

A
COLLECTION ;
OF
FABLES,
FOR THE
Instruction and Amusement
OF
LITTLE MISSES & MASTERS

ADORNED WITH CUTS.

YORK:
Printed by J. Kendrew, Colliergate.

7
56 ad

£40.

c. 1825

[Osborne I, p 2]

another edition

FRONTISPIECE.

with
only 2
fables



Children like Osiers, take the bow,
And as first fashion'd, always grow.
Those parents, doubtless, aim aright,
Who mix instruction with delight.

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Roman Capital and Small Letters.

—
A B C D E F G H I J K L
M N O P Q R S T U
V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r
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N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

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FABLE I.

The Old APE and her CUBS.

AN Ape that had twins, like a foolish fond
mother,

Lov'd one to distraction, but hated the other;
Tho' the latter's neglected and kept out of
sight,

Yet the darling must lie with her every night,
But once in her sleep, thro' a close Cornish ring,
She squeez'd out the breath of her favourite
pug.

Thus parents, whose love to their children is
blind,

To those they indulge most, are cruelly kind.



FABLE II.

The BOYS and FROGS.

TWO wild wanton boys, near a pond at their
 play,
 Long pelted the frogs in't with hard lumps of
 clay ;
 The fry thus alarm'd, one more wise than the
 rest,
 With an air of concern, thus the children ad-
 drest,
 Consider, dear lads, what mischief you're doing,
 Though pleasing your sport, you effect our
 ruin.

While youth are in bloom, impress on their mind,
 How praise-worthy 'tis to be gentle and kind.



FABLE III.

The APE and the CAT.

THO' the Ape here, 'tis true, plays a dext'rous
part,

Yet the Cat, her old friend, shows no forecast
o'er art.

When she holds out her paw, at her comrade's
desire,

To take out the Chesnuts that glow in the fire;

Too soon she perceives that her share is the
pain,

And her friend, without danger, reaps all the
gain.

Thus a good-natur'd bondsman is often undone,
By discharging a debt that is none of his own.

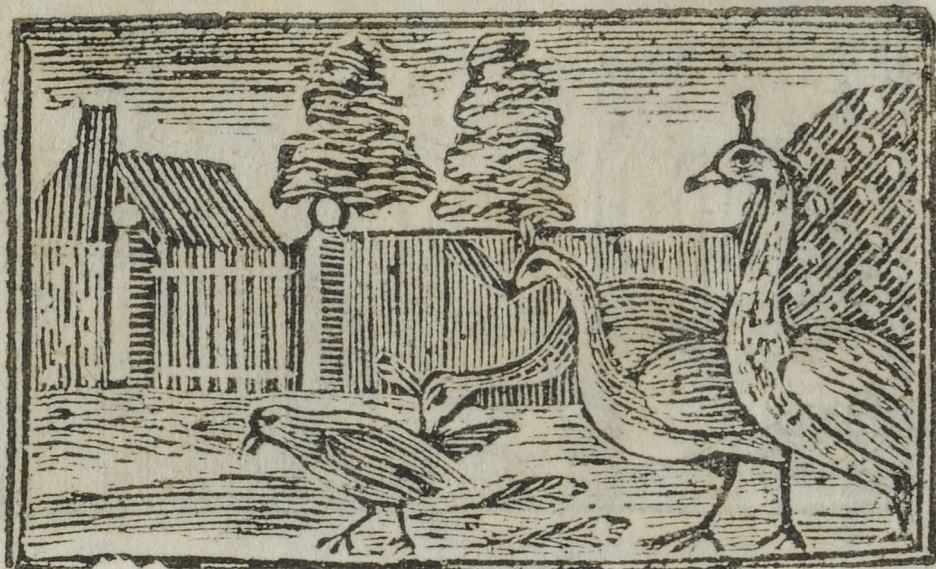


FABLE IV.

The HORSE and the STAG.

A STAG and a horse in a combat engag'd,
 The last was o'ercome, and with malice enrag'd
 To man flies for aid, and again takes the field,
 And thus reinforc'd, makes the victor soon
 yield :

But no real joy from this conquest accru'd,
 For the loss of his liberty thereon ensu'd :
 He was forc'd ever after to champ the hard bit,
 To feel whip and spur and yet tamely submit.
 Those pleasures are doubtless too dearly pro-
 cur'd,
 Where a whole age of pain must be after
 endur'd.

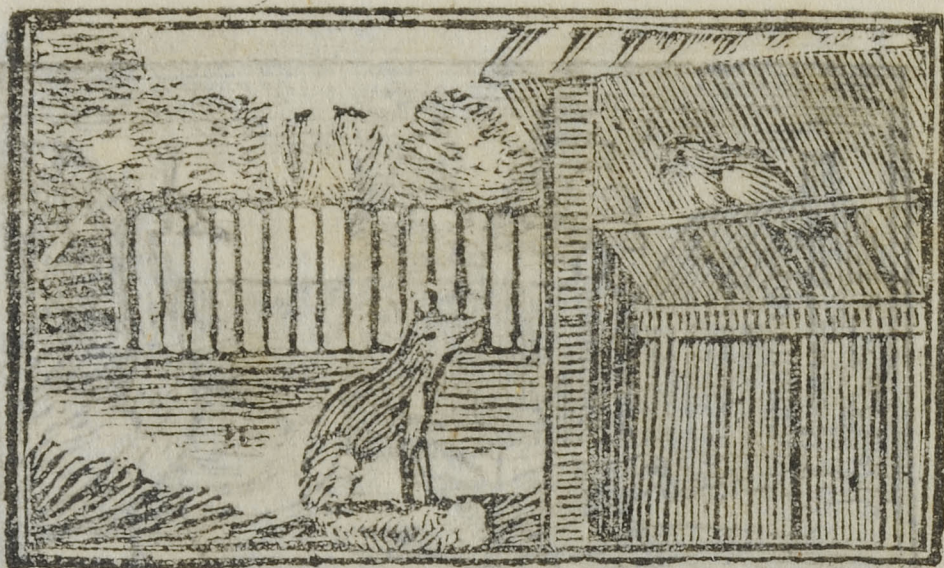


FABLE V.

The PEACOCK and JACKDAW.

A JACKDAW one day, like a peacock array'd,
 Imagin'd, fop like, that a figure he made;
 Disdain'd his companions, puft up with false
 pride,
 And resolv'd with the peacocks alone to reside;
 But soon the impostor o'eracting his part,
 Betray'd both his want of true merit and art;
 The cheat thus discover'd, with marks of
 disdain,
 He is sent back unplum'd to his messmates
 again.

When poor fools affect to live high and look gay,
 They blunder about, and their baseness betray.



FABLE VI.

The FOX and the HEN.

A FOX as he stroll'd round a poulterer's shed,
 Spy'd a groaning old hen, that had long kept
 her bed ;
 Like a kind court physician offer'd his skill,
 And would fain feel her pulse, to prescribe
 her a pill,
 To whom Goody Parlet, with fear almost dead,
 I can't come so near, sir, most prudently said ;
 I shiver and shake to so great a degree,
 If you were once gone, I much better should be.
 Let us live where we will, and whatever's
 our station,
 The lesson we learn first, is self-preservation.



FABLE VII.

The BOY and the BEGGAR.

A LAD thus address'd an old man of fourscore,
 Who was bent like a ram's horn, and begg'd
 at the door :

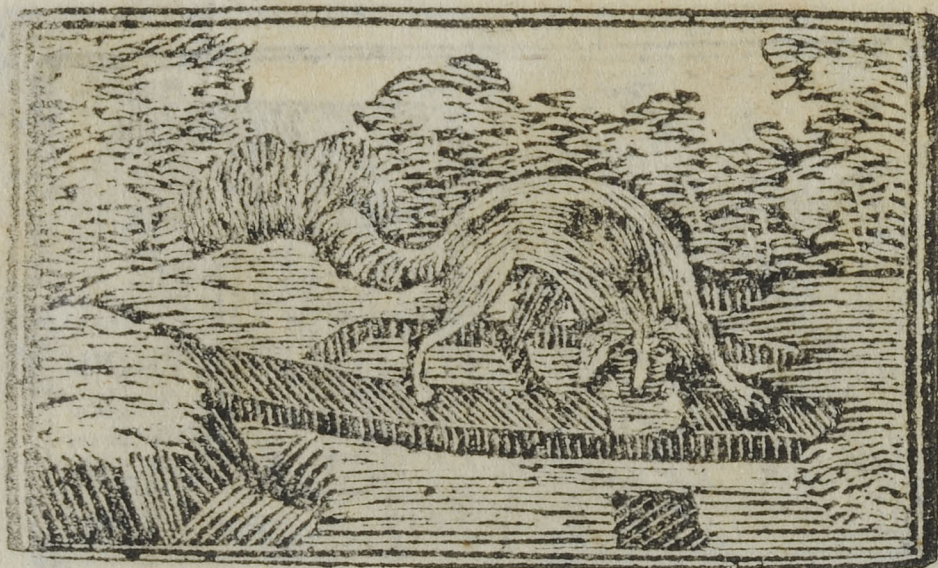
What Daddy, not dead yet? since you want
 money so,

Pray tell me the price of your crooked old
 bow?

“ Save thy money, pert fool; for tho' now
 thou art young,

“ Thou'lt have such another for nothing ere
 long.”

To treat with derision, old age in distress,
 Is a crime too enormous for words to express.



FABLE VIII.

The DOG and SHADOW.

A DOG, who for booty had been privateering,
 With a slice of raw meat, cross a river was
 steering,

The sun-beams at noon made an image so fresh,
 That the streams seem'd to him a new bit of
 flesh ;

Of more being greedy, he snapp'd at the shade,
 And lost, like a puppy, the substance he had.
 Thus men whose desires no boundaries know,
 Miss what they pursue, what possess'd of
 forego.



FABLE IX.

The WAGGONER and HERCULES.

AS Colin was driving his waggon oneday,
 Thro' a long rugged lane full of mire and clay,
 On a sudden the wheels sunk deep in a rut,
 And a stop to his progress effectually put ;
 The lubbard kneels down, and to Hercules prays,
 That he'd lend him a hand, and amend the
 highways ;
 When the Hero, 'tis said, with displeasure
 reply'd,
 Let your shoulders, your fool, to the wheels
 be apply'd ;
 Unless you intend to remain there all night,
 For 'tis labour alone that will set them upright.



FABLE X.

The MAN and FOREST.

IN those happy old times when the trees of
each grove,

Were all vocal made by the will of great Jove;

A sly country looby a Forest address'd,

To grant him one favour, a modest request,

That they to his axe would a handle allow,

From some one distorted, some useless old

bugh;

The forest comply'd, but th'unmerciful clown,

When his turn was once serv'd, hew'd all the

ties down.

That they who are easy, good natur'd, and just,

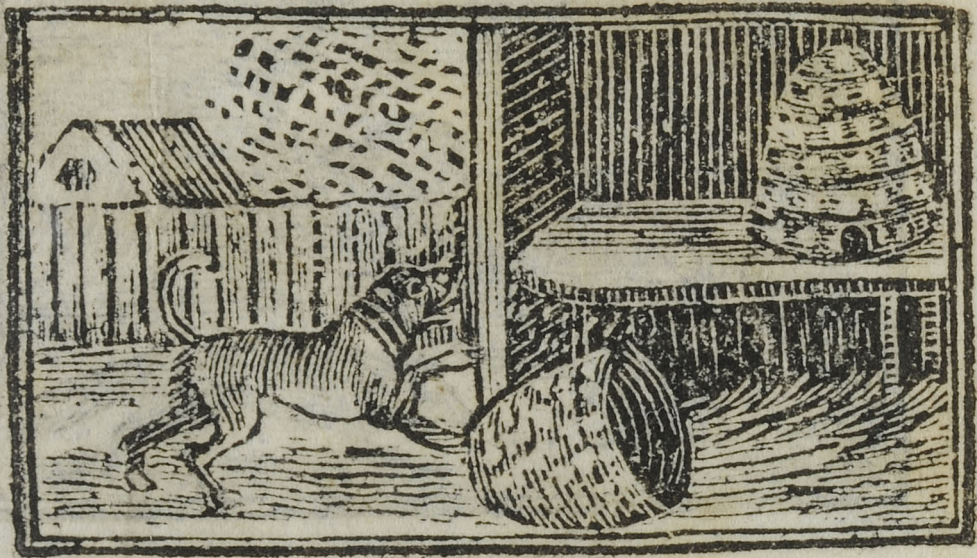
Are often impos'd on by knaves whom they trust.



FABLE XI.

The FOX and the CRAB.

A RESTLESS Crab in the ocean bred,
 Stroll'd out, and in a meadow fed ;
 But by a fox, was soon espy'd,
 Soon made his prey and justly dy'd ;
 For had he stay'd at home contented,
 All had been well, his fate prevented.
 Uneasy fools who business quit,
 And aim at marks they ne'er can hit,
 The pain of sure miscarriage bear,
 For rambling in a foreign sphere.



FABLE XII.

The DOG and the BEE.

A BEE stung a mastiff, and for the smart
action

He runs to the hive, and demands satisfaction.

While he's storming their castle, around him
their flies

A whole army of foes, who stung out his eyes.

Put small affronts up; for if one won't con-
tent ye,

'Tis very great odds, but you soon meet with
twenty.



FABLE XIII.

The ANT and the FLY.

A GAY fluttering fly thus upbraiding an ant,
 I dine with the King, whilst you live in want:
 The Pismire reply'd, tho' you live at your ease,
 And at present, indeed, do just what you please,
 Yet wherever you go, you're pert, haughty,
 and rude,
 And into the glasses and dishes intrude;
 For the emblem of sloth, you are very well
 known,
 Live on others' hard labour, but not on your
 own.
 I work it is true; but then I'm belov'd,
 And whatever I do by the world is approv'd:

Thus some indolent fops like this vain summer fly,
Cut a figure a while, but at last beg or die.



FABLE XIV.

The FOX and the CROW.

AS wily Reynard view'd with wishful eyes,
A crow possess'd of a delicious prize;
Like a gay courtier, with delusive tongue,
He prais'd her voice, and begg'd one melting
song.

Proud to oblige, and thoughtless of the cheat
She made the vain attempt, and dropt her meat.
Thus by false vows the artless virgin's won,
And by her fond credulity undone.



FABLE XV.

MERCURY and the TORTOISE.

GREAT Jove being gay, made a general treat,
 For all his good creatures both little and great,
 All went but the tortoise, their duty to pay,
 The Deity frown'd at her saucy delay ;
 Accounted her absence no less than high
 treason,

And Mercury sent, to know what was the reason.
 My reason is this, Sir, she said with sub-
 mission,

I'm very well pleas'd with my humble con-
 dition,

And had rather continue at home in my shell,
 Then go gadding abroad to live ever so well.

Thus the poor their coarse fare can with pleasure digest,
 And content is to them a continual feast.



FABLE XVI.

The COCK and DIAMOND.

A COCK once scraping on a dunghill, found
 A precious jewel sparkling on the ground;
 This, to some proper judge, he cry'd, might be
 Esteem'd a treasure, tho' 'tis none to me.
 Thus in this tasteless age, true wit gives place
 To gross obscurity, and rude grimace.



FABLE XVII.

The King-fisher and the Sparrow.

AS a King-fisher was sitting beneath the shade, upon the banks of a river, she was surprised on a sudden by the fluttering of a Sparrow that had eloped from the neighbouring town, to visit her. When the first compliments were over, How is it possible, said the Sparrow, that a bird so finely adorned can think of spending all her days in the very depth of retirement! The golden plumage of your breast, the shining azure of your pinions, were never given you to be concealed, but to attract the wonder of beholders. Why then should you not endeavour to know the world, and be at the same time, yourself, both known

and admired? You are very complaisant, at least, replied the King-fisher, to conclude that my being admired, would be the consequence of my being known. But it has sometimes been my lot, in the lonesome valleys that I frequent, to hear the complaints of beauty that has been neglected; and of worth that has been despised. Possibly it does not always happen, that even superior excellence is found to excite admiration, or to obtain encouragement. I have learned besides, not to build my happiness upon the opinion of others, so much as upon self-conviction, and the approbation of my own heart. Remember, I am a King-fisher; these woods and streams are my delight; and so long as they are free from winds and tempests, believe me, I am perfectly content with my situation. Why therefore should I court the noise and bustle of the world, which I find so little agreeable to my native disposition? It may be the joy of a Sparrow to indulge his curiosity, and to display his eloquence. I, for my part, love silence, privacy, and contemplation; and think that every one should consult the native bias of his temper, before he chooses the way of life in which he expects to meet with happiness.



FABLE XVIII.

The DOVE.

A DOVE that had a mate and young ones, happening to spy her cage door open; was driven by a sudden impulse to fly out into an adjacent grove. There, perched upon the bough of a sycamore, she sat as it were wrapt in deep contemplation; not recovering from her reverie, until the owner drew nigh unseen, and brought her back to her little family.

Art thou not ashamed then, says her mate, thus to desert thy helpless offspring? Art thou not base to abandon me, for the company of birds to whom thou art a stranger? Could I have harboured such a thought? I, who

have been ever constant to our first engagement, and must have died of mere despair, hadst thou not returned to my embraces? But how, alas! returned! Not, as it seems, by choice, but insnared by dint of artifice, and brought hither by constraint.

Have patience, replied the rambler, and hear the plea of thy repentant mate. Witness all ye powers of wedlock, ye that know what passes in the hearts of Doves, if ever, before this unhappy moment, I felt a wish to part from thee! The door, so seldom open, allowed but one moment for deliberation, and I happened to decide amiss. When removed to yonder wood, the air of liberty breathed so sweet, that with horror I speak it, I felt a suspense about returning to the cage. Pardon, I pray thee, this one crime, and be well assured I will never repeat it. And that thou mayest be the more induced to pardon me, know, that the love of liberty burns ever the strongest in the bosoms that are most open to conjugal affection and the love of their young.



FABLE XIX.

The Sensitive-Plant and the Thistle.

A THISTLE happened to spring up very near to a Sensitive-Plant. The former observing the extreme bashfulness and delicacy of the latter, addressed her in the following manner: Why are you so modest and reserved, my good neighbour, as to withdraw your leaves at the approach of strangers? Why do you shrink as if you were afraid, from the touch of every hand? Take example and advice from me: If I liked not their familiarity, I would make them keep their distance, nor should any saucy finger provoke me unrevenged. Our tempers and qualities,

replied the other, are widely different : I have neither the ability nor inclination to give offence ; you, it seems, are by no means destitute of either. My desire is to live peaceably in the station wherein I was placed ; and tho' my humility may now and then cause me a moment's uneasiness, it tends on the whole to preserve my tranquillity. The case is otherwise with you, whose irritable temper, and revengeful disposition, will probably, one time or other, be the cause of your destruction. While they were thus arguing the point, the Gardener came with his little spaddle, in order to lighten the earth round the stem of the Sensitive-Plant ; but perceiving the Thistle, he thrusts his instrument through the root of it, and tossed it out of his garden.





FABLE XX.

The TWO BEES.

ON a fine morning in May, two Bees set forward in quest of honey; the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a time on the various dainties that were spread before them: the one loading his thigh at intervals with provisions for

the hive against the distant winter; the other, revelling in sweets without regard to any thing but his present gratification. At length they found a wide-mouthed phial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless Epicure, spite of all his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The Philosopher, 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 enquire whether he would return to the hive; but 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 might quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction.



FABLE XXI.

The FARMER and the STAG.

A STAG, who had left at some distance a pack of hounds, came up to a Farmer, and desired he would suffer him to hide himself in a little coppice which joined to his house. The Farmer, on condition that he would forbear to enter a field of wheat, which lay before him, and was now ready for the sickle, immediately gave him leave, and promised not to betray him. The squire with his train instantly appeared, and enquiring whether he had not seen the Stag. No, said the Farmer, he has not passed this way, I assure you :

but, in order to curry favour at the same time with his worship, he pointed slyly with his finger to the place where the poor beast lay concealed. This however the sportsman, intent on his game, did not observe, but passed on with his dogs across the very field. As soon as the Stag perceived they were gone, he prepared to steal off, without speaking a word. Methinks, cried the Farmer, you might thank me, at least, for the refuge I have afforded you. Yes, said the Stag, and had your hands been as honest as your tongue, I certainly should; but all the return that a double-dealer has to expect, is a just indignation and contempt.

FABLE XXII.

The SNAIL and the STATUE.

A STATUE of the Medicean Venus was erected in a grove sacred to beauty and the fine arts. Its modest attitude, its elegant proportions, assisted by the situation in which it was placed, attracted the regard of every deli-

cate observer.—A Snail, who had fixed himself beneath the moulding of the pedestal, beheld with an evil eye the admiration it excited. Accordingly, watching his opportunity, he strove, by trailing his filthy slime over every limb and feature, to obliterate those beauties which he could not endure to hear so much applauded. An honest Linnet, however, who observed him at his dirty work, took the freedom to assure him, that he would infallibly lose his labour; for although, said he, to an injudicious eye, thou mayest sully the perfections of this finished piece, yet a more accurate and close inspector will discover its beauty, through all the blemishes with which thou hast endeavoured to disguise it.

FINIS.

J. KENDREW, PRINTER, YORK.

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