

- **Source**
  - **Title:** Some fables after the easie and familiar method of Monsieur de la Fontaine.
  - **Date:** 1703-01-01
  - **Manifestation ID:** 0904400200
- **Destination**
  - **Title:** Weekly Journal or Saturday's Post
  - **Date:** 1721-04-08
  - **Manifestation ID:** WO2\_B0897WEJOSAPO\_1721\_04\_08-0002-003

**Number of Reuse Sections in Newspaper: 4**  
**Total Length of Reuses in Newspaper: 605**

A Fable of the LION, and other Beasts.

When Time a mighty Plague did peeter  
 All Beasts Domrefick and Sylyelter.

The Dofors all in Coniorn join'd,  
 To see if they the Cause cou'd find;  
 And try'd a World of Remedies,  
 But none cou'd conquer the Disease.  
 The Lion, in this Confraternation,  
 Sends out his Royal Proclamations That

'ooall -his Lov:irrgg, Saibjeas Greetnng,

Pointing them a folemn Meeting .

And when they're gathered iound, his Grac;  
 He spakes my Lords and Gentlemen;  
 I hope you're met full of the Sense,  
 Of this devouring Pestilence:  
 For sure Such heavy Piinifliment ..  
 On common Crimes is rarely sent.  
 It muft be foane important Cause,  
 Some great Infraction of the Laws;  
 Then let us fearch our Confcienccs,  
 And ev'ry one his Faults confefs:  
 Let's jifilge from bilgef to the leaft,  
 That he that is the Toulft Beast,  
 May fo Sacrifice be given, ..  
 To ftop the Wrath: of anigry Heaven.  
 And fince no one is fice from Sin, I  
 .I with my felf will firft begin.  
 I have dooitrmany a Thing that's ilM,  
 From a Popenfity to kill ;  
 Slain many an Ox, and what is worfe,  
 Have murdered many a gallant Horfe;  
 Robb'd Woods and Fens, and like a Glutton,  
 Devodr'd whole Flocks of Lamb and Mutton;  
 Nay, fometimes, for I dare not lye,  
 The Shepherd went for Company.  
 He had gone on, but Chancellor Fox  
 Stands up, what fignifies an Ox ?  
 What fianifies a Horfe, firch Things  
 Are hoilour'd when made Sport for King\*  
 Then for the Sheep, thofe focPlii. Cittle,  
 Not fit for Cartiage, or for Battle;  
 And being tolerable Meat,  
 They're good for nothing bur to eat.  
 The Shepherd too, your Enemy,  
 Deferves no better Deffiny.  
 Sir, Sir, your Confciencc is too nice,  
 Hanting's a princely Exercife:  
 And thefe being all your Subjeffs born,  
 Juft when you pleafe are to be torn.  
 And, Sir, if this will not content you,  
 We'll vote it Nemine contradicente.