen and I, Our Loffes to repair, By mutual Joys expect a fecond Heir ; When to Our Realm from Gaule, a Pantber came, Well vers'd in Courthip, brisk at Venus Game, And that Amours might better be advanc'd, Rarely he Sung, in a new manner Danc’d; Not ftrain'd in lofty Galliards, high La vaults, But low Corantoes upon'one leg haults, In flat Brawls fimpring, pinch'd with vexing Corns, Gingerly moving as he trod on thorns; Before the Turn above ground; and Crofs points, Our Youth perform'd, as if they had no joynts; With Capriolls' antifboes fo high would go, They hit the Roofes and Noyfelefs fell as frow; This eafier way our crazie Lords did pleafe, And Courtiers Clap'd inforc'd to fancy eafe:

Our Dames on him could nér look on enough, All elfe feem'd antiquated, rude and rough; How he Salutes, how Cringes, what a Miene ? His breath perfum'd, how foft his painted Skin? Monfeur in brief, fo well himfelf behav'd, That fhe who Rul'd a Monarck he enflav'd; In which fo cunningly her part fhe playd, That I a Kirg her Propertie the made, Seem'd not t' endure his Modes, at him would laugh And his fpruce Congees imitating, fcoff; Thus blinding me, with him th Adultrefs meets, Plys ftoln imbracesin unlawful (a) Sheets;
(a) See Plimg.

Por the Adulery of the Lionsffes with So

## ANDROCLEVS. Sect. XIII.

(b) They alfo enderour to hide their Surreppitious iflue in the Adulterers Dens.

So pregnant grown, and drawing neer her time, Knowing to be difcovered was the Crime; Her fecond Batch would prove too like the Sire, She plots, how from the Court fhe might retire, Of me begs, at her Mothers (b) to lye In. I tender, not deny'd my fraighted Queen; So with a fmall Retinue down fhe went, Me leaving betwixt pleas'd and difcontent ; Whilf in her abfence various fancies thwart, And Jealoufie lay, nibling at my Heart.

When fending word how fhe mifcarried there, In a Dream frighted with that fatal Beare; My fecond Iffue were brought forth all dead, When ftrength recovering rais'd her from her Bed, She with all fpeed would leave that woful place, Seeking frefh comfort in my dear imbrace.

This eas'd my fits, kept quiet up a while, (But who a jealous Lover can beguile?) In a dark'Night when Clouds had mask'd the Pole, I from my Court difguifed, thither fole, Paft all her out-guards and fly Pimps unfeen, Untill I found Sir Pantber and my Queen, In pofture more familiar than befits, A fecond time I Raging, loft my Wits; Me firft a Woman frenzi'd, now a Beaft, But a whole 压tna fir'd within my breaft, When playing I beheld her fpeckled brats, Pyde like their Sire, tabbi'd like Mountain-Cats;

Beholding me, of whom they little dreamt, And thought fecure from any fuch attempt, Bufie with Crown Affairs and State Intregues, $W$ ars there Proclaiming, here conjoyning Leagues ;
(6) All know how the Lyon firs op his Anger, by beating limielf
withbis Tail.

Sec.XIII ANDROCLEUS.
And gave him fuch a general affault, He flying to a well-contrived Vault, That on the trap-dore him. ript up, I flung In his own Urine weltering Blood and Dung, His Heart, and Members torn at her I caft Then or his Corps the Adultrefs breath'd her laft, The furruptitious brood next peece-meal torg; Spattering the $W$ allssand Pavement with theirgore;
Slew all their Pimpsiand her grave Mother Bawd; Is
Then for julb denigeance I my folf appladd durn it Next madeqithe Peers my Injury aundérfand, And nöne tó put on Mourning gave Command.


## Section XIV.

AFter ore-powerd by Melancholy Dreams, $H$ lof my $W$ its in oppofite extreathls, Confidering deeply of my woful ftate,
Condemnd to Beftiality by Fate; I loath'd fuch Crowns, and Dignities that ftood By Rapine, Arbitrary Power, and Blobdis Courts who Religion and all Laws expldd,
Their Will ftyl'd Juftice, what they can, their God?
Why fhould I Tables, a Retinue keep?
That no Exchequer had,Parks, Herds, nor Sheep,
Out-law'd in Defarts dwell, there kill and fteal, No help for Plaintiffs, nor the leaft Appeal ;

So ftole I from my Subjects, Court, and Crown,
Scepter and Royal Ermins laying down,
Niy Self of all Regalities difrobe,
In want to wander the Terreftrial Globe:
Vaft Wilds and Forefts left, at laft I found
Meadows hedg'd in, and cultivated ground,
Saw fprinkling Villages, and fertile Plains,
Sheep grazing, Steers at Plow, and bufy Swains;
$W$ ho feeing me, their feveral Tasks forfook, And to fafe fhelters foon themfelves betook;
'Mongft there I Fancying fingled out a Swain,
Who feem'd ingenious by his looks, though plain,
Whom I purfuing, when he found it hard
To fcape by flying, ftood upon his guard;
Putting himfelf in pofture of Defence,
But I not $W$ ar intending to commence,
As if already Conquered, cowring went, And up my felf his Pris'ner did prefent,


Sct.XIV. ANDROCLEUS.
Lay at his Feet and humbly kift his hands. At laft my fuite the Rufick underftands, And me a King to his Protection took, And did for Fealty and Homage look; Then claps a Collar on my fhaggy Main, And leads grown gentle in a twifted skaine. At laft his pleafure he to ferious turn'd, His toylfome Farm and Countrey work adjourn'd, And me he fhew'd in Dorps and neighbouring Towns, So pick'd up pence till Audits fwell to Crowns; From Markets then to Fairs we ftrol'd along : From all parts neer greedy SpeCtators throng;
Then grown a Company to th City came A Kid, my fellow Actor, and a Lamb. There rais'd a Stock, in feveral fhapes I play'd, And my own parts extemporarie made; And when we fomething did was rare and nevv, My fellovv ACtors had from me their $Q u$; Oft when a King I Acted and look'd big, Some Fool would call and make me dance a jigg;
All trades was common, Lamb, and I , and Kid, Trip'd Mars and Venus to a fingle (a) Fid; And I the Net like lymping Vulcan fpread, And took God Kid, and Goddefs Lamb in Bed, Such novel fights a mighty Concourfe drew, And we clapt off ftill by th' admiring Crew:

Thus by my means my Mafter's Purfe ran or, So much his Grandchildren could nér be poor; I put him to fmall charge, a flender board, Water and Bread, a Carot or a Gourd;
Yet on good dayes he made me better Dine, Boyld Mutton, Hony, a fpic’d Cake in Wine :

Thus I my Paffions rul'd, commanding more Than when I Govern'd Men or Beafts before.
(a) As in Homers Odjfics lis 8. They imitated the more efpectal rapes of Mars and $V$ enss.

## Section XV.

ONce to the Temple me my Mafter led, Where flaughtered Sheep the floor, and Cattel fpread,
Whilft curling Clouds from blazing Sacrifice, Mask'd with opacous fogs tranfparent Skies;
At reeking Entrails I ne'r made a flop,
Nor long'd to taft of recent blood one drop;
(a) Apollonins famous amongft ancient Authors, for the Interpreting Beafts.

Where Learned (a) Apollonius I beheld, Whofe skill in tongues of Birds and Beafts excell'd ;
To him I walk'd, tir'd with my froling trade,
My felf at's feet in humble pofture laid;
All wondring what I meant, to this effect,
I pake in the Leontick Dialect :
King Amafss transform'd into a Beaft,
Begs from his flavery to be releas'd,
Let me no more fhew antick tricks and Jokes,
A laughing-ftock to every Fool and Cokes;
Move the Egyptions here with fpeed that they
Would me their haplefs Prince, from hence convey.
This faid, the Reverend Sage ftroking my Back;
To the Spectators there admiring, fpake.
Who knows not here King Amafis. fad Fate?
This Lyon which fo much you wonder at,
His Soul informs, by wicked Charms difguis'd, Let him not be, what e'r he feems, defpis'd;
(b) 4 City in Elypt, in which King Amafis Reigned.

Though chang'd here (b) Saye's Renowned Monarck Who Rul'd you mildly under juft Commands.

This I with fighs and grones confirming,feal'd, Which from my former Subjects tears compell'd, Who thus,went on. Sirs, let me you advife, Since in this living Tomb your late King lyes,


If e'r you had of that good Prince efteem,
His Ranfome pay, this Royal Beaft redeem;
And to Leontis hence with fpeed convey, There him due $W$ orfhip in his Temple pay. Th' Egyptians, Apollonius counfel take, For folemn progrefs preparation make;
My Mafter's paid, next day you might behold Me deck'd with Garlands, Jems, and Chains of Gold!
With all the Gayeties and fplendor dreft,
Our Realms could boaft, or purchafe from the Weft,
People and Priefts conducting me in throngs,
Chanting my Praife in Hymns and facred Songs;
And to that Fane which for my felf I made,
They their new God Religioully convey'd:
Order'd me Lodgings, and a plenteous board,
And more to be than any Power ador'd.

Sect.

## Section XVI.

REvenues fix'd my Honour to maintain,(wane; Whilft Suns fhould fet and rife, Moons wax \& Priefts and lay Brothers means allow'd, and large
Each place and feveral Function to difcharge; Phyfician, Chirurgeon, Pothecary, Cook, That might to me in Health and Sicknefs look;
So many wait in their appointed Rooms, Back ftairs, my Privy, and Bed-chamber Grooms;
Priefts in my Chappel, a new Service fing,
Chanting great Amafis their God and King ; Imploring when the Royal Soul his Fate
Should to a nobler living Houfe tranflate,
An Embrio Prince $t$ inform, or elfe they pray,

Thus publick Inftitutions were obferv ${ }^{\circ} d$,
Nor much a while from private Orders fwerv'd;
Who fhould until their God had Feafted, ftaid,
Laughing at thofe fo foolifh ftatues made;
Soon as my ufual Difhes up were ferv:d,
They for themfelves, their Wives and Children carv'd;
And like a Dog gave me their Plates to lick,
Throwing their Offall and gnawn bones to pick;
Delicious Wines, my whole allowance quaff'd,
And at my favoury lapping $W$ ater,laugh'd;
In wild Morijcoes heightned thus they Dance,
Shins,over Stools and Tables take their chance ;
When a fat Prieft had almolt broke my Chine,
Throwing athwart me his foul Concubine ;
This I pafs'd o'r, but I began to ftare,
When Owl-facd Mallkin Feafted in my Chair ;


Sect.XVI. ANDROCLEVS.

They truly ${ }^{(6)}$ honour'd her, in ftate there fate, Fed with my Dainties a ridiculous Cat; But the fat Prieft who her did moft adore
(b) See Colius; Not only the Egyftians, but the Arabians, held Cats in great veneration and WorThip, mourning folemnly at their Funerals.

In private, was in publick her Amour.
To teare them piece-meal thrice I was refolv'd,
But I had been too much in Blood involv'd;
So loathing Man's fociety once more, I fled to Defarts where I Rul'd before, Here foon my Peers refix'd me in my Throne, Additional Garlands voting to my Crown; Me all thefe Defarts honour'd and obey'd, So long as ftrenuoully I Scepters fway'd; Grown weak, they in my Title found a flaw, (Beafts free-born are, they cry'd, by Foreft Law :) Now by your helping hand again reftor'd, As erf, I Reign, and fettle here my Board.

Thus my frange fory I in brief have told; Now if you pleafe, the Night not yet grown old, I long to know what brought You to Our Court, So far from Humane bufinefs and refort, Unlefs fome fcattering Dorps that neer Us lye, With whom Our Right and Title oft we try; Cuftoms demanding, a fat Sheep or Steer, Of the great World's affairs we little hear :

This, if the trouble will not prove too great, As a return for mine, Sir, I intreat.

## Section XVII.

(reply'd,

VVHen to the King Androclens thus How to thefe Wilds, great Sir, and Defarts wide,
My Fortune threw me in fach woful plight, Scorch'd up by Day, wrack'd in a formy Night ; Since you defire to know, brief as I may, I fhall relate, and your Commands obey.

In Rome my well-defcended Parents dwelt, Whofe fair Eftate fmall diminution felt, Until my haplefs Father found a way To lofe himfelf, and all he had, by Play; My Mother dying, Houfe we broke up ftraight; The Furniture, her Jewells and his Plate, What e'r was his, and might be after mine, As cumberfome, he turnd to ready Coyn; The frail Die handling, and the flippery Card, Much by degrees his Fortune had impaird:

Who now refolv'd thofe loffes up to make By venturing deep, and fetting all at fake; Fortune afjift the bold; would him er long, Make at one lucky Hit, Ten thoufand ftrong.

After a Feaft the Gamefters went one day Up to their golden Chamber ; deep they play; Huge heaps are fet, venturing at all he threw, And (a) Lawre l'd Cafars up by hundreds drew; So many dazling golden Emperors got,
Well to have fodered up his broke Eftate ; I whifpered him, intreating to give ore, Now he might pay all Debts, cleer every fore ! He minds not me, nor from his golden Fleece, Fancy'd Androcleus with one fingle peece;


Sect.XViI. ANDROCLEUS.
At laft the Table cover'd all in Goid,
Bright Ore in Mountains heap’d you might behold, All at a Chance now to be Loft or $W$ one, $\mathrm{F}_{\text {or ever made, for ever elfe undone ; }}$
Stakes doubled at each throw, long th' after-game,
On each fide favouring Fortune fmiling came, As often frowns; my Father had the odds, Then threw what he could ask for of the Gods; Which when he faw, as a dire Chance he curft,
And blind with Rage, or-feeing, play'd the worft ;
What the Dice gave, took with a moby not lof ?
A while he food, Itiff, like a fenflefs poft;
But when he faw the Golden Mountains fwept,
Of all he had, and hopes for ever ftript,
By his own fottifhneff, and what feem'd worfe,
No Dice nor evil Fortune left to curfe;
He falls upon himfelf, his Peruke, 'tore, And thundring Execrations, direly fwore.

After a while his Rage ceffation makes, Himfelf then ftripping, ftraight his Garments ftakes,
Upper and under Weeds at firt affault, Marcho'r, and to the Conquering Foe revolt; Which gone, with me afide he kindly flips; And whilft I there in vain lamented, ftrips: My Clothes thus added to his laft mifhap, They in one Fardle up as Lumber wrap; Next trafficking for a fmall fum of Gold, Himfelf unto a ${ }^{(a)}$ Fencing-Mafter fold; Upon his Body fets a certain price, Which ftraight condemn ${ }^{\circ}$ d by arbitrary Dice, His Pris'ner to the fatal School he drew, Whom, at next Shew, a Gladiator flew.
(6) A Mafter of the Gladiators; A frequent Cultom at Rome amonght the Hectors and Debofhees, to tell themfelves 90 practufe their Arr, and venture their lives in the Ampbistbeator.

[^4]
## Section XVIII.

THen out of dores turn'd, only in my Shirt, Which truffing, I about my middle girt, Since I muft fall unto the Begging trade, I up my felf a fitting Habit made, And thwart my fhoulders feewr'd up darnix rags; The Mantle loofe in labels hung and jaggs, Each corner I infeect, each Dunghil rake, Clowts to collect might up my Wardrobe make; A Scrip and Difh, fans Crown, a brimlefs Hat, Defenfive Arms 'gainft Dogs, I bore a Batt.

Thus at all points acouter'd and adorn'd, Acquaintance I, Friends and Relations fcorn'd As they would me, my Father being dead, So I'mongft ftrangers only beg'd my bread; Oft mouldy Crufts in mufty Drink would fop, Sometimes got favoury bits and higher Tope; At night in Porches and dark Entries fculk, A Prince, if I obtain'd a Stall or Bulk; And thofe whoever knew me, though I baulk'd, Yet once I, to the Ordinary walk'd, Mongtt Gamfters that fo late divifion made, Of my poor Father's Life, and all he had; 'Mongft them thus torn and totter'd, direly poor, I by their Names did, weeping, Alms implore;
Me e'n ftark naked feeing, cut and flafh'd
In Steaks and Morfels, robes fo neatly-hafh'd;
Pleas’d with my fancy in fuch quaint Attire, Thus grinning, made reply; How now young Squire; Your Father, were he living, would be fad, That for his Heir he fuch a fpetndthrift had,


K 4

Sect.XVIII. A ND ROCLEUS.
Thus to be cut and pinckt, what Taylors can!
Their Coars, not Heralds make the Gentleman;
Thus paffing by, they a proud fcoff, or fo,
On me in fo much mifery beftow;
Of all my Fathers thoufands they had fhar'd,
Not one Deneere his flarving Son they fpar'd :
But I thefe greedy Harpies knew before,
Who never fancy'd Servants, nor the Poor;
Who wait on them whole nights, ev'n ftarve with cold,
When Forteune howrs on them Seas of Gold;
Who Game their bufinefs make, ftudy the wracks
Of hopeful Youth, familiar Toms and f.acks.
The Suburbs Plague Owl'd in a Periwig,
Their Paunches fwoln with night debofhes big, Such proud and idle Hectors the whole Gang If th' are not fit to banifh let them Hang.

Soon after I 'mongft other Poor did wait, Expecting Alms at a great Patriot's Gate, Whofe Steward pick'd me from the clamouring throng, Not in my Features much deform'd, and Young : By my confent enroll'd his Patron's Slave, Shew'd me my Tasks, and fitting Habit gave.

## ANDROCLEUS. Sect.XIX.

## Section XIX.

(a) A Roman Exercife.

THere Toyling hard, yet plentifully fed, Taller I fhot by th fhoulders and the head, When Callow down, firft marks proclaiming Upon my Chin and ruddy Cheeks began;
At Exercifes active grown, and ftrong, Me at the (a) Cef none could, or $W$ raftling wirong; Out-run, out-leap, Vault higher; few could far Break ground beyond me with a Stone or Barr ; My joynts then knitting, Breaft and Shoulders broad, I much as two could carry at a load:

The Steward, who on all the reft look'd grim, Oft fnil'd on me, and held in fair efteem; Our grand Patrone would ftill as paffing by, Caft me both Mony and a favouring Eye. Madam Patronefs, a high-going Dame, Whofe Honefty had but a fcanty fame, Her Lord grown old, of bufineff full,and Cares, About the Publick,or his own affairs; Too foon of me had inkling by her Pimps, And at her $W$ indow then by chance a glimpre, Whilft nimbly up the fteps I bore a Sack, As if a Fly had fate upon my back; Nor refted fhe, feeling a kindled flame; But down mongft us with one Attendant came, The Palace empty, and for me fhe asks, Then 'mongtt my Fellows, bufy at our Tasks, A $W$ ork difpatching mult with fpeed be done.
I would have Wafh'd, and put frefl Garments on,
When fhe far off, me, thus confulting fpy'd, Come naked as you are, aloud fhe cry'd;

Sect.XIX. AND ROCLEUS.
So up I march'd, and her Commands obey'd,
W ho thus in gentle Language fmiling, faid :
Of your good parts Androclens, I have heard, Merits where-ever plac'd we fhould regard, Though you, your Fortune to fuch Toyl condemns, Jewels though fet in Lead, yet fill are Gemms ; I hear that you carry from all the prize, At Youthful Sports, and Manly Exercife; Since I am prefent, I would gladly fee A proof or fo of your Activity.

Then made fhe me firlt Run,then Leap, and Vault,
So gave her felf a general affault; 1 faw her bofome beat with loofe alarms, Viewing my fhoulders,breaft, and muskley Arms:

Then fhe departing, kindly threw her Purfe, Which I look'd on no better than a Curfe.

Sea.

## Section XX.

NO fooner gone, but all about me throng, To fee what Largefs bounteous Madam flung, Which op'ning foon bright Cafars they behold, All cry, at night to Wine convert the Gold;
She wants your help, and you your Freedom lack, The Wealthie Fort couragioully attack; Good ufe make of your time whilft kind Stars wait,


Thus hinted they, whilft I my felf deplore,
Contracted to a Virgin late before;
Our Steward's Daughter, and his only Heir,
Her Mother lately dead, fhe young and Fair
Me long with figns and filent Rethorick woo'd,
And by her conquering Eyes at laft fubdu'd ;
I not at Riches nor my Freedom aim'd,
Her Vertue more than Beauty me inflam'd,
Her fweet fimplicity ftirr'd gentle fires,
From $W$ anton free, and turbulent defires;
When her foft paffion once fhe had reveal'd,
With Tears and Kiffes we Affection feal'd;
Vows interchanging, juft at breaking Gold,
A while, faid fhe, e'r we go further hold;
I am a Chriftian, and fo mult be you,
Elfe here we feparate and once more are two;
Since fuch diffentings may in Marriage life
Commotions raife, and a perpetual frife;
Light Venus, Drunken Baccbus, Hectoring Mars,
Trepanning Hermes, look on as a Farfe;
Th whole Lift abolifh of thofe Stones and Stocks,
Once Bofoms of the Grove, and Wombs of Rocks;

Inot ${ }^{(6)}$ Marina, but Maria am, Androcleus to Andreas change your Name. She foon prevailing, eafie Conqueft made, What could not the and her fair Eyes perfwade? Befides, I faw them daily at the Stake, And Perfecutions fill more Converts make; I knew our Gods Exemplars were of $\operatorname{Sin}$, And we on Wood and Stone (c) Petitions pin; So I confenting, me fhe kindly kift,
Contracted, we each other ftraight difmilt ;
Upon a private meeting, next agreed, Where no occafion might fulpicion breed,
(6) A ufual Cuftom in the primitive times to alter, or contract their Chriftian Names not to be minch dif. fering from their former.
(c) A Cuftome among the Hca thens to flick their Pettions upon their Idolls.

B b
Sect.

## Section XXI.

SOon after going at th' appoynted time, To meet, where chaft imbraces were no crime, With my Maria, her there to acquaint
With what did much my troubled fipirits daunt,
And to confult together how to wave
Approaching Luft, infatiate as the Grave.
The Houfe all clear, gone forth to hear a Caufe
Till night would puzle Lawyers and the Laws;
A little Girle from a fraight Envoy came,
And beck'ning to me, call'd me by my Name ;
I thought that my dear Miftrifs her had fent,
Of Plots but little dreaming, after went,
Who in a lower Chamber turns me ftraight, And clapping faft the Dore, leaves there to wait :

Then I began the bufinefs to furpect,
And from a dangerous Caufe a dire Effect:
When entring, on the other fide appear'd
Our Madams Confident, who me thuscheer'd. Androclens, welcome; though you are betraid,
The Plot is much for your advantage layd;
Wealth, Honour, Beauty, Love, on you attend,
A Great, a kind, and everlafting Friend;
Such as the Emperours Self, the Worlds great Head;
Might pride in the Enjoyments of her Bed;
Nay, flart not back, nor proffered Fortunes wave,
Poffeffe a Paradife, or elfe a Grave:
Death or a Happy Life, one you muft chufe,
Take heed, fo high a Favour to refufe.

## Scct.XXI. ANDROCLEUS.

Thus now confirm'd of what I firlt did doubt,
I ftraight refolv'd what ere to fee it out ; And though I faw a Sword hung o'r my head, Each ftep I trod upon a Serpent's bed,
I follow'd her thence up a private Stairs, A clofe conveyance for the like affairs:
Whence me fhe firft into a $W$ ardrobe brought, Hung with rich garments, Gowns, andMantles wrought, Upon the Table lay a gorgeous Veft Fit for a Prince bid to a Marriage Feaft.

When thus fhe faid; You in fo high refpect,
Thus futing your Preferment muft be deckt,
None to our Ladies privacy mult come
Nor enter worfer clad, her Golden Room, And here for you, as if her Lord, fhe hath Ordered rich Unguents and a cheering Bath.

This faid, my flavifh Habit off I flipt,
And down in warm and perfum'd water leapt, My Arms and Bofome cleans'd from fweat and foyle,
'Noynting my limbs with odoriferous oyle;
My felf then dreffing fprucely $A$-la-mode,
I entred like a Heroc or a God;
For lcoking in the Mirror as I paft,
I at my Transformation ftood agaft !
Viewing my fupple Limbs and noble Face,
The Room then treading with Majeftick pace;
When me fhe faw thus handfomly arraid,
I, now you are a Prince indeed, fhe faid;
You no Androcleus now, no Bond-flave are
But fome Ambaffador late come from far ;
Move in a Royal Sphere, and fitting ftate,
You muft forget what ere you were of late.
This faid, fhe me through feveral Rooms conducts,
And all the way with learned Smiles inftructs.

## Section XXII.

AT laft fhe brought me to a darkned Room, Where flut out $P$ bobbus beams could never come;
Which yet out-fhin'd the Day,and Ifain'd the Skies,
With Tapers bright in branching Gallaxies;
Here none of all the Houfhold durtt prefume
So to prophane as once look in the Room ,
Onely one $W$ oman ; this fhe kept diftinct,
At which her Husband glad to pleafe her, wink'd;
There looking round, rare Tap'ftrie I beheld,
Which far my Mafter's Furniture excell'd,
With new-found (a) filk and gold moft richly wrought,
(a) Then but lately found in the timeor thic Cosfarts, and rarely yufed. Far fetch'd and dear, from utmoft Perfa brought ;

Where Venus lively fate in Mars his Lap,
And peeping Vulcan catch'd in Cupid's Trap;
Where whilft the ftump-foot God faft by the Leg,
Seem'd Freedom of his wanton Son to beg,
She and her brisk Gallant the Prisner mocks,
Both pointing at him, fitting in the focks;
The border filver Doves and $C_{\text {upids }}$ fill'd,
And Lovers bleeding Hearts, though never kill'd :

 number of tee cracess,

W ould empty Veins replenifh with a flood;
A canted Couch for Eafe and Dalliance fit,
Where three might lean at pleafure, lye, or fit :
Next faw I embofs'd Flagons antique mould,
Not full with Wine, but briming o'r with Gold, Which Kings and Tetrarchs that his Clients were
When well went Caufes, had prefented her ;


Sect.XXII. ANDROCLEUS.
Whole Cities pawn'd to pay their Patrons Fees, They humbly offered her fuch toyes as thefe.

## Next on a Porphyre Cupboard I efpy'd

Inftead of drinking Plates (c) Jems, Stars out-vi'd, And as neglected, in a Corner lay ;
(c) Hic petit extiaiiis uerbem, miferofgue Perates, Ut germma bibat, o ferrano Dormia

A filver Mountain might nine Legions pay;
The Superficial of her Treafure thefe,
She Jewells had wére worth whole Provinces!
All which as Enemies I underftood,
'Gainft them refolv'd to make my party good
What e'r befalls, to run the dangerous risk,
Rather than her, to top a Bajlisk;
So much I valu'd my plain modeft Girle, Beyond a heaven of Jewels, Gold, or Pearl, Beyond her Glories, Luxury, and Pride, Beyond whatever in the W orld befide : I that a Chriftian promisd to be, muft Seven deadly Champions fight, efpecial Luft ! Before my Youth and Marrow her fhould treat A Strumpet prey upon, though ne'r fo Great, Let thefe full veins a Hectick drain, and I Pale in a lingering Confumption dye.

## Section XXIII.

VVHilf I on all thefe look'd with gard, A Song and Mufick I in confort heard; Which pleas'd furprizal my attention
Love th' Argument, and joyes of being belov'd; (mov'd, Of Cupids power in Heaven, Earth,and below, All under the obedience of his Bow ;

They fung kis Club laid by, and Lyons skin, How Hercules, Ompbale taught to fpin,
Who, when his Miftris faulty found the thread, Suffer'd her break the Diftaff ore his head ; goves fcapes I heard, and how the bafhful Moon
Danc'd to the Pipe of young Endymion.
At laft appears with a Majeftick pace,
A Beauty fitting for a Gods imbrace;
Robes flowing, in a heaven of jewels deck'd,
And entering, fmiles on me with kind refpert;
Little I dreamt that her I e'r had feen,
She mult fome Goddefs be, at leaft a Queen!
Who as I ftaring ftood, amaz'd and mute,
Firft charg'd me with a kiffing fweet falute.
When thus fhe faid; Androcleus now I fee
Y'are born no Slave, nor one of mean Degree;
Perfons of low Birth though they features have,
Know not which way to look when they are brave;
I knew her then, but could not make reply,
Totally routed by her conquering Eye!
Whilf fhe then turning whifper'd to her Maid, Farewell good Chriftian, to my felf I faid ;
A green-fick Girle a new Religion minc'd, I am afham'd, and utterly convinc'd;

Tell me of Heavenly bliffe, and $W$ orlds to come,
Here, prefent Joyes are worth a Martyrdome;
To Crowns of Glory who would not afpire,
Loves fiery tryalls fuffering in fuch fire ?
Let me one Night move in that farrie Sphere,
Then let there Devils me in pieces tear,
When with a wounding finile fhe turning, faid;
Why ftands Androcleus thus? why fo difmaid?
Let not what you in my apartment fee
Dazle your Eyes, but make your object Me;
Be not fo mute, freely your felf behave,
The Old Man's no more, but now you are my Slave ;
And I fhall put you to a harder Task,
That more than all your Strength, will Courage ask :
All here you fee, inftructs you what to doe,
This flender Banquet flands prepar'd for you ;
I would not have fuch Entertainment loft
Upon a gilded Signe, or painted Poft.
Encourag'd thus, though I in flames did fry,
I only ftar'd, but make could no reply,
Nor Locomotive faculties command:
Which fhe perceiving, took me by the Hand,
And gently wringing, to the Table led, Placing me by her on the Feftive Bed.

## ANDROCLEVS. Sect.XXIV.

## Section XXIV.

THus poor Androcleus with a Lady fate, The Wealth of Queens but mean to her eftate! What ere the greateft Epicure could wifh,
To tafte delicious $W$ ines there food the $\operatorname{Difh}$;
What-ever $W$ ine to quench the Seafoned bit, He at this Table might his Pallat fit ;

On us her Confident did only wait,
Who ply'd my Cuip, and often chang'd my Plate,
Till Love thus heightned Fancy did inrich, Unchain'd my Tongue, and freedom gave to fpeech;
Finding Difcourfe,my Wits with Bacchus edg'd,
Thus form'd I her, and formally befieg'd.
Madam, thefe Miracks I here behold!
Your Beauty, thefe bright Gems, that Plate and Gold!
This R oom fo furnifh'd, fet with Lights fo thick
That more than Stars confound Arithmetick!
My felf in this rich Habit like a Prince!
Such Entertainment at fo valt Expence!
And me a Slave, thus by your fecial Grace,
Holding in this your Heaven, a fecond place,
Makes me the greater wonder that am not
Turn'd an admiring Statue on the fpot ;
And now my Spirits feeming to revive,
I queftion if I dead am, or alive ;
Or from Earth mounted, my deliver'd Soul
Found this your Paradife beyond the Pole ;
There, and th' inchanting Mufick that I hear
Makes me fuppofe that this is Venus Sphere,
And you th' Intelligence, that Goddeffe are
Ruling our Morning and our Evening Star !

Sect.XXIV. ANDROCLEUS.
If that I Wake, am Dead, or in a Dream, Since $W$ oe nor $W$ eale lafts long in the Extream, If Truth or Fancy, put it to the Tef, Really finifh, or Dream out the reft. Surpriz'd at fuch a rate to hear me fpeak, Thus in no common Torrent forth to break; Androclens, faid fhe, I am doubtful too, If I'm not in a Trance as well as You!
To hear fuch Language, hear you talk fo brave, None but a Prince can Act a Royal Slave; Such notions are no births of Toyl and Sweat: Sir, I'll on You no leffer value fet, Than if fome. God defcended from the Sky, Would my imbraces at Heavens Purchafe buy.

This faid, my Hand fhe in her Bofom flips, And I made bold to venture on her Lps;

When thus I faid, Dear Madam, I fhall burft, At once you make me Happy and Accurft ! Such Cordials far off from the joy of joyes, In tantalizing pleafures me deftroyes.
Then the bold Strumpet me imbracing, kift, Twining a Chain of Pearl about my wrift, Accept this earnelt of my love, the faid,

And me to further Privacy convey'd.
C
Sect.

## Section XXV.

VV
Here ftood a ftately Bed in her Alcove,
Fit for fweet thefts, and foln deligts of Love,
Where Kings and Queens in Wedlock might imbrace, And Princes breed their own illuftrious Race!
When'drawing nigh, me fuddain Terror ftruck, The Curtains trembled, and the Hangings fhook, And frraight a Voice, not Humane,pierčd my Ear, Chriftian Andreas, mind thy Soul, forbear ! My Name that, muft be,and this frange advice, Turn'd to a Hell, expected Paradife,
Loves torches quench'd, hot fancys routed quite:
Agu'd I fweat in horrible affright ;
My warm blood curdling, I grew fiff and cold,
As one that twice had fifty $W$ inters told.
She feeing me ftand, as I had blafted been,
That never look'd on loofe Efcapes as Sin,
How now Androclens, faid fhe, why fo pale?
A Bed, a Lady, and your fpirits fail!
Then cafting up my Eye on her, who feem'd
Late 'bove all Worldly joyes to be efteem'd;
Of conquering Beauty, fo Divinely Fair,
Not the leaft mark appear'd, nor fmalleft Air !
Where I before enough could never gaze,
Behold a map of Ruin and Decayes;
Furrow'd her Brows, Cheeks painted and bepatch'd,
Her Temples round with curled Serpents thatch'd!
Her wither'd Breafts in her foul Bofome fagg! A Goddefs late, now an infernal Hagg!
To whom in high diftraction thus I fpake :
Thou fwallowing Gulph , thou all-devouring Lake,

That now art leading me unto the brink, Where falling, I eternally muft fink; Ah how thou ftar'tt! Clap no more (a) Gorgons on,
(a) Medinfa's Head, her hairs feigned to be Serpents, the terrible I feel my felf already turning ftone ! Afpect turning all that beheld it inke Stone. I'll fly ; e'r I am finifh'd, e'r I ftand A Statue, carv'd by an Adultrefs hand. This:faid, I left her, and the loathed Bed, And whillt the dire Revenge ftood plotting, fled, Out at a $W$ indow jutting forward, leapt, And hid with darknefs, to my Cabin crept Unfeen by any, faft the dore then lock'd, Refolv'd to none to open, who e'r knock'd.

$$
\mathrm{C}_{2}
$$

## ANDROCLEUS. Sect.XXVI.

## Section XXVI.

THus I within my own works feem'd fecure, Able a Winter Leagure to endure;
When fecond thoughts a farther profpect made, I faw no means my $R$ üne to evade; Then I repented my diftracted flight, That could not me preferve one fingle night; Mad that the Adultereffe I had not flain, (a) See Homer's Ods flibib. iz. That (a) Syren, that inticing common Bane; Firft thoo the sirens fhale difover, Who long fince could not chang'd Amours adjuft, All Commers with inticing tunes Serving with fuch varieties her Luft;
bewict ;
Whe. their fweet voyces hear, re- Then I had done a meritorious act,
mind no more

Their Wives, their Children, nor their native fhore :
In Meadows Chanting, they'mongtt dead mens boncs
Crown rotten Skins, and heap up Skeletons:
But when thou faileft by them, look that there
Thy Followers Ears thou flop, that none may hear.
With yielding Wax : But if thou Of bufy Servants bufling here and there;
haft a mind
To hear indlanting Ditties, let them Shut up the Gates, whilft out the Steward comes, bind
Thee hand and foot, and with frong Bids diligent fearch to make through all the Rooms;
About thy middle tie unto the Maf:
So thou mayeff thear the Sirnns melt-
Straight I put up my Chain of Pearl,and Veft, ing frains: loofe tly Chains,
And fet thye free, then bid them lar- And'as alarm'd, foon mingled with my Mates, der rie:
But when thefe dire Inchanters are
falled bbe Hoping to get o'r W alls, or thorough Gates;
Then thee ifhall not puntually in- And bufy with the Steward walk'd the round :
frut,
But no fufpicious perfon could be found.
felf Condrat
By hecte Hints, hicw thou maylf frid the way.

When at a ftand that Girle, that treach'rous Maid, Which me into the Trap at firf betraid, Brought in her Lap thofe Cloaths Behind I left, Charging their Owner with worfe Crimes than Theft; My fellow Slaves all knew them at firft fight, Whom I fo treated but the former night,

Sect.XXVI. ANDROCLEUS.
And fo much fatal Gold on them did fiend, They were the firf that me did apprehend;
And Oaths on Oaths, with proteftations fwore
They were the fame which I that morning wore.
To fearch my Cabin, next they made requeft, Whence foon they brought the Orient Chain and Veft; All circumftances cleer the Steward found, And calls for Jives, and me in Fetters bound : Then to the Dungeon thence himfelf conveys, And leaves me in the Stocks, at little-eafe.

Sea.

## Section XXVII.

LEft in a Dungeon Manackled and Jiv'd, Of Light, of Comfort, and of Hopes depriv'd, Gall'd with the narrow Stocks and pinching My Sorrows heavy, and acute my Pains, (Chains, I mufing on my fad condition fate, Thrown to a Prifon from a Bed of State; But more for my Maria was my (mart, For her, a bitterer grief tranfpierc'd my heart Than all the wounding woes which there I felt, That with my Dear fo treacheroufly I dealt; Out of my mind my Vows and her to raze
Took with patch'd Beauty and a painted Face. (night,
Thus drown'd in deep Defpair,o'rwhelm'd with I heard foft fteps,and faw a glimmering light, Which through the Key-hole, and the crannys broke;
When fuddenly the well-oyl'd wards unlock, And like a filent Shade in noyfelefs ftole, Maria as an Angel from the Pole Bringing down Comfort in my Griefs extream; When thus fhe fpake,and reall made my Dream.

Our precious time not lavifl now away, Elfe forfeit Life this Morning you mult pay :
Then with a kifs my fpirit fhe revives,
Frees from the Stocks, my Fetters, and my Jives,
Bids me tread foftly, whilf the locks the Dore,
Leaving all faft in pofture as before;
Then leading on, like noyflefs air fhe flips,
Whilft lightly I reprint the Virgin's fteps;
Untill we entred in an obfcure yard,
$W$ here fettled $W$ alls not to afcend were hard;

$\varepsilon$

When thus fhe faid; Put on this forraign fhape,
Then fly to Oftia, as a Stranger fcape;
I heard my Lady our Patron engage,
Only your Death muft pacifie her Rage:
She told him, how in Princely Habit dreft,
At her Devotions, in you rudely preft, When fhe amaz'd at One thus broken in, Ready to fwoone, had been enforc'd to Sin, But that her $W$ oman entring with a Light, The Projed fpoyld, and put the Slave to fight :

But I of this dare not one word believe,
Nor credit to her accufation give;
The whole Houfe thinks you guiltelfs, who lament, And whifpering, your Misfortune much refcent ;

But you muft hence, and I muft ftraight away
Under my Fathers Pillow to convey
Thefe Keys, which whilft he flept,from thence I fole Thus to redeem you from that difmal Hole; Here, take this Purfe fhe faid; then me fhe kift, And vowing Conftancy, with tears difmift.

Difguis'd thenceo'r, low Battlements I leapt, And through dark Suburbs and long Alleys crept.

Sect.

## Section XXVIII.

FRom thence to Oftia, where by fortune lay Ships ready freighted, bound for Africa, The Confuls Goods and Servants left behind
Hafting aboard; fair blew th' expected Wind:
I amongft others, got into. a Ship,
All Anchors weigh, and hoyfe their fails a trip;
And to the Offin with a Northern gale,
Hoping for fhort and happy paffage fail;
Steep Forelands fet, and diffant Mountains fly,
Till nothing we beheld, but Sea and Sky;
That night fo pleafant on the Decks I lay;
With Cares awake, expecting bleffed Day:
But whilft our groning Prow falt Billows plow'd,
I juft a-head, efpy'd a rifing Cloud,
Built up in Stories like a firy Tower,
Threatning foul $W$ eather, and a Thunder-fhower;
When our fair Wind us by degrees did fail,
Our Canvas flats, nor longer could we fail ;
Straight up they furl their Shets and ply the Oare,
Before it blows to faften on the Shore.
The Sk $\dot{y}$, all ftraight in clofe long Mourning hung
Lightens, a peal of Heav’ns Artillery rung,
A hideous Shower of Fire, of Hail,and Rain,

The bluftering Northern Lords, Eaft, Weft, and South,
Twice fixteen Angles open as one Mouth:
When not in Mountains did fwoln Billows rife,
 being a Whirlewind, rolls not the
 up in fpiry Pyramids.

Till all the Sea was laver'd into Suds!

$\because$ i

8

Sect.XXIX. ANDROCLEUS.
Nor fends to Officers, nor truits Jackcalls,
But follows on the fent to Cartbage $W$ alls;
Asif his feet were wing'd, runs ore the Downs,
And frights' the neighbouring Villages and Towns,
Offending none, not minding Prey nor Reft;
All wonder that fo terrible a Beaft
Should fly fo faft none feeing him purfue:
At laft to Cartbage the diftracted drew, Whom tir'd and fpent, a Troop of Horé befet, And without wounding drove into the Net; His bufhie Tayl, and fhaggy Mane the admire, His Teeth like Needles, and his Eyes like Fire!

Whom fraight the Conful to the Emperour fent, And as a Wonder, did the Beaft Prefent; Whom in his Ampbitbeater he plac'd, And like a King with frequent vifits grac'd, Admiring his huge fize, and awful Face, His Royal Carriagt, and Majeftick Pace!
$\qquad$

# ANDROCLEUS. Sect.XXX. 

## Section XXX.

THe Sentence paft, foon came th' expected time, Androclens muft fuffer for his Crime; When to the Emperors Lyon, he that day
Muft be in th' Ampbitbeater a Prey:
Which through all Rome divulg'd by bufy Fame,
As glad Spectators of this horrid Game;
Both Patriots and Plebeans, Old and Young,
From all the City thick in Clufters throng;
A Slave Condemn'd, incounters in the Lifts
A Lyon naked, onely with his Fifts;
Such a huge Monfter terrible and keen, Upon the publick Stage yet never feen.

By Noon the Theater huge Concourfe thwack,
The loaden Seats and Claffis like too crack;
The Emperour and Emperels in State,
The Confcript Fathers, and Commons fate;
When the Scene opening from a large Bofcage Androclens comes to meet the Lyons R age; His Breaft, his Shoulders, brawny Arms, and Thighs,
Wafte flender, Manly Face,and fparkling Eyes,
In Matrons firring Pitty, kindled flame,
And all his great Accufer much did blame.
The $L$ yon then, on purpofe fafting kept,
Forth to his Prey eager with Hunger leapt,
A Feaft prepar'd, then ready to attack
His Face beholding, fuddainly ftarts back,
When he his deareft Friend perufing knew;
Then in an humble pofture neer he drew
Kiffing his Feet, his hands, and well known Face,
Then they each other hugg'd in dear imbrace;


Th: Sect:30:

Sect.XXX. ANDROCLEUS.
He knows the Lyon, though fo curl'd and kemt'd, And he Androcleus, guiltlefly Condemn'd ; To fee the Monfter that fhould him affail, Fawn like a Spaniel, wag his bufhy Tail; And him that flood an Offering to be flain, Then clap his back, ftroking his fhaggy Main; Th admiring Houfe made with Applaufes ring, And Purfes him of Gold and Silver fling, A hundred thoufand hands fpeak loud applaufe, Glad the Defendant fcap't the Lyon's Jaws:
All cry, The Gods do Innocence proted !
And by the great Example them diret
To Piety and Pitty; and that he
Sav'd by their Mercy, fhould be ftraight fet free,

Sect.

## Section XXXI.

VVHen a prime Herald,after filence made, Thus in the Emperours Name, and Senate, faid;
This Slave by Heavens efpecial favour bleft, Straight by their Order here muft be releaft; They alfo him a Golden Talent give, And that at Rome as freeborn, he may live; The Lyon him the Emperour doth prefent.

Joyful applaufes fale the Firmament:
But when Androclens them his ftory told, Showers from the Galleries Silver, Jems, and Gold, Rain'd on his Head, and pour'd into his Hands.

Thus freed from cruel Death and fervile Bonds,
He from the Theater in Triumph led, His Friend releaft whilft thus the People faid, As they in bufy throngs about them preft:

The Man and Lyon! fee, the Hoft and Gueft !
The Senates Gift, and what Spectators gave, Turn'd to a $W$ ealthy Citizen a Slave ; Recovering foon his Fathers Morgag'd State, His Houfes, Jewels, and embezel'd Plate.

Andreas now Maria did Efpoufe,
And folemn Nuptials kept in his own Houfe:
Fair Iffue had, in Reputation dwelt,
Nor ftorms of Perfecution ever felt ;
Till Emperours themfelves pluck'd Idols down, And got for Piety and $Z$ eal, Renown :
But of the $L$ yon after what become, Moft Writers are defecive, fome quite dumb;


01


## THE

## EPHESIAN MATRON:

OR

## VVidows Tears.

Section I.


T (a) Ephefur, of old fo much Renown'd,
Whofe lofty Tow'rs (b) Diana's Temple crown'd, To whom (when leaving Man fions of the Gods,
In that (c) Worlds Wonder fetling her aboads) Chaft votreffes with Vows and Offerings came, Loves power defpifing, and the Cyprian Dame; The Cold Infection through the City fpreads, No Girls of Pleafure, fcapes, nor fportive Beds; Beauty, and lufty Youth, at Cupids Shaft If pointed not, forfooth, with Marriage, laught; Whilft great at Epbefus, (d) Diana's Name Kept chaft Court-Madams, Chaft the City Dame.
'Mongft thefe Exemplars a fair Lady dwelt, With whom kind Fates aufpicioufly had delt, She and her Spoufe, fo eminent a Pair, That all the City their admirers were.

E e
When
d See the latter part of the Nineteenth Chapter of the Aits of the Apoftles, where befides other inflances of the grearnefs of her Name there, tis faid $v .34$, that there was a cry of the whole Multitude as of one voice for two hours, Great is Diana of the Eplofians:

When feven fill'd Circles brought their Holiday, The laft of feven in perpetual May, On which they yearly kept the Wedding Feaft, Their Friends, and Kindred ftill invited Guefts.
They in their Garden walking arm in arm,
The Spring in all her Gaiety and warm;
Changing his Note, he in a fadder Tone Than ever they Difcours'd in, thus begun:

My onely Happinefs; my deareft Wife ;
More lov'd than Day, than Joys of Health or Life!
Who would not leave the hopes of Heav'n to be
As you and I, fo bleft on Earth as we ?
Since our feventh Stage fo happily we reach
Without one Cloud, the fmalleft flaw or breach;
More than the Gods can boaft, though fyld the Bleft,
Them anxious Fears and Jealoufies moleft,
That fome fuppofe the Stars are all but Spies,
And Conftellations, Guards with watching Eyes.
But now fad Fancies harbour in my breaft, And Melancholly, ne'r before a gueft :
Why vex I thus my felf with idle Fear ?
Startle at that I ne'r fhall fee nor hear?
I'll tell thee Love, my happinefs is fuch,
That the felicity I Princes grutch;
Though Fate did as your Servant, me imploy,
Thou art too good for any to injoy;
I fear that you and I e'r long muft part,
Something I feel fits heavy at my heart ;
To Dye not grieves me, but to leave thee here, What fignifies Elizium, thou not there?

For your own fake then live a fingle life,
And let my Duft be proud you were my Wife;
Though Stories I fufpect, and idle Talk,
That in the Night our troubled Spirits walk,

Sect. I. MATRON.
Which if they fhould, my angry Ghoft, I fear,
Thee from th' imbraces of a King would tear ;
Take this my laft Will, which doth thee declare
My fole Executrix, and onely Heir :
Nor are you bound by lofs of part to be
My Relitt, no, Dear ! I have left you Free:
But as my laft Requeft, I onely fue,
As you my Wife are, be my Widow too.
She weeping, ready to make large Replyes,
And Proteftations; Oh I'm fick! he cryes;
A dire Diftemper fhoots through every part, My Head, my Back, my Stomach, ah my Heart !
Over my Eyes Nights fable Curtains fpread;
Deareft farewel ; keep Chaft our Marriage-bed.
She skreeking out,ftraight Friends about them fwarm
Finding the dead and living arm in arm :
The fad news flyes, invited Guefts depart, And leave high Treatments with a heavy heart.

## Section II.

THis dire Difafter routing fuch a Feaft, A Face of forrow, not to be expreft Fill'd the fad houfe, thence carried up and down By woful Friends returning, through the Town; Such were his Merits, fo concern'd they were, Who not for him contributed a Tear?

But fhe fate mourning in a difnal Room, Dark as that Night fhuts up the Day of Doom ; When ore Sun, Moon, and Stars, no hope of dawn, Foul Cbaos hath eternal Curtains drawn;

Whilf for his Funerals they feek what ere
For fhew and pompous Sorrow fitting were;
Firft into Blacks they Tyrian Scarlets dy'd, From $\not$ Egypt, and $A$ Aabia, provide, $^{\text {a }}$
To make the Corps Pomander, Nard, and Spice,
And odoriferous Gums, at any price;
Which done, when Tears a fhort ceffation gave, She dreft th' (') embalmed Corps in garments brave; The Crutome of the eemenant, precter.
 Petronius, in this Story of the Ephe-
 And on a Pillow, as his Marriage Bed, Curling his treffes, boulfers up his Head. Her Friends mean while got Confecrated ground
$f$ The many eminent Sepulchres Without the City, trench'd and pal'd in round; ficiently evince, if Authors were filent, that they were in ufe.
g That this was a Cuftonse, we bave an incripioion to provec

 Monumentum cam Æedifacio Juper pofito, © $\varepsilon$.
$b$ See the flory of $T$ elephron, in
Where her old Servant, if they could perfwade
 intimated, that dead bodys were tempts of Witcher.

Whêre fhe, truce took with Sorrow, up might come


Ma: Sect: 2

And leave fometimes the Hearle, the better fo
To fpin out grief, and profecute long Woe;
For the refolv'd one year ne'r to adjourn, But in the Tomb ore her dead Husband mourn.

And now Solemnities expected come, The Corps to follow to its latef Home;
All march as they by Heralds ordered were,
The Magiftrates, and the whole Senate there;
After the Hearfe fhe comes with skreeks and cryes,
Forc'd Tears from Kindred, Friends, nay Strangers eyes,
Senfe of her loffe now more than ere the felt,
Curfing the Stars, fo hardly with her dealt:
But as the Corps defcended to the Vault,
Her tender bofome giving an affault, Taring her Hair, fhe leaps into the Cave, And there refolv'd to dig her felf a Grave ; Shrieks from beneath, above a general Cry Like Thunder, volleys through the echoing sky;

Thence all difpiercing, to their homes retreat. And leave the Mourner in a doleful feat.

## Sect.

## Section III.

AFter the noyfing Concourfe were return'd, Both fad beholders, \& their friends that mourn'd; When conquering Night,Days ftandard down And drove the Sun into another World; (had hurl'd, Then fetled in her folitary Vault, New muftered Sorrows lier afrefh affault, The Herfe before her, and a glimmering Lamp, Infolded arms, the fad Cave cold and damp; She Triumphs in her Grief, her $W$ oes feem brave, With Mifery furrounded, and the Grave, The Novelty of fuch a difmal place, Put Majefty in Melancholies Face;
Then kneeling by the Coarfe, in fuch a fhade, She friling at her new Condition, faid:

How bleft am I that fhall within this Cell, With thee a year, perhaps for ever, dwell ?
Thus faid fhe weeping, and unveils his Face;
Which when fhe had beheld a little face
She ftood, her Hands and Eyes erected, calm;
As if fome God had given her healing Balm ;
With a full Deluge then, and fighs more loud,
Thus raves fhe, thund'ring from the broken Cloud:
Ah that when firft I came into this $W$ orld, A form had me on barren Mountains hurl'd, There to have flarv'd, or been to Beafts a prey,
Or made my Cradle in the fwallowing Sea;
Then I had never feen this woful hour, And thee, cuut off, lye like a faded Flower;
Cold as a Rock wafh'd at the Mountains feet, Nothing of what thou wert, but only fweet; Speak then, my Dear; come, riif, and let us walk, Of Love, ah me! and formər Pleafures talk;

$\infty \infty \quad \infty$

In fuch a place we never were before, Rocks all above, an adamantine Flore ;
Here comes no Sun,no South-winds fultry breath,
Thefe are the pleafant fhades of quiet Death;
How couldft thou Die, that alwaies hadft thy health ?
Friends,and fair Houfes, happinefs and $W$ ealth;
What ere for ufe or pleafure, in this life;
Nay more than all, had'f Me, thy loving Wife :
What, will you feak no more now you are dead?
Them your laft words, Keep Cbaft our Marriage-Bed ?
To be Exemplar, therefore here I ftay,
Elfe I with thee had gone that woful day ;
And now I long to feek thee under-ground,
'Mongft Regions ne'r by lying Mortals found,
Then we'll not part till you are foundly chid;
What Follys,ah! my raving Fancy feed?
Lye fill in peace, thy Spirit never fear
Me, rageing, from a fecond Spoufe, fhould teare;
Should Gove himfelf defcending from the sky
Nuptials propofe, and lay his funo by;
Thunder in one, Heav'ns Crown in thother hand,
I'll bid him fire, and though a God, withftand;
Here in this bofom dead thou fhalt furvive, Or elfe let Earth firft fwallow me alive;
Let me with changing thoughts fink down to Hell, And there 'mongft Fiends in endlefs tortures dwell.

Thus ran fhe all the keys of forrow ore, Till fhe could $W$ eep,nor Sigh, nor fay no more ;

When Somnus gliding foftly from the Pole,
Smooth'd the fwoln Paffions of her troubled foul,
Sprinckling her Temples with Letbean drops,
Infus'd a golden Dream,all Joyes and Hopes;
Down in her Chair clofe by the Herfe fhe fate,
And Woes, as if they never were,forgot.

## Section IV.

THe night that rofe with Conftellations crown'd Her purple Robe with feed-Pearls broider'd round,
Suddainly, Boreas huk'd, in fullen Clouds, And all her great and lefier Glories fhrouds ; With Rain, Hail, Snow,drawn up in three Brigades, He the fair iffue of the Spring invades Large fheets of fnow, in Pennance hides all ore, The like not feen in many years before ;

The Morning paft, on the adjacent Plains
A Malefactor they had hung in Chains; The Martiall, there a place of Emirence, Left that his Friends fhould fteal (i) the Corps from ; The Rameinis for Example fince: On pain of Death, attended by Command, denyed Burial to notorious MaleraThis foul Night hapning, long he kept his ftand, watch their dead bodys: Yet Angxftus writes in his Life, that he never refufed them to their kindred or Friends; whence perhaps 70 foph of
Arimathen obtained the Body of $\xrightarrow{\text { Arimath }}$

When thus he faid; How fhall Ilive till Day ?
Who in this form the Corps can hence convey ?
I for paft fervice better may deferve,
I'll rather fuffer, than ftay here and ftarve;
But whither fhall I fy ? where fhelter find?
For there's no running, though before the Wind ;
The Gates are fhut, all miferable dark,
No glimpfe appearing, nor the fmalleff fpark :
When like a Gloworm through th' opacous Night,
He from the Lodge perceives a glimmering Light;
Thither he hafts, there he his life muft fave,
His laft redemption in a dead mans Grave;
When knocking gently thus he fhivering fpake :
Ah! fave a Life, if ere, now pitty take;

Sect.IV. MATRON. 205
My firits fail, quite almoft. out of breath, Elfe on your Threfhold I fhall freeze to death.

The Maid reply'd; No more I pray Sir knock,
So late I dare not for the $W$ orld unlock,
My Lady to difturb, who this foul night
Took firft poffeffion of her dire Delight:
Who trembling faid; Pitty, without reply,
Oh take me in, or elfe I here fhall dye:
Your Lady Mourns, her forrow will be more
To find one dead to morrow, at her Dore.
Ff Sec.

## Section V.

VVHifpers \& growling tempefts, like a bell, Alaram'd vaults of the refoundingCell; Waking the Mourner from a pleafing A fecond Spoufe, new Marriages the Theam. (Dream,

She thought her Husband rifing from the Dead, Shrowded all ore, Pale, ftanding ty her Bed, Told her his Pafs to Blifs would not be fign'd, Till he revok'd what her he laft injoyn'd; Bid her forfake that melancholly Tomb, Make for another Lord and Children, R oom (Deny'd them feven glad years by fightful Fate,)
That fhould inherit their improv ${ }^{\text {d }}$ Eftate ;
The Shade with tears imploring earneft, feem'd,
That he from fuffering fo may be redeem'd:
Awak'd, fhe felt all fwelling Paffions calm, Her breaft as if fome God had thrown in Balm, And at the Lodge fhe heard a Man complain.
Soft thoughts her tender bofome entertain ;
Left he might fuffer, or be ruin'd quite, In fuch condition in that woful Night.

She calls her Maid, commands ftraight let him in, Not thofe to help in want, what greater fin ?
Let him fit there and helter from the form,
Stir up the Fire, that he himfelf may warm;
She who compaffion took on him before,
Commiffion'd thus, glad opens foon the Dore ;
A goodly perfon,almoft ftarv'd with Cold,
Entring in Arms, amaz'd her to behold;
Then by the Fire a Chair for him fhe fets,
And with a Manchet, and a, Bottle treats;
Her Miftris to accuftomd grief returns,
And like fad Pbilomel her loffes mourns;


フリ 77

Her Neft new ranlack'd by a piying Swan; $W$ hilft thus old leffons fhe runs ore in vain, Her wandring Fancy hankers off, and fops At her late golden Dream, fo full of Hopes; And fomething whipers ftill, that Stranger fee
Thus weather-beaten, whatfore he be;
When hafting down,her Servant thus begain:
OhMadam! Madan! here's the braveft Man
Ere Eyes beheld! tall, ftraight, and fhoulders broad,
Who looks, recovering fipirts, like a God;
Quick burns the Fire, and you mult needs be cold,
This Perfon of fome quality, behold,
A Wonder fee! Come up, dear Madam, come !
Take truce with Tears,and leave this dampie Tomb,
Your felf refrefh,your Cheeks look pale and lank, I carce remember when you Eat or Drank;

Sparks long in Ember fleeping, fhe awakes, Soon fhe refolves, as foon the Cell forfakes, Following the light, trips foffly up the Stairs And him furpriz'd there fitting, unawares; Up farts he,and a while did gazing ftand; Then in moft humble pofture,kift her hand;

And thus begun: Bleft Lady, may the Gods Bring Comfort to thefe forrowful Aboads, And you for Hofpitality repay, What beft may pleafe you, and with leaft delay; That me in fuch Neceffity reliev'd, And from inevitable Death repriev'd, If ere you need a Heart, a Sword, or Hand, And Life you granted, th' are at your Command.

## Section VI.

VV
Hen thus fhe modeflly with caft down Eyes,
In a fad Tone futing her Drefs, replys;
Condemn'd to Solitude, and little Room, My firft night in my haplefs Husbands Tomb, Though drown'd in Woes, though buried in a Grave, I'm glad, Sir, fuch Relief for you I have.

This faid, the Table her old Servant fpread, Set a cold Bak'd-meat on, brings Wine and Bread; Down oppofite in profper full, they fate, Where on ftoln glances Love might hang his Bait ; She now refrefh'd, though clofe dreft, all in black, Did with a budding Blufh her Gueft attack; Her Mourning feem'd a foyl, a fable ground, That beff fets off the fparkling Diamond; And now and then, a flort furvey fhe ftole, Which made no fmall impreffion in her Soul; So much his Miene and Perfon her furpriz'd; That fhe with irkfome Sorrow lefs advis'd; But what moft rais'd in her a fair efteem, She thought that fhe had feen him in her Dream Soon as her Husband's Shadow did depart, Warm Comfort fhooting firt into her heart ; A while both fate nor interchang'd a word, And active Cupid, flames new kindled, ftirr'd: At laft the boldly makes the firft attack, And calling for a glafs of Wine, thus fpake: Paying the Gods libation on the Board.

It feems, Sir, that your Bufinefs is the Sword, And my dear Husband of the Civil Lift, Though much efteem'd, perhaps you eare hath mift;


4


| Sect. VI. MATRON. |
| :--- |
| Seven years we liv'd in a continual Calm, |

Each Word we chang'd to other, healing Balm ;
And though he left me all his fair Eftate,
Yet Imy Life, and all lifes comforts hate;
I but this Duty to his Memory pay,
Only twelve months with him intomb'd, to ftay, Yet may his Ghoft more fatisfaction give,
The Year expir'd, to bide here whilft I live;
Be pleas'd Sir (Women queftions love to ask,
If I implore not an unpleafing "task )
In compleat Arms, what bufinefs of the State, Or your own private, kept you out fo late?
And how you lighted on this woful Cell,
Where I, furrounded with my forrows, dwell ?
Your Wife, Sir, if y' are Maried, you this night
Being thus abroad, puts in no fmall affright.

## Section VII.

SInce Madam, you have put me to a task; A little farther l'll your patience ask; That if not irkfome, I may render you
Of my whole Life, a brief account, and true:
In (k) Tbrace I boaft my Birth, a Martial foyl,

The greatef, mof Northerly and leaff fruitau para of Grecte, , ine
habited by a hardy Prince, Wartike and populour Nation.

Whofe hardy Race,Love,ftubborn War,and Toyl;
My Father well extracted, dwelt in Arms
Whilft Young and Strong, grown old, in purchas'd
Breeding me up, as foon as I could go,
To throw a Spear, and draw a little Bow,
And me with Arms, a Childifh Corflet for'd,
A nimble Target, and no pondrous Sword;
My brows did with a crefted Cask impale,
Which wag'd each ftep, and wav'd with every gale,
Soon bravely 1 , in ftead of wanton toys,
A Captain, led a Regiment of Boys;
Prom thence preferr'd to be Lycurgus Page:
He in his W ars me after did ingage;
Where by my Sword I purchas ${ }^{\circ}$ fome fmall Fame,
And recommended to this City, came
With Letters from the King, here to inftruct,
And then their raw Militia Conduct;
Seven years the Martial's Office I injoy'd,
And Chief Commander oft have been employ'd;
A beauteous Virgin then I did Efpoufe,
Children we had, and kept a noble Houfe;
Now I obferve, you ftrangely me furprize!
Such Cheeks the had,fuch Lips as yours, fuch Eyes;
And like You and your Husband, day and night
We in high pleafures fpent, and full Delight ;

Scat.VII. MATRON.
But the laft grear Contagion fwept away Her, and my Children, in one woful day :

What me fo late detain'd, and in this form, Madam, I fhall as briefly now inform;

A Villain, one the moft unparalell'd,
That in the higheft Wickednefs excell'd, For an unheard of Fact, an odious Crime,
Diann's Prieftef in Devotion-time; The Wooden Goddefs looking on the while, Did in her Penetralia Defile ;
For which condemn'd to fuffer torturing pains, And after that to hang and rot in Chains; Fearing this night his friends might feal the Coarf, Blot out the Obliquie with fuddain force, The Senate me Commanded there to ftay, And with a party guard the Corps till Day; Therefore I Arm'd, expecting we fhould fight, But little dreamt of fuch a bitter Night; Whence by foul weather driven, and the Cold, I by your light found fhelter in this hold: Thus your Commands, I Madam, have obey'd, And of my Life a fhort relation made, Which here muft end if you fhould cruel prove, Defpair makes fligbt wounds mortal, given by Love: But I in high Diftemper feaver'd fit, The Cold was nothing to my burning Fit; Shot from your Eye here fticks the fierie Dart Will turn to Cinders foon, this bleeding Heart; -Tis Madam, in your pow'r fince I'm your flave, Cruel to kill Me , elfe in pity fave.

## Section VIII.

BUt whilft he told his Tale the Woman flept, And Venus Vigils, not Dianas kepr ; She with a Botrle by her felf had flunk, And twelve go-downs on Reputation, dŗunk.

When from the Board fhe rifing with a Frown, As if her Rage could ne'r be Conjur'd down ; Rolling her Eyes, high fwoln her panting breaft, Her deep conceiv'd Dilpleafure thus expreft.

> Art thou that Fury Luff, fent hot from Hell,

To tempt me in my folitary Cell?
One of thofe Monfters which in Humane fhapes,
Commit dire Murthers, and unbridled Rapes ?
That fuch a brazen Front hath, to prefume
To hint thus Folly in my Husbands Tomb;
Of fuch an Impudence, who ever heard!
This for my tender Pitty, this Reward;
I took him in, his Life he fayes, I fav'd,
Oh Heavens, how ill have I my felf behav'd! Beyond Chaft bounds, to give the fmalleft hope,
I at firlf fight, with one in Arms durft cope.
This faid, fhe ftalks about ; her bofom ftung, Lov's Juncoo's there,far differing from her Tongue ;
He following clofe, with melting words perfwades, And her with all Loves Elements invades, Begging her Favour not to be fo rafh, To judge the motion a Gallanting Flafl; Who Dye would for her Honour on the Spot, He meant chaft love, Marriage, that Gordian knot;

Whillt he his caufe thus pleads, out forth fhe breaks, And feeming not to mind him, louder fpeaks.


Sect:Vill. MATRON.
Go to your bufinefs, to your Gibbet-task, And counfle of your hang'd Companion ask, How to out act him, and poffeffe his room, He in the Temple, you but in a Tomb; So both together fink from Church and Cell, To be gaz'd on as Miracles in Hell :
O chaft Diana, now, or ne'r, be kind!
Strike this thy bold Prophaner dead, or blind;
Or ftake him on fome barren Mountain ftraight, For Rain, and Hail, and mouthing $W$ inds to bait;
Her Knife then drawing, faid, look to your Throat,
'Twere good to bleed fuch a libidinous Goat; Keep where you are ; if once you fir a foot To follow me, be fure kind Sir, I'll do't.

This faid, a fmile amidft her frowns fhe blends,
And turning to her Husbands Herfe, defcends;
A while he mufing with himfelf advis'd,
Then boldly faid, all Danger be defpis'd. I'll do't! a fingle Woman, and one Dead, Rare Sport,and new ! a Monumental Bed!

This faid, he eager, ftraight reprints her fteps, And like a Lyon after down he leaps.

Sea.

## Section IX.

MEan while did $V e n u s$ and her Son defcend, The $W$ orlds continuation to attend ; Who firft joyn'd atoms, Cbaos did difperfe, Raifing the Wondrous Structure, Univerfe;
Lovers to couple, Chaftity fupplant,
 that Alexander the Great was born at Pella, fet fire to it with his own hand, as himfelf confeft, only to get

When the to Cupid faid, My deareft Son, a Name, and perpetuate his memory, which he failed not of, though Aclus
Gellius by a general A flembly of all Afia, it was Decreed his Name fhould never be mentioned.
$m$ Pliny lib. 16.c 40 . Caith, 'twas doubted what the Statue of Diana at Ephefus was made off, fome affirming it was made of Ebony, but Masianus thrice Conful, who had lazelt feen it,writes it was of a Vine ftock,
and was never changed, though the Temple had been feven times repair. ed.
$n$ Cicero commends Timens's Wit, for that feeaking of alexanders being born the fame night that Diana's Temple was burne, he faid'twas no wonder, the being from home at the I bringing Olympia his Mother to Bed Midwifery beiņ one among others, Midwifery
of herers,
, of her employments.
o Paphos did fo particularly be-
long to Vonus, that it was counted her home; as by that of Virgil, E meid. 1. Ipf/a Paphon fublimis adit, fedelfic And Transformation of ( $p$ ) Acteon brag; recepit $\qquad$ Some of her green-fick Train with wafts fo lank, The pleafing Goddefs back to Paphos
flw, Ere they return, Thall burgeon in the flank :
Her own dear Seats,
By this our W ork is finifh'd in the Tomb,
 the place where the firt came on
shore from the Sea, from whence the fprung.

Ovid. Mez. lib. 3.
I with my fanning $W$ ings blew out the Lamp,
Whilft he beat up all quarters of her Camp.
Then thus fhe faid; Bid Boreas fend a blaft
May in the Grove the Corps fufpended caft ;
Thanks for his Storm, fo well and timely came,
And Somnus, for the Widows pleafing Dream;


Say that l'll tend a Lady thall next night,
Him more than ever any did, delight;
Difpatch with fpeed, l'll tarry your return,
To Paphos gone and let her Temple burn;
The fire that we have kindled in that Pile, Perhaps may fhrink the wonder to an Ifle;
A populous City; and a frequent Court;
Chalt Madams all; no waggerie; no fort ;
Here Wives for propagation will, or fo , After like Beafts, the Males no more will know :

Thefe our late Conquefts once divulg'd by Fame,
Down Continence, and up goes Venus Name;
They ore the Monument for me fhall build
A Temple, and erect my Conquering fhilld;
Diana's Fane and wealthy Shrine deftroy"d,
Her Virgins courting then to be enjoy'd;
Epbefus fhall like other Cities look,
No green-fick Damfels veil'd with Stole, and Heucke,
But Beautys in their Hair, dreft frelh and trim,
He making court to her, and the to him.
Whilft thus the fpake, Cupid on wings difplai'd,
Gently alighting, to his Mother faid;
Boreas your will hath done, but layes a claim
On your late promife, a fair Papbian Dame;
That him grown old, might comfort on her lap,
Who forc'd to forage, lately got a Clap;
And well recover'd, vows no more to roame, But keep contented with your gift at home.

I will, faid fhe, ftraight fend him one that fhall
Keep warm his Bed, and well become his Hall.
This faid, fhe Cupid gives efpecial charge,
And takes her own Commiffion out at large.

$$
\mathrm{Gg}_{2} \quad \text { Sea. }
$$

## Section X.

MEan while the Knight \& Lady underground, Take up all differences, and foon compound; Ceremonious rites as fuperflitious, wav'd,
And like a Wedded pair themfelves behav'd;
Huddl'd up Promifes and hafty Vows,
Then one another kindly did Efpoure :
No place convenient for Loves fweet commerce,
Her felf fhe fertles on her Husbands Herfe :
While thus they bufy were, the miouthing form
Grew filent, and the Sky ferene and warm;
The Danger then came frefh into his head,
And bold adventure, when to her he faid:
I beg your leave lome bufinefs to difpatch,
My charge to vifit, and relieve the $W$ atch;
Then I'll return, and farther homage pay,
Nor fhall one minute lavifh in delay:
Him mixing tears a thoufand times fhe kiff;
And foftly opening the Lcdge dore,difmift.
Her drowfie Woman though not flept fo faft
But fhe heard ftir about a meafuring caft, Knowing the party gone, up fraight fhe gets,
And thus upon her mufing Miftrefs fets.
Oh Madam, I the pleafant's Dream have had!
Methought in Marriage garments you were clad,
Going to Church with a brave fecond Mate,
With Friends attended, in all Pomp and State;
And that this melancholly place forfook,
You never in your life did better look;
Faith Madam, leave thefe fad and dampy Rooms,
Or tarry till fome Fiend to tempt you, comes;

$$
\text { Sect.X. MATRON. } 217
$$

Who like a Satyre or Hyena dwells In Charnel-houfes, and fuch dusky Cells; Were I as you, before I'd tarry here, Keep fuch a puther ore a Dead-mans Beare, I'd Wed a Bear, or with a Bore would lye, And fuckle Pigs up in a nafty Stye: Madam, I know what's what, and would advife, And take my counfel Lady, if y' are wife ; To morrow morning whilft the work is warm, $W$ alk to the Temple with him arm in arm; Abroad each where both Court and City Dame, Slight cenfure, Goffips prate, and gagling Fame, All ply their works as varying fancy leads, Shame not in ftreets forbids them open Beds, But that ftill thofe that do the Match furvey, Would, finding fault, teach Gamefters how to play.

Then fhe reply'd, Thou my old Servant art,
Be careful left my Reputation fmart;
We muft tread wary through this winding Maze,
And I for ever will thy Fortune raife.
This her fo kind expreffion pleas'd her well,
But more to leave that melancholly Cell;
Then up fle firs the Fire, the Candle tops,
Both full of various Fancys,Fears, and Hopes.

## Seation XI.

VVHen at the Door they heard the party tap, (like a Map Who entring, ftraight his $\mathrm{f}_{\text {ace Inew'd }}$ Of dire mifchance, a difmal Horrifoope; Not any afpect of the fmalleft hope!

When thus he faid; I, who this horrid Night, Did with the Gods and Lords of Tempefts fight ;
Stood like a Cedar 'gainft all $W$ inds that blow, My Shoulders like a Mountain, hid in Snow;
Scarce warm by this your charitable Fire,
Obtaining Favours what I could defire;
Am fall'n from all, from fuch a Heav'n of blifs,
To utter Ruin in a deep Abyffe !
My Office, no contemptible Eftate,
And Life, which but for you, I fhould not rate,
Are all fnatch'd from me like a golden Dream,
Which, were not you concern'd, I fhould contemn ;
For if the kindnefs that you fhew, you have,
You'll grieve to hear that l'm deny'd a Grave :
The Corps his Kindred in my abfence fole,
And I muft Dye; but what more racks my Soul,
I nothing to your merits can bequeath,
The Senates Sword once drawn, they never fhearh;
My forfeit Life not all the $W$ orld can fave,
My Place, and all, falls theirs, what ere I have;
Relations for my Office foon will fue,
Being of Profit, and of Honourtoo:
What will not be by Friends and Bribes procurd,
Ah that I had that bitter Storm indur'd,
There ftood a frozen Statue wanting breath,
Than fuffer fuch an ignominious Death;

## Sect.XI. MATRON.

Not ouly Dye, I mult tupply his room, And fleeting Air fufpended, me intomb; For ever, deareft Madam, now farewel, When after Ages fhall my Story tell, The varied Joyes and $W$ oes of one fhort night, Will fay, crofs Fortune fhew'd her utmoft fight.

Then fhe, whilf tears diftill'd in pearlie drops, No way to fcape, no eye of Help, no hopes, Then you fhall fee what for your fake I'll do, I'll fave you, and untwine this knotty Clew; Let us not trifling, precious minutes fend, But down with me into the Vault defeend: Firft, of our tender Sex I pardon ask, A $W$ oman muft performe no $W$ omans task, But to a Wolf transformed, rob the Grave, Who would not ? fuch a Life as yours to fave ? Her Maid and he, much wondring what fhe meant, Down with her to the gloomy Arches went.

## Section XII.

NO fooner entred, fhe without remorce, (Coarfe, Rends off the Sear-cloth from her Husband's And laid the body out both fweet and hard,
Preferv'd with Spices and perfuming Nard:
Then thus to him in Defperation Ipake.
From me your Cure, this dreadful cordial take,
Which Fortuncs forfeit, and your Life regains,
Supply with it the Malefactors Chains.
Then he reply'd ; So fair a Corps as this,
No where disfigur'd, not refembles his;
The Change will be perficuoully too plain,
And this your condefention prove in vain;
Sentenc'd by Law, his Right hand off was lopt,
His Nofe flit, Lips cut off, his Ears clofe cropt.
Then fhe reply'd, What I prefent thus, take,
What maims you pleafe, and mutilations make;
You that in Wars and bloody works have been,
Mow'd down like ftanding Corn, whole Squadrons feen, And no frmall part in fuch dire bufinefs fhar'd,
To mangle one defunit will not be hard.
When thus he figh'd; Though Soldiers rugged are,
They with the Dead keep truce, and never War;
I who fo oft in many a bloody Strife,
Have lopt off Legs and Arms, Life after Life;
And from the Battel come befmear'd all ore
With Enemies, and my own recent Gore;
For all the World, which lefs I prize than you,
I could no harme to one refiftefs doe.
When like a Baccbanal, fhe thus replyes;
Had Argus like this Corps, a hundred Eyes,

$\varepsilon \varepsilon \varepsilon ; \varepsilon$

As many Ears as Fame, as many Hands
As once Briareus had at his commands, Off they fhould all, my felf then mangle too, And though fo late acquainted, all for you.
This faid, fhe ftrips her Arms, her Breaft unlac'd,
Her felf in pofture for the bufinefs calt;
Her Knife, the edge obtufe, fhe nimbly whets,
Thus arm'd, upon her Husband's Body fets :
And firf his Hand, which fhe fo oft had kift,
Without compunction, fever'd from the W rift;
His Ears cropt off,his right Eye out fhe teares,
Where once fmall Cupids danc'd in Chryftal Sphears;
His Noftrils flits, his Lips where oft the fipt
Balm mixt with dew of Rofes, off the whipt;
When thus fhe faid, If this Sir, will not ferve, Say where you pleafe, and I fhall farther Carve.

Then he reply'd, No more, the Body fpare,
The W ork is finifh'd muft conclude my Care.
All three, this faid, ready affiftance gave,
To drag the Corps from Sanctuary in the Grave.

## Section XIII.

THus quick difpatch with many hands they made, And to the fatal Tree the Corps convay'd;
Good at a dead lift fill, his loving Spoufe
Hands him up to his open window'd Houfe;
In State the Body on her fhoulders fits,
Whilft he his Collar on of Effes fits;
And feveral iron tackle buckles faft,
And hoop'd a brazen Belt about his $W$ afte;
Puts on a Trufs of ftel, and all his Trim,
That thence he might not drop down limb by limb;
But fo compacted well together hold
Many years bleaching, both in Heat and Cold.
The good Work done, the Miftrefs and her Maid
Back to the Lodge with fpeed themflves convey'd,
And he himfelf in former ftation plac'd,
The Fright and trouble ore, and Danger paft.
When to himfelf he faid ; I am deftroy'd
If I this wicked Monfter not avoyd,
Whofe memory Iloath, and mention, more
Than Filth engendring on a Common-flore;
Her firft high impudence, and Sea of Luft !
That Prophanation of her Husbands Duft!
But fince fhe Scenes hath acted to fuch height
Would amaze Wonder, Terrors felf affright !
I food like Marble, when the Corps, long dead,
A-frefh as fhe prepard for mangling, bled:
'Tis true, fhe's Wealthy, Young enough,and Fair,
Thofe Queens of Pleafure; fo the Syrens are,
That Singing fate all day on gilded Thrones, Built up of Skeletons and Dead Mens bones;


Her Marry ? fooner I'll betroth a Mare, And Monfters get, a Centaur make my Heir : But ah! in her Concealment lyes my Fate, Love flighted, foon reverfing, turns to Hate; They'l themfelves Ruin, nay, the W orld unhinge, What will not frantick $W$ omen for Revenge ?
I now for prefent fafety muft advife,
Had fhe a hundred Lives the Strumpet Dyes;
The only way my Life and State to fave,
That Bawd and her to bury in one Grave ; With the fame knife when 'he fan'd $W$ ar proclaim'd, With which the Corps fhe mangled fo, and maim'd, I'll kill them both : fo well I'll play my part, That they that find it ficking in her Heart, Her Woman dead, when on the Corps they fit, Stall call't felf Murther in her frantick fit ; And whol t tax me, that never heard her Name, Till by my Gates her Husband's Funerals came ? I promis'd to be there in half an hour, And Balm mult find in one fhort Bloody fhower.

This faid, he to the Lodge in fecret fole, Swoln Paffions raging in his troubled Soul.

## Section XIV.

VV
Ing'd Mifchief flies, foon at the door he knocks;
Her ready Maid waiting, as foon unWho entring, finds the Lodge, fo dull of late, (locks;
Made for Addreffes, now a Room of State;
More Lights,and greater Boards with Damask fread, Vulcan Triumphing on a Golden Bed;
The Flore and VVindows rub'd, all neaily dreft,
To entertain a kind, not cruel Gueft :
VVondring at fuch a Change in fo fhort fpace,
No mark nor fign of the old fullen face ,
He foftly faid; behold a handfome Stage,
VVhere might Alcides or Oreftes Rage.
Not long he gaz'd about, when forth fhe came
Dreft up in glory, a moft beautenus Dame ;
Clofe Mourning's off, that fullen Curtain drawn,
She entred hining like a golden Dawn,
VVith fuch a Majefty, fo comely Mien,
She feem'd a Goddefs, or at leaft a Queen!
Stuck thick with Jewels which the Stars out-vi'd,
Dim'd by her brighter Eyes in all their pride;
Her bofome open, where in vales of Snow
Sate Cupid lurking, with no idle Bow ;
A heaven of Beauty, fet off in her Hair,
By Time unblemifh'd yet, or Wintry Care.
Thus like a Bride on her feventh Marriage feaft,
She was in this moft gorgeous manner dreft ;
But at the futddain change, off them fhe tore,
Lying in Sack-cloth on the:dufty Flore,
Which her old Servant up by chance had laid,
And thither 'mongft fome other $W$ eeds convey'd;
Then


Sect.XIV. MATRON.
Then litele dreaming ere th' enfuing Morn In Bridal weeds fhe would her felf adorn;

Down falls he on his knees; as fhe had been funo, Minerva, or the Papbian Queen !
On her he gaz'd, but not one word could fpeak,
But figh'd, and wifh'd fhe would Compaffion take ;
His ore-charg'd bofome ready to unclog,
All his foul Trealon there to difembogue;
Had for intended Murther, Pardon crav'd,
She wondring why himfelf he thus behav'd,
Kindly faluting, rais'd up by the Hand,
Thus putting routed Reafon to a fand.
Why look you troubled thus? why Sir,fo fad ?
I hope all bufinefs fill goes well; abroad;
I fitting thought this Treatment to prepare,
You to refrelh, wearied with Grief and Care;
Part of the Night, long yet ere Day, to pafs
With a cold Morfel, and a feafoning Glafs.
So down they fate, rich Wine and Beauty warms,
Grown brisk, he takes his Heaven in his arms,
Admiring how fuch Plots he could devife,
Treafon contrive againft her conquering Eyes; (Arch, Earth's proud Commander, Hells, and Heav'ns brighe Shackled, by Loves Triumphant Chariot, march.
$\qquad$

## Section XV.

VVHillt thus in joyful Vigils paft the Night, And Cupid's Revels acted to the Diana fent one of her Virgin-Train
To fooyI their fort, and damp Love's jolly vein ;
A $W$ ater puts fhe in their $W$ ine unfeen, Which many Ages had a Dy'mond been In Earth's hard bofome, fix'd in lafting Cold, A Star in duft, made never to grow old ; Free both from Fire and Steel, all force what ere, Which will diffolve in juice of Maiden-hair.

This mix'd with Baccbus, fweets of Cupid's fowres, And Salamander like,Love-flames devours; Who were before fo fond, lov'd ne'r fo much,
Not one another will indure to touch;
In high diftemper of this chilling Plague,
The Male a Fiend, the Female feems a Hagg.
Not foon the Poyfon wrought, nor very tharp, But by degrees they Cavil firft, and Carp,
Next louder jangle, like difordred bells,
At laft the baneful operation fwells,
And bitter Thoughts ftand ready out to burft, When his Diftraction thus brake prifon firft. Fly Vizards off, all Women I deteft !
For thy fake, VVitch, who rather art a Beaft;
VVho haft a Heart fo Salvage, blood fo hot,
The Mongrell of a Tyger and a Goat ;
Or by a Harpy and Hyena bred,
That VVept'f fo late, now Triumph'f ore the Dead;

How thy Eyes fink, thy Cheeks fo painted, fall!
Oh how thofe Curls, Medufa's Serpents crawl !
That haft this Night fpent with fo little fhame,
Committing Crimes that Fiends would bluth to name!
Who thy dear Spowfe didft as thy Pillow ufe,
His Monument converting to a Stewes !
Oh Heav'ns! flitting his Nofe, on me The fmild !
What Cave ? what Hell, a Monfter fhews fo vild ?
So fierce, fo fhamelefs, fuch a Sea of Luft,
With which,then hot, fhe warm'd her Husband's Duft!
And in this Gayetie fhe makes her brag,
That forth her Spowfe did to the Gallows drag ;
A great and fair Example ; brazen face,
(9) Thou hadft been fitter to fupply his place ;

That mad't the Noofe, and lifted up the Coarle
Without relugance, or the leaft Remorce;
Why Rant I thus'gainft what the means to boalt ?
I'll Sacrifice her to her Husband's Ghoft, Or could I poffible, fend quick to Hell, Where Soul and Body might in Tortures dwell.
9. This in Pestronius, who is the firit Author of this Story, and from him others relate it was the advice of Lycas, when he heard the ftory, and by Flavianes, as he is quoted by 7o. Salisberenfis, lit. 8. Policras. who affirms it, Fab. I 3, to be a true Story, as it appears was Executed on her, The having fuffered the deferved Punifhment of her paricides, Im: piety, and Adultery.

Sect.

## Section XVI.

BY this in her the dire Infection works, And like a Fury confcious Fancy jerks, Her felf fhe hates, loaths him, and all her faults, Her Breaft in uprore with fuch wild affaults, From the Board ftarting,Sorrow, Rage,and Shame,
Hér bofom fíwells, her Eyes like Beacons flame;
Then him perufing with difdainfull look,
Wondring fo much that the could be miftook :
Burfting with Poyfon and Contemining Pride, Thus like a Fury thundring, fhe reply'd. You feeak to purpofe, bravely Sir, and well;
But I'll now ring you fuch another Peal: Ingrateful wretch, haft thou forgotten quite That twice I fav'd thy Life this very Night ? Firft in my bofom,Serpent, ftarv'd with Cold, Scarce warm, thou took't poffefion of the Hold ;
No other means,next to redeem thy Life I put off Woman, left to be a Wife; And fpitt'ft thou now thy Poyfon againft me, That my felf Ruin'd in Preferving thee ? And doft thou me from my own Table fpurn ? A Monfter call ? nay, I'll a Fury turn! Revenge, ah fweet Revenge, I'll thee engage, And open all the flood-gates of my Rage;
Thou for thy Gibbet-bird, and my fad R ape, Hadft thou a thoufand Lives nér hope to fcape ;
Friends will ftand by me when I Truch inform,
Thou Conjur'it, but I'll raife the greateft Storm ;
What I decree would'ft thou with Tears implore,
Would Sands out number on the Lybian fhore,

Sect. XVI. MATRON.
Shall never be revok'd, thou foon fhalt know How high an injur'd $W$ omans, $R$ age may grow.

Thefe words the Poyfon wrought to fuch a height,
All former Projects were forgotten quite;
Slighting his fafety, rifing from the Board, He with a dreadful Count'nance draws hisSword, Then Raging faid; Thy Soul to Heaven bequeath, Pray if thou canft, thou haft not long to breath.

Then fhe reply'd, laying her bofom bare, Villain, this breaft, too kind to thee, not fpare;
Ungrateful Wretch,fo long, why doft not ftrike ?
Or Heaven or Hell, fhall do for me the like.
I i

## Section XVII.

VVHen on a fuddain they rare Mufick heare,
Vocal, and Inftrumental, drawing neer; The Fire grows dim, the Tapers lofe their light, As a new Sun had fhot through gloomy Night, R oofs open fly, and let in purple Dawn; With filver Doves, a golden Chariot drawn, They faw from Heav'n defcend, and feats of Joy $V$ enus, and ftanding at her feer, the Bcy;
The Lodge ftraight widens like a Prince's Hall, He drops his Sword, and down they proftrate fall, To them then praying, they from their Carroch
Lightning with Heav'nly Majefty approach;
When Veuns to her Votaries thus faid;
This grand Difturbance hath Diana made, Which here I end for ever, thus attone,
Free by the Virtue of my Powerful Zone;
Right $R$ eafon now return'd, will foon inform
What flender quarrel rais'd this dreadful Storm;
What fhe, ore-power'd by Love, hath done for you,
A thoufand ftories ftrangely will out-do ;
With a dead Husband to make bold, what harm?
Many have kill'd them in their bofoms warm;
Upon the Corps! Gamefters when they are in,
Make living Spowfes bolfters to their Sin ;
They Sorcery confult, Steel, Aconite,
And all to change the Pleafure of a Night;
Sometimes they make me Chafe, then Blufh and Laugh, To fee with what dexterity they graff;
This Ephefus, Dame Cbaftity makes Dull,
The World each where, is with fuch Stories full:

## Sect.XVII. MATRON.

But to the bufinets; Whatloere Ihe did, We Authours are of what your Fates Decreed; Play to your beft advantage this fair Game, Stop vulgar Eares, and Mouths of pratling Fame; His parts your Husband's Body hath refum'd, And lies in Sear-cloth whole again, intomb'd: Your Malefactor you in Chains thall find, Thank me at Papbos the next favouring Wind.

Venus this faid, her Chariot afcends,
And Cupid with his Querifters attends.
They thus conjoyn'd liv'd long a happy life, From publick troubles free, and private ftrife; Fair Ifiue had, whilft ${ }^{(r)}$ Cyntbia's Power went down, And ${ }^{(s)}$ Cytherea's Faction Rul'd the Town: When they without offence grown very old, At their own Table oft this Story told.
$r$ Cynthus is a Mountain in the !fland Delos, where Latona was delivered of Apolloand Diana, whence he is often called Cynthius, and the Cynbia.
s Cythera is an in ind lying between Peloponnefys and Creta, where Venus (as is by molt delivered, con-trary to $T_{\text {acitus }}$ ) firf arrived from Sea in a sheil, and thence called $C \gamma$ : tberea.

FINIS.


[^0]:    There are not any Seets of philofophy more oppofite than the fe two: The Pyhatoreans and Academicks endearcuring to bring up all hings to immateriality, The Epickreans, to bring down all to materiality : and if I msy freely give my opinion of the reafons ihach both alledge for this, (abfit verbis invidia) they feem equally extravagant.

[^1]:    (c) This hath been obferved a na tural policy in the Eagle. Pling in
    his Nacural Hifory, Ingenium of tsfitudines captas frangere e fublimi jaciusdo; when the Eagle bas fiz'd upon Torsoifes, and caught them up wish her Tallons, foe throws th $m$ down from alofi to Urcak thier Bells. He confirms this by the manner of $e \boldsymbol{E} / c$ chylus the

    This Counfel pleas'd the Feather'd King: who ftraight Bove Clouds and winged Tempefts made a flight:

    So high he foar'd, till Earth's magnetick force Would not have hinder'd to the Stars his courfe;
     Poetam Refchylum, pradictam fatis at forunt, ijus diei ruinam fecuracadi File caventems, it was the fortune of tbe Poct Elchylus to aie by furb a means ; for whosbe was foretold that it was his definy to die upon fuch a day. by fomething fauling upon bis head, be, tbinkixg:o prevent ibat, got forstit but day into a great open platr, far from bue'e or tree, prefuming kpon the clear andopen Skic: Howbe it an Eagle let $f$ all a Tortor $\mathrm{f}_{0}$, which lightning upos his Head, $d \boldsymbol{\alpha} \int^{\circ} d$ out bis brains. This fory is more fully related by Valerins Maximus lib. 9. cap. 12.

    Made a wide paffage to the lufhious Freight. Soon as the hungry Daw perceiv'd the prize, He ftood not to confult, but in he flies;

    And ftraight did eat
    The Delicate,
    Then to the fheltring $W$ ood for fafety hies.
    When th' Eagle this from Heavens bright Arches faw,
    With a deep Sigh he faid; Ah Treacherous Daw!
    By fair pretence, and counfel feeming good,
    Thou haft depriv'd me of my dainty food.
    Thus cunning Foxes ufe the Lyon's Paw ;
    And by thefe Arts Subjects from Princes draw
    Soveraignty to themflves: the Monarch's wing
    Muft be ftretch'd out to his own ruining;
    No other power
    So high can towre,
    'Tis the King only muft deftroy the King.

[^2]:    $3.1,6$

[^3]:    (a) Deneration's, Flood, in whicichall Another Pbaeton the Sea would drink.
    
    
     recorded by Mofes: It is at large defribed by Ovid, Metamorph l. I.
    Exyatiatar rumart per aperros Flumina The Fox and Goat extreamly thirfty met,
     viof qum, $^{2}$, cc .

[^4]:    A 22
    Sect.

