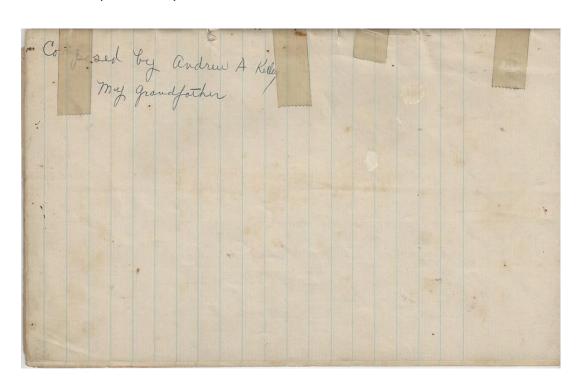
Fables in Verse

Note says they were composed by "Andrew A Kelley my grandfather" (Likely written by my dad's cousin, Ida Martens Brus.)
Transcribed by Dana Kelley Bressette



Beneath an tree from all care free A farmer sat nigh cozily.

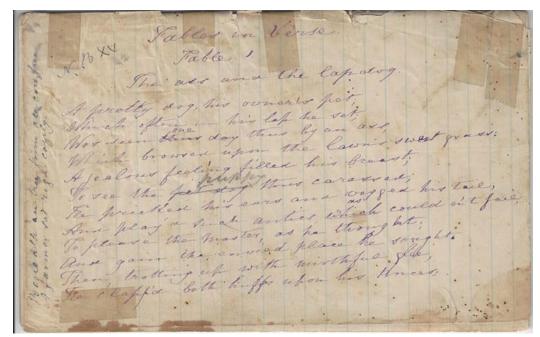
Fable I (NB XV)

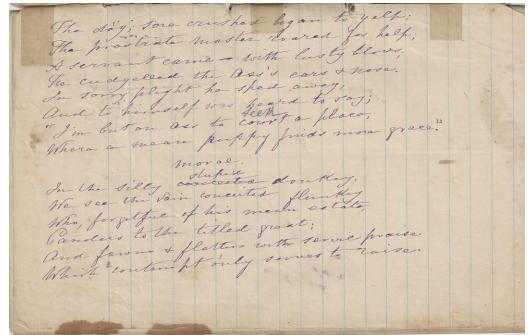
The ass and the lapdog

A pretty dog his owner's pet, Which often in his lap he set; Was seen one day thus by an ass, Which browsed upon the lawn's sweet grass: A jealous feeling filled his breast; To see the puppy thus caressed; He pricked his ears and wagged his tail, And play'd such antics as couldn't fail, To please the master, as he thought; And gain the envied place he sought. Then trotting up with mirthful glee, He clapp'd both huffs upon his knees, The dog sore crushed began to yelp; *The prostrate master roared for help;* A servant-came with lusty blows; He cudgelled the ass's ears and nose. *In sorry plight he sped away,* And to himself was heared to say; "I'm but and ass to seek a place, Where a mean puppy finds more grace."

Moral

In the silly stupid donkey,
We see the vain conceited flunkey
Who, forgetful of his mean estate,
Panders to the titled great;
And fawns & flatters with servil praise
Which contempt only serves to raise.





Fable II (NB XVI)

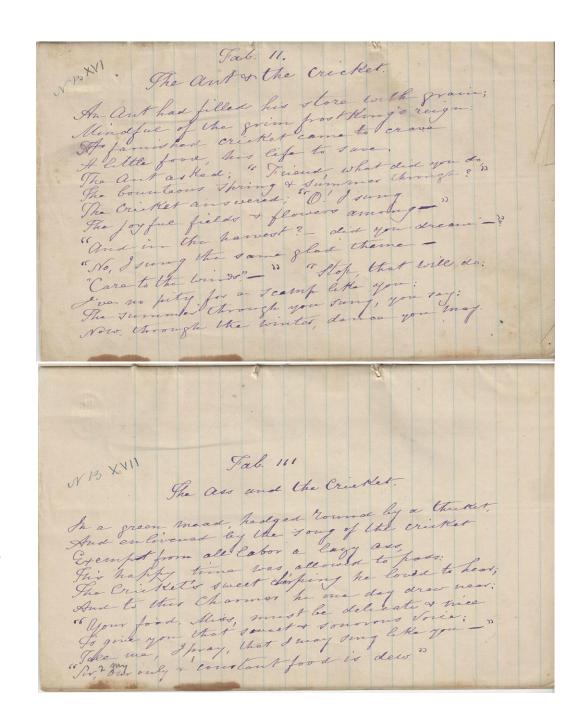
The Ant and the Cricket

An Ant had filled his store with grain;
Mindful of the grim frost King's reign:
A famished cricket came to crave
A little food, his life to save.
The Ant asked: "Friend, what did you do,
The bounteous spring & summer through?"
The cricket answered: "O! I sung
The joyful fields & flowers among—"
"And in the harvest?—did you dream--?"
"No, I sung the same glad theme-"Care to the winds—" "Stop, that will do:
I've no pity for a scamp like you:
The summer through you sung, you say:
Now through the winter, dance you may.

Fable III (NB XVII)

The Ass and the Cricket

In a green mead hedged round by a thicket,
And enlivened by the song of a cricket
Exempt from all labor a lazy ass,
This happy time was allowed to pass:
The Cricket's sweet chirping he loved to hear;
And to this charmer he one day drew near:
"Your food Miss, must be delicate & nice
To give you that sweet & sonorous voice:
Take me, I pray, that I may sing like you—"
"Sir, my only & constant food is dew."



The silly beast, can a boy believe it?

No other food tasted from morn till eve
But the dew that on spray and grass lay light:
And practice broke the stillness of night.
As this spare regimen he strictly pursued,
(His voice would be injured by coarser food)
A fatal disease—windy dropsy—ensued.
He died: and the crickets sing on his grave
And a yew its drooping limbs over it wave.

Fable IV (NB 105)

The Actor and his Audience

A mimic actor had long been the rage, For his wit & his jokes, on th' Athenian Stage: Keen was his satyr, his delineation true His sallies cutting, which at length drew

Hatred upon him from those they hit
So hard & were the subjects of his wit.
His varied art one day well displayed;
Still few cheers or favoring signs were made,
By his audience, who came prepared to take
Revenge upon him for their patron's sake:
He crow'd like a rooster & brayed like and ass,
As could no student in Oxford or Cambridge surpass,
But when a young pig's squeak pervaded the house,
Tho' to nature most true, indignation arose
He was hissed and and desired to practice his part,
That this imitation was the worst of his art.

The stilly beast, can your believe sof to again. No food lasted from morn lile Eve and lay light:
But the down that one showing the stillness of my ho.

And his practice broke the stillness of my ho.

And his practice broke by coars or food.

(His Voice would be injured by coars or food.)

A fotal disease - windy droppy - ensued.

A fotal disease - windy droppy - ensued.

The died: and the criticity one is his prace.

And a year its drooping limbs our it wave.

The actor and his auchience. It to 100 I minute actor had long been the tage.

I minute actor had long been the tage.

For the feet his porter on th' althour an stage:

Near was his satys, his deline about there are staged;

I fair values cutting, which at long the phir

I alrea upon him from through the week are shaped;

I have a feet the surgeste of his wit.

I see I few cheers of a woring signs were made of the surgesters of their patrons, which is patrons, I waster to lake the surgesters on him for their patrons, I waster, I waster a could be surgester on the surgesters of the

Then taking a young pig from under his cloak,
He told them to hiss him—for here was the joke;
Twas the pig really squealed as he pinched her ears
So much for their judgement—he could laugh at their fears.

Moral

Never let prejudice or judgement mislead; In seeing or hearing or whatever you read: If an actor had merit, his faults is not seen; Think, he plays to amuse you & does what he can.

Fable 5 (NB XVII)

The Angler & the little fish

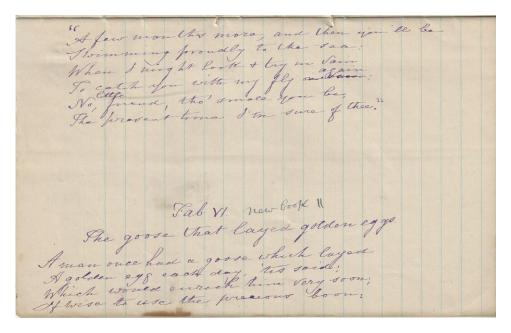
An angler on his hook had caught
A little salmon which besought
Him to cast him back into the flood;
Because too small & flesh not good:
"A few months more, I'll be full grown
When you might take me for yr own."
"A few months more, and then you'll be
Swimming proudly to the sea:
When I might look & try in vain
To catch you with my fly again:
No, little friend, tho' small you be
The present time I'm sure of thee."

Fable VI (new book II)

The goose that layed the golden eggs

A man once had a goose which layed A golden egg each day, 'tis said: Which would enrich him very soon; If wise to use the precious boon:

Then taking a gening his from made his cloake for told those to him - for here was the forker for told those to him - for here was the pinched her can Twas the hig really squadose as he pinched her can Twas the high really squadose he could laughe at their for Jo much for their furginess.
Never let pregnerie of jungment sinis lead; fu seeing of what are you had in fund and ment his fault as not don't have Think, he plays to a more you have whathere Think he plays to a who you have whathere The angles of the little fick
I for on his hook have caregor
An angler on his book lessonghof A little salmon which best with the flood; Flints to cast him back into the flood; Flint to cast him back into the flood; Pecanic too small of flesh not grown is flesh mouths more, I see be full grown." When you might take we for your."



But not content with such slow gains; The small delay but caused him pain; The man no doubt must be insane. For the goose he Killed, hoping then, The treasure whole to find; but when The fowl he opened, nought he found, But a wide gaping, jagged wound.

Moral

Impatience to get riches fast, In the race for wealth, leaves him last, Who, moderate gains & quick receipt; Besides all absence of deceit, Makes not the standard of his trade: Sooner the plodder's fortune made.

Fable VII (N B III) The horse and the stag

In early times, the horse, tis said,
A pleasant idle lifetime led:
He roamed at large; No master owned,
Nor under burden toiled & ground.
He had his faults—What horse has not?
An injury he ne'er forgot.
A stag, which fed on the same plain,
Treated him once with some disdain:
To get revenge he had recourse;
To man's assistance; which proved a source
Of great unending pain;
For, guided by the bit & rein,
He proved his fleetness, strength & power;
And slave to man he's to this hour

But not content with such slow gains, (The small delay but caused how pain;) The man no boult must be invare.) For the goods he Hilled, hoping then, The trees we whole to find; but when The ford he opened, nought he found, Impatience to get recher fast, In the race for wealth, beloves him last, Who, moderate gains & quick raceft; Besides are absence of deceit trade: Jones the pladder's fortune made. The horse and the Stag. In early times, the horse, tis said, A pleasant idle lifetime les: The roamed at large; no master ormer, Nor under burdent toiled & ground. To had his faults - What horse has not? To mon I assistance, which proved a source The proved his fleelness, strength & power; And slave to man he's to the hour.

Moral

Who seeks to give another pain, In malice or revenge, the same Deserves no pity, If the wound Intended for his victim is found To rankle in his own heart; Where love or pity has no part.

Fable VIII (NB IV) The Stag & his Antlers

A stag the fleetest of his kind, Which in the chase outstrips the wind: His beauteous form viewed one day, In the clear water of a bay: "What lovely branching antlers those! What brilliant eyes, what shapely nose What head, what neck! But, ah. Those shanks! For such to Nature little thanks." Farther he might prolong his strain, And of his slender limbs complain; Has not a sound now reached his ear Which made him start & look around with fear; The hounds' deep bay—the huntsman's horn Awaked the cohost of the morn. With lithesome limbs & head crest, He soon a moment to collect His thoughts & strength' then for a wood Which on a distant hillside stood, He bent his course. But, ah! sad day, That he had chosen that same way; Those antlers which he took such pride in, With the thick set trees colliding, Retarded his speed and at last; He in their tangled limbs stuck fast: The hounds came up; their fearful yells Sounding his sorrowful knell; "Mistaken creature! now I know The true cause of my overthrow: Fatuitous! where are my eyes?

Who seeks to give another pain, In mulier or francingo the dame Deserves no fifty if the wound stander for his viction's formed for his viction's formed; Where love or fity has no hast. The Stag & his anteers A stag the flectest of his kind, Which in the chara out stript the wind, Fix beatetour form hewer one day, The the crear rater of a bay:
What lovely branching and there those the shorts.
What bould got ages what wash. but ah! these shoulds. Tanthory Inch to Natura lettle thanks? I fanthory this strains Which wade how start & look proud will fear; The hounds' deap bay - the hunts man's horn Awaked the chool of the morn With lethroma limbo + head creet, The stook or surrent to collect For thought + stranght, there for a bood Which du a destant hilloide stood, For best his course. But, ale! sad day, That he had chosen that same way. Those authors which he took such pride in. With the thank Let trees colliding, Retarded his speed, and at Chot To in their langled limbs steek fact: To have not come who their fearful yellow formeding her some fre seath nee; " Mistaken Creature! now " & Phrow, The true course of my overthere: Totalous! whom were my eyes?

Those precious legs so to despise.

Thus he mourned with his last breath

That his loved antlers caused his death.

Fable IX (NB XIX)

The Stag blind of an eye

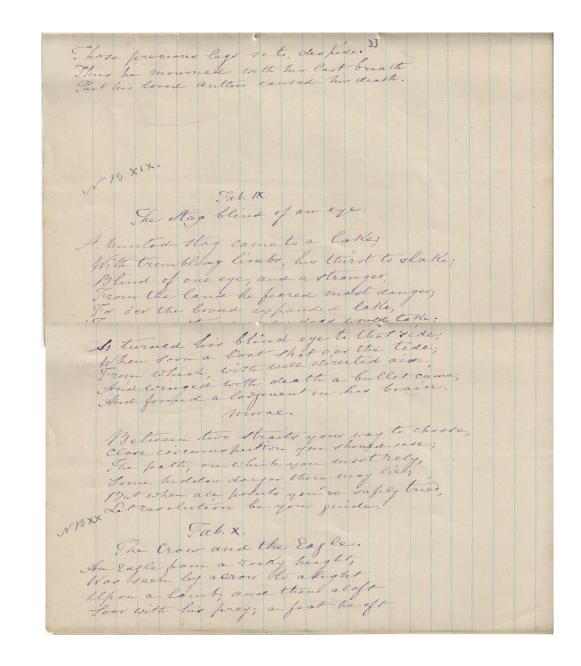
A hunted stag came to a lake,
With trembling limbs, his thirst to slake;
Blind of one eye, and a stranger,
From the land he feared most danger;
For o'er the broad expanded lake,
'Twas sure their way no dogs could take:
So turned his blind eye to that side;
When soon a boat shot o'er the tide
From which, with well directed aim
And winged with death a bullet came,
And found a lodgement in his brain.

Moral

Between two straits your way to choose, Close circumspection you should use; The path, on which you most rely, Some hidden danger there may lie: But when all points you've safely tried, Let resolution be your guide.

Fable X (NB XX) The Crow and the Eagle

An eagle from a rocky height, Was seen by a crow to alight Upon a lamb, and then a loft Soar with his prey; a feat he oft



Performed: when the silly crow Presumed he likewise could do so..

On a sheep's back he alighted;
Whom, the creature being affrighted,
Started to run, then the crow, full
Of excitement grasped the long wool
And essaying to mount on high,
Found with the weight he could not fly.
Then to get loose he tried at last;
But the long wool had held him fast:
When the shepherd who'd seen the trick (whole),
Soon dispatched him with his stick (pole)

Fable XI (NB XXI)

The sick lion and the fox

A lion grown old and lazy,
Devized a plan, sure and easy,
To bring his prey within his reach;
Not caring that it was a breach
Of hospitality and faith:
Quoting the terse old "law" which saith:
"Hard necessity owns no laws."
And "Conscience dies when hunger gnaws."
Reports were spread the forest round;
Expressing sorrow most profound;
That his majesty—the old King
Was sick; and to enhance the thing—
Wished his dear subjects all to see,
And to address them, before he
Departed life. The ruse succeeded;

On a of Ashor, Che Started of excite And exer Jound to Part the Part the	ed: When the selly he likewise tought fee likewise tought he along to reature being of to rent grashed the crowd one of the look wood he tried long wool had held to palabed here what I do to palabed here with	greg bled, Just Cong broke Righ, at Cast; hum fast;

The sick lion and the fox. A lion grown old and lagy. Devised a plan some and eary. To bring his prey within his leach; Not carry that it was a breach Il hospitality and faith; Quoting the terse old 'Tow' which tack : " Fard necessity owns no laws And "Conscience dies when hunger quant? Reports were spread the fordst kound, Expressing sorrow most profound; That his buggesty - the old thing Was sick; and to entermed the thing-Wished his dear subjects are to Tee, and to address them, before he Departed life. The for succeeded,

The beasts flocked in: not one heeded
The wily fox, who saw the snare;
And bade the thoughtless to beware.
Some weeks had passed, and the fox met
The lion who, in a great fret,
Asked the cause of the disrespect
He paid his King, by his neglect
To attend his leve?* -- "Ah! Sure,
To come to court was my desire;
But seeing many footprints to
Your cave, and returning so few,
Supposed your majesty was dead;
And hastened the sad news to spread"
But rejoiced to have discovered
That your majesty recovered.

Moral

When we see men get into trouble— Lost, pursuing an empty bubble— Tis wise to note the shoals and rocks, In which they split; and like the fox, Use caution, and avoid like shocks.

Fable XII (NB XXII)

The sick lion, the fox and the bear

The lion became truely sick;
Some said an ass gave him a kick:
The fox said, a fat goose he'd forfeit,
If it was not from a surfeit.
Howe'er it was the beasts that came,
To pay their respects: Rynard's name
Was first among the absentees—
Reproaches from his enemies
Were freely bandied: when the bear
A savage oath was heard to swear,
That he had heard him vilify
The King; for which he ought to die.

The boasts parked in: not one headed The wily fox, who saw the snave; And bade the thoughtlad to beware. Some weeks had passed, and the fox met The lion who in a great fret, Isked the cause of the des res pert To attord his leve - the sure To come to court was my desire. But seeing many foolfromter to your care, and teturning so four Supposed you majesty was dead; And hastened the said news to shread: But Rejocied to have discoursed That your majorty recovered When we see men get into brouble - Lost, pursuing an beauty bubble Tis wise to Inote the shools and rocks On which they split, and like the fox Use caution, and avoid lette shorts. The sick lion, the fore and the bear. The lion became bruely sick; Some said an ass Igave him a Keek! The fox said, a fat good he'd for feet, If it was not from a verfeit. Trowe'er it was the beasts are came, To pay their respects, Rynard's lame Was first among the absenteer-Reproacher from his enamined Were freely bandied: When the bear Asway alth was he ard to swear, That he had board him wilify to die.

The fox just entered the royal court, As the bear made this grave report; "Your majesty will please to hear My reply—(here he forced a tear)

When I received the sad account
Of your sickness, and the amount
Of loss and sorrow twould entail;
No time I wasted to bewail
Our threatened loss; but quickly came
To a doctor of skill and fame;
Who gave me this prescription sure
Your grievous stomack ache to cure:
His hairy hide you are to tear
From the back of a living bear;
And clap it warm to your chest;
When you will find immediate rest."
The advice was followed—the King cured—
The fox revenged—his life secured.

Fable XIII (NB 95)

The wild horses & the tame one

A large herd of wild horses roamed O'er a wide prairie, and which owned No master; nor knew bit or bridle, Was joined one day by an idle

...missing pages...

The for just autered the toy ac lowert,

As the bear made this grave to foot;

(your major by will please to head

The telly I (here he forced a tear)

When I received the fact account

Of your sickness, and the amount

of low and sorrow twould outain,

Wo time I wasted to bewaie

Out threatened loss; but quittly came

Too adoitor of skile and fame;

Who gave no this prescription sure

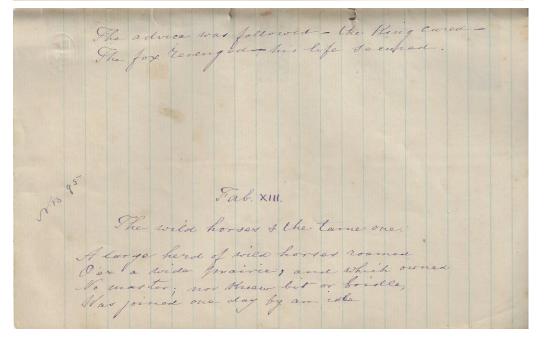
Your grievous stomark who to cure:

Your priorous stomark who to cure:

The hary hide you are to tear

Toom the back of a living bear.

That you will price immediat test.



(Fable XX?)

The crane could thrust his long neck,
And eat, whilst Rynard could but lick
What fell from his voracious host;
Who addressed him with the most
Anxious wishes that he was pleased;
With his treatment; which would have teazed
The fox, but that he called to mind,
His own bad joke of the same kind.

Moral

The crane's revenge might be excused, For simple were the means he used. We may admire the fox likewise, For his good temper; and herein lies A virtue men should not despise

Fable XXI (NB XXIII)

The two travellers & the bear.
Two men travelling the same way;
Whose journey through a forest lay;

...missing page...

In a false friend, who was the first To fly the danger, he swore to share. Henceforth I'll sooner trust a bear."

Fable XXII (2 New book)

The Frogs would have a King

In a republic of frogs there was much dissention:
The choice of a President first caused the contention:
Of the form of government there were some more disposed
To a change altogether. It was therefore proposed:
"That the House, in its wisdom, & the nation at large;
"By committing the trust to one man to discharge
"All the duties of Sov'reign, father & chief
"Will serve their best interests—bring the only relief

The crame could thrust in his long week,

and east whilst Ry nord could but lick

What fall from his vor acrow host,

Who addressed from both the most

Who addressed from both the most

Who addressed from both the most

Whith his treatment, which wrough have tengen

With his treatment, which wrough how tengen

The for, but that he called to mind,

The own bad Joke of the same Rind.

The crane's revenge might be excused,

The many descript means he used.

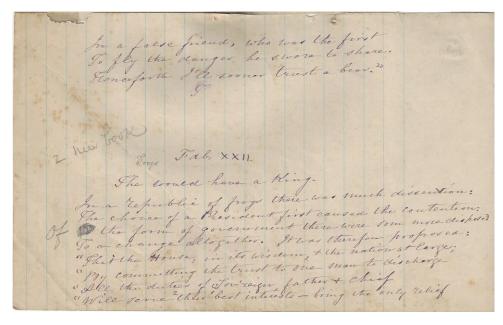
To simple were the means he used.

To his good tomper, and herein lies

To his good tomper, and herein lies

The two travelling the same way;

Whose journey through a forest lay;



"To heal our dissensions—stop corruption & fraud; "And secure life & liberty at home and abroad."

To send a King to their liking, they prayed day & night Jove heard their petition—nodded his head with a smile: And flung down a huge log, whose violent recoil, The first fruits of their choice, caused many a sore wound: Next, to their chagrin & disappointment they found, Their new ruler could utter neither language nor sound. Their discontent & vexation, when they reached father Jove, He swore by the Styx their next monarch sh^d prove A greater disaster. So he sent them a crane; Who devour'd great and small, that the log had not slain. ...missing pages...

"Your brother or yr sister may."
"I've neither." The lamb was heard to say.
"Your mother then—a scably crew;
For her I'll take revenge on you—"
With bloods hot eyes & visage grim,
He tore the poor lamb limb from limb.

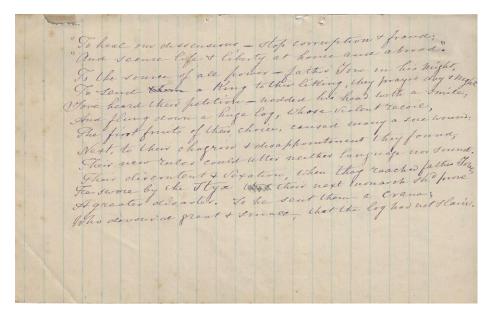
Moral

The quarrelsome will always find
Excuse to gratify their mind:
No matter what has law or right
Forbids, the weak must yield to might.

Fable XXIV (NB XXV)

The girl & her basket of eggs

The morning sun, with cheerful light, Made hill & plain serenly bright; The vocal groves with music rung; And high in air the skylark sung In such a scene o'er the soft grass A pretty maid was soon to pass: A well poised basket on her head—Soliloquizing, thus she said:



"Your brother or ap sixter may"

The neither the land was hard to vay.

The mother proper blook a ready crew;

The character for land land from limb.

The guarressome wite always friend.

The quarressome wite always friend.

No matter whather law or right.

No matter whather law or right.

Torbeits; the wears anast gelle to might.

The morning sun, with chearful light,

Made hile a plain screenly bright;

The vocal grows with more thing;

And high in an the thy last strong;

And such a scoul of or the roft glass.

I such a scoul of or the roft glass.

I such a scoul of or the roft glass.

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I such a scoul of row he head.

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...Pages missing... Fable LXIX (NB LXVIII) The fox & the Cat

A fox & cat met in a wood; They talked & walked in pleasant mood: Said Rynard: "Puss, what would you do, "Should hounds & huntsmen you pursue? "As for myself, none can deny, "With all my tricks, them I defy." "I have but one:" replied the cat "I'm lost, If I should fail in that." Hark! What sound is that now they hear? The huntsman's horn is heard quite near: The hounds yelp loud—they're on the scent— Rynard trembled & off he went. And now the cat—What did she do? Climbed a tree & was out of view. She saw poor Rynard pursued close; He dodged, he turned; but spite of those He was out run, dragged, down & died.

Moral

Some useful art or honest trade
Has surer happiness often made
Than all those tricks by which some men strive
At a big fortune to arrive.
"Riches take wings & will fly away"
When trade or art will with us stay

Fable LXX (NB LXIX)

The fox that lost his tail

A prowling fox that nightly made
On a fowl house many a raid:
Was caught at last in a strong trap;
And lost his tail by its fell snap.
Did he complain & mope?—not he;
But sprucely joined his company.
With head erect & visage brighter,
Told his friends he felt much lighter:
That that appendage only made

The fox the Cat. 2018 A fox & cat met in a wood. The talked + walked in pleasant mood. Taid Ryward: "Tuso What would you do p Though hounds + hunts men you provous? " At for myself, none can derry, of with all my trecks when I defy "I have but one: replied thatet I'm lost, If I should fail in that. Frank! what sound is that now they heav? The hunts man's horn is heard quite near The hounds yelf loud they're on the sent Rynard trembled & off he went. And now The cat - What did she do? Climbed a tree + was out of brew. The saw poor Rynard prisoned close, The clodged, he turned but spite of Tundred tricks, on which he relied Ite was out run dragged down, & died. Some usaful art or honest trade The sares happiness often heade some time a big fortune to arrive. Riches take wings of fly awayde so When trade or art will with us The fox that lost his tail. Eaught at last in a strong trap; And lost his tace by its fell snape. Did he complain & more? - not he; But sprucely joined his company. With head exect + Visage brighter, seed his franch the feet house lighter: That that appendage only made

Missing pages...

Fable LXXIV (NB 73)

The miser & the purse

A miser lost a purse of gold;
One hundred pounds 'twas said to hold:
Twas published with this reminder,
"Ten gold pieces (ten pounds reward) to the finder."
A man found it, but was refused
The due reward, because accused
Of stealing ten coins from the purse,
Which he denied and had recourse
To a justice, who tried the case:
"Was this purse opened before yr face?—
"One hundred guineas were there in?—
"This purse was sealed when given to you?—
"That it's not yours is plain to view:
"To the finder hand it over
"Till the true owner he discover.

Moral

Grim avarice tho shrewd & sharp,
Is often caught in his own trap:
Not that honesty's more keen sighted,
But by impatient greed excited
Miscalculates the means it uses
Shoots too high & his game loses.

Fable XXX (NB 74)

The Oak & the Reed

A sturdy oak, that has long withstood,
The lightening's stroke, the wind & flood,
Proud in the strength of its giant form,
Was at length uprooted in a storm.
A lender pliant reed that grew near,
And survived the tempest's mad career,
Was asked by the fallen monarch how
He escaped the tyrant storm King's blow,
When he who for a century had stood,
The acknowledged monarch of the wood
Had been dethroned from his high place
And now forced to lie in sad disgrace.

The miser of the purse. I miser lost a prosse of gola. The hundred pounces twas saice to hole: Twas published with this reminder, is for gold peles to the finder.
I man found it but was refused The die reward, because accured Attacking ten coins from the purse, Which he denied and had recourte To a protice, who tried the case: "Was This purse opened before yo " One himdred guinear were there in? "In the lost hurse was more by ten? This purse realed when given to you? -That its not your is plain to view: "To the finder & Home hand it over ice the true owner he discover. Crim avarue the should + shark, Is often cought in his own trape: Not that honesty's more keen sighted, Hut by impalient gread excitade The Oak + the leed. Asturdy bak that long withstood, The lightening or trake, the wind + flood, Groud in the strongth of its grant form, Was at long the up ooted by a And survived the tempest's mad career, The excapace the tyrant storm Keng's blow, when he for a century had stood, Frace been detteroned from his high place. And now forced to lie in tail des

Said the reed: "I don't presume to have Strength or power the strong wind to brave; Pride & presumption aside I cast; And most humbly bend to the blast.

Moral

Humility, not grov'ling meanness,
Not self abased, not proud yet fearless
Of the world's frowns, when storms blow
Bends its meek head, submissive, low;
When unyielding pride defies the blast
And from its exposed height is cast.

Fable LXXXVI (NB 75)

The battle of the frogs & mice.

Between some frogs & some mice a dispute arose:
The frogs said, like mankind, they had fingers & toes:
The mice scouted the terms said, like man they had claws;
Of the battle that ensued this was the sole cause.
A peace loving mouse tried the quarrel to settle,
But the combatants had too much pride and mettle.
So war was proclaimed & the challenge was sent:
All frogdom and mousedom to the battlefield went.
Thus accoutred, both armies entered the field,
They'd bullrushes for lances, and mushrooms for shields.
Prepared to deal slaughter, and drawn out in array,
The belligerents closed, when to their dismay,
Overhead they beheld, swooping down a huge crane,

Fair the lead, I don't presume to have Strongth or power the strong wind to brave, Pride + presumbon aside I cast And most huntly bend me to the blass Frumility, not grow'ling meaners Net selfabored, not proud yet fer The world's powers, when storms blow Bends its mack head, submissive, low The balle of the frozs of the mice. Botween some frojs + some mice a dispute arose: The frojs said, like manking they has fingers toes They'd bulerushes for lances and mush = rooms for thields. The belligarants closed, when to their bushead they beheld, swooping down a huge Crane,

Who, assailing both armies soon cleared the plane.

Moral

By such like causeless (senseless) vain debates
Has strife been kindled 'mong petty states:
And while they strove, a stronger power
Lay waiting for the favored hour,
When wasted strength & life gave way,
And made both their lands (the combatants) his easy prey.

Fable LXXVII (NB 76) The fox & the grapes

Some tempting grapes, that hung on high Caught a thirsty old fox's eye:
One ripe, rich cluster he admired,
But to taste its sweets he more desired.
He jumped & jumped, but fell far short,
Which drew from him this false retort,
While retired with feigned regret,
That his teeth on edge had set:
"Ps'ha! They are sour, & not worth the toil;
"Besides my appetite they may spoil:
"For a fine fat goose is in my den;
"Besides some pullets, a duck & hen.

Moral

It is sneaking cowardly lies,
What we cannot possess to descry.
If what is worth having you desire,
And praise awaits the act—aspire,
With honest, earnest effort try
To gain the prize however high:
And tho' you fail once, try again
Success will come to soothe your pain.

Who, assailing both armes soon cleared the plane. By such loke consolers vain debotes From stripe been Kindled mong petty And while they strove, a strong frome Lay waiting for the favored how, When their wasted strangth & life gove way, And made both their lands his casy prey The for the grapes. Noyo Tome tempting grapes, that hung on high Cought a thirsty old fox's eye. And repe, rich cluster he admired, But taste its sweets he more desired, Fragunted of jumped, butfell for shot, Which drew from him this joese retort, While retired with feighed regret, That they his teeth on edge has let: "(I'ha! they are sow, + not worth the tool. " Besides my appetite they may shore: " for a fat goose is in my den Besides some pullets, a duck + hon. It is a sneaking country the What we count horses to descry. If what is worth having you desire, And praise awaits the act - aspire With houst, comes affort try To gain the prize however high: And the you fail once try again.

Fable LXXVII

Aesop and the Philosopher

Tis said that Aesop was a hunchback, But wit & wisdom he did not lack; Vice he lashed with keen & sprightly jest,

As his charming fables all attest. A philosopher drawn by his fame, To his *master's house to see him came; With children in a room he found him, Their toys & play things piled around him. On his hands & feet he jumped about, The boy he carried to please no doubt. The philosopher was much surprized, And now in his heart the man despised: "Your own famous joke this doth surpass "I sought a man, but have found an ass. Aesop smiled; An unstrung bow he found, Bent & strung it, then laid it on the ground: "That's an enigma which will explain "What appears to (give you so much pain) excite your disdain. Aesop continued: "don't you suppose "Elasticity that bow will lose "If left thus strung? So will constant toil, "Man's system weaken, & pleasure spoil."

LXXXIII) Nesofi and the philosopher. Tis said that Assop ever a hunchback But wit I wis done he did not lack. Vice he lashed with Kean & sprightly jest, As his charming fables all attest. Aphilosopher drawn by his pame To his master's house to see him came. With whildren in a room he found his Their toys & play things piled around The boy he carried to please no cloud The philosopher was much surpr Asop smiled; an unstrung bow he for Bent & string it, then laid it on the ground. What appears to give you suppose & "If left their strong? To will constant toil " Nais system weaken & pleasure opoil." * Hook was a slave.

^{*}Aesop was a slave

Fable LXXIX (NB 7)

The Ass & the mule

An ass & mule one winter day, Set out to travel a long way. The poor Ass had a heavy load, And if he loitered felt the goad. He begged the mule to help him, by Taking part of his load, for die He surely must if not relieved, But from the mule no help received. And die he did, when his master, Troubled by this sad disaster, Clapped on the mule the Ass's load, And on his loins hard blows bestowed Twas now the mule, with lab'ring breath, Mourned his friend's untimely death: Grieve that he had not been more Kind, For in his ease his own he'd find. Moral.

To lend assistance when we can,
To our (a) suffering fellow man,
Is but a small return given,
For all the gifts bestowed from (by) heaven

Fable LXXX (NB 78)

The man and the Satyr.

A Satyr in the forest met
A man both hungry, cold & wet:
He brought him to his cabin rude,
And place before him some choice food;
On his hands his breath he blew;
A practice to the satyr new;
The man, when asked the satyr told
It was because his hands were cold:
Upon his broth he blew likewise,
Which caused his kind host more surprize:
"Now tell me, sir, if 'tis no harm
"Why you blow now."
"Because tis warm."

The ass & the mule. an ass + mule one winter day, The poor as had a heavy load, and if he loitered felt the good. The beggest the mule to help him by Paking a part of his load, for die Fre Tweely must if not relieved But from the mule us help received. And die he did when his master Troubled by this sad desaster, Clapped on the mule the ass's load, and on his loins hand blows Bestowed Twas now the mule with lab rong breath Mourned his friend's untimely death: Grieved that he had not been more Kind, For in his case his own he'd find. moral. To land assistance whom we can, To our suffering fellow man, The man and the Satur. A Satyr in the wood met Amon both hungry, cold + wet. The brought him to his cabin rude, And placed before him some choice food; On his hands his breath he blaw; Apractice to the Latyr new; The man when asked the Tatys told It was because his hands were cold: Upon his broth he blew likewise Which caused his Kind host more surprise: Now tall me, Tis, if tes no harm Why you blow now " Because tis warm?

"False is he who blows cold & hot;
"So stay here longer, you shall not.
The angry Satyr said no more;
But thrust him forth outside the door.

Moral

Trust not the man with double tongue, Who lands alike what's right & wrong. Fable LXXXI (NB 79)

The wolves & the sheep.

Hear, friends, I'm in for a good game," Said an old wolf, both blind & lame, As he addressed the wolves who met, To hear his plan now they may get A rich repast, without a fear *Of being disturbed in their glad cheer.* "A deputation I have sent "To the sheep, on this intent: "That of their war, which to my mind, "Is neither generous or Kind. "We are tired, and desire to live "Henceforth in peace; that we may give "Attention to some peaceful way, "Of life—So now without delay, "The better to secure this end, "Let hostages each party send— "Our young to them, their lambs to us— "Other matters we can discuss, "Some future time—" The meeting yelled Applause; for each already smelled The bloody banquet, as their chief Assured them, it was his belief, Success was sure—The truth he told: Their late onslaught has been so bold, The simple sheep saw their release In this proposal of peace.

Palse is he who blows cold & hot: "To stay here longer, you shall not. The anney Satyon said no more. But threat him forthe out side the door. moral. Trust not the man with double tongue The wolves of the Sheep. & "Fear, friends. I'm in for a good game". Said an old wolf, both blind + lame, as he addressed the wolves who met, To hear his plan how they may get Nrich report, without a lead Of being disturbed in their glad cheer. " a deputation I have sent "To the theep on this intent: That of ther was, which to my mend, Is neither generous nor Kind. He are tired and desire to live Frenceforth in peace; that we may 94 Attention to some peaceful esay, is The better to seewe Mis and "Lat hostager each party dence -" Our young to Them, their lambs to us: Other matters we can discuss " Some future time - The meeting yell. Applause; for each already smelled The bloody banquet, as their chief assured them, it was his belief Jucces was sire - The truth he lold: Their Cate onslaught had been to bold The Timple theep taw their release In this proposal of a peace.

So to all the terms they agreed:
Sent all their lambs as was decreed:
Received the whelps—which soon grew strong,
Wholesale slaughter to deal among
Their confiding guardians, who
Their trust (faith) in wolves too late did now rue.

Moral

There are wolfman & sheep to fleece—

Defaulting traders, who increase
Their wealth by plundering the poor,
Deserve the name—and who allure
Their credulous dupes, by (with) hopes of gain
Which only end in grief and pain.

Fable LXXXII (NB 80)

The lion & the tiger over the carcass of a fawn

A battle royal once arose, Between two beasts a long time foes; A tiger killed a fawn one day, Which a lion in ambush lay Who claimed the carcass as his prey A fight ensued—With dreadful rage, And mutual hate, both engage— Both powerful brutes—They fought & tore Each other's flesh, until no more Able to deal another blow; Panting for breath, they lay, when lo! A cunning fox who viewed the fray, Stepped in & carried off the prey. "Is it for this we've fought & bled?" The lion to the tiger said; "Two royal beasts made laughing stocks, "By their own folly, to a fox.

Moral

There were two handsome, youthful men, Who sought a lady's hand to win. Those lovers to the beauty came,

To to all the terms they agreed: Tout all their lamber as was decreed the Received the whelps which soon grews, Their trust in wolver too late and rue. OF 80 moral. There are wolfman + sheep to flores -Defaulting traders who encrease Their wealth by plundering the poor, Deserve the name - and who allwee Their credulous duker, by hopes of gain Which only and in grief and pain. The lion of the liger over the carrais Abattle royal once arose, Netween two beasts a long time foes; A tiger Killed a fawn one day, While a lion in ambush lay Who claimed the careass as his prey Afight answed - With dreadful cage, And mutual hate, both engage -Both powerful brutes - they fought store Each other's flesh, until no more Able to deal another blow. Parting for breath, they lay, when lo! Acumung for who viewed the fray, Hepped in & carried off the Jerey. The lean to the tiges said; 66 Two royal beast's made laughing stocks, " By their own folly, to a fox. There were two handsome youthful men, Who tought a lady's hand to win. These lovers to the beauty carne,

And each, in turn preferred his claim;
But discord had, some time before
Damaged their cause—And what was more—
They saw another win the prize,
Whom they had learned to despise.

Fable LXXXIII (NB 81)

The Fowler & the Ant

A fowler in pursuit of game,
Upon a flock of pigeons came;
To take good (sure) aim he had to kneel,
When an Ant stung him in the heel.
The sudden pain unnerved his arm;
He fired—but only caused alarm:
Which gave the pigeons time to see
Their preserver creep up a tree;
And call to mind a simple fact,
That they (had) once spared his life—an act
That serves to show, the meanest thing
Has power to serve & power to sting.

Moral

"One good turn deserves another:"
To our foe as to a brother:
Like the ant the poorest may
A kindness in some way repay.

And each, in twen preferred his claims; But discord had, some time before Damaged their cause - and What was more.
They saw another win the prize,
Whom they had learned to despise.

18 The fowler & the ant. a fowler in pursuit of game, Upon a flock of pifeous carre; To take good aim he had to Kneel When are aut strong him in the heel. The Judden pain unnerved his arm. Fre fired - but only caused alarm: Which gave the pigeous time to see Their preserves creek up a tree; And cale to mand the simple fact, That they had thaned his life - an act Shat server to show the meanest thing has power to serve & power to thing. moral. "The good turn deserves another?"
To our foe as to a brother:
Like the aut the poorest may a Kindness in some way repay.

Nellie Walsh, Alice Walsh, & Aggie Walsh were Andrew Kelley's nieces, the daughters of his sister Margaret. (It seems odd other sisters Katherine & Winifred aren't listed. There were 2 older half sisters, Anna & Mary Donahue, too. I don't know who Mary Gallagher or Hattie? might be...

