

413

Fables by WRW, n.d.

WARE MC4

Impartial Tribunals

A Fable.

Some Courts do not admit the Testimony of Eye-Witnesses, even when nobody else knows anything. It seems to influence the Jury. Besides, they sometimes lie.

In like manner, in the Baconian Controversy, it is not considered fair to air the Evidence that Bacon himself submits.

Moral.

Justitia fiat, ruat Caelum.

Article

Imperial Tribunal

Some Courts do not do the testimony
of the witnesses in their ordinary way
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Decided they were to be

In this manner, in the Imperial Courts
every, it is not considered fair to see the
evidence that these kind of subjects

Article

Imperial Tribunal

A. Fable.

The Town and Country Mouse.

A pliable Rat, being bid den by a Town and Country Mouse, hesitated to accept ~~feast~~ lest he should have to work all day as when in Town and then take an Early Train as when in the Country. But the Mouse, whose Scientific Advantages had not been lost upon her addressed him as follows: "Your Impenetrability will not save you. For Science teaches us that Impenetrability is the first property of Matter, and that every Body fills a Place that no Body Else can. Besides, this is not Arkansas. The Company is excellent and Ice Cream Unlimited. Bring your Porte Folio with you." "My little Rattlings" he replied "have as yet made

no great Noise in the World,
but I will scrape together what
I may and you will doubtless find it,
if I may say so, quite the Cheese".
And so they did. For when he had
concluded his Remarks, the
Rats and the Mice they made
such a Stir, seeking some
further Elucidations, that he
could neither eat nor drink.
Thereafter they kept him two
Days, asked him to come
again, and rode him round
in a Carriage, so that he
felt for the Moment like
a Little god on Wheels.

Moral. (Compared by
the Rat in question.)

"It is a good rule to
accept all invitations, I
thought so before and now
I know it."

H

A FABLE OF GOOD AND EVIL.

---oOo---

Once upon a time sixteen Girls had a Christmas Tree. It was bright with Candles and from every Twig hung an Apple Tart. They helped themselves, and some got more and some fewer. Nobody much minded That. But they began to look serious when they found many of the Tarts not fit to Eat.

At last one of the Big Girls said: "Come, it's time for us all to sing our Christmas Song. You know the Words: 'Good, kind, Santa Claus', - Now, one, two, three, sing -- " But the next Girl said: "I sha'n't sing any such Song. I won't call Any Body good and kind who puts bad Tarts on his Christmas Tree!"

"Mine were all good," said the Third Girl, and some had Quince in them. Quince doesn't spoil. I think Santa Claus is real Good and Kind."

"Mine were all good, too," said the next, "but that doesn't make any Difference. Some of the Tarts were made of Rotten Apples. He is bad, if he is a Saint!"

"If he was really bad," said a Fifth, "he wouldn't have given anybody any good Tarts. Santa Claus is a good Saint. If some of the Tarts were bad, doubtless he had his Reasons."

"As for that", said a Sixth, "no good Saint would give

any body any bad Tarts. I think Santa Claus is real mean. To be sure, some of the Tarts are good, but for that he doubtless had his Reasons. Bad Saints can have their Reasons, as well as good ones."

"I guess there are two Santa Clauses," said the Seventh, "one good, and one bad. Perhaps they are Twins."

"Nonsense", said the Eighth, "A good Saint wouldn't go Shares in a Christmas Tree with a bad one, even if he was his Brother, and the bad one wouldn't want a Christmas Tree anyway."

"We ought to remember," said the next, "that it is natural for Apples to rot, and that all Tarts cannot be equally palatable. ^{palatable.} good. I had two bad Tarts, but I am not disposed to complain. I really think they were no more than my fair share."

"But," said the Tenth, "some of the little Girls got all bad ones. I think Santa Claus is thoroughly heartless."

"Of course", said the Eleventh, "it is a great Pity that it should come to that. But we can't expect Things to happen just as we would like. Every Girl has to take her Chance. I don't see that Santa Claus is to blame because some get More than their fair share and others Less."

"Don't you really think", said the Twelfth, "that the bad Taste of the bad ones makes the good ones taste all the better, we are so glad they are not spoiled too. Santa Claus is our Friend, and knows what he is about. He puts

in the bad ones to increase our Pleasure."

"Yes", said the Thirteenth, "a Monotony of Enjoyment is no Enjoyment at all. If we had a good Time all the Time, we should never find it out. It would be like living all our lives in a fine Climate. We should never know that it wasn't raining."

"That is as broad as it is long," said the Fourteenth, - "broader. The good Tarts make the bad ones taste all the worse."

"Yes," said the Fifteenth, "Does any girl pretend that if they had all been bad, we should not have found that out? According to that, cruel as it was to put in the bad ones, it was still more unkind to add the good ones. All bad might have made us all happy, I suppose."

"I think it is a great shame," said the Sixteenth, "that we can't have better cooks."

They had now all had their say, and the turn came round to the First one again.

"To my Mind," she said, "the nicest Thing about this whole Tree is the beautiful Way some of us have behaved, who have gathered from it directly hardly Anything. Patience, and Sympathy and Self-denial are beyond dispute the most beautiful Fruits of this beautiful Tree. Perhaps this is what

Santa Claus had in Mind. He does Evil only that Good may come. I think we should regard Bad Tarts as Blessings in Disguise."

"As to what has been said, I think there has been Enough of it. This Sort of Talk could go on forever. Besides, Some of it seems hardly respectful. So we may as well begin our Singing now as at any Time. I hope you will all take Part, but of course you will do as you prefer. You know the Words, 'Good, Kind Santa Claus'; Now, one, two, three, sing -"

Almost all joined in, and sang as loud as they could. They were not very clear in their Minds about Santa Claus, but there was one thing they knew for certain. That was that they liked of all Things in the world to sing in a Chorus.

The Rest held off. The Words stuck in their Throats. But they felt rather uncomfortable, not to say guilty and ungrateful. For there was no denying that it was a beautiful Tree, and, besides, there was nothing the matter with the Quince.

But at the New Year, when they came to talk it over, they all agreed that, Santa Claus or no Santa Claus, Tarts ought to be as good as the Materials at hand will permit, and these same girls were among the first to get up the

"YOUNG LADIES' GASTRONOMIC AND POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF AMATEUR

AND PROFESSIONAL CHRISTMAS THANKSGIVING AND NEW YEARS REFORMED

PASTRY COOKS, LIMITED. APPLE TARTS A SPECIALTY, for while they were about it they thought they would do all the Good they could. It was fairly successful, under the Circumstances, for the Quince Crop is always small, and Apples, besides their tendency to rot, are apt to be hard, bitter, and indigestible. Branches of the Society, under other Names, are to be found in most of our philanthropic Centres.

MORAL: This Fable Teaches a Great Many Things.

II
A FABLE.

THE STERN PARENT.

"Who is that Boy?" said the Passengers, "He seems to be Drowning. Can not Something be Done?"

"It is one of my Sons," said the Captain, "he thinks he can swim ashore by himself, Vainly Trusting in his Own Strength. I do not Vouchsafe Succor unless it is asked for, Humbly."

"We Pray and Beseech you, then", said they, "to affect a Rescue. You know you Promised, if two or three of us came to you, together, you would Grant their Request."

"I never Promised Anything of the Sort", said the Captain.

MORAL. This Fable Teaches the Vanity of Human
Expectations.

F
A FABLE.

THE PERSIAN PRINCESS.

"Mighty Princess", said the Persians, "we are Sick and Hungry. Cure us and Feed Us. You are Good and Kind and All Powerful."

"I am all That", replied the Princess, "and More. But I do not Dispense Rations, and I am no Doctor. My Gardens, however, are stocked with the most Fragrant and Beautiful Flowers, which you are free to Enjoy, without Money and without Price. If you wait until Night, you will see my Fireworks. They are Sublime. Meantime, there is the Sunset. These Pleasures are more Refining and indeed Ennobling, than the Gratification of the Appetites."

"That is very nice", said they, "but we cannot live upon Sights and Smells. We should like something to Eat, and, if maybe, a Healing Draught."

"In that Case", said the Princess, "you may derive much Comfort from the Sympathy of your Fellow Sufferers. You will doubtless find among them Helpful Friends and occasionally a Skilful Leech. The Kindness of the Poor to Each Other has often been remarked. It is something Phenomenal.

"But this Government is not framed upon those Lines.

It is not a Benevolent Despotism, as has been supposed, but a Limited Monarchy. It is for the Well. It would be an Abuse of Power for me to Disregard the Constitution and Laws, in your Behalf, especially as I made them Myself."

MORAL: This Fable Teaches the Nature of Nature, and of her Bounties.

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IV

A FABLE.

THE JUDGE.

He thought he should come closer to the Hearts and Minds of the Jury if he laid aside his Panaply and set them upon a Common Footing. Nothing has a ^{higher} ~~higher~~ Authority and Dignity than the simple Truth.

But when he came in without his Gown or Wig ~~^~~ they hardly recognized him, and he got no more Consideration than anybody else.

MORAL. This Fable Teaches what it is to Translate the Scriptures into Modern English.

V

A Fable.

THE CONSERVATIVE UNCLE.

"Girls", he said, "should not seek the occupations of Men. They should live at Home". "Whose Home?" said his Niece, "Yours, or the Home for the Homeless?"

MORAL. This Fable Teaches where Charity sometimes begins, sometimes not.

A F A B L E .

THE IMPENITENT THIEF.

"It is true," said the Thief, "as you say, that these Things do not belong to me, and that according to the Precepts of a Conventional Morality I ought to return them to their Owners.

"But I think you should look at the Matter in a Larger Way. You don't seem to consider how Valuable they are, and how much I Want them."

MORAL. This Fable Teaches whay it is to have an Open Mind.

A F A B L E .

THE BENEVOLENT EXECUTIONER.

"Will you be Hanged," said the Executioner, "or Burned?"

"Thank you," said the Prisoner, "I should very much Prefer to be Hanged."

"I'm so glad," replied the Executioner, "I was afraid you wouldn't like it. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

MORAL. This Fable Teaches that the Least of Two Evils is the Greatest of Blessings. Also, that if you have your Choice, you can't Complain.

A FABLE.

THE TWIN BROTHER.

He could not remember him, but he Cherished his Image, and lived as under his Eye, his only Thought being to Merit his Approval
But in Fact he had never had a Brother.

MORAL. This Fable Teaches that for Virtue and Piety it is not necessary that the Gods should be real.

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IX
A FABLE.

THE ORACLE.

As Nothing was known, all the People had different Opinions. But as Nobody liked to be unreasonable, or without Countenance in his Views, they consulted the Oracle.

Then everybody was satisfied.

For though they could not understand what the Oracle said, everybody was sure that it meant just what he had himself been thinking, and now that the Oracle was on his side he didn't care whether anybody agreed with him or not.

Moral. This Fable Teaches that in Religion there is no Certitude apart from Revelation.

X
A FABLE.

THE FASTIDIOUS BOY.

"I have tried them both," he said, "sometimes I have been Good and sometimes I have been Bad. On the whole, I think I like being Good the Best. But I don't like it very Much."

MORAL:- This Fable Teaches that Virtue is its own Reward.

XI
A FABLE.

THE UNINSTRUCTED TRAVELLER.

As he had never heard of the Place, he went by without Stopping.

The Place was Venice.

MORAL:- This Fable teaches that where Ignorance is Bliss, 'twere Folly to be Wise. Also, If you are not sure that it is So, you may be sure that it is Not So.

A F A B L E.

THE GENEROUS SPENDTHRIFT.

"My Patrimony has indeed Vanished," he said, "but I have the Satisfaction of knowing that I have spent None of it upon Myself."

"It has all gone to Butchers, Bakers and Candlestick-Makers; Tailors and Linen-Drapers; Carpenters and Masons; Goldsmiths, and Silversmiths, and other skilful Artificers, men who had a Legal Claim upon it, and Whose Necessities it has been a Pleasure to Relieve."

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MORAL: This is a Foolish Fable, and Teaches Nothing at All.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

A FABLE.

"The History of Human Opinion", said the Sententious Sage, presents to the Eye of the Well- Instructed Mind a ceaseless Succession of shifting Phantasmagoria, gradually evolved one from another, captivating in Color, and all characterized by an apparent Symmetry of Arrangement and Perfection of Form, which would seem to be due however not so much to any Artistic purpose in their original Disposition or to any real Relations among the Elements that they embody, as to the Angle under which they are viewed, and the Reflections to which they give Rise".

MORAL. This Fable, which is really no Fable at all, teaches that Most Things are probably not So.

The New Year(s) Gifts.

A Fable.

The Parcels in Which the Things were Done Up had the Names All Written upon them at Random, so that there should be no favoritism.

Then each Sunday school child, in accordance with Ancient Custom, came up and asked for the Thing that He most wantee in the Whole Wo rld. His Present was then put into his Hand, and he made a little Bow , and said, ~~XXhxxx~~ , when he had looked at it, "Thank you very much, This will do Just as Well". Thus some who had asked for Dolls or Sleds got sticks of candy, and Vice Versa.

This seemed to be a foolish custom, likely to engender dissatisfaction. But it was considered , in fact, to have a chastening Effect upon the Character, and there was no Talk of changing it.

Moral. This Fable Teaches that to themthat Ask shall be Given.

The Swimmer.

A Fable.

"Help, Help", cried the Swimmer.

"If he means me," said the man in the Life saving Boat, "he should address me in Person, and say Please. He knows our rules perfectly Well".

Moral. This Fable Teaches that Love rules the World.

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THE GRAND MONARQUE .

A FABLE .

"Such", said the Historian, "Such was the Degeneracy of the Time, that Statesmen and Men of Letters vied with Courtiers and Sycophants in a Language of exaggerated Laudation, which, while it did little Honor either to the Delicacy of their Moral Perceptions or to the Acumen of their Intellectual Judgments, was still less creditable to their Independence of Character and to the Honesty and Disinterestedness of their Motives. For, as has been said by a more recent Statesman, under a Reign of hardly less exceptional Duration, 'They had to lay it on with a Trowel'".

"It seems to me", exclaimed the Gentle Reader, "that the chief Discredit rests rather with the Kings and Queens who were so fond of Snuffing up Incense that they permitted all these Lies to be told them".

MORAL. This Fable teaches that a Good God would not allow his Followers to think he was Good unless he really were So .

THE FISHER.

A FABLE.

He came striding down the Valley, with Heart elate, at the close of the Day, thought ^{there was} ~~he had~~ only one small Trout at the End of his String.

"No Matter", he cried, "I have had my Tramp".

MORAL. This Fable teaches that Ends are Means and Means are Ends.

THE SHEPARD AND THE TIGER.

Once upon a Time there was a Shepard who had much ado to guard his Sheep from a Fierce Tiger. One day, however, the Tiger, after a Hearty Dinner on the Lambs, said:

"I will help you care for the Sheep, if you will only Trust me and Encourage me to be Good. You may Ride on my Back, and thus easily overtake any Marauder."

Then the Shepard, in spite of the Warnings of his Friends, climbed upon the Tiger's Back.

Soon the Shepard's Friends returned to ask if he liked to Ride the Tiger; but they could not find him, though the Tiger lay in the Center of the Fold, Licking his Chops.

"Where," moaned the Weeping Friends, "is the Shepard?"

"Ah," replied the Tiger, as he Smacked his Lips, "he is what I call a Good Man—Juicy and Tender—not to say Soft. He wanted to Change my Heart, to Reform me from the Inside."

A Fable of Good and Evil.

BY W.

W. R. Ware

Once upon a time sixteen girls had a Christmas-tree. It was bright with candles, and from every Twig hung an Apple Tart. They helped themselves, and some got more and some fewer. Nobody much minded that. But they began to look serious when they found many of the tarts not fit to eat.

At last one of the big girls said: "Come, it's time for us all to sing our Christmas song. You know the words, 'Good, kind Santa Claus,'—Now, one, two, three, sing."

But the next girl said: "I sha'n't sing any such song. I won't call anybody good and kind who puts bad tarts on his Christmas-tree!"

"Mine were all good," said the third girl, "and some had quince in them. Quince doesn't spoil. I think Santa Claus is real good and kind."

"Mine were all good, too," said the next girl, "but that doesn't make any difference. No good saint would have given anybody tarts made of rotten apples. He is bad, if he is a saint!"

"If he was really bad," said the fifth, "he wouldn't have given anybody any good tarts. Santa Claus is a good saint. If some of the tarts were bad, doubtless he had his reasons."

"As for that," said the sixth, "no good saint would give anybody any bad tarts. I think Santa Claus is real mean. To be sure some of the tarts are good, but for that he doubtless had his reasons. Bad saints can have their reasons, as well as good ones."

"I guess there are two Santa Clauses," said the seventh, "one good, and one bad. Perhaps they are twins."

"Nonsense," said the eighth. "A good saint wouldn't go shares in a Christmas-tree with a bad one, even if he was his brother; and the bad one wouldn't want a Christmas-tree any way."

"We ought to remember," said the next, "that it is natural for apples to rot, and that all tarts cannot be equally good. I had two bad tarts, but I am not disposed to complain. I really think they were no more than my fair share."

"But," said the tenth, "some of the little girls got all bad ones. I think Santa Claus is thoroughly heartless."

"Of course," said the eleventh, "it is a great pity that things should come to that, but we can't expect things to happen just as we would like. Every girl has to take her chance. I don't see that Santa Claus is to blame because some get more than their fair share and others less."

"Don't you think," said the twelfth, "that the bad taste of the bad ones makes the good ones taste all the better, we are so glad they are not spoiled, too? Santa Claus is our friend, and knows what he is about. He puts in the bad ones to increase our pleasure."

"Yes," said the thirteenth, "a monotony of enjoyment is no enjoyment at all. If we had a good time all the time, we should never find it out. It would be like living all our lives in a fine climate. We should never know that it wasn't raining."

"That is as broad as it is long," said the fourteenth, "broader. The good tarts make the bad ones taste all the worse."

"Yes," said the fifteenth. "Does any girl pretend that, if they had all been bad, we should not have found that out? According to that, cruel as it was to put in the bad ones, it was still more unkind to add the good ones. All bad might have made us all happy, I suppose."

"It is a great shame," said the sixteenth, "that we can't have better cooks."

They had now all had their say, and the turn came round to the first one again.

"To my mind," she said, "the nicest thing about this whole tree is the beautiful way some of us have behaved, who have gathered from it directly hardly anything. Patience and sympathy and self-denial are beyond dispute the most beautiful fruits of this beautiful tree. Perhaps this is what Santa Claus had in mind. He does evil only that good may come. I regard bad tarts as blessings in disguise. As to what has been said, I think there has been enough of it. This sort of talk could go on forever. Besides, some of it seems hardly respectful. So we may as well begin our singing now as at any time. I hope you will all take part, but of course you will do as you prefer. You know the words, 'Good, kind Santa Claus,' now, one two, three, sing."

Almost all joined in, and sang as loud as they could. They were not very clear in their minds about Santa Claus, but there was one thing they knew for certain. That was that they liked, of all things in the world, to sing in a chorus.

The rest held off. The words stuck in their throats; but they felt rather uncomfortable, not to say guilty and ungrateful, for there was no denying that it was a beautiful tree, and, besides, there was nothing the matter with the quince.

But at the New Year, when they came to talk it over, they all agreed that, Santa Claus or no Santa Claus, tarts ought to be as good as the materials at hand permit, and these same girls were among the first to get up the "YOUNG LADIES' GASTRONOMIC AND POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL CHRISTMAS, THANKSGIVING, AND NEW YEAR'S REFORMED PASTRY COOKS, LIMITED. APPLE TARTS A SPECIALTY," for, while they were about it, they thought they would do all the good they could. It was fairly successful, under the circumstances; for the quince crop is always small, and apples, besides their tendency to rot, are apt to be hard, bitter, and indigestible. Branches of the society, under other names, are to be found in most of our philanthropic centres.

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MILTON, MASS.

BY W.

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Almost all joined in, and sang as loud as they could. They were not very clear in their minds about Santa Claus, but there was one thing they knew for certain. That was that they liked, of all things, in the world to sing in a chorus.

The rest held off. The words stuck in their throats; but they felt rather uncomfortable, not to say guilty and ungrateful, for there was no denying that it was a beautiful tree, and, besides, there was nothing the matter with the quince.

But at the New Year, when they came to talk it over, they all agreed that, Santa Claus or no Santa Claus, tarts ought to be as good as the materials at hand permit, and these same girls were among the first to get up the "YOUNG LADIES' GASTRONOMIC AND POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL CHRISTMAS, THANKSGIVING, AND NEW YEAR'S REFORMED PASTRY COOKS, LIMITED. APPLE TARTS A SPECIALTY," for, while they were about it, they thought they would do all the good they could. It was fairly successful, under the circumstances; for the quince crop is always small, and apples, besides their tendency to rot, are apt to be hard, bitter, and indigestible. Branches of the society, under other names, are to be found in most of our philanthropic centres.

MORAL.—This fable teaches a great many things.

MILTON, MASS.

A Fable.

THE ORACLE.

BY W.

As nothing was known, all the people had different opinions. But as nobody liked to be unreasonable, or without countenance in his views, they consulted the Oracle.

Then everybody was satisfied.

For, though they could not understand what the Oracle said, everybody was sure that it meant just what he had himself been thinking, and, now that the Oracle was on his side, he didn't care whether anybody agreed with him or not.

MORAL.—This fable teaches that in religion there is no certitude apart from revelation.

MILTON, MASS.

A Fable.

THE IMPENITENT THIEF.

BY W.

"It is true," said the Thief, "as you say, that these things do not belong to me, and that, according to the precepts of a conventional morality, I ought to return them to their owners. But I think you should look at the matter in a larger way. You don't seem to consider how valuable they are, and how much I want them."

MORAL.—This fable teaches what it is to have an open mind.

MILTON, MASS.

A Fable.

THE BENEVOLENT EXECUTIONER.

BY W.

"Will you be hanged," said the Executioner, "or burned?"

"Thank you," said the Prisoner, "I should very much prefer to be hanged."

"I'm so glad," replied the Executioner. "I was afraid you wouldn't like it. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

MORAL.—This fable teaches that the least of two evils is the greatest of blessings.

MILTON, MASS.

A Fable.

THE JUDGE.

BY W.

He thought he should come closer to the hearts and minds of the jury if he laid aside his panoply and met them upon a common footing. Nothing has greater dignity than the simple truth.

But, when he came in without his gown or wig, they hardly recognized him, and he got no more consideration than anybody else.

MORAL.—This fable teaches what it is to translate the scriptures into modern English.

MILTON, MASS.

A Fable.

THE CONSERVATIVE UNCLE.

BY W.

"Girls," he said, "should not seek the occupations of men. They should stay at home."

"Whose home?" said the niece, "Yours or the home for the homeless?"

MORAL.—This fable teaches where charity sometimes begins,—sometimes not.

MILTON, MASS.

A Fable.

THE FASTIDIOUS BOY.

BY W.

"I have tried them both," he said. "Sometimes I have been good, and sometimes I have been bad. On the whole I think I like being good the ~~better~~ ^{best}. But I don't like it very much."

MORAL.—This fable teaches that virtue is its own reward.

MILTON, MASS.

Fables

W. R. Ware