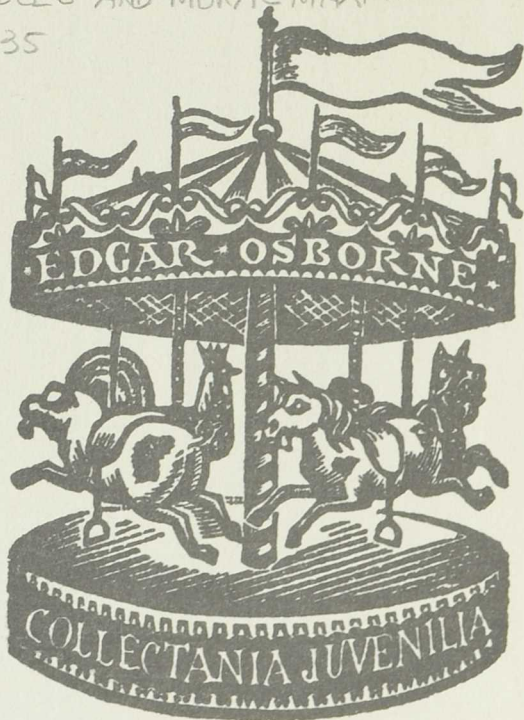


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FABLES AND MORAL MAXIMS

1835



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FABLES,
AND
MORAL MAXIMS,
IN
VERSE AND PROSE.

SELECTED BY
ANNE PARKER.

LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.
M.DCCC.XXXV.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WITHOUT insisting upon the value of Fables, in the direct business of education, the pleasure with which they are almost universally perused by young people, and the agreeable facility with which they may, consequently, be made the medium of a certain kind of instruction, cannot be denied. It, however, singularly happens, that, of the numerous collections published from time to time, a large majority, and particularly some which are known as School Editions of Æsop's, and of Gay's, Fables, abound in subjects and expressions, not merely repulsive from their coarseness, but more gravely objectionable, from their anti-social, and, frequently immoral, tendency.

The grounds of such objections have been avoided in the present collection, into which it is hoped and believed, that nothing has been admitted of which parents and teachers will disapprove. Most of the favourite old Fables in the best Collections are retained; but, in accordance with the plan of this

work, the liberty of altering objectionable passages has been freely exercised.

Some pieces are given which have not before been published in any popular volume; translations and original compositions have also been occasionally introduced; and, in addition to these, selections made from Krumacher's German *Parables*, and from Dodsley's *Economy of Human Life*.

The Compiler thankfully acknowledges the assistance with which she has been favoured; in particular that of the author of the pieces marked M., several of which originally appeared in the *Saturday Magazine*.

OBSERVATIONS ON FABLES.

READING, says Addison, is to the mind what exercise is to the body; as, by the one, health is preserved and invigorated, so by the other, Virtue, which may be called the health of the mind, is cherished and confirmed. But, as exercise, when used merely as a means of health, becomes tedious,—so, to young persons, reading may become irksome, if pursued solely as a lesson of improvement. For this reason, sound religious and constitutional principles, communicated by Fables or Allegories, may be compared to the healthful results of exercise taken in the pursuit of harmless pleasure;—they are acquired voluntarily and agreeably, and their effects are vivid and racy, in proportion to the pleasantness of the means by which they have been achieved.

Fables are admitted to be among the earliest specimens of imaginative literature. In all ages, and in all countries, not merely in times of the greatest simplicity, but during the most enlightened

periods, they have been extensively employed, and highly valued, as a universally intelligible mode of administering instruction and reproof.

Jotham's parable of the Trees*, which may be entitled the oldest fable extant, is certainly as beautiful as any that have followed; and Nathan's parable of the Rich Man and the Poor Man's Lamb†, the next in antiquity, had so good an effect as to convey reproof without offence to King David, and to bring him to a right sense of his duty.

The Fables of the great Grecian genius, Æsop, have descended from distant ages; and, in the beginning of the Roman Commonwealth, a revolt among the common people was appeased by a Fable. This ingenious composition, though well calculated to arouse the attention and awaken the better feelings of an excited multitude, involved a rebuke, for which the very people who heard it with patience and good effect, would have torn to pieces any individual who might have attempted to convey the same lesson in more distinct terms.

Though Fables had their birth in the very in-

* Judges ix., 8-15.

+ 2 Sam. xii., 1-4.

fancy of learning, they never flourished more brilliantly than when it was at its highest point of elevation. This is evidenced in the case of Horace, the greatest wit and critic in the Augustan age of Rome; of Boileau, one of the most correct poets among the French; and of Gay, who, by this mode of writing, established in our own country a popularity which will probably continue as long as the English language shall endure.

Fables, generally speaking, are constructed of animals and vegetables, but with some human agents mingled with them, when the moral has required it. Besides this kind of Fable, there is another, in which the characters consist of passions, virtues, vices, &c.; a style in which the greatest Italian wits have indulged. Spenser's *Faery Queen*, also, is one continued series of such Fables, from the beginning to the end of that admirable work; and in the writings of many of the finest prose authors of antiquity, it will be found that this was a favorite line of composition. The first of this sort was the memorable Fable of *The Meeting of the Youthful Hercules with Sinful Pleasure and Severe Virtue*, which was invented by Prodicus, who lived during the first dawnings of philosophy, and before the

age of Socrates. It is said, that the author travelled through Greece on the strength of this Fable, which procured him a kind reception in all the market-towns, where he never failed telling it as soon as he had gathered an audience around him!

Fable is, in many instances, the best, because the least offensive, method of giving advice. In reading a Fable, a person thinks that he is directing himself, while, in fact, he is following the dictates of another, and consequently is not painfully sensible of that which is often the most unpleasant part of admonition or reproof: and besides this, he is amused in the act of discovering an application of the story.

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THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities lived a Swain,
Unvexed with all the cares of gain;
His head was silvered o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penned the fold;
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country raised his name.

A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools,)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explored his reach of thought:

“ Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

Hast thou old Greece and Rome surveyed,
 And the vast sense of Plato weighed?
 Hath Socrates thy soul refined,
 And hast thou fathomed Tully's mind?
 Or,—like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
 By various fates, on realms unknown,—
 Hast thou through many cities strayed,
 Their customs, laws, and manners weighed?"

The Shepherd modestly replied,—
 "I ne'er the paths of learning tried;
 Nor have I roamed in foreign parts,
 To read mankind, their laws, and arts;
 For man is practised in disguise,
 He cheats the most discerning eyes:
 Who by that search shall wiser grow,
 When we OURSELVES can never know?
 The little knowledge I have gained,
 Was all from simple Nature drained;
 Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
 Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

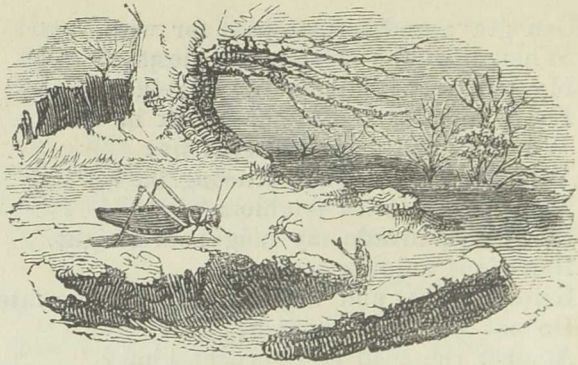
"The daily labours of the bee
 Awake my soul to industry:
 Who can observe the careful ant,
 And not provide for future want?
 My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
 With gratitude inflames my mind:
 I mark his true, his faithful way,
 And in my service copy Tray:
 In constancy and nuptial love,
 I learn my duty from the dove:
 The hen, who from the chilly air,
 With pious wing, protects her care,
 And every fowl that flies at large
 Instructs me in a parent's charge.

"From Nature, too, I take my rule,
 To shun contempt and ridicule.
 I never, with important air,
 In conversation overbear.

Can grave and formal pass for wise,
 When men the solemn owl despise?
 My tongue within my lips I rein;
 For who talks much, must talk in vain.
 We from the wordy torrent fly:
 Who listens to the chattering pie?
 Nor would I with felonious slight,
 By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
 Rapacious animals we hate:
 Kites, hawks, and wolves deserve their fate.
 Do not we just abhorrence find
 Against the toad and serpent kind?
 But Envy, Calumny, and Spite
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.
 Thus every object of creation
 Can furnish hints to contemplation;
 And from the most minute and mean,
 A virtuous mind can morals glean."

"Thy fame is just (the Sage replies,
 Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
 Pride often guides the author's pen;
 Books as affected are as men:
 But he who studies Nature's laws,
 From certain truth his maxims draws;
 And those, without our schools, suffice
 To make men moral, good, and wise."—GAY.





THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

'Twas that black season of the year,
In which no smiles, no charms appear;
Bare were the trees; the rivers froze;
The hills and mountains capt with snows;
When, lodging scarce, and victuals scant,
A Grasshopper addressed an Ant;
And, in a supplicating tone,
Begged he would make her case his own:

“It was, indeed, a bitter task
To those who were unused to ask:
Yet she was forced the truth to say,
She had not broke her fast that day;
His worship, though with plenty blessed,
Knew how to pity the distressed;
A grain of corn to her was gold,
And Heaven would yield him fifty-fold.”

The Ant beheld her wretched plight,
Nor seemed unfeeling at the sight;
Yet, still inquisitive to know
How she became reduced so low,
Ask'd her,—we'll e'en suppose in rhyme,—
“What she did all the summer time?”

“In summer time, good Sir,” said she,
“Ah! these were merry months with me!”

I thought of nothing but delight,
But sung unceasing day and night:
Through yonder meadows did you pass,
You must have heard me in the grass."

"Ah!" cried the Ant, and knit his brow—
"But 'tis enough I hear you now;
And, madam-songstress, to be plain,
You seek my charity in vain:
What! shall the industrious yield his due
To thriftless, thoughtless folks like you!
Some corn I have, but none to spare;
Next summer learn to take more care,
And, in your frolic moods, remember,
July is followed by December."—ANON.

THE SHEEP SHEARING.

A MOTHER took her young daughter Ellen out with her to see the sheep-shearing. And the girl lamented bitterly, and said, "O, how cruel men are thus to torment these poor animals!"

"You are mistaken," replied the mother. "God has ordered it so, that man may have clothing. For he comes naked into the world."

"But," said Ellen, "the poor sheep then must freeze."

"O no!" answered the mother; "He gives the warm wool to man, and sends upon the shorn lamb the mild air of summer."



THE NORTH WIND, THE SUN, AND THE
TRAVELLER.

'Tis said a warm dispute begun
Between the North Wind and the Sun:
They argued for at least at an hour,
To whom belonged the greater power.
The North Wind, rising in a rage,
Exclaimed, "O Sun! I here engage
To prove to every one, in spite
Of all your beauty, warmth, and light,
That fame to me is justly due,
Being the stronger of the two!"

"Boast not;" replied the Orb of Day,
"But show your strength some other way;
I would not willingly contend
With one I wish to think my friend;
But if the trial must begin,
Decide on terms, and try to win."

"Well," said the North Wind, "look beneath,
A Traveller plods along the heath,
A cloak about his body cast;
Now ere that weary waste be passed,
Whiche'er of us (I do not joke,)
Shall from yon traveller force his cloak,
Then let that power at once succeed,
As conqueror;"—said the Sun "Agreed!"

Resting his chin upon a cloud,
The North Wind raved both long and loud,
Bringing his utmost weight to bear
Upon the unconscious Traveller.
Roar! howl! puff! whistle! went the blast,
Too rough and violent to last:
In vain! around each active limb
The good man's cloak encompassed him.
Then stealing sly along the ground,
And flying upwards with a bound,
The angry blast, in rapid course,
By sudden sleight and dreadful force,

Loosened the clasp that bound the neck,
 But there received a final check;—
 Our friend about his body chill,
 Folded his garment closer still.

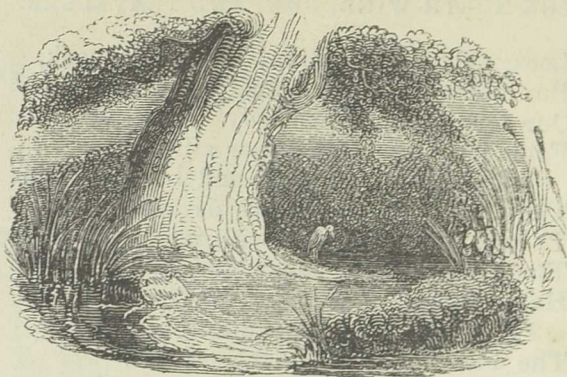
With swelling cheeks and heated brain
 The North Wind owned his labour vain,
 Though he had toiled with might and main; }
 Then, hopeless of the victory,
 He beckoned to the Sun to try.

Peeping from his pavilion blue,
 The Sun a genial radiance threw.
 Dispersed o'er all the landscape wide,
 His mildness breathed on every side.
 Delicious contrast to the sense,
 After the wind's strange violence:
 And man, for all its blessings given,
 Looked up with gratitude to Heaven.

Our Traveller, among the rest,
 The comfortable change confessed,
 And urged by exercise before,
 Perceived the warmth through every pore.
 Moved by the Sun's delightful touch,
 Said he, "I find my dress too much;
 There, cloak, I do not want you now:"
 Then hanging it upon a bough,
 He sat beneath the shade to trace
 The settled calm in Nature's face.

'Twas then the Sun serenely smiled,
 And thus addressed his neighbour wild;
 "I pray thee, Boreas, learn from hence,
 The baneful fruits of violence,
 Which with yon Traveller, as you see,
 But hardened him, and wearied thee.

Too oft the harsh repulsive frown,
 Has kept the seeds of virtue down,
 While kindness, whose divine control
 Expands, improves, persuades the soul,
 May, under God, the affections win,
 And bring a blessed harvest in."—M.



THE OAK AND THE RIVER.

A RIVER which, from side to side,
Rushed forward an impetuous tide,
Which scarce its verdant banks contained,
Amidst hoarse murmurs thus complained:
“ Me, wretched! whose hard fates decree
Such an unhappy destiny:
For ever, as I flow, to find
Nature through all her works unkind;
My banks no varied tints adorn,
But midst discoloured grass and corn,
Misshapen trees their aspects rear,
And falling battlements appear;
While yonder brook, those flowers among,
Through smiling valleys winds along,
With lofty elms the border's crowned,
And verdure flourishes around.”

An Oak which many a year had stood,
With branches pendent o'er the flood,
Concerned, its leafy honours shook,
And thus the impatient stream bespoke:
“ While you regard with envious eyes,
Those beauties, and your own despise,
And thus ungratefully disgrace
Us stately trees, of ancient race;
The blame which you have falsely thrown,
With justice rests on you alone,

Whose turbid motion makes appear
Things the reverse of what they are?
Behold these domes majestic rise,
Whose turrets seem to reach the skies,
Where not the exactest eye can see
Any misshapen imagery.
For verdant grass and flowerets fair,
Few banks can with your own compare;
That envied brook, which, as it flows,
Each object's just proportion shows:
Those flowery vales, and smiling skies,
All from internal calmness rise;
For you such charms can ne'er be seen,
Till you become like that, serene.
If happiness you wish to find,
Let gentleness possess your mind."

THE TWO PLOUGHSHARES.

Two Ploughshares were made in the same smithy, and of the same kind of iron. One of them fell into the hands of a farmer; the other was thrown into a corner of the shop, where it lay undisturbed for eight or nine months, till it was quite covered with rust. At length, the same farmer having occasion for another share, it was drawn forth from its obscurity, and sent home to him.

What was its astonishment on beholding its former brother, and comparing itself with him. He was smooth and bright, nay even much brighter than at first. "Is it possible?" cried the rusty Ploughshare: "we were once exactly alike. What has kept thee in such good trim, whilst I, who have done nothing but take my rest, am become so disfigured?" "That very rest," replied the other, "has been injurious to thee. Exercise and labour have kept me in the condition in which thou seest me. To them alone it is owing, that I now look so much better than thou dost."

THE CAT AND THE GOLD FISH.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
 Where China's gayest art had dyed
 The azure flowers that blow;
 Demurest of the Tabby kind,
 The pensive Selima reclined—
 Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
 Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
 She saw, and purred applause.

Still had she gazed; but midst the tide
 Two beauteous forms were seen to glide,
 The genii of the stream;
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
 Through richest purple, to the view
 Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
 A whisker first, and then a claw,
 With many an ardent wish,
 She stretched in vain to reach the prize.
 What female heart can gold despise?
 What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent,
 Again she stretched, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulph between.
 (Could e'en Malignity have smiled?)
 The slippery verge her feet beguiled,
 She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
 She mewed, in hope there near her stood
 Some one an aid to lend:
 No master came, no servant stirred;
 Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard:
 A favourite has no friend!

Learn hence, ye fair ones, undeceived,
False steps are hard to be retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes,
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that glistens gold.—GRAY.

THE HARES AND THE FROGS.

THE Hares were once exceedingly dissatisfied with their wretched condition. “Do we not live,” said one of them, in constant fear of men and dogs, and ravenous beasts and birds? Can we prevent their preying upon us whenever they please? Would it not be better to die once for all than to live in a state of constant alarm and anxiety worse than death itself?”

This speech made a deep impression. It was agreed that they should all go forthwith and drown themselves. A neighbouring pond was to be their grave, and to this they hastened without delay. The noise made by the trampling of their feet in running, and their strange figures, alarmed a swarm of frogs that were sitting on the bank, and made them all leap into the water.

“Ah! ah! what was that?” cried a Hare of high importance. I perceive then that there are creatures in the world who are as much afraid of us as we are of our enemies. Our condition then cannot be so desperate after all. We should do well, I think, to postpone this watery death for the present.”

This proposal was adopted, and the race of Hares is not yet extinct.

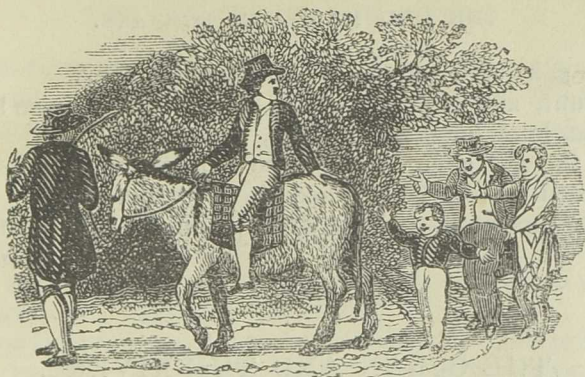
Let not discontent overcome thee, even in the severest afflictions; but at such times look round among thy fellow-creatures, and thou will certainly find some with whom thou wouldest not change situations. Compare thyself with them, and be comforted.

THE CROCODILE, THE TIGER, AND THE TRAVELLER.

A TRAVELLER was pursuing his way along a narrow road, bordered on the one hand by a steep hill, and on the other by the river Ganges. All at once he saw a grim-looking Tiger, galloping down the hill-side towards him. In order to escape the ravenous beast, he was on the point of plunging into the river, thinking to save himself by swimming as well as he could, when a Crocodile popped up his head above the water. "Wretched man that I am!" exclaimed the Traveller; "which way soever I turn, I behold certain death!" So saying, he sank, overcome with horror, to the ground. The Tiger, now very near him, made just at this moment a sudden spring, and fell plump between the jaws of the Crocodile, who despatched the formidable beast. During the struggle the Traveller escaped.

Even in the extremity of danger, do not give way to despair. Things which at the first moment threaten inevitable destruction, frequently prove the means of preservation.





THE OLD MAN, HIS SON, AND THE ASS.

ONCE on a time, a Son and Sire, we are told,
The stripling tender, and the father old,
Purchased a Jack-Ass at a country fair,
To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware;
But, as the sluggish animal was weak,
They feared, if both should mount, his back would break.

Up gets the Boy, the Father leads the Ass,
And through the gazing crowd, attempts to pass.
Forth from the throng the gray-beards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout:

“This the respect to reverend age you show!
And this the duty you to parents owe?
He beats the hoof, and you are set astride;
Sirrah! get down, and let your father ride!”

As well-bred lads are seldom void of grace,
The decent, duteous Youth, resigned his place.
Then a fresh murmur through the rabble ran,
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man;
“Sure never was brute beast so void of nature!
Have you no pity for the pretty creature?
To your own baby can you be unkind?
Here—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child behind!

Old Dapple next the clown's compassion claimed:
“’Tis wonderment them boobies ben't ashamed:
Two at a time upon the poor dumb beast!
They might as well have carried him, at least!”—

The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
 Dismount, and bear the Ass—then, what a noise!
 Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
 From the yet silent Sire, these words provoke:—
 “Proceed my boy, nor heed their further call;
 Vain his attempts, who strives to please them all!”

FOOTE.

THE OCEAN AND THE RIVERS.

THE Rivers, having long paid their just and voluntary tribute to the Ocean, were at length spirited up to opposition by some stagnant pools, which being formed into canals, had found their way to the grand reservoir of waters.

These upstart gentlemen, with a characteristic pride, began to exclaim, “What! shall we, who have been collected with so much care, and conducted hither with so much expense and art, lose our freshness in the briny wave? Were we rivers of magnitude, like the Danube, the Nile, the Ganges, and the Plata, we would soon teach the Ocean to be a little more reasonable and polite; and instead of converting everything to its own filthy purposes without acknowledgement, we would make it know to whom it is indebted for the consequence it assumes. For our parts we are ashamed of such tameness. Does not the Ocean deprive us of our sweetness and purity, and yet monopolize the gratitude of surrounding nations, which is due to us alone? If it will not allow us to assert our natural rights in the scale of social union, we are determined immediately to withdraw our support from the voracious abyss that swallows us up, without mercy and without thanks.”

From this mean source the murmurs of discontent arose, and the collected puddles had influence enough to spread their disaffection among the noble streams. Some of the rivers hoped to usurp the dominion of the whole, and therefore sided in the quarrel. Each had his private views in what he did, or wished to do. Committees were formed

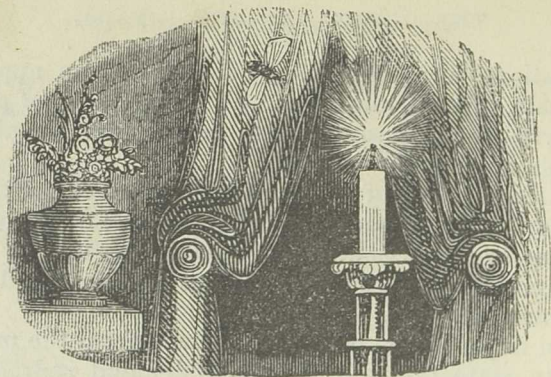
—resolutions were passed—and deputations appointed. Memorials, remonstrances, and all the artillery of political manœuvres, were determined to be played off, against the venerable head of the waters.

The Ocean heard of these meditated attacks, but heard them unmoved. It knew the general good; even the order of nature had sanctioned and would maintain its supremacy; and on this account, it did not fear the blind malice of ignorant and impotent opposition.

When deputations, however, arrived from the principal rivers, to state grievances, and to demand redress, they were respectfully received. The firmness that will not yield to idle murmurs of discontent, and the pride that despises them are very different qualities, and should be differently appreciated.

Having patiently listened to futile and unmeaning complaints, the mighty chief thus attempted to silence them:—“Gentlemen,” said the Ocean, “after having so long enjoyed the uninterrupted liberty of falling into my bosom—where, by my chemical power, I preserve you from corruption, and render you not only harmless, but useful in promoting the intercourse of nations—it is with surprise I hear your claims. Were I to refuse taking you under my protection, what would be the consequence? You must, in that case, overflow your banks, and deluge the countries you now beautify and delight. Your streams would run counter one to the other—you would soon become tainted—and mankind would be destroyed by your unbridled violence, or by your pestilential effluvia.”

“What is mankind to us?” exclaimed a little scanty stream. “Hold!” replies the Ocean. “It is useless, I see, to waste words. If argument and mildness cannot bring you to reason, force, however unpleasant to me, must. Till you agree to flow in your accustomed channels, I will cut off every secret communication that supplies your springs, and thus feeds your pride. Know, ye are entirely in my power; the favours I receive from you are amply and gratefully repaid. From me at first you come; and to me you must again return.”—MAVOR.



THE FLY AND THE TAPER.

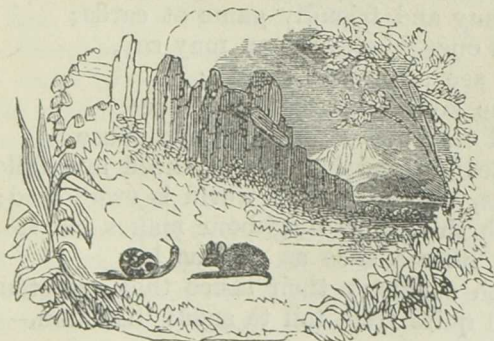
PRITHEE, little buzzing fly,
Eddying round the taper, why
Is it that its quivering light,
Dazzling, captivates your sight?
Bright the taper is, 'tis true;
Trust me 'tis too bright for you:
'Tis a flame, fond thing! beware,
'Tis a flame you cannot bear;
Touch it, and 'tis instant fate;
Take good counsel ere too late.
Buzz no longer round and round;
Settle on the wall or ground;
Sleep till morning; with the day
Rise, and use your wings you may.
Know, the source of all thy joy
Shines, alas! but to destroy.
Prithee, my advice pursue;
Trust me, thou wilt find it true.
So good counsel nought avails,
Round and round, and round it sails,
Sails with idle unconcern.
Prithee, trifler, canst thou burn?
Madly heedless as thou art,
Know thy danger and depart.
Why persist? Advice is vain;
Singed it falls, and writhes in pain.

Learn from this ye giddy train;
Learn that pleasure leads to pain.
Timely, then, temptation shun,
Or, like the Fly, you'll be undone.
Is not this, deny who can,
Is not this a draught of man?
Like the Fly, he rashly tries
Pleasure's burning sphere, and dies.
Vain the friendly caution, still
He rebels; alas! and will.
What is said, let pride apply;
Flies are weak, and man's a Fly.

THE MOUSE AND THE SNAIL.

"How I should dislike crawling about as you do, with my house on my back!" cried a Mouse one day to a Snail. Only look! I can clear as much ground in a minute, as it would take you whole days to travel over."

"True, neighbour Mouse," replied the Snail, "you are a remarkably nimble creature. But 'tis a pity that Nature has not conferred this speed on you exclusively; she has also bestowed it on your mortal enemy, the Cat. When you run, terrified, from corner to corner, seeking a hole to escape from her clutches, I dare say you would be glad to have at your back a house of your own, and would cheerfully submit to a small inconvenience, for the sake of an important advantage."



THE MAHOMETANS AND THE HOG.

THUS says the prophet of the Turk,
 "Good Mussulman, abstain from pork :
 There is a part in every swine
 No friend or follower of mine
 May taste, whate'er his inclination,
 On pain of excommunication."

Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
 And thus he left the point at large.
 Had he the sinful part expressed,
 They might with safety eat the rest ;
 But, for one piece, they thought it hard
 From the whole hog to be debarred ;
 And set their wit at work to find
 What joint the prophet had in mind.
 Much controversy straight arose,
 These choose the back, the belly those ;
 By some 'tis confidently said
 He meant not to forbid the head ;
 While others at that doctrine rail,
 And piously prefer the tail.
 Thus, conscience freed from every clog,
 Mahometans eat up the hog.

You laugh—'tis well—the tale applied
 May make you laugh on t'other side.
 "Renounce the world," the preacher cries.
 "We do," a multitude replies.
 While one as innocent regards
 A snug and friendly game at cards ;
 And one, whatever you may say,
 Can see no evil in a play ;
 Some love a concert, or a race ;
 And others shooting, and the chase.

Reviled and loved, renounced and followed,
 Thus, bit by bit, the world is swallowed ;
 Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
 Yet likes a slice as well as he :
 With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
 'Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.—COWPER.

THE TWO STATUES.

IN days of yore, a Grecian state,
 On a proud temple's utmost height,
 Which to Minerva they had raised,
 Resolved a Statue should be placed,
 Expressive of the goddess' charms,
 Complete in beauty and in arms.
 Two masters then of rival fame,
 In sculpture each a Phidias, came,
 And to them thus the senate said:
 "By each a statue shall be made;
 And he, whose nicer hand excels,
 Whose happier art the public tells,
 A golden talent shall receive,
 Besides the joys that fame can give;
 But he whose vanquished hand shall foil,
 Disgrace alone shall pay his toil."

Each then with equal hopes began,
 Inspired by glory and by gain,
 Complete the work with utmost care:
 They to the temple straight repair,
 And in the portico are placed
 The marbles, variously graced:
 While from the crowd's admiring eyes
 Each anxious master waits the prize.

The one each soul with pleasure struck;
 On that all eyes directed look.
 Ten thousand charms adorn the piece,
 The waist grew beautifully less;
 With happy roundings swelled the breast,
 A master's hand each stroke confessed:
 With such bright lightnings flashed the eyes,
 As ne'er had lost the golden prize:
 Charms o'er each attitude were thrown,
 And harmony informed the stone.

From the other wretched piece, with scorn
 And indignation mixed, they turn;

The awkward, rough, unpolished stone
 Scarce seemed the chisel's touch to own,
 The eyes with clumsy largeness glared;
 The face was masculinely hard:
 The wretched sculptor they despise,
 And undisputed thought the prize.

The artist stood attentive by,
 Sedate his mind, and fixed his eye.
 But calm, at length, the silence broke,
 And to the murmuring people spoke:—

“ Hold, hold, good folks, not quite so fast,
 Nothing is gained by too much haste.
 Pray, neighbours, was this statue made
 In the portico to be surveyed,
 Or to be placed upon the dome?
 That is the statue's proper home.
 And then let brother Phidias see
 Who's in the right, himself or me.”

Up then with speed both ladies mount;
 And oh! how different the account.
 The statue, erst so much desired,
 By every eye so much admired,
 In vain its curious strokes displays,
 Surprised its old admirers gaze;
 While to the distant failing eyes
 Each feature's lost, each beauty dies.

The other, now by distance graced,
 And in its light intended placed;
 With beauties shines, till then unknown,
 And looks with air majestic down.
 The shield a regular orb displays,
 The snakes in just proportion blaze:
 And the whole fills the gazing eye
 With splendours as it seeks the sky.

To judge aright in every case,
 Let each thing hold its proper place.—WHALEY.



THE COUNTRY LASS AND HER MILK-PAIL.

It happened on a summer's day,
A Country Lass, as fresh as May,
Clad in a wholesome russet gown,
Was going to a market town;
So blithe her looks, so simply clean,
You'd take her for a May-day queen;
Save, 'stead of garland, says the tale,
Her head bore Brindy's loaded pail.

As on her way she passed along,
She hummed the fragments of a song;
She did not hum for want of thought,
Quite pleased with what to sale she brought;
And reckoned, by her own account,
When all was sold, the whole amount;
And brought at once in pleasing view
The sum of what she wished to do.

Thus, she—"In time, this little ware
Will turn to great account with care;
My milk being sold for—so and so,
I'll buy some eggs as markets go,
And set them—at the time I fix,—
These eggs will bring as many chicks.
I'll spare no pains to feed them well,
They'll bring vast profit when they sell:

With this I'll buy a little pig,
 And when 'tis grown up fat and big,
 I'll sell it to my neighbour Howe,
 And with the money buy a cow:
 This cow will surely have a calf,
 And there's the profit, half and half;
 Besides, there's butter, milk, and cheese,
 To keep the market when I please;
 All which I'll sell, and buy a farm;
 Then shall of sweethearts have a swarm.
 Oh! then for ribbons, gloves, and rings,
 Ay, more than twenty pretty things:
 One brings me this, another that,
 And I shall have—I know not what:
 With every farmer's wife I'll vie,
 For none shall be so fine as I."

Fired with the thought, she gave a bound,
 Down came her milk-pail to the ground:
 Eggs, fowls, pig, hog, (ah! well-a-day!)
 Cow, calf, and farm—all swam away.

Be warned by this, ye gentle fair,
 And build no castles in the air;
 Lest your own vanity be found
 To bring your hopes at once to ground.

ANON.

THE SWAN AND THE DONKEY.

A SWAN and a Donkey lived in the service of the same master, and were fed and petted by all the family: the patient animal bore his faculties so meekly, that he never seemed to forget that he was but a Donkey; but the Swan, intoxicated with the notice and admiration he received, began to think that the world, or at least the river, was made for him, and he would let no one approach his dominions. If a boy rode a horse down to the water to drink, he would fly after him, and drive him away by trying to

mount the horse behind him; he would lie in wait behind a bush, spring out, and chase the ladies round the garden; and break all the sticks and umbrellas that were flourished round his head. His pride sometimes seemed quelled when the more adventurous part of the family drove him into the water with a broom; but it was only for a moment,—he rose more glorious from defeat, and was in a fair way of becoming lord of the village.

The Donkey looked out from his meadow in astonishment at the feats of his companion; but when reproached by the Swan for his meanness of spirit, he sagaciously shook his head, saying, "You will repent when too late; these are good patient people, but they will not bear it for ever." And so it proved: for, tired with the complaints of the whole neighbourhood, the master at last gave orders for the death of King Swan, and that his fine white skin should be given to the ladies. Honest Jasper quaked a little at this unexampled severity. "My friend's pride," quoth he, "has cost him dear: I must take warning, and show that I am no greedy tyrant over my meadow."

The next day he saw a neighbour's cows looking wistfully over the gate at his grass, which looked much better than their own, because it was out of their reach. "Now is the time," quoth Jasper, "to show I have no pride:" so he pushed the gate open with his nose, and held it to invite the cows into the meadow; but their feast was soon interrupted;—they were driven back with most inhospitable haste, and their entertainer was well beaten for his ill-timed politeness. "Alas! alas!" said the unfortunate Jasper, drooping his long melancholy ears, "my master is a good man, but there is no pleasing him: who would have thought of his killing the Swan for his pride, and beating me for my humility?"

How often are we unjust to others from ignorance of their motives.



THE MONKEY AND THE NUTS.

WITHIN a balcony of state,
At ease, and happy beyond measure,
A Monkey sat, who had of late
Become the master of a treasure.
Though not, indeed, of gems, or gold,
Mark (I translate it to the letter)
But fresh sweet nuts, which, I've been told,
Friend Pug esteemed as something better.
These in a sack he tied with care,
For other Monkeys, by the dozen
Came flocking round, in hopes to share
The rich possessions of their cousin.
They thronged beneath, in greedy train,
The balcony where he was seated;
But quickly found 'twas all in vain
They reasoned, menaced, or entreated.
For Pug, however rich in fruit,
Appeared in bounty somewhat lacking,
And flung in answer to their suit
The shells of nuts which he'd been cracking.
At this, the suppliants, filled with rage,
Resolved to sue to him no longer;
But battle next prepared to wage,
As they in numbers were the stronger.

The Monkey on this rude attack.

Although he deemed the means expensive,
Without ado untied his sack,
And turned his nuts to arms offensive.

Pug with these missives aimed his blows
So hard and fast, that in conclusion,
His smarting and bepelting foes
Fled off in cowardly confusion.

And now he proudly stood alone,
With feelings that of rapture savoured,
Prepared to thank in joyous tone
Dame Fortune, who his cause had favoured.

That he had in the late attack
His precious nuts so well defended,
But cast his eyes upon his sack,
And saw, that they were all expended!

Through these he had maintained his place,
And now his foes had all retreated,
He stood precisely in the case
As if himself had been defeated.

Thus oft we see a triumph cost
As much, as if the day were lost.—A. S.

[From the Italian.]

THE LAMB AND THE PIG.

CONSULT the Moralist, you'll find
That education forms the mind.
But education ne'er supplied
What ruling nature hath denied.
If you'll the following page pursue,
My tale shall prove this doctrine true.
Since to the muse all brutes belong,
The Lamb shall usher in my song;
Whose snowy fleece adorned her skin,
Emblem of native white within.

Meekness and love possessed her soul,
And innocence had crowned the whole.

It chanced upon a luckless day,
The little wanton, full of play,
Rejoiced a thymy bank to gain;
But short the triumphs of her reign!
The treacherous slopes her fate foretell,
And soon the pretty trifier fell:
Beneath, a dirty ditch impressed
Its mire upon her spotless vest!

The Shepherd, startled by her cries,
Straight to the bleating sufferer flies.
The lambkin in his arms he took,
And laved her in a neighbouring brook,
Till purified in silver streams,
Her fleece in virgin whiteness beams.

Cleansed from pollution's every stain,
She joined her fellows on the plain;
And saw afar the filthy shore,
But ne'er approached those dangers more.
The Shepherd blessed the kind event,
And viewed his flock with sweet content.

To market next he shaped his way,
And bought provisions for the day;
But made for winter's rich supply,
A purchase from a farmer's sty.
The children round their parent crowd,
And testify their mirth aloud;
They saw the stranger with surprise,
And all admired his little eyes:
Familiar grown he shared their joys,
Shared too the porridge with the boys.
The females o'er his dress preside,
They wash his face and scour his hide;
But daily more a Swine he grew,
For all these housewives e'er could do.
Wallowing and grunting night and day,
He fed and snored his time away,—
A hog in habit, feeling, feature,
Vain the attempt to change his nature!

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

ONE night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
 Contemplating her glittering train,
 Cried, "Sure there never was in nature
 So elegant, so fine a creature.
 All other insects, that I see,
 The frugal ant, industrious bee,
 Or silk-worm, with contempt I view,
 With all that low, mechanic crew,
 Who servilely their lives employ
 In business, enemy to joy.
 Mean, vulgar herd! Ye are my scorn,
 For grandeur only I was born,
 Or sure am sprung from race divine,
 And placed on earth, to live and shine.
 Those lights that sparkle so on high,
 Are but the glow-worms of the sky,
 And Kings on earth their gems admire,
 Because they imitate my fire."

She spoke. Attentive, on a spray,
 A Nightingale forbore his lay;
 He saw the shining morsel near,
 And flew, directed by the glare;
 Awhile he gazed with sober look,
 And thus the trembling prey bespoke:

"Deluded fool! With pride elate,
 Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate;
 Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
 Unheeded on the velvet plain:
 Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
 And beauty wrecks whom she adorns."—MOORE.

THE ELDER BRANCH.

A HUNTER was wandering along over the fields with his son, and a deep stream flowed between them. The boy wished to cross over to his father, but the brook was wide and deep; so he cut down a branch, placed it in the stream, leaned fearlessly upon it, and with all his force gave a sudden spring. But behold! he had taken the branch of an elder-tree, and as he threw his weight upon it, the staff broke in the middle,—he fell into deep water,—a splash was heard, and the tide closed over him.

A Shepherd saw what had happened, and raising an alarm, ran towards the brook. But the boy boldly breasted the water, and swam, laughing, to the shore.

Then the Shepherd said to the Hunter, “It appears that though your son has been well instructed, one thing has been forgotten. Why have you not taught him to examine what is within, before he places confidence in appearances? Had he thought of the weak pith within the branch, he would not have trusted himself upon it!”

“Friend,” answered the Hunter, “I have taught him how to use his eye, and to apply his strength; I must now leave him to gain experience, and time may teach him to be suspicious.





THE GARDENER AND THE HOG.

A GARDENER of peculiar taste,
On a young Hog his favour placed,
Who fed not with the common herd;
His tray was to the hall preferred.
He wallowed underneath the board,
Or in his master's chamber snored;
Who fondly stroked him every day,
And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er failed his pleasure to attend.

As on a time the loving pair
Walked forth to tend the garden's care,
The Master thus addressed the Swine:
"My house, my garden, all is thine;
On turnips feast whene'er you please,
And riot in my beans and peas;
If the potato's taste delights,
Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and evening hours,
But with due care regard my flowers:
My tulips are my garden's pride:
What vast expense those beds supplied!"

The Hog by chance one morning roamed,
Where with new ale the vessels foamed:
He munches now the steaming grains,
Now with full swill the liquor drains.

Intoxicating fumes arise;
 He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
 Then staggering through the garden scours,
 And treads down ranks of lovely flowers:
 With delving snout he turns the soil,
 And cools his palate with the spoil.

The Master came, the ruin spied:
 "Villain, suspend thy rage!" he cried:
 "Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
 My charge, my only charge forgot?
 What! all my flowers!" no more he said,
 But gazed, and sighed, and hung his head.

The Hog with stuttering speech returns;
 "Explain, sir, why your anger burns.
 See there, untouched your tulips strown,
 For I devoured the roots alone."

At this the Gardener's passion grows;
 From threatening words he fell to blows:
 The stubborn brute the blows sustains,
 Assaults his leg, and tears his veins.
 Ah, foolish swain, too late you find
 That sties were for such friends designed!
 Homeward he limps with painful pace,
 Reflecting thus on past disgrace.

Who cherishes a brutal mate,
 Shall mourn the folly soon or late.

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

THE wind was high, the window shakes,
 With sudden start the Miser wakes;
 Along the silent room he stalks,
 Looks back, and trembles as he walks.
 Each lock and every bolt he tries,
 In every creek and corner pries;
 Then opes the chest with treasure stored,
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard:

But now with sudden qualms possessed,
 He wrings his hands, he beats his breast:
 By conscience stung, he wildly stares,
 And thus his guilty soul declares:

“Had the deep earth her stores confined,
 This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
 But virtue’s sold. Alas! what price
 Can recompense the pangs of vice!
 O bane of good! seducing cheat!
 Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
 Gold banished honour from the mind,
 And only left the name behind;
 Gold sowed the world with every ill;
 Gold taught the murderer’s sword to kill:
 ’Twas gold instructed cowards hearts
 In treachery’s more pernicious arts.
 Who can recount the mischiefs o’er?
 Virtue resides on earth no more!”—
 He spoke, and sighed, then locked his chest;
 When thus a voice the wretch addressed:

“Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
 Each sordid rascal’s daily cant?
 Does gold, base wretch, corrupt mankind?—
 The fault’s in thy rapacious mind.
 Because wealth is by man abused,
 Must gold be censured, cursed, accused?
 E’en virtue’s self, by knaves, is made
 A cloak to carry on their trade;
 And power (when lodged in their possession)
 Grows tyranny and rank oppression.
 Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
 Gold is the canker of the breast;
 ’Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
 And every shocking vice beside:
 But when to virtuous hands wealth’s given,
 It blesses, like the dews of Heaven;
 Answers with aid the orphan’s cries,
 And dries the tears from widows’ eyes!”—GAY.

THE TWO BEES.

ONE fine morning in summer, two Bees set out in quest of honey; the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, and fragrant flowers, and delicious fruits; and they regaled themselves on these various dainties. The one loaded his thighs with provisions for the hive, against winter; the other revelled in sweets, without regard to anything but his present gratification. At length they came to a phial that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner.

The thoughtless epicure, in spite of his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself. His companion, on the other hand, sipped a little with caution; but, being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers, where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them.

In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to inquire whether he would return to the hive: but he found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament with his latest breath that, though a taste of pleasure may quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence leads to inevitable destruction.





THE ANGLER AND THE PERCH.

'Twas on a streamlet's verdant side,
Where May beamed forth in all her pride,
An Angler, in his art profound,
Reclining on a grassy mound,
Surveyed his float with eyes intent,
"Like Patience on a monument:"
When lo! the sinking cork declared
The worm devoured, a fish ensnared!
One jerk, and in a moment more
A Perch lay quivering on the shore.

Now, by the "fable act," we know,
Which passed some thousand years ago,
Fish, if they mind the where and when,
May think and speak as well as men.

The finny captive raised his head,
And thus in hollow accents said:
"Oh! man, can such a deed delight?
Then show me thy appointed right
To torture, and excite the moan
Of anguish for thy sport alone."

"Power," he replied, "to man was given
O'er all the inferior tribes by Heaven."

"Ay, power to eat," the Perch rejoined,
"And power to kill the savage kind;

Lest famine should man's bliss deface,
 Or brutes consume his nobler race:
 When the doomed sheep becomes his prey,
 Her ebbing blood flows fast away;
 Fish are a lawful capture, found
 Within the net's capacious round:
 And that the poultry's fate is fair,
 Let famed St. Michael's feast declare.
 Thus does the earth, the deep, the sky,
 Man's reasonable wants supply:
 Then let him not those realms invade,
 To make of mirth a deadly trade,
 Or prove, by wanton waste of powers,
 His skill superior far to ours."

"Your words," the Angler said, "have sense;
 Yet I can quote, in my defence,
 Great men, who angled almost daily,
Dean Nowell, Wotton, Sheldon, Paley;
 Nay, see the last, with features bland,
 Portrayed with fishing-rod in hand;
 And *Izaak Walton's* pleasant pen
 Makes all good Anglers honest men."

"Example," said the Perch, "is strong:
 But great, good men, are sometimes wrong,
 And these, to human nature true,
 Had their weak sides as well as you.
 Though (as we shield an erring friend)
 What men are fond of they defend."

Piscator paused—then left the place,
 Confessing he had lost his case.

Amusement, following its bent,
 Oft loses sight of argument.
 That pleasure has a guilty stain
 Which springs from other creatures' pain.
 May I, instructed from above,
 Be kind and harmless as the dove.—M.

THE TULIP AND THE VIOLET.

SEE yonder gaudy Tulip rise,
 And to the sun her leaves display;
 My fancy gives her voice and eyes,
 And thus the boaster seems to say:

“Queen of the gay parterre I reign,
 My glowing dyes how bright they shine!
 The flowers unfold their bloom in vain,
 No flower has charms to equal mine.

“By nature meant for regal sway,
 Tall and majestic I appear;
 Ye subject tribes, your queen obey,
 My high command submissive hear.

“When I unfold my matchless bloom,
 And to the noon my beauties spread,
 Let no aspiring flower presume
 Near me to lift her abject head.”

The flowers are silent while she speaks,
 And only blush to hear her pride;
 The silence a sweet Violet breaks,
 That crept unheeded by her side:

“Thy arrogance, imperious flower,
 To real worth has made thee blind;
 Thy vaunted beauties of an hour,
 Are charms of an inferior kind.

“From thee no fragrant odours breathe,
 No healing gifts thy leaves bestow;
 The flowers thou viewest with scorn beneath,
 Can more pretence to merit show.

“The cowslip’s virtues, and my own,
 Let man, let grateful man confess;
 To him our real worth is known;
 Thee he admires but for thy dress.”

The friendly hint, ye listening fair,
 Reflection bids the Muse apply:
 Let useful virtues be your care,
 Nor boast the power to please the eye.—ANON.



THE LEOPARD AND THE SQUIRREL.

THE Leopard was taking his unquiet noon-tide nap under an oak-tree, in which a couple of Squirrels were playing all sorts of merry pranks. One of them was so unfortunate, or so careless, as to slip from a branch and to fall upon the Leopard. He sprang up roaring, seized the trembling creature in his paw, and was going to tear it in pieces: but suddenly bethinking himself, he said,—“No, thou art too insignificant: I give thee thy life. But tell me how it happens that thou and thy race possess the enviable gift of constant cheerfulness and content. The whole forest is tributary to me, and yet discontent pursues me waking or sleeping.”

“This question, mighty Leopard, is easily answered,” said the Squirrel; “only permit me first to get upon a branch—one speaks more freely when at liberty.”

The fearful claw relaxed: at two or three bounds the Squirrel was in safety, and thus replied: “How can’st thou, Leopard, hope for cheerfulness and content, when thou art daily stained with the blood of thy fellow-creatures! when thou abusest the strength that has been conferred on thee, and thine own conscience must accuse thee of cruelty! Live innocently, like me; then no care, no remorse, no curse will attend thee. For peace and joy dwell only in the soul which is unstained by guilt.”



THE FLY AND THE TROUT.

As near a stream one summer's day,
Soothed by the murmuring current's play,
The insects glided on;
Behold! of largest growth, a Fly,
Adown the stream came glistening by,
The smaller flies among.

In sportive air it spread the sail,
And, o'er the rest, the flying gale
It caught with seeming pride;
Swiftly it skims the crystal waves,
Now in the purling eddy laves,
Now smoothly on would glide.

What joy! it said, or seemed to say,
Thus on the sparkling stream to play,
And quit the fields of air;
How dull, because on wings they rise,
Is yonder crowd of vulgar flies,
To float for ever there?

Still let the timid, sordid crew,
The same old beaten track pursue,
Nor tempt one new delight;
I dare to live, to live I know,
And grasp at every joy below;
No fancied ills affright.

While thus he tuned his idle song,
 Borne by the crystal stream along,
 A Trout descried the prize;
 And upwards darting, swift as thought,
 The vain, the boasting insect caught;
 The boasting insect dies.

Mark well this tale, and in thy breast
 Deep be the lesson there impressed,
 How health and life to save;
 The wretch who quits the path assigned,
 To taste forbidden joy, shall find
 New ways to reach the grave.

THE TWO WEAVERS, OR TURN THE CARPET.

As at their work two Weavers sat,
 Beguiling time with friendly chat;
 They touched upon the price of meat,
 So high, a Weaver scarce could eat;
 "What with my brats and sickly wife,"
 Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tir'd of life;
 So hard my work, so poor my fare,
 'Tis more than mortal man can bear.
 How glorious is the rich man's state!
 His house so fine! his wealth so great!
 Heaven is unjust, you must agree,—
 Why all to him? why none to me?
 In spite of all the Scripture teaches,
 In spite of all the Parson preaches,
 This world (indeed I've thought so long)
 Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.
 Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
 'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;
 The good are troubled and oppressed,
 And all the wicked are the blessed."
 Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
 Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;

Parts of his ways alone we know,
 'Tis all that man can see below.
 Seest thou that carpet not half done,
 Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
 Behold the wild confusion there,
 So rude the mass it makes one stare!
 A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
 Would say, no meaning's there conveyed;
 For where's the middle, where's the border?
 Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
 But still in every part it fits;
 Besides, you reason like a lout,—
 Why, man, that carpet's inside out."

Says John, "Thou sayest the thing I mean,
 And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
 This world which clouds thy soul with doubt,
 Is but a carpet inside out.

As, when we view those shreds and ends,
 We know not what the whole intends;
 So, when on earth things look but odd,
 They're working still some scheme of God.

No plan, no pattern can we trace,
 All wants proportion, truth and grace;
 The motley mixture we deride,
 Nor see the beauteous upper side.
 But, when we reach that world of light,
 And view those works of God aright,
 Then shall we see the whole design,
 And own the workman is Divine.
 What now seem random strokes, will there
 All order and design appear;
 Then shall we praise what here we spurned,
 For then the carpet shall be turned."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick, "no more I'll grumble,
 That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
 My impious doubts are put to flight,
 For my own carpet sets me right."—HANNAH MORE.

THE BED OF PINKS.

“O MOTHER, give each of us a flower-bed that we may call our own; me one, and William one, and Ellen one, and we will take care of them!”

Thus spake little Frederick to his mother; and the mother granted his wish, and gave to each of her children a flower-bed full of beautiful pinks. And the children were delighted with the gift, and said, “When the pinks begin to bloom it will be a lovely sight!” For it was not yet the season of flowers, the buds had but just appeared.

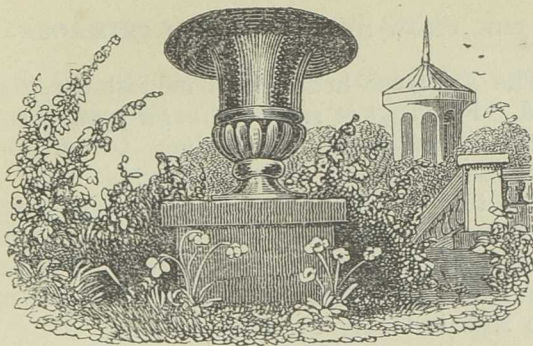
But little Frederick was of an impatient disposition, and could not wait until the buds had opened, and he wished that his flower-bed should bloom before either of the others.

He went into the garden, and took a bud in his hand, examined it, and was greatly rejoiced when he discovered that a bright red leaf was already beginning to peep out of the green covering.

But this state of immaturity lasted too long. Frederick broke open the bud, and completely separated the leaves. “Now,” cried he with a loud voice, “see, my pink has blown.” But when the sun shone upon it, the flower bowed its head, and mourned, and stood drooping, and withered before it was noon. And the boy wept over it.

“Impatient child,” said the fond mother, “may this be the last joy of your life that will result from your faults. You must wait patiently for every great and important event, and not purchase premature happiness by destroying the source of its permanent enjoyment.”





THE SNOW-DROP AND THE PRIMROSE.

A PRIMROSE, ever sweet to view,
Beside a lovely Snow-drop grew;
They were the boasted pride of Spring,
Fanned by the zephyr's balmy wing;
Each thought itself the choicest flower
That ever drank the spangled shower;
And vied for beauty, sought for praise,
Beneath the sun's resplendent rays.
At length the Snow-drop, fraught with ire,
Began to vent its jealous fire:

“ You, Primrose! are not blest as I,
Who can delight each gazing eye;
Superior beauties I may claim,
But you were born to meet disdain!
That yellow tinge which courts the air,
Is nothing but the type of care!
Review my innocence and worth,
Know that I sprang from purer earth;
While you from coarser mould arose—
The truth your sallow visage shows;
A groveling paltry flower, and pale,
The jest of every nipping gale!
I am the youthful poet's theme,
Of me the bard delights to dream;
In lofty verse he sings my praise,
And paints me in his choicest lays;
But you, the early bud of care,
Are never seen to flourish there!”

The Primrose heard with modest ear,
 And "Flower," it said, "though sprung so near,
 I still coeval praise may claim,
 Nor was I born to meet disdain!
 Know that we both, though now so gay,
 Must soon be lost, and fade away;
 And, if for beauty's meed you vie,
 What boots it? since next eve you die!
 The rose is lovely to behold,
 The cowslip too, which boasts of gold,
 The tulip and the lily fair,
 All yield their fragrance to the air,
 But soon their beauty fades away,
 And then, proud Snow-drop, what are they?"
 Young folks, be wise, from pride refrain,
 Nor of a handsome face be vain!
 Beauty is short, and soon you'll find
 That greatness centres in the mind.
 Let virtue be your sovereign guide,
 Make her your friend, your boast and pride;
 Then will the brightest deeds be done,
 And all the beauties shine in one!—ADNEY.

THE LION AND THE GNAT.

As the Lion was one day roaming through the forest, and all the terrified beasts were scampering out of his way, a bold Gnat challenged him to the fight. The Lion, with a scornful laugh, accepted the challenge. The Gnat immediately flew up the nostril of his powerful antagonist, and stung him in such a manner that, full of rage, he tore himself with his own claws, and after a long and fruitless struggle, he acknowledged that he was conquered. For the weak sometimes overcome the strong by skill or cunning; therefore, let not the latter put too much trust in their strength.

Not a little vain of his victory, the Gnat flew away, and hastened to inform his companions of his triumph, and

to proclaim it to the whole forest. But in his haste he did not observe the net of a neighbouring Spider; in this he became entangled, and suffered a death the more grievous to him, from the insignificance of this second adversary, when compared with the noble Lion whom he had vanquished.

Never suffer thyself to be puffed up by prosperity. Pride and imprudence often lead to destruction.

THE INSECT AND THE HEDGE.

AN Insect made complaint one day,
That the green Hedge on which he lay,
Was, now the summer months were come,
No longer fit to be his home;
Because 'twas near a dusty road:
So he must seek a new abode.

“Go, then, upon my shady side,
Beneath the trees,” the Hedge replied.
“Not there indeed,” the Insect said,
“Because the ravenous birds I dread.”
“Conceal yourself among the leaves;”
“No, there her web the spider weaves.”
“Well then, among the herbage creep,
And there perdue securely sleep;”
“But there the hedge-hog lurks, no doubt,
Or other foes will find me out.”
“Then seek a refuge in the ground.”
“Oh! there the reptile tribes abound,
Who feed on Insects, and all day
Sit grimly watching for their prey.
I go—but first require, old friend,
That you would further counsel lend;
And tell me where to find a home,
Where want and peril never come.”
The Hedge replied, “If such there be,
It never has been known to me.”—A. S.

[From the Italian.]

THE HOUND AND THE HUNTSMAN.

IMPERTINENCE at first is borne
 With heedless slight, or smiles of scorn:
 Teased into wrath, what patience bears
 The noisy fool who perseveres?

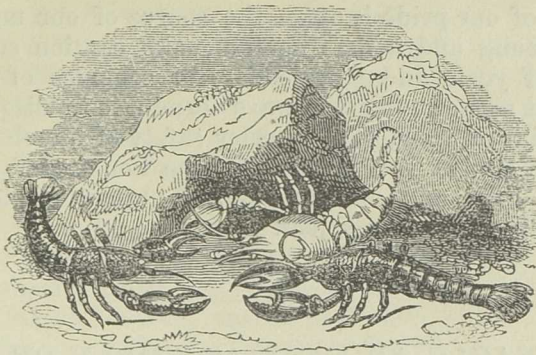
The morning wakes, the Huntsman sounds,
 At once rush forth the joyful Hounds;
 They seek the wood with eager pace,
 Through bush, through brier, explore the chase:
 Now scattered wide, they try the plain,
 And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
 What care, what industry, what pains!
 What universal silence reigns!

Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
 Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
 Opened at once his babbling throat:
 The pack, regardless of the note,
 Pursue the scent; with louder strain
 He still persists to vex the train.

The Huntsman to the clamour flies,
 The smacking lash he smartly plies.
 His ribs all welked, with howling tone
 The puppy thus expressed his moan:
 "I know the music of my tongue
 Long since the pack with envy stung.
 What will not spite? these bitter smarts
 I owe to my superior parts."

"When puppies prate (the Huntsman cried),
 They show both ignorance and pride:
 Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise;
 For envy is a kind of praise.
 Had not thy forward noisy tongue
 Proclaimed thee always in the wrong,
 Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
 And ne'er thy foolish nose confest;
 But fools, to talking ever prone,
 Are sure to make their follies known."

GAY.



THE LOBSTERS.

THE shell of a boiled Lobster was once thrown on the sea-shore, where it was quickly espied by one of the same tribe, who, young, ignorant, and vain, viewed it with admiration and delight.

“See,” said she, addressing her mother, “behold the beauty and splendour of one of our family, thus decked out in noble scarlet, so rich in colour that no coral can surpass it in brilliancy. I shall have no rest till I can make an appearance equally magnificent; I cannot bear to see myself the dingy object which I now am, or to be compelled to mingle undistinguished with our swarthy race.”

“Proud, thoughtless thing!” replied the mother, “know that this same tawdry finery which you so earnestly covet, once belonged to an unfortunate wretch, who acquired it by her destruction! Hence learn from this terrible example to be humble and content, obscure and safe.”

Vanity, or a silly ambition to vie with our superiors in outward show, rather than by meritorious acquirements, is too often the cause of ruin, and has proved the destruction of thousands. The suggestions of vanity are as delusive as those of superstition; nor do we sufficiently reflect how many would be victims to their own requests, if our ill-judged prayers were always to be granted.

It is never safe to trust to outward appearances, as the

object of our pride is often the source of our misfortune. The young and artless should make caution supply the place of years and experience; for schemes of ambition without proper talents, always terminate in disgrace. In this point of view, the superior safety of an obscure and humble station is a balance for the honours of high and envied life; and an immoderate pursuit of pleasure is generally fatal to its object.

THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

WITH friendly hand I hold the glass
 To all, promiscuous as they pass;
 Should Folly there her likeness view,
 I fret not that the mirror's true;
 If the fantastic form offend,
 I made it not, but would amend.
 Premising this, your anger spare,
 And claim the fable, you who dare.

The birds in place, by factions pressed,
 Unto their king their suits addressed:
 By specious lies the state was vexed,
 Their counsels libellers perplexed:
 They begged (to stop seditious tongues)
 A gracious hearing of their wrongs.

The Pye, to trust and power preferred,
 Demands permission to be heard;
 Says he, "Prolixity of phrase,
 You know I hate. This libel says,
 'Some birds there are, who, prone to noise,
 Are hired to silence wisdom's voice;
 And, skilled to chatter out the hour,
 Rise by their emptiness to power.'
 That this is aimed direct at me,
 No doubt, you'll readily agree;
 Yet well this sage assembly knows,
 By parts to government I rose;

My prudent counsels prop the state—
Magpies were never known to prate!"

The Kite rose up, "His honest heart
In virtue's sufferings bore a part;
That there were birds of prey he knew,
(So far the libeller said true,)
'Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
Who knew no interest but their own;
Who, hovering o'er the farmer's yard,
Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling spared.'
This might be true, but, if applied
To him, in troth, the slanderer lied!
Since ignorance then might be misled,
Such things, he thought, were best unsaid."

The Crow was vexed, "As yester morn
He flew across the new-sown corn,
A screaming boy was set for pay,
He knew, to drive the crows away;
Scandal had found him out in turn,
And buzzed abroad, that crows love corn!"

The Owl arose, with solemn face,
And thus harangued upon the case:
"That magpies prate, it may be true,
A Kite may be voracious too;
Crows sometimes deal in new-sown peas;
He libels not, who strikes at these:
The slander's here—'But there are birds
Whose wisdom lies in looks, not words;
Blunderers, who level in the dark,
And always shoot beside the mark.'
He names not me; but these are hints
Which manifest at whom he squints;
I were indeed that blundering fowl,
To question if he meant an owl!"

"Ye wretches hence!" the Eagle cries,
"'Tis conscience, conscience that applies;
The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
Secured by innocence from harm;
While guilt, and his associate, fear,
Are startled at the passing air!"—MOORE.

THE BROOK.

A FARMER sat one day on the bank of a Brook which flowed near his meadow, and looked upon his grazing cattle. But he felt uneasy, because he saw that the grass grew sparingly, and was not sufficient to support the drove during half the Summer.

Then his neighbour came to him, and observing his gloomy appearance, inquired the cause of his secret grief. And he began to speak of his apprehensions.

But the neighbour answered, "Do with your meadow as I have done with mine. It lies by the same brook, and was formerly poor and unfruitful. But I led the brook into it, and the grass became stout and abundant."

The farmer, rejoiced at this prudent counsel, went, taking with him some labourers, and continued the work until the course of the brook was changed.

But, behold! the water overflowed the meadow so that it soon appeared like a small lake, and covered it with sand and gravel. Then the unfortunate farmer tore his hair, and ran to his neighbour and complained bitterly of the advice he had given him.

But the neighbour said, "My friend, why do you censure me for my counsel, which I have given you with feelings of benevolence. Quarrel rather with yourself and your own impatient heart. You should have led the brook through your meadow by means of small canals, and not have suffered the whole force of its waters to overflow your land, and to carry away all its richness, as well as the soil of the meadow, leaving nothing behind it but sand and gravel."





THE FARMER, THE ENVIOUS SPANIEL, AND
THE CAT.

As at his board a farmer sate,
Replenished by his homely treat,
His favourite Spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shared the food.
The crackling bones his jaws devoured,
His lapping tongue the trenchers scoured;
Till, sated now, supine he lay,
And snored the rising fumes away.

The hungry Cat in turn drew near,
And humbly craved a servant's share:
Her modest worth the master knew,
And straight the flattering morsel threw:
Enraged the snarling cur awoke,
And thus with spiteful envy spoke:
"They only claim a right to eat
Who earn by services their meat:
Me zeal and industry inflame
To scour the fields and spring the game;
Or, plunged in the wintry wave,
For man the wounded bird to save.
At home his midnight hours secure,
And scare the robber from his door.
For this his breast with kindness glows,
For this his hand the food bestows!
And shall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendship to his heart,

Thus sang the sweet sequestered bird,
Soft as the passing wind,
And I recorded what I heard,
A lesson for mankind.—COWPER.

THE BITTER FLOWER.

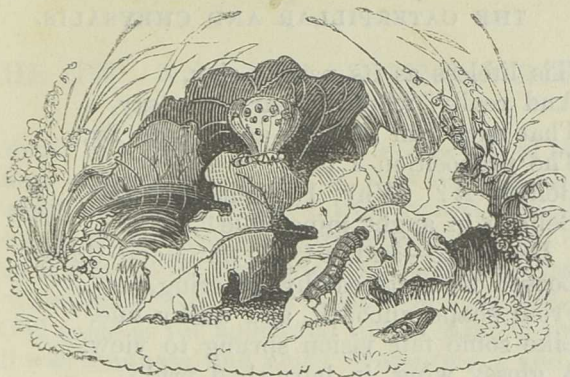
A MOTHER went on a spring day, with her young daughter, on the mountain. And as they proceeded, the little girl was delighted with the many flowers and plants that stood and bloomed along the way.

But she was particularly pleased with a flower, small and tender, and of a red and beautiful hue. The little Emma broke off the flower, and viewed it with joy, and kissed it, and smelt it, and could not say enough in its praise.

But, notwithstanding, in a short time she became tired of it. She wished that the flower should impart still greater pleasure, and placed it in her mouth to eat it.

But what followed? She came running to her mother, and wept, exclaiming, "O, dear mother, the flower was so beautiful in form and colour, that I ate it; but its taste is bitter, and it has made my mouth rough and unpleasant!" "My dear child," said her mother, "why do you abuse the flowers? They are still as beautiful as ever in form and colour, and yield the same delightful fragrance! Is not that enough? No one should think of eating flowers! Thus it is that the abuse of those beautiful objects, so bountifully bestowed upon us for our enjoyment, has produced disappointment and unpleasantness!"





THE CATERPILLAR, THE CHRYSALIS, AND THE BUTTERFLY.

ALAS! how many sons of clay
Are governed by the passing day:
They toil, they reach life's utmost mark,
But all beyond they fancy dark;
In dull distrust await their doom,
And see no light beyond the tomb!

A Caterpillar, busy, gay,
Was travelling midst the noontide ray;
His form like those we oft have seen,
Two jaws, twelve eyes, and legs sixteen,
Such as in gardens you may find
Upon a cabbage-leaf reclined:
But what is this that he has spied,
That makes him start and turn aside?

It was a shrivelled, shrouded form,
Though but of late a living worm;
A Caterpillar it had been,
Once clad, like him, in silky green,
But now, how changed by nature's laws!
Where are the eyes, the legs, the jaws?
No signs of being could he trace
In the cold mass: its outer case,
Like cere-cloth round a mummy spread;
'Twas passive, motionless, and dead.

"Well," said the Caterpillar, "This
Is what folks call a Chrysalis,

'Tis lifeless as its parent clay,
 And really, when I hear them say,
 That such can breathe again, and fly,
 The proposition I deny.
 Believe it? Why, I might as well
 Believe in aught impossible!"

He spoke—and lo! the shrouded thing
 Loosed from its earthy covering,
 From shape uncouth, and dusky hue,
 Like some fair vision sprung to view.
 A glossy wing, in burnished pride,
 Unfolding, rose from either side,
 Its tapering form in beauty dressed,
 Like gold-dust o'er a yellow vest;
 Whilst hands unseen had given the power
 To gather sweets and suck the flower.
 It was a Butterfly* as bright
 As ever sparkled in the light.

She, casting from her large dark eyes,
 A look of sorrow and surprise,
 In language of correction firm,
 Addressed the foolish, flippant worm:
 "Peace, trifle! can thy words confine
 The Power that formed that frame of thine
 A Power as easily can give
 A frame renewed, and bid it live?
 Look round creation, and survey
 Life springing forth from life's decay:
 In gladsome April, view the tree
 Resume its verdant livery;
 From bars of ice the river freed,
 Pursue its course along the mead:
 And earth, escaping from the embrace
 Of winter, shows a joyous face.
 Even thus the worm, though lowly found,
 Groping its way upon the ground,
 May yet revive, a creature fair,
 And wander midst the realms of air."—M.

* The same Greek word, *Psyche*, is used to signify both the Soul, and a Butterfly (*papilio*).

THE OWL AND THE SINGING BIRDS.

IN the midst of a delightful wood that was full of cheerful birds, there stood a ruined castle, in which an Owl took up her abode. The little Birds, who wished to be friends with her,—perhaps because being reputed the bird of wisdom, they hoped to gain instruction from her,—invited her to a party which they were going to have on May-day.

The Owl came at the appointed time. Among the little Birds all was kindness and unity, contentment and mirth. All strove by their lively songs to induce their guest to join in with them. The nightingale, the lark, the linnet, the goldfinch, the blackbird, in short, all of them, sang their sweetest songs. The Owl, nevertheless, sat gloomy and grave, leering at them with her cat-like eyes; and had she had fingers, she would no doubt have closed her ears against their charming songs. “Ah!” said they to one another, “perhaps she dislikes music: let us try some other amusement—may be she will then join in it.” They danced about, hopped from branch to branch, flew in little circles round one another, and chased each other among the boughs: the sparrow and the tom-tit played all sorts of tricks; but to no purpose. The Owl exhibited the same solemn face.

Perceiving that all their efforts were in vain, the Birds flew back, one after another, to their thickets! The sulky Owl was left quite alone, and she, too, retired to her desolate habitation. Since that time, it is said, not one of the feathered tribe will associate with her: the Birds, on the contrary, all shun her company, or make such game of her, that she is afraid to appear abroad in the day-time.

The Owl is the picture of a person who, if things are not conducted exactly according to his notions in company, turns up his nose, and by his discontent, makes others discontented. Such a person, however, fares like the Owl. He is left to his own sullen temper, shunned, and at length excluded from all cheerful society.

TRUTH AND PRUDENCE.

AN ALLEGORY.

ONCE it fell out, as poets say,
 And yet I cannot name the day,
 Time wedded Light—'twas in his youth,—
 Their offspring a fair daughter—Truth.

This virgin left her parents' house,
 And came to court to seek a spouse.
 But sad, alas! her fortune there.

“How wild,” says one, “that creature's air!

“How blunt the wretch!” another cries;

A third spied madness in her eyes.

Thus used, poor Truth was forced to rove,

Not one pretender to her love.

Art was the reigning toast, and she

Could never with plain Truth agree.

Vexed to the soul the virgin goes,

To wilds and woods she breathes her woes;

And, as through these she chanced to stray,

Fortune threw Prudence in her way.

Seeing bright Truth, the virtue said,

“How fares it, lovely-looking maid?

Why heave these sighs? why fall these tears?

Can harmless Truth have real fears?”

With grief at this her bosom swells,

For, sobbing, scarce her tale she tells.

“Dear cousin,” said, with smiling air,

Sweet Prudence, “though divinely fair,

From every stain of guilt though free,

Yet nakedness becomes not—thee.

Be then advised—put on some clothes;

No more all bare these limbs expose.

Good-breeding borders not on vice;

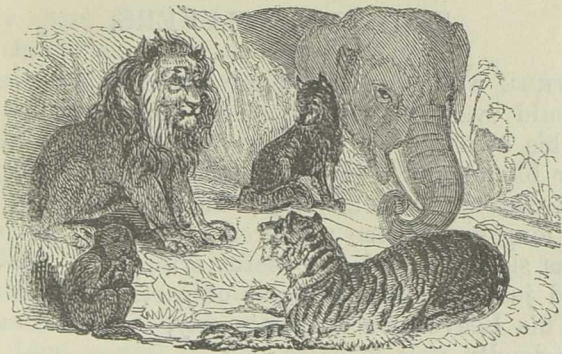
Be both in dress and virtue nice.

Once polished—trust me, friend of mine,

In courts you'll Art herself outshine.”

Truth took the advice; and when thus seen,

Was held of all the virtues queen.—ANON.



THE LION AND THE COUNCIL OF BEASTS.

A CERTAIN Lion, who reigned the absolute tyrant of the forest, once on a time arbitrarily proposed to exact from his slavish subjects a sufficient part of their daily prey for his own maintenance, that he might not himself toil for his subsistence; and that every beast should contribute according to his means, in form of a tax; but how to adjust this impost was the difficulty. The Tiger was the first who gave his opinion on this knotty point, saying, that the most proper and just way would be to lay a tax on vice, and that each beast should settle the quantity for his neighbour, as by that means it would prevent any selfish partiality. "No, no," said the Elephant, "that will never be just, as it will give power to ill-will and oppression. The best manner, in my judgment, would be to lay the tax on virtues, and leave it to every one to give in a catalogue of his own, and then there is very little doubt but it would prove the means of raising a most ample and rich exchequer."

A tax of this sort would be most just and salutary, could it be adapted to human society, as a most equitable fine and punishment on vanity and self-conceit; and would force mankind to a more strict examination of their real pretensions to those virtues which they commonly bestow so liberally upon themselves, without even a shadow of foundation, as long as no inconvenience accrues to them from the ridiculous and false estimate of their own perfections.

J. N.

THE TWO BEAVERS.

TWERE well, my friend, for human kind,
 Would every man his business mind;
 In his own orbit always move,
 Nor blame, nor envy those above.

A Beaver, well advanced in age,
 By long experience rendered sage,
 Was skilled in all the useful arts,
 And justly deemed a beast of parts.

This Beaver, on a certain day,
 A friendly visit went to pay
 To a young Cousin, pert and vain,
 Who often roved about the plain;
 With every idle beast conferred,
 Hearing, and telling what he heard.
 The vagrant youth was gone from home,
 When th' ancient Sage approached the dome;
 Who each apartment viewed with care,
 But found each wanted much repair;
 The walls were cracked, decayed the doors,
 The corn lay mouldy on the floors;
 Through gaping crannies rushed amain
 The blustering winds, with snow and rain;
 The timber all was rotten grown,—
 In short the house was tumbling down.
 The generous beast, by pity swayed,
 Grieved to behold it thus decayed;
 And, while he mourned the tattered scene,
 The master of the lodge came in.

The first congratulations o'er,
 They rest recumbent on the floor;
 When thus the young conceited beast
 His thoughts impertinent expressed:

“I long have been surprised to find
 The Lion grown so wond'rous kind
 To one peculiar sort of beasts,
 While he another sort detests;
 His royal favour chiefly falls
 Upon the species of Jackalls;

They share the profits of his throne;
 He smiles on them, and them alone.
 Meanwhile the Ferret's useful race
 He scarce admits to see his face;
 Traduced by lies and ill report,
 They're banished from his royal court,
 And counted, over all the plain,
 Opposers of the Lion's reign.

"Now I conceived a scheme last night,
 Would doubtless set this matter right:
 These parties should unite together,
 The Lion partial be to neither;
 But let them both his favour share,
 And both consult in peace and war.
 This method (were this method tried)
 Would spread politic basis wide,
 And, on a bottom broad and strong,
 Support the social union long.
 But uncle, uncle, much I fear,
 Some have abused the Lion's ear;
 He listens to the Leopard's tongue;
 That wicked Leopard leads him wrong:
 Were he but banished far away—
 You don't attend to what I say!"

"Why really, Coz," the Sage rejoined,
 The rain, and snow, and driving wind,
 Beat through with such prodigious force,
 It made me deaf to your discourse.
 Now, Coz, were my advice pursued,
 (And sure I mean it for your good,)
 Methinks you should this house repair;
 Be this your first and chiefest care.
 Your skill the voice of prudence calls }
 To stop these crannies in the walls, }
 And prop the roof before it falls. }
 If you this needful task perform,
 You'll make your mansion dry and warm;
 And we may then converse together,
 Secure from this tempestuous weather."

DUCK.

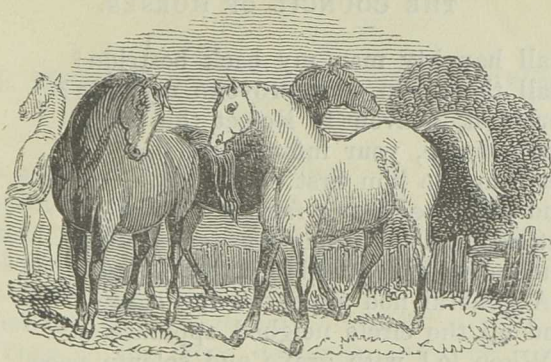
THE APPLE.

THERE lived a rich man at the court of a great King. He was lord-chamberlain, and clothed himself in purple and costly linen, and lived every day in magnificence and joy. There came to him, from a distant country, a friend of his youth, whom he had not seen for many years; and, to honour him, the chamberlain made a great feast, and invited all his friends. There stood on the table a variety of excellent viands, in gold and silver dishes, and costly vessels with ointment, together with wine of every kind. And the rich man sat at the head of the table, and was hospitable to all; and his friend, who had come from a distant country, was at his right hand; and they ate and drank, and were satisfied.

Then the stranger addressed the chamberlain of the king: "Such splendour and magnificence as your house contains is not to be found in my country, far and wide!" And he spoke highly of his magnificence, and pronounced him the happiest of men.

But the rich man, the king's chamberlain, selected an apple from a golden dish. The apple was large and beautiful, and its colour was red, approaching to purple. He took the apple in his hand, and said, "This apple has rested on gold, and its form is very beautiful!" and he handed it to the stranger, the friend of his youth. The friend cut the apple in two, and behold! in its middle was a worm! The stranger cast his eyes on the chamberlain; and the chamberlain looked upon the ground, and, sighing, exclaimed, "So may a corroding heart be concealed under a brilliant exterior!"





THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

UPON a time a neighing Steed,
Who grazed among a numerous breed,
With mutiny had fired the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concerned the state
The Council met in grand debate.

A Colt, whose eyeballs flamed with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stepped forth before the rest,
And thus the listening throng addressed:

“ Alas! how abject is our race,
Condemned to slavery and disgrace!
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain?
Consider, friends! your strength and might;
’Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the painted coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we designed for daily toil,
To drag the ploughshare through the soil,
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier’s load?
How feeble are the two-legged kind!
What force is in our nerves combined!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?

Shall haughty man my back bestride?
 Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
 Forbid it, heavens! Reject the rein;
 Your shame, your infamy disdain.
 Let him the lion first control,
 And still the tiger's famished growl.
 Let us, like them our freedom claim,
 And make him tremble at our name."

A general nod approved the cause,
 And all the circle neighed applause.

When lo! with grave and solemn pace,
 A Steed advanced before the race,
 With age and long experience wise;
 Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
 And, to the murmurs of the train,
 Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain:

"When I had health and strength, like you
 The toils of servitude I knew;
 Now grateful man rewards my pains,
 And gives me all these wide domains;
 At will, I crop the year's increase;
 My latter life is rest and peace.
 I grant, to man we lend our pains,
 And aid him to improve the plains;
 But doth he not divide the care,
 Through all the labours of the year?
 How many thousand structures rise,
 To fence us from inclement skies!
 For us he bears the sultry day,
 And stores up all our winter's hay;
 He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain;
 We share the toil, and share the grain.
 Since every creature was decreed
 To aid each other's mutual need,
 Appease your discontented mind,
 And act the part by Heaven assigned."

The tumult ceased. The Colt submitted,
 And, like his ancestors, was bitted.—GAY.

THE MARCH SNOW AND THE BLOSSOM.

To a tender flower, one day,
 Thus the Snow in March did say,
 "Ha! rash thing! What dost thou here?
 Why would'st thou so soon appear?
 Know'st thou not a hasty doom
 Must follow thy untimely bloom?"

Then to the bleak descending shower,
 Replied the meek and modest flower,
 (Though nipped with its chill breath the while)
 "I looked for April's genial smile,
 And in that hope have ventured forth,
 To meet the tempests of the north;
 And if thou hast my death decreed,
 'Tis only my rash folly's meed."

A shepherd who had marked the Blossom,
 Felt soft compassion fill his bosom,
 And with kind hand approached to throw
 Far from its gentle breast the snow,
 And from the rude inclement air,
 He sheltered it with tender care:
 And thus, though whirlwind, storm, and shower,
 Were beating round, the fragile flower
 Was saved, through Pity's grace divine,
 To see the suns of April shine.

Though virtue oft be doomed to bear
 Through many a wintry hour,
 The chilling blights of grief and care,
 And envy's cruel power;
 Yet shall we doubt that it may find
 Some heart compassionate and kind,
 Like this meek flower?

[A. S. From the Italian.]

THE CANARY BIRD.

A LITTLE girl, named Caroline, had a lovely Canary Bird, that sung from morning till night, and was very beautiful. Caroline gave him seed and weeds to eat, and occasionally a small piece of sugar, and every day fresh clean water to drink.

But suddenly the bird began to be mournful; and one morning, when Caroline brought him his water, he lay dead in the cage. She raised a loud lamentation over the favourite animal, and wept bitterly: so her mother purchased another, more beautiful than the first in colour, and just as lovely in its song, and put it into the cage. But when the child saw the new bird, she wept louder than ever.

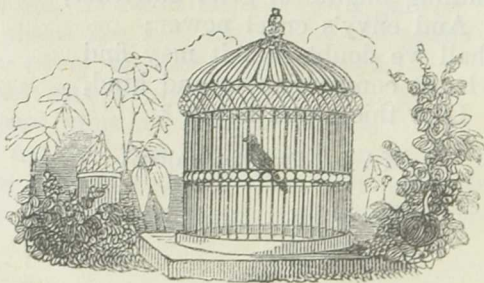
The mother was greatly astonished, and said, "My dear child, why are you still weeping and sorrowful? Your tears will not call the dead bird into life, and here you have one which is not inferior to the other!"

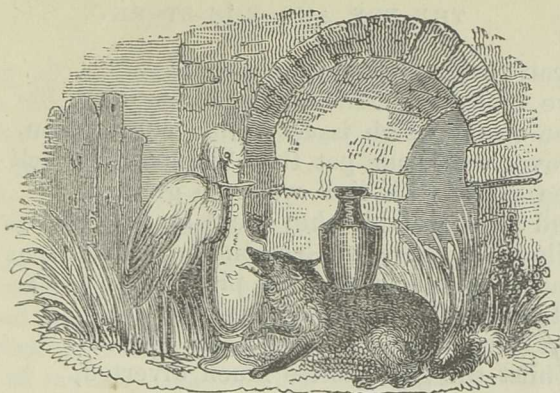
"O, dear mother," said she, "I treated my bird unkindly, and did not do all for it that I could and should have done."

"Dear Caroline, have you not always taken care of it?"

"O no," replied the child: "a short time before its death, I did not bring to him the piece of sugar which you gave me for that purpose, but ate it myself." Thus spake the girl with a sorrowful heart.

The mother understood and revered the voice of nature in the heart of the child. "Ah!" said she, "how can an undutiful child ever hope to have a peaceful mind, when it shall be called to stand at the grave of its parents?"





THE FOX AND THE STORK.

For sport once Reynard, sly old sinner,
Pressed gossip Stork to share his dinner.
"Neighbour, I must entreat you'll stay
And take your soup with me to day.

My praise shall not my fare enhance,
But let me beg you'll take your chance;
You're kindly welcome, were it better:
She yielded as he thus beset her.

And soon arrived, the pottage smoking,
In plates of shallow depth provoking.

'Twas vain the guest essayed to fill
With unsubstantial fare her bill.

'Twas vain she fished to find a collop,
The host soon lapped the liquor all up.

Dame Stork concealed her deep displeasure,
But thought to find revenge at leisure;
And said, "Ere long, my friend, you'll try
My humble hospitality.

I know your taste, and we'll contrive,—
To-morrow I'm at home at five."

With punctual haste the wily scoffer
Accepts his neighbour's friendly offer;

And entering cries, "Dear Stork, how is it?
You see I soon return your visit;

I can't resist when you invite;
 I've brought a famous appetite:
 The steam which issues from your kitchen,
 Proves that your pot there's something rich in!"
 The Stork with civil welcome greeted,
 And soon at table they were seated.
 When lo! there came upon the board,
 Hashed goose in two tall pitchers poured;
 Pitchers, whose long and narrow neck,
 Sly Reynard's jaws completely check.
 Whilst the gay hostess much diverted,
 Her bill with perfect ease inserted.
 The Fox, half mad at this retorter,
 Sought dinner in some other quarter.
 Hoaxers, for you this tale is written,—
 Learn hence that biters may be bitten.

THE FAVOURITE HORSE.

THE Horse of a Turkish emperor had brought him safe out of a field of battle, and from the pursuit of a victorious enemy. As a reward for such good and faithful service, his master built him a stable of marble, shod him with gold, fed him in an ivory manger, and made him a rack of silver. He annexed to the stable several fields and meadows, lakes and running streams; and to these were added a suitable train of grooms, farriers, rubbers, &c., with proper liveries and pensions. In short, nothing was omitted that seemed likely to contribute to the ease and happiness of the noble beast that had preserved the emperor's life.

But the Horse was totally insensible to all this magnificence, and was only able to enjoy that small portion which administered to his natural wants: all else was thrown away upon him; nay, worse, for he became indolent, and in consequence diseased; so that, instead of in-

creasing his happiness, the indulgences lavished upon him became the cause of misery.

In this fable may be seen the folly of endeavouring to bestow happiness beyond the limits which nature has prescribed. It is precisely thus with the splendid superfluities which surround human greatness, and which we survey at a distance, frequently with envy; while to those who possess them, they are in a manner lost, becoming stale and insipid, and recognised only by the trouble that is attached to them. Our natural wants are few, and by means of industry may always be supplied; all else are artificial wants, commonly attended by more cost than profit, more trouble than pleasure.

Nothing is more dangerous to true happiness and tranquillity, than to fix our minds upon anything which is in the power of fortune. Wealth, glory, and power, which many people look up to with admiration, the really wise know to be only so many snares, by which they may be enslaved.

If we pamper ourselves in our diet, or give a loose to our imaginations and desires, the body will no longer obey the mind. To want but little is true grandeur, and very few things are great to a great mind. Those who form their thoughts in this manner, are out of the way of fortune, and can look with contempt both on her favours and her frowns.

To be perfectly free from the caprices of fortune, we should learn that none but intellectual possessions are what we can properly call our own. All things from without, are but borrowed. What fortune can give us is not ours; and whatever she gives, she can take away.

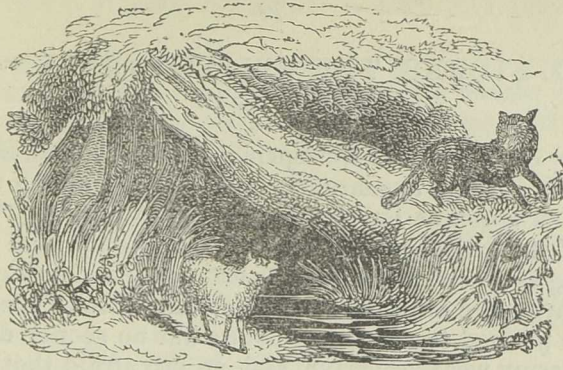
[From the *Tatler*.]

THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLIES.

ONE fine summer morning, a couple of gay Butterflies lighted upon the leaves of a white poplar—one on the under side of the leaf, and the other on the upper. “Surely,” said the Butterfly on the under side, “this is a most singular tree, for while all others have green foliage, this curious tree has white leaves.” “What are you talking about?” said his companion on the upper side; “why, truly, you must have lost your eye-sight! This tree is covered with leaves of the brightest green, equal to those of any tree that grows.” “I positively deny it,” said the insect below, “and maintain that there are none but white leaves on every branch.”

Upon this an industrious and inquisitive Bee, who overheard them, perceiving that the disputants began to grow warm, and being desirous of preventing the fatal consequences which might be expected from the encounter of two such fierce combatants as these angry Butterflies, thus addressed them:—“You should neither of you be so confident, until you have properly examined the object of your dispute. It is from ignorance alone that your anger proceeds; for, let me inform you, the peculiarity of this tree consists in the upper side of the foliage being green, and the under side white; therefore, as each of you sees a different side, you are both right in your partial views, and both wrong in your general conclusion.”





THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

A WOLF and Lamb, one sultry day,
To the same meadow chanced to stray:
By thirst constrained they sought the rill
That issued from a neighbouring hill.
The Wolf stood near the fountain's head;
The Lamb some distance down the mead.
The Wolf, who dearly loved disputes,
With fell intent the Lamb salutes:

“You, sir, stand off! you tread the brink in,
And mud the stream so, there's no drinking!”

The harmless Lamb, with much surprise,
Looks up, and trembling, thus replies:

“I can't conceive how that can be, Sir;
The stream runs down from you to me, Sir!”

“You can't conceive! Come, don't be saucy;
I'll let you know, sir, what the laws say,—
Besides you muttered, so and so,
Behind my back, six months ago.”

“Upon my word, sir, you mistake
(Don't angry be, for mercy's sake;)
I never could have such intention,
Nor was I born the time you mention.”

The Wolf, by force of truth repelled,
With shame and anger foamed and swelled:

“It was your father, then,” cries he,
And that you know's the same to me.”

He said, and seized the helpless victim,
And to the bones the tyrant picked him.—GRAVES.

THE STORKS, THE SWALLOWS, AND THE FARMER.

WHEN once, early in the Spring, the Storks and Swallows made their usual appearance, to take possession of their old nests, an ignorant Farmer opposed them, crying, "Begone out of my sight, ye vermin! Ye are only false friends. So long as ye can find plenty to eat and drink, so long as the sun warms the air and makes it comfortable to you, so long ye are pleased to remain with us: but no sooner does cold and stormy weather arrive, and ye are afraid that ye shall no longer find a warm nest, and an abundant supply of food, than ye are gone, carousing here and there, till ye come back to us again, thinking to meet with your accustomed fare."

"Ungrateful man!" they replied; "we should, indeed, be the false friends for which you take us, if we staid with you all that time, and helped to consume the provisions which you have stored up: for we must eat, and though Nature offers us nothing, you would not supply our wants. On the contrary, we are friends, friends in need—we come only at that season when you are surrounded by enemies. We Storks clear your swamps of vermin, and we Swallows destroy innumerable insects that annoy men and beasts. We are no expense to your kitchen, and all that you give us is a corner, where we are not in the way of any creature. Whether you be rich or poor, we always come back to render you our services. But if your woods were destitute of game, your stalls and court-yards of cattle, your barns of corn, your gardens of fruit and vegetables, and no noon-day smoke ascended from your kitchen, you would then learn to know your true friends, and would see whether the fawning visiters, who daily haunt you and protest their friendship at your well-furnished table, would come again or not."

"Ah!" said the Farmer, after some reflection; "I really believe that the birds are wiser than I am. I will follow their advice, just to try the effect of it."

He did so. As soon as a carriage full of such friends arrived, he complained that he was not prepared for their visit; said that they must be content to take pot-luck, and set before them a plain but sufficient repast. At another time, he asked them to lend him a sum of money. By

degrees his visitors dropped off, and at least three-fourths of them staid away entirely. But the Storks and the Swallows came back regularly at their time, and he ever afterwards gave them a hearty welcome.

THE MAN AND THE GNAT.

WHETHER in earth, or air, or main,
 Sure every thing alive is vain!
 Does not the Hawk all fowls survey,
 As destined only for his prey?
 When the Crab views the pearly strands,
 Or Tagus, bright with golden sands,
 Or crawls beside the coral grove,
 And hears the ocean roll above:
 "Nature is too profuse," says he,
 "Who gave all these to pleasure me!"
 When bordering pinks and roses bloom,
 And every garden breathes perfume;
 When peaches grow with sunny dyes,
 Like Laura's cheek when blushes rise;
 When with huge figs the branches bend,
 When clusters from the vine depend;
 The Snail looks round on flower and tree,
 And cries, "All these were made for me!"
 "What dignity's in human nature!"
 Says Man, the most conceited creature,
 As from a cliff he cast his eyes,
 And viewed the sea and arched skies.
 The sun was sunk beneath the main,
 The moon, and all the starry train,
 Hung the vast vault of Heaven. The Man
 His contemplation thus began:
 "When I behold this glorious show,
 And the wide watery world below,
 The scaly people of the main,
 The beasts that range the wood or plain,
 The winged inhabitants of air,
 The day, the night, the various year,

And know all these by Heaven designed
As gifts to pleasure human kind,
I cannot raise my worth too high—
Of what vast consequence am I!"

"Not quite so much as you suppose,"
Said a Gnat, who sharply stung his nose:
"Earth, Air, and all that they contain,
Were made for Gnats, and not for men!"

THE BLIND MAN.

THE blind man stood with uplifted head, in the mild sunbeams of a spring day. The warmth of the sun penetrated his limbs, and its splendour beamed upon his darkened eyes, and his countenance was fixed.

"O, thou incomprehensible sea of light!" cried he; "thou wonder of the Almighty hand that formed thee, and directs thee in thy glorious path! From thee, stream eternal plenty, light, and heat, and thy strength never decays! How great must He be who created thee!"

Thus spake the blind man. A friend, overhearing his soliloquy, wondering, asked, "How is it that you admire the orb of day, when you cannot behold it?"

"For that very reason, my friend," said the blind man. "Since the light of my eyes has been darkened, and I cannot see the brightness of the sun, I cherish the recollection of it in my heart; and its splendour shines even upon my very soul. But you only behold it, as you see every thing else, with the natural eye!"





THE MONKEY WHO HAD SEEN THE WORLD.

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Resolved to visit foreign climes;
For men in distant regions roam
To bring politer matters home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treacherous snare was laid:
Poor Pug was caught; to Town conveyed;
There sold. (How envied was his doom—
Made captive in a lady's room!)
Well fed and dressed, but still in chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilet calls; with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.
In visits too, his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In every courtly art refined;
Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the Monkey-weal;
So watched occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
 Astonished at his strut and dress :
 Some praise his sleeve, and others gloat
 Upon his rich embroidered coat.
 His dapper periwig commending,
 With the black tail behind depending :
 His powdered back, above, below,
 Like hoary frosts, or fleecy snow ;
 And all, with envy and desire,
 His strut and dignity admire.

“ Hear and improve (he pertly cries) ;
 I come to make a nation wise.
 Weigh your own worth ; support your place,
 The next in rank to human race.
 In cities long I passed my days,
 Conversed with men, and learned their ways.
 Their dress, their courtly manners see ;
 Reform your state, and copy me.
 Seek ye to thrive ? In flattery deal ;
 Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal !
 Seem only to regard your friends,
 But use them for your private ends.
 Stint not to truth the flow of wit ;
 Be prompt to lie, whene'er 'tis fit.
 Bend all your force to spatter merit ;
 Scandal is conversation's spirit.
 Boldly to everything pretend,
 And men your talents shall commend.
 I knew the great. Observe me right ;
 So shall you grow, like man, polite !”

He spoke, and bowed. With muttering jaws
 The wondering circle grinned applause.

Now, warmed with malice, envy, spite,
 Their most obliging friends they bite ;
 And, fond to copy human ways,
 Practise new mischiefs all their days.—GAY.

THE MARTINS.

IN Lancashire, in Rampside town,
 (Low Furness district doth it own,)
 Over the window of an inn
 A Martin did her nest begin,
 And carried up her clay-built wall,
 And lined it soft and warm withal;
 She layed her eggs, and hatched her young:
 And now began the unconscious wrong—
 The cleanings of her nest she threw
 Upon the window's crystal view;
 When Molly saw the ugly stain,
 And, being nicer than humane,
 She vowed the family's sad doom,
 And knocked the nest down with her broom.
 Upon the ground the callow brood
 Lay in forlorn and saddest mood.

But oh! how great's parental love,—
 All difficulties far above!
 And love of brothers too how great,—
 What will not that effectuate!

The Martins called their kind around,
 And quickly numbers kind abound:
 To work they instantly all set,
 And from the pond's brink, where 'twas wet,
 The choice clay in their beaks they carried,
 Nor in their labour ever tarried,
 And soon another nest arose,
 Where the young outcasts might repose;
 Into the which they did convey
 The little dears from where they lay.
 A general chirp proclaimed their joy,
 And each resumed his own employ.

My neighbours, what a lesson's here—
 How does fraternal love appear!
 The law of God commands each brother
 To bear the burdens of another.
 Have we the sacred law fulfilled?
 Would we for houseless neighbours build?

Though clay and work were all required,
 Would not each plead that he were tired?
 Or that his own concerns demand
 The labour of his own dear hand?

For shame! the friendly Martins view,—
 Then, go, and in like manner do.
 Be ready to assist a brother,—
 The burdens bear of one another.—ANON.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground!
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
 That love of life increased with years,
 So much, that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.
 This great affection to believe,
 Which all confess, but few perceive,
 If old assertions can't prevail,
 Be pleased to hear a modern tale.
 When sports went round, and all were gay,
 On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
 Death called aside the jocund groom,
 With him into another room,
 And looking grave, "You must," says he,
 "Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
 "With you! and quit my Susan's side!
 With you!" the hapless husband cried;
 "Young as I am! 'tis monstrous hard!
 Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
 And surely you won't treat me so,—
 This is my wedding-night, you know."
 What more he urged I have not heard;
 His reasons could not well be stronger:
 So Death the poor delinquent spared,
 And let him live a little longer.

But, calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembling while he spoke,
"Neighbour," he said, "Farewell; no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several Warnings shall you have,
Before you're summoned to the grave:
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,

And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."

To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,

The willing Muse shall tell:
He chattered then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,

Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,

He passed his hours in peace;
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,

Brought on his eightieth year.
And now one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,

The unwelcome messenger of Fate

Once more before him stood.
Trembling with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned?" old Dobson cries.

"So soon d'ye call it?" Death replies;
 "Surely, my friend, you're but in jest;
 Since I was here before,
 'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
 And you are now fourscore!"

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;
 "To spare the aged would be kind;
 Besides, you promised me Three Warnings,
 Which I have looked for nights and mornings."

"I know," cries Death, "that, at the best,
 I seldom am a welcome guest:
 But don't be captious, friend, at least:
 I little thought you'd still be able
 To stump about your farm and stable;
 Your years have run to a great length;
 I wish you joy, though, of your strength."

"Hold," says the Farmer, "not so fast,
 I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies;
 "However, you still keep your eyes;
 And, sure, to see one's loves and friends,
 For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,
 But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking story, faith;
 Yet there's some comfort still," says Death:
 "Each strives your sadness to amuse;
 I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cries he, "and if there were,
 I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear!"

"Nay then," the Spectre stern rejoined,
 "These are unjustifiable yearnings:
 If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,
 You've had your Three sufficient Warnings.
 So come along, no more we'll part!"

He said, and touched him with his dart;
 And now old Dobson, turning pale,
 Yields to his fate;—so ends my tale.—PROZZI.

THE PRIMROSE AND THE BRAMBLE.

WHEN Nature wore her loveliest bloom,
 And fields and hedges breathed perfume;
 When every painted child of Spring
 Fluttered in air its little wing;
 Pleased, as I ranged a verdant field,
 (Each scene can some instruction yield,)
 Beneath a hedge, within my view,
 A Bramble and a Primrose grew.
 Fancy, that all-creative power,
 Can give a tongue to every flower;
 And, thus, as I pursued my walk,
 To Fancy's ear they seemed to talk.
 The Bramble reared her thorny head,
 And to her humble neighbour said:

"Alas! thou poor unhappy thing,
 Not blessed with either thorn or sting;
 What shall protect, if this lone shade
 The traveller's trampling feet invade?
 Me should he dare to touch, with speed
 He should repent the audacious deed:
 Such insolence I'd soon repay,
 And send him bleeding hence away."

His boast the Primrose meekly hears,
 Nor felt from thence uneasy fears;
 Since thorns she deemed a less defence,
 Than unoffending innocence.
 Ere long, to shun Sol's scorching rays,
 Close to the hedge a traveller strays;
 The Bramble did as she had planned,
 And deeply scratched his passing hand.

The man, resentful of the deed,
 Soon rooted up the worthless weed;
 Tossed it indignant from his sight,
 That none might suffer from its spite;
 While, undisturbed, the Primrose blooms,
 And all admire its sweet perfumes.

My children dear, the tale attend,
 And learn this maxim from a friend;
 This maxim, often taught in vain;
 "Ill-nature still produces pain:
 At others though she aim her dart,
 It turns, and pierces her own heart;
 While meekness does the soul engage,
 Admired, beloved, in youth or age!"

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

CAROLINE stood with her father before a Lily that bloomed under a rose-bush. Of a dazzling whiteness, like a ray of light, the beautiful flower raised its open fragrant calyx. A full-blown, healthy Rose hung over it, and threw a blushing light upon the tender silver leaves of the Lily, and the fragrance of both flowers mingled together.

"Oh, what a lovely union!" cried Caroline, and playfully bent her head to the flowers.

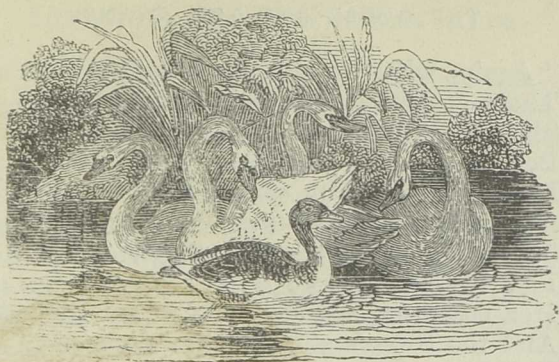
"It is, the union of innocence and love!" replied the father. They stood before the flowers in silence.

In the mean time, Charles, her brother, came into the garden. A blush had spread over the cheeks of the maiden, like the splendour of the Rose reflected on the Lily.

Then Caroline looked upon her father, and said, "Is it not true, dear father, that flowers have language and expression?"

"Truly, my child," he said, "they are eloquent emblems of beauty and of innocence!"





THE GOOSE AND THE SWANS.

TO CORN the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air;
The lisp'ing tone, the shape constrained,
The studied look, the passion feigned,
Are fopperies, which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.

A Goose, affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling train,
With proud and elevated crest,
Precedence claimed above the rest.
Says she, "I laugh at human race,
Who say, geese hobble in their pace;
Look here! such falsehood you'll detect;
Not haughty man is so erect!
That peacock yonder! see, how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!
If both were stripped, upon my word,
A goose would be the finer bird.
Were geese set off with half that show,
Would men admire the peacock? No!"

Thus vaunting, 'cross the mead she stalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks;
The sun shot down his noon-tide beams,
The Swans were sporting in the streams;
Their snowy plumes and stately pride
Provoked her spleen. "Why, there," she cried,

“Again, what arrogance we see!—
 Those creatures, how they mimic me!
 Shall every fowl the waters skim,
 Because we geese are known to swim?
 Humility they soon shall learn,
 And their own emptiness discern!”
 So saying, with extended wings,
 Lightly upon the wave she springs;
 Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
 And the Swan’s stately crest assumes.
 Contempt and mockery ensued,
 And bursts of laughter shook the flood.

A Swan, superior to the rest,
 Sprung forth, and thus the fool addressed:
 “Conceited thing! elate with pride,
 Thy affectation all deride;
 These airs thy awkwardness impart,
 And show thee plainly as thou art.
 Among thy equals of the flock,
 Thou had’st escaped the public mock;
 And, as thy parts to good conduce,
 Been deemed an honest, hobbling goose.”

Learn hence to study wisdom’s rules,
 Know foppery’s the pride of fools;
 And striving nature to conceal,
 You only her defects reveal.—MOORE.

THE STORK AND THE OTHER BIRDS.

A LARGE flock of wild geese and cranes had settled upon the field of a farmer, where they were making great havoc. The owner of the field armed himself, his son, and a couple of his men with guns. They proceeded to the field, and suddenly fired into the thickest part of the flock. Many of the plunderers were killed, and the rest flew away in affright.

“Only see, father,” said the farmer’s son, “what we

have done! This poor Stork, an innocent creature that never does any mischief to the crops, but destroys a great deal of vermin, has been shot along with the rest. I am sorry for it."

"So am I," replied the father; "and yet there is nobody but himself to blame for his death: he should not have kept such bad company. Hence learn, my son, that the innocent ought to beware of associating with the vicious, otherwise they are liable to be overtaken by the same punishment as their guilty companions."

THE BEARS AND THE BEES.

As two young Bears in wanton mood,
Forth issuing from a neighbouring wood,
Came where the industrious Bees had stored,
In artful cells their luscious hoard:
O'erjoyed, they seized with eager haste,
Luxurious on the rich repast.
Alarmed at this, the little crew
About their ears vindictive flew.
The beasts, unable to sustain
The unequal conflict, quit the plain.
Half blind with rage, and mad with pain,
Their native shelter they regain;
There sit, and now discreeter grown,
Too late their rashness they bemoan,
And thus by dear experience gain,
That pleasure's ever bought with pain.

So, when the gilded baits of vice
Are placed before our longing eyes,
With greedy haste we snatch our fill,
And swallow down the latent ill:
But when experience opes our eyes,
Away the fancied pleasure flies;—
It flies; but oh! too late we find,
It leaves a real sting behind.

THE THRESHER AND THE EAR OF CORN.

It once happened, says the fable, that an ear of corn, under the blows of a Thresher's flail, thus complained of his hard treatment:—"How have I deserved this persecution? Do I not appear in the simple covering with which nature has endowed me? and, although mankind acknowledge me as their greatest blessing, you treat me as if I had been their curse." "Know," replied the thresher, "that by this very treatment, your value and your power of blessing are infinitely increased, for you are thereby divested of a worthless excrescence, and made more pure."

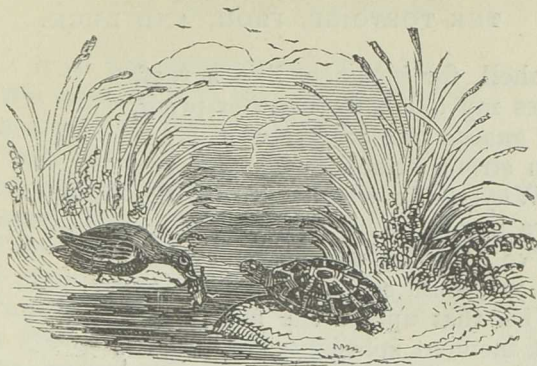
Punishments inflicted with discretion, and by the hands of wisdom and justice, become wholesome correction; it is only wanton acts of useless cruelty that are detestable. Some of the hardships of which we complain, are not so much the effect of tyranny in others, as of our own deserts; and stubborn spirits must be driven by severity to their duty. Whoever will judge aright of the harsh treatment which some appear to suffer, must not only regard the temper of those who inflict the punishment, but also the qualities of those who complain of it.

The idle, we know, are punished naturally by poverty or disease; and we know also, that nothing but force will make them active and industrious.

The Scripture says, "He who spares the rod spoils the child."

J. N.





THE TORTOISE, THE FROG, AND THE DUCK.

ALONG the fields, one rainy day,
An aged Tortoise took his way:
His shell, like armour, on him leant
So heavily, where'er he went,
That those who slightly looked at him
Had said he did not stir a limb;
But though his steps were short and few,
He had his walk, and liked it too.

Hop, skip, and jump! Now who goes there?
A speckled Frog, as light as air,
Deriding, as a piteous case,
The quiet creature's humble pace:
And lo, with empty folly tossed,
Full many a time his path he crossed;
Then stopping, panting, staring, said,
"You've got a house upon your head!
Though if you were but fresh and free,
I'd bid you try a leap with me!"
Then head o'er heels the coxcomb rose,
Descending near his neighbour's nose.
"Boast not," the gentle Tortoise cried,
"The gifts that goodness has supplied;
Nor seek, by conduct light and vain,
To cause less gifted creatures pain;
I, too, have blessings kindly lent,
And trust me, brother, I'm content;

My shell, for instance, like a roof,
 Makes my old body weather-proof,
 And guards me, wheresoe'er I go,
 From strong attack and secret foe!"

"Why, as to weather," said the Frog,
 I live in all,—rain, sunshine, fog,
 You've seen me dance along your path,
 Now you shall see me take a bath!"

With that uprose the heartless fool,
 Next moment splashing in the pool;
 Quick moved his legs and arms; I ween
 A better swimmer ne'er was seen:
 Then on the bank the boaster sat;
 "Now Tortoise! what d'ye think of that?"

A hungry Duck, who wished to sup,
 Just at that moment waddled up,
 And ere his sentence had its fill,
 The Frog was quivering in her bill!

O may I still contented be
 With what kind Heaven hath given me:
 And though I do not *seem* so blest
 As others, think my lot the best.
 But more than all, I will refrain,
 My lips from mockery and disdain!—M.

THE CUCKOO TRAVELLER.

A Cuckoo once, as Cuckoos use,
 Had been upon a Winter's cruise.
 Returned with the returning Spring,
 Some hundred brothers of the wing,
 Curious to hear of foreign realms,
 Got round him in a tuft of elms.
 He shook his pinions, struck his beak,
 Attempted twice or thrice to speak;
 At length, up-rising on his stand,
 "Old England! Well, the land's a land!"

But trust me, gentlemen," says he,
 "We passage fowl that cross the sea
 Have vast advantages o'er you,
 Whose native woods are all you view.
 The season past I took a jaunt
 Among the isles of the Levant;
 Where, by the way, I took my dose
 Of almonds and pistachios.
 'Twas then my whim some weeks to be
 In that choice garden, Italy:
 But, underneath the sky's expanse,
 No climate's like the south of France!
 You've often heard, and I declare,
 That ortolans are plenty there;
 'Tis true, and more delicious meat,
 Upon my honour, I ne'er eat;
 The eggs are good; it was ill luck
 A day I had not ten to suck;
 Yet notwithstanding, to my *gouût*,
 The bird's the sweeter of the two!"

He went on, talking pert and loud,
 When an old Raven, 'mongst the crowd,
 Stopped short his insolent career—
 "Why, what a monst'rous bustle's here!
 You, travelled sir! I speak to you,
 Who've passed so many countries through;
 Say, to what purpose is't you roam,
 And what improvements bring you home?
 Has Italy, on which you doat,
 Supplied you with another note?
 Or France, which you extol so high,
 Taught you with better grace to fly?
 I cannot see that both together
 Have altered you a single feather:
 Then tell not us of where you've been,
 Of what you've done, or what you've seen;
 While you, and all your rambling pack,
 Cuckoos go out, Cuckoos come back."

ANON.

THE PAINTER AND HIS MASTER.

A YOUNG Painter had just finished an excellent picture, the best that he had made. His master himself found no fault with it; but the young artist was so charmed, that he looked at this specimen of his art incessantly, and neglected his studies, for he thought himself perfect.

One morning, as he went to rejoice anew over his picture, he discovered that his master had completely defaced it. Angry and weeping, he ran to him, and inquired the reason of this cruel act.

The master answered, "It is the work of serious deliberation. The picture was good as a proof of your advancement, but, at the same time, it threatened to lead to your ruin."

"How so?" inquired the young artist.

"Because," answered the master, "you loved no longer the art in your painting, but merely yourself. Believe me, this was not a finished production, though very well as a first effort. Take your pencil, and try again what you can do. Let not this sacrifice grieve you; the great must be in you, before you can bring it out upon canvas."

Courageously, and full of confidence in himself and his master he seized his pencil, and finished a magnificent work,—the *Offering of Iphigenia*! The name of the artist was Timanthes.





THE RAVEN AND THE FOX.

MASTER Raven sat perched on the top of a tree,—
A cheese stuffed the beak of this sable marauder;
Allured by the smell, Master Fox came to see
What it was through the air spread so tempting an
odour.

When thus he began: “ Ah, Sir Ralph! a good morning,
How charming you look, and how tasteful your dress!
Those bright glossy plumes your fine person adorning,
Produce an effect which I cannot express.

“ Colours glaring and tawdry were never my choice;
When I view them, disgust is my only sensation:
If you join to that plumage a mellow-toned voice,
You're the Phoenix, I vow, of the feathered creation.”

The Raven cajoled, oped his bill of vast size,
To give his new friend a sweet sample of croaking;
Into sly Renard's jaws down dropped the rich prize;
Who then took his leave with this lecture provoking:

“ Honest Ralph, this conclusion the premises follow,
Give me leave your attention the maxim to press on—
He who flatters will cheat the vain blockhead who swallows:
At the price of a cheese 'tis a very cheap lesson!”

The Raven ashamed, vowed a little too late
Never more he'd be caught by so worthless a bait.

THE CHAMELEON.

OFT it has been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post;
 Yet round the world the blade has been,
 To see whatever could be seen:
 Returning from his finished tour,
 Grown ten times perter than before;
 Whatever word you chance to drop
 The travelled fool your mouth will stop:
 "Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
 I've seen—and sure I ought to know—"
 So begs you'd pay a due submission
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers, of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
 And on their way in friendly chat
 Now talked of this and then of that,
 Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
 "A stranger animal," cries one,
 "Sure never lived beneath the sun;
 A lizard's body, lean and long,
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue;
 Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
 And what a length of tail behind!
 How slow its pace, and then its hue—
 Who ever saw so fine a blue!"

"Hold there," the other quick replies,
 "'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
 As late with open mouth it lay,
 And warmed it in the sunny ray;
 Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
 And saw it quaff the air for food."
 "I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
 And must again affirm it blue;"

At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade."

" 'Tis green! 'tis green, sir, I assure ye!"

"Green!" cries the other in a fury—

"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"

" 'Twere no great loss!" the friend replies,

"For, if they always serve you thus

You'll find them but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:

When luckily came by a third;—

To him the question they referred,

And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,

Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs!" cries the umpire, "cease your pother,

The creature's neither one nor t'other:

I caught the animal last night,

And view'd it o'er by candle-light;

I marked it well—'twas black as jet;—

You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,

And can produce it."—"Pray, sir, do:

I'll pledge myself the thing is blue."

"And I am sure, that, when you've seen

The reptile, you'll pronounce it green."

"Well then, at once, to ease the doubt,"

Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;

And when before your eyes I've set him,

If you do't find him black, I'll eat him."

He said—then full before their sight

Produced the beast; and lo!—'twas white!

Both stared—the man looked wondrous wise.

"Weak mortals," the Chameleon cries,

(In fables such things find a tongue,)

"You all are right and all are wrong:

When next you talk of what you view,

Think others see as well as you;

Nor wonder if you find that none

Prefers your eyesight to his own."



THE GLOW-WORM AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his song suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the Glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn-top,
He thought to put him in his crop;
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus right eloquent:—

“Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,
As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same power divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.”

The songster heard this short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring partisans may learn
 Their real interest to discern;
 That brother should not war with brother,
 And worry and oppress each other;
 But sing and shine by sweet consent,
 Till life's poor transient night is spent,
 Respecting in each other's case
 The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name
 Who studiously make peace their aim;
 Peace, both the duty and the prize
 Of him that creeps and him that flies.

THE BALM-TREE AND THE THORN.

A PERT and irritable Thorn, that grew near a stately Balm-tree, frequently upbraided him for his supine disposition, in so tamely submitting to have his sides pierced and bored with sharp iron instruments, and his precious balsams drawn out for the benefit of those for whom he had no concern, and yet suffered all without a murmur.

"True," answered the Balm-tree, "I patiently suffer the privation of what is valuable to me, and without complaint; but my consolation and recompense is the reflection that what I part with becomes a healing balsam to thousands who need it; whilst you, absorbed in self alone, are only remembered by the wounds you inflict on those whose misfortune it has been to have only touched you."

If a man be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree in the fable; but is it not much better to expose oneself to ingratitude than to be wanting to the relief of the needy?

Ill-nature is a contradiction to the laws of Providence, no less than a misfortune to those that have it.

We ought to be satisfied with having done a generous action, and make virtue her own reward, otherwise we have been prompted by vanity. Man is created to be kind, and to help those who require it; and therefore when he does a good action, he follows the bent, and answers the end of his being.

J. N.

THE WHEAT AND THE WEEDS.

'Twas in a pleasant month of Spring,
 When flow'rets bloom and warblers sing,
 A field of wheat began to rise,
 The farmer's hope, his country's prize:
 When lo! amid the opening ears
 A various crop of weeds appears.
 The poppy, soldier-like arrayed,
 Its flimsy scarlet flowers displayed;
 Some, like the lofty sky, were blue,
 And some were tinged with golden hue:
 But everywhere the wheat was seen
 Clad in one robe of modest green.

It chanced three youths, in city bred,
 Ignorant whence came their daily bread,
 For pleasure's sake had rambled there,
 To see the sun and breathe fresh air;
 And each, as o'er the field they gazed,
 What fancy led to, plucked and praised.

"See," said the first, "this flower so red,
 That gently bows its blushing head;
 Can the whole field a plant display,
 So rich, so noble, and so gay?"

"Yes," said the next, the flower I show,
 With star-like rays and sky-like blue,
 So much does your dull plant outshine,
 That the best choice is surely mine."

"Stop," said the third, "the flower I hold,
 With clustered leaves of burnished gold,
 Than your's or his is richer drest;
 The choice I've made is doubtless best!"

In this, however, each agreed,
 That nothing could his own exceed;
 And that the rising blades of green
 Did not deserve to grow between.

A farmer chanced, behind the gate,
 To overhear the youths' debate;

Knowing from ign'rance error springs,
He strove to teach them better things.
"My lads," he said, "now understand,
These are but weeds that spoil our land;
But the green blades you trample down
Are wheat, man's food, and Nature's crown.
With art and pains the crop is sown,
And thus your daily bread is grown:
Alas! your judgment was not right,
Because you judged from outward sight!"

THE LARK.

IN the balmy morning of a Spring day, a farmer walked with his son into the field. The cool morning wind played with the silver locks of the old man, and lifted the blooming stems of the field, so that they appeared like a cloud over the waving grain.

And the old man said, "Behold, how active is nature for our good! With the same breath which cools our cheeks, she makes our fields fruitful, so that our barns are filled. During eighty years have I witnessed this annual blessing, and still it is as pleasing to me as though I saw it to-day for the first time. It may easily be the last! For have I not reached the limit of human life?"

Thus the old man spake. Then the son pressed his hand, and was grieved in his heart.

But the father said, "Why do you mourn? Behold, my day is ended, and my evening has come. If a new morning is to break upon me, it must first be night. But it will appear to me like a night of summer, cool, and lovely, when the evening twilight melts into the twilight of morning."

"Oh my father," said the son, how can you speak so composedly of that which will be to us the cause of severe affliction? You have given me an emblem of your death. Oh, give me an emblem of your life, my father!"

Then the old man replied, "That I can easily do. For the life of a farmer is simple, like nature, which surrounds him. See the Lark, yonder, do you observe how it arises singing out from among the grain? It does not soar so near the farmer for nothing! It is the emblem of his life.

Behold, it is born and matured in the lap of maternal earth, and feeds itself in the furrow. Among the waving stems it builds its nest and hatches its eggs, and takes care of its young. It arises towards heaven, and looks down from above on the stems and grain, and the tender mother, and upwards at the light, which rears the stems, and in the cloud, which sends dew and rain on the earth. As soon as morning begins to dawn, it is on the wing, to salute the early messenger of approaching day, and when the evening sun is sinking below the horizon, it rises again to drink of his last celestial beams. Thus it lives a two-fold life,—the one silently, in the still shade of the nourishing furrow and the green stems,—and the other, singing in the bright regions of a higher world of light. But its two-fold life is only one; for behold, it rises only to descend, and descends only to rise again!"

Thus the old man spake, and the son fervently pressed the hand of his father, and said, "Ah, yes, my father, such has been your life! Oh, may it be a source of joy to us for a long time to come!"

Thereupon the old man replied, "The clod is too heavy for me! Why do you envy me the undivided life of pure harmony and brighter light?"





THE PAPER-KITE.

MY waking dreams are best concealed,
Much folly, little good they yield;
But now and then I gain when sleeping,
A friendly hint that's worth the keeping:
Lately I dreamed of one who cried,
"Beware of self, beware of pride;
When you are prone to build a Babel,
Recall to mind this little Fable."

Once on a time, a Paper-Kite
Was mounted to a wondrous height,
Where, giddy with its elevation,
It thus expressed self-admiration:
"See how yon crowds of gazing people,
Admire my flight above the steeple;
How would they wonder if they knew
All that a Kite like me can do!
Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
And pierce the clouds beyond their sight;
But ah! like a poor prisoner bound,
My string confines me near the ground.
I'd brave the eagle's towering wing,
Might I but fly without a string."

It tugged and pulled, while thus it spoke,
To break the string,—at last it broke.
Deprived at once of all its stay,
In vain it tried to soar away;

Unable its own weight to bear,
 It fluttered downward through the air;
 Unable its own course to guide,
 The winds soon plunged it in the tide.
 Ah! foolish Kite, thou hadst no wing;
 How couldst thou fly without a string?—NEWTON.

THE COUNTRY DOG IN TOWN.

A FARMER of the name of Brown,
 Took a huge mastiff up to town,
 To guard his sheep from each marauder,
 And help him keep the pigs in order,
 Which he to Smithfield drove for sale,
 From Romney Marsh;—so goes the tale.

Now Chowder, who had never been
 Before in such a busy scene,
 Was quite bewildered with surprise,
 And stared about with both his eyes,
 And seemed to want another pair,
 To look at all the wonders there;
 And, like most country dogs, no doubt,
 Was rudely squeezed, and pushed about,
 And much annoyed in every street,
 By people treading on his feet.
 While he was pausing in amaze,
 At London's famous sights to gaze,
 And barking, which he deemed his duty,
 At the ill deeds of Punch and Judy,
 Amidst the bustle, crowd, and rattle,
 He lost the farmer and the cattle.
 "But that," thought he, "is no disaster,
 A Dog like me can get a master
 At any time in this fine town,
 Superior far to Gaffer Brown.
 'Twixt him, his pigs, his sheep, and wife,
 I've led a stupid sort of life;
 But now I've got the chance and leisure,
 I'll see the world, and take my pleasure.

This is a place, where, I suspect,
My race is held in great respect;
Here, in a carriage, one may see
A dog upon a lady's knee;
And curs so small, they look like cats,
Wear scarlet cloaks, and gold-laced hats,
And on their hind-legs skip about,
Like lords and ladies at a rout.
But what would people say,—dear eyes!
To see a mastiff of my size
Stand up erect, in cap and frill,
To dance a hornpipe or quadrille.”
Just at that time with fife and drum,
A band of Savoyards had come,
With pugs and poodles, all arrayed
In red, like soldiers on parade;
And at a signal of command,
They danced a reel and saraband,
At which the people gave a shout;
And Master Chowder thought, no doubt,
That he would bear a worthy part
In this admired and graceful art;
So seized the moment to advance,
When they began a country-dance,
And with his sudden rude intrusion,
Threw the whole figure in confusion.
On which a monkey, who was near,
Jumped on his back, and bit his ear
So sharply, that he yelled with pain,
And fled, pursued by all the train
Of poodles, monkeys, men, and boys,
Midst bites, and barks, and angry noise,
Thinking meantime, that sheep and hogs
Were more polite than dancing-dogs.

Chowder's next project was to wait
Before a wealthy lady's gate,
In hopes she'd take him in the stead
Of Moppet, who was lately dead.
So when she came, he ran to meet her
With awkward bounds, and barked to greet her;

At which the lady, in a fright,
Exclaimed, "The monster means to bite!"
Her footman whipped him from the door,
And cried "Get hence, and come no more."
Hungry and sad, with humbled pride,
He now for meaner places tried:
But when he slyly strove to pop
His nose into a butcher's shop,
The butcher cried, "You thief, get out!"
And all his curs raised such a rout
About his ears, that, in dismay,
The wretched Chowder sneaked away.

Hunted and beat from place to place,
He felt ashamed to show his face,
And gladly would have crouched him down,
To lick the feet of Farmer Brown.
He begged to all the town, but none
Would give the famished dog a bone;
And found, like others, he could faster,
Lose one kind friend, and worthy master,
Than find another at his need,
That friend and patron to succeed.—A. S.

THE VILLAGE QUACK.

A WAGGISH, idle fellow, in a country town, being desirous of playing a trick on the simplicity of his neighbours, and at the same time to put a little money in his pocket, at their cost, advertised that he would, on a certain day, show a wheel-carriage that should be so contrived as to go without horses.

By silly curiosity, the rustics were taken in; and succeeding groups who came out from the show, were ashamed to confess to their neighbours, that they had seen nothing but a wheelbarrow.

It is mortifying to see by what artful knavery one part of the world imposes on the folly of the other.—J. N.



THE BEAR AND THE TWO HUNTERS.

IN the cold regions of the north,
Once two brisk Hunters sallied forth,
Their game—the Bear.

In this pursuit, our chasseurs bold,
Thought not so much of sport, as gold
They meant to share.

For in a wood, hard by, their wondering eyes
Had seen a Bear of most stupendous size.

As their finances were but low,
To a rich furrier first they go:
Their scheme they tell him.

For muffs and tippets, they aver,
Never was seen such lovely fur!

The skin they sell him.

Than any common price they're promised more, and
To bind the bargain, touch some cash before-hand.

Well armed with pistols, spear, and sabre,
Each starts for this heroic labour,
With courage hot.

Soon as the Hunters reached the place,
Towards them the beast with rapid pace,
Came at full trot.

Scared at the sudden sight, their valour fled:
One climbed a tree, the other dropped as dead.

For he had heard, detesting carrion,
 Bears a dead carcase will not tarry on:
 He held his breath.
 Bruin, resolved to clear the doubt,
 Sought with his scrutinizing snout
 For signs of death;
 Rummaged the corpse as on the ground it lay,
 And, snuffing fœtid odours, stalked away.

The danger past, soon met the friends,—
 This quickly rises,—that descends;
 Each now could rally.
 Said Percher, “Of the Bear and you
 I had a charming bird’s-eye view,
 My prudent ally!
 But what said Bruin?—prithce solve the puzzle,
 Close to your ear I saw him thrust his muzzle.”

“In fact,” said Corpse, “my comrade brave,
 Not bad advice the savage gave;
 And it was this:
 He said, ‘If ladies like to wear
 The precious fur that clothes the Bear,
 ’Twere not amiss
 At the right end the business to begin,—
 First, kill the Bear, and then go sell the skin.’”—C.

THE BOY AND THE RAINBOW.

DECLARE, ye sages, if ye find
 ’Mongst animals of every kind,
 Of each condition, sort, and size,
 From whales and elephants to flies,
 A creature that mistakes his plan
 And errs so constantly as man.
 Each kind pursues his proper good,
 And seeks for pleasure, rest, and food,

As Nature points, and never errs
In what it chooses and prefers;
Man only blunders, though possess
Of talents far above the rest.
And foolish mortals still pursue
False happiness in place of true.
Ambition serves us for a guide,
Or lust, or avarice, or pride;
While reason, no assent can gain,
And revelation warns in vain.
Hence, through our lives, in every stage,
From infancy itself to age,
A happiness we toil to find,
Which still avoids us like the wind;
Even when we think the prize our own,
At once 'tis vanished, lost, and gone.

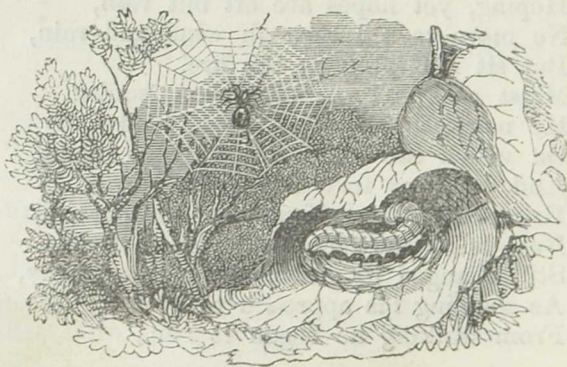
One evening, as a simple swain
His flock attended on the plain,
The shining bow he chanced to spy,
Which warns us when a shower is nigh.
With brightest rays it seemed to glow;
Its distance eighty yards or so.
This bumpkin had, it seems, been told
The story of the cup of gold,
Which, from reports, is to be found,
Just where the rainbow meets the ground;
He therefore felt a sudden itch
To seize the goblet and be rich,
Hoping, yet hopes are oft but vain,
No more to toil through wind and rain,
But sit indulging by the fire,
Midst ease and plenty, like a 'squire.
He marked the very spot of land
On which the rainbow seemed to stand,
And, stepping forward at his leisure,
Expected to have found the treasure.
But, as he moved, the coloured ray
Still changed its place, and slipped away,
As seeming his approach to shun.
From walking he began to run;

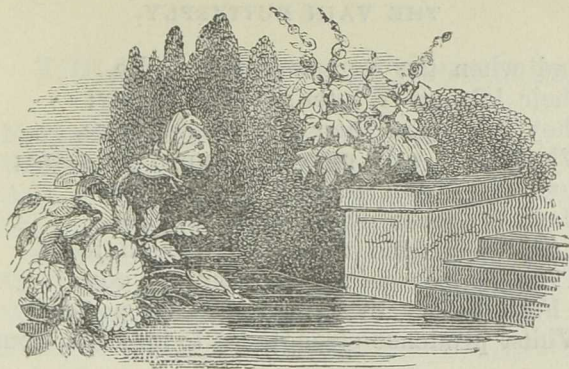
But all in vain, it still withdrew
As nimbly as he could pursue.
At last, through many a bog and lake,
Rough craggy road and thorny brake,
It led the easy fool, till night
Approached, then vanished from his sight,
And left him to compute his gains,
With nought but labour for his pains.

THE SILKWORM AND THE SPIDER.

A SILKWORM was one day working at her pod: the Spider, her neighbour, weaving her web with the greatest swiftness, looked down with insolent contempt on the slow, although beautiful, labours of the Silkworm. "What do you think of my web, Signora?" she cries; "see how large it is! I began it only this morning, and here it is half finished; it is very fine and transparent; see, and acknowledge, that I work much quicker than you."—"Yes," said the Silkworm; "but your labours, which are at first designed only as base traps to ensnare the harmless, are destroyed as soon as they are seen, and swept away as dirt, and worse than useless, whilst mine are preserved with the greatest care, and in time become ornaments for princes."

The quality of every work is to be considered and estimated, and not merely the time it may have taken to accomplish it.





THE VAIN BUTTERFLY.

A BUTTERFLY, of haughty race,
Upon a rose-bud took its place;
That way a stream its course directed,
Which all her various hues reflected.
These viewed, the foolish thing grew vain,
And thus she sung in lofty strain:
“How charming am I to behold!
My wings adorned with shining gold;
See, here the emerald’s green is spread,
And here appears a ruby red:
All colours that can charm the sight,
Upon my varied wings unite.
That I have charms, who can dispute?
E’en Envy’s self must there be mute.
All nature seems on me to smile,
For pleasure made, and not for toil,
I other insects view with scorn,
That are for menial purpose born:
As thus for instance, yonder Bee,—
What is he when compared to me?
My life is always *debonnaire*,
His, nought but labour mixed with care.”
“Hold, prating fool,” the Bee replies;
“Attend to me, for once be wise:
The labouring bees your pride disdains,
Bring from their labours noble gains;

And when the Summer seasons die,
 Their labours Winter's wants supply;
 They live upon their toil-bought store,
 When your vain race are known no more;
 And when your boasted beauty dies,
 Their prudence every want supplies.
 Then learn from this, thou painted fool!
 'Tis prudence gains the promised goal."
 Frail beauty every season loses power,
 Whilst prudence strengthens to its latest hour.

THE CAPTIVE LINNET.

A YOUNG Linnet had the misfortune, as soon as he had quitted the nest, and before he was completely fledged, to fall into the hands of a boy, whilst his twin-brother escaped, and enjoyed his liberty in delicious dales and shady woods, along with merry companions of his own species. The poor prisoner had a chain fastened to him, and was forced by hunger and other sufferings to draw up water for himself in a thimble, to lift up the lid of his seed-box, and to learn many little tricks.

One day, having got entangled in his chain, he contrived, while his master was engaged in releasing him, to escape by the open window; so he flew to his brother in the wood, and with him enjoyed for a time the pleasures of liberty. In the ensuing Autumn, however, while they were in search of food, both fell into the snare of a bird-catcher, who put them into a cage. The one, unaccustomed to restraint, dashed his head against the bars of the cage with such fury as to kill himself. The other, already familiar with confinement, resigned himself to his fate, and soon became so habituated to it, that he did not even wish for liberty, but amused himself with performing the tricks which he had learned, and lived to be old, and died in peace.

Often did he rejoice in his song, that he had, by misfortune, been taught patience and resignation in his early infancy.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
 Unless to one you stint the flame;
 And when in need, those who depend
 On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, well-known by all the train
 Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;
 Whose care was never to offend,
 Thought every creature was her friend.

As forth she went, at early dawn,
 To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
 Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
 And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies:
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
 She hears the near advance of death;
 She doubles to mislead the hound,
 And measures back her mazy round,
 Till, fainting in the public way,
 Half dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
 When first the Horse appeared in view!
 "Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
 And owe my safety to a friend;
 You know my feet betray my flight;
 To friendship every burden's light."

The Horse replied: "Poor honest Puss,
 It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
 Be comforted, relief is near;
 See, all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately Bull implored,
 When thus replied the mighty lord:
 "Why every living beast can tell
 How thoroughly I wish you well;
 But I've some business now to mind,
 Yet see, the Goat is just behind."

The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
 Languid her head, heavy her eye:
 "My back," says he, "may do you harm;
 The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The Sheep was feeble, and complained
 His sides a load of wool sustained;
 Said he was slow; confessed his fears;
 For hounds eat sheep as well as Hares.

She now the trotting Calf addressed,
 To save from death a friend distressed:
 "Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
 In this important care engage?
 Should I presume to bear you hence,
 Those friends of mine may take offence.
 Excuse me, then: you know my heart;
 But dearest friends, alas! must part.
 How shall we all lament! Adieu;
 For see, the hounds are just in view."—GAY.

THE VINE AND THE FRUIT-TREES.

"AND is this shabby shrub to be our neighbour!" cried several fruit trees, while the gardener was planting a vine not far from them. "Incapable of holding itself upright, incapable of affording the planter the least shelter from the heat of the sun, incapable of supporting even the nest of the smallest bird,—what business has it here? What fruit can it produce?"

"Such fruit as ye will never yield," said the gardener to the murmurers; "a fruit which surpasses all yours, both in the strength and flavour of the generous liquor that is made from it. Wait only till the proper season, ye slanderers, and its luscious clusters will fill you all with envy."

The Vine was painfully grieved by the contemptuous treatment of the Trees. At length, when her dark bunches glistened in the sun, she imagined that the day of retribution had arrived, and advised the gardener to dig up all the other trees, and to cover the ground with vines.

"Nay, not so," replied the gardener. "Thy fruit, indeed, is delicious; but recollect that, notwithstanding thy pre-eminent value, others, too, have their merits. Recollect that thou chiefly administereth to our pleasure in the supply of a liquor for extraordinary occasions; but that these are useful in furnishing us with fruit for our daily consumption.



THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

A Dog once in a manger lay
Upon a truss of sweetest hay.
A civil Ox, in passing by,
Pleased did his fav'rite food espy,
And making to the manger's side,
His mouth unto the hay applied.
When up Old Snarl in haste arose,
And threatened he would bite his nose,
And growled, and barked, and; in a rage,
Began uncivil war to wage.
The patient Ox did then entreat
That he would suffer him to eat;
That, if, indeed, he wished to feed,
He would not his own hunger plead,
But, since dogs never feed on hay,
The boon was small he sure must say.
But, no. The surly Dog went on,
Growled o'er the hay, as o'er a bone,
And sorely did the mild Ox grieve,
That he the provender must leave;
But more it hurt him that the Cur
Brought on himself this odious slur,
For he had never played this part,
Had not ill-nature filled his heart;—
And, oh! the heart which malice fills,
Is tortured with a thousand ills,

Can never know a moment's peace,
Until his life, or malice, cease.

The master, who the whole had seen,
The Ox and Dog then came between,
And, with his horsewhip in his hand,
Against the manger took his stand:
He held Old Snarl fast by the ear,
Trembling in every joint with fear,
And waving his stout whip so wide,
He laid it roundly o'er his hide:
"Thou surly Dog," said he, "hence learn
The Golden Rule that thou discern:
Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you."
Snarl, howling, ran off a good pace,
Nor dared long time to show his face.

Consider, children, that, if you
Aught like this surly Dog should do,
Our Master, with all-seeing eyes,
Beholds, and surely will chastise,
With his avenging rod, the wretch,
Whose humour's always on the catch,
And doth with rage and malice burn
To do a neighbour an ill turn;
Be wise! nor imitate the fool
Who violates The Golden Rule.—ANON.

THE BEETLE, AND THE HORSES OF THE PASHA*.

IN Egypt's superstitious clime,
"It happened once upon a time,"
A Beetle, vainest of his kind,
And, therefore, not a little blind,
Presumed, so far as he could see,
That nothing was so great as he.

* Founded on an Arabic Proverb, directed against ridiculous pretensions:—"They came to shoe the Horses of the Pasha, and the Beetle stretched out her leg."

He was not of the winged sort,
Or flying might have been his forte;
But wheresoe'er his walk he took,
He thought the ground beneath him shook,
And when his perfect form they saw,
His fellow-beetles gazed with awe.
"Ah! those," said he, "were wiser days,
When ancient Egypt, to her praise,
Adored such attributes as mine,
And bowed to beetles as divine!"

Scornful he spoke: beside him stood
Four coal-black steeds, of generous blood.
Full of all strength and grace he saw,
The Horses of the grand Pasha.
Lo! ponderous shoes, of iron proof,
Were brought to arm each noble hoof;
When, fancying they were meant for him,
The Beetle raised his tiny limb,
And held it forth, surprised and vexed,
His turn was not to come the next!
And whilst the blacksmiths' hammers rung,
These words were still upon his tongue;
"Of course, I think it mighty odd,
Good people, that I am not shod."

Arabian sages teach from hence,
Th' absurdity of mere pretence,
Which, stepping from its proper sphere,
Unmoved by modesty or fear,
Would rudely try to reach a niche
Meant for the learned, great, or rich,
And earn, by loss and ridicule,
The bad promotion of a fool.
So have I marked th' inferior mind,
For plain, though useful, work designed,
With fretful emulation aim
At points of consequence and fame;—
Points that the waking dream reveals,—
A Coif, a Mitre, or the Seals.—M.

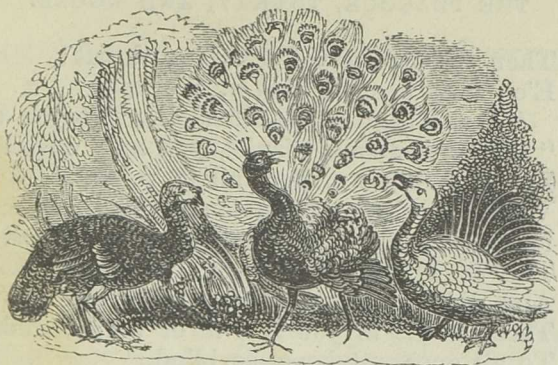
THE EASTERN PRINCE AND THE AFRICAN.

A CERTAIN eastern prince, one day giving audience to foreign ambassadors, was surprised to see, entering the hall of audience, an African leading by a little chain a majestic lion, so tame and gentle that he fawned on his master like a spaniel. This African, addressing himself to the Eastern Monarch, made him a present of the beast in the name of his own prince. His majesty was pleased with it, and asked the African by what means he had brought a creature of so fierce a nature to be so tame and gentle. He answered, by constantly feeding him with his own hand, and breeding him up from a little whelp. Upon this reply, the Prince, turning to his attendants, "Hence learn," said he, "from this admirable example, the power of early education, civility, and good usage, which can soften even the most savage beasts."

This Fable holds out an example, to show how much may be expected from the effects of an early education, and points out to parents the necessity of care and attention in their instructions to children, as so eminently does their future welfare depend upon it, that the very worst dispositions may, no doubt, be regulated into good habits, if not entirely eradicated.

J. N.





THE PEACOCK, TURKEY, AND GOOSE.

IN beauty faults conspicuous grow ;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.

As near a barn, by hunger led,
A Peacock with the poultry fed,
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mocked his gaudy pageantry.
He, conscious of superior merit,
Contemns their base reviling spirit ;
His state and dignity assumes,
And to the sun displays his plumes,
Which, like the Heaven's o'er-arching skies,
Are spangled with a thousand eyes.
The circling rays, and varied light,
At once confound their dazzled sight :
On every tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their spleen by turns.

“Mark with what insolence and pride
The creature takes his haughty stride,”
The Turkey cries. “Can spleen contain ?
Sure never bird was half so vain.
But were intrinsic merit seen,
We Turkeys have the whiter skin.”

From tongue to tongue they caught abuse,
And next was heard the hissing Goose :
“What hideous legs ! what filthy claws !
I scorn to censure little flaws :

Then what a horrid squalling throat!
E'en owls are frighted at the note."

"True: those are faults," the Peacock cries;
"My scream, my shanks, you may despise;
But such blind critics rail in vain:
What, overlook my radiant train!
Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)
The Turkey or the Goose support,
And did ye scream with harsher sound,
Those faults in you had ne'er been found:
To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind."—GAY.

THE ROSE AND THE DEW.

THE Rose, the proudest flower in the garden, was one morning heard to address the new-fallen Dew, in the following term of haughty expostulation:—"How is it that you, whom I permit to assume my glowing colours, when you repose upon my fragrant bosom, are so insensible of that high privilege, as to be equally ready to wear the livery of every other flower on which you may chance to descend? I see you, with shameless mutability, become yellow with the jonquil, white with the lily, purple with the convolvulus, and even condescending to adopt the hues of the green leaves, and of the meanest pot-herbs and vegetables."

"Think not, lovely Rose," returned the Dew, "that I am insensible to your charms, or ungrateful for your favours; but it would scarcely be proper for me to retain your splendid colours, when I make my visits to meaner flowers and lowly herbs. It is my practice to suit my appearance to the place of my sojourn."

In like manner will those who wish to be considered agreeable members of society, endeavour to assimilate their dress, and the tone of their conversation, to the taste of their associates, when they can do so consistently with propriety and virtue.—ANON.

THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A GRECIAN Youth, of talents rare,
 Whom Plato's philosophic care
 Had formed for virtue's nobler view,
 By precept and example too,
 Would often boast his matchless skill,
 To curb the steed, and guide the wheel;
 And as he passed the gazing throng,
 With graceful ease, and smacked the thong,
 The idiot wonder they expressed,
 Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length, quite vain, he needs would show
 His master, what his art could do;
 And bade his slaves the chariot lead,
 To Academus' sacred shade.

The Youth arrived, with forward air,
 Bows to the Sage, and mounts the car;
 The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
 The chariot marks the rolling ring;
 And gathering crowds, with eager eyes
 And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal returned,
 With nobler thirst his bosom burned;
 And now along the indented plain,
 The self-same track he marks again;
 Pursues with care the nice design,
 Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seized the circling crowd;
 The youths with emulation glowed;
 E'en bearded sages hailed the boy,
 And all but Plato gazed with joy.
 For he, deep-judging Sage, beheld
 With pain, the triumphs of the field;
 And when the charioteer drew nigh,
 And, flushed with hope, had caught his eye,
 "Alas! unhappy Youth," he cried,
 "Expect no praise from me, and sighed.
 With indignation I survey
 Such skill and judgment thrown away.

The time profusely squandered there,
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employed, at less expense,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,
And raised thee from a coachman's fate,
To govern men, and guide the state!"—WHITEHEAD.

THE BEE-MASTER AND HIS BEES.

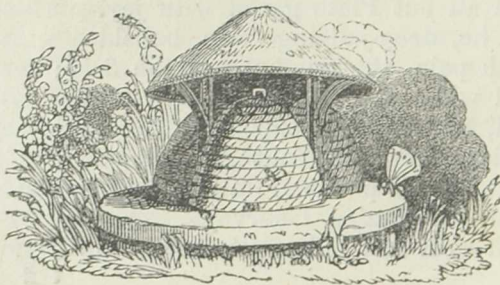
AN old bee-master took his young friend into his beehouse, and showed him the wonderful operations of the little animal. Meanwhile, a splendid butterfly fluttered towards them. The brilliancy of gold, the blue of heaven, and the purple of twilight, were mingled together over his large wings. He weighed himself on a flower, and then flew away.

"What a beautiful creature!" exclaimed the bee-master, "and it is transformed from a creeping caterpillar!"

Then the friend of the old man wondering, said, "I thought that those who were fond of Bees, were so devotedly attached to their bee-hives, as to overlook every other gift of nature."

"Friend," answered the bee-breeder, "I do not love the bee from motives of selfishness, merely because it brings advantages to me."

Only the lowest enjoyments contract the heart of man, and make him partial. But the more his love of nature increases, the more his heart expands, and his eye is delighted with every good and lovely object that surrounds him.





AURELIA AND THE SPIDER.

THE muslin torn, from tears of grief,
In vain Aurelia sought relief;
In sighs and plaints she passed the day;
The tattered frock neglected lay.
While busied at the weaving trade,
A Spider heard the sighing maid,
And kindly stopping in a trice,
Thus offered (gratis) her advice:—
“ Turn, little girl, behold in me,
A stimulus to industry;
Compare your woes, my dear, with mine,
Then tell me who should most repine.
This morning, ere you'd left your room
The thrifty housemaid's busy broom
My web destroyed—but, as my life
I saved in the relentless strife,
I knew lamenting was in vain,
So patient went to work again,
And, labouring for a few hours more,
My little mansion did restore:
Now, if each tear which you have shed
Had been a needle-full of thread,
If every sigh of sad despair
Had been a stitch of proper care,
Closed would have been the luckless rent,
Nor thus the day have been misspent.”

THE BEE, THE ANT, AND THE SPARROW.

ON a bright dewy Summer's morn,
 A Bee ranged o'er the verdant lawn;
 The sweets to suck from every flower,
 And make the most of every hour.
 Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,
 And loads with yellow wax her thighs;
 With which the artist builds her comb,
 And keeps all tight and warm at home.
 She from the coswlip's golden bells
 Sucks honey to enrich her cells;
 Or every tempting rose pursues,
 Or sips the lily's fragrant dews,
 Yet never robs the shining bloom,
 Or of its beauty, or perfume.
 Thus she discharged, in every way,
 The various duties of the day.

It chanced a frugal Ant was near,
 Whose brow was wrinkled o'er with care;
 A great economist was she,
 Nor less laborious than the Bee;
 By prudent parents often taught
 What ills arise from want of thought;
 That Poverty on Sloth attends,
 On Poverty the loss of friends.
 Hence every day the Ant is found,
 With anxious steps to tread the ground;
 With curious search to trace the grain,
 And drag the heavy load with pain.

The active Bee with pleasure saw
 The Ant fulfil her parents' law:
 "Ah! sister-labourer," says she,
 How very fortunate are we,
 Who, taught in infancy to know
 The comforts which from labour flow,
 Are independent of the great,
 Nor know the wants of pride and state!
 Why is our food so very sweet?
 Because we earn before we eat.

Why are our wants so very few?
Because we Nature's call pursue.
Whence our complacency of mind?
Because we act our parts assigned.
Have we incessant tasks to do?
Is not all nature busy too?
Doth not the sun, with constant pace,
Persist to run his annual race?
Do not the stars, which shine so bright,
Keep up their courses day and night?
Doth not the ox obedient bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough?
Or when did e'er the generous steed
Withhold his labour or his speed?
If you all Nature's system scan,
The only idle thing is Man."

A wanton Sparrow longed to hear
Their sage discourse, and straight drew near:
The bird was talkative and loud,
And very pert, and very proud;
As worthless and as vain a thing,
Perhaps, as ever soared on wing.
She found as on a spray she sat,
The little friends were close in chat;
That virtue was their favourite theme,
And toil and probity their scheme:
She thought them arrant prudes at best;
Such talk was hateful to her breast;
When, to display her haughty mind,
Hunger with cruelty combined,
She viewed the Ant with savage eyes,
And hopped, and hopped to snatch her prize.
The Bee, who watched her opening bill,
And guessed her fell design to kill,
Asked her "from whence her anger rose,"
And "why she treated Ants as foes?"

The Sparrow her reply began,
And thus the conversation ran:
"Whenever I'm disposed to dine,
I think the whole creation mine;

That I'm a bird of high degree,
And every insect made for me.
Hence oft I search the Emmet-brood,
For Emmets are delicious food;
And oft, in wantonness and play,
I kill ten thousand in a day."

A prowling cat the miscreant spies,
And wide expands her amber eyes;
Near, and more near, Grimalkin draws;
She wags her tail, protrudes her paws;
Then, springing on her thoughtless prey,
She bore the vicious bird away.

Thus, in her cruelty and pride,
The wicked, wanton Sparrow died.—COTTON.

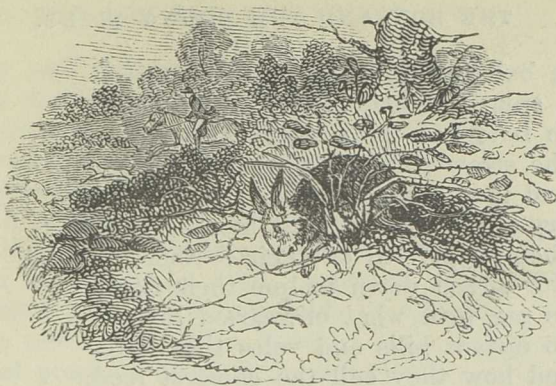
THE FAVOURITE FLOWER.

THREE innocent children were rambling, on a beautiful Spring day, over the fields. The nightingales and larks were singing; the flowers unfolded their beauties to the sun; and the children looked around for joy, and skipped from one flower to another, plucking the brightest and the sweetest they could find.

They sung the glory of Spring, and the love of that Omnipotent Father who clothes the earth with grass and flowers; they sung, too, of the flowers, from the rose that grows on the bush, to the violet that blooms in retirement, and the heather-flower from which the bees gather their sweets.

Pious simplicity of heart welcomes even the small gifts of nature with gratitude and joy.





THE HARE AND THE BRAMBLE.

A HARE, closely pursued, thought it prudent and meet
To a Bramble for refuge awhile to retreat;
He entered the covert, but, entering, found
That briars and thorns did on all sides abound;
And that, though he was safe, yet he never could stir,
But his sides they would wound, or would tear off his fur;
He shrugged up his shoulders, but would not complain:
"To repine at small evils," quoth Puss, "is in vain;
That no bliss can be perfect, I very well know;
But from the same source good and evil doth flow;
And full sorely my skin though these briars may rend,
Yet they keep off the dogs, and my life will defend:
For the sake of the good, then let evil be borne,
For each sweet has its bitter, each Bramble its thorn."

THE BOY, THE CAT, AND THE YOUNG BIRDS.

SWEET is in Spring the mellow note
That issues from the blackbird's throat,
And sweet is every warbling lay,
That makes the grove and garden gay.
But there's a joy to feeling dearer
Than tuneful concerts to the hearer:
To mark the instinct which directs
These happy skilful architects.

In building for their infant race
 A snug commodious dwelling-place;
 To note how dexterously they snatch
 The straw from off the cottage thatch,
 And how laboriously convey
 Dry sticks and verdant moss away;
 Then strip from off their feathered breast
 The softest down to line their nest;
 To see with what unwearied love
 To distant hills and vales they rove,
 And how they cull the choicest food,
 To feed their tender, callow brood.

Yet there are miscreants who delight
 These creatures' fondest hopes to blight;
 Who plunder every nest they find,
 Then toss its fragments to the wind,
 Bearing the nestlings—sad to tell—
 Far from the home they loved so well;
 Where lingering, pining, one by one,
 Their life expires, ere half begun.

Oh! if to any of my friends
 Such wanton cruelty extends;
 If there exists one heartless boy,
 Who loves a bird's nest to destroy;
 I charge him, by his mother's care,
 The curious edifice to spare;
 I charge him, by his sire's caress,
 To spare the infant tribe, who bless
 Their feathered mates, as he imparts
 Pleasure to his fond parents' hearts;
 To think, in every plaintive tone,
 He hears his mother's anguished moan,
 In every wing that flutters by,
 He views his father's agony;
 For so they'd grieve, were life's best gem,
 Their darling children, torn from them.

A Boy of this destroying taste,
 In Spring laid all the neighbourhood waste:
 Each brake he knew, each tangled bush,
 Where built the blackbird, linnets, thrush;

Nor wall deterred, nor tree could foil
His desolating hand of spoil;
Festoons of speckled eggs, well strung,
Around his room sad trophies hung,
Memorials of his dire success,
And of parental wretchedness.

One nest alone the urchin spared,
But for its young a jail prepared,
Where they the sunny fields might see,
But never taste life's liberty;
That precious boon, in mercy given
To every creature under Heaven,
As much their birth-right to enjoy,
As his, that wicked tyrant boy.

Alas! unhappy fluttering things,
In vain they ply their restless wings;
In vain, with wide distended beak,
A parent's nourishment they seek;
In vain their mournful chirps implore
The kindness they must feel no more.

Poor victims! their disastrous fate
Was, happily, of transient date:
For Death, their best and kindest friend,
Soon brought their sufferings to an end.

A hungry Cat, who passed that way,
When their young jailer was at play,
Espied with joy the helpless brood,
And deeming them delicious food,
Pounced on the cage with talons fell,
And tore them piecemeal from their cell.

Feasted, and having done her task,
She lays her in the sun to bask;
She licks her velvet paws, and glides
Her tongue along her tabby sides:
At length her half-shut eyes she closes,
And in delicious sleep reposes.
The youngster, being tired of play,
Returns, his prisoners to survey:
"What means this death-like silence round?
What mean these fragments on the ground?"

He cries; and soon the truth he knows,
 And sees the author of his woes.
 "The Cat, vile Cat, has seized the prey,
 And with her life the wrong shall pay!"

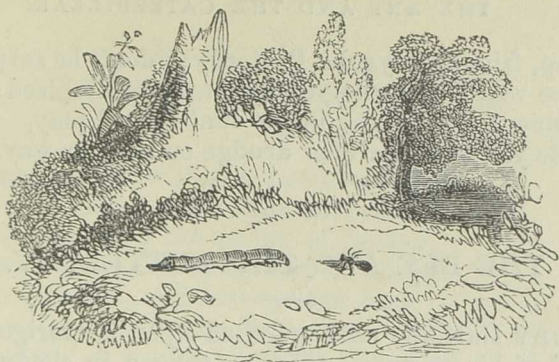
Grimalkin just in time awoke
 To shun the fierce impending stroke;
 To hear his angry, threatening speech,
 And spring aloft beyond his reach.
 In safety placed, with words of truth
 She thus harangued the spoiler youth:
 "Suppress your rage, intemperate elf,
 Or turn the vengeance on yourself!
 Think, wretch, how many nests you plunder,
 How many ties you rend asunder,
 Without excuse, pretence, or plea,
 From the mere love of cruelty!
 True, on your victims I have fed,
 But was by nature's dictates led;
 Impelled by hunger and by right,
 To serve a craving appetite."—DAVIS.

FILIAL PIETY.

THE piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia offered to the sun; yea, more delicious than odours wafted from a field of Arabian spices by the western gales.

Be grateful then to thy Father, for he gave thee life; and to thy Mother, for she sustained thee. Hear the words of his mouth, for they are spoken for thy good; give ear to his admonition, for it proceedeth from love. He hath watched for thy welfare, he hath toiled for thy ease; do honour, therefore, to his age, and let not his gray hairs be treated with irreverence.

Think on thy helpless infancy, and the frowardness of thy youth, and indulge the infirmities of thy aged parents; assist and support them in the decline of life. So shall their hoary heads go down to the grave in peace; and thine own children, in reverence of thy example, shall repay thy piety with filial love.



THE ANT AND THE CATERPILLAR.

As an Ant, of his talents conceited and vain,
Was trotting with consequence over the plain,
A Worm, in his progress remarkably slow,
Cried, "Bless your good worship, wherever you go!"
I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill—
I pay my respects from a hearty good-will."
With a look of contempt and ineffable pride,
"Begone, you vile reptile," his antship replied;
"Go, go and lament your contemptible state,
But first—look at me—see my limbs, how complete!
I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,
I run backward and forward, and turn when I please;
Of nature, (grown weary,) thou shocking essay!
I spurn you thus from me;—crawl out of my way."
The reptile, insulted and vexed to the soul,
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole:
But nature, determined to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a Butterfly's dress.
Ere long, the proud Ant was repassing the road
(Fatigued from the harvest, and tugging his load);
The beau on a violet bank he beheld,
Whose vesture, in glory, a monarch's excelled;
His plumage expanded!—'twas rare to behold,
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.
The Ant, quite amazed at a figure so gay,
Bowed low with respect, and was trudging away:

“Stop, friend,” says the Butterfly; “don’t be surprised—I once was the reptile you spurned and despised: But now I can mount, in the sunbeams I play, While you must for ever drudge on in your way.”

CUNNINGHAM.

THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A GAUDY Butterfly once perched upon a marigold, thus boasted of his travels:—“I have ranged in shady groves, over lawns and meadows; have wantoned in the rarest gardens, and caught the fragrance of every flower; have enjoyed the coolness of the grot, skimmed over the lake, and boarded the gilded yacht, and proudly flown amid the mansions of the great; in short, I know no bounds but the bounds of nature. Surely travel gives one the highest dignity, and to live at home is not to live at all.”

A Bee that was near him, under the shade of a blossom, moved by contempt, yet feeling some pity for this idle boaster, thus replied:—“Vain rambler! What hast thou to claim from travel? That you have eyes is your disgrace, because you have not used them to good purpose; nor from all the scenes you have beheld, have you been able to deduce one single useful result. I would advise you, as a friend, to take once more a short excursion. Come with me and see my hive: the fruits of travel you will find there: and let the example mend your manners, and check your boasting, and then think of your own home, and improve.”

The proverb says, “He is nowhere who is everywhere;” for that plant never prospers that is often removed. It is not in the quantity of the objects, or their number, that we may have seen, but on the observations we have made upon them, and the information we have drawn from them, that we may claim the advantage of travelling. The dull may travel from north to south, and from east to west, and return just as empty as they set out. But the ingenious adventurer, by judicious research in foreign countries, may store himself with such a mass of knowledge as may be a valuable addition to the stock in his native land.—J. N.

THE THRUSH AND THE PIE.

CONCEALED within a hawthorn bush,
 We're told that an experienced Thrush
 Instructed, in the prime of Spring,
 Many a neighbouring bird to sing:
 He carolled, and his various song
 Gave lessons to the listening throng:
 But (th' entangling boughs between)
 'Twas his delight to teach unseen.

At length the little wondering race
 Would see their favourite face to face:
 They thought it hard to be denied,
 And begged that he'd no longer hide.
 O'er-modest, worth's peculiar fault,
 Another shade the songster sought,
 And, loth to be too much admired,
 In secret from the bush retired.

An impudent, presuming Pie,
 Malicious, ignorant, and sly,
 Stole to the warbler's vacant seat,
 And in her arrogance elate,
 Rushed forward, with—"My friends, you see
 The mistress of the choir in me;
 Here be your due devotion paid;
 I am the songstress of the shade."

A Linnet, that sat list'ning nigh,
 Made the impostor this reply:
 "I fancy, friend! that vulgar throats
 Were never formed for warbling notes;
 But, if these lessons came from you,
 Repeat them in the public view:
 That your assertions may be clear,
 Let us behold as well as hear."

The lengthening song, the softening strain,
 The chattering Pie attempts in vain;
 For, to the fool's eternal shame,
 All she could compass was a scream.

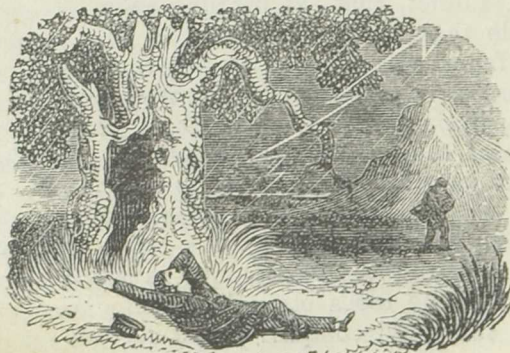
The birds, enraged, around her fly,
 Nor shelter, nor defence is nigh:
 The paltry cheat, distressed, forlorn,
 On every side is pecked and torn;
 And thus was met the upstart claim
 That sought to gain a neighbour's fame.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

Two Travellers were overtaken by a tremendous thunder-storm; neither house nor harbour was anywhere to be seen. At length they came to a spreading oak that stood by the road-side; and one of them sought shelter under it, and advised his companion to do the same. Arming himself with patience, however, he pursued his way amidst the jeers of his fellow-traveller, and at length arrived, though late, and drenched to the skin, at a village, where he determined to dry himself and to wait for the other. The storm cleared away; he waited long, but to no purpose,—his companion came not. Hastening back to the oak, he found it shivered by the lightning, and his friend dead at his foot.

“Unfortunate man!” he exclaimed, “be thou a warning to me for the rest of my life! The timid who, in danger, seek the protection of the powerful, sometimes escape unharmed, but are more frequently involved with their patrons in total ruin.”





THE LAP-DOG AND THE ASS.

AN Ass once saw with envy those caresses

A Lap-dog gained from Misses and from Madam.
Thus to himself his murmurs he expresses:

“Those fond endearments—O that once I had 'em!
I see the cause: I'm not enough familiar.
My stupid, distant manners, vastly silly are.

“I'll change the plan;—delightful pats and kisses
Will then be mine, instead of kicks and beating.

Like Pompey, now I'll frisk about the Misses,
And hail my mistress with a playful greeting.”

Soon as he made this well-judged resolution,
Jack put his hopeful scheme in execution.

Finding the lady, in a humour gay,

He raised his long rough hoofs about her neck,
Gracing the action with a tuneful bray:

Aloud she screamed,—the fond salute to check.
A storm of blows from whips and cudgels blended,
Showered on his back; and thus Jack's project ended.

THE GOAT WITHOUT A BEARD.

'Tis certain that the modish passions
 Descend among the crowd, like fashions.
 Excuse me, then, if pride, conceit,
 (The manners of the fair and great,)
 I give to monkeys, asses, dogs,
 Daws, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs.
 I say that these are proud: what then?
 I never said they equal men.

A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)
 Affected singularity:

Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
 He rolled upon the fragrant ground;
 And then with fond attention stood,
 Fixed o'er his image in the flood.

"I hate my frowzy beard," he cries:
 "My youth is lost in this disguise.
 Did not all know my youth and vigour,
 Well might they scorn this antique figure."

Resolved to smooth his shaggy face,
 He sought the barber of the place.
 A flippant Monkey, spruce and smart,
 Hard by, professed the dapper art;
 His pole with pewter basons hung,
 And rows of teeth in order strung,
 Ranged cups, that in the window stood,
 Lined with red rags to look like blood,
 Did well his threefold trade explain,
 Who shaved, drew teeth, and breathed a vein.

The Goat he welcomes with an air,
 And seats him in his wooden chair:
 Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides;
 Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.

"I beg your custom, sir," says Pug;
 "Sure never face was half so smug!"

The Goat, impatient for applause,
 Swift to the neighbouring hill withdraws.
 The shaggy people grinned and stared:

"Hey-day! what's here, without a beard?"

Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace?
 What envious hand hath robbed your face?"
 When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn:
 "Are beards by civil nations worn?
 E'en Muscovites have mowed their chins.
 Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
 Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
 And bear about the hairy load?
 Whene'er we through the village stray,
 Are we not mocked along the way,
 Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
 By boys our beards disgraced and torn?"

"Were you no more with Goats to dwell,
 Brother, I grant you reason well,"
 Replies a bearded chief;—"Beside,
 If boys can mortify thy pride,
 How wilt thou stand the ridicule
 Of our whole flock? Affected fool!
 Coxcombs, distinguished from the rest,
 To all but Coxcombs are a jest."—GAY.

THE TULIP TREE.

A YEOMAN, who was fond of flowers, was visited by a Gardener, who had cultivated many that were curious and beautiful. They conversed about all kinds of plants that grew; about those that are indigenous in distant sections of the world, and about those that become green and flourish in cold climates; and they repeated the peculiar names that belonged to each, which it is not the privilege of every one to pronounce, or to remember. They went, however, into the garden, and conversed while they were examining the various plants.

The Gardener remarked, that he had cultivated a tree which was exquisite before all others, called the Tulip Tree. "Its flowers," said he, "resemble the Tulip in form: it comes from a distant country, and is not to be compared with any other tree." Thus he praised the Tulip Tree beyond measure.

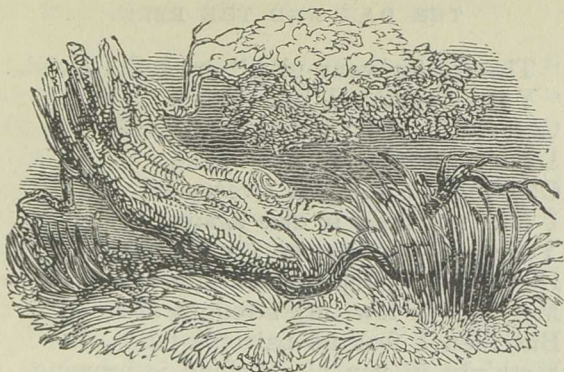
Then the Yeoman expressed a wish to have one of the same kind. He offered his guest the most beautiful tree in his garden in exchange for a Tulip Tree; and the Gardener went home and sent the Tree.

When the Tulip Tree began to put forth its leaves, and to bud, the Yeoman was filled with joy, and spoke of it to every one, and told them that it would soon produce Tulips; but he thought that the tree would be beautiful beyond description,—every flower of a splendid shining hue, striped with red and purple, and the whole tree like a bed of Tulips of a thousand various shades. For the Gardener had extolled the tree exceedingly.

At length the buds were opened, and the flowers appeared; but the Yeoman and his friends did not value them, expecting that they would be different in form and colour. When they saw, however, that the flowers were in reality full blown, they cared but little for their beauty; the tree bloomed in modest loveliness and innocence, but the Yeoman was displeased and very angry, and, with feelings of shame and indignation, secretly broke off every flower and bud, and destroyed them, in order that he might not be derided by others for his boasting.

Such is the story. It teaches us that we should not commend and praise strangers, or even our own friends, extravagantly. Man is by nature discontented, and desires that all good should be the best, and all that is beautiful the most beautiful: if he does not find them so, he is too apt to despise the good and beautiful, because they are not the loveliest and best.





THE OAK AND THE REED.

“ALAS, poor Reed!” exclaimed an Oak,
Contemptuous nodding as he spoke,
“You minor beings Nature uses
Just as her wayward fancy chooses.
See that small bird with flitting wing,
Whose warbling charms the ear of Spring;
If on your head the songster perches,
Your stem beneath the pressure curtsies;
Each breath of air you seem to dread,
At every puff you bow your head.
Such is your helpless state; whilst I
Lift my tall branches to the sky.
The potent leaves which deck my sprays
Defy Apollo’s fiercest rays.
The gale which tears inferior trees,
To me is but a gentle breeze:
Whilst to your weak and slender form
The softest zephyr is a storm.
And, neighbour Reed, I can but wonder
You come not my protection under,
Since my permission kind allows
A shelter here beneath my boughs.
But you still take it in your head
To root in that low swampy bed,
Where every passing wind must hit ye;—
Believe me, Reed, you move my pity.”

"Thanks for your pity," cries the Reed,
 "Yet sympathy I little need.
 Observe, I pray, my noble friend,
 I never break, but only bend.
 O'er me the tempest sweeps in vain,
 I bow my head to rise again.
 Your guardian power I must decline;
 Be humble independence mine.
 My state is low, my strength is small,
 But then I fear no patron's fall!
 Methinks in yon black cloud is brewing
 A hurricane which threatens ruin.
 Mark we who best sustains the stroke,
 The feeble Reed or stubborn Oak."

Scarce had this converse reached its close
 When now the awful whirlwind rose.
 The drenching rain in torrents poured,
 The lightning flashed, the thunder roared.
 No more the monarch of the wood
 The storm's tremendous force withstood.
 Up from the soil his roots were torn,
 Far round his shattered limbs were borne.
 Unhurt the bending Reed stood by,
 Preserved by safe humility!

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

A GRASSHOPPER, whose sprightly song
 Had lasted all the Summer long,
 At length, when wintry gales assail her,
 Perceived her old resources fail her.
 No tiny worm, or slender fly,
 Can now her ready food supply.
 Of neighbour Ant, in humble strain,
 She begs a little loan of grain;
 And whilst her suit she thus preferred,
 Engaged an insect's honest word,

She would, next Lammas, to the day,
Both principal and interest pay.

The prudent, cautious Ant, 'tis said,
Holds borrowing in a sort of dread;
(And from this charge we'll not defend her;)
Abhors the very name of lender.

With importunity grown weary,
She checks it with this single query:

"Pray, neighbour, how d'ye spend your Summer?"

"I charm, an't please you, every comer;

All through the season, every day,

I sing the merry hours away."

"Oh!" cries the Ant, and bars the door

Which safely guards her winter's store;—

"I'm glad such sports your means allow;

You'd better practise dancing now?"

THE LION FIGHT.

THE royal spouse of a powerful ruler of the East, came to him one day, weeping with indignation, to seek revenge against a delinquent who had offended her majesty. "Behold," said she, "the criminal brought me an ornament which should have consisted of precious stones, but they proved to be false ones. He is already atoning for his deceit in a gloomy cell; but he shall pay for his wickedness with his life! I demand, O king, that you condemn him to a contest with a lion."

"Let us not judge in passion," replied the monarch; "for how can indignation decree justice? It becomes an upright prince to be free from anger. Is he not armed with power, which is only to be administered with justice and mercy?"

"Does not the God of justice express his anger in the tempest?" inquired the Queen.

"No," replied the King; "he displays his benevolence even in the tempest. Ah, my beloved, man is too apt to form his idea of the Eternal from himself."

But the Queen's anger increased, and she said, "God also

hates and punishes the deceiver; and he has not given the sword to kings without a purpose. I only ask that justice be done the criminal. His death has been announced to him. There is no alternative!"

"Well," said the King, "let justice be done!"

On the following day the drums proclaimed a bloody spectacle. The Queen rejoiced in her heart at the triumph of her indignation. For revenge is like a cooling cordial to the burning mind.

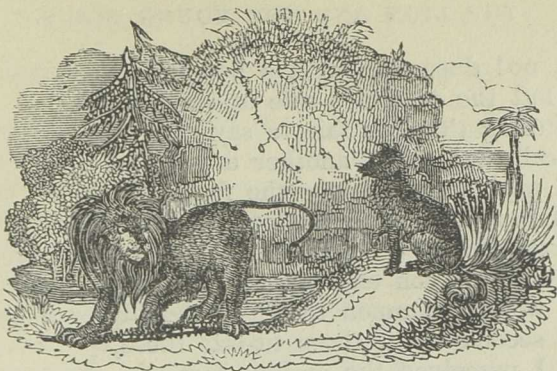
The delinquent was led forth to an amphitheatre, surrounded by the dens of wild beasts, and the drums beat again.

But behold, instead of a lion, came forth a lamb, which familiarly approached the trembling man. The drums ceased, and the sweet music of harps and flutes was heard; and the lamb fondled about the victim, and looked mildly in his face.

The eyes of the Queen rested on her spouse, and she blushed. Then the King said, "That look, my beloved, proves that I have rightly exercised the power of retaliation. He who deceived you is deceived in return, and to you will be given the credit of that which is noble, instead of that which is base! The blush on your cheeks, which appears to me more beautiful than the royal purple that adorns you, is my reward!"

Then the drums announced the termination of the spectacle; and the people cried, "All hail, our king and queen?"





THE LION, THE YOUNG BIRDS, AND THE JACKAL.

AMID the dry and desert land,
Where Afric spreads its plains of sand,
A Pelican, with needful food,
Each day supplied her hungry brood.
She, too, could find, o'er miles of ground,
Where all the cooling springs were found,
And with refreshing water, fill
The useful pouch beneath her bill;
Conveying thus, with anxious care,
Enough for all, and some to spare;
And when her young had drunk, the rest
Flowed in the hollow of the nest.

A Lion, with a noble mane,
Who oft had wandered o'er the plain,
Was seen at morning's early ray,
To take his frequent walk that way,
Where the deep nest his thirst supplied;
Whilst, placed securely at its side,
The tender birds, with courage stout,
Sat watching what he was about;
With lapping tongue the nest he drained,
Till scarce a single drop remained.
His thirst allayed, he turned his eye
Round on the feathered family!
He knew they were delicious meat;
And hunger prompted him to eat!

But, no! departing with a bound,
 He left the nestlings safe and sound;
 Intending ('tis but fair to say,
 To call, and drink another day.

A prying Jackal saw the feast,
 And thus addressed the generous beast:
 "Great Sir! I really could have laughed
 To see how you enjoyed your draught,
 But wondered much that you should spare
 The second treat, those tit-bits there,
 Till I perceived the curious fact,
 That selfishness produced the act:
 For, should you kill the mother's joy,
 Your own supplies you would destroy;
 In vain were then the liquid store,
 The childless bird would bring no more,
 And you'd discover to your sorrow
 No pleasant drinking-trough to-morrow!"

"Shame!" said the Lion, "shame, to find
 Base motives for a deed that's kind;
 Thanks to the mother's thoughtful care
 For yonder birds, whose draught I share,
 I feel, whene'er my thirst I slake,
 That in *their* safety I partake!
 But do not they partake in *mine*?
 Aye, sirrah, think on't when you dine,
 For should you ever dare molest
 The tenants of that happy nest,
 Your bones should whiten on the plain,
 And brother Jackals plead in vain.
 But, for the future, learn from hence,
 That false surmise gives foul offence;
 Learn, too, that various orders stand
 United by affection's band;
 That every being needs in turn
 The aid of mutual concern:
 This helps to make our dwellings sure,
 Our labours sweet, our lives secure."

Thus in the self-same course we view
 Our interest and our duty too.—M.

THE SICK MAN AND HIS WILL.

“Is there no hope?” the sick Man said;
 The silent doctor shook his head,
 And took his leave, with signs of sorrow,
 Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the Man, with grasping breath:
 “I feel the chilling hand of death!
 Since I must bid the world adieu,
 Let me my former life review!
 I grant my bargains well were made;
 But all men overreach in trade;
 'Tis self-defence in each profession:
 Sure self-defence is no transgression!
 The little portion in my hands,
 By good security on lands,
 Is well increased. If, unawares,
 My justice to myself and heirs
 Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
 For want of good sufficient bail;
 If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
 Reduced a family to need,
 My Will hath made the world amends;
 My hope on charity depends!
 When I am numbered with the dead,
 And all my pious gifts are read,
 To all inquirers 'twill be known
 My charities were amply shown.”

A friend stood by: “Ah! friend (he cried),
 No more in flattering hope confide.
 Can thy good deeds in former times
 Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
 What widow or what orphan prays
 To crown thy life with length of days?
 A pious action's in thy power,
 Embrace with joy the happy hour.
 Now, while you draw the vital air,
 Prove your intention is sincere:
 This instant give a hundred pound;
 Your neighbours want, and you abound.”

“But why such haste? (the sick Man whines.)
 Who knows as yet what Heaven designs?
 Perhaps I may recover still:
 That sum and more are in my Will.”

“Ah, now (replied the friend,) 'tis plain
 Your life, your soul, your heaven was gain.
 From every side, with all your might,
 You scraped, and scraped beyond your right;
 And after death would fain atone,
 By giving what is not your own!”

“While there is life, there's hope (he cried);
 Then why such haste:”—so groaned and died.

THE ROSE.

“It is a pity,” said a youth to his father, “that the rose, when it has blossomed, does not also produce a fine fruit, and thus give its thanks in Summer, for the happy period of its bloom in Spring. You call it the flower of innocence and joy; then it would also be the emblem of gratitude.”

The father replied, “Does not this favourite child of nature bring all its beauty to enrich the loveliness of Spring? It offers, for the dew and the sunbeams which fall upon it, the sweet odour of its soft breath, and for the creation of Spring, it dies with it.

“Beloved child, gentle, invisible gratitude is most lovely—and how can innocence be ungrateful!”



THE PLUM-CAKES; OR, THE FARMER AND HIS
THREE SONS.

A FARMER, who some wealth possessed,
 With three fine Boys was also blessed:
 The lads were healthy, stout, and young,
 And neither wanted sense nor tongue.
 Tom, Will, and Jack, like other boys,
 Loved tops and marbles, sport and toys.
 The Father scouted that false plan,
 That money only makes the man;
 But, to the best of his discerning,
 Was bent on giving them good learning.
 He was a man of observation,
 No scholar, yet had penetration.
 So, with due care, a school he sought,
 Where his young sons might well be taught.
 Quoth he, "I know not which rehearses
 Most properly his themes or verses;
 Yet I can do a father's part,
 And school the temper, mind, and heart;
 The natural bent of each I'll know,
 And trifles best that bent may show."

'Twas just before the closing year,
 When Christmas holidays were near,
 The Farmer called to see his boys,
 And ask how each his time employs.
 Quoth Will, "There's Father, boys, without,
 He's brought us something good, no doubt."
 The Father sees their merry faces,
 With joy beholds them and embraces.

"Come boys, of home you'll have your fill."
 "Yes, Christmas now is near," says Will;
 'Tis just twelve days—these notches see,
 My notches with the days agree."
 "Well," said the Sire, "again I'll come,
 And gladly fetch my brave boys home.
 You two the dappled mare shall ride,
 Jack mount the poney by my side;

Meantime, my lads, I've brought you here
No small profusion of good cheer."

Then from his pocket straight he takes
A vast profusion of Plum-cakes;
He counts them out, a plenteous store,
No boy shall have or less or more:
Twelve cakes he gave to each dear son,
When each expected only one;
And, then, with many a kind expression,
He leaves them to their own discretion;
Resolved to mark the use each made
Of what he to their hands conveyed.

The twelve days past, he comes once more,
And brings the horses to the door.
The boys with rapture see appear
The poney and the dappled mare;
Each moment now an hour they count,
And crack their whips, and long to mount.
As with the Boys his ride he takes,
He asks the history of the Cakes.

Says Will, "Dear Father, life is short,
So I resolved to make quick sport:
The Cakes were all so nice and sweet,
I thought I'd have one jolly treat.
'Why should I balk,' said I, 'my taste?
I'll make at once a hearty feast.'
So snugly by myself I fed,
When every boy was gone to bed;
I gorged them all, both paste and plum,
And did not spare a single crumb.
Indeed they made me, to my sorrow,
As sick as death upon the morrow;
This made me mourn my rich repast,
And wish I had not fed so fast.

Quoth Jack, "I was not such a dunce,
To eat my quantum up at once;
And, though the boys all longed to clutch 'em,
I would not let a creature touch 'em;
Nor, though the whole were in my power,
Would I one single cake devour :

Thanks to the use of keys and locks,
 They're all now snug within my box.
 The mischief is, by hoarding long,
 They're grown so mouldy and so strong,
 I find they won't be fit to eat,
 And I have lost my Father's treat!"

"Well Tom," the anxious Parent cries,
 "How did you manage?" Tom replies,
 "I shunned each wide extreme to take,
 To glut my maw, or hoard my Cake:
 I thought each day its wants would have,
 And appetite again might crave.
 Twelve school-days still my notches counted,
 To twelve my Father's cakes amounted;
 So every day I took but one,
 But never ate my Cake alone;
 With every needy boy I shared,
 And more than half I always spared.
 One every day, twixt self and friend,
 Has brought my dozen to an end:
 My last remaining Cake, to-day,
 I would not touch, but gave away;
 A boy was sick, and scarce could eat,
 To him it proved a welcome treat.
 Jack called me spendthrift, not to save;
 Will dubbed me fool, because I gave;
 But, when our last day came, I smiled;
 For Will's were gone, and Jack's were spoiled.
 Not hoarding much, nor eating fast,
 I served a needy friend at last."

These tales the Father's thoughts employ:
 "By these," said he, "I know each boy;
 Yet Jack, who hoarded what he had,
 The world will call a frugal lad;
 And selfish, gormandising Will
 Will meet with friends and favourers still:
 While moderate Tom, so wise and cool,
 The mad and vain will deem a fool;
 But I, his sober plan approve,
 And Tom has gained his Father's love!"

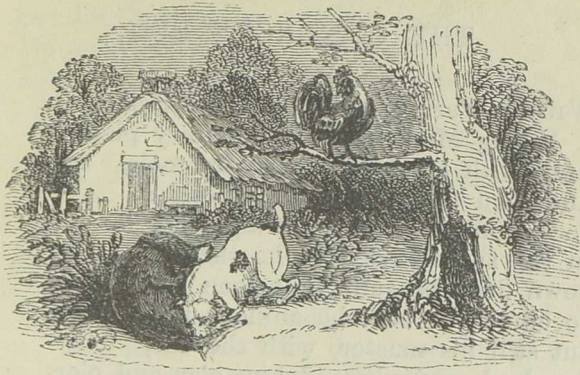
So, when our day of life is past,
 And all are fairly judged at last,
 The miser and the sensual find
 How each misused the gifts assigned:
 While he who wisely spends and gives,
 To the true ends of living lives;
 'Tis self-denying moderation
 Gains the GREAT FATHER'S approbation!
HANNAH MORE.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

A PILGRIM was returning from a distant land to his home, and his soul was full of sweet anticipation. He had not seen his beloved parents and brothers for many years, and therefore he proceeded in haste. When he had arrived at the summit of the mountain, night overtook him, and it was very dark, so that he could not see the staff which he carried in his hand; and when he came down from the mountain into the valley, he lost his way, and wandered about without advancing, not knowing the direction in which he ought to proceed. He was very sorrowful, and sighed; "O, could I but meet some one who would direct me in the right path, how gratefully would I acknowledge his kindness!" Thus he spake, and stood still, and waited till some guide should approach.

The knowledge of error is the first step towards truth, and man should seek in humility for a conductor.





THE COCK, THE DOG, AND THE FOX.

A Dog and a Cock travelling together, as the evening came on, retired to rest. The Cock flew up into a tree to roost, while the Dog crept into the hollow trunk for the night.

At early dawn the Cock began to crow as usual. A Fox hearing him, immediately ran to the place from whence the sounds proceeded, and, seeing the Cock upon the tree, entreated him to come down, having, as he said, a great desire to embrace and salute him, on account of his sweet, melodious singing. The Cock answered, "Before I come down, I beg you will awaken my friend who sleeps below." "Certainly," replied the Fox; who, supposing the Cock's family was nestled there, thrust his head into the hole, and was immediately seized and killed by the Dog. When just at the point of death, he exclaimed, "What a poor wretch am I, who, in seeking the destruction of another, have drawn down vengeance upon myself!"

In the eager anxiety which is frequently evinced by the crafty and the treacherous to betray others, they often and deservedly become the dupes of their own artifices.

THE GENEROUS DOG.

WHERE Paris stands, upon the Seine,
 A Young Man sought the watery plain,
 And, with his Dog, a boat he took,
 And soon the safer shore forsook:
 To the mid-stream he straightway drew,—
 In the submissive Dog he threw.
 Down deep he sunk, but soon did rise;
 To climb the boat he anxious tries,
 But still his master, with the oar,
 Repulsed, and plunged him o'er and o'er,
 Resolved that, soon, deprived of breath,
 His friend should find a watery death.
 In vain Tray's eyes the youth implored,—
 When he himself fell over-board;
 Headlong he sunk,—he, too, arose—
 But none his safety would oppose;
 He'd been inevitably drowned,
 A faster friend had he not found.
 Did Tray revenge his master's sin,
 And strive the flood to keep him in?
 Or with neglect his hate repay,
 And for self-safety swim away?
 No! His dear master in the stream,
 He judged he could him thence redeem;
 But, being underneath the boat,
 He suffered it away to float;
 On the man's collar then he seized,
 And held him anxious up, and pleased,
 Until assistance came at hand,
 And lodged both safely on the land.
 Oh! you who bear the Christian name,
 And own not charity's warm flame,
 Behold the Dog, and blush for shame;
 Let your red cheeks remorseless burn,
 If ill for ill you e'er return:
 See love and instinct here prevail,
 When reason and religion fail:

The Gospel precepts which you learn,
 See him at once to practice turn.
 Do good for evil, and forgive,—
 Like Tray, and like true Christians live.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER, AND THE
 LOOKING-GLASS.

TOM CAREFUL had a son and heir, }
 Exact his shape, genteel his air, }
 Adonis was not half so fair ; }
 But then, alas ! his daughter Jane
 Was but so-so,—a little plain.
 In Ma's apartment, as, one day,
 The little romp and hoyden play,
 Their faces in the glass they viewed,
 Which then upon her toilet stood ;
 Where, as Narcissus vain, the boy
 Beheld each rising charm with joy ;
 With partial eyes surveyed himself,
 But for his sister, poor brown elf,
 On her the self-enamoured chit
 Was very lavish of his wit.
 She bore, alas ! whate'er she could,
 But 'twas too much for flesh and blood :
 All females do not have the grace
 To pardon scandal on their face.
 Disconsolate, away she flies,
 And at her father's feet she lies ;
 Sighs, sobs, and groans, calls to her aid,
 And tears, that readily obeyed ;
 Then aggravates the vile offence,
 Exerting all her eloquence.
 The cause the indulgent father heard :
 The culprit summoned, soon appeared ;
 Some tokens of remorse he showed,
 And promised largely to be good.
 As both the tender father pressed
 With equal ardour to his breast,

And, smiling, kissed, "Let there be peace,"
 Said he; "let broils and discord cease;
 Each day, my children, thus employ
 The faithful Mirror: you, my boy,
 Remember that no vice disgrace
 The gift of Heaven, that beauteous face;
 And you, my girl, take special care,
 Your want of beauty to repair
 By virtue, which alone is fair."

SOMERVILLE.

 THE IMITATORS.

SPRING had appeared,—the first Nightingale was singing in the shade of the fresh-leaved hazel bush,—and the good old Shepherd reclined against a tree, and heard his song. Suddenly a crowd of noisy boys approached, and placed themselves around, and for a while listened attentively. But soon one said to the other, "Now it is time!" So they drew forth a figure in the form of a small bird, to which a pipe was attached that imitated the trill of a Nightingale. They blew into this, and made a loud whistling noise; and imagined that they could perform equal to the Nightingale himself.

But the Nightingale was silent, and flew into a lonely bush on the bank of a murmuring rivulet; and the old Shepherd, followed him to his retreat and listened again. But the boys returned to the city, and made the streets ring with their pipes,—but the inhabitants closed their windows against the noise. Thus imperfect invention easily springs up, near splendid art.





THE VIOLET AND THE NIGHTSHADE.

A STately plant of Nightshade reared its head with contempt over an humble Violet that grew near its roots, treating the little flower with mortifying pride. "It is true," said the Violet, "that your lofty height, the splendour of your rich purple bell-flowers, your shining polished berries of jet, and your soft velvet foliage, must ever attract the attention of all who view you only in public, and conclude you would be an ornament to the gayest chaplet. But recollect, that those who know you thoroughly, and have investigated your hidden qualities, have discovered that you are filled with deadly venom; and that all who are so unlucky as to fall under the influence of your tyranny, perish in agonizing torture, from the effects of your fatal poison. As to myself, I have but little to boast of, and nothing to conceal; my merits and defects are open to all."

This fable gives an example of a character that is but too often to be met with in the world. There are those who, with a specious behaviour, a pleasing gaiety, or splendid wit, delight every company into which they enter, so that those who see them only out of their own dwelling, conceive them to be paragons of wit and good-nature. But if you trace them to their home, and inquire of their household, you will often find them to be gloomy, implacable, cruel tyrants, feared and hated by their nearest relations and dependants.

J. N.

THE BOY AND THE FIRE-FLIES.

An inexperienced boy, one night,
 Through lonely paths returning,
 Had ta'en, to guide his steps aright
 A lantern, brightly burning.

And safe he travelled by its ray,
 Until, before him glancing,
 He saw, along the doubtful way,
 The sparkling Fire-Flies dancing.

Then he discarded with disdain
 His lantern, calmly beaming,
 To follow this resplendent train,
 In fitful radiance gleaming.

But ere a second step he took
 He found his folly humbled;
 The flying lights his path forsook,
 And in a ditch he tumbled.

Then bitter anger he expressed
 Against these guides beguiling,
 Who thus again the youth addressed,—
 “Nay, cease this vain reviling.”

“The blame remains with you alone,
 And half the ills men reckon
 Proceed from leaving lights well known,
 To follow some false beacon.”—A. S.

[From the Italian.]

PRUDENCE AND HER ADVISERS.

INDUSTRY, Prodigality, and Generosity, having by chance met at the residence of Prudence, were consulted by her on the distribution of a purse of gold to the greatest advantage.

“Oh,” said Prodigality, “we are fortunate this morning: pray let us give a splendid entertainment, and invite all our acquaintance and their friends. It will be so very

delightful to show the world how little we regard spending our money; besides, we can give each some costly trinket or other, to make them envy our wealth and profusion.

“What say you, Generosity?” I am partly of your opinion,” replied Generosity; “but if, instead of unnecessary splendour and useless presents, we disperse large sums amongst public subscriptions and deserving charities, I think it will be more advantageously disposed of.”

Industry, who had kept back, now advanced, and exhibiting the claims that perseverance, attention, and activity had upon Justice, modestly advocated their cause, showing how inadequately honest exertion was often rewarded for her toils, though the effect of these labours, when justly remunerated, was to spread happiness and health amongst her followers, and to extend their beneficial influence to all mankind.

Prudence presented to Industry the purse, requesting her to disperse it in the way she had described, observing, that, as the treasure was not inexhaustible, she must decline the advice of Prodigality; but should any remain after the demands upon justice had been satisfied, she desired that it might be given to Generosity.

However praiseworthy a generous and charitable disposition may be, yet justice is paramount.

THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

METHINKS this world seems oddly made,
 And every thing amiss,
 A dull complaining Atheist said,
 As stretched he lay beneath the shade,
 And instanced it in this:

“Behold!” quoth he, “that mighty thing,
 A pumpkin, large and round,
 Is held but by a little string,
 Which upward cannot make it spring,
 Nor bear it from the ground;

While on this oak an acorn small,
 So disproportioned grows!
 Sure, whosoe'er surveys at all
 This universal casual ball,
 Its ill contrivance knows.

My better judgment would have hung
 The Pumpkin on the tree,
 And left the Acorn slightly strung.
 'Mongst things that on the surface sprung.
 ——— Ah, weak and feeble he!

No more the caviller could say,
 No further faults descry,
 For upward gazing as he lay,
 An Acorn loosened from its spray,
 Fell down upon his eye.

The wounded part with tears run o'er,
 As punished for the sin;
 Fool! had that bough a Pumpkin bore,
 Thy whimsies would have worked no more,
 Nor skull have kept them in!

CONTENTMENT.

FORGET not, O man! that thy station on earth is appointed by the wisdom of the Eternal; who knoweth thy heart, who seeth the vanity of all thy wishes, and who often in mercy denieth thy requests. Yet, for all reasonable desires, for all honest endeavours, His benevolence hath established, in the nature of things, a probability of success.

The uneasiness thou feelest, the misfortunes thou bewailest, behold the root from whence they spring! even thine own folly, thine own pride, thine own distempered fancy.

Murmur not, therefore, at the dispensations of God; but correct thine own heart: neither say within thyself, if I had wealth, power, or leisure, I should be happy; for know, they all bring to their several possessors their peculiar inconveniences.



THE MONKEY AND THE TORTOISE.

A CERTAIN King of the Monkeys, being old and very infirm, was attacked by a young claimant of his crown, and, being overcome, was compelled to seek his safety in flight. So he retired to the river side, and discovering there a noble fig-tree, he climbed up into it, and determined to make it his home. As he was one day eating of the fruit, a fig fell down into the river, and the noise of its fall into the water so delighted him, that whenever he took a meal, he regularly dropped a fig, for the sake of hearing the sound. A Tortoise, who lived in the stream, whenever a fig fell down, devoured it; and receiving during some days a regular supply, considered it as an attention towards him on the part of the Monkey. He, therefore, desired to become acquainted with him; and in a short time they grew so intimate, that they often conversed familiarly together.

Now it happened that the Tortoise stayed a long time away from his wife, who grew impatient at his absence, and complained of it to one of her neighbours, saying, "I fear something has happened unexpectedly to my husband."

Her friend replied, "That if her husband was on the river side, he would probably have made acquaintance with the Monkey, and have been hospitably entertained by him."

After some days, the Tortoise returned home, and found his wife in a bad state of health, and apparently suffering very much. He could not conceal his uneasiness, and expressing his distress, was interrupted by a friend, who said

to him, "Your wife is very dangerously ill, and the physicians have prescribed for her the heart of a Monkey." The Tortoise replied, "It is no easy matter to obtain such a remedy as that; for living, as we do, in the water, how can we possibly procure the heart of a Monkey? However, I will consult my friend about it." He went to the shore of the river, and the Monkey asked in terms of great affection, what had detained him so long? And he answered, "The reluctance which I felt to repeat my visits, was owing to my being at a loss how to make you any suitable return for the kindness you have shown me; but I beg of you to add to the obligations under which you have laid me, by coming and passing some days with me. As I live upon an island, which moreover abounds in fruit, I shall be happy to take you upon my back, and to swim over the water with you."

The Monkey, accepting the invitation, came down from the tree, and got upon the back of the Tortoise, who, as he was swimming along with him, began to reflect on the crime which he harboured in his breast, and from shame and remorse hung down his head. "What is the occasion," said the Monkey, "of the sudden fit of sadness which is come upon you?" "It occurs to me," answered the Tortoise, "that, as my wife is very ill, it will not be in my power to do the honours of my house in the manner I could wish." "The very intimation of your kind intentions," replied the Monkey, "will supply the place of all ceremony." Then the Tortoise felt more at his ease, and continued his course: but, on a sudden, he stopped a second time; upon which the Monkey, who was at a loss to account for this hesitation of the Tortoise, began to suspect that something more was intended by it than he was able to discover. But, repressing every thought that was injurious to the sincerity of his friend, he said to himself, "I cannot believe that he intends to do me any mischief. The voice of experience, however, directs the sensible man to look narrowly into the conduct of those with whom he is connected; for a wink of the eye, an expression which falls from the tongue, or even the motions of the body, are sometimes evidences of what is going on in the heart. Wise

men have laid it down as a rule, that when any one doubts the sincerity of his friend, he should, by observing every part of his conduct, guard against the possibility of being deceived by him. If his suspicions are founded, he is repaid for the violence which they may have offered to his feelings, by the safety which they have procured him; and if they have been entertained without good grounds, he may at least congratulate himself on his foresight, which in no instance can be otherwise than serviceable to him."

After having indulged himself in these reflections, he said to the Tortoise, "Why do you stop a second time, and appear as if you were anxiously debating some question in your mind?" "I am tormented," answered the Tortoise, "by the idea, that, owing to the illness of my wife, you will find my house in disorder." "Do not," said the Monkey, "be uneasy on that account, but rather look out for some medicine and food, which may be of service to your wife; for a person possessed of riches cannot employ them in a better manner, than either in works of charity, during a time of want, or in the service of his family." "Your observation," answered the Tortoise, "is just; but the physician has declared that nothing will cure my wife except the heart of a Monkey."

Then the Monkey reasoned with himself thus: "Fool that I am! Immoderate desires, which are not suited to my age, threaten me with destruction, and I now discover too late, how true it is that the contented man passes his life in peace and security, whilst the covetous and ambitious live in trouble and difficulty. I have occasion at this moment for all the resources of my understanding, to devise a means of escaping from the snare into which I have fallen."

Then he said to the Tortoise, "Why did you not inform me of this sooner, and I would have brought my heart with me; for it is the practice of the Monkeys, when any one goes out on a visit to a friend, to leave his heart at home, or in the custody of his family, that he may be able to behold all the attractions that beset him without losing his affections." "Where is your heart now?" said the Tortoise. "I have left it in the tree," answered the Monkey; "and

if you will return with me thither, I will bring it away." The proposal was accepted; and the Tortoise swam back with the Monkey, who, as soon as he was near enough, sprang upon the shore, and immediately climbed up into the tree. When the Tortoise had waited for him some time, he grew impatient, and called out to him to bring his heart with him, and come down, and not detain him any longer. "What," said the Monkey, "do you think I am like the Ass, of whom the Jackal declared that he had neither heart nor ears?" "How so?" asked the Tortoise.

"It is told," said the Monkey, "that a Lion, in a forest, was waited upon by a Jackal, who lived upon the food which he left. The Lion was attacked by a violent disease, which brought him to such a state of weakness, that he was unable to hunt for his prey. The Jackal asked him the reason of the change which he observed in his manner and appearance, and was told that it was owing to the illness with which he was afflicted, and for which there was no remedy, except the heart and the ears of an Ass. The Jackal replied, 'That there need be no difficulty in procuring them, for that he was acquainted with an Ass, who was in the service of a fuller, and was employed in carrying his cloths.' He immediately set out, and went to the Ass; and as soon as he saw him, he told him how distressed he was to find him so thin and emaciated; which the Ass accounted for by saying, that his master gave him scarcely any thing to eat.

"Then why do you remain any longer with him," said the Jackal, "and submit to this treatment?"

"What can I do, or whither can I go?" said the Ass. "Wherever I am, it is my fate to be ill used and starved."

"If you will but follow me," replied the Jackal, "I will conduct you to a place uninhabited by men, who, you say, are your foes, and abounding in food."

"Let us not lose a moment in going thither," said the Ass; "and I beg of you to show me the way."

"Then the Jackal led him to the neighbourhood of the Lion's den, but entered alone into the forest, to inform the royal beast of the spot where the Ass was waiting. So the Lion went out, and immediately made an attempt to rush

upon the Ass, but failed through weakness; and the Ass, being frightened, ran away.

“When the Lion returned, the Jackal told him, that he did not suppose he was so weak as to be unable to master a poor ass. ‘Bring him to me a second time,’ said the Lion, ‘and I promise you he shall not escape again.’ So the Jackal went to the Ass, and said, ‘What was the reason of your sudden fright? A generous Ox, to be sure approached you, with a bundle of provender; but the gaiety with which your liberal friend advanced, seems to have alarmed you. However, you have only to remain quiet and undismayed, and he will, I am sure, repeat his friendly offer.’

“As soon as the Ass heard this explanation, his appetite became uncontrollable; he brayed, through impatience, and suffered himself to be conducted again towards the Lion’s den. The Jackal preceded him as before, and told the Lion where he was, cautioning him to be well upon his guard, for that if the Ass escaped a second time, he would never return. The eagerness of the Lion not to be disappointed of his prey a second time, was very great; and he, accordingly, no sooner saw the Ass, than he rushed upon him and killed him. But recollecting that the physicians had forbidden him to eat the flesh of an Ass before it had been washed and purified, he desired the Jackal to take care that everything necessary should be done, and said he would shortly come back and eat the heart and ears, leaving the rest to his worthy friend the Jackal.

“But as soon as the Lion was gone, the Jackal himself ate the heart and ears of the Ass, hoping thereby to deter the Lion from eating the remainder of the animal, so that he might have the whole for himself. When the Lion returned, he asked for the heart and ears of the ass; and the Jackal said to him, ‘Do you think that if the beast had had a heart and ears, he would ever have suffered himself to be brought back, after he had once escaped the destruction from your claws?’

“Now do not imagine,” said the Monkey to the Tortoise, “that I am going to commit the same folly as the Ass in this fable. You have been endeavouring to deceive me by trick and contrivance; and I have therefore been obliged

to practise, and with complete success, the same means in my defence, thereby showing that knowledge and talents can make good the error of a too easy and thoughtless compliance."

"You are right," said the Tortoise; "and an honest man will confess his crime. If he has committed a fault, he will not refuse instruction, in order that he may profit by the lesson which has been taught him, if on any future occasion he should be entangled in difficulties; like the man, who, when he has made a false step and fallen, supports himself on the ground, against which he has stumbled, to raise himself again upon his feet."

[W. K. From the Arabic.]

THE POET AND THE SPORTSMAN.

GENTLY rise, oh! southern breeze,
 Breathing fragrance, gently rise,
 While o'er hill and tufted trees
 Streams of glory light the skies!

"Lo! the ascending orb of day!
 Sons of earth," he cries, "rejoice!
 Nature wakes, and every spray
 Sends to Heaven a grateful voice.

While these living glories shine,
 That the Almighty hand declare,
 Let the song of praise be mine,
 Thine the heart-exalting prayer!"

Such is Fancy's charmed flight,
 Such the Poet's raptured dream;
 While, beneath the orient light,
 Nature's countless beauties gleam.

Hark! what direful sound is there?
 Whence that faint, that piteous cry?
 Horrid war is surely near,
 Near some victim doomed to die!

'Tis the Sportsman—mark his view,
 Glancing on his destined prey;
 Greeted he Nature's lovely hue?
 Joys he in her minstrelsy?

All the rapture, all the joy,
 Heaven has poured profusely round,
 Like a Cain, he would destroy,
 And with blood pollute the ground.

PRINCE HOARE.

THE HORSE AND GROOM.

A HORSE, whose each ancestral steed
 Renowned was both for blood and speed,
 Released awhile from curb and rein,
 Strode proudly o'er the grassy plain,
 And thus a reverie began:

“Fool that I am, that puny man
 Should rule me with his tyrant hand,
 And bid me own his least command!

No longer will I thus submit
 To goading spur and galling bit,
 But, unconfined, for ever roam,
 Making each lovely vale my home;
 And, as my kindred horses, free,
 Far off in sunny Araby.”

Thus spoke the idler, and away
 The truant wandered many a day:
 The next day and the next he spent
 In idleness and discontent.

At length, fatigued with doing nought,
 Again his master's close he sought.
 The Fence scarce leaped, the Groom appears,
 And rattling corn salutes his ears;
 He runs, forgetful of the past,
 And finds he's fairly caught at last.
 When safely in the stable tied,
 A whip salutes his undressed hide;

His wonted stroll at even's o'er,
 He treads the verdant plain no more;
 But 'mid the city's noisome air,
 He's doomed a life of toil to bear.

How often men do thus abuse
 The things but lent them for their use,
 And then in after years repent
 The treasure they've so idly spent.—M. L.

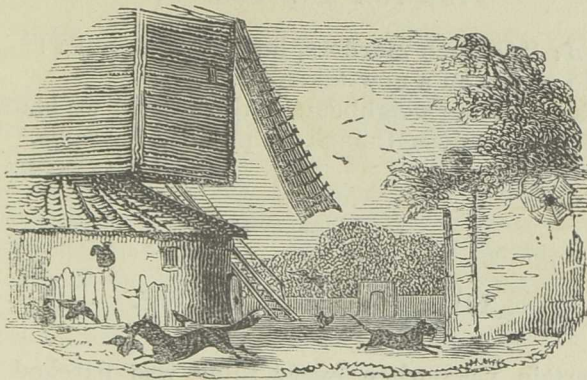
THE PARROT AND THE SINGING BIRDS.

A PARROT flew from his cage into a neighbouring wood, where he criticised the song of the birds around him. At length they besought him to favour them in return; for, no doubt, his performance was equal to his criticism. The Parrot, after due consideration of the request, gravely scratched his head, and made this reply: "Gentlemen, I whistle, but I never sing."

Does not this remind one of elaborate criticisms upon the great works of original genius, which the dull of all times analyse and compare, and contrast, and endeavour to subject to systems built absolutely upon the works themselves? Inquire for their own inventions, for what they have added to the stock of genius in the world,—the answer is made for them by our Parrot: "They whistle, but they never sing."

J. N.





THE FOX AND THE CAT.

THE Fox and the Cat, as they travelled one day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way.
“’Tis great,” says the Fox, “to make justice our guide!”
“How Godlike is mercy!” Grimalkin replied.
While thus they proceeded, a wolf from the wood,
Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,
Rushed forth, as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,
And seized for his supper an innocent sheep.
“In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat;
When mutton’s at hand,” says the wolf, “I must eat.”
Grimalkin astonished—the Fox stood aghast,
To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.
“What a wretch!” says the Cat; “’tis the vilest of brutes:
Does he feed upon flesh when there’s herbage and roots?”
Cries the Fox, “While our oaks give us acorns so good,
What a tyrant is this to spill innocent blood!”
Well, onward they marched, and they moralized still,
Till they came where some poultry picked chaff by a mill:
Sly Reynard surveyed them with gluttonous eyes,
And made—spite of morals—a pullet his prize.
A mouse, too, that chanced from her covert to stray,
The greedy Grimalkin secured as her prey.
A Spider, that sat on her web on the wall,
Perceived the poor victims, and pitied their fall.

She cried; "Of such murders, how guiltless am I!"
So ran to regale on a new-taken fly.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom we blame,
But tax not ourselves, though we practise the same.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE TWO SPARROWS.

IN a certain year when every thing was parched with drought, two Sparrows were exposed to the pangs of hunger, and almost starved to death.

"My dear brother," said the weaker of the two to the other, "muster all thy strength, fly about, and see whether thou canst not find some food. I would gladly go with thee, but have not power to stir. If thou findest any food, bring me a little; but make haste, otherwise I shall perish with hunger."

His companion promised to do as he desired, and flew away. He was so fortunate as to discover a cherry-tree, full of ripe fruit. "Oh!" cried he, "my friend and myself are saved!" He alighted on the tree, began to peck at the cherries, which he found delicious, and soon satisfied the cravings of hunger.

An hour passed away: the sun was sinking in the west. The Sparrow bethought him that it was time to carry a few cherries to his languishing friend. "But no," said he, on further reflection, "I am yet too faint myself. I will just eat this cherry, and then this."

In this way he went on, hopping from bough to bough, till darkness overtook him, and he fell asleep. He did not awake till morning, and then hastened to his forlorn brother, but he found him lying on his back, and quite dead!

Let nothing be more sacred than the fulfilment of a promise, especially when given to a person in distress. In prosperity we are but too apt to forget the misfortunes of others.

THE HAREBELL AND THE FOXGLOVE.

In a valley obscure, on a bank of green shade,
 A sweet little Harebell her dwelling had made.
 Her roof was a woodbine, that tastefully spread
 Its close-woven tendrils, o'er-arching her head ;
 Her bed was of moss, that each morning made new ;
 She dined on a sunbeam, and supped on the dew ;
 Her neighbour, the Nightingale, sung her to rest ;
 And care had ne'er planted a thorn in her breast.

One morning she saw, on the opposite side,
 A Foxglove displaying his colours of pride :
 She gazed on his form that in stateliness grew,
 And envied his height and his beautiful hue ;
 She marked how the flowerets all gave way before him,
 While they pressed round her dwelling with far less de-
 Dissatisfied, jealous, and peevish she grows, [corum ;
 And the sight of this Foxglove destroys her repose.

She tires of her vesture, and, swelling with spleen,
 Cries, " Ne'er such a dowdy blue mantle was seen !"
 Nor keeps to herself any longer her pain,
 But thus to a Primrose begins to complain :
 " I envy your mood, that can patient abide
 The respect paid that Foxglove, his airs and his pride :
 There you sit, still the same, with your colourless cheek ;
 But you have no spirit,—would I were as meek !"

The Primrose, good-humoured, replied : " If you knew
 More about him—(remember I'm older than you,
 And, better instructed, can tell you his tale)—
 You would envy him least of all flowers in this vale :
 With all his fine airs and his dazzling show,
 No flower more baneful and odious can blow ;
 And the reason the flowerets before him give way,
 Is because they all hate him, and shrink from his sway.
 To stay near him long would be fading or death,
 For he scatters a pest with his venomous breath.
 While the flowers that you fancy are crowding you there
 Spring round you, delighted your converse to share :
 His flame-coloured robe is imposing, 'tis true ;
 Yet who likes it so well as your mantle of blue !

For we know that of innocence one is the vest,
The other the cloak of a treacherous breast.
I see your surprise—but I know him full well,
And have numbered his victims, as fading they fell;
He blighted twin-violets that under him lay,
And poisoned a sister of mine the same day."

The Primrose was silent; the Harebell, 'tis said,
Inclined for a moment her beautiful head;
But quickly recovered her spirits, and then
Declared that she ne'er should feel envy again.

THE MORNING DREAM.

A LITTLE boy came down one morning from his bed-chamber, weeping bitterly, so that the tears ran down his cheeks. His father and mother thinking that he had met with some fearful accident, or else that he was sick, said, "Dear child, what is the matter? who has hurt you?"

"Oh," said the boy, "a little while ago, I had twelve delicate white lambs, and they wandered round me, and licked my hands, and I sat among them with a shepherd's staff. But now they are all gone, and I do not know where they are."

Then the parents discovered that the child had awaked from a dream, and they smiled upon him. But the father said, "We smile, it is true, and yet may not our thoughts and wishes frequently be compared to the dreams of children."





THE ELEPHANT AND THE LARK.

A LARK had made her nest in the road which an Elephant was in the habit of passing when he went to drink. The Elephant, going one day as usual to quench his thirst, trod upon the nest of the Lark, and broke the eggs, and destroyed the unhatched young ones which they contained. The Lark, who had no doubt by whom the injury had been done, mounted up into the air, and, hovering over the head of the Elephant, cried out in a lamentable tone, "O king, is it out of contempt, and the little respect which you entertain for your neighbour, that you have broken my eggs, and destroyed my unhatched brood?" The Elephant acknowledged this to be the case; so the Lark flew away, and went to an assembly of birds, and complained to them of the injustice of which the Elephant had been guilty; but they excused their refusal to interfere, by alleging their inability to contend with the Elephant.

Upon this the Lark addressed herself more particularly to the magpies and crows, and besought them to peck out the eyes of the Elephant, whilst she was preparing another snare for him. The magpies and the crows went and struck at the Elephant's eyes with their beaks, till they had entirely destroyed them; so that, being unable to find his way to the pastures where he was in the habit of feeding, he was forced to content himself with any scanty nourishment which he could pick up.

When the Lark was informed of this, she went to a pond, where there were a great many frogs, and made similar complaints of the conduct of the Elephant; and they asked her, how it was possible for them to assist her against so powerful an enemy? She said to them, "I beg of you to have the goodness to accompany me to a large dry pit, which is near the spot where the Elephant is, and to go down into it, and croak; the Elephant, when he hears the noise, will fancy that there is water there, and, advancing towards the sound, will fall into the pit, and perish." The frogs complied with the request of the Lark, and everything happened to the Elephant as she had foretold.

Then, fluttering over his head, as he lay in the agonies of death, she said, "O tyrant, thou art deceived in thinking that thou couldst trample with impunity upon so weak a being as myself! My cunning has defeated thy power, and my sagacity has triumphed over thy strength!"

[W. K. From the Arabic]

THE YOUNG MONKEY.

A LITTLE Monkey chanced to find
A walnut in its outward rind;
He snatched the prize with eager haste
And bit it; but its bitter taste
Soon made him throw the fruit away.
"I've heard," he cried, "my mother say
(But she was wrong,) the fruit was good;
Preserve me from such bitter food!"
A Monkey, by experience taught,
The falling prize with pleasure caught;
Took off the husk, and broke the shell,
The kernel peeled, and liked it well.
"Walnuts," said he, "are good and sweet;
But must be opened ere they're eat."
And thus in life, you'll always find
Labour comes first,—reward behind.

HONOUR, PRUDENCE, AND PLEASURE.

HONOUR, Prudence, and Pleasure, undertook to keep house together; Honour was to govern the family, Prudence to provide for it, and Pleasure to conduct its arrangements. For some time they went on exceedingly well, and with great propriety; but, after a while, Pleasure getting the upper hand, began to carry mirth to extravagance, and filled the house with gay, idle, riotous company, and the consequent expenses threatened the ruin of the establishment; so that Honour and Prudence, finding it absolutely necessary to break up the partnership, determined to quit the house, and leave Pleasure to go on her own way; which did not continue long, as she soon brought herself to poverty, and came a-begging to her former companions, Honour and Prudence, who had settled together in another habitation. However, they would never afterwards admit Pleasure to be a partner in their household, but sent for her occasionally, on holidays, to make them merry; and in return, they maintained her out of their alms.

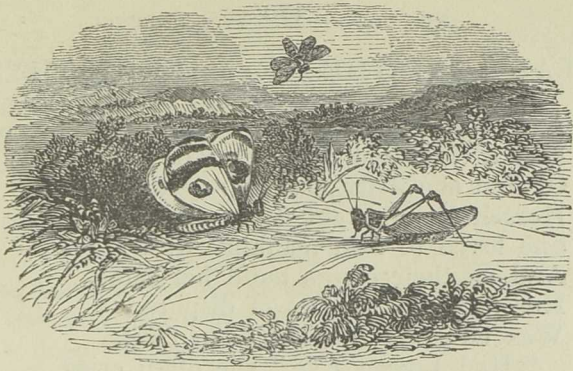
The wants of nature are few: it is the office of reason to regulate both the taste and the appetite; and those who are governed by her law, will be enabled to leave their wealth, their health, and their example, as rich endowments to their heirs.

All beyond enough is too much; all beyond nourishment is luxury; all beyond decency is extravagance. Intemperance has a surviving and alluring aspect, but a dreadful retinue, consisting of the whole assemblage of diseases; for Death has been their cook, and has infused a slow poison into every sauce.

[From the Italian.]

THE MONKEYS AND THE CAMEL.

Two Monkeys, passionate and vain,
 Possessed of far more tongue than brain,
 Disputed long, in language high,
 On matters of Zoology.
 Said Jacko, "Well, we live and learn;
 And you will wonder in your turn :
 I find there grows (O wondrous lack!)
No hunch upon a Camel's back!"
 "Pooh! folly!" cried his brother ape,
 "You quite forget the Camel's shape;
 I never saw a Camel yet
Without a hunch—my life I'll bet!
 I rode one lately as my hack,
 And felt the hunch upon his back!"
 "'Tis false, Sir Pug, and very hard
 Thus to be doubted: here's my card,—
 I'll say no more about the brute,
 Let pistols settle the dispute."
 And then, as all was fitly timed,
 The paces measured, pistols primed,
 The world had held two monkeys less,
 All through this *mutual redress*,
 Had not the seconds interfered,
 And thus the point of quarrel cleared.
 "Error and truth to each belong;
 You both are right, and both are wrong:
 The Camel's hunch, by Nature's laws,
 When food has failed, and hunger gnaws,
 Oft proves a gift benignly sent,
 To aid the creature's nourishment,
 And, guarding thus from famine's shock,
 Contributes to the general stock.
 The very hunch, Sir Pug admired
 In yonder Camel, has retired;
 And when that hunch had ceased to be,
 Then, Jacko, 'twas not seen by thee:
 Put up your pistols; use your eyes,
 And learn from Nature to be wise."
 The positive and angry wight
 Is seldom *altogether* right.



THE MOTH, GRASSHOPPER, AND BEE.

ON a fine Summer's morning, a gaudy Moth happened to alight near a Grasshopper, on a green lawn. "Well met," said the Grasshopper; "this is a morning just fit for such idle gentry as ourselves." A bustling Bee who overheard this harangue, immediately joined the company, and addressed the Grasshopper: "True," said the Bee, "you are, indeed, a couple of idlers; and in that respect, at present, much upon a par. But recollect, that there is this difference between you: this fine-winged Moth, now so gaudy and so idle, was originally a humble worm, and then employed her time in unremitting industry, and spun a thread, of which the robes of royalty are made. It was not till she was lifted from her lowly station into higher life, that she knew not how to conduct herself with becoming propriety, and grew worse than useless, by helping time to destroy the very work that her virtuous labours had composed; and became, from the time of her exaltation, as vain, idle, and worthless as yourself, whose whole life has been spent from beginning to end, in hopping and singing."

There are abundance of persons who, in humble and confined circumstances, are seen to conduct themselves with admirable prudence and propriety; and yet, lift them into a higher sphere, and increase their power, we shall find humours and passions present themselves, that we had no notion they possessed.

J. N.

THE LADY AND THE PIE; OR, KNOW THYSELF.

A WORTHY 'Squire, of sober life,
 Had a conceited, boasting wife;
 Of him she daily made complaint;
 Herself she thought a very saint.
 She loved to load mankind with blame,
 And on their errors build her fame.
 Her favourite subject of dispute,
 Was Eve and the forbidden fruit.

"Had I been Eve," she often cried,
 "Man had not fallen, nor woman died;
 I still had kept the orders given,
 Nor for an apple lost my heaven;
 To gratify my curious mind,
 I ne'er had ruined all mankind;
 Nor, from a vain desire to know,
 Entailed on all my race such woe."

The 'Squire replied, "I fear 'tis true,
 The same ill spirit lives in you;
 Tempted alike, I dare believe,
 You would have disobeyed, like Eve."
 The Lady stormed, and still denied
 Sin, curiosity, and pride.

The 'Squire, some future day at dinner,
 Resolved to try this boastful sinner;
 He grieved such vanity possessed her,
 And thus, in serious terms, addressed her:

"Madam, the usual splendid feast
 With which our wedding-day is graced,
 With you I must not share to-day,
 For business calls me hence away.
 Of all the dainties I've prepared,
 I beg not any may be spared;
 Indulge in every costly dish,
 Enjoy, 'tis what I really wish;
 Only observe one prohibition,
 Nor think it a severe condition:
 On one small dish which covered stands,
 You must not dare to lay your hands;

Go—disobey not on your life,
Or henceforth you're no more my wife."

The treat was served, the 'Squire was gone,
The murmuring Lady dined alone;
She saw whate'er could grace a feast,
Or charm the eye, or please the taste;
But, while she ranged from this to that,
From venison haunch to turtle fat,
On one small dish she chanced to light,
By a deep cover hid from sight:

"Oh! here it is, yet not for me!
I must not taste, nay, dare not see;
Why place it there? or why forbid
That I so much as lift the lid?
Prohibited of this to eat,
I care not for the sumptuous treat;
I wonder if 'tis fowl or fish,
To know what's there, I merely wish.
I'll look—O no, I lose for ever,
If I'm betrayed, my husband's favour.
I own I think it vastly hard,
Nay, tyranny, to be debarred.
John, you may go—the wine's decanted;
I'll ring, or call you, when you're wanted."

Now left alone, she waits no longer,
Temptation presses more and stronger.
"I'll peep—the harm can ne'er be much,
For, though I peep, I will not touch;
Why I'm forbid to lift this cover,
One glance will tell, and then 'tis over.
My husband's absent, so is John;
My peeping never can be known."

Trembling, she yielded to her wish,
And raised the cover from the dish:
She starts—for, lo! an open Pie,
From which six living sparrows fly!
She calls, she screams, with wild surprise,
"Haste, John, and catch these birds," she cries.
John hears not; but, to crown her shame,
In at her call her husband came.

Sternly he frowned, as thus he spoke:
 "Thus is your vowed allegiance broke!
 Self-ignorance led you to believe
 You did not share the sin of Eve.
 Like her's, how blest was your condition!
 Like Heaven's, how small my prohibition?
 Yet you, though fed with every dainty,
 Sat pining in the midst of plenty;
 This dish, thus singled from the rest,
 Of your obedience was the test;
 Your mind, unbroke by self-denial.
 Could not sustain this slender trial.
 Humility from this be taught,
 Learn candour to another's fault;
 Go, know, like Eve, from this sad dinner,
 You're both a vain and curious sinner."

HANNAH MORE.

FORTITUDE.

PERILS, and misfortunes, and want, and pain, and injury, are the lot of every one that cometh into the world. It behoveth thee, therefore, early to fortify thy mind with courage and patience, that thou mayest support with resolution thy allotted portion of calamity. As the Camel beareth labour, and heat, and hunger, and thirst, through deserts of sand, and fainteth not, so Fortitude will sustain thy virtue through perils and distress.

A noble spirit disdaineth the malice of fortune: his greatness of soul is not to be cast down. His happiness dependeth not on her smiles, and therefore with her frowns he shall not be dismayed. As a rock in the sea, he standeth firm; and the dashing of the waves disturbeth him not. He raiseth his head like a tower on a hill; and the arrows of Fortune drop at his feet. He meeteth the evils of life as a man that goeth forth unto battle, and returneth with victory in his hand. Under the pressure of misfortunes, his calmness alleviates their weight; and by his constancy, he shall surmount them.



THE APE AND THE BEAVER.

A PERT Ape one day, by chance, made a visit to a colony of Beavers, who were all hard at work in their several departments. Addressing one of those industrious animals, who was busily employed in building a house for himself and his family, he began to make impertinent and silly observations, until the Beaver, finding he could not go on with his work, while interrupted by this insignificant intruder, thus sharply reproved him. "Pray leave me," said he, "to my labour; go and pay your visits to such as are as idle as yourself: at least, do not take up the time of those to whom time is precious, and who make use of every moment to some good purpose."

Le Joindre, an eminent French artist, had the following pithy sentence written over the door of his study:—"Les gens oisifs sont toujours importuns aux gens occupés."—"Those that are idle are always troublesome to those that are occupied." Bad habits are as infectious as the plague. The idle make those idle with whom they associate; the quarrelsome create broils wherever they intrude; gamesters make gamesters; and thieves make thieves.

There is a tendency in nature to cause everything, where it is possible, to produce its likeness.

J. N.

THE LION AND THE ECHO.

A LION, bravest of the wood,
 Whose title undisputed stood,
 As o'er the wide domains he prowled,
 And in pursuit of booty growled,
 An Echo from a distant cave
 Re-growled, articulately grave.
 His majesty, surprised, began
 To think at first it was a man;
 But, on reflection sage, he found
 It was too like a Lion's sound.
 "Whose voice is that which growls at mine?"
 His Highness asked. Says Echo, "Mine!"
 "Thine!" says the Lion; "who art thou?"
 Echo, as stern, cried, "Who art thou?"
 "Know I'm a Lion; hear and tremble!"
 Replied the King. Cried Echo, "Tremble!"
 "Come forth," says Lion; "show thyself."
 Laconic Echo answered, "Elf."
 "Elf, durst thou call me, vile pretender?"
 Echo as loud replied, "Pretender!"
 At this, as jealous of his reign,
 He growled in rage; he growled again.
 Incensed the more, he chafed and foamed,
 And round the spacious forest roamed,
 To find the rival of his throne,
 Who durst with him dispute the crown.
 A Fox, who listened all the while,
 Addressed the monarch with a smile:
 "My liege, most humbly I make bold,
 Though truth may not be always told,
 That this same phantom which you hear,
 That so alarms your royal ear,
 Is not a rival of your throne;
 The voice and fears are all your own."
 Imaginary terrors scare
 A timorous soul with real fear:

Nay, even the wise and brave are cowed
By apprehensions from the crowd:
A frog a Lion may disarm,
And yet how causeless the alarm!

THE SWALLOW AND THE OTHER BIRDS.

A SWALLOW, which had seen many countries, and made herself well acquainted with the ways of men, once saw a husbandman sowing hemp in his field. By her twittering she immediately assembled around her a concourse of small birds. She told them what the man was doing, and that from the hemp which would spring up there, the fowler was in the habit of making snares and nets. She concluded her speech with the well-meant counsel, that they should pick up these seeds betimes, to prevent the mischief which they might suffer from them in future.

The birds disregarded this warning. To pick out all these seeds, appeared to them an endless labour: they went in quest of other food, which was to be obtained with greater ease. The hemp took root, and soon sprung up.

A second time the Swallow strove to make her companions sensible of the impending evil. She told them that it was not yet too late to prevent it; that the tender shoots might yet be destroyed. But again they treated her advice with contempt. Indignantly leaving her companions in the wood, she flew to the town, subsisting entirely upon noxious insects, and has been ever since the friend of mankind. In due time the hemp ripened, was gathered, and wrought. It was used, as the Swallow had foretold, in making nets. A great number of the birds, whom she had warned in vain, were now caught by the fowler, and repented when too late that they had not followed her sensible advice.

Strive to prevent in its origin what may hereafter prove injurious. A thousand evils, which might easily have been obviated in the beginning, prove insurmountable in the sequel.

THE GRAIN FIELD.

A DREADFUL pestilence raged in the dwelling of a pious farmer, so that he himself, with his wife and children, were thrown on a sick bed. Two children were the victims of the cruel plague, his eldest son, and a daughter the comfort of her mother. Consequently the work of the field was neglected, and the last of their stores were consumed.

At length the farmer recovered, and he determined to visit his fields, which he had not seen for a long time.

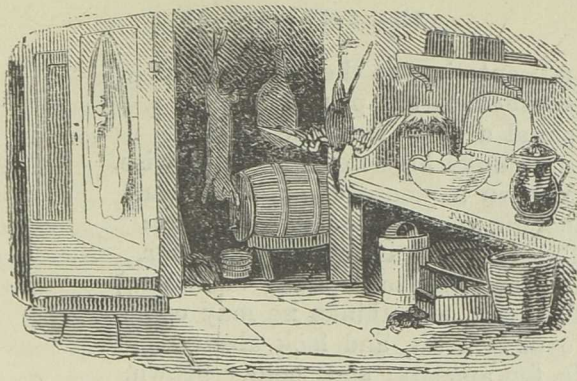
When he was ready to go out with his wife, behold a storm arose, and it lightened, and thundered with heavy howers of rain: so they waited till the storm had ceased.

When the thunders were silent, and the rain no longer descended, the Farmer said, "We will now go. The fragrance of the field will be sweeter after the shower that has succeeded the drought." And as they approached the field of grain, a fresh and pleasant odour wafted towards them, and over the field hung the broken clouds, from which gleamed occasional flashes of lightning, and beyond the dark clouds the sun-beams shone in their splendour. But the young grain, laden with the pearly drops, bent down, and the grass was clothed with new beauty.

Then the Farmer pressed the hand of his wife, and looking towards heaven, said, "Oh Lord, thou hast also sent a storm upon us; let it have the same effect which the storm of nature has produced on this field of grain. We retire and weep. Oh! may we also bring forth good seed, and gather in our sheaves with joy."

And his wife wept, and said, "Amen! so may it be!"





THE FIELD-MOUSE.

A Mouse, the sleekest of the train
That ever stole the farmer's grain,
Grew tired of acorns, wheat, and peas,
And longed to feed on savoury cheese.

A travelled sir, a Mouse of spirit,
Endowed with wit, but little merit,
In evil hour a visit paid,
And turned his inexperienced head
With stories of—I know not what—
The comforts of the shepherd's cot,
The plenty of the farmer's barn,
And granaries replete with corn:
But most the luxury and waste
Of houses owned by men of taste,
Where a man-cook consumes the meat,
But leaves enough for mice to eat,
And in whose pantry, cheese and ham
Invite a colony to cram.

The longing Mouse the story hears;
He feels alternate hopes and fears.
His friend's advice he dares pursue,
And bids his rural friends adieu.

When night her sable curtain spread,
And all was silent as the dead,
Our hero crept along the way
His friend had pointed out by day:

And, entering at the cellar-door,
 Ascended to the pantry floor.
 Behind a table there he lies,
 And thinks himself secure and wise.
 At morn a plenteous scene appears,
 Enough to serve him many years:
 (The relics of a sumptuous dinner,
 Are tempting to a young beginner;)

He peeps, and thinks he may come out,
 To taste a bit, and look about:
 No foe appears; and, bolder grown,
 He views the treasure as his own;
 Then sallying forth in open day,
 Eats all that comes within his way.
 But soon the greasy cook is seen—
 The Mouse looks pitiful and mean;
 Scouts from the dresser in a fright,
 Yet does not 'scape his watchful sight.
 The gnawed remains of viands rare
 Are taken from the shelf with care,
 And in their place a trap is set,
 To make the thief repay the debt.
 The Mouse, at evening, dares to peep,
 And thinks his foe is fast asleep:
 The savoury cheese his fancy draws
 Within the trap's unfeeling jaws.
 He finds too late his error there,
 And dies within the fatal snare:
 A victim unto bad advice,
 A lesson to imprudent Mice,
 Who, discontented with their home,
 To gayer scenes desire to roam.

LADY BURRELL.

APPLICATION TO BUSINESS.

SINCE the days that are past are gone for ever, and those
 that are to come may not come to thee, it behoveth thee to
 employ the present time, without regretting the loss of that
 which is past, or too much depending on that which is to

come. This instant is thine, the next is in the womb of futurity; and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Whatsoever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly: defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish. Idleness is the parent of want and of pain; but the labour of virtue bringeth forth pleasure. The hand of diligence defeateth want; prosperity and success are the industrious man's attendants.

Who is he that hath acquired wealth, that hath risen to power, that hath clothed himself with honour, that is spoken of in the city with praise, and that standeth before the King in his council? Even he that hath shut out idleness from his house, and said unto Sloth, "Thou art mine enemy."

THE SAGE AND THE LINNET.

A HOARY Sage, in pensive mood,
Sought the recesses of a wood,
And, white with age, a Linnet found
Carolling forth a joyous sound;
Wondering, he asked, "These glooms among,
What joys can prompt thy cheerful song?
At such an age as thine must be,
Thou own'st a joyous minstrelsy."

The Bird replied: "An exile here,
I rest from every care or fear;
O'er youthful scenes reflection strays,
And conjures up long-fleeted days;
When active virtue, love sincere,
Beamed joy around my scanty sphere;
When full those joys to me returned,
And in my breast reflected burned;
And now serene, for death I wait,
Nor fear the expected hand of fate;
For there are realms beyond the sky,
Where birds on sweeter gales shall fly;
Where endless youth shall fill my veins,
And joy shall prompt immortal strains:

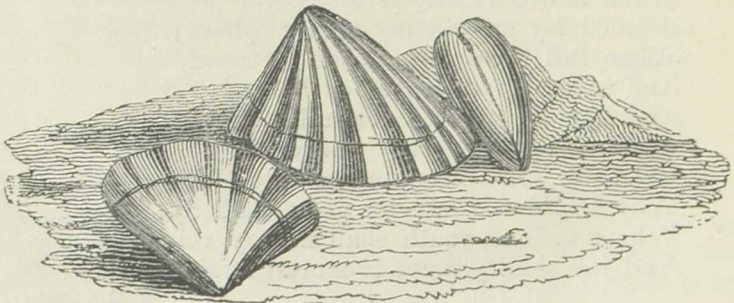
These hopes uncloud my parting day,
And age still chants a cheerful lay!"

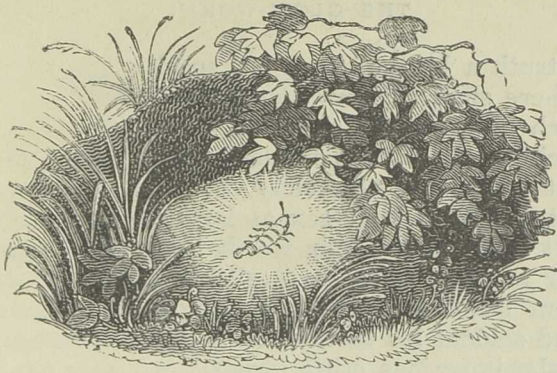
No joys of sense, like conscious goodness please,
More bright than glory, and more soft than ease;
In prospect, these enchant the treacherous eye,
Yet, when approached, illusive, fleet, and die:
Still others spring, still please and cheat the same;
While hoped for, mountains,—when possessed, a name.
So charms a cloud, with every colour gay,
When seen afar its each prismatic ray;
But if we reach it, we discern no more
The flattering vapour so admired before.

THE SHELLS.

A FATHER, on his return home from the sea-coast, brought for his young son some beautiful muscle and snail shells, which he had gathered on the beach. The pleasure of the boy was indescribably great, when he saw the beautiful and speckled inhabitants of the sea. He took an elegant box, and placed them in it with care and affection, and called his play-mates to behold them; and there was a great talk among the children of the village, about the handsome muscles and the fine box. But the delighted boy counted them every morning, and discovered in them, daily, new beauties, and gave to every one a name.

For the love and joy of youthful simplicity is inventive, and rich in expressions of fondness.





THE GLOW-WORM.

THE modest Glow-worm, in the night,
Around her sheds a cheering light;
And, as the wanderer passes by,
Her tiny lustre glads his eye.
But, when the gorgeous glare of day
Dispenses a more brilliant ray;
Or should the bright-beamed moon appear,
Or the starry host their lustre wear;
Then she withholds her little flame,
As if abashed with modest shame;
From greater lights she still retires,
Nor from her humble sphere aspires.
To the social circle of her friends
Alone her intercourse extends;
With them upon some scented mound,
Where Flora decks the favoured ground,
There she is pleased, and strives to please,
Happy and sheltered by heart's-ease.
The little lights, in parties gay,
Wear the dull, tedious night away;
Each lends her aid to bless the scene,
A gem to stud the enamelled green.

From her a moral let us take,
My Lucy, 'tis for thy dear sake;
A brother's love impels my pen,
A sister's will accept the strain;

If truth a brother may not speak,
 Where shall a sister candour seek?
 Each in the other should confide,
 Each on the other's faults decide:
 Yet you I will not solely charge,
 But aim it at your sex at large.

It teaches you your worth to prize,
 Nor make it common to all eyes.
 Your brilliant talents e'er confine,
 And seldom let them fully shine.
 If the imperious critic strive
 His surly pedant law to give,
 Or, if the truly learned sage
 Should speak the lore of wisdom's page,
 To their superior light submit,
 And save for milder judge your wit;
 True sense and learning ever fear,
 Nor ever arrogant appear.
 Seldom shine forth, but, when you do,
 Be it to please a chosen few;
 Suit it to proper time and place,
 Nor e'er your lovely sex debase;
 So shall you always stand confessed
 Of the creation's works the best!

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

YE are the children of one father, provided for by his care, and the breast of one mother hath nurtured you. Let the bonds of affection, therefore, unite thee with thy brothers, that peace and happiness may dwell in thy father's house. And when ye separate in the world, remember the relation that bindeth you to love and unity: prefer not a stranger before thine own blood. If thy brother is in adversity, assist him; if thy sister is in trouble, forsake her not. So shall the fortunes of thy father contribute to the support of his whole race, and his care be continued to you all in your love to each other.

THE LYNX AND THE MOLE.

ONCE by chance a Lynx, in his rambles, met with a Mole. The Lynx, pleased with the various beauties of nature, as seen by his penetrating eye, solicited the Mole to participate with him in viewing the delightful prospect from a rising ground. The Mole, who had just left his hole in the earth, consented to accompany him. When they came in sight of the distant country, "See!" said the Lynx, "how charming is the view before us! Behold the bright sun, that seems to give life everywhere and make all things rejoice."

"Well, well," said the Mole, "I do not know what you may see; but, for my part, there seems only a heavy mist before me."

"Now," said the Lynx, "I clearly perceive the difference there is between us: your dull senses perceive little or nothing, whilst I receive both information and delight. You are no fit companion for one, who by alchemy of mind, can generate jewels, and whose keen eye can pierce objects the most opaque. Go you back again to your dark abode in the earth, whilst I shall range the forest; for, to such as have the power of perception, the treasures of nature are everywhere teeming with knowledge and with pleasure."

This fable seems to carry its moral in itself, so that little more remains to be said upon it. Certain it is, that if the very same thing be shown to two persons of different degrees of intellect, or of different dispositions, their perceptions of it will as widely differ from each other as if they had seen two different things. One views it with apathy, and without interest; the other sees it with delight, still heightened by a lively imagination, which brings a thousand associated pleasures in its train; and thus, while to the one it seems as if deprived even of its own beauties, to the other it is decked out in borrowed splendour.

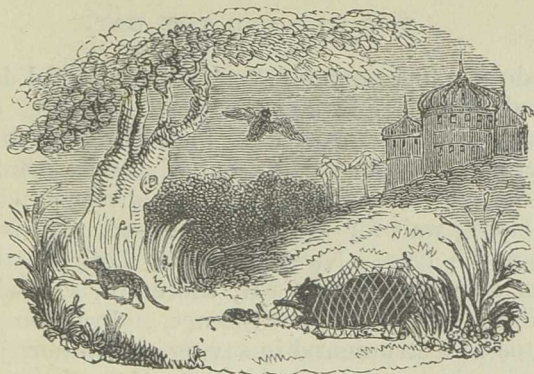
From this cause proceeds that vast difference of opinion which we often hear given by different persons concerning the same object. The dull perceive but half of what is shown them, whilst the genius sees all its excellences refined and magnified.

J. N.

THE REDBREAST AND THE SPARROW.

PERCHED on a tree, hard by a rural cot,
 A Redbreast, singing, cheered the humble spot;
 A Sparrow on the thatch, in critic spleen,
 Thus took occasion to reprove the strain:
 "Dost thou," cried he, "thou dull, dejected thing,
 Presume to imitate the birds of Spring?
 Can thy weak warbling dare approach the Thrush,
 Or Blackbird's accents, in the hawthorn bush?
 Or with the Lark, dost thou, poor mimic, vie,
 Or Nightingale's unequalled melody?
 These other birds, possessing twice thy fire,
 Have been content in silence to admire."
 "With candour judge," the minstrel bird replied;
 "Nor deem my efforts arrogance or pride;
 Think not ambition makes me act this part,—
 I only sing because I love the art;
 I envy not, indeed, but much revere,
 Those birds whose fame the test of skill will bear:
 I feel no hope aspiring to surpass,
 Nor with their charming songs my own to class;
 For other aims invite my humble strain;
 Then surely I your pardon may obtain,
 While I attempt the rural vale to move
 By imitating those sweet lays I love!"





THE RAT AND THE CAT.

AT the foot of a great tree was the hole of a Cat, whose name was Roumi; and, close by, the hole of a Rat, called Feridoum. Now, a fowler having one day spread his net over the Cat's hole, he, in an unlucky moment, came out, and was caught. Shortly after, the Rat crept out to look for something to eat: he was in constant dread of the Cat, and therefore rejoiced to see him a prisoner in the net. But suddenly turning round, he observed a weasel following him; and at the same time discovered an owl above his head, who was waiting in a tree for an opportunity of flying down, and carrying him off. Feridoum was now at a loss what to do: if he retreated, he must inevitably fall into the power of the weasel; if he turned to the right or left, the owl would dart upon him; and if he went forward, he was advancing into the claws of the Cat. "I am now," said he, "in a situation of great difficulty, being on every side surrounded by dangers; it therefore only remains for me to call in the aid of my understanding, and not to be dismayed, nor yield to the suggestions of a timid and wavering policy. Now, under present circumstances, my only chance of safety depends upon my coming to terms with my old enemy, the Cat, who, being in no less a state of embarrassment than myself, will probably render me all the assistance in his power, as the price of his own delivery by my means."

Then the Rat approached the Cat, and said to him,

“How do you find yourself?” “As you would desire,” he answered, “in trouble and distress.” “Alas,” continued the Rat, “I am your partner in misfortune, and see no prospect of safety for myself, but what offers you an equal chance of escape. You see there the weasel, who is cunningly laying wait for me: and the owl, who is watching me from the tree. Now, these are both of them your enemies as well as mine. If, therefore, you will engage not to harm me, I will gnaw the net, and release you. We shall thus be instrumental in saving each other, just as the safety of a ship is inseparable from that of the crew; for the vessel conducted by skilful hands, rides safely over the boisterous deep, and carries the sailors into port, through wind and waves.”

When the Cat heard the proposal of the Rat, he gave him credit for sincerity, and promised to repay his good offices by everlasting gratitude. Upon which the Rat set to work, to gnaw through the net, and the owl and the weasel, when they saw what was going on, despaired of their prey, and departed.

Now the Rat was far from hurrying himself in gnawing the net; upon which Roubi grew impatient, and said, “What must I think of your delay in releasing me? You have obtained by my means what you wanted: if you now forget your promise, and betray an indifference to my interest, your conduct will be both ungenerous and base.” “I am compelled,” said the Rat, “to take the precautions of which you complain, lest I should find that I have fallen into as great a danger as that from which I escaped, by the agreement I have made with you. Out of regard to my own safety, I have left so much of the net as will keep you a prisoner, till the fowler makes his appearance. When he comes, I will gnaw the remainder, and I know that you will then be too much occupied with your own escape, to bestow a thought upon me.” So the Rat continued to gnaw the net, and at length the fowler arrived; upon which, the Cat desired the Rat to make all the haste in his power. The net was very soon in pieces: the Cat quickly climbed up into a tree; the Rat ran into one of his holes; and the fowler went away disappointed of his game.

After a little while, the Rat came out of his hole, but was afraid of going too near the Cat; upon which Roubi called out to him, "O my good friend, what keeps you at such a distance? come near, that I may reward you for the service you have done me, and do not break off the intimacy which has begun so happily. I assure you, that you may command my services; for you have laid an obligation on me and my family, for which I do not feel as yet to have made you any return."

In this manner the Cat endeavoured to convince the Rat of his sincerity and good intentions; but the Rat replied, "Secret enmity often lies concealed under the mask of friendly professions. It is more violent in its effects than avowed dislike; and whoever is not upon his guard against its silent operation, may fall a victim to his inconsiderateness: like the man who chose to ride upon the trunk of an elephant, and having fallen asleep, tumbled down under his feet, and was crushed to death. Now, of all my enemies, there is no one capable of doing me more mischief than yourself. Necessity, it is true, has obliged us to come to terms with each other; but the purpose of our reconciliation being now accomplished, I cannot help dreading, as an inevitable consequence, the revival of your evil disposition towards me. What chance of success have the weak, when they cope with the powerful? and what are the fruits of submission to an enemy who is conscious of his own superiority? Moreover, it is impossible for me to place any reliance on your professions, knowing, as I do, that all you want is to have it in your power to devour me. As long, therefore, as I remain sufficiently removed from your presence, no thought will arise in my mind, to disturb my wishes for your prosperity and happiness; and the only recompense I desire for the services which you acknowledge to have received from me, is a corresponding anxiety on your part for my welfare. No other commerce than this, of good-will and benevolent affections, can ever exist between us."



THE SHEPHERD'S BOY AND THE WOLF.

LET me, my friend, a fable quote,
And thence my friendly moral note,
In Grecian Æsop's goodly page,
A moral lesson to each age,
Will answer aptly to my end,
If you with ready ear attend.

A roguish Shepherd's Boy, we're told,
Would oft, while tending on his fold,
Alarm the neighbouring hinds, and cry
As if the hostile Wolf were nigh.
Aloud he'd call, as sore afraid,
And beg the peasants' timely aid;
But, as they eager towards him hie,
He mocks their weak credulity.
Thus scoffed, and treated with disdain,
They turn themselves to work again;
And, having set them on their ward,
He calls,—but meets with no regard.

One day the Wolf, indeed, appears,
The Boy, almost o'erwhelmed with fears,
Calls loud for help; but, to his cost,
No aid arrives,—a Lamb is lost.
The Peasants, fooled before, agreed
No more his wanton cries to heed;

And, though the Wolf in earnest came,
They guessed derision was his aim.

Hence, then, we learn to jest with truth
Destroys the character of youth,
For, branded with a liar's name
He stands a public mark of shame;
Urged by necessity, we grieve
His words we never can believe.

This gentle hint in friendship take,
'Tis urged alone for friendship's sake.
Full well I know, ingenuous youth,
You bear a strict regard to truth,
When matters of import and weight
Demand attention to their state;
'Tis trivial things alone that you
E'er fail to give their colouring true;
Some tale, perhaps, for mirth invent,
To raise a laugh your sole intent.
But, yet, reflect, that habits grow,
And prove in time man's fatal foe;
What now we do not much respect
Is still augmented by neglect:
Then pray, my friend, reflect in time,
And check it, ere it grow a crime.

HOPE AND FEAR.

THE promises of Hope are sweeter than roses in the bud, and far more flattering to expectation; but the threatenings of Fear are a terror to the heart. Nevertheless, let not Hope allure, nor Fear deter, thee from doing that which is right; so shalt thou be prepared to meet all events with an equal mind.

The terrors of death are no terrors to the good; restrain thy hand from evil, and thy soul shall have nothing to fear.

In all thy undertakings, let a reasonable assurance animate thy endeavours: if thou despairst of success, thou shalt not succeed. Terrify not thy soul with vain fears,

neither let thine heart sink within thee from the phantoms of imagination. From Fear proceedeth misfortune; but he that hopeth, helpeth himself.

As the ostrich, when pursued, hideth his head, but forgetteth his body, so the fears of a coward expose him to danger. If thou believest a thing impossible, thy despondency shall make it so; but he that persevereth, shall overcome all difficulties. A vain hope flattereth the heart of a fool; but he that is wise, pursueth it not.

In all thy desires, let reason go before thee; and fix not thy hopes beyond the bounds of probability; so shall success attend thy undertakings, and thy heart shall not be vexed with disappointments.

THE SWAN AND THE GEESE.

A VAIN but stately Swan, who earnestly coveted adulation, found in a waddling Goose the readiest substitute for his purpose.

This humble follower paid him profound respect, and complied with all his humours and designs. This favourite selected another Goose, and these called in others of the same cast, such as would be perfectly agreeable to their principal, and the Swan soon found himself adored by a little flock. These pleased him for a short time; but still he was a Swan, and retained some of the spirit of his own lofty class, and at last he found that he could not rest satisfied with the awkward homage of his low companions. "How poor a creature am I," said he; "if, by any merits of my own, I could have gained such a state of superiority among my own grade as I have over this dull crew, I might have plumed myself upon it. But what am I now? only the best among a flock of Geese, and not much better than a Goose myself?"

Great minds may for a while be deceived by folly, or oppressed by arrogance; but, like a cork in a tub of water, they will eventually find the surface.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

How few with patience can endure
 The evils they themselves procure.
 A Nightingale, with snares beset,
 At last was taken in a net;
 When first she found her wings confined,
 She beat and fluttered in the wind,
 Still thinking she could fly away;
 Still hoping to regain the spray:
 But finding there was no retreat,
 Her little heart with anger beat;
 Nor did it aught abate her rage,
 To be transmitted to a cage.
 The wire apartment, though commodious,
 To her appeared extremely odious;
 And though it furnished drink and meat,
 She cared not, for she could not eat.
 'Twas not supplying her with food;
 She liked to pick it in the wood;
 And water clear, her thirst to slake,
 She chose to sip from the cool lake;
 And, when she sung herself to rest,
 'Twas in what hedge she liked the best:
 And, thus, because she was not free,
 Hating the chain of slavery,
 She rather added link to link:
 Just so, men reach misfortune's brink.
 At length, revolving on her state,
 She cries, "I might have met worse fate,
 Been seized by kites, or prowling cat,
 Or stifled in a school-boy's hat;
 Or been the first unlucky mark
 Hit by some cruel sporting spark."
 Then conscience told her, want of care
 Had made her fall into the snare;
 That men were free their nets to throw;
 And birds were free to come or go:

And all the evil she lamented,
By caution, might have been prevented.
So, on her perch more pleased, she stood
And pecked the kindly proffered food;
Resolved with patience to endure
Ills she had brought, but could not cure.

THE LITTLE BENEFACTRESS.

IT was a cold, severe winter. Young Ellen, the only daughter of very affectionate parents, collected the crumbs and scraps that were left about the table, and went twice every day and strewed them about the yard. And the birds came and picked them up. But the hands of the young girl suffered from frost and bitter cold.

Her parents watched her secretly, and were rejoiced at the lovely scene, and said, "Why do you do this, Ellen?"

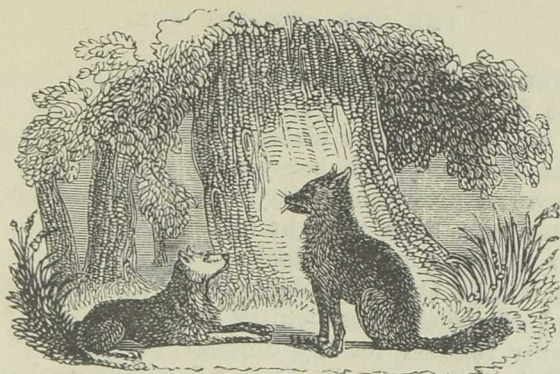
"Every thing is covered with snow and ice," replied Ellen; "and these small animals can find nothing to eat; therefore they are in want, and I feed them, as rich men support and nourish the poor."

"But you cannot provide for them all?" said the father.

Little Ellen replied, "Do not all the children in the world do the same?"

The father looked at the mother of the girl, delighted with her amiable simplicity!





THE DOG AND THE FOX.

A SHEPHERD'S Dog, unskilled in sports,
Picked up acquaintance of all sorts;
Among the rest, a Fox he knew:
By frequent chat their friendship grew.

Says Reynard, "'Tis a cruel case,
That man should stigmatize our race.
No doubt, among us, rogues you find,
As among dogs and human kind;
And yet (unknown to me and you,)
There may be honest men and true.
Thus slander tries whate'er it can
To put us on a par with man.

Let my own actions recommend;
No prejudice can blind a friend:
You know me free from all disguise;
My honour, as my life I prize."

By talk like this, from all mistrust
The Dog was cured, and thought him just.

As on a time the Fox held forth
On conscience, honesty, and worth,
Sudden he stopped; he cocked his ear;
Low dropped his brushy tail with fear.

"Bless us! the hunters are abroad:
What's all that clatter on the road?"

"Hold," says the Dog; "we're safe from harm,
'Twas nothing but a false alarm:

At yonder town 'tis market-day:
 Some farmer's wife is on the way;
 'Tis so; I know her piebald mare,
 Dame Dobbins, with her poultry ware."

Reynard grew huff. Says he, "This sneer
 From you I little thought to hear;
 Your meaning in your looks I see:
 Pray what's Dame Dobbins, friend, to me?
 Did I e'er make her poultry thinner?
 Or ever rob her for my dinner?"

"Friend," quoth the Cur, "I meant no harm;
 Then why so captious? why so warm?
 My words, in common acceptation,
 Could never give this provocation.
 No lamb, for aught I ever knew,
 May be more innocent than you."

At this, galled Reynard winced, and swore
 Such language ne'er was given before.
 "What's lamb to me? this saucy hint
 Shows me, base knave, which way you squint.
 If t'other night, your master lost
 Three lambs, am I to pay the cost?
 Your vile reflections would imply
 That I'm the thief. You dog, you lie."

"Thou knave, thou fool," the Dog replied;
 "The name is just, take either side:
 Thy guilt these applications speak.
 Sirrah, 'tis conscience makes you squeak."

So saying, on the Fox he flies:
 The self-convicted felon dies.—GAY.

GRATITUDE.

As the branches of a tree return their sap to the root from whence it arose; as a river poureth his streams to the sea, whence his spring was supplied; so the heart of a grateful man delighteth in returning a benefit received.

He acknowledgeth his obligation with cheerfulness; he looketh on his benefactor with love and esteem. And, if

to return it be not in his power, he nourisheth the memory of it in his breast with kindness; he forgeteth it not all the days of his life.

The hand of the generous man is like the clouds of heaven, which drop upon the earth fruits, herbage, and flowers. The heart of the ungrateful is like a desert of sand, which swalloweth with greediness the showers that fall, but burieth them in its bosom, and produceth nothing.

Envy not thy benefactor; neither strive to conceal the benefit he hath conferred: for, though to oblige is better than to be obliged; though the act of generosity commandeth admiration; yet the humility of gratitude toucheth the heart, and is amiable in the sight both of God and man.

THE HERMIT; OR, THE MORALIZER
CORRECTED.

A HERMIT, (or, if perchance, you hold
That title now too trite and old,)
A man, once young, who lived retired
As Hermit could have well desired;
His hours of study closed at last,
And finished his concise repast;
Stopp'd his cruse, replaced his book
Within its customary nook;
And, staff in hand, set forth to share
The sober cordial of sweet air:
Like Isaac, with a mind applied
To serious thought at evening-tide.
Autumnal rains had made it chill,
And, from the trees that fringed the hill,
Shades, slanting at the close of day,
Chilled more his else-delighted way.
Distant a little mile, he spied
A western bank's still sunny side;
And right towards the favoured place,
Proceeding with his nimblest pace,
In hope to bask a little yet,
Just reached it when the sun was set.

Your *Hermit*, young and jovial sirs,
 Learns something from whate'er occurs ;
 And " Hence," he said, " my mind computes
 The real worth of man's pursuits.
 His object chosen,—wealth or fame,
 Or other sublunary game,—
 Imagination to his view,
 Presents it decked with every hue
 That can seduce him not to spare
 His powers of best exertion there—
 But youth, health, vigour to expend
 On so desirable an end.
 Ere long approach life's evening shades,
 The glow that fancy gave it fades ;
 And, earned too late, it wants the grace,
 Which first engaged him in the chase."

One, seeming an angelic guide,
 Attendant at the Senior's side,
 In friendly accents thus replied: }

" But, whether all the time it cost
 To urge the fruitless chase, he lost,
 Must be decided by the worth
 Of that which called his ardour forth.
 Trifles pursued, whate'er the event,
 Must cause him shame or discontent :
 A vicious object still is worse,—
 Successful there he wins a curse.
 But he, whom, e'en in life's last stage,
 Endeavours laudable engage,
 Is paid, at least in peace of mind,
 And sense of having well designed.
 And, if, ere he attain his end,
 His sun precipitate descend,
 A brighter prize than that he meant,
 Shall recompense his mere intent.
 No virtuous wish can bear a date
 Either too early, or too late."—COWPER.



THE YOUNG LADY AND THE PIG.

A YOUNG LADY, having taken a predilection to a Pig, made it the principal object of her attention, kept it perfectly clean, so that it appeared as white as snow, and adorned its neck with a rich collar.

One day, this little favourite, following her into the farm-yard, espied a mud-pool in the corner, when, instantly leaving his mistress, and running into the midst of the mud, he soon made himself in such a filthy condition by wallowing in it, that he could no longer be admitted into genteel company.

He was accordingly dismissed, to associate with his own kind, leaving his mistress to regret that she had bestowed her kindness upon an undeserving object.

There are certain individuals of so perverse a nature, that, in spite of the most careful attention having been bestowed upon their education, are no sooner left to act for themselves, than they throw away all the advantages which a kind fortune has allotted them, and, as if drawn by magnetic power, fly with haste to poverty, vice, and misery.

J. N.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

VIRTUE and VICE, two mighty powers,
Who rule this motley world of our's,
Disputed once which governed best,
And whose dependants most were blessed:
They reasoned, rallied, cracked their jokes,
Succeeding much like other folks.
Their logic wasted, and their wit,
Nor one nor t'other would submit;
But both the doubtful point consent
To clear by fair experiment.

For this some mortal, they declare,
By turns shall both their bounties share;
And either's power to win him tried,
Shall then the long dispute decide.

On Hodge they fix, a country boor,
As yet, rough, ignorant, careless, poor:
Vice first exerts her power to bless,
And gives him riches to excess;
With gold she taught him to supply
Each rising wish of luxury.

One morning, as, in easy chair,
Hodge sat, with ruminating air,
Vice, like a lady fair and gay,
Approached, and thus was heard to say:
(Behind her Virtue all the while
Stood slily listening with a smile.)

“ Know, favoured mortal, know, that I
The pleasures of thy life supply;
I raised thee from the clay-built cell,
Where Want, Contempt, and Slavery dwell:
And (as each joy on earth is sold,)
To purchase all, I gave thee gold;
This made ease and luxury thine;
This blessed thee with the joys of wine;
This gave thee, in the rich repast,
Whate'er can please the pampered taste.
Confess the blessings I bestow,
And pay to Vice the thanks you owe!”

“ Cursed as I've been,” quoth Hodge, “ by you,
I will not rob you of your due:

To Wealth, 'twas you that made me heir,
 And gave, for which I thank you, Care;
 Wealth brought me wine, 'twas past a doubt,
 And wine—see here's a leg!—the gout;
 To wealth, indeed, ragouts I owe,
 Whence scurvy, pains, and asthmas flow;
 Avaunt! depart from whence you came,
 And think it well that I am lame.”
 Enraged and grieved, away she flew,
 And, with her gifts, from Hodge withdrew.

Now, in this sad, repentant hour,
 Celestial Virtue tried her power:
 For wealth, content, and health she gave,
 The unenvied treasures of the slave.
 From wild desires she set him free,
 And filled his breast with charity!
 No more excess fierce riot breeds,
 And temperance gluttony succeeds.

Hodge, in his native cot at rest,
 Now Virtue found, and thus addressed:

“Say, for 'tis your's, by proof, to know,
 Can Virtue give thee bliss below?
 Content my gift, and temperance mine,
 And charity, though meek, divine!”

With blushing cheeks, and kindling eyes,
 The man, transported, thus replies:

“Fair Virtue, on this favoured head,
 The life of life, thy blessings shed!
 My annual thousands, when I told,
 Insatiate still, I sighed for gold.
 You gave content, a boundless store,
 And rich, indeed! I sighed no more:
 With Temperance came, delightful guest!
 Health, tasteful food, and balmy rest;
 With Charity's seraphic flame,
 Each generous, social pleasure came;
 Pleasures which, in possession, rise,
 And retrospective thought supplies.
 Long to attest it may I live,
 That all Vice promises, you give!”—GRENVILLE.

THE LION AND THE CUB.

SOME men, too fond of rule and place,
 Will court it from the mean and base!
 They cannot bear an equal nigh,
 But from superior merit fly.
 They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
 And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
 There o'er some petty club preside;
 So poor, so paltry is their pride!
 Nay, e'en with fools whole nights will sit,
 Thinking to be supreme in wit.
 If these can read, to these I write,
 To set their worth in truest light.

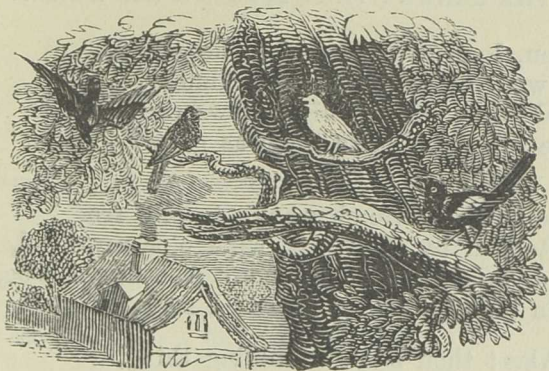
A Lion-cub, of sordid mind,
 Avoided all the Lion kind;
 Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
 Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
 With asses all his time he spent,
 Their club's perpetual president.
 He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
 An ass in every thing but ears!
 If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
 They grinned applause before he spoke;
 But at each word, what shouts of praise!
 "Hark ye, how natural he brays!"

Elate with flattery and conceit,
 He seeks his royal sire's retreat:
 Forward, and fond to show his parts,
 His Highness brays: the Lion starts.

"Puppy! that vile vociferation
 Betrays thy life and conversation:
 Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
 Are trumpets of their own disgrace."

"Why so severe?" the Cub replies;
 Our senate always held me wise."

"How weak is pride!" returns the sire;
 "All fools are vain when fools admire!
 But know, what stupid asses prize,
 Lions and noble beasts despise!"—GAY.



THE CANARY THAT FORSOOK HIS HOME.

THOU who, on schemes of pleasure bent,
Regardless of thy friends' consent,
Unmoved by home-felt sympathies,
Unchecked by duty's sterner ties,
Wouldst rashly fly the sheltering roof,
Endure a Fable's short reproof.

Thou seek'st, perchance, a happier home :
The change a misery may become,
And in the hour of lone distress,
Thy sweet be turned to bitterness.

A little foolish, fluttering thing,
That late had flown on truant wing,
Roused from his morning vision, now
Stood shivering on a leafless bough.
True, he had wandered all the day,
And only thought of sport and play,
And sat, and sung, and told his tale
To feathered idlers in the vale ;
Whilst pleasure filled his fluttering breast,
To think his voice excelled the rest.
Nor had he stopped to ponder yet
On his dear home, and friends' regret,
Till evening came, and cold, and pain,
With hunger, in the dismal train :

Then, lone and motionless he pined,
In want of all he'd left behind;
And when the midnight dews came on,
The little sufferer's life was gone!

The leafless branch swung to and fro,
Rocked by the bleak wind o'er my head,
And, touched with thoughts of kindred woe,
In many a *human* heart, I said:

“Alas! thou silly, trembling thing,
Is this thy golden dream of bliss?
And hast thou plumed the truant wing,
To taste of freedom such as this?”

“Why burst the gentle, silken ties,
That bound thee to thy owner's hand?
What kinder mistress now supplies
The food thy little wants demand?”

“I've heard thee sing, and blithely, too,
Before you struggled to be free;
Those feathers were of glossier hue,
Ere yet you dreamed of liberty.”

“I marked thy full and sparkling eye,
But, ah, 'tis dim and glazed now;
And vain this wide expanse of sky,
For cold hath chained thee to the bough.”

“In fondly seeking to be free,
Thou'st met a chill and wintry air,
And on the branch of forest tree
Nought but to pine and perish there.”—M.

THE DOG AND THE HEDGEHOG.

RIDING in meadow-close, one day,
 When Tom and Ned were shaking hay,
 And William, with a dexterous knack,
 With rake turned o'er the fresher hack,
 Rover set up a fiercish bark,
 Which made all instantly to hark;
 When Thomas to the hedge did hie, }
 And there a Hedgehog did espy, }
 " Wrapped up in his integrity." }
 From out the covert him he drew,
 And Rover, furious, at him flew,
 But instant found, that, sure enough,
 He'd got a mouthful monstrous rough.
 No sooner seized it was than freed,—
 And how poor Rover's mouth did bleed !
 He barked, he scratched, he tore the ground,
 And ran around, around, around.
 I forward to the contest pressed,
 And, thus, the silly Dog addressed:
 " Thy feet, thy jaws, had need be steel,
 With such a rough one there to deal.
 Howe'er you give your anger vent,
 He still his prickles will present:
 With him—this truth, take to the letter—
 The less you have to do the better."
 Ye biped Dogs, you'll find it true,
 That there are human Hedgehogs too,
 And well it is to understand
 How rough they are to take in hand;
 And, though you think yourselves a match,
 You'll surely get full many a scratch.
 Nay, though you strive to circumvent,
 Their prickles always they present;
 With them this truth is to the letter,—
 The less you have to do the better.

THE BUTTERFLY CHASE.

ONE fine morning, young William went into his father's garden to gather a nosegay for his mother. It was her birth-day.

As he entered the garden, he espied a beautiful Butterfly, fluttering here and there, and, forgetting his mother and the flowers, he longed to catch the butterfly.

At first he followed it with a light step, as if he wished to conceal himself; but with every step his impatience increased, and the insect appeared to him more beautiful in the formation of its wings and colour, as it receded from him. At length it alighted gently on a small fruit tree, adorned with its first blossoms, which stood near his flower-bed, and was a present from his father. Therefore, because it was so small, and still wore such a beautiful crown of flowers, the boy dearly loved that tree.

As soon as he saw the Butterfly resting on a blossom of the tree, he sprang hastily towards it, and struck at it with his hat with so much force, that the blossoms were scattered on the ground, and two young branches were torn from the trunk.

He looked down, confounded, where the twigs had fallen, and discovered that his hyacinths and pinks were crushed, and that the Butterfly lay dead and shattered at his feet.

Then William returned home, weeping and lamenting, without Butterfly or flowers: an emblem of impassioned sensuality, that catches after forbidden pleasure.





THE FIR-TREE AND THE INSECT.

A STATELY Fir-tree, ever green,
In Summer's suns or Winter's dire,
With pity saw an Insect wing
His airy flight, in gay attire :

Cried, "Child of Summer, on the wing,
In bleak November's gloomy reign,
Deem'st thou so soon the balmy Spring
Hath visited the earth again ?

"Short slumb'ring in the torpid nook,
The sun awakens thee too soon,
Awhile to flutter on the brook,
Awhile to sport amid the noon.

"Trust not this fleeting, golden beam,
This genial sky, and softened air ;
For death will glaze the sparkling stream,
And stretch thee cold and stiffened there.

"Thou simple fool ! where are the flowers,
The balsam's dust thou feed'st upon ;
The music of the twilight bowers ?—
Canst thou not see how all are gone ?

"The sunbeam smiles—enough for thee,
The transient bliss its radiance lends ;
Thou dost not feel, thou dost not see,
The gloomy future that impends."

[From the German.]

THE YOUNG LADY AND THE LOOKING GLASS.

YE deep philosophers, who can
 Explain that various creature, Man,
 Say, is there any point so nice,
 As that of offering you advice?
 To bid your friend his errors mend,
 Is almost certain to offend:
 Though you in softest terms advise,
 Confess him good, admit him wise,
 In vain you sweeten the discourse,—
 He thinks you call him fool, or worse.
 You paint his character, and try
 If he will own it, and apply.
 Without a name, reprove and warn;
 Here none are hurt, and all may learn.
 This, too, must fail: the picture shown,
 No man will take it for his own.
 In moral lectures treat the case,
 Say this is honest, that is base:
 In conversation, none will bear you;
 And if you lecture, few come near you.
 And is there then no other way,
 A moral lesson to convey?
 Yes, there is one, an ancient art,
 By sages found to reach the heart,
 Ere Science, with distinctions nice,
 Had fixed what virtue is and vice,
 Inventing all the various names
 On which the moralist declaims:
 They would by simple tales advise,
 Which took the hearer by surprise;
 Alarmed his conscience, unprepared,
 Ere Pride had put it on its guard;
 And made him from himself receive
 The lessons which they meant to give.
 That this device will oft prevail,
 And gain its end, when others fail,
 If any shall pretend to doubt,
 The tale which follows makes it out.

There was a little stubborn dame,
Whom no authority could tame;
Restive, by long indulgence, grown,
No will she minded but her own;
At trifles she would scold and fret,
Then in a corner take a seat,
And, sourly moping all the day,
Disdain alike to work or play.

Papa all softer arts had tried,
And sharper remedies applied;
But both were vain, for every course
He took still made her worse and worse.

'Tis strange to think how female wit
So oft should make a lucky hit,
When man, with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, sounder sense,
Will err, and measures false pursue;
'Tis very strange, I own, but true.

Mamma observed the rising lass,
By stealth, retiring to the glass,
To practise little airs, unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen:
On this a deep design she laid,
To tame the humour of the maid;
Contriving, like a prudent mother,
To make one folly cure another.

Upon the wall, against the seat
Which Jessy used for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A Looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might show her how deformed
She looked, and frightful, when she stormed;
And warn her, as she prized her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty.
All this the Looking-glass achieved:
Its threats were minded and believed.
The maid, who spurned at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice:
So, when all other means had failed,
The silent monitor prevailed.

Thus, Fable, to the human-kind,
 Presents an image of the mind;
 It is a mirror, where we spy
 At large our own deformity;
 And learn, of course, those faults to mend,
 Which but to mention would offend.

WILKIE.

THE HYACINTH.

EMILY complained of the length of Winter : for she loved flowers dearly, and had a small garden where she cultivated the most beautiful with her own hands. Therefore she longed for the departure of Winter and the approach of Spring.

One day her father said to her, "See, Emily, I have brought you a flower-root. But you must cultivate it yourself, with care."

"How can I, dear father?" replied the girl. "The fields are covered with snow, and the ground is as hard as a stone!"

Thus she spake, and she knew not that flowers could be cultivated in vases; for she had never seen it. But her father gave her a small pot, filled with earth, and Emily planted the flower-root. And she looked at her father and smiled, as if she doubted his sincerity. For she thought that a clear blue sky must be spread over the flowers, and that the gentle air of Spring must breathe around them, and did not imagine that such magnificence could flourish in her hands. For modest youthful simplicity knows not its own power.





THE SQUIRE AND HIS CUR.

A COUNTRY Squire, by whim directed,
The true stanch dogs of chase neglected:
Beneath his board no hound was fed;
His hand ne'er stroked the spaniel's head.
A snappish Cur, alone caressed,
By lies had banished all the rest.
Yap had his ear; and defamation
Gave him full scope of conversation.
His sycophants must be preferred;
Room must be made for all his herd:
Wherefore, to bring his schemes about,
Old faithful servants all must out.

The Cur on every creature flew
(As other great men's puppies do),
Unless due court to him were shown,
And both their face and business known:
No honest tongue an audience found;
He worried all the tenants round;
For why? he lived in constant fear,
Lest Truth, by chance, should interfere.
If any stranger dared intrude,
The noisy Cur his heels pursued.
Now fierce with rage, now struck with dread,
At once he snarled, bit, and fled.

Aloof he bays, with bristling hair,
And thus in secret growls his fear:
"Who knows but Truth, in this disguise,
May frustrate my best guarded lies?
Should she (thus masked) admittance find,
That very hour my ruin's signed."

Now in his howl's continued sound,
Their words were lost, the voice was drowned.
Ever in awe of honest tongues,
Thus every day he strained his lungs.

It happened, in ill-omened hour,
That Yap, unmindful of his power,
Forsook his post: some freak, 'tis said,
Had suddenly possessed his head.
And now, the Squire, unvexed with noise,
An honest neighbour's chat enjoys:
"Be free," says he, "your mind impart;
I love a friendly, open heart.

Methinks my tenants shun my gate.
Why such a stranger grown of late?
Pray tell me what offence they find:
'Tis plain they're not so well inclined."

"Turn off your Cur," the farmer cries,
"Who feeds your ear with daily lies.

His snarling insolence offends:
'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.
Were but that saucy puppy checked,
You'd find again the same respect.
Hear only him, he'll swear it too,
That all our hatred is to you:
But learn from us your true estate;
'Tis that vile Cur alone we hate."

The Squire heard Truth. Now Yap rushed in;
The wide hall echoes with his din:
Yet Truth prevailed; and, with disgrace,
The dog was cudgelled out of place.—GAY.

THE GARDENER AND THE ROSE-TREE.

IN a sweet spot which wisdom chose,
 Grew an unique and lovely Rose;
 A flower so fair was seldom born—
 A Rose almost without a thorn.
 Each passing stranger stopped to view
 A plant possessing charms so new;
 "Sweet flower!" each lip was heard to say;—
 Nor less the owner pleased than they.
 Of all his garden, this the pride,
 No flower so much admired beside.
 Nor did the Rose unconscious bloom,
 Nor feel ungrateful for the boon;
 Oft as her guardian came that way,
 Whether at dawn or eve of day,
 Expanded wide—her form unveiled,
 She double fragrance then exhaled.

As months rolled on the Spring appeared;
 Its genial rays the Rose matured.
 Forth from its root a shoot extends;
 The parent Rose-tree downward bends,
 And with a joy unknown before,
 Contemplates the yet embryo flower.

"Offspring most dear," she fondly said,
 "Part of myself!—beneath my shade,
 Safe shalt thou rise, whilst, happy, I,
 Transported with maternal joy,
 Shall see thy little buds appear,
 Unfold, and bloom in beauty here.
 What though the lily or jonquil,
 Or hyacinth, no longer fill
 The space around me—all shall be
 Abundantly made up in thee.
 What though my present charms decay,
 And passing strangers no more say
 Of me, 'Sweet flower!'—yet thou shalt raise
 Thy blooming head, and gain the praise;
 And this reverberated pleasure
 Shall be to me a world of treasure.

Cheerful I part with former merit,
 That it my darling may inherit.
 Haste then the hours which bid thee bloom,
 And fill the zephyrs with perfume!"

Thus had the Rose-tree scarcely spoken,
 Ere the sweet cup of bliss was broken:
 The Gardener came, and, with one stroke,
 He from the root the offspring took;
 Took from the soil wherein it grew,
 And hid it from the parent's view.

Judge, ye who know a mother's cares,
 For the dear tender babe she bears,
 The parent's anguish—ye alone
 Such sad vicissitudes have known.

Deep was the wound, nor slight the pain,
 Which made the Rose-tree thus complain:

"Dear little darling! art thou gone;
 Thy charms scarce to thy mother known!
 Removed so soon!—so suddenly
 Snatched from my fond maternal eye!
 What hadst thou done? dear offspring! say,
 So early to be snatched away?

What! gone for ever! seen no more!
 For ever I thy loss deplore.

Ye dews descend, with tears supply
 My now for-ever-tearful eye;

Or, rather, come some northern blast,
 Dislodge my yielding roots in haste.

Whirlwinds arise, my branches tear,
 And to some distant region bear,
 Far from this spot a wretched mother,
 Whose fruit and joys are gone together."

As thus the anguished Rose-tree cried,
 Her owner near her she espied;

Who, in these gentle terms, reproved
 A plant, though murmuring, still beloved:

"Cease, beauteous flower, these useless cries,
 And let my lessons make thee wise.
 Art thou not mine? did not my hand
 Transplant thee from the impoverished land?"

Where, once, a mean unsightly plant,
Exposed to injury and want,
Unknown, and unadmired, I found,
And brought thee to this fertile ground;
With studious art improved thy form,
Secured thee from the inclement storm,
And through the seasons of the year,
Made thee my unabating care.
Hast thou not blest thy happy lot,
In such an owner, such a spot?
But, now, because thy shoot I've taken,
Thy best of friends must be forsaken.
Know, flower beloved, e'en this affliction
Shall prove to thee a benediction.
Had I not the young plant removed,
(So fondly by thy heart beloved,)
Of me thy heart would scarce have thought,
With gratitude no more be fraught:
Yea—thy own beauty be at stake,
Surrendered for thy offspring's sake,
Nor think, that, hidden from thine eyes,
The infant plant neglected lies;
No; I've another garden, where,
In richer soil, and purer air,
It's now transplanted, there to shine
In beauties fairer far than thine.

Nor shalt thou always be apart
From the dear darling of thy heart;
For 'tis my purpose thee to bear,
In future time, and plant thee there,
Where thy now-absent off-set grows,
And blossoms a most beauteous Rose.

Be patient, then, till that set hour shall come,
When thou and thine shall in new beauties bloom:
No more its absence shalt thou then deplore,
Together grow, and ne'er be parted more."

These words to silence hushed the plaintive Rose;
With deeper blushes reddening now she glows,
Submissive bowed her unrepining head,
Again her wonted grateful fragrance shed!—PEARCE.

THE APE, THE MAN, AND THE MAGGOT.

Far from the reach of passers by,
 Attracting many a longing eye,
 A red-streaked apple, on a tree,
 Shone in the sun, right gloriously,
 One of about a dozen others,
 As like as sisters or as brothers.
 A cunning Ape had chanced to stray,
 And wandered on the king's highway;
 His eager eye the apple saw,—
 He grinned and chattered, stretched his paw,
 Then climbed the tree, and seized the fruit,
 And thus out spake the well-pleased brute:
 "'Tis mine, 'tis mine, by conquest's right;
 Who dares dispute my skill and might?"
 But while he spoke, in chuckling pride,
 A passing Man the Monkey spied:
 He from the braggart snatched the prize,
 And, laughing loud, "It's mine!" he cries,
 "By the award from Nature's throne,
 That all on earth is man's alone."
 Its gaudy colours pleased him well,
 Its beauteous form, its fragrant smell;—
 But while he on the fruit did gaze,
 He backward started in amaze;—
 A gentle murmuring sound he heard,
 And through the apple's rind appeared
 A round, black head, with bugle eyes:
 A grain of mustard was its size;
 And next six tiny feet were seen,
 Issuing from the gaudy screen:
 A little worm; a Maggot gray,
 From its nest half-forced its way;
 Lifted its shining head on high,
 And looked around with scornful eye,
 And thus, in voice, not loud, but clear,
 Spoke in the man's astonished ear:

“Proud fool, ’tis mine! e’en to the core!
The glittering rind, bedabbled o’er
With golden and with crimson stain,
Is all that doth to thee remain;
Nay, thou thyself, with all thy power;
Which decks thee but one little hour,
Will soon belong to one like me,
Mean though I am, and foul to see.
For though thy soul may soar on high,
Far ’mid the regions of the sky,
After thy life of grandeur past,
Thy body’s food for worms at last!”

J. H. N.

SPRING.

AN intelligent boy walked over the fields in the beginning of Spring, and his heart was delighted with the magnificence of the new-born year. He looked round him with devotion and love, and his heart was excited. A youth of noble form approached, and placed himself near the musing boy.

“On what are you meditating?” said he; “and why are you so serious?”

The boy replied, “The splendour of Spring is pleasing, but it administers a silent joy, that fills me with sadness and secret awe. Behold, it seems to me as if I were in a temple.”

“And are you not in a temple?” said the youth; “the great, the vast, the boundless temple of Nature? What structure, raised by the hands of tiny man, can be compared with the illimitable range of earth, and air, and water, covered by the blue arch of heaven? But what fills your heart with feelings that are not felt by others?”

The boy answered, “The noiseless changes of nature, and the silence with which all this magnificence appears before us. When the snow still covered the valley, and the fountains were yet frozen, Spring already announced his approach. The Lark arose from the earth

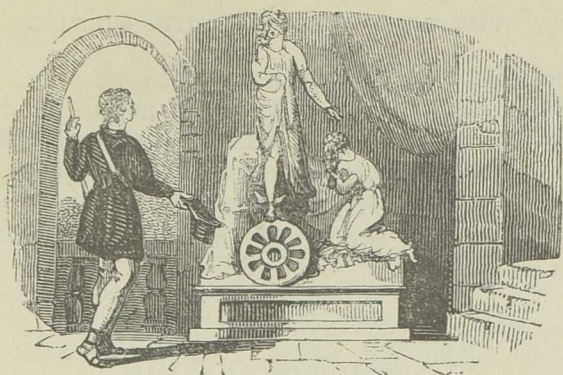
towards heaven, as if she would awake the slumbering seed, and make it spring up joyfully, and proclaim to mankind the eternal order of nature. For does she not rise and sing between heaven and earth? Does not the brown breast of this messenger of Spring enclose a prophetic voice? and yet how many misunderstand it!"

"Go on," said the youth, "and relate to me the history of Spring."

The boy said, "In obedience to his call, a thousand living things that had been bound by frost, awake in the lap of maternal earth. The winter bell-flowers stand there together, like blossoming snow; as if, united, they feared not returning storm and frost. On the east side of the hill, blooms the retiring, fragrant violet, visible only to the exploring eye; a joyful evidence that the early prophetess has announced the truth. And how the breath of Spring pervades all nature, and renews the face of the earth! The smallest and tenderest object is its care, as well as the largest; the covered bud, and the enveloped leaf, also enjoy the evening and the morning sun. Is it not one and the same Power that causes the plant to blossom, and produces the gift of song in the breast of the black-bird and the lark? Thus flower is joined to flower, and song to song; and soon," said the boy, with beaming eyes, "I doubt not, soon the nightingale will finish its song, which accompanies the advanced display of her strength."

"Happy art thou," said the youth, "that canst distinguish the hand of Nature in her gentle operations!"





THE TRAVELLER AND THE STATUE OF OPPORTUNITY.

A DIALOGUE.

TRAVELLER.—Say, Image, by what sculptor's hand,
In breathing marble, here you stand?

OPPORTUNITY.—By his, whose art, to thousands known,
Bids Jove and Pallas live in stone;
But seldom seen by mortal eyes,
I claim the kindred of the skies;
By few I'm found, though great my fame,
And OPPORTUNITY'S my name.

TRAV.—Say, if the cause you may reveal,
Why thus supported on a wheel?

OPP.—The wheel my rapid course implies;
Like that, with constant speed it flies.

TRAV.—Wings on your feet?

OPP. I'm prone to soar;
Neglected, I return no more.

TRAV.—But why behind deprived of hair?

OPP.—Escaped, that none may seize me there.

TRAV.—Your locks, unbound, conceal your eyes?

OPP.—Because I chiefly court disguise.

TRAV.—Why coupled with that solemn fair,
Of downcast mien and mournful air?

OPP.—Repentance, she (the stone replies),
My substitute, behind me flies:

Observe, and her you'll ever see
Pursue the wretch deprived of me;
By her corrected, mortals mourn
For what they've done and what forborne.
Ask me no more; for, while you stay,
I vanish unperceived away!

THE TWO SWINE.

It once happened that a couple of Swine, whose sole pleasure depended on gratifying their appetites, travelled together, in quest of food and rarities, till they came to the sea-side. Here they saw, at a distance from the shore, some pieces of a wreck, which they believed must contain some rich dainty, and imagined that their longing appetite was a proof of its being a repast surpassing anything they had hitherto found. Being unused to swimming, and so awkward that they ran the risk of cutting their throats in the attempt, they had sufficient prudence left to decline this method of obtaining their imagined prize; but they resolved (being stout drinkers) to drink up all the water that lay between them and the object of their hopes. To work they therefore went at this hopeful task, and continued at it till they burst.

This is not a bad representation of those persons who, having fixed their ambition on some distant object, as the summit of happiness, waste their lives and fortunes in the pursuit of that which is far above their powers to reach, and which would disappoint their hopes if obtained.

Those, whose excursive fancies rove unguided over the world of honours and riches, have a very uncertain view of the thing called happiness. It lies in the distant offing of life's seas, so imperfectly defined that it is scarcely more than guessed at; and the means taken to come up with it are too often the causes of our disappointment.

THE TWO DIAMONDS.

A CURIOUS cabinet open flew,
 And gave its treasures to my view:
 Here butterflies, a beauteous band,
 The plumage of their wings expand;
 Here shells were ranged in ample store,
 Ransacked from every sea and shore.
 A cell, distinguished from the rest,
 Two Diamonds of great worth possessed;
 One cut with care, and polished fine;
 The other rough from nature's mine.
 The unwrought stone, in language clear,
 Thus seemed to say in Fancy's ear:

“Ah! sister gem, amazed I see
 The difference now 'twixt you and me;
 Time was, when, far removed from day,
 Deep in Golconda's mine we lay,
 In equal rudeness, side by side,
 Unknown to fame, unseen by pride:
 But now, and truth must own it due,
 All admiration falls on you;
 While you, in every change of light,
 Refulgent flash upon the sight;
 What eye but joys to meet your rays!
 What tongue but wantons in your praise!”

The polished Diamond, void of pride,
 In modest accents thus replied:

“The bright perfections which you see,
 Are native both to you and me;
 Nature to both alike was kind,
 And both for equal ends designed;
 But, know, though Nature forms with ease,
 'Tis Art must give the power to please.
 The artist, with assiduous care,
 Proportioned fine, and polished fair,
 Called into life each brilliant hue,
 And waked the lightning that you view.
 But, oh! had Art withheld her skill,
 I had remained unnoticed still.

The time may come when you shall shine
With lustre far surpassing mine."

My worthy friend, you here may find
An emblem of the human mind.
Uneducated Nature's child
Is ignorant, and rude, and wild ;
To Reason's power has small pretence ;
Ideas few, but those of sense.
But Education's wondrous art
Does an ennobling aid impart ;
And with a gentle power control
The jarring passions of the soul ;
It teaches virtue, shows its grace,
Adds beauties to the fairest face ;
It gives a thousand charms to shine,
And makes the soul more near divine.

VANITY.

WHAT blindeth the eye, or what hideth the heart of a man from himself, like Vanity? Lo, when thou seest not thyself, then others discover thee most plainly. As the tulip, that is gaudy without smell, conspicuous without use, so is the man who setteth himself up on high, and hath not merit.

The heart of the vain is troubled while it seemeth content ; his cares are greater than his pleasures. His solitude cannot rest with his bones : the grave is not deep enough to hide it. He extendeth his thoughts beyond his being ; he bespeaketh praise to be paid when he is gone ; but whoso promiseth it, deceiveth him.

The vain delighteth to speak of himself ; but he seeth not that others like not to hear him. If he hath done anything worthy praise ; if he possess that which is worthy admiration, his joy is to proclaim it ; his pride is to hear it reported. The desire of such a man defeateth itself : men say not, " Behold, he hath done it ;" or " See, he possesseth it ;" but, " Mark how proud he is of it."



THE SHEEP AND THE BRAMBLE-BUSH.

A THICK-TWISTED brake, in the time of a storm,
Seemed kindly to cover a Sheep:
So snug, for a while, he lay sheltered and warm,
It quietly soothed him to sleep.

The clouds are now scattered, the winds are at peace,
The Sheep's to his pasture inclined;
But, ah! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece,
His coat is left forfeit behind.

My friend, who the thicket of Law never tried,
Consider before you get in;
Though judgment and sentence are passed on your side,
You may chance to get fleeced to your skin.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE MAN AND HIS GOOSE.

A MAN possessed a valued Goose,
Which daily did an egg produce;
And so much profit to him brought,
As far surpassed all previous thought:
But still 'twas only day by day,
Assisting him to pay his way.
Says he, "Had I it in a lump,
'Twould make my very heart to jump

With joy, to think how many a thing
The golden store to me would bring.
It shall be so—I'm not a dunce;—
I'll do it, and be rich at once."

From out his poke his knife he whipped,
And, in a trice, the Goose he ripped;
But what was there he saw too well—
No egg was covered with a shell.
A string of every size he sees,
From a full yolk to less than peas;
Which, had he but with patience stayed,
Well had his daily care repaid;
But, grasping all, e'en all was fled,
The Goose, with all her treasures dead,
And left her owner to lament.
How avarice mars his own intent.

"Ah, silly man!" you all exclaim;
But thousands practise just the same.

Yon Gentleman, with his estate,—
With care he is both rich and great;
True pleasure courts him with her smile,
And wealth and fame his heart beguile.
Though great, he would be greater still,
And thinks to show consummate skill.
He plants, fells, builds, electioneers,
And seeks a seat among the Peers;
In nothing will he e'er be crossed:
He grasps at all,—and all—is lost.

Yon Servant is another case;
How happy were he in his place,
Could he but feel his favoured lot,
And know the master he has got.
All for his present wants has he,
And time shall make him rich and free.
But time, though fleet, to him is slow:
His avarice begins to grow;
Upon his master now he preys,
And robs him in a thousand ways:
He is detected in the same,—
Turned off to poverty and shame.

The tradesman, too, large profit craves;
Each customer his shop soon leaves:
When, had his profit been but fair,
He'd come in for an ample share.

From all ranks could I soon produce
Hundreds like him who had the Goose.

But let me thus my readers warn,
Lest they the instructive fable scorn.
And, when they meditate a thing,
Much present profit to bring in,
Then let them turn it to their use,—
Is not this ripping up the Goose?

THE FLY IN ST. PAUL'S.

A COMMON House-Fly was crawling leisurely up one of the columns in the cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral. At length he arrived at the web of an old Spider, who was quietly enjoying himself among the recesses of one of the capitals. "Good morning, friend," said he; "I have been thinking, during my journey into this neighbourhood of your's, how strange it is, that any human being, making the least pretence to be considered as an artist, should leave the surface of so superb a building as this, full of holes and ridges, such as I have found all over the face of the stone-work."

"My poor, silly friend," said the Spider; "such little uninformed creatures as you and I, should not trouble ourselves with matters which we do not understand, and with which we have no concern. Bear in mind, that mankind are thousands of times larger than we are; and I can easily suppose that, to their eyes, these stone columns may appear as smooth as your wings do to you and to myself."

It is only weak and silly persons who commit themselves, by presuming to criticise and to censure what they do not understand.

THE SWALLOW AND THE REDBREAST.

THE Swallows, at the close of day,
 When Autumn shone with fainter ray,
 Around the chimney, circling, flew,
 Ere yet they bade a long adieu
 To climes where soon the Winter drear
 Shall close the unrejoicing year.
 Now with swift wing they skim aloof,
 Now settle on the crowded roof,
 At council, and advice to take,
 Ere they the chilly north forsake:
 Then one, disdainful, turned his eye
 Upon a Redbreast twittering nigh,
 And thus began, with taunting scorn:
 "Thou houseless imp, obscure, forlorn!
 Through the deep Winter's dreary day,
 Here, dull and shivering, shalt thou stay,
 Whilst we, who make the world our home,
 To softer climes, impatient roam,
 Where Summer, still, on some green isle,
 Rests, with her sweet and lovely smile.
 Thus speeding far, and far away,
 We leave behind the shortening day."

"'Tis true," the Redbreast answered, meek,
 "No other scenes I ask, or seek;
 To every change alike resigned,
 I fear not the cold Winter's wind.
 When Spring returns, the circling year
 Shall find me still contented here;
 But whilst my warm affections rest
 Within the circle of my nest,
 I learn to pity those that roam,
 And love the more my humble home."

W. L. BOWLES.



THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

ALL upstarts, insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.

As in the sunshine of the morn
A Butterfly, but newly born,
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings, all glorious to behold,
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.

His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom, when he spies,
In wrath he to the gardener cries,
"What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste designed,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pilfering race;
So purge thy garden from disgrace."

"What arrogance?" the Snail replied;
"How insolent is upstart pride!"

Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
 Provoked my patience to complain,
 I had concealed thy meaner birth,
 Nor traced thee to the scum of earth:
 For scarce nine suns have waked the hours,
 To swell the fruit and paint the flowers,
 Since I thy humbler life surveyed,
 In base, in sordid guise, arrayed;
 A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
 You dragged a slow and noisome train;
 And from your spider bowels drew
 Foul film, and spun the dirty clew.
 I own my humble life, good friend;
 Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
 And, what's a Butterfly? at best,
 He's but a caterpillar drest;
 And all thy race, a numerous seed,
 Shall prove of caterpillar breed."—GAY.

THE OBSTINATE MULE.

A MULE, justly suspected to be in doubt about her road, on an important occasion, was kindly directed by an experienced traveller what track she ought to pursue, to render her journey pleasant and safe; when she ought to bend to the right—where to strike to the left—and, particularly, how to avoid cross-roads, which would infallibly lead her into danger. Though the Mule could not conceal her perplexity, it hurt her pride to own it. She made no acknowledgments for the friendly advice she had received; and from the first was determined not to follow it. Obstinacy blinded her to the perils of her situation. She thought herself too old and too wise to stand in need of advice. "She was afraid of nobody and of nothing," as she expressed herself; and therefore resolved to go straight forwards, whatever obstacles might lie in her way.

She had her fancy; for who would take the vain trouble to oppose a Mule? But it was not long before her straight-forward resolution landed her in a quagmire, which she could scarcely pass without sinking over head and ears.

Having, however, extricated herself from this danger, and collecting fresh spirit from resistance, she advanced with dogged pride, and straight forward again she went, till she found herself on the brink of a precipice. As she was not yet quite mad enough to break her neck, by taking a bold leap, mortifying as it was, she was now under the necessity of turning either to the right or the left. She preferred the left, because it appeared most contrary to the directions she had received. Darkness soon began to fall; and objects were no longer distinctly seen.

The headstrong animal had long left the plain highway, that would have conducted her safely and shortly to her journey's end, and it was impossible to recover it. The path she had taken became every step more intricate and perilous. She began to lament her folly and blind obstinacy, but it was now in vain; for while she was hurrying on, in this agitated state of mind, she suddenly perceived her course stopped by a rapid river. Here the demon of despair seized her, and working on her mortified pride, tempted her to plunge into the stream, instead of trying to find a bridge; and she sunk to rise no more.

Of the unhappy tempers that disgrace humanity, and destroy the peace of society, an obstinate or mulish one is among the most odious, and the most wretched. They who will not condescend to listen to sound reason and salutary advice, but take a pleasure in running counter to their dictates, may escape the quagmire, but must yield at the precipice, or be dashed to pieces; and should they reach the river, they have no alternative but to sink or swim; and at this third stage, their blind career generally ends.

All those dangers and difficulties may be obviated or avoided by a little foresight; by learning to bend to imperious circumstances, instead of rashly persevering in stubborn folly; and by studying the happy art of giving way on occasion, when they meet with obstacles or competitors on the road. If all were to push straight forwards, and to show no complacency to each other, there would be nothing but jostling and confusion, and no one would ever reach his journey's end; yet the world is wide enough for us all.—MAVOR.

THE GOLDFINCHES.

THE green-house is my summer seat;
 My shrubs, displaced from that retreat,
 Enjoyed the open air:
 Two Goldfinches, whose sprightly song,
 Had been their mutual solace long,
 Lived happy prisoners there.

They sang as blithe as Finches sing,
 That flutter loose on golden wing,
 And frolic where they list;
 Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
 But that delight they never knew,
 And, therefore, never missed.

But nature works in every breast;
 Instinct is never quite suppressed;
 And Dick felt some desires,
 Which, after many an effort vain,
 Instructed him at length to gain
 A pass between his wires.

The open windows seemed to invite
 The freeman to a farewell flight.
 But Tom was still confined;
 And Dick, although his way was clear,
 Was much too generous and sincere
 To leave his friend behind.

For, settling on his grated roof,
 He chirped and kissed him, giving proof
 That he desired no more;
 Nor would forsake his cage at last,
 Till gently seized, I shut him fast,
 A prisoner as before.

Oh! ye, who never knew the joys
 Of friendship; satisfied with noise,
 Fandango, ball and rout!
 Blush, when I tell you how a bird
 A prison with a friend preferred,
 To liberty without.

COWPER.



THE CLOWN AND THE SUN-DIAL.

A LAZY Clown going to a Sun-dial to see if it was the point of time when he might regale and be idle, expressed himself very irreverently when he found that it was not yet the hour he wished for. "Suppress your foolish impatience," said the Sun-dial, and recollect with awe that this moment pointed out by my shadow, and which you survey with indecent scorn, is the last to many, and doubtful to all."

This Fable has its moral in itself; but we may add, that the careless indifference with which we often treat the passing time, seems as if we thought it would have no end, or was of no value; never dreaming that each moment may be our last, nor recollecting the slight tenure on which we hold our existence, although daily instances, before our eyes, prove it, and show us the necessity of being always prepared, as well as to our affairs in this world, as in the next; so that we may be enabled to quit this life with due resignation to the will of our Creator.—J. N.

THE ANT AND THE BEE.

THIS life, 'tis said, is all a bubble,
And man is born to toil and trouble!
I grant the fact, and likewise know
His bread is earned by sweat of brow:

So 'tis ordained! But yet this creature
 Is so perverse and strange in nature,
 That all your favours, to conclude,
 Meet with the worst ingratitude!

An Ant, remote from noise and strife,
 Each year regaled her active life:
 Her cell she formed with busy art,
 And stored it well in every part;
 In Summer months she roamed abroad,
 And every day increased her hoard;—
 So, when stern Winter ruled the plains,
 And bound the streams with icy chains,
 Within her cell she plenty shared,
 Nor e'er the hand of famine feared.

It chanced, as loaded home one day,
 A Bee she met in colours gay.
 Intent the strangers stood awhile;
 At length the Bee, with courteous smile,
 The little Negro queen addressed:

“Hey, neighbour! why not yet at rest?
 My burden can't with your's compare,
 I take it buzzing through the air;
 While you upon an uncouth road,
 Are doomed to drag a cumberous load!”

“It may be so,” the Ant replied;
 “'Tis mine to toil in humble pride;
 My wealth in Winter proves a treat,
 And serves me with delicious meat;
 I then my labour much commend,
 For that will always yield a friend!
 In higher life you spend your hours,
 And, blest with all the choicest flowers,
 You cull each sweet, and soon contrive
 To wing it to your straw-built hive,
 With loaded thighs of colours bright,
 To give that creature, Man, delight!
 Your honeyed comb he takes away,
 Your wax, the work of every day,
 With cruel hands, in plunder warm,
 He claims as his—and burns the swarm!

And thus his gratitude is plain;—
He kills you for the sake of gain."

"True," said the Bee, "with savage ire,
And, unprovoked, he lights the pyre;
But view him to his fellow-creature,
He's just as savage in his nature;
And all the favours you extend
Are ill-requited in the end."

Thus good conferred, in every stage,
Too oft, is left to passion's rage;
Which, uncontrolled, the stronger grows,
And brings us to the brink of woes.
Ingratitude, of crimes the worst,
Is man's. Yet held by men accurst!—ADNEY.

THE BARLEY-MOW AND THE DUNGHILL.

As 'cross his yard at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He stopped, and leaning on his fork,
Observed the flail's incessant work.
In thought he measured all his store,
His geese, his hogs, he numbered o'er;
In fancy weighed the fleeces shorn,
And multiplied the next year's corn.

A Barley-mow which stood beside,
Thus to its musing master cried:
"Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and slight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raise your mirth with ale and beer?
Why thus insulted, thus disgraced,
And that vile Dunghill near me placed?
Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,
Meet objects here? Command it hence;
A thing so mean must give offence."

The humble Dunghill thus replied:
"Thy master hears, and mocks thy pride:

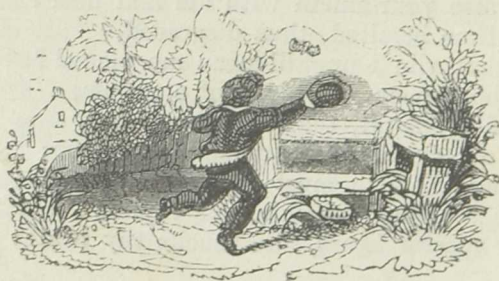
Insult not thus the meek and low;
 In me thy benefactor know:
 My warm assistance gave thee birth,
 Or thou hadst perished low in earth;
 But upstarts, to support their station,
 Cancel at once all obligation."—GAY.

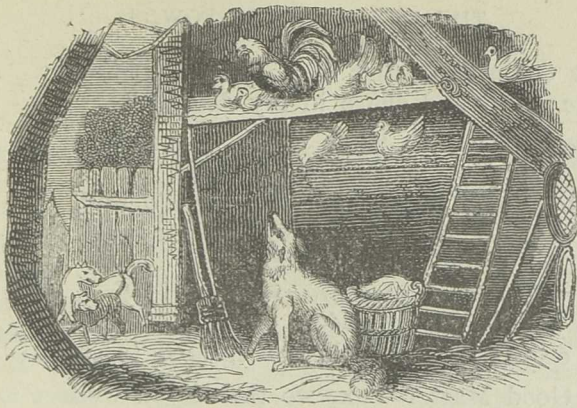
THE BUTTERFLY.

YOUNG Robert came running in to his father in great joy, and exclaimed, "What a beautiful insect I have found! It sat on a flower, and its wings shone like pure gold and silver! I approached softly, put my hand upon it, and caught it! Now I will preserve it carefully: it shall not escape; and I will feed it with bread and milk." "Come Robert," said his father, let us also admire your captive!"

The boy put his hand into his bosom, and brought out a Butterfly. But the wings had lost their splendour, for the coloured dust from them adhered to the fingers of the boy, and their tender substance was torn.

The boy sighed, and said, "Oh, how lamentably disfigured has the beautiful thing become! It no longer resembles the thing that I admired!" and he impatiently threw it upon the ground. "But," said the father, "is it the fault of the poor insect that it has been so tenderly formed? Or are you not, yourself, seriously to blame, for destroying it? You seized it with a rude hand; and therefore it is that the splendour of its wings has departed, and you now treat it with still greater violence, and thus it is that its short Summer life is fading away!"





THE FOX AND THE FOWLS.

THE shades of night were nearly gone,
The ruddy dawn came smiling on;
The Yeoman, dreaming of his farm,
Had fears of robbery and harm!

And well he might:—the poultry-yard
Was left all night without a guard:
So Reynard, in default of latch,
Sly fellow! was resolved to watch;
And racked his brains to find a way
How he might make the Fowls his prey.
Upward he gazed, with wishful eye,
Upon the feathered family,—
Sir Chanticleer,—his nodding spouse,
And younger branches of the house.
“Hist! friends,” he cried; “you must not lose
This sunrise: Have you heard the news?
O happy day! a peace is signed
'Twixt animals of every kind:
In their debate I took a part,
And told them truly, from my heart,
'Twas pity (so the Court agreed)
We could not all in common feed.
But to be brief—each difference ends,
And you, and I, and they, are friends.

Now come from that unpleasant height,—
Come down, and share in my delight.”

Dame Partlet's heart with pleasure burned,
 But like a wife, obedient, turned
 To her liege Mate,—as though she'd said,
 “Speak, for you've got the better head.”
 And so he did: his half-shut eyes
 Showed neither pleasure nor surprise;
 But opening his sagacious beak,
 He crowed—then spoke, or seemed to speak:

“Good Master Fox, we thank you well
 For all that you are pleased to tell:
 After another doze or two,
 We'll settle what we ought to do.
 But see! two Sheep-dogs, out of breath,
 Are scowering hither o'er the heath:
 Nay, how you wince, Sir! yet I trow,
All animals are friendly now?”

“They ought to be,” the Fox replied;
 “But recollect, the world is wide;
 And good news does not fly so fast
 As bad, and some folks must be last
 To hear it; and my life I'll bet
 Those dogs there have not heard it yet!”
 Quickly he spoke, at plenteous cost
 Of breath (his time and labour lost);
 Then slunk, with drooping tail, away,
 And said he'd call another day.

A foe (to gain his private end,
 Assumes the manners of a friend:
 When proffered services you meet
 From worldlings, take it for a cheat.

M.

COVETOUSNESS.

WHERE covetousness reigneth, know that the soul is poor. Whoso accounteth not riches the principal good of man, will not throw away all other goods in the pursuit of them. Whoso feareth not poverty as the greatest evil of his nature, will not purchase to himself all other evils in the avoiding of it.

Is not virtue more worth than riches; is not guilt more base than poverty? Enough for his necessities is in the power of every man: be content with it, and thy happiness shall smile at the sorrows of him who heapeth up more.

Nature hath hid gold beneath the earth, as unworthy to be seen; silver hath she placed where thou tramplest it under thy feet. Meaneth she not by this to inform thee, that gold is not worthy thy regard—that silver is beneath thy notice? Covetousness burieth under the ground millions of wretches: these dig for their hard masters what returneth the injury—what maketh them more miserable than their slaves.

The earth is barren of good things where she hoardeth up treasure: where gold is in her bowels, there no herb groweth. As the Horse findeth not there his grass, nor the Mule his provender; as the fields of corn laugh not on the sides of the hills; as the olive holdeth not forth there her fruits, nor the vine her clusters, even so no good dwelleth in the breast of him whose heart broodeth over his treasure.

Riches are servants to the wise; but they are tyrants over the soul of the fool. The covetous serveth his gold; it serveth not him: he possesseth his wealth as the sick doth a fever: it burneth and tortureth him, and will not quit him unto death.

Poverty wanteth many things, but covetousness denieth itself all. The covetous can be good to no man; but he is to none so cruel as to himself.

Be industrious to procure gold; and be generous in the disposal of it. Man is never so happy as when he giveth happiness unto another.

THE PINE-APPLE AND THE BEE.

THE Pine-Apples, in tripple row,
 Were basking yet, and all in blow:
 A Bee of most discerning taste,
 Perceived the fragrance as he passed:
 On eager wing the spoiler came,
 And searched for crannies in the frame;
 Urged his attempt on every side,
 To every pane his trunk applied;
 But still in vain, the frame was tight,
 And pervious only to the light;
 Thus, having wasted half the day,
 He trimmed his flight another way.
 "Methinks," I said, "in thee I find
 The sin and madness of mankind.
 To joys forbidden, man aspires,
 Consumes his soul with vain desires;
 Folly the spring of his pursuit,
 And disappointment all the fruit.
 The maid, who views with pensive air,
 The show-glass fraught with glittering ware,
 Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and lockets,
 But sighs at thought of empty pockets;
 Such is the Pine-Apple, and she
 The silly, unsuccessful Bee.

Our dear delights are often such,
 Exposed to view, but not to touch;
 The sight our foolish heart inflames,—
 We long for Pine-Apples in frames;
 With hopeless wish one looks and lingers;
 One breaks the glass and cuts his fingers:
 But they whom truth and wisdom lead,
 Can gather honey from a weed."—COWPER.

THE BULL AND THE MASTIFF.

SEEK you to train your favourite boy?
 Each caution, every care employ;
 And ere you venture to confide,
 Let his preceptor's heart be tried:
 Weigh well his manners, life, and scope;
 On these depends thy future hope.

As on a time, in peaceful reign,
 A Bull enjoyed the flowery plain,
 A Mastiff passed, inflamed with ire,
 His eye-balls shot indignant fire;
 He foamed, he raged with thirst of blood.

Spurning the ground, the monarch stood,
 And roared aloud: "Why should we fight?
 In a whole skin go sleep to-night;
 Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
 What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
 Is it ambition fires thy breast,
 Or avarice, that ne'er can rest?
 From these alone unjustly springs
 The world-destroying wrath of kings."

The surly mastiff thus returns:
 "Within my bosom glory burns.
 Like heroes of eternal name,
 Whom poets sing, I fight for fame!
 The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
 To daily war my youth inclined;
 He trained me to heroic deed,
 Taught me to conquer or to bleed."

"Vile Dog," the Bull replied, "no more
 I wonder at thy thirst of gore;
 For thou (beneath a butcher trained,
 Whose hands with cruelty are stained,
 His daily murders in thy view,
 Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.
 Take, then, thy fate!" With goring wound
 At once he lifts him from the ground:
 Aloft the sprawling hero flies;
 Mangled he falls; he howls, and dies.—GAY.

THE POET, THE OYSTER, AND SENSITIVE-
PLANT.

AN Oyster, cast upon the shore,
Was heard, though never heard before,
Complaining, in a speech well-worded,
And worthy thus to be recorded:

“Ah, hapless wretch! condemned to dwell
For ever in my native shell;
Ordnained to move when others please,
Not for my own content and ease;
But tossed and buffeted about,
Now in the water, and now out;
’Twere better to be born a stone,
Of ruder shape and feeling none,
Than with a tenderness like mine,
And sensibilities so fine!

I envy that unfeeling shrub,
Fast-rooted against every rub.”
The plant he meant grew not far off,
And felt the sneer with scorn enough;
Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,
And with asperity replied:

“You shapeless nothing in a dish,
You that are but almost a fish,
I scorn your coarse insinuation,
And have most plentiful occasion
To wish myself the rock I view,
Or such another dolt as you:
For many a grave and learned clerk,
And many a gay, unlettered spark,
With curious touch examines me,
If I can fret as well as he;
And when I bend, retire and shrink,
Says—‘Well, ’tis more than one would think!’
Thus life is spent (oh, fie upon’t)
In being touched, and crying—Don’t!”

A Poet, in his evening walk,
O’erheard, and checked this idle talk.

“And your fine sense,” he said, “and your’s,
 Whatever evil it endures,
 Deserves not, if so soon offended,
 Much to be pitied or commended.
 Disputes, though short, are far too long,
 Where both alike are in the wrong;
 Your feelings, in their full amount,
 Are all upon your own account.

“You in your grotto-work enclosed,
 Complain of being thus exposed;
 Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,
 Save when the knife is at your throat,
 Wherever driven by wind or tide,
 Exempt from every ill beside.

“And, as for you, my Lady Squeamish,
 Who reckon every touch a blemish;
 If all the plants that can be found
 Embellishing the scene around,
 Should droop and wither where they grow,
 You would not feel at all—not you.
 The noblest minds their virtue prove
 By pity, sympathy and love:
 These, these are feelings truly fine,
 And prove their owner half divine.”

His censure reached them as he dealt it,
 And each, by shrinking, showed he felt it.

COWPER.

THE UNFRUITFUL TREE.

A CERTAIN Farmer had a brother who was a Gardener, who had planted an orchard full of beautiful trees, and every one commended his skill and industry. The Farmer went to visit his brother, and was astonished when he saw the trees, which stood in elegant rows, and grew up healthy, vigorous, and fruitful.

The Gardener said to the Farmer, “Brother, I will give you this apple-tree, which you so much admire. It is one

of the best in my ground : judiciously planted, and properly attended to, it will afford pleasure to yourself, your children, and your children's children!" The Farmer was delighted, and ordered it to be conveyed to his farm.

But a question arose in his mind, as to where he should plant the tree; for, thought he, "If I plant it on yonder eminence, the wind will seize it, and shake off the fruit before it is ripe; if by the way-side, all who pass by will see it, and be tempted to rob me of the inviting apples; and if I place it too near the door of my house, it will not be secure against my own children and servants."

So he planted it behind his barn, on the north side; and rejoiced secretly at his prudence.

But behold! during the first and second year, the tree produced no fruit. Then he sent for his brother, and said to him, "You have deceived me, and given me a miserable, unfruitful, knotty shrub, instead of a fruitful tree! It is now the third year since it was removed, and the tree still produces nothing but leaves."

The Gardener replied, "I do not wonder at it! You have placed the tree where it has neither light nor heat, and is exposed to a cold and blighting wind: how then can it blossom and bring forth fruit? You selected this improper situation in an ungenerous and suspicious state of mind, and you fully merit the disappointment which your illiberal and unkind conduct has produced."





THE MOUNTEBANK AND HIS DOG.

A Charlatan, who gained his livelihood by travelling about the country, and exhibiting the tricks of a Dog, which he had trained up to his purpose, was one day showing this curious little animal in the public market-place of the city, to a delighted and wondering populace.

Amongst the spectators was Epictetus, the philosopher, who seemed delighted with the amusement. This raised the wonder of those who knew the dignity of his character; but their wonder ceased, when Epictetus, whose rule was to draw morals from the meanest things and most trifling circumstances, exclaimed, "Rejoice with me, my good friends, at this instructive sight, which shows the excellence of learning; since you see that the little knowledge which a man has been able to beat into a Dog, is sufficient not only to maintain his master, but to enable him to travel through all countries, and to see the wonders of nature."

This fable illustrates the importance of education, which, though it may not add to the intellect with which nature has endowed us, may and certainly does concentrate such powers as we have, as the lens collects to a focus the scattered rays of light, and brings them to a burning point. It draws to one object the wandering energies of the mind; stores the memory with knowledge; fills up time which otherwise would be wasted in idleness, or employed in mischief; directs us to a discrimination of right or wrong, fits us for society, and enables us to pass through life with comfort and reputation.

J. N.

THE PORTRAIT AND THE MIRROR.

As there are various sorts of minds,
 So friendships are of different kinds;
 Some, constant when the object's near,
 Soon vanish if it disappear.
 Another sort, with equal flame,
 In absence will be still the same.
 Some folks a trifle will provoke,—
 Their weak attachment soon is broke.
 Some, great offences only move
 To change in friendship or in love.
 Affection, when it has its source
 In things that shift and change, of course,
 As these diminish and decay,
 Must likewise fade and melt away.
 But, when 'tis of a nobler kind,
 Inspired by rectitude of mind,
 Whatever accident arrives,
 It lives, and death itself survives;
 Those different kinds reduced to two,
 False friendship may be called and true.

In Celia's drawing-room, of late,
 Some female friends were met to chat;
 Where, after much discourse had past,
 A Portrait grew the theme at last;
 'Twas Celia's you must understand,
 And by a celebrated hand.
 Says one, "That picture sure must strike,
 In all respects it is so like;
 Your very features, shape, and air,
 Expressed, believe me, to a hair:
 The price I'm sure could not be small."
 "Just fifty guineas, frame and all."
 "That Mirror there is wondrous fine."
 "I own the bauble cost me nine;
 I'm fairly cheated, I declare,
 For never was a thing so dear."
 "Dear!" quoth the Looking-glass, and spoke,
 "Madam, you do me much provoke.

Must that same gaudy thing be owned
 A penny-worth at fifty pound;
 While I, at nine, am reckoned dear?
 'Tis what I never thought to hear!
 Let both our merits now be tried,
 This fair assembly shall decide;
 And I will prove it to your face,
 That you are partial in the case.
 I give a likeness far more true
 Than any artist ever drew;
 And, what is vastly more, express
 Your whole variety of dress.
 From morn to noon, from noon to night,
 I watch each change, and paint it right.
 So, when the truth is fairly told,
 I'm worth at least my weight in gold.
 But that vain thing of which you speak,
 Becomes quite useless in a week;
 For, though it had no other vice,
 'Tis out of fashion in a trice;
 The cap is changed, the cloak, the gown;
 It must no longer stay in town;
 But goes, in course, to hide a wall,
 With others in your country-hall."

The Mirror thus:—Celia replied,
 "Your merit cannot be denied;
 The Portrait, too, I must confess,
 In some respects, has vastly less.
 But you yourself will freely grant
 That it has virtues which you want.
 'Tis certain that you can express
 My shape, my features, and my dress,
 Not just as well, but better too,
 Than Kneller once, or Ramsay now.
 But that same image, in your heart,
 Which thus excels the painter's art,
 The shortest absence can deface,
 And put a monkey's in the place:
 That other, which the canvas bears,
 Unchanged and constant, lasts for years,

Would keep its lustre and its bloom,
Though it were here, and I at Rome.
When age and sickness shall invade
This form, and I shall droop and fade,
You'll soon perceive it, and reveal
What partial friendship should conceal;
You'll tell me, in your usual way,
Of furrowed cheeks, and locks grown gray;
Your generous rival, not so cold,
Will ne'er suggest that I am old,
Nor mark when time and slow disease
Has stolen the graces wont to please;
But keep my image to be seen
In the full blossom of sixteen!
You will (when I am turned to dust,
For beauties die,—as all things must,—
And you remember, but by seeing)
Forget that ere I had a being;
But in that picture I shall live,
And even death itself survive!
Weigh each advantage and defect,
The Portrait merits most respect;
Your qualities would recommend
A servant rather than a friend;
But service, sure, in every case,
To friendship yields the higher place."

WILKIE.

THE BOY AND THE FILBERTS.

A GREEDY boy was permitted by his mother to help himself to a few filberts, from among a parcel, which she had packed away in a deep narrow-necked jar. Determined to make the most of the permission given him, but of which his conduct showed that he even felt himself to be unworthy, he contrived to grasp so many, that his hand was caught in the neck of the jar, and he could not withdraw it. In his violent attempts to extricate himself, he pulled over the jar, and broke it to pieces. His mother, alarmed by the

noise, entered the room, and he was obliged to confess what had happened.

“Let this,” said she, “be to you, through life, a lesson to avoid selfishness and overreaching. Had you been content with a moderate number, you might have enjoyed your nuts, and retained my confidence. As it is, you have lost both.”

THE RICH MAN AND HIS GOODS.

I KNEW a man who rich had grown
 In goods laid up on earth alone:
 Though having an abundant store,
 He toiled and groaned for more and more.
 I marked him in a busy scene;—
 His hand was strong, his vision keen.
 That hand has nothing now to do;
 That eye is closed to mortal view.
 Time was, I knew his habits well,
 And what I noted I will tell.

His spacious premises were full
 Of engines for preparing wool
 In all its stages, till its form
 Was that of flannel, thick and warm.
 “And here,” methought, “midst Winter’s cold,
 Is comfort for the poor and old:
 These well-wrought blankets may be spread
 On many a needy neighbour’s bed:
 How blest is industry, when found
 To circulate its blessings round!”

But such was not Avaro’s plan:
 He, wealthy, saving, frugal man,
 With shadows floating in his brain
 Of some imaginary gain,
 Laid up his goods. ’Twas thought by some,
 They would be his for years to come.
 “E’en as they might, let others live,
 He *would* not sell, he *could* not give!”

Possessions, with increasing years,
 Brought pains, and jealousies, and fears;
 Yet lucre was a fragrant thing,
 Though gathered from a noisome spring;
 And when his other senses failed,
 The love of *having* still prevailed.

Avaro died; and people said
 The richest man in town was dead,
 While heirs advanced, with eager toil,
 To ransack and divide the spoil!
 But, lo! on searching, what a scene,
 Of loss, corruption, and chagrin!
 The Moth had found delicious fare,
 And Rust and Mildew had been there.
 "Try other chests!" But these, forsooth,
 Large, empty cases, told the truth,
 That pick-lock Thieves had borne away
 All that was saved from base decay;
 Whilst rags and tatters (foul remains!)
 Proclaimed the churl, and showed his gains.

And is not this a picture true,
 Of what those sordid creatures do,
 Who learn to gather pelf, like dust,
 And in uncertain riches trust;
 Who closely grind, as with a stone,
 Their servant's faces and their own;
 Who only give to suffering need
 When pride or interest prompts the deed?
 Who for their ill-matched daughters buy
 A coronet and misery;
 Helping a fop his debts to pay,
 Or, thief-like, gamble all away;
 Till not a trace remains to show
 Of former gains, but shame and woe.

That man's effects are nothing worth,
 Whose treasure only is on earth.
 Gifts may turn curses: means mis-spent,
 Become their owner's punishment.
 Be KIND, though provident;—in brief,
 Beware the *Moth*, the *Rust*, the *Thief*.

THE LINDEN-TREES.

AN old farmer sat, one Summer day, with his children and grand-children, in the shade of two Linden-trees, which he had planted before his house on the day of his marriage. The trees were tall, and covered with leaves: their united shade was cool and pleasant; and it was only when a breeze agitated the leaves and branches, that the sun poured in its shining rays on the cheerful circle, and sported on the brown cheeks and silver hair of the vivacious old man.

He looked around him, and said, "Children, these trees are dearer to me than any others that my hands ever planted. I look up with reverence, indeed, to the lofty oak—the queen of the forest,—and with gratitude I receive the fruit of the apple-tree and the vine; but I value these two more highly than any."

"Because you planted them on a day of joy!" said the youngest son of the old man, who was himself a bridegroom, and he looked at his bride, and smiled.

"Yes, child," said the old man, turning with delight on his aged wife, who sat near him. "That increases their value in my eyes. They remind me of fifty years of happiness."

"But, father, one might have gathered a great many apples and pears in fifty years, if these had been the trees to bear them," said his daughter,—the industrious overseer of his domestic affairs,—half jestingly and half in earnest.

"You are joking, my frugal daughter," answered the old man; "for you know as well as I do, that man does not live alone on what he eats. Such glorious gifts of nature possess a value beyond the price of their produce."

"It is true, that the soft wood of my favourite Trees is not fit to burn, much less to build cottages or palaces. But they protect us with their shade from the heat of Summer; they temper the burning stream of mid-day heat, and the mitigated rays of the glorious sun peep mildly through the leaves. Therefore do these trees appear to me to direct the mind from the dark scenes of this earth to the pure brightness above."

“And whenever a precious rain,” continued he, “comes down from heaven, to revive the thirsty fields, and, after the watery cloud has passed away, the rain still drops from the leaves of my trees, it seems as though they would remind us, in every falling drop, of the goodness and indulgence of Him who sends the rain in due season.

“When too a thunder-cloud appears, we can safely view, beneath the shelter of this friendly tree, the fearful march of the tempest. It does not, like the proud oak, attract the lightning, but defends our habitation from the fury of the storm. Among its leaves, as if it were a sanctuary of innocence and love, harmless and cheerful birds assemble; here the pigeon and the house-swallow seek shelter with their young from the heat of noon-day; here the confiding Sparrow and the speckled thistle-finch build their nests every year; here, in the stillness of evening, and at the dawn of day, the nightingale sings her inimitable song; and beneath it lies the faithful dog, and the fowls of the farm. The weary pilgrim is also glad to rest in its shade, and many a poor man has here been refreshed.

“And what a sweet fragrance the modest blossoms of the tree now scatter round it! Behold, soaring at its top, the variegated child of summer; and listen! what a humming among its branches! On every blossom rests a bee, gathering honey and wax for their hives.”



THE SHEEP AND THE FOX-HUNT.

THERE is a field, through which I often pass,
 Thick overspread with moss and silky grass,
 Adjoining close to Kilwick's echoing wood,
 Where oft the Foxes hide their hapless brood;
 Reserved to solace many a neighbouring 'Squire,
 That he may follow them through brake and brier.
 A narrow brook, by rushy banks concealed,
 Runs in a bottom, and divides the field;
 Oaks intersperse it, that had once a head,
 But now wear crests of oven-wood instead;
 And where the land slopes to its watery bourn,
 Wide yawns a gulf beside a ragged thorn,
 Bricks line the sides, but shivered long ago,
 And horrid brambles intertwine below!
 A hollow, scooped, I judge, in ancient time,
 For baking earth, or burning rock to lime.

Not yet the hawthorn bore her berries red,
 With which the fieldfare, wintry guest, is fed;
 Nor Autumn yet had brushed from every spray,
 With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away;
 But corn was housed, and beans were in the stack:
 Now, therefore, issued forth the spotted pack,
 With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and throats
 With a whole gamut filled of hunting notes,
 For which, alas! my destiny severe,
 Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear!

The Sun, accomplishing his early march,
 Shot forth his rays from heaven's topmast arch,
 When, exercise and air my only aim,
 And heedless whither, to that field I came,
 Ere yet, with ruthless joy, the happy hound,
 Told hill and dale that Reynard's track was found;
 Or with the high-raised horn's melodious clang,
 All Kilwick and all Dingle-derry rang.

Sheep grazed the field; some with soft bosom pressed
 The herb as soft, while nibbling strayed the rest;
 Nor noise was heard but of the hasty brook,
 Struggling, detained in many a petty nook.

All seemed so peaceful, that from them conveyed
To me, their peace by kind contagion spread.

But when the huntsman, with distended cheek,
'Gan make his instrument of music speak,
And from within the wood that crash was heard,
Though not a hound from whom it burst appeared ;
The sheep recumbent, and the sheep that grazed,
Starting with wonder, at each other gazed,
Admiring, terrified, the novel strain,
Then coursed the field around, and coursed it round again ;
But, recollecting, with a sudden thought,
That flight, in circles made, advanced them nought,
They gathered close around the old pit's brink,
And thought again—but knew not what to think.

The man to solitude accustomed long,
Perceives in every thing that lives a tongue ;
Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees,
Have speech for him, and understood with ease ;
After long drought, when rains abundant fall,
He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all :
Knows what the freshness of their hue implies,
How glad they catch the largess of the skies ;
But, with precision nicer still, the mind
He scans of every locomotive kind ;
Birds of all feather, beasts of every name,
That serve mankind, or shun them, wild or tame :
The looks and gestures of their griefs and fears
Have all articulation in his ears ;
He spells them true by intuition's light,
And needs no glossary to set him right.

This truth premised, was needful as a text,
To win due credence to what follows next.

Awhile they mused ; surveying every face,
Thou hadst supposed them of superior race ;
Their periwigs of wool, and fears combined,
Stamped on each countenance such marks of mind,
That sage, they seemed, as lawyers o'er a doubt,
Which puzzling long, at last they puzzle out ;
When thus a Mutton, statelier than the rest,
A Ram, the Ewes and Wethers, sad, addressed :

"Friends! we have lived too long. I never heard
 Sounds such as these, so worthy to be feared.
 Could I believe that winds, for ages pent
 In earth's dark womb, have found at last a vent,
 And from their prison-house below arise,
 With all these hideous howlings to the skies,
 I could be much composed, nor should appear
 For such a cause to feel the slightest fear.
 Yourselves have seen, what time the thunders rolled
 All night, me resting quiet in the fold.
 Or heard we that tremendous bray alone,
 I could expound the melancholy tone;
 Should deem it by our old companion made,
 The Ass; for he, we know, has lately strayed,
 And being lost, perhaps, and wandering wide,
 Might be supposed to clamour for a guide.
 But, ah! those dreadful yells, what soul can hear,
 That owns a carcass, and not quake for fear?
 I hold it, therefore, wisest and most fit,
 That, life to save, we leap into the pit."

Him answered, then, his loving mate and true,
 But more discreet than he, a Cambrian ewe:

"How? leap into the pit our life to save?
 To save our life leap all into the grave?
 For so it sure must prove. Contemplate first
 The depth how awful! falling there, we burst:
 Or, should the brambles, interposed, our fall
 In part abate, that happiness were small;
 For, with a race like their's, no chance I see
 Of peace or ease to creatures clad as we.
 Meantime, noise kills not. Be it Dapple's bray,
 Or be it not, or be it whose it may,
 Sounds are but sounds, and till the cause appear
 We have at least commodious standing here.
 Come what may come, after the horrid blast,
 If needs then be, we can but plunge at last!"

While thus she spake, I fainter heard the peals,
 For Reynard, close attended at his heels
 By panting dog, tired man, and spattered horse,
 Through mere good fortune, took a different course.

The flock grew calm again ; and I the road
 Following, that led me to my own abode,
 Much wondered that the silly Sheep had found,
 Such cause of terror in an empty sound,
 So sweet to huntsman, gentleman, and hound !

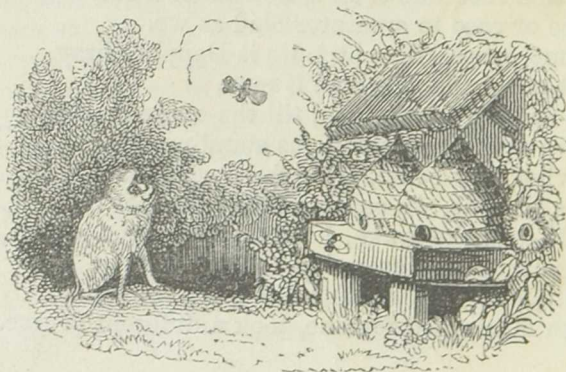
Beware of desperate steps—the longest day,
 Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

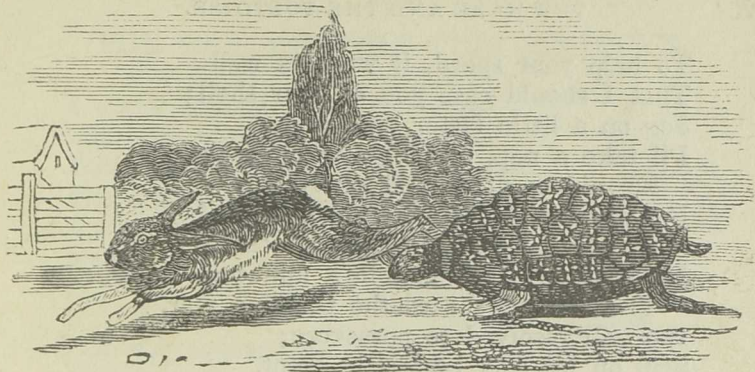
COWPER.

THE APE AND THE BEE.

AN Ape, who had a great desire to partake of the honey which was deposited in a rich bee-hive, was yet intimidated from meddling with it, by having felt the smart of the sting, made the following reflection:—"How strange that a Bee, while producing a delicacy so passing sweet and tempting, should also carry with him a sting so dreadfully bitter." "Yes," answered the Bee; "equal to the degree of sweetness in my better work, is the bitterness of my sting, when my anger is provoked."

We often meet with characters, whose powers of amusement are most excellent; and whose company is of all things most desirable, from their wit, their gaiety, and their genius. But such companions are always dangerous, as in a moment of caprice, their satire may turn their powers against us, and make us appear the object of laughter or scorn. The first requisite in conversation, is truth; the second, sense; the third, good humour; and the fourth, wit.





THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

In days of yore, when time was young,
When birds conversed as well as sung,
And use of speech was not confined
Merely to brutes of human kind,
A forward Hare, of swiftness vain,
The genius of the neighbouring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging crowd;
(For geniuses are often proud;)
His flight, he'd boast, 'twere vain to follow—
For horse and dog, he'd beat them hollow;
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
He'd pass his brethren *half a length*.

A Tortoise heard this vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation:
“O Puss! it bodes thee dire disgrace,
When I defy thee to the race;
Come, 'tis a match; nay, no denial,
I lay my shell upon the trial.”

'Twas said and done—all fair—a bet—
Judges prepared, and distance set;
The scampering Hare outstripped the wind—
The creeping Tortoise lagged behind,
And scarce had passed a single pole,
When Puss had almost reached the goal:
“Friend Tortoise,” cries the jeering Hare,
“Your burden's more than you can bear;

To help your speed, it were as well
 That I should ease you of your shell;
 Jog on a little faster, prithee,
 I'll take a nap, and then be with thee."

So said so done, and safely sure—
 For say, what conquest more secure?
 Whene'er he waked (that's all that's in it),
 He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The Tortoise heard the taunting jeer,
 But still resolved to persevere;
 Still on his way he wisely crept,
 While bragging Puss most soundly slept.

The bets are won—the Hare awoke—
 When thus the victor Tortoise spoke:
 "Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
 Things are not always won by starts;
 You may deride my awkward pace,
 But *slow and steady* wins the race."

JUSTICE.

THE peace of society dependeth on Justice; the happiness of individuals on the certain enjoyment of all their possessions. Keep the desires of thy heart, therefore, within the bounds of moderation; let the hand of Justice lead them aright.

Cast not an evil eye on the goods of thy neighbour; let whatever is his property be sacred from thy touch. Defame him not in his character; bear no false witness against him. In thy dealings with men, be impartial and just; and do unto them as thou wouldst they should do unto thee. Be faithful to thy trust; and deceive not the man who relieth upon thee. Be assured, that it is less in the sight of God to steal, than to betray. Oppress not the poor, and defraud not of his hire the labouring man.

Finally, examine thy heart; call remembrance to thy aid; and, if in any of these things thou findest thou hast transgressed, take sorrow and shame to thyself; and make speedy reparation, to the utmost of thy power.

THE BEE AND THE THISTLE-DOWN.

I ENVY not the man who draws
 His bliss from popular applause,
 E'en when I see such fortune shed
 Her gaudiest honours on his head.
 And why? She's but a treacherous thing, }
 Ready to spread her recreant wing, }
 And steal the peace she cannot bring. }

"What then," you cry, "is man to close
 His ears against the praise of those
 Whose welfare (in the general weal)
 Thrives by his efforts; and to steel
 His heart against a grateful cheer?"
 No! But I'll make my meaning clear.

'Tis one thing for a being formed
 For worthy fame, by glory warmed,
 Encouraged in his course, to feel
 The joy that springs from prosperous zeal,
 And to peruse, with meek surprise,
 "His history in a nation's eyes."
 He values, though he will not court,
 The treasure of a good report;
 But further looks, and cannot live
 In the false air mere honours give.

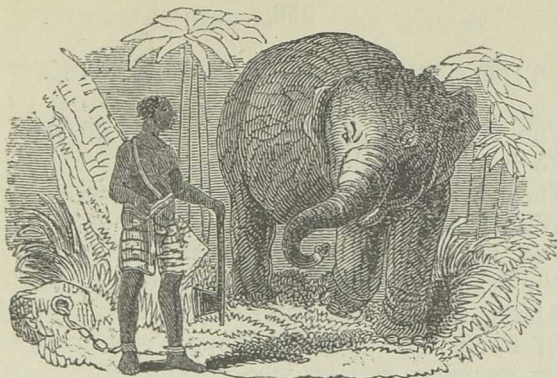
'Tis one thing, seeing round us rise
 Flowers that make earth a paradise,
 And which the humble in their sphere,
 Who little think it, yet may rear:
 For a good name, wherever found,
 Is sweet as flowers from fertile ground.

But 'tis another to depend
 On every breath caprice may lend:
 And never feeling high enough,
 Look down with thanks on fools who puff:
 Such posture augurs shame and ill,
 'Tis a foul medium, and must kill.
 So have I seen an empty ball
 Go bounding up—and, in its fall,
 Catch kicks and buffets from a crew
 Of hooting boys who still pursue.

Now to the heroes of my lay:
It chanced, one bright but windy day,
A working Bee, by toil oppressed,
Hard by a thistle stopped to rest;
And there, in all its silken pride,
A restless Thistle-down espied,
On tiptoe, as the breeze came on,
To catch the current and be gone!
Stretched were its arms, like finest thread,
Yet, ere it vanished over head,
"One moment," cried the Bee, "attend;
And take the counsel of a friend.
In this design, whate'er you do,
Just think what you are trusting to.
The smile may soon become a frown!
The gale that lifts will cast you down!
Then mark me, vain one, thou'lt repine
The more, because the fault was thine.

"The good ship venturing on the main,
Has means to bring her home again;
But without anchor, ballast, helm,
Must not the winds and waves o'erwhelm?
The bird, when angry storms prevail,
Can poise his weight against the gale;
And e'en the kite, a childish thing,
Has got a tail, and lengthened string;
But thou, endowed like none of these,
Wilt rise and perish with the breeze!"

And so it was;—for borne away,
In attitudes that seemed to say,
"How glorious! Am I not as one
At least first-cousin to the Sun?"
Wild Thistle-down got out of sight:
But the wind hurled him from his height.
Spoiled, drenched, and draggled, down he reeled,
Where slimy pools defiled the field,
And there he stuck, and will remain
A lesson for the towering brain,
Till future seasons shall be found
To bring another instance round.



THE ELEPHANT AND THE SLAVE.

AN Elephant, in his progress through the forest, saw a Slave felling trees, and linked by a chain to a log of wood, to prevent his escape. "I see clearly," said the Elephant, "that you are a Slave by your equipment, an indication also of your past bad conduct, which has brought you to disgrace." "True," said the Slave; "but notwithstanding my degraded state, I am still your superior." "In one quality," replied the Elephant, "you have the advantage most supremely, and which mankind possess alone, in contradistinction to all other animals in the creation:—I mean the power of being able to console themselves by self-adulation and flattering conceit, even when under the most degrading circumstances, or when steeped in vice; not once recollecting that it is manners which make the man.

It is curious to observe by what ingenious sophistry we endeavour to screen the odiousness of many of our qualities, instead of correcting them. By this blind indulgence we give strength to vice, till at last it gains the mastery over us, and ends in our ruin. Would that there were mirrors for the mind as well as for the face. The understanding is often deceived, because there is nothing to represent it truly; and every judge of himself, being seduced by inclination, will always find some loop-hole or other to evade censure. Self-love makes us put on spectacles; to see larger the things that concern ourselves.

J. N.

THE LINNET AND THE HAWK.

Too oft when Force and Cunning seek
 To injure or delude the weak,
 They prosper in their plan of shame,
 Whilst Vengeance *waits* to take her aim;
 For, till the cup of sin is full,
 She walks unheard, with feet of wool!
 Again, some cases I have known
 Of Force and Fraud at once o'erthrown,
 By guardian spirits, who defend
 The steps of Innocence, their friend.
 Thus Una, in the wilderness,
 Was succoured in her sore distress;
 The lion (says the legend sweet,)
 Crouched harmless at the maiden's feet.
 And so the simple may prevail,
 When Guilt and its devices fail.
 To these reflections shall be tacked
 A *Fable*, which is nearly *Fact*.

Where London spreads its precincts wide,
 There's many a house, whose smoky side,
 In lane, or court, or alley placed,
 Bears tokens of a rural taste,
 And midst a busy town's alarms,
 Tells of the country, and its charms.
 Here, on the window-sills are set
 Geranium, myrtle, mignonette;
 And higher 'mongst created things,
 Canaries trim their golden wings,
 Or wrapped within his dingy coat
 A goldfinch strains his little throat.
 True he is caged: but what of that?
 He sings, and cares not for the cat.

A Linnet, in his prime of song,
 And happy as the day was long,
 Though in a dark and narrow way,
 Poured forth his merry roundelay:
 His bars unknown (though bars indeed;)
 His little manger full of seed;

What danger should he apprehend,
In health and tune, with man his friend?

But ah! he shrinks with sudden fear,
And feels a mortal foe is near!
Wheeling around in rapid flight,
A cruel Hawk has caught the sight,
Has seen the bird! but blind with rage
And fierce desire, has seen no cage.
So, when to glut his ruthless maw,
With the poor trembler that he saw,
He headlong pounced the prize to gain,
The bars of iron stunned his brain!
Reeling he fell, with broken limb,
And no one stopped to pity him.

So may they fall, whose base intent
Is laid against the innocent:

So may some barrier in the way,
Betwixt the wicked and their prey,
Though hid at first from mortal sight,
Prevent the wrong, defend the right!

M.

THE OX AND THE GNAT.

A CONCEITED Gnat, who had formed a very high opinion of his own importance, once lighted upon the horn of a noble Ox. "Pardon me, worthy sir," said he, "for making so free as to rest myself upon the tip of your horn, in my way across this meadow; but I will take care not to press too heavily, or to stay too long, in order that I may not distress you with my weight."

"Pray take your rest, little sir, and give yourself no uneasiness," said the Ox, contemptuously. "I was not aware of your being upon my horn, and therefore it is not very likely that I shall miss your weight when you depart."

Vanity and conceit often provoke expressions of contempt, which their possessors might have avoided, if they had not, by impertinence, drawn attention to their insignificance.

THE OWL AND THE FARMER.

AN Owl of grave deport and mien,
 Who, like the Turk, was seldom seen,
 Within a barn had ta'en his station,
 As fit for prey and contemplation:
 Upon a beam aloft he sits,
 And nods, and seems to think, by fits.
 (So have I seen a man of news,
 The papers, or gazette, peruse;
 Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
 And fix the fate of Europe round.)
 Sheaves piled on sheaves, hid all the floor:
 At dawn of morn, to view his store,
 The Farmer came. The hooting guest
 His self-importance thus expressed:

“Reason, in man, is mere pretence;
 How weak, how shallow, is his sense!
 To treat with scorn the bird of night,
 Proclaims his folly or his spite.
 Then, too, how partial is his praise!
 The lark's, the linnet's chirping lays
 To his ill-judging ears are fine,
 And nightingales are all divine:
 But the more knowing feathered race
 See wisdom stamped upon my face.
 Whene'er to visit light I deign,
 What flocks of fowls compose my train!
 Like slaves, they crowd my flight behind,
 And own me of superior kind.”

The Farmer laughed, and thus replied:
 “Thou dull, conceited lump of pride!
 Darest thou with that harsh, grating tongue
 Depreciate birds of warbling song?
 Indulge thy spleen: know, men and fowl
 Regard thee, as thou art, an Owl.
 Besides, proud blockhead! be not vain
 Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train:
 Few follow Wisdom or her rules;
 Fools, in derision, follow fools.”—GAY.

THE OAK AND THE BRIER.

THE king of the forest proclaimed a day on which he was to receive the homage of the trees. The chesnut, the elm, the plane, and the fir, were there, and met with a most cordial reception. The beech, the birch, the hazel, and the willow, bowed at a respectful distance; but the Oak did not think them unworthy of his notice: he said some civil things to them, and dismissed them in good-humour.

A humble Brier, who had long spread his shoots under the shade of this grandee of the wood, thought he would be wanting in duty, if he did not likewise make his compliments on the occasion. He advanced with diffidence, but was little noticed; he was not indeed spurned from the royal presence, but there was an apparent coolness shown him; and he retired, rather abashed, from the levee.

A short time after, the woodman came, and levelled the most stately trees. The Oak fell, and crushed some of his most favoured dependants. The Brier was too humble to be much injured by the catastrophe, though he sincerely lamented it in others. He endeavoured to heal the bleeding wounds of his former protector, but in vain. He continued, however, to feel gratitude for the shade he had so long enjoyed; and, as the scions sprang up from the old stock, he closely embraced them with his prickly branches, and by his assiduous care, kept off every rude attack, till they acquired some strength, and reared their heads above annoyance.

The principal scion, in time, began to claim the sovereignty of the wood; and the young trees attended to pay their respects, as they had done to his father. Convinced of the affectionate regard of the Brier for his family, he acknowledged his services in full assembly; and bade the trees learn, from the fate of his ancestor, never to neglect the lowly; as a poor neighbour was frequently more serviceable, in the hour of danger, than a potent friend at a distance; and the meanest shrub in the forest was furnished with some powers to please, protect, or annoy.

The trees acquiesced in the truth of the remark, and the proudest of them were glad, in future, to deserve the friendship of the Brier.—MAVOR.

THE TWO OWLS AND THE SPARROW.

Two formal Owls together sat,
Conferring thus in solemn chat:

“How is the modern taste decayed!
Where’s the respect to wisdom paid?
Our worth the Grecian sages knew;
They gave our sires the honour due;
They weighed the dignity of fowls,
They pried into the depth of Owls,
Athens, the seat of learned fame,
With general voice revered our name;
On merit, title was conferred,
And all adored the Athenian bird.”

“Brother, you reason well,” replies
The solemn mate, with half-shut eyes;
“Right: Athens was the seat of learning;
And, truly, wisdom is discerning.
Besides, on Pallas’ helm we sit,
The type and ornament of wit:
But now, alas! we’re quite neglected,
And a pert Sparrow’s more respected.”

A Sparrow, who was lodged beside,
O’erhears them soothe each other’s pride,
And thus he nimbly vents his heat:

“Who meets a fool, must find conceit.
I grant Owls were at Athens graced,
And on Minerva’s helmet placed;
But every bird that wings the sky,
Except an Owl, can tell you why.
From hence they taught their schools to know
How false we judge by outward show;
That we should not mere looks esteem,
Since fools as wise as you might seem.
Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
Let your vain-glory be destroyed:
So shall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praise your care;
So shall sleek mice your chase reward,
And no keen cat find more regard.”—GAY.

THE BEAR AND THE HONEY-GUIDE*.

THERE is a bird of wondrous skill,
 Half-reasoning instinct, if you will,
 Whose home is in a distant spot,
 The country we call Hottentot:
 Her taste is nice; for she can tell
 Where the sweet honey-makers dwell;
 And, greedy pilferer! feasts and thrives
 Upon the produce of the hives;
 In what a bold and cunning way,
 Shall form the opening of my lay.

Strange it may seem, and yet 'tis true,
 That Bears are fond of honey, too;
 But stranger that a bird should lead
 The way, and show them where to feed.
 She, watchful thing, the treasure found,
 Hovering above, below, around,
 Invites the Bear with plaintive cries,
 To follow her, and seize the prize.
 Lured by the magic of her song,
 The shaggy monster strides along,
 Paws out the honey, licks the nest,
 And leaves his guide to eat the rest.
 E'en such an ill-matched pair I chose,
 To point the moral of my Muse.

"Come," said a Honey-guide, "and see
 The banquet I design for thee:
 The nest is large, its sweets untold,
 Flowing in streams of liquid gold;
 The Bees are gone where wild flowers shine,
 And wish their luscious product thine:
 Then, gentle Bruin, do not stay,
 Come, dear companion, come away!"

When she deceived and fooled him so,
 What wonder that the Bear should go?

* For an account of the habits of this remarkable bird, see Sparman's Travels in the Hottentot country; and Vol. V., page 112, of the *Saturday Magazine*.

They went; he keeping her in sight,
 She with a cautious, clamorous flight,
 Till in broad sunshine they arrive,
 Like felons, at the quiet hive.

Young Bruin, in his headlong haste,
 Impatient to attack and taste,
 Fells the slight fabric at a blow;—
 But while he sipped the sweets that flow,
 From cells within, an armed throng
 Poured in a countless crowd along,
 And fixing on the culprit, stung
 His broad, dark nose, his eyes, his tongue.
 Sharp anguish mounting to his brain,
 He roared, and even danced for pain,
 Then prowled in blindness o'er the plain!

And thou, unkind one on the spray,
 False bird, hast nothing now to say?
 Bringing another into woe,
 What! not one word of comfort? No!
 Eyeing her victim with a sneer,
 And waiting till the course was clear,
 She pounced upon the relics there,
 And filled her crop with ill-got fare.
 Poor Bruin lives;—but should he hear
 A Honey-guide's shrill music near,
 By memory wounded, it is said,
 He licks his paws, and hangs his head.

How often lurks a treacherous sting
 Under a specious covering.
 False Gain, false Pleasure, weave a charm
 For their base triumph, and thy harm.
 Be Truth and Virtue, then, thy choice,
 And list not to the Siren's voice,
 Who, in the guise of seeming joy,
 Would lure thee, chain thee, and destroy! M.



THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

A HUNGRY Dog had picked up a bone, and, hurrying away with it, came to a nice clear brook, across which was laid a plank, to serve as a bridge. The sun shone brightly, and his shadow was thereby made so vivid in the water, that he mistook it for another dog, with a bone in his mouth. "Oh, ho," thought he; "two bones are better than one; and surely I must be a match for that ugly, cowardly-looking cur;—so here goes for his bone!" Then making a snap at the shadow, he dropped his bone into the water; and, taking fright at his own ugly face, which seemed to come quite close to him with open jaws, he took to his heels, and ran yelping away,—the victim at once of his own greediness, and his own cowardice.

So it is with those who, being dissatisfied with the good they themselves possess, attempt to obtain that which belongs to their neighbours, frequently becoming the dupes of their own cunning, or rapacity.

THE TOWN AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

ONCE on a time (so runs the Fable)
A Country-Mouse, right hospitable,
Received a Town-Mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord;
A frugal Mouse, upon the whole,
Yet loved his friend, and had a soul,

Knew what was handsome, and would do it,
 On just occasion, and be mute.
 He brought him bacon, nothing lean,
 Bread, the best wheaten ever seen;
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 Yet, wished it Stilton for his sake;
 Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
 He eat himself the rind and paring.
 Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
 But showed his breeding and his wit;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cried, "Indeed you're mighty neat.
 But change, my friend, this savage scene!
 Leave it, and come and live with men:
 Consider, mice, like men, must die,
 Both small and great, both you and I:
 Then spend your life in joy and sport.
 (This doctrine, friend, I learned at court.)"

The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, we know, to strong temptation.
 Away they come, through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn.
 ('Twas on the night of a debate,
 When all their Lordships had sat late.)

Behold the place, where, if a poet
 Shines in description, he may show it;
 Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
 And tips with silver all the walls;
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors:
 But let it, in a word, be said,
 The moon was up, and men a-bed,
 The napkins white, the carpet red,
 The guests withdrawn, the vacant seat
 Had left the mice to share the treat.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes, for his friend, of fowl and fish,
 Descants on every thing he saw,
 Tells all their names, lays down the law:

“That jelly’s rich, this malmsey healing;—
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in.”

Was ever such a happy swain!

He stuffs, and swills, and stuffs again.

“I’m quite ashamed—’tis mighty rude

To eat so much—but all’s so good;

I have a thousand thanks to give;—

My lord above knows how to live.”

No sooner said, than from the hall,

Rush servants, butler, dogs and all:

“A rat, a rat! clap to the door,”—

The cat comes bouncing on the floor.

“An’t please your honour,” quoth the peasant,

“This same desert is not so pleasant:

Give me again my hollow tree,

A crust of bread, and liberty!”

THE PEACOCK AND THE CRANE.

A PEACOCK and a Crane being in company together, the Peacock’s pride got the better of his sense, and he spread out his tail, and made a proud display of its beautiful feathers. “Look at this,” said he, “and acknowledge that you possess nothing to be compared to it in beauty.”

The Crane made no reply; but, spreading his wings, sprung up vigorously into the air. He darted about for a short time, then descended, and hovered above the head of the astonished Peacock. “Now tell me, thou gaudy thing,” said he, “of what use would be thy splendid tail, should hunger, or peril, make it necessary for thee to soar into the air, as I have done?”

We are all, in due measure, provided with means of supplying both our necessities and our comforts; but it is a weak and vain being only, who would reproach another for the want of those powers of distinction which, perchance, he may himself but unworthily possess.

EMULATION.

If thy soul thirsteth for honour, if thy ear hath any pleasure in the voice of praise, raise thyself from the dust, whereof thou art made, and exalt thy aim to something that is praiseworthy. The oak, that now spreadeth its branches towards the heavens, was once but an acorn, in the bowels of the earth.

Endeavour to be first in thy calling, whatever it be; neither let any one go before thee in well-doing: nevertheless, do not envy the merits of another, but improve thine own talents. Scorn also to depress thy competitor, by dishonest or unworthy methods; strive to raise thyself above him only by excelling him; so shall thy contest for superiority be crowned with honour, if not with success.

THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY.

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
 Swept Ouse's silent tide,
 When 'scaped from literary cares,
 I wandered on his side.
 My Spaniel, prettiest of his race,
 And high in pedigree,
 (Two nymphs adorned with every grace
 That Spaniel found for me,)
 Now wantoned, lost in flags and reeds,
 Now starting into sight,
 Pursued the swallow o'er the meads,
 With scarce a slower flight.
 It was the time when Ouse displayed
 His lilies newly born;
 Their beauties I intent surveyed,
 And one I wished my own.
 With cane extended far, I sought
 To steer it close to land;
 But still the prize, though nearly caught,
 Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains,
With fixed considerate face,
And, puzzling, set his puppy brains,
To comprehend the case.

But, with a chirrup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and followed long,
The windings of the stream.

My ramble finished, I returned ;
Beau, trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discerned,
And plunging, left the shore.

I saw him with that Lily cropped,
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropped
The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, "The world," I cried,
"Shall hear of this, thy deed ;
My Dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed :

"But chief myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine,
To Him who gives me all.—COWPER.

THE BULL AND THE MOUSE.

A MOUSE bit a noble Bull by the foot, and then slunk back into her hole. The Bull looked about him, but saw no enemy, although the annoyance was repeated over and over again. At length he got into a violent rage, tossed his head in the air, and tore up the ground, in very fierceness. When in the height of his fury, the Mouse popped her little head out of her hole, and laughed at him. "What a pretty specimen of dignity, are you," said the little irri-

tating creature, "when it is to me but a mere matter of sport, to enrage you to the very verge of madness."

There are, in our progress through life, a thousand irritating and annoying circumstances, of almost daily occurrence, which, if not treated with the contempt due to their insignificance, may become matters of serious import. Hence, among other reasons, the necessity and the value of a command of temper, and of a proper exercise of our judgment.

THE PALACE OF DEATH.

I SAW a PALACE, wide and fair,
 And multitudes assembled there:
 'Twas open all the day, but shone
 More gaily as the night came on.
 A massive Lamp, of curious mould,
 Displayed the front of white and gold,
 Whereon, with face of dazzling light,
 A Clock declared the time of night.

The doors unfolding, I begin
 To note the busy scene within.
 The spacious Presence-room was graced
 With columns in Corinthian taste;
 Bright rays, from many lustres, fall
 Full on the veined and marbled wall,
 Which might with Scagliola vie,
 Or hard and polished Porphyry,
 Whilst thickly-corniced ceilings lent
 Their aid of grace and ornament.

Yet, contrast strange to gaudy pride!
 Huge, uncouth butts, ranged side by side,
 Inscribed with some delusive name,
 A desolating use proclaim!
 But, stranger still, the crowds that prest,
 Each like a free and welcome guest,
 To seize the cup, and drink it dry,
 Which painted menials quickly ply.

How shall I draw the motley band?
 The sunken cheek, the palsied hand;
 The tattered coat, the squalid face;
 The draggled train, the skulking pace:—
 “How ill,” said I, “such sights agree
 With glare, and cost, and finery!
 And yet, for all the grand display,
 This miserable group must pay;”
 And *more* than pay: for he who reign’d
 In this proud palace, basely drain’d
 Their hard-got means; then oft withdrew
 Their reason and existence too!

“And who is he, that horrid king,
 That gloats on human suffering;
 Unfolds his wide, attractive door,
 And seeks his victims from the poor;
 Wears, for their hurt, a winning face;
 Then flourishes in their disgrace?”
 Sorrowing I spoke:—the crowds were gone;

When in a deep and rattling tone,
 “Lo! it is I! ’tis DEATH!” replied
 A grisly Spectre at my side:
 “Intemperate creatures hither come,
 And leave the pure delights of home;
 Leave faithful wives disquieted,
 And children pinch’d for want of bread,
 To lay their tribute at my shrine,
 And make the week’s resources mine;
 Till, like the sons of heathen sires,
 Who passed to Moloch through the fires,
 Racked with an inward, craving strife,
 They yield their senses and their life!
 War, earthquake, famine, fire, the sea,
 Are several paths that lead to me;
 But, lord of *yonder poisonous stream*,
 I reign triumphantly supreme:
 To loss of soul and frame’s decay,
 THIS is the broad, the beaten way!”

TEMPERANCE.

ONE of the nearest approaches thou canst make to happiness, is to enjoy from Heaven, health, wisdom, and peace of mind. If thou wouldest preserve these blessings to old age, avoid the allurements of intemperance, and fly from her temptations. When the wine sparkleth in the cup, then is the hour of danger,—then let reason stand firmly on her guard.

The joy which Intemperance promiseth, changeth to madness; and leads on to diseases and death. Look round her board, and observe those who have listened to her temptations:—are they not meagre? are they not sickly? are they not spiritless? Their short hours of jollity and riot are followed by tedious days of pain and dejection: she hath debauched and palled their appetites, so that they have now no relish for the choicest dainties: her votaries are become her victims:—the just and natural consequence which God hath ordained for the punishment of those who abuse his gifts.



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