

great fools and very unjust? they defame our name, and despise every ass as ignorant, foolish and stupid. They are very sensible, truly, to think themselves above us. Stupid things! their best orators are only miserable bawlers in comparison to your voice and rhetoric. You hear me Master Grison?" "I hear you well" answered Grison, pricking his long ears; "and can do you the same justice, and pay you the same compliment. It is you who have a rich and melodious voice; the warbling of the nightingale is nothing in comparison: you surpass Grissi. Thus the two asses praised each other and complimented themselves on the excellence and superiority of their talents.

They are not the only asses in the world.

THE EAGLE AND THE OWL.

The eagle and the owl after having long been at war, at length made peace. The preliminary articles were signed by their ambassadors. The most essential article was—that the eagle should never again eat the owls young ones. "You know them?" said the owl. "No," said the eagle. "So much the worse;" "Describe them to me or shew me them, and on the word of an honest eagle, I will never touch them," "My young ones," said the owl, "are tall handsome and well made;" "They are just like me—I have a soft and melodious voice; you will know them easily by these marks." "Very well," said the eagle, "I will not forget." It happened on the following day that the eagle found on the ledge of a rock, a lot of little ill looking fat monsters with mournful faces and swollen cheeks. "These," said the eagle, "do not belong to our friend; they are too ugly; we will gobble them up;" and forthwith he made a good meal. The eagle was right. The owl had given a too flattering description of her little ones.

Maternal vanity caused their destruction.

THE BEE AND THE FLY.

"Go away; vile insect," cried out an angry bee one day to a fly, who was hovering around her hive. "It becomes you

well, forsooth to intrude upon the Queen of the Air!"

"You are mistaken; Dame Bee; I would not seek the company of so quarrelsome and vindictive a set of people."

And why not? you little impertinent thing! We have the best of laws; our government is the envy of the nations; we live off the most odoriferous flowers; we draw from them their most delicious sweets to make honey equal to nectar, whilst you miserable insect, you live on filth and putrefaction.

We live as we can, it is true; Dame Bee. Poverty is not a crime; whereas anger certainly is. The honey you make is sweet, I admit; I have tasted it. But your heart is bitter; you avenge yourself on your enemies; you destroy even each other, and in your inconsiderate rage do more harm to yourself than to your adversary.

Believe me it is better to have a good heart than sweet honey.

THE LION, THE WOLF AND THE FOX.

An old lion had become weak and infirm with age. All the animals of the forest came to his lair to condole with him. The fox alone remained away. The wolfe seized the opportunity to make his court to the king of beasts. "I can assure your majesty," said he, "it is nothing but pride and insolence that keeps brother Fox away. He is not ignorant of your sickness, and he is waiting only for your death to ascend your throne." "Let him be sent for," said the king of beasts. The fox came and suspecting that the wolfe had been playing him a bad turn, "I fear," said he, "some one has been injuring me with your majesty; allow me to explain my absence. I went on a pilgrimage to fulfil a vow I had made for your recovery. On my journey I met many skillful and learned men, whom I consulted on your malady. I was happy enough to learn from them an infallible remedy." "What is it?" asked the lion with eagerness. "It is the skin of a wolf applied hot and steaming to your royal body." The king of beasts approved the remedy. The wolf was flayed on the spot and the monarch enveloped in the skin.

The dishonest are often paid in their own coin.