

A
NEW TRANSLATION
OF
ÆSOP'S FABLES,

Adorn'd with CUTTS;

Suited to the FABLES Copied from
the *Frankfort* Edition: By the Most
Ingenious Artist **CHRISTOPHER
VAN SYCHAM.**

The Whole being rendered in a Plain, Easy,
and Familiar Style, adapted to the Mean-
est Capacities.

Nevertheless Corrected and Reform'd from the
Grossness of the Language, and Poorness of the
Verse us'd in the now Vulgar Translation: The
Morals also more accurately Improv'd; To-
gether with Reflections on each Fable, in Verse.

By *J. J. Gent.*

Utile Dulci.

LONDON: Printed for *Tho. Tebb*, Book-
seller in *Little-Britain*; And are to be Sold by
the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*. 1708.

Happiness thou seekst, seek That that's sure:
 true Joys are whole Foundation stands secure.
 They measure by Duration of Possessing:
 the hazardous Fruition spoils the Blessing.

181. A Rhinoceros, and a Fox.



AS a Rhinoceros was Whetting his Teeth
 against a Tree, a Fox ask'd him the
 reason of it, since he was in no Danger; to
 whom he replied, Not without good Reason,
 Mr. Fox, for I would not have my Teeth
 to Whet, when my Enemy is coming upon
 me, but be prepared to Defend my self.

The MORAL.

One good Fore-thought, is worth Two After-
 thoughts. We should always be ready against a

time of Danger. He that does not put his Weapons in good Order, till he's Alarm'd by the Enemy, will make but a very ordinary and indifferent Defence when Surpris'd.

Wise Courage still should stand upon her Guard:
Even Heroes meet their Fall when unprepar'd.
By Unman'd Garisons, Unguarded Coast,
And empty Magazines, are Kingdoms lost.

182. A Hart with one Eye.

A Hart that was Blind of One Eye, feeding by the Sea side, kept the seeing Eye towards the Land; to beware of Hunters; and the other to the Seaward; supposing no Evil could come from thence. But some Sailers passing by, shot the Hart on the Blind Side, when he was confident of Security; and he turn'd up his Heels with this Lamentation, I have suffer'd no Harm on that Side where I most Dreaded it; but am Destroy'd on the other, where I thought myself most Safe.

The MORAL.

He that thinketh himself Surest, is oft Deceived in that very Thing which he most rely'd upon: And the best Measures are often broke by Accidents, which not being Foreseen, could not be Prevented.