A NEW ÆSOP.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

Though Æsop, sage narrator, covered much,
Some points on this our life he failed to touch.

THE BEAR AND THE OWL.

A famished Bear, whose foot was clenched
Within a murderous engine, wrenched
And bounced about in fright and pain
Around the tree that held the chain,
Emitting many a hideous howl.
His state was noticed by an Owl,
Who, perched above him fat and free,
Philosophized from out the tree:
"Of what avail this fuss and noise?—
The thing you need, my Bear, is poise."

Moral.

Such counsels are most sage, we know—
But often how malapropos!

THE BALD MAN AND THE BEE.

A Bald Man fished upon a bank:
The air was hot; the ground was dank;
No fish would bite; and large supplies
Of woodticks, skeeters, fleas, and flies,
In yonder marsh and meadow bred,
Crawled unmolested o'er his head,
With many a tickle, sting and itch.
He wouldn't budge, he wouldn't twitch;
But, trusting in the universe,
He fished away from bad to worse.
At length it chanced a vicious Bee
From out the thicket in his rear
Sped forth with much alacrity
And pierced him with his little spear—
Just where his cowlick used to be.
The Bald Man slowly raised his hand:
"Now that's enough, now that's enough—
For this, I'd have you understand
(He sweeps his pate), you'll all get off."

Moral.

Though one may be an optimist,
A Stoic, Christian Scientist,
And fish or fiddle with assurance,
There is a limit to endurance.

THE LION. THE LIONESS, AND HER KINSFOLK

A Lion had a Lioness
That got to ailing more or less.
He walked with her in woodland air,
He found a more salubrious lair,
He foraged round for little lambs
And cooked their juiciest, tenderest hams.
He washed the plates and set on shelf,
And put the cubs to bed himself.
But just as she again was cheered,
Her mother, sisters, aunts appeared—
With twenty different bottles, pills,
And powders, naming twenty ills,
Until the creature, weak and wan,
From out this foolish world was gone.

Moral.

O Busy-Bodies at the door,
How much you have to answer for!

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE OWL.

A Nightingale, in song excelling all,
And Owl, whose gifts were astronomical,
Sat on the selfsame night on selfsame wall,
And watched the selfsame moon, and in their throats
Fashioned from selfsame air their sundry notes.
Yet swapped no courtesies nor anecdotes,
Each wishing other ruined, ripped, and rent.

Moral.

Children, mens' hates are caused to large extent
By such diversities of temperament.

THE CROWS AND THE EAR OF CORN.

Three Crows, whose nests were in a single tree,
Long dwelt together in felicity,
Exchanging visits, swapping odds and ends
Of jest and fancy, as befiting friends;
Till one fine eve a farmer passed beneath
And dropped an ear of corn upon the heath
From out his sack, which spied by all at once,
All three together did upon it pounce;
And not content with taking each a third,
Each Crow most avariciously averred
The whole was his, as seen by him the first.

Moral.

O cruel lust of worldly goods accurst,
How many bonds of friendship hast thou burst!

THE MAN AND THE HEN AND THE OSTRICH EGG.

A Man with jerk and crawl and stoop
Emerged from out a chicken coop,
And as he rose, a child might see
That a distracted man was he.
It wasn't that his face was grimy,
It wasn't that his knees were slimy,
It wasn't even his ruffled hair
That gave him this distracted air.
It was the terror in his eyes,
His forehead knit in wild surprise,
It was the frenzy in his whoop
When rising from the chicken coop.
He strode a rod and back again,  
He strode around from leg to leg—  
His left arm held a cackling Hen,  
His right a monstrous Ostrich Egg.  
The circumstance was rather strange—  
'Twould almost any man derange.  
But rallying his nerves a bit,  
He halted to consider it.  
With feet akimbo, shock abated,  
'Twas thus he ratiocinated:  
"I won't believe it after all;  
It surely isn't nat-ur-al."

_Moral I._  
Don't trust too much, dear child, to senses,  
However strong the evidences.

_Moral II._  
A timely grasp on nature's laws  
May help us to discover flaws  
In many a theory, many a cause.

_Moral III._  
Undue excitement we may end  
By reason, man's supernal friend.

_Moral IV._  
When one's belief is premature,  
Reflection is the only cure.

THE TWO DOGS AND THE PEACEFUL MAN.  

One day a bull-dog and his wife  
Fell to it in domestic strife  
And gave some lively exhibitions  
Of woeful marital conditions.  
It chanced the Peaceful Man did sally  
That moment down along the alley  
And in the interests of remating  
Began at once expostulating:
And getting each one by the scruff,
The Peaceful Man was rather gruff.
The Dogs, at this intrusion nettled,
Forthwith their differences settled,
A common purpose now controlling.
The Peaceful Man went raving, rolling—
With little heart to dilly-dally,
And left two coat-tails in the alley.
(And when one's robbed of raiment thusly
He runneth rather ludi-crous-ly.)

Moral.
Avoid domestic interference,
For it may ruin your appearance.

THE DOG AND THE KETTLE.

A Kettle, swinging on a crane,
Sang a most contented strain,
And puffed, as if with self-esteem,
From out its nozzle jets of steam.
A Dog, who dozed upon the settle,
Was irritated by the Kettle;
With thoughtless bounce he clasped its nose
Between his teeth, as if to close
At once its singing and existence.
The Kettle offered no resistance.—
Continuing unperturbed at ease
The natural functions of its being:
The Dog, however, turns and flees,
As if all life's activities
Concentered in the act of fleeing:
And out along the village ditches
In agonies he rolls and pitches,
Imbedding now and then his face
In some soft cooling oozy place.

Moral.
Before expressing too directly
Whate'er your hate of this or that is,
Examine rather circumspectly
The nature of the apparatus.
A NEW AESOP.

THE MAN AND THE SQUIRRELS.

A queer suburban Gentleman
Was strolling with a palm-leaf fan,
With philosophic step and slow,
And pate a-nodding to and fro,
Across the lawn that sloped you know
Around his leafy bungalow.
He marked the skipping Squirrels pause
Upon their haunches with their paws
Against their bosoms, each with head
Atilt and bowed. And then he said,
"I think I can explain the cause.
All men perceive how great I am,
And even the Squirrels here salam;
And could they speak, they wouldn't fail
To add, 'O gracious Master, hail.'"
Whereat he tossed unto the dumb
A largesse of a nut and crumb.

Moral I.
O blest is he who can construe
Whatever other people do,
To suit his pride and point of view.

Moral II.
And blest is he whose self-conceit
Yet gives the hungry things to eat.

THE TOAD.

One glittering morning after rain,
From crevice in the wall, again
Into the middle of the road
There pops and hops a hungry Toad.
He snappeth, gulpeth worm on worm,
And feels them tickle as they squirm
Within his paunch, until its size
(The while he squats with blinking eyes)
Bulges out his knees and thighs.
An ass comes on with sturdy stride:
The Toad he thinks to move aside;
Yet each attempt at hop and spring
But sets his frame aquivering—
He cannot budge....And with a thud
The hoof imprints him on the mud.

_Moral._

Whether your fare be worms or mutton,
O Toad or Man, don't be a glutton.

**THE PARROT.**

A Parrot, shipped across the sea
From Africa when young was he,
Became a lonely widow's pet.
The cage was by the window set;
And in the sun the passers-by
Could see the opal-jeweled eye,
The scarlet tail, the ebon beak
Thick-set against a whitish cheek,
And that magnificence of gray
On wing and back and breast, and they
Remarked, "It is a splendid dream,
A most successful color scheme.
O Psittacus erithacus,
We're glad to have you here with us."
The widow, both from sense of duty
And natural pride, baptized him "Beauty."
I will not dwell on Beauty's feats:
The peanuts how he cracks and eats,
A-perch and holding in his claw,
Then gargling them into his maw
With lifted head, beside the cup,
The widow's always filling up—
The way he waddles round the floor
When mistress opes his cage's door—
The words he speaks, so shrill and mystic,
And preternaturally linguistic—
I will not mention, for my aim
Is to expound his fateful name.
Ere many moons, there came o'er him
An itching in his every limb—
But whether caused by frequent bites
Of horrid little parasites,
Or by the harsh New England climate
(That ruins many a lusty Primate,
And hence might possibly nonplus
A tender, an oviparous,
A tropic bird), or by some particles
In wretchedly digested articles,
We have slight reason to suspect.
At any rate, he clawed and pecked
With all his passion, intellect,
And sinews of his bill and foot.
Upon his feathers to the root.
Now Beauty's tail was but a stump
That ill-concealed a tragic rump.
Now Beauty's wing-bones both were bare.
And ghastly purple was the skin
That held his bulging gullet in,
And in his eye a vacant stare:
And, as his remnants there he sunned.
Men saw that he was moribund.

Moral.

Don't call your bird or offspring by
A name his future may belie.

THE CORPUSCLE AND THE PHAGOCYTE AND THE STREPTOCOCCUS.

A Corpuscle began to fight
Absurdly with a Phagocyte:
"Indeed," he said, "I'm round and red,
And keep a man from falling dead.
I give him brains and nerve and muscle,"
Remarked the little red Corpuscle.
The Phagocyte: "And I am white,
And but for me you'd perish quite;
I go afloat ing round the serum.
And when I spy the bugs I queer 'em;
You owe your work, your freedom, joy
To me, the Phagocyte, my boy."
But then a stalwart Streptococcus—
Whose sterner functions needn't shock us—
Seeing his foe was occupied
With learned questions on the side,
Swooped down and bit him till he died.
And then the red Corpuscle cried:
"Nature appoints, as well she should,
To each his task—and each is good;
Even though the Streptococcus be
At last the best of all the three."

*Moral.*

The wretched Corpuscle has stated
The moral—which, if syndicated
And widely pondered, might prevent
Our present social discontent.

**THE GEESE OF ATHABASCA.**

*Candidus auser.—Lucretius, IV, 68i.*

Somewhat southward from Alaska,
Lie the moors of Athabasca;
And in these bleak uncouth dominions—
So far detached from our opinions
That none can ever misconstrue
The tale I want to tell to you—
There gathered at the equinox
Some eager migratory flocks
Of ganders, geese, and goslings—and
The *ganders* had the upper hand,
Debating with a gaping mouth
On whom to choose to lead them south.
In spite of casual disgressing
They thought the matter was progressing,
When all the *geese* began to flap
With wings, and cackle too, and rap
With bills on sundry sticks and stocks
And crane their necks around the flocks.
Their actions, though surprising, new,
(Bizarre at times it may be, too),
Betrayed such aim and fervor, surely
One shouldn't chide them prematurely.
And, fiery hot as salamanders,
They much impressed the puzzled ganders,  
Who paused and pondered in their pates.  
What their vociferating mates  
Intended by these frantic states.  
"Give us," they cry, "a chance to say  
Who 'tis shall guide us on our way:  
Give us," they cry, "a voice, a voice—  
Who shares the risk, should share the choice."
And now and then from some old goose  
More dexter, it seems, in logic's use,  
The ganders heard reflections meant  
To ridicule their government,  
As antiquated precedent,  
And divers observations tending  
To show how much it needed mending—  
The more, since geese were different.  
One says: "Our judgment lacks in poise,  
And all we do is make a noise?—  
But can't we tell as well as you  
Where trees are green and skies are blue?"
Another: "You, sirs, should elect,  
Since 'tis your business to protect?—  
Define protection,. . .more than skill  
In thrusting out an angry bill  
With anserine intent to kill.  
Our wings are weapons, sirs, as good—  
When clasped around the little brood."
Another: "Yes, the goslings, goslings!—  
Now that's a point that's full of puzzlings  
For these our ganders—Hear my queries!—  
Have we no business with the dearies?—  
Have we no right at all to say  
Who's fit to lead them on the way?"
And then a younger goose, an active  
And in her person most attractive,  
Remarked with widely parted lips  
That put her eyeballs in eclipse:  
"We wouldn't be so charming,—pooh!—  
If we should choose along with you?  
You wouldn't like to see us sniffle,  
And wrangle round—O piffle, pifflé:  
The fact is, nature made us so
That nothing we might undergo
Could take that *something* from us which
Oft gives your heartstrings such a twitch.
And furthermore, you'd better drop
The sugar-plum and lollypop—
That sort of argument won't please
The intellectual type of goose."
"The intellect, the intellect."
Another cries, "they don't suspect—
And think the issue to confuse
By queer domestic interviews
About our *functions* and the aim—
As if the privilege we claim
Might shrink the size and number of
The eggs we lay, the chicks we love."
I do not note for special causes
The interjections and applauses.
"Give us," they cry again, "a voice,
Who share the *risk* should share the *choice.*"
And though some points might need apology,
As shaky in their sociology,
That cry appealed to instincts, reason—
So ganders yielded for the season.
But whether it became a practice
In future times, and what the fact is
About the *sex* of guide and leader
The muse conceals from bard and reader,
Assuring only that they ne'er
Had made a trip more safe and fair
Down the continental air,
From the moors of Athabasca,
Somewhat southward of Alaska,
From those bleak, uncouth dominions,
So far detached from our opinions
That none can *ever* misconstrue
The tale I here have told to you.

THE DUCK AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

An ancient Duck, complacent, fat,
Whose miserable habitat
Had been the stagnant pool behind
The barnyard of Boeotian hind,—
Save when she waddled by the fence
Among the roosters and the hens,
To snap with bony bill at corn
Her owner scattered every morn,
Or when within the crib she sate
To hatch her eggs and meditate,—
Began to make some slight pretense
To wisdom and experience.
She heard at dark a Nightingale
At no great distance down the dale—
The wingèd Nightingale who'd flown
In every sky, in every zone,
And sung while moon or morning star
Descended over hills afar—
And thus the Dame began to quack:
"O Nightingale, you'll surely crack
That voice of yours, unless your soul
Can learn a little self-control;
Try settling down and doing good,
And earn a sober livelihood."

Moral.

Conceited ignorance with ease
Pronounces its banalities.

THE POODLE AND THE PENDULUM.

A Poodle, wistful-eyed and glum,
Sate looking at a Pendulum,
That with a steady tick and tock,
Before the wall, beneath the clock,
Swang back and forth its brazen disk.
The Poodle gave his tail a whisk.
A sudden thought had crossed his brain—
"What once it did, it does again.
Again, again, again, again."
For you could scarce expect a Poodle
And his fuzzy-wuzzy noodle
Forsooth at once to comprehend
The mechanism and the end.
The Poodle's head, with both his eyes
And both his ears of goodly size,
Began to nod from right to left,
As if of every sense bereft,
With a rhythmic motion mocking
Both the ticking and the tocking.
The Pendulum had first surprised him—
But now 't had surely hypnotized him.
With every tick and every nod
(So odd, so odd, so odd, so odd)
He gave a sudden little yelp;
But no one came to hold or help—
Or whistle, or provide a bone,
Or snap a finger, throw a stone,
Or do a thing upon the lists
Prescribed by psycho-therapists,
When Poodles or when Men get notions
From neurasthenical emotions.
And, since no Poodle can sustain
Existence on this mortal plain
Long by only yelps and nods,
He passed unto the Poodle-gods.
The Pendulum observed his jerk,
But kept unflustered at its work.

Moral.

Don't get to looking at devices
That tend to cause a mental crisis.

THE BUG AND THE LION.

A Bug—I will not state the kind,
But one for horrid things designed—
With yellow stripes across the coat,
And spots of red around his throat,
And beady eyes and two antennae,
And jointed legs, O many, many,
And little suckers on each foot
To help himself in staying put,
And irritating little buzz—
A certain Bug, I say, there was.
And though an entomologist
Might very angrily insist
That such a Bug could not exist, 
There's no occasion here to doubt it, 
If you don't stop to talk about it. 
This certain Bug, whose weight indeed 
Was equal to an apple-seed, 
Procured a while as dupe and slave 
A tawny Lion, large and brave. 
And though some foolish naturalist 
Declare such things could not exist, 
This only shows what slight reliance 
Can now be had in men of science, 
The specialists who squint and grope 
With tweezers and with microscope. 
The Bug demanded on a day 
The Lion help him take away 
A withered yellow blade of grass 
That scratched his side as he did pass 
From out his cell when rose the sun. 
The Lion put his paw upon 
The blade, and though he did as well 
As any Lion in his place, 
He crushed the wretched sun-baked cell, 
And all the store of food and eggs. 
He makes a frightened rueful face 
And begs and begs and begs and begs. 
The Bug remorseless—for in spite 
That Bug was not a neophyte— 
Remarks: "I know you have some brains, 
Some speed in scouring woods and plains, 
Some resonance of voice, some force 
In jaws and back and limb of course, 
And that the King of Beasts you be— 
But what are all these things to Me!"

_Moral._

Work, if you must, for Thieves and Thugs; 
But, children, never work for Bugs.

_THE EPHEMERIS._

Some people love their souls to ease 
By thinking of the chimpanzees,
Of boa-constrictors and such cusses,
Or oblong hippopotamuses,
Of whales or crocodiles or gnus,
Giraffes and cows and caribous,
Or (if they have a turn for fun)
Of dinosaur or mastodon
And pterodactyl and those classic
Monsters of the old Jurassic.
'Twas Asshur-bani-pal who said,
"Men's tastes will differ till they're dead."
You all recall how Aristotle
Preferred the fish that's known as cuttle,
While the great sculptor Scopas says,
"My choice shall be octopuses."
And Poggio Bracciolini flew
Into a passion when they slew
The egg his favorite emu
Had laid with cackle of alarum
Behind Liber Facetiarum.
Some people love such beasts as these;
But I—without apologies—
I love the Ephemerides.
And having now admitted this,
I'll mention an Ephemeris
That one bright summer morn I spied
When sitting by the river side.
A half-transparent drop of jelly,
With filaments upon its belly,
It skimmed along the surface lightly,
Nor plunged beneath it reconditely,
Like some more bold investigator—
For instance, loon or alligator—
And then 'twould spread its wings and fare—
A-going up, child, in the air,
It knew not how, it cared not where,
Till it collapsed, a bug, a bubble—
Not having caused me any trouble,
And certainly not having done
The slightest good beneath the sun.
Why do I love such bugs as these
Sportive Ephemerides?—
Because I like to see them frolic?—
O no; because:

Moral.
They're so symbolic!

THE ASS AND THE SICK LION.

An Ass mistook the echo of his bray
For a celestial call to preach and pray;
And his own shadow, big upon a wall,
He deemed the everlasting Lord of All.
Besides he had some notions how to treat
Sinners and fetch them to the mercy seat.
So in a broad-cloth tailored coat, combined
With a white collar buttoned up behind,
He got himself a parish. In his flock
Was a sick Lion, panting on a rock.
(It was an arrow from a huntsman's bow
That laid this miserable Lion low.)
Him on his pastoral rounds the Reverend Ears
One morning thus addressed: "These groans and tears,
How base and craven in the King of Beasts!
You need a moral tonic! Godless feasts
And midnight games and evil Lionesses
Have brought you, brother, to these sad distresses:
Think not that I will comfort or condole—
My cure is drastic, but 'twill save your soul."
Whereat he turned and in the Lion's face
Planted his hoofs with more of speed than grace,
Knocked out the teeth, and blinded both the eyes,
And left him, dying, to the sun and flies.

Moral.
This little fable, children, is a proof
That no profession, purpose, or disguise
Can change the action of an Ass's hoof.