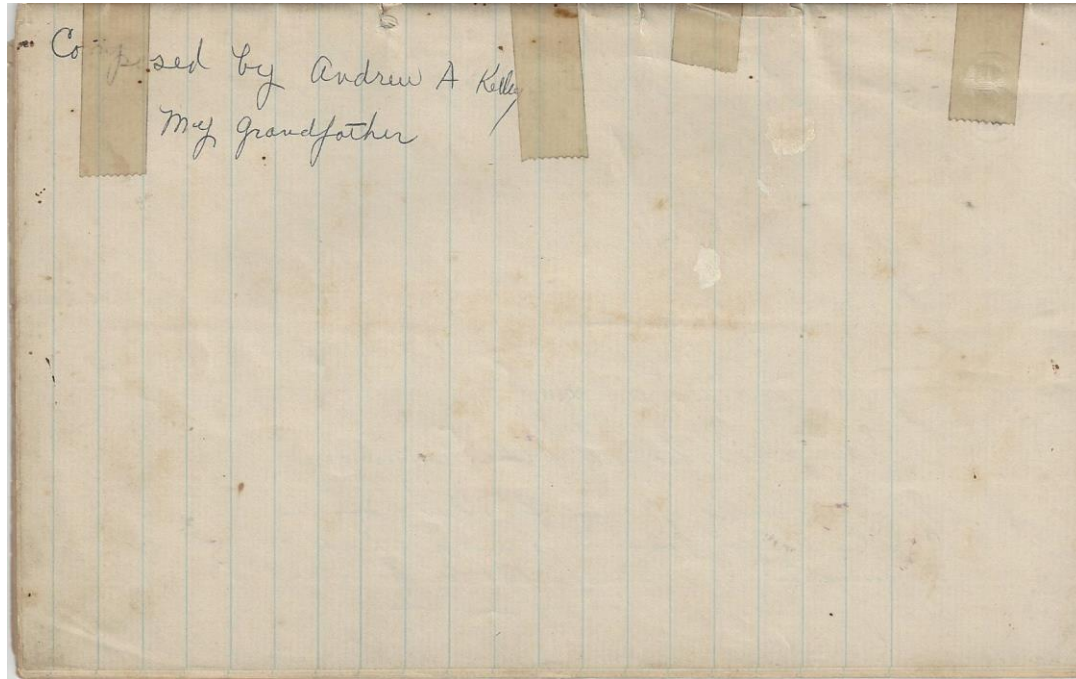


Fables in Verse

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.

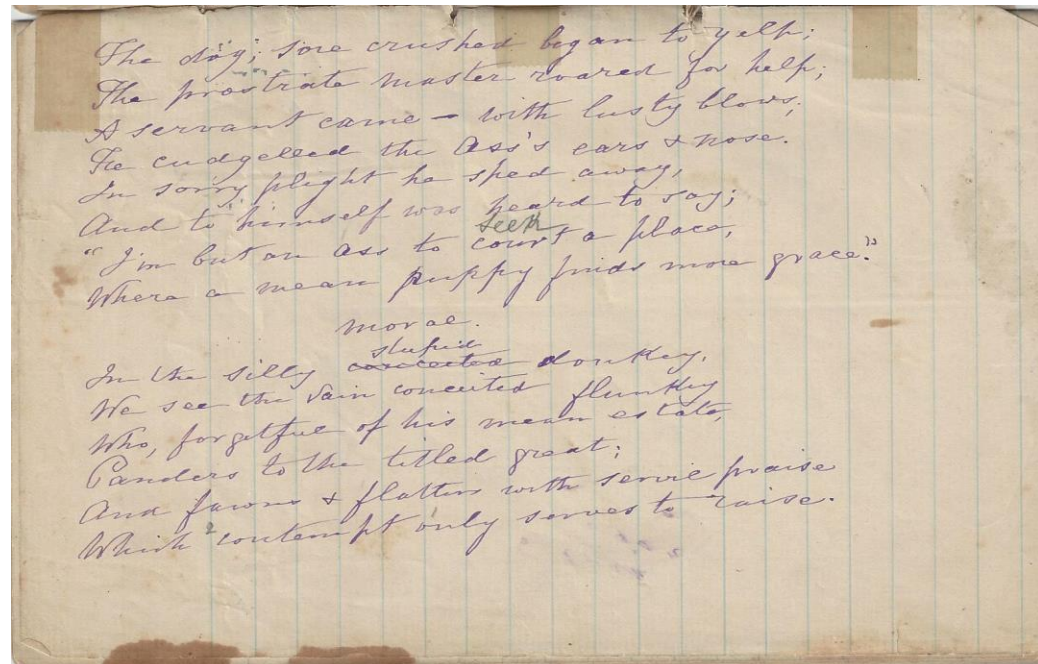
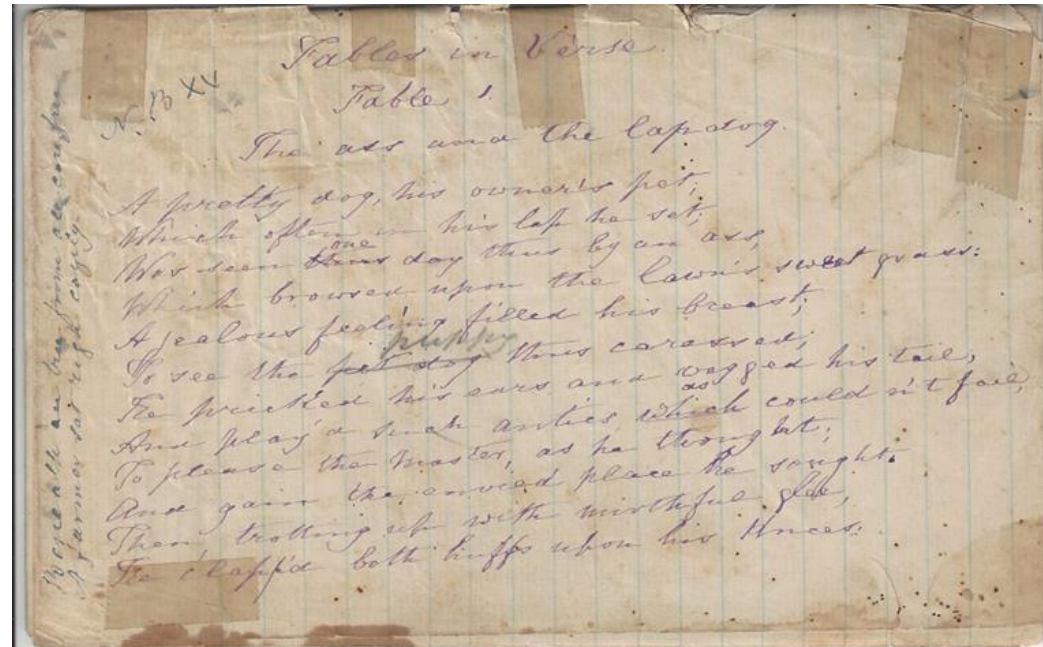
Fable I (NB XV)

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 heard to say;
"I'm but an ass to seek a place,
Where a mean puppy finds more grace."

Moral

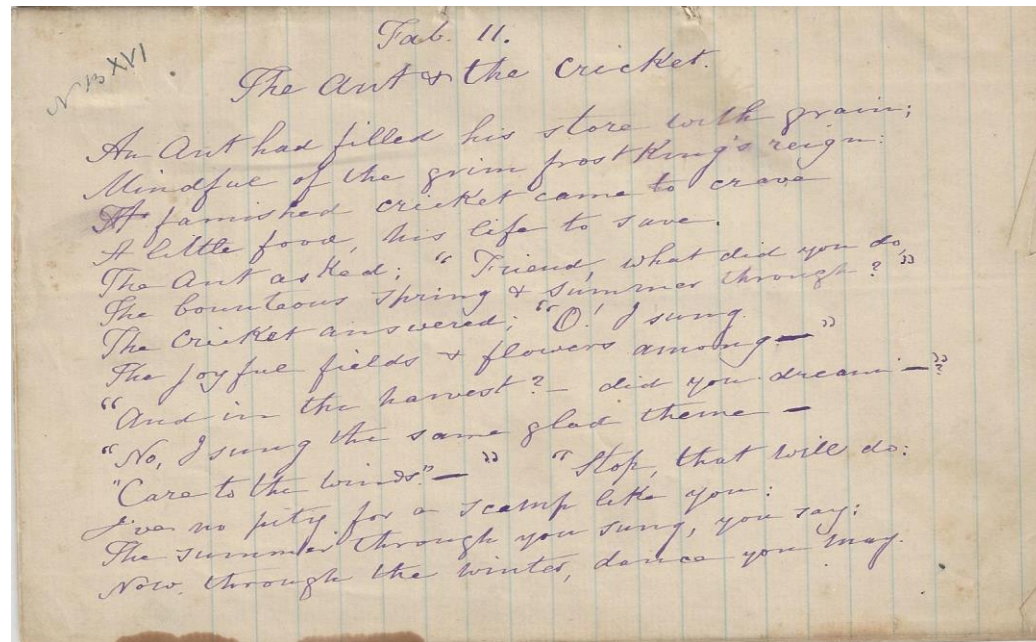
In the silly stupid donkey,
We see the vain conceited flunkey
Who, forgetful of his mean estate,
Panders to the titled great;
And fawns & flatters with servile praise
Which contempt only serves to raise.



Fable II (NB XVI)

The Ant and the Cricket

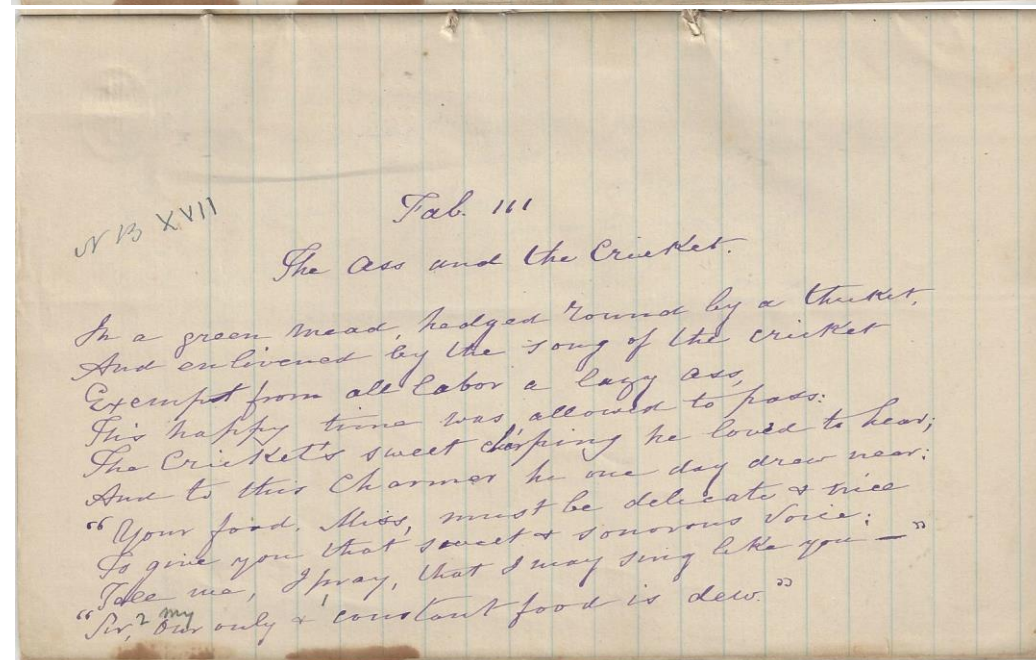
An Ant had filled his store with grain;
 Mindful of the grim frost King's reign:
 A famished cricket came to crave
 A little food, his life to save.
 The Ant asked: "Friend, what did you do,
 The bounteous spring & summer through?"
 The cricket answered: "O! I sung
 The joyful fields & flowers among—"
 "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 an 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 silly beast, ^{a boy} can ~~even~~ believe it?
 No ^{other} food tasted from morn till eve
 But the dew that on spray & grass lay light:
 And his practice broke the stillness of night.
 As this spare regimen he strictly pursued,
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 That this imitation was the worst of his art.

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.

Table 5 (NB XVII)

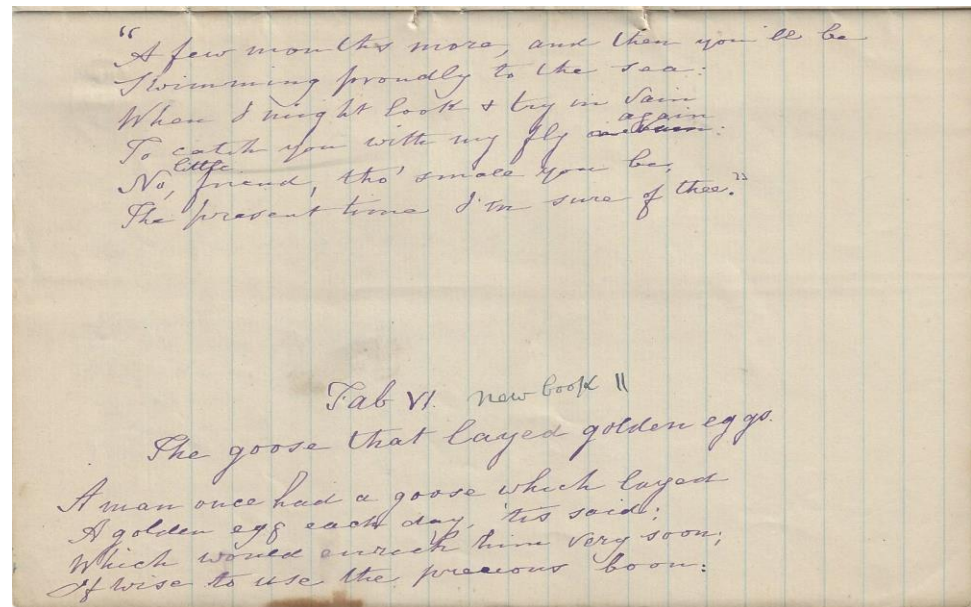
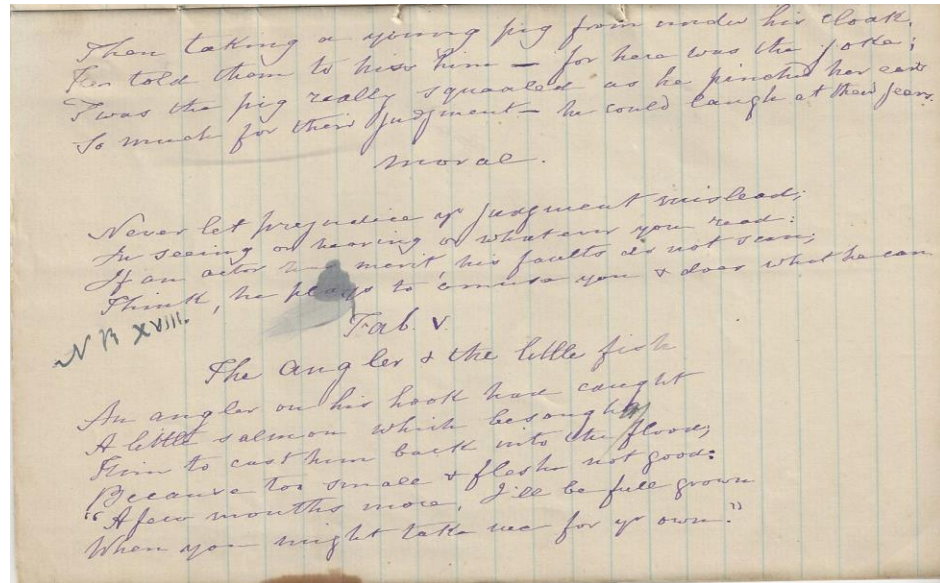
The Angler & the little fish

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."

Table 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:



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

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 And slave to man he's to this 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 cohort 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?

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 bad heart;
Where love or pity has no part.

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The true cause of my overthrow:
Fatuitous! where 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.

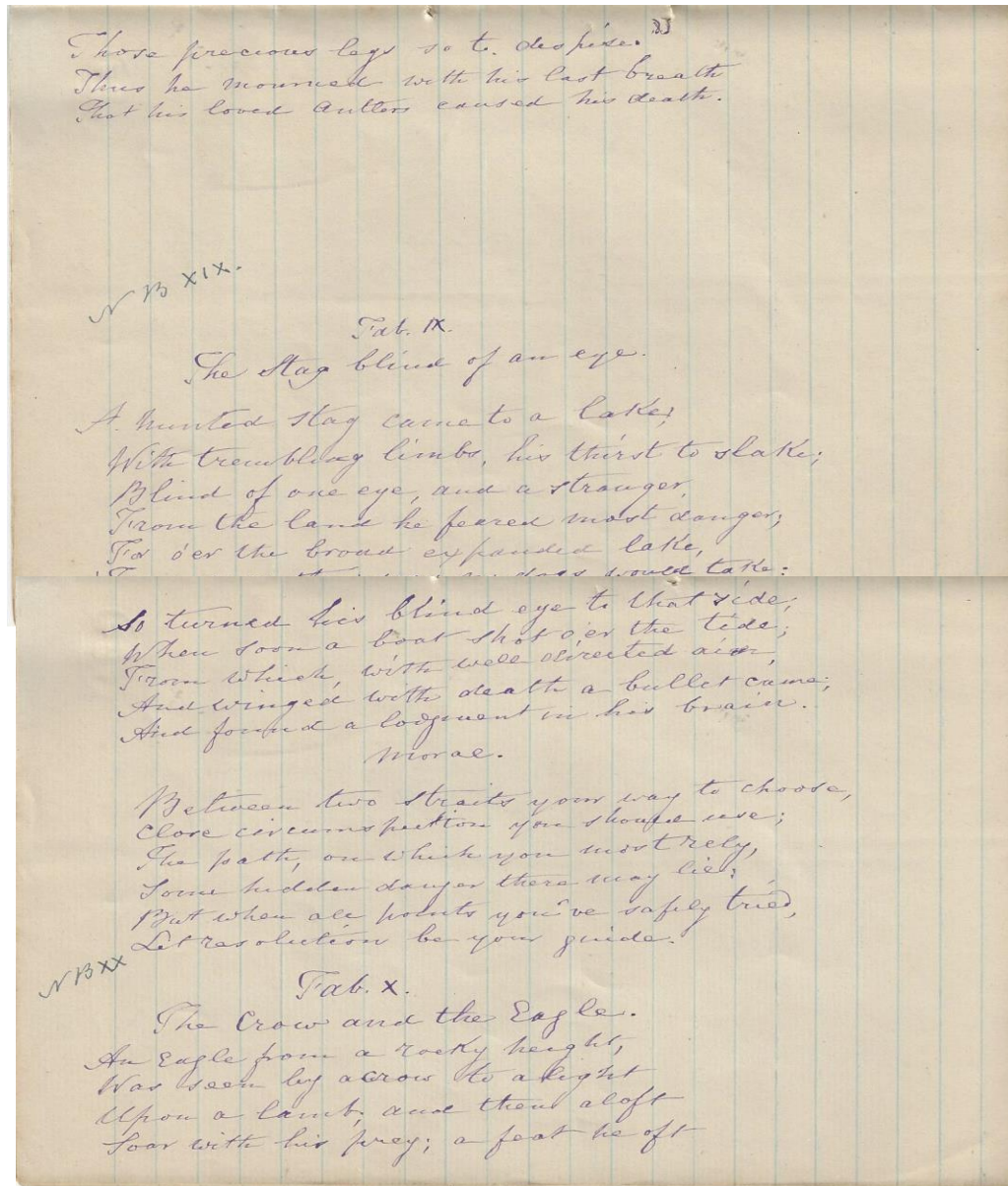
Moral

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



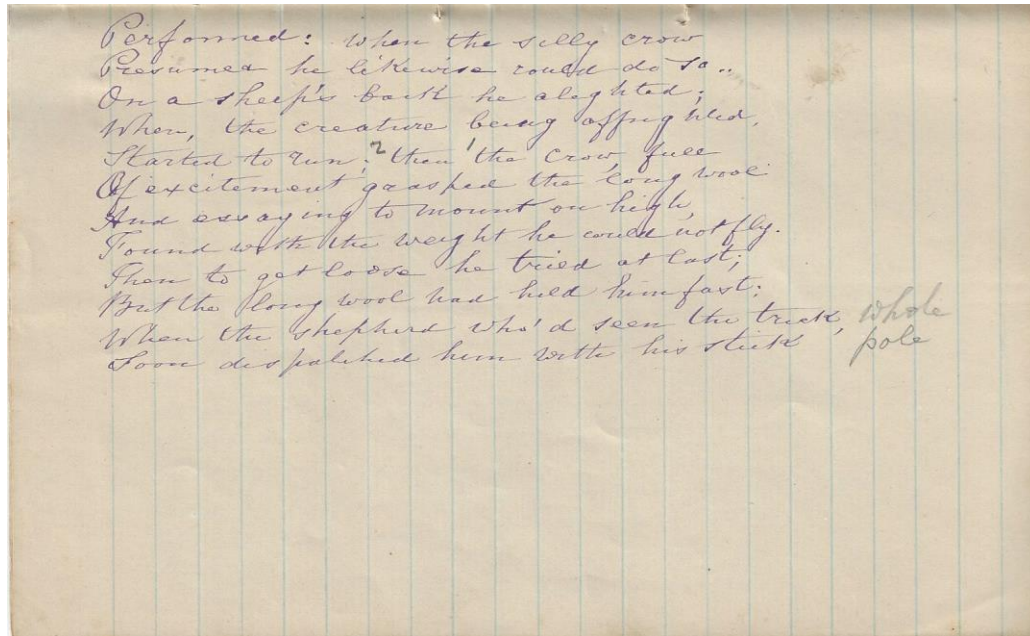
Performed: when the silly crow
Presumed he likewise could do so..

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)

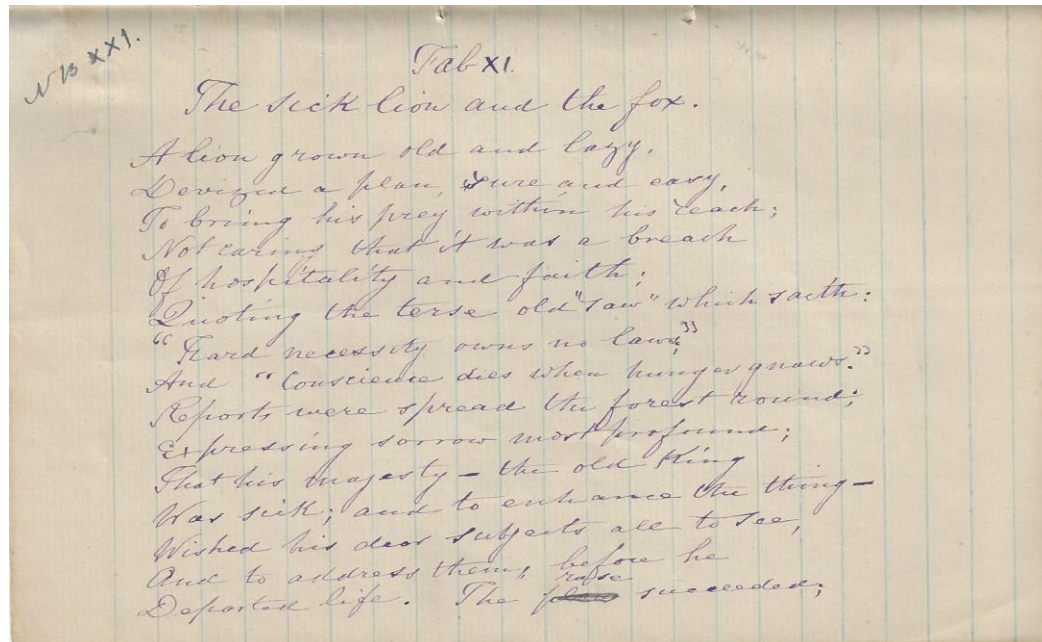
Fable XI (NB XXI)

The sick lion and the fox

A lion grown old and lazy,
Devised 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;



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Departed life. The ruse 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 truly 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.
 How'er it was, the beasts all 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 beasts flocked in: not one heeded
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 That he had heard him vilify
 The King; for which he ought 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 stomach 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

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(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 teased
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;

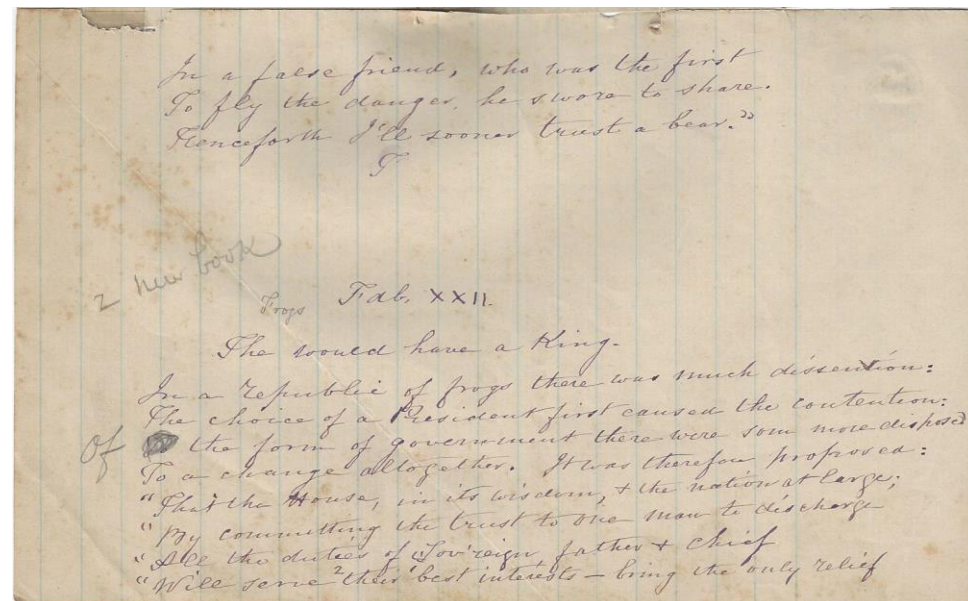
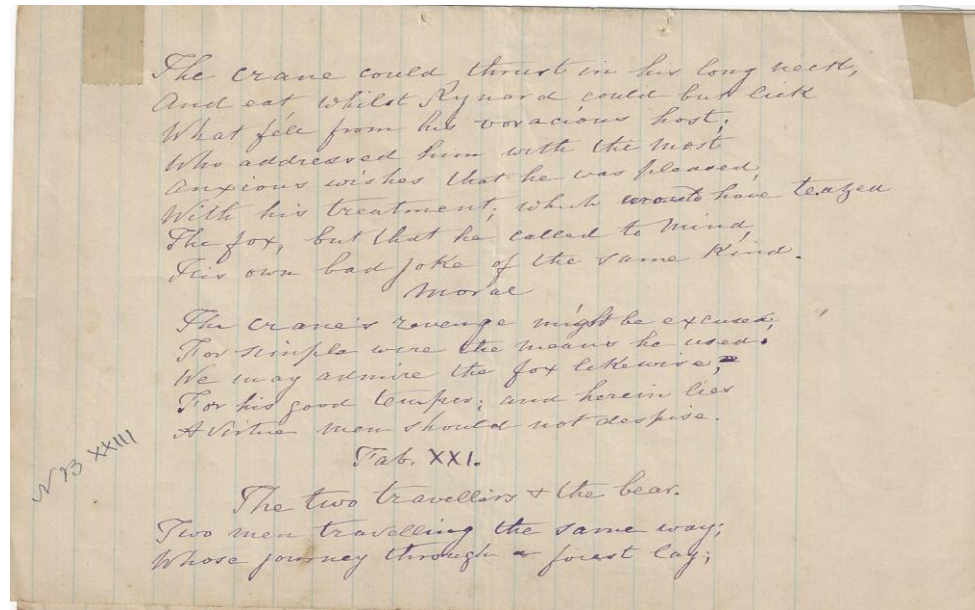
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In a false friend, who was the first
To fly the danger, he swore to share.
Henceforth I'll sooner trust a bear."

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



"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.
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"Your brother or yr sister may."
"I've neither." The lamb was heard to say.
"Your mother then—a scabby 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 serenely 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:

"To heal our dissensions—stop corruption & fraud;
"And secure life & liberty at home and abroad."
To the source of all power—father Jove in his sight,
To send ~~them~~ 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,
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A well-poised basket on her head—
Soliloquizing, thus she said:

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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.

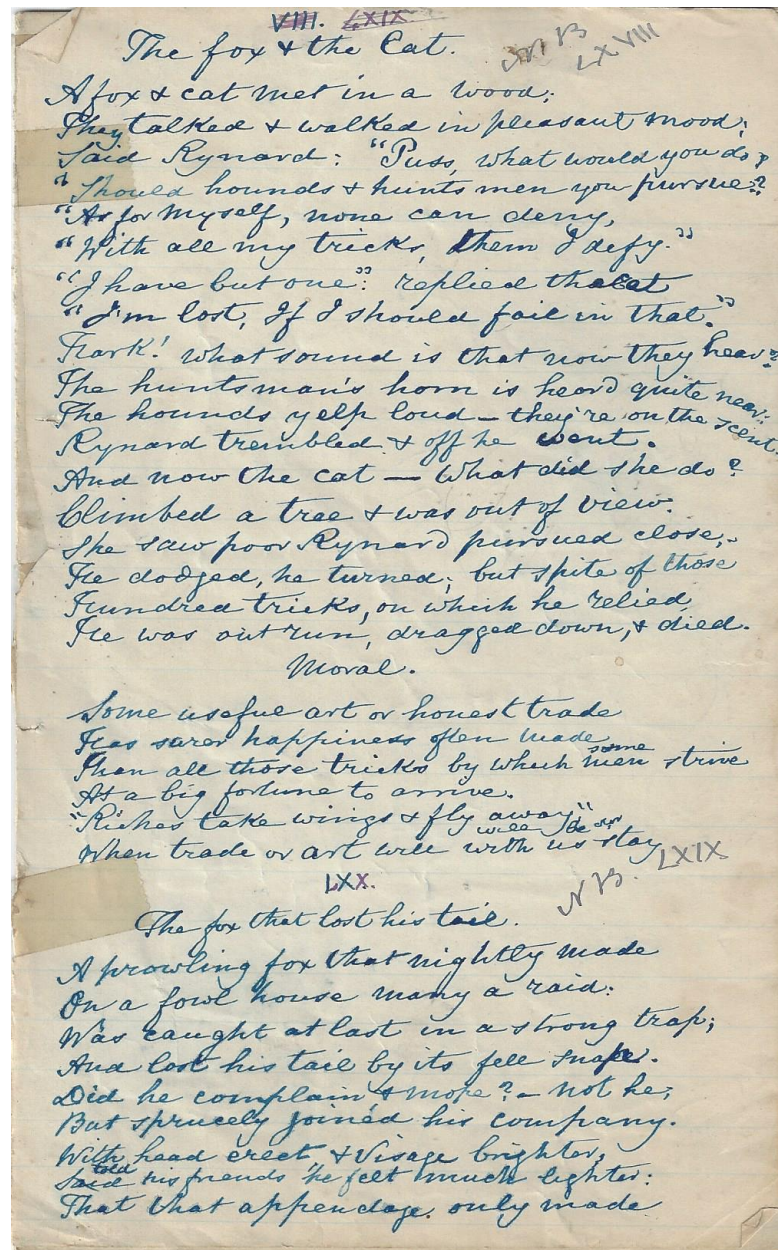
Did he complain & mope?—not he;

But sprucely joined his company.

With head erect & visage brighter,

Told his friends he felt much lighter:

That that appendage only made



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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 lightning's stroke, the wind & flood,
Proud in the strength of its giant form,
Was at length uprooted in a storm.
A slender 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 & the purse.

A miser lost a purse of gold.
The 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?—
"In the lost purse was more by ten?—
"This purse sealed when given to you?—
"That it's not yours is plain to view:
"To the finder I ~~shall~~ 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.

The Oak & the Reed.

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The lightning's ^{mighty} stroke, the wind & flood,
Proud in the strength of its giant form,
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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.

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,

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 me to the blast.

Moral.

Humility, not grov'ling meanness,
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Prepared to deal slaughter, and drawn out
in array,

The belligerents closed, when to their
dismay,

Overhead 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 armies soon cleared
the plane.

Moral

By such like ^{senseless} ~~causeless~~ vain debates
Has strife been kindled 'mong petty states.
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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} 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."

*Aesop was a slave

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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 surprise:
"Now tell me, sir, if 'tis no harm
"Why you blow now."
"Because tis warm."

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Which caused his kind host more surprise:
"Now tell me, sir, if 'tis 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.

"False is he who blows cold & hot;
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Success was sure—The truth he told:
Their late onslaught had been so bold,
The simple sheep saw 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:
 Sent all their lambs as was decreed:
 Received the whelps—which soon grew ^{strong,}
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Moral.

NB 80

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Moral.

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

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 the 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 turn preferred his claim;
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Damaged their cause—And what was more—
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77⁸¹ LXXXIII.
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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...

