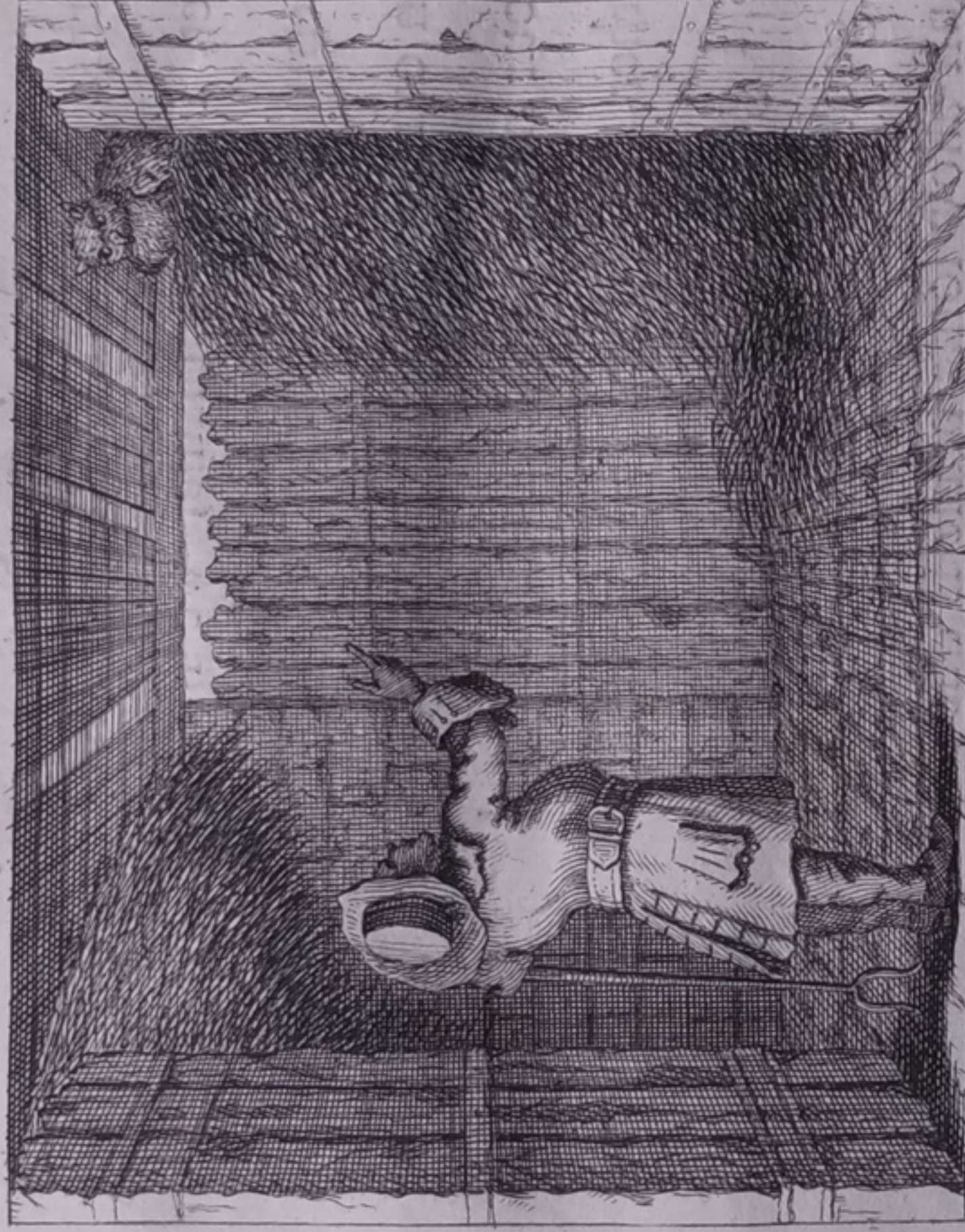




J. Woodson Engr.

J. Van der Gucht Sculp.

FABLE XLI.

The OWL and the FARMER.

AN Owl of grave deport and mien,
 Who (like the *Turk*) was seldom seen,
 Within a barn had chose his station,
 As fit for prey and contemplation :
 Upon a beam aloft he sits,
 And nods, and seems to think, by fits.

So

So have I seen a man of news
Or *Post-boy*, or *Gazette* peruse,
Snoak, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of *Europe* round.
Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor:
At dawn of morn to view his store
The Farmer came. The hooting guest
His self-importance thus exprest.

Reason in man is meer pretence:
How weak, how shallow is his sense!
To treat with scorn the bird of night,
Declares his folly or his spite;
Then too, how partial is his praise!
The lark's, the linnet's chirping lays
To his ill-judging ears are fine;
And nightingales are all divine.
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wisdom stamp't upon my face.
Whene'er to visit light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compose my train!

U

Like

Like slaves, they croud my flight behind,
And own me of superior kind.

The Farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd.
Thou dull important lump of pride,
Dar'st thou with that harsh grating tongue
Depreciate birds of warbling song?

Indulge thy spleen. Know, men and fowl
Regard thee, as thou art, an owl.

Besides, proud blockhead, be not vain
Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train.

Few follow wisdom or her rules,

Fools in derision follow fools.

