

Charles Heurt. THE JUN. 1806

HISTORY

OF

TELEMACHUS,

The Son of Ulysses.

ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH OF
FENELON.

With Four Coloured Plates.

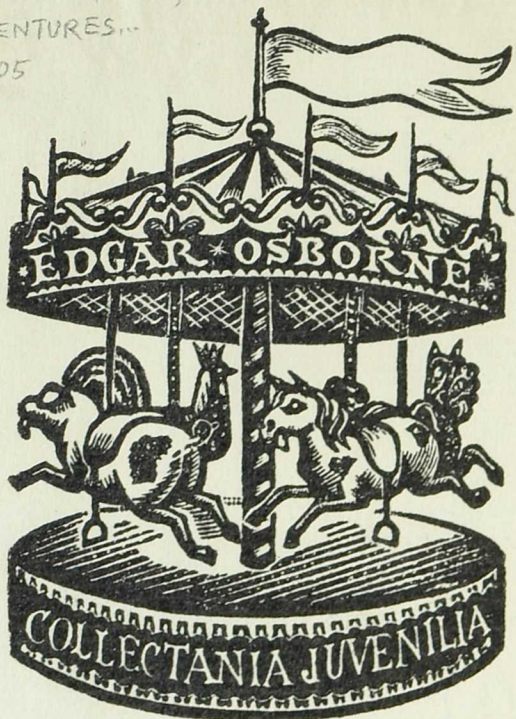
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ADVENTURES...

1805



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FRONTISPIECE.



Telemachus in the Island of Calypso.

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THE
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OF
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SON OF ULYSSES.

WITH FOUR COLOURED PLATES.

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THE
ADVENTURES
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TELEMACHUS,
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THE goddess Calypso was yet wandering on the sea-shore, inconsolable for the departure of Ulysses, when she beheld a ship dashed to pieces on the rocks which surrounded her island, and perceived two men thrown by the waves upon the beach, one of whom, though very young, resembled Ulysses. The goddess instantly knew him to be Telemachus,
the

the son of that hero : but she could not discover who the venerable man was by whom the youth was accompanied ; for the superior gods conceal from the inferior ones whatever they please ; and it was no other than Minerva herself, the goddess of wisdom, who had descended from Olympus, and assumed the shape of Mentor, to protect the youthful Telemachus from the perils that threatened him in his search after his father.

Calypso advanced towards Telemachus : “ Presumptuous youth !” she exclaimed, “ know you not that no stranger approaches my empire unpunished ?”

“ Goddess !” he replied, “ be not insensible to the misfortunes of a son, who, seeking his father through perils of winds and waves, has seen his vessel split upon your rocks. Pity my woes, O goddess!

and

and if you know what the destinies have done to save or destroy Ulysses, deign to inform Telemachus, his son."

Calypso was already become enamoured of the blooming youth: "Come," she said, "to my grotto. There I will inform you of what has befallen your father. I will receive you as my son, and I will bestow happiness on you, if you know how to enjoy it."

Telemachus followed the goddess, encircled by a crowd of young nymphs. He was astonished at the lustre of her beauty, he admired her majestic mien, the rich purple of her flowing robe, her hair tied with graceful negligence, and the fire that flashed from her eyes. Mentor, with downcast eyes and a modest silence, followed Telemachus.

They came to the entrance of Calypso's

so's grotto, where Telemachus was surprised to see, with an appearance of rural simplicity, all that can charm the eye. The grotto was hewn out of the rock, in arches, lined with shells and pebbles; its tapestry was a young vine, which extended its pliant branches on all sides. Fountains sweetly purling through meadows sown with amaranths and violets, formed, in various places, baths as pure and clear as crystal. A thousand springing flowers enamelled the verdant carpets which surrounded the grotto. Close by was a wood of those tufted trees which bear apples of gold, and whose blossoms, which are renewed in all seasons, diffuse the sweetest of all perfumes. This wood served to crown those beautiful meads, and formed a shade which the rays of the sun could
not

not penetrate. Here nothing was heard but the warbling of birds, or the murmurs of a brook, which, rushing from the top of a rock, fell in large and frothy streams, and fled across the meadow.

The grotto of the goddess was on the declivity of a hill, from whence one beheld the sea; sometimes clear and smooth as glass, sometimes idly irritated against the rocks on which it broke bellowing, and swelling its waves like mountains. From another side was seen a river, in which were islands bordered with blooming limes and lofty poplars, raising their haughty heads even to the skies. At a distance were seen mountains which lost themselves in the clouds, and formed a thousand irregular and fantastic shapes. The neighbouring hills were covered with luxuriant vines, loaded with clusters of
purple

purple grapes : the fig, the olive, the pomegranate, and other trees, bearing exquisite fruits of all kinds, overspread the plain, and made it one vast and delicious garden.

Having conducted Telemachus and Mentor to the most retired part of the grotto, the nymphs presented them with a change of garments ; for theirs were wet. Telemachus, seeing they had allotted him a tunic whose whiteness eclipsed that of snow, and a purple robe embroidered with gold, contemplated them with an appearance of pleasure.

“ Are these,” said Mentor, “ the thoughts that ought to possess the heart of the son of Ulysses ? A young man who loves to deck himself vainly like a woman is unworthy of wisdom or glory. Glory is due only to him who knows
how

how to bear pain, and to trample pleasure under foot."

"May the gods," cried Telemachus, "destroy me, rather than suffer luxury to take possession of my heart! But how are we indebted to this goddess, for she loads us with benefits!"

"Fear," replied Mentor, "lest she load you with evils. Fear her deceitful words more than the rocks which dashed your vessel to pieces. Shipwreck and death are less fatal than the pleasures which attack virtue. Believe nothing that Calypso may impart to you."

They were now summoned to attend a luxurious repast, where wine flowed from silver vases into golden cups, crowned with flowers. Four young nymphs sung, and the chief of them joined the harmony of her lyre to the sweet voices
of

of all the others. When the repast was ended, Calypso took Telemachus aside, and spoke to him thus: " You see, son of the great Ulysses, with what favour I receive you. I am immortal. No man dares enter this island without incurring my vengeance; nor would you have escaped punishment, but that I love you. Your father had the same good fortune as you; but he was not wise enough to turn it to his advantage. I detained him a long while in this island, and he might have lived with me in a state of immortality; but the foolish wish of returning to his wretched country made him reject all these advantages. He was resolved to leave me; I was revenged by a tempest, and I saw his vessel buried in the waves. Make use of the sad example; and after his shipwreck, as you can have

no hopes of ever seeing him again, or of ever reigning in the island of Ithaca after him, be not afflicted at his loss, since you find a goddess ready to make you happy, and a kingdom which she offers you."

Telemachus now perceived her artifices, and the wisdom of the counsels which Mentor had just given him. He replied, "O goddess, pardon my sorrow! I cannot at present but weep for my father. You know, better than I, how much he deserves to be lamented."

Calypso, not daring to urge him further as yet, led him back to her grotto, and pretended to sympathize in his grief. She now entreated to hear the recital of his adventures; and at length he yielded to her entreaty, and began thus:

"I left Ithaca and my mother Penelope

to

to inquire of the other kings of Greece, who were returned from the siege of Troy, what was become of my father. I visited Nestor and Menelaus, and several who could give me no information whether he were alive or not ; and at length I resolved to go into Sicily, where I heard my father was driven by the winds. But the sage Mentor, whom you see here, opposed my design. ‘The Trojans,’ he said, ‘are on those coasts, and will take singular pleasure in shedding the blood of the son of Ulysses. Return therefore to Ithaca. Perhaps your father will be there as soon as you. But, if the gods have decreed that he must never see his country again, you should at least go to set your mother at liberty from the suitors who beset her ; to manifest your wisdom

dom

dom to the world, and to let all Greece behold in you a king as worthy of reigning as ever Ulysses was.'

"But I was not wise enough to listen to his counsels. I resolved to pursue my own course, and the sage Mentor loved me so well as to attend me in this rash enterprize.

"We had for some time a favourable voyage; but at length a black tempest covered and involved us in profound darkness. By the flashes of lightning we afterwards perceived other ships near, and exposed to equal dangers; and presently knew them to be the Trojan fleet, no less terrible to us than the rocks themselves. Mentor, instead of reproaching the headlong folly that had brought me into this danger, thought only of delivering me from it. As soon as the heavens

began to clear, he placed garlands of flowers and flags upon our stern, exactly resembling those worn by the Trojan ships, and ordered all our rowers to stoop close to the benches, that the enemy might not know them ; and thus we passed through the midst of the Trojan fleet, who shouted for joy, thinking that we were their companions who had been separated from them during the storm.

“ Soon after we landed on the coast of Sicily. Here reigned old Acastes, who sprang from Troy. We did not indeed confess ourselves to be Greeks ; but we were suspected to be so, and condemned to be sent as slaves to work in a neighbouring forest. Such a condition appeared to me worse than death, and I cried aloud, ‘ Put us to death rather than treat us unworthily. Know

that

that I am Telemachus, the son of the wife Ulysses, king of Ithaca.'

"I had no sooner uttered these words than the people, with loud cries, demanded that I should be put to death; and we were about to be led away to be sacrificed, when Mentor calmly desired leave to speak to the king.

" 'Acestes,' said he, 'the knowledge that I have of future events informs me, that in three days you will be attacked by a barbarous nation from the mountains, who are now preparing to overflow your city, and ravage all your country. If my prediction is false, you will be at liberty to sacrifice us at the end of three days; but if it prove true, remember, you ought not to take away the life of those to whom you will be indebted for the preservation of your own.'

"We

“ We were committed to prison to await the result ; and early on the third day a troop of barbarians issued from the mountains. Mentor was now called on to lead the troops of Acestes. Victory ensued. I pierced the son of the barbarian king with my lance, and bore his spoils to Acestes ; while Mentor, having entirely routed the enemy, drove the fugitives back to their mountains.

“ Mentor was now looked upon as a man inspired and beloved by the gods ; and Acestes, to prove his gratitude, hastened us on board a Phœnician ship, which was directed to convey us to Ithaca, conscious that, should the Trojan fleet touch his shores, he should be unable to protect us from their fury.

“ An Egyptian fleet met us as we lost sight of the mountains of Sicily, and we
were

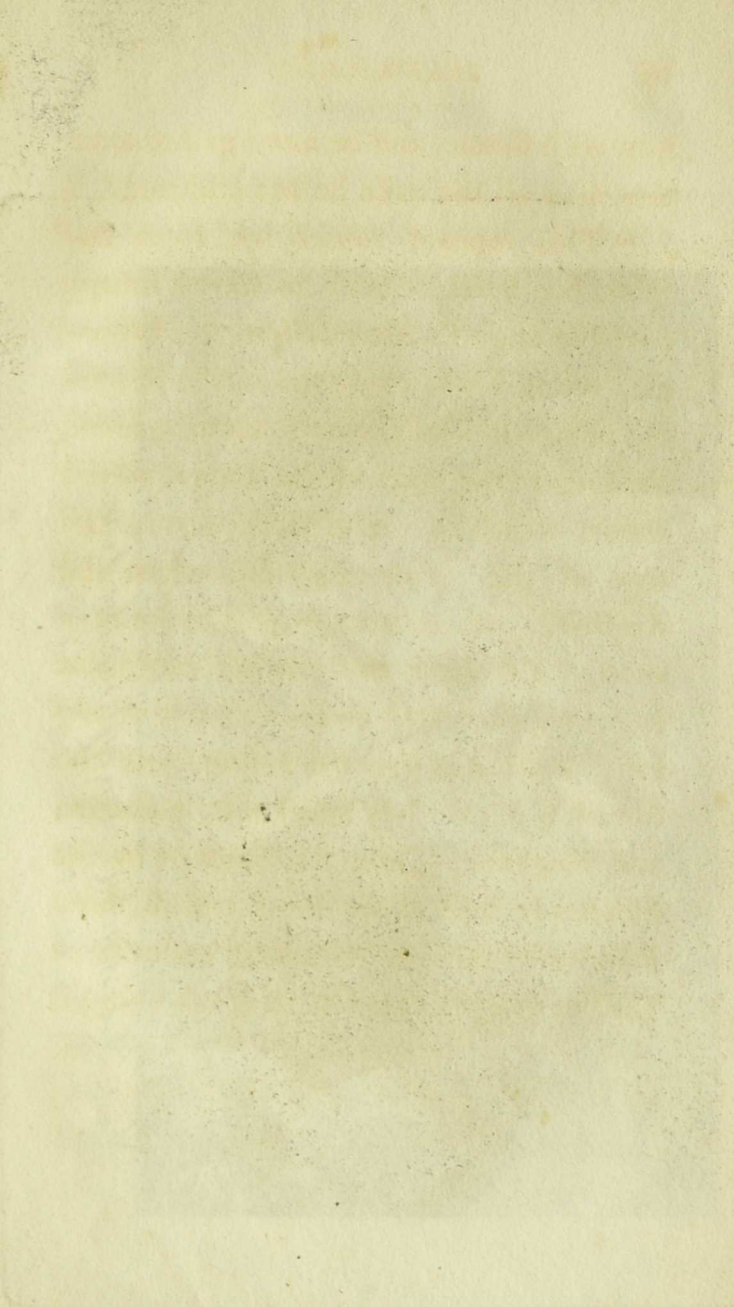
were taken, and carried prisoners into Egypt. The wife Sesostris was seated on the throne; but to him I had not power to make my appeal. It was in vain I represented that we were not Phœnicians: they deigned not to listen to me, but sold us for slaves. I fell into the hands of Metophis, an Egyptian noble, who ordered me to be sent to the desert of Oasis.

“ ‘Let us die, my dear Mentor,’ I cried (finding we were to be separated), ‘since the gods have no pity on us!’

“ ‘Unworthy son of the wise Ulysses!’ he exclaimed, ‘do you suffer yourself to be vanquished by your misfortunes? Oh! if Ulysses should hear that his son knows not how to imitate his patience and fortitude, the news would overwhelm
him

him with shame, and be more grievous to him than all the evils he has endured.'

“ This reproof roused me from despair; but I beheld with an almost insupportable anguish Mentor sent to Ethiopia, while I was conveyed to the horrible desert of Oasis, where burning sands are seen in the midst of the plains, where snows which never dissolve lie on the tops of the mountains, and where the shepherds are as savage as the country itself. Yet here the parting words of Mentor penetrated to the bottom of my soul. I acted as became a man, and the son of a hero. My meekness, patience, and diligence, made me beloved by the shepherds and their hard task-masters. I imitated Apollo, who was once shepherd to king Admetus, and who taught
his





Telemachus strangling the Lion.

London, Pub. Dec. 1805 by Tabart & C^o.

his fellow-swains all the innocent pleasure that a tranquil life affords. I had a flute, and soon drew all the shepherds round me. I sang the charms with which nature has adorned the country. They first listened; then they learned to imitate. These deserts no longer appeared savage and uncultivated; all was pleasant and smiling; the courteous manners of the inhabitants seemed to meliorate the soil.

“ We constructed rude temples, and offered sacrifices to Apollo. But what crowned my fame among the shepherds was, that a hungry lion came one day and fell on my flock, and was beginning a horrible slaughter. I had only my crook in my hand, but I advanced boldly. The lion bristled up his mane, and opened his parched and flaming jaws; his eyes were red and fiery, and he lashed his sides with his tail. I boldly
attacked

attacked him. Thrice I threw him down, and thrice he rose again, making all the forest ring with his roarings. At length, I strangled him with the grasp of my arms; and the shepherds, witnesses of my victory, insisted on my wearing the skin, as a token of my victory over the terrible animal.

“ The fame of this action even reached the ears of Sesostris. He was informed that a captive slave had restored the golden age in these almost uninhabited deserts. He desired to see me; for every thing which could instruct mankind charmed his noble heart. I told him my history, and he promised to send me back to Ithaca; but, alas! the sudden death of the good king plunged me again in misfortunes. I was imprisoned in a tower on the sea-shore, by Bocchoris, his son, who had neither humanity for strangers

nor esteem for men of virtue. The vices and tyranny of Bocchoris made him hated by his subjects. They speedily rebelled against his tyranny, and from the windows of my tower I saw the king fall in battle, and his breast pierced with mortal wounds by his own people.

“ Another king was immediately appointed, who gave freedom to all prisoners made such by his predecessor ; and I was again sent on board a vessel as a Phœnician. To Narbal, who commanded the fleet, I immediately discovered myself ; for he knew and loved my father. The fleet was bound for Tyre ; and Narbal, who knew the hateful and avaricious temper of Pygmalion, the king of Tyre, wished me to pass for a Cyprian ; and procured me a passage on board a Cyprian ship, that I might go to the isle of Ithaca by Cyprus.

“ Beware,

“ ‘Beware,’ he said, ‘O Telemachus, of falling into the hands of Pygmalion, our king. Avarice makes him mistrustful, suspicious, and cruel; he persecutes the rich, and he fears the poor. It is a crime in his eyes to be virtuous; for Pygmalion supposes that good men cannot suffer his unjust actions to remain long unpunished. Virtue condemns him, and he is exasperated against her. Every thing moves and disquiets him; he is afraid of his shadow, and sleeps neither night nor day. The gods, to punish him, load him with treasures which he cannot enjoy. He repines at all he gives, he is always afraid of losing, and tortures himself for gain. He is hardly ever seen; he continues solitary, sad, and dejected in the most secret parts of his palace; and even his friends dare not approach him, for fear of being suspected by him.

“ ‘A fright-

“ A frightful guard, with naked swords, and pikes erected, continually invest his palace. Thirty chambers, which have a communication with one another, and each of them an iron door with six huge bolts, are the places where he shuts himself up. It is never known in which of these chamber she sleeps, and it is affirmed that he never lies two nights successively in the same room, for fear of being murdered in it. His hollow eyes are full of a fierce and savage fire, and are incessantly turning on all sides. He is pale, emaciated, and gloomy cares are pictured on his wrinkled visage. His children are the objects of his terror, for he has made them his most dangerous enemies. Always suspecting treasonable plots, he thinks he only preserves himself by shedding the blood of all whom he fears.—A fool! who does not see that
the

the cruelty in which he confides will cause his destruction. Some one of his domestics, as suspicious as himself, will quickly rid the world of this monster. As for you, Telemachus, avoid him cautiously. If he knew you to be the son of Ulysses, he would make you his prisoner, in the hope of receiving a large ransom for your enlargement.'

"I thanked Narbal for his advice, and resolved to follow it. I could not help comparing this miserable king, shut up in gloomy towers, and brooding over his useless treasures, with the good Sesostris, who showed himself to his subjects as to his children, and was most safe in the midst of his people, like an indulgent father in his own house, surrounded by his affectionate family."

At this period of his narrative Calypso interrupted Telemachus, that he might
take

take some repose. “Go,” she said, “and enjoy the sweets of sleep, after so many toils; and tomorrow we will resume the story of your misfortunes. Never, dear Telemachus, did your father equal you in wisdom. Neither Achilles, who conquered Hector, nor even Hercules, who purged the earth of so many monsters, ever discovered such fortitude and virtue as yours. Go, my dear Telemachus, with the wise Mentor, into a retired grotto, where every thing is prepared for you. May Morpheus cause a heavenly vapour to glide through all your weary limbs, and send you pleasant and soothing dreams!”

The goddess herself conducted Telemachus to this grotto, which was separated from her own. A fountain gliding in a corner gently murmured, and invited sleep.

sleep. The nymphs had spread two soft and verdant beds, and covered them with two large skins; one with a lion's, for Telemachus, and the other with a bear's, for Mentor.

Early on the following morning, Mentor, hearing the voice of Calypso calling to her nymphs, roused Telemachus from his slumbers: "Come," he said, "let us return to Calypso; but be on your guard against the poison of her praises. She yesterday extolled you above your wise father, above the invincible Achilles, and above Hercules, who is become immortal. Did you believe what she said? Alas! she did not believe it herself. She praises you only because she thinks you weak and vain enough to be imposed on by praises which bear no proportion to your actions."

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They now were summoned to attend the goddess; and Telemachus, at her impatient desire, resumed his history:

“In the course of my voyage,” said he, “to Cyprus, I was shocked to see the Cyprians abandon themselves completely to drunkenness; and while the mariners were in this situation, we were surpris'd by a dreadful storm. The Cyprians wept like frighted children; and the pilot, disordered with wine, was insensible of the danger of the vessel. I took the helm in my own hand; encouraged and directed the seamen; and we steered, between rocks that threatened us with destruction, into a safe port. This adventure seeming like a dream to all who owed the preservation of their lives to me, they looked upon me with astonishment.

“In the island of Cyprus I became
again

again restored to my kind monitor, the sage Mentor. Hazael, the Syrian, whose slave he had become, happened to arrive at Cyprus about the same time that I did. I met him. I beheld Mentor at his side. I fell at his feet. 'I am,' said I, 'Telemachus, son to Ulysses, king of Ithaca. I tell you my birth, not out of vanity, but to move your pity. I have sought my father in every sea, accompanied by this man, who was another father to me. Fortune, to fill up the measure of my woes, tore him from me, and made him your slave. Suffer me to become your slave also till Mentor can be free.'

"Hazael looked on me with a humane aspect: 'Follow me,' he said, 'thou son of Ulysses! Though I were not moved with your father's glory and misfortunes, yet would my friendship for
Mentor

Mentor engage me to take care of you. In him I have found wisdom and virtue. From this moment he is free, and you shall both be my friends.'

“Hazael conducted us on board his ship, and we soon discovered the mountains of Crete, and shortly reached its fertile shores. When we landed, we beheld multitudes of people assembling, and learned the following account of the consternation that seemed to prevail:— Idomeneus, their king, went like the other kings of Greece to the siege of Troy. After the destruction of that city, he set sail to return to Crete, but was overtaken by a storm so violent that the ship's crew gave themselves up for lost. In this emergency Idomeneus invoked Neptune to assuage the fury of the seas, and bound himself by a solemn oath, that

that if he arrived safe at Crete, he would sacrifice to the god of the ocean the first person he should meet.

“ The storm subsides—Idomeneus lands; and the first person he beholds is his own son hastening to embrace his father. The king, seized with phrensy and remorse, yet executes his barbarous vow, and plunges his dagger in the heart of his son; then rushes wildly towards the city, and calls on the name of him he had just murdered. The Cretans, struck with horror of the deed, rejected their monarch, who was compelled to return to his ships, and quit for ever the country he had stained with the blood of his own offspring; and at the moment of our landing the Cretans were assembling to elect a new king. They were about to exhibit public games, and were deter-
mined

mined to give the crown to him who should be judged superior to all others both in mind and body.

“ We followed the crowd to a sort of circus. We were received, as strangers, with hospitality, and invited to become candidates for the prizes. My youth left me no excuse; and Mentor wishing me to engage, I mingled with the combatants. It was said on all sides, ‘That is the son of Ulysses;’ for several Cretans who had seen me in Ithaca knew me again.

“ The first exercise was wrestling. A Rhodian, about five-and-thirty years old, threw all who ventured to engage him. He still retained all the vigour of youth; his arms were nervous and brawny; at the least motion he made, all his muscles appeared, and his activity was equal to his strength.

“ Not

“ Not thinking me worthy of being conquered, and beholding my extreme youth with eyes of compassion, he was going away ; but I advanced, and demanded that he should engage with me ; upon which we seized each other. We stood shoulder to shoulder, and foot to foot : all our nerves were on the stretch, and our arms twisted together like serpents, each endeavouring to lift his antagonist from the ground. Sometimes he attempted to throw me by surprise, by pushing me to the right side, and sometimes he endeavoured to bend me to the left. Whilst he was trying me in this manner, I pushed him with so much violence that his feet gave way ; he fell on the sand, and drew me upon him. In vain did he endeavour to get me under him, for I held him immoveable beneath
me.

me. All the people cried—'Victory to the son of Ulysses!' and I helped the mortified Rhodian to get up again.

"The combat of the cæstus was more difficult. The son of a rich citizen of Samos had acquired so high a reputation in this kind of conflict, that all others yielded to him, and there was none but I who hoped for victory. At first he struck me several blows on the head, and then on the stomach; which made me vomit blood, and spread a thick cloud over my eyes. I reeled, he pressed upon me, and my breath was gone; but I was reanimated by Mentor's crying out—'O son of Ulysses, will you be vanquished?'

"Anger gave me new strength, and I avoided several blows which I must otherwise have sunk under. The Samian failing in a blow he made at me, and extending

extending his arm in vain, I surpris'd him in that stooping posture: he was drawing back, when I lifted up my cæstus, in order to fall upon him with more force: he endeavour'd to avoid me; but, losing his balance, he gave me an opportunity to throw him down. He was hardly stretch'd upon the earth, when I held out my hand to raise him: he got up besmeared with blood and dust, and in the utmost confusion, but did not dare to renew the combat.

“Immediately after began the chariot races. The cars were distributed by lot, and mine happened to be the worst, both as to the lightness of the wheels, and the strength of the horses.

“We start, and clouds of rising dust obscure the heavens. At first I checked my steeds, and let others go before me. A young Lacedæmonian, whose name
was

was Crantor, presently left all the rest behind him. A Cretan, named Polycletus, followed him close. Hippomachus, a relation of Idomeneus, who aspired to succeed that unfortunate king, giving the reins to his foaming courfers, hung over their flowing manes; and the motion of his chariot wheels was so rapid, that they seemed, like the wings of an eagle cleaving the air, not to move at all. My steeds being warmed, by degrees I increased my speed, and soon left far behind me those who had begun the race with so much ardour. Hippomachus, Idomeneus's kinsman, driving his courfers with too much fury, the most vigorous of them fell down, and by his fall deprived his master of the hopes of a crown.

“ Polycletus, leaning too much over his horses, could not keep himself fast in
a shock

a shock which his chariot received; he fell, the reins slipped out of his hands, and he was very fortunate in being able to avoid death.

“ Crantor, seeing with eyes full of indignation that I was close behind him, redoubled his ardour, sometimes invoking the gods, and promising them rich offerings, and sometimes encouraging his steeds with words. He was apprehensive lest I should pass between him and the goal; for my horses, having been more favoured than his, were in a condition to get before him, and he could no way prevent it but by obstructing my passage. To effect this, he ran the risk of breaking his car against the goal, and he did crush his wheel against it. My sole care was to make a sudden turn, that I might not be involved in his disorder: and I was in a moment at the end

of

of the course. The people once more cried—‘Victory to the son of Ulysses! ’Tis he whom the gods appoint to reign over us.’

“Then the most illustrious and wisest of the Cretans conducted us into an antient and sacred wood, where the elders, whom Minos (their antient law-giver) had appointed judges of the people and guardians of the laws, assembled us together: we were the same who had contended in the games—no others were admitted.

“The sages opened the books, wherein all the laws of Minos were collected together. I was struck with respect and awe as I approached these seniors, whom age had rendered venerable without depriving them of their vigour of mind. They were seated in order, and motionless

less in their places. A serene and engaging wisdom was conspicuous in their grave countenances. They were not eager to speak, and said nothing but what they had weighed beforehand. When they were of different opinions, they were so moderate in maintaining what they thought on either side, that one would have imagined they were all of the same mind.

“A long experience of things past, and constant application to business, gave them a great insight into all things; but what most contributed to the perfecting of their judgment was the tranquillity of their minds, which were wholly free from the extravagant flights and caprices of youth. Wisdom alone operated in them; and the fruit of their long virtue was, to have so thoroughly subdued their
passions,

passions, that they tasted without alloy the sublime pleasure of being governed by reason.

“ While I was admiring these sages, I wished that my life could be contracted, that I might at once arrive at so valuable an old age, and thought that youth was unhappy in being so impetuous, and so far distant from this enlightened and serene virtue.

“ The chief of the elders opened the book of the Laws of Minos. It was a large volume, and was usually locked up in a golden box, with the rarest perfumes. All the elders kissed it with respect; for they say, that next to the gods, from whom good laws proceed, nothing ought to be so sacred to men as laws designed to render them good, wise, and happy. Those who are intrusted with the execution of the laws for the government of
the

the people, ought always to be governed by the laws themselves; 'tis the law, not the man, which ought to reign.

“ The president then proposed the questions which were to be resolved by the maxims of Minos.

“ The first question was, ‘Who is the most free of all men?’ Some answered, A king who had an absolute dominion over his subjects, and was victorious over all his enemies. Others maintained, that it was a man who was so rich he could gratify all his desires. Others said, it was a barbarian, who, living by hunting in the midst of the woods, was independent of all government, and free from every want. Others, again, believed it was a man lately made free, who, passing from the rigours of slavery to freedom, had a quicker relish than any other person of the sweets of liberty.

liberty. And lastly, others imagined it must be a dying man, because death freed him from every tie, and all mankind united had no longer any power over him.

“When my turn came, I was at no loss for an answer, because I had not forgot what Mentor had often told me.— ‘The freest of all men (said I) is he who can be free in slavery itself. In what country or condition a man may be, he is perfectly free, provided he fears the gods, and fears nothing but them. In a word, the truly free man is he who, void of all fears and all desires, is subject only to the gods, and to reason.’

“The elders looked on each other with a smile, and were surpris'd to see that my answer was precisely the same as that of Minos.

“They

“ They then proposed the second question in these words—‘ Who is the most unhappy of all men ?’

“ Every one said what occurred to his mind : One said, ‘ It is a man who has neither money, nor health, nor honour.’ Another said, ‘ It is one who hath no friend.’ Others maintained, that it was a man who had ungrateful and degenerate children. There came a sage of the isle of Lesbos, who said—‘ The most unhappy of all men is he who thinks himself so. Unhappiness arises less from what we actually suffer, than from the impatience with which we aggravate our misery.’

“ At these words the whole assembly shouted and applauded the sage of Lesbos, believing that he would carry the prize as to this question ; but my opinion being
asked,

asked, I answered according to Mentor's maxims—

“ ‘ The most unhappy of all men,’ I said, ‘ is a prince who thinks to be happy by rendering other men miserable. His blindness doubles his unhappiness ; for, not knowing his misfortune, he cannot cure himself of it—nay, he is afraid even to know it. Truth cannot pierce through his crowd of flatterers, to arrive at him. His passions are his tyrants, he knows not his duty. He has never tasted the pleasure of doing good, nor been sensible of the charms of uncorrupted virtue. He is wretched, and deserves to be so. His wretchedness increases daily. He runs to his destruction, and the gods prepare eternal punishments for him.’

“ The whole assembly owned that I had outdone the Lesbian sage, and the
elders

elders declared that I had hit upon the true sense of Minos.

“ Guided by the wisdom of Mentor, I was equally fortunate in replying to the remaining questions. The elders now quitted the sacred wood, and declared to the people that I was in all things the victorious candidate, and the neighbouring mountains echoed with the cry of—
‘ Let the son of Ulysses reign over us !’

“ Meantime Mentor approached, and whispered me—‘ Will you, O Telemachus ! renounce your country, and forget Penelope your mother, and Ulysses your father ?’ These words pierced my heart, and I cried aloud—‘ Hear me, O Cretans ! If I contended in your games, it was not in hopes of reigning here, but to excite your esteem and compassion, that you might furnish me with the
means

means of returning to the place of my nativity. I had rather obey Ulysses my father, and comfort Penelope my mother, than reign over all the nations of the universe.'

“ Some cried that I should be compelled to reign over them, and others demanded that I should appoint them a king; but I again addressed the Cretans, advising them to select a monarch from among their own countrymen, one who had not merely conquered others in exercises of the body, but one who had also conquered himself, one who had all his life punctually obeyed the laws, and whose actions, rather than his words, should be the proof of his wisdom. I again received the applauses of the Cretans, whose choice fell upon Aristodemus, who had proved his virtues in the services he had rendered his country.

“ As

“ As we were eager to depart, the new king ordered a bark to be prepared for us; and we took leave of Crete and of Hazael at the same time, and once more embarked for Ithaca.

“ The wind swelled our sails. Already the shores of Crete had disappeared from our view. But a black cloud suddenly overspread the heavens; a sudden gust of wind carried away our mast; and the vessel drove at random upon the rocks. The water rushes in on all sides; the sailors utter a lamentable cry; I embrace Mentor, and exclaim—‘ Lo! death is here, we must meet it with courage! Let us die, Mentor; it were in vain to contend with the storm!’

“ Mentor answered—‘ True courage always finds some resource. While these affrighted people are bewailing the life they are about to lose, let us not waste a moment

moment in trying to save ours.' Thus saying, Mentor seized a hatchet, and cut away a plank from the shattered vessel, and, throwing it into the sea, leaped upon it, and invited me to follow. I did so. Frequently a wave as high as a mountain rolled over us; but we firmly kept our hold of the plank, which was our only hope of safety. We passed the whole night in this perilous situation. At last the winds began to abate, and the roaring of the sea to subside. We descried land, and the winds wafted us towards it. Hope then began to revive in our hearts; but we saw none of our companions, and the vessel was still beating to pieces upon the rocks. We got ashore upon the beach of your island, where you, O mighty goddess, vouchsafed us a kind reception."

The

The sweetness and modesty with which Telemachus had related his adventures charmed Calypso, who endeavoured to enchant him with her beauty and her artifices. She wished to discover who this Mentor was, that seemed to protect the heart of Telemachus from her wiles; but the youth himself had no suspicion that he was accompanied by Minerva herself, under the form of Mentor, and therefore could not give her any satisfactory information.

Time passed on, and Calypso contrived ever-varying amusements and voluptuous pleasures for Telemachus, in order to detain him in her island, and the youth began insensibly to yield to her influence. Mentor meantime, while Telemachus was wandering through myrtle groves with the goddess Calypso, or following

lowing the pleasures of the chase with her light-footed nymphs, retired to the secret recess of a lofty cavern in the forest, and with his own hands constructed a vessel for their escape from this dangerous island.

When the ship was finished, he led Telemachus toward the shore. "O blind Telemachus!" he said, "you are ready to renounce Penelope, who expects you; Ulysses, whom you shall see again; Ithaca, where you are to reign; and the glory the gods have destined you to attain. All these blessings you would renounce to lead an inglorious life in this island with the artful Calypso, whose blandishments your virtuous father rejected with disdain. You have not forgot the cares you have cost me, nor the dangers you have escaped by my counsels. Be guided then,

then, O son of Ulysses! once more by me, or I must for ever forsake you."

While Mentor was speaking thus, he continued his way towards the sea, and Telemachus suffered himself to be led without resistance. Coming at length to a steep rock on the sea-shore, and looking from this eminence, they beheld a melancholy sight—Calypso had discovered the intended escape of Mentor. She called her nymphs—"Hasten," she cried, while her eyes flashed with fury, "and burn the vessel which the rash Mentor has built for his flight with Telemachus." They immediately light their torches, and run to the shore. And now the flames ascend, they consume the vessel, and whirlwinds of smoke rise to the very clouds. Mentor and Telemachus beheld the blaze, and heard the shouts

shouts of the nymphs.—“Lo!” said Telemachus, “I am bound again in my fetters: we can no longer hope to quit this island.”

Mentor plainly perceived that the youth was about to relapse into all his weakness, and that he had not a moment to lose. He beheld at a distance a vessel riding at anchor, which durst not approach Calypso's island, for all pilots knew it was inaccessible to mortals. Seeing the vessel, and resolved to save the virtue of Telemachus, he pushed him headlong from the top of the rock into the sea, and threw himself after him. Telemachus, stunned with the fall, became at first the sport of the billows; but recovering himself, and seeing Mentor holding out his hand to assist him in swimming, he thought only of getting away from the fatal island.

The

The nymphs, who thought them now their prisoners, shrieked at beholding their wonderful escape; and the furious Calypso retired to the inmost recesses of her grotto, which resounded with her cries and lamentations.

Telemachus perceived with pleasure, that the further he got from the island the more his courage and his love of virtue revived. "Now I experience," said he, "that vice is to be conquered only by flying from it. Oh! my beloved Mentor, how gracious were the gods in giving me your assistance! Without it I had been lost. I now fear neither seas, nor winds, nor tempests. My own passions are more to be dreaded than a thousand shipwrecks."

The ship which was at anchor, and towards which they advanced, was a Salentine bark. Mentor, when they
were

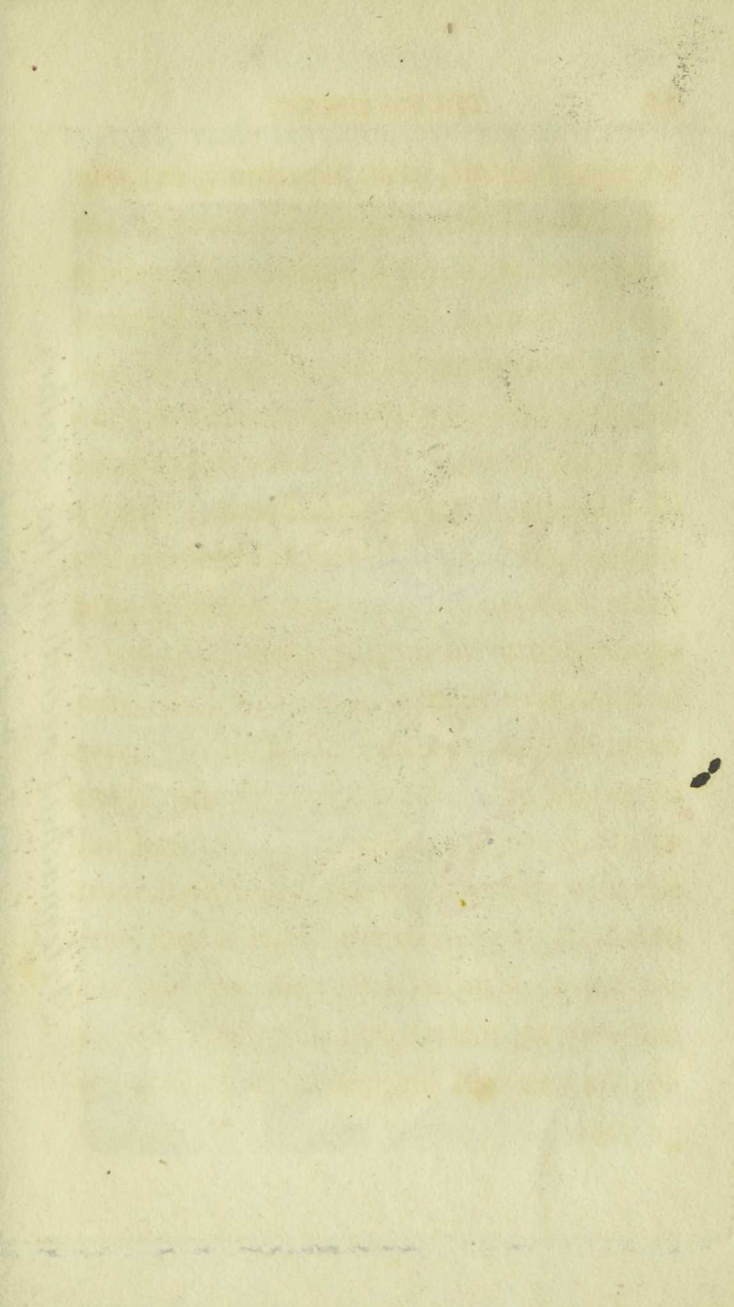
were near enough to be heard, besought the assistance of the mariners, and the commander of the vessel immediately ordered them to be taken in.

The mariners crowded round them, eager to know how they had got into the island from whence they came, as it was said to be possessed by a cruel goddess, who punished with death every mortal who presumed to land upon her coast. Mentor replied, that they were driven upon it, and that they were Greeks, and would gladly be landed at some port from whence they could proceed to Ithaca, their native country. Telemachus continued silent; for the errors he had committed in the island of Calypso had greatly increased his prudence.

During their voyage, Mentor gave his pupil daily lessons upon the art of governing

verning himself, and becoming entirely virtuous. One day, while Mentor was reasoning with Telemachus, the winds were suddenly hushed, the sea became calm, and smooth as a mirror; the flagging sails could no longer bear forward the vessel. They were near a little island, desert, wild, and surrounded by rocks; and they resolved to land, and repose themselves till the wind should again favour their progress.

Another vessel was in the same circumstances, and the boats of the two ships rowed to the shores of the island at the same moment. Telemachus heard a group of mariners and passengers belonging to the other vessel conversing about the Trojan war, and extolling the wisdom of the mighty Ulysses. Struck by the name of his father, he hastily advanced,





Jemachus accosting his Father.

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vanced, and demanded of the first man he met tidings of Ulysses.

The person whom he accidentally addressed had a melancholy and dejected air; he had not been engaged in the conversation, nor did he seem to hear the question of Telemachus, till it was a second time repeated, when he said—“Ulysses will yet revisit Ithaca, if the appeased deities will at length suffer him to salute his household gods.” When the stranger had spoken these words, he rushed into a thick grove on the top of a rock, from whence he steadfastly viewed the sea, and seemed anxious to prosecute his voyage.

Telemachus looked earnestly upon him; and the more he looked the more he was moved and astonished. He felt anxious to know the misfortunes of the stranger,

stranger, and he advanced to the mariners, and asked his name, and to what country he belonged. "He is," said one of them, "a stranger, and unknown to us; but we have been told that his name is Cleomenes, that he was born in Phrygia, and that an oracle foretold before his birth, that if he did not remain in his own country he would become a king, and that if he did remain there a dreadful pestilence would destroy the land. As soon as he was born he was sent to the isle of Lesbos to be educated, where he grew tall, robust, and expert in all active and accomplished exercises. The prediction concerning him becoming universally known, his own country would not receive him; and, wherever he went, kings were afraid he would wrest their crowns from them. Thus he has been a wanderer

derer from his birth, and can find no part of the world where he can obtain permission to settle. He vainly attempts to hide his misfortunes in obscurity; his talents always, in spite of himself, shine forth and betray him. He is every where beloved, esteemed, admired, and expelled. His merit makes him feared, and excludes him from all the known countries of the world. He seems to have no ambition; he does not aim at greatness; he would be very happy if the oracle had not promised him a crown. This is what is reported of the stranger, of whose fortunes you desired me to inform you."

During this conversation the sea began to be in motion, and the winds again dashed the waves against the rocks. The mariners were all instantly in motion,
and

and the man that had spoken of Cleomenes ran to rejoin his companions.

Telemachus turned to gaze upon Cleomenes. His heart was moved for a virtuous, wandering, unhappy man, who was made the sport of rigorous fortune. "I perhaps," said he, "may see Ithaca again, but Cleomenes will never more behold his native land." The stranger on whom Telemachus was still intently gazing, seeing his vessel preparing to depart, descends from the craggy rocks, and hurries on board the ship, which cleaves the briny wave, and flies from the land.

Telemachus grieves he knows not why; tears trickle from his eyes, which are fixed with amazement and anguish on the little bark, of which he now scarcely beholds the sails. Mentor approaches, takes him by the hand—"You weep,
my

my dear Telemachus," he said, "and the cause is not unknown to me: it is Nature that speaks, and works in you; it is she that melts your heart. The stranger who excited such lively emotions in your breast is not the wandering Cleomenes, but the great Ulysses. He was not less affected than you were; but the gods do not permit you to know each other out of Ithaca."

Telemachus shed floods of tears—
"Alas! my dear Mentor," he cried,
"why did not you tell me it was Ulysses before his departure? Why did you let him go without my speaking to him? O Ulysses, my father, art thou gone for ever? Art thou still the sport of fortune? Had I accompanied my father, I should at least have had the satisfaction of dying with him. Ah, my dear Men-
tor,

tor, did you envy me my only happiness?"

"See," replied Mentor, "the temper of mankind. Yesterday, what would you have given only to be assured that Ulysses was not dead, and today this very assurance overwhelms you with anguish! It is to exercise you in the virtue of patience that the gods keep you in this suspense. You look upon this as lost time; but know, that it is the most useful lesson of your whole life,—for it exercises you in a virtue which is most necessary in those who are to command. Impatience is nothing but weakness, and an inability to bear pain. He that cannot wait, and suffer, is like a man who cannot keep a secret: both want firmness of soul. The greater the power of an impatient man, the more fatal to himself is
his

his impatience; he waits for nothing; he breaks through all things to gratify himself; he tears off the branches of the tree to gather the fruit before it is ripe; he breaks down the doors rather than stay to have them opened to him; he will needs reap when the wise husbandman would sow; every thing which he does is done in a hurry, and is ill done. The wisest lessons of Ulysses will not be more useful to you than his absence, and the hardships you suffer in quest of him, if you make a right use of them."

Mentor resolved to put the patience of his pupil to a last and yet severer trial. The moment the youth was running to urge the Salentine mariners to hasten their departure, that he might pursue his father, Mentor suddenly stopped him, and told him it was time to offer a sacrifice

fice to Minerva. Telemachus readily executed what Mentor desired.

As soon as the sacrifice was ended, he followed Mentor into the gloomy paths of a neighbouring forest, where he suddenly perceived that the face of his friend assumed a new form. The wrinkles of his brow disappear. His hollow and severe eyes are suddenly changed into eyes of a celestial azure, and filled with divine fire. His white and uncouth beard vanishes. Noble and majestic features, tempered with sweetness and grace, present themselves to the dazzled eyes of Telemachus. He beholds the visage of a woman with a complexion more beautiful than a tender flower just unfolded to the sun; the whiteness of the lily blending with the crimson of the opening rose. Eternal youth blooms on her face. An ambrosial

sial

sial odour is diffused from her flowing tresses. Her vestments glitter like the lively colours with which the rising sun paints the dusky vaults of heaven, and gilds the clouds. In her hand she holds a glittering spear; her voice is sweet and mild, but strong and insinuating; all her words are darts of fire, which pierce the very soul of Telemachus, and make him feel a pleasing kind of pain. On her helmet is seen the solitary bird of wisdom, and on her breast glitters the formidable ægis, that makes even the gods tremble. By these marks Telemachus knows Minerva.

“O goddess,” he exclaimed, “it is you yourself then who have deigned to conduct the footsteps of the son of Ulysses, for the sake of his father!” He would have proceeded, but his voice failed

failed him. The presence of the goddess overpowered him, and he fell prostrate, without being able to utter a single word.

At length Minerva spoke: "Son of the wise Ulysses," she said, "hear me for the last time! I have never instructed any mortal with so much care as I have instructed you. I have preserved you through shipwrecks, in unknown countries, and through every danger that can try the heart of man. You, like your father, have encountered every evil, and you are now worthy to tread in his steps. Go, Telemachus; you will have a short and easy passage from hence to Ithaca, where Ulysses is already arrived. Assist him in fight, obey him like the meanest of his subjects, and be an example to others. Fly luxury, pomp, and extravagance; place



Minerva discovering herself.

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place your glory in simplicity ; let your good deeds be the ornaments of your person and palace ; let them be the guards which surround you, and let every body learn of you wherein virtue and true honour consist. Be particularly upon your guard against the faults to which you are most prone—be jealous and suspicious only of yourself. And, O Telemachus, fear the gods ! This fear is the greatest treasure of the human heart ; it comes, attended by wisdom, justice, peace, joy, unmixed pleasures, and spotless glory. I leave you, O son of Ulysses ! but my wisdom shall never forsake you.”

As the goddess ceased to speak she sprung into the air, and involved herself in a gold and azure cloud, in which she disappeared. Telemachus sighing, amazed

ed

ed and transported, again threw himself prostrate on the earth, and lifted up his hands to heaven in fervent adoration.

When every trace of the goddesses had totally disappeared, Telemachus rose. He summoned the mariners, went on board the vessel, and speedily arrived at Ithaca, where he joyfully knelt at the feet of his father, who was already restored to his kingdom and his queen Penelope.

THE END.

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