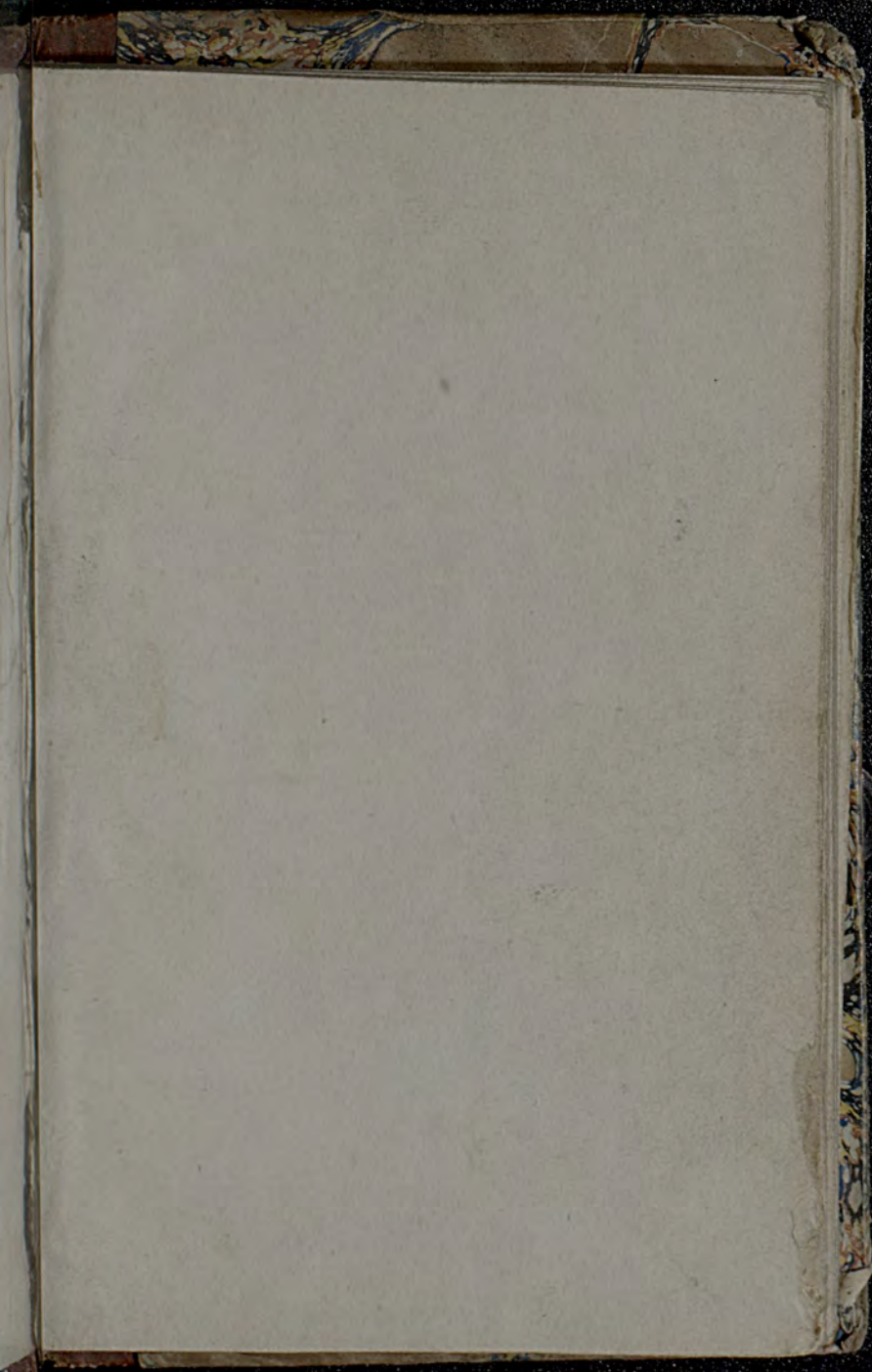
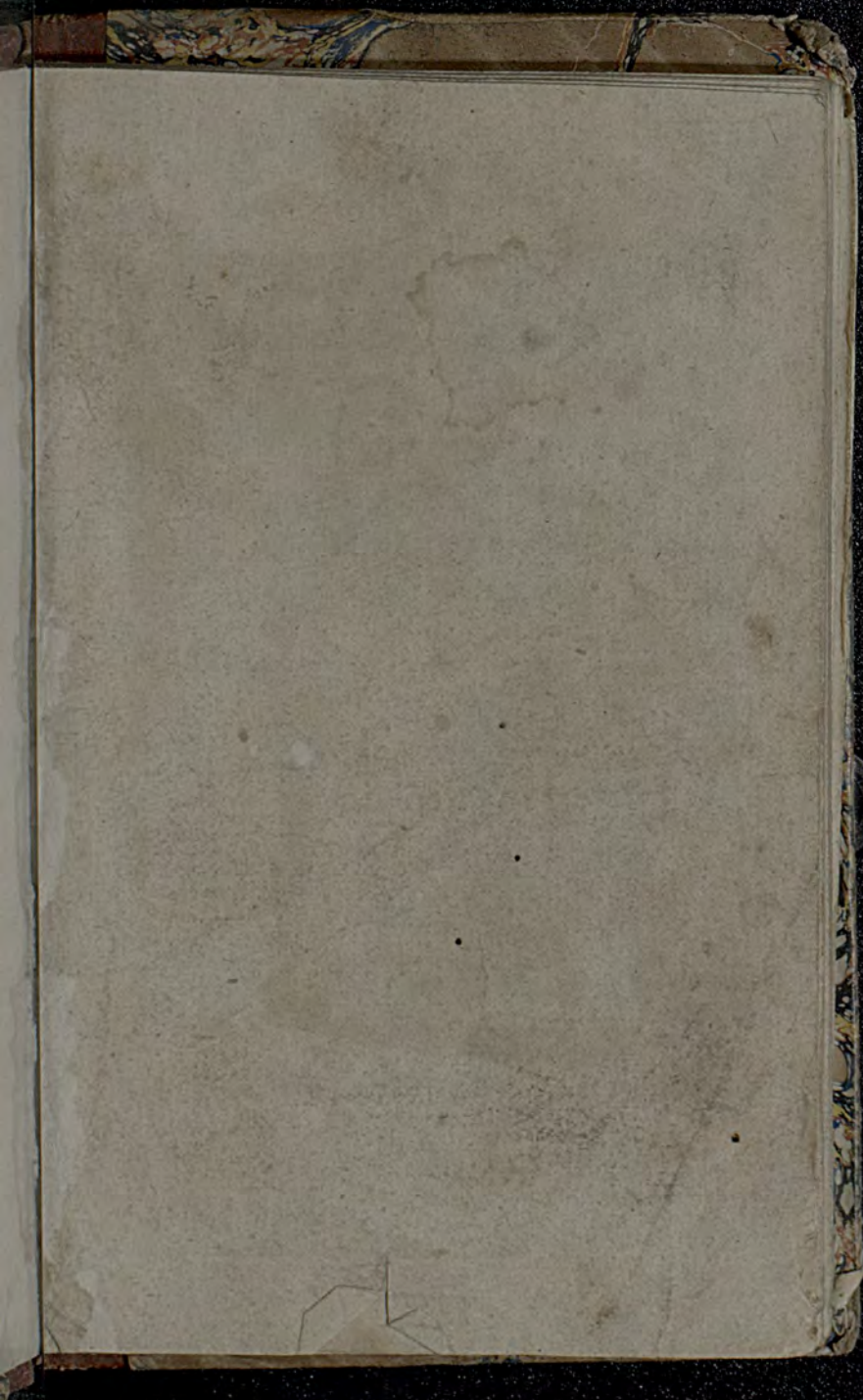


MORAL ...
TBC (SB)



28.



Amantor & Emma.

P. 51.



Barton Sc.

*He turned, and saw two of the most beautiful
nymphs eyes ever beheld.*

MORAL
AND
ENTERTAINING
STORIES,
FOR YOUTH:

SELECTED BY A FRIEND.

Embellished with a Frontispiece.

UXBRIDGE:

Printed and Sold by T. Lake.

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Yard, and Champante and Whitrow, Jewry Street,
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MOORE

EVERETT

STORIES

NOT FORGOTTEN

EDITED BY A. D. MOORE

Illustrated with a new design

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Albany

1864

MORAL STORIES.

DISSIPATION.

THE father of Henry died before his son saw the light; and the maternal fondness of his mother, whom he was an only child, was rendered conspicuous by the many indulgences of his infancy. At ten years old he was sent for education to a boarding-school in the vicinity of London: but the pockets of Henry being better supplied than those of any other boy in the school, he thereby found means to exonerate himself from the drudgeries of learning, by paying

a youth for doing his exercises; whose assiduity and attention to his studies were the only hope and foundation of his future expectancies in life.

Henry remained at this seminary till he had completed his seventeenth year, and left it with a small portion of superficial learning only. His mother, Carella, having a short time previous to his leaving school experienced some frowns of fortune, was advised by several of her particular friends to article Henry to a profession, wherein the gentleman and the man of business are united: Carella accordingly placed him at a great expence with an attorney of the first eminence, and here began the misfortunes of Henry; his employer not having engaged to find him board and lodging, Carella living

at some distance from London, and Henry representing to her how necessary it was for him to be near his business, proposed taking chambers in one of the Inns; to this his mother reluctantly consented. The Temple was preferred, and here he led a life common to young men of weak minds and bad dispositions: he became a constant visitor at the theatres and opera; he was the noisy encore of the first, and the ridiculous bravissimo of the latter; being one of those triflers whose want of judgment helps to support the violation of probability, and the extravagant nonsense and buffoonery which disgraces our public exhibitions. At these places he soon became acquainted with persons equally light as himself; such beings as think

there is no necessity to be either religious or moral. He was also a mere memorandum book between coffee-house and coffee-house; and in many instances was so very ridiculous as to retail at one end of the room any little anecdote or story he had just heard at the other. In his entertainments he was prodigal, not minding what was the cost to be termed a good fellow by his companions. Carella's allowance falling very short of Henry's expences, he was arrested; and this fond mother paid his debts, under the most solemn promises from him of giving up those false pleasures which had been the means of his embarrassments.

Henry's time was about this period completed, to the great joy of his master; whose office, though infe-

rior to none in the profession, in point of business or opportunity of obtaining professional knowledge, he left with as little real understanding of the law as when he first entered its doors. But this event, however, produced a good plea for Henry to draw from his mother a sum of money to commence business with. Carella supplied him liberally, from a hope of his attention to his profession, not knowing that Henry was totally ignorant of conducting it. With a part of this supply Henry purchased a quantity of law books, which he never read; and the better to carry on his deceit, would frequently invite his mother to his chambers, when he was particularly careful to cover his tables and chairs with papers and parchments, and get

two or three of his associates in iniquity to appear in the character of clerks. This manner of proceeding entirely blinded the observation of his unsuspecting mother, who thought her son by his industry would soon be able to make up that deficiency in her property, which his former misconduct had been the cause of expending.

By assuming these appearances of diligent attention, he found means from time to time to draw considerable sums from his mother to carry on his profession, which he represented to her was daily becoming more extensive, and at the same time producing to her, accounts to a large amount against some of the first characters in the country; whom, he told her, he could not with propriety yet ask for

payment, lest he should offend them. Carella believed his representations; and by them and other insidious means he deprived his kind parent of nearly her whole property to answer the most vicious purposes.

But the time was now at hand, when slow but sure-paced justice, appeared before him; he, conscious of the wrongs he had done her, beheld the uneven balance with sullen eye and pursed-up brow,—he was arrested for a considerable sum—he sent to his mother for assistance and relief; but she alas! couldnot relieve him—the good fellows of his dissipated hours would not. He wastaken to the king's bench, where detainers to a large amount were lodged against him by the various tradesmen and others to whom he

was indebted. Here by the assistance of a brother attorney, a fellow prisoner, he acquired that low cunning and artifice he was not before master of; and at the end of eighteen months, being discharged by an insolvent act, he came again upon the public a more confirmed villain than when he entered the prison doors.

Soon after his enlargement, a gleam of fortune's flattering beam shone for the last time on his mother. A particular friend dying, bequeathed her a thousand pounds. Henry soon came to a knowledge of his mother's property; and by those persuasive arts, of which he was now perfectly a master, he prevailed on her to remove to London, and take a house eligible for carrying on his business, which he

promised to attend to with the greatest diligence. Carella lent too ready an ear to his promises and protestations; which, although delivered with apparent solemnity, were as light as the air he breathed, and lost sight of in an instant; her compliance with his wishes in this particular, laid the foundation for her complete ruin.

Henry now made all the parade of busy employment, and again deceived his devoted mother—he fell in with his former connections; which, with gaming and a mistress, soon brought him into new difficulties. His creditors were importuning; and, to satisfy their claims, Carella joined him in securities for the payment of his debts. After having put her hand to these instruments, so fatal in the se-

quel to her future peace, she thus addressed Henry—"My son, the image of a kind husband lost, behold thy mother whom thou hast reduced from a comfortable competency to a bare subsistence by your dissipation and extravagance; who, by the signature of these papers is deprived of every assistance which declining age and the infirmities of nature so necessarily stand in need of—unless you, my son, by a rectitude of conduct, by close application to business, expel the gloomy prospect now before me. Oh! my son!—" Here Henry interrupted her, with protesting how much he was bound to her for the many kindnesses he had received from her maternal hand, and that his future actions

should convince her he was not lost to gratitude.

These fair promises hushed the fears of his mother; indeed there appeared some hope of amendment in him, but it was of short duration; he returned to his vices, his extravagancies; the consequence of which was, he was removed to his old habitation the King's Bench, together with his aged and fond mother; who, happily for her, did not survive this severe change of fortune but a few days. When she was in her last extremities she desired to see her son, who coming to her bed-side, she took his hand, and, while the last tears she ever shed were falling from her eyes, exclaimed, "Oh! Henry, 'tis thou hast done this!" when, after a pause of a few

seconds, she continued, "Receive the last words of admonition from a parent, who feels at this moment more pain on your account than those which death are now inflicting on her." Here she made another short pause, and then with a distinct utterance pronounced the three following words, "reflect! reform! repent!" and fell into the friendly arms of death.

Henry's ruined situation, and his mother's death, threw him into a fever; despair sat visibly on his countenance; he lay in a languishing state some days; when an humane visitor of the prison being made acquainted with the manner he was in, went to his apartment with a view of affording him relief, and at his return thus reported of him, "I found him," said this friend

of human nature, "lying on his bed; a rushen candle (which like his life was almost out) was on a table at a small distance from him, and gave me a glimpse of this unhappy, this suffering mortal. His countenance was strongly expressive of grief. When he saw me, he immediately asked me who I was? and before I could reply to him, he said, "I do not want a doctor, my body feels no pain, 'tis my mind that's sore, very sore." After speaking these words he gave a heart-drawn sigh, and paused a few minutes. —'Where am I going! then he cried, as loud as he was able 'where am I going' he reiterated—'I feel the arresting arm of death, from which there is no escaping!—To expire with all my sins upon my head! —Oh!—'

here he was interrupted by a deep-drawn sigh, and then went on, 'but thirty years has passed over this wretched frame, and I die a victim to vice and folly—Heaven be merciful! Oh my mother! my mother!' Here he groaned as if in extreme anguish and expired.

Ye children of folly, behold the fall of this man, and shun the paths that lead to dissipation and premature death.

Perdition spreads its pleasing wiles around,
To draw the unsuspecting youth astray;
Who seems awhile to tread enchanted ground,
But wanders far from Virtue's narrow way.

The fond alluring charm at length is o'er,
The sea of black destruction opens wide;
Awhile beholds the trembler on its shore,
Then rising whelms him in its rapid tide.

CHARITY.

IN a penfive mood, I one afternoon was fitting in my apartment, which overlooks the ftreet, in order to read, as I may fay, the conditions of thofe perfons who might pafs by, in their outward appearance.—As the ftreet was but little frequented, I waited fome time before any one approached; at length I faw an old man turn the corner—in whom was depicted every mark of mifery and want.—His coat appeared almoft as aged as himfelf; what remained of the original cloth was worn thread-bare, and foiled; while the pieces with which it was patched were of different colors. The hoary locks which loofely hung

down his shoulders, the deepened wrinkles in his pallid cheeks, and the weakly tottering of his withered limbs attracted my pity, and at the same time claimed my respect. In his trembling hand he held an oaken stick, which was the chief support of his feeble body. His eyes were sorrowfully cast down, but every now and then he affectingly turned them up—and sighed, then despairingly cast them down again.—“ Ah, venerable old man !” cried I within myself, “ thou appearest to me to deserve a better fate !—I doubt not that thou hast seen happier days. Thy appearance proclaims thee a sufferer by the whim of fickle fortune. Perhaps the treachery of perfidious friends has clothed thee in that humble garb, and stamped

these tokens of sorrow on thy grief-worn countenance. Perhaps the man in whom thy confidence was placed, has betrayed thee; or, 'tis likely the smiles of the wanton have undone thee. If so, if 'tis by woman thou art thus reduced, 'tis thou alone that art guilty! for among the softer sex, worth and goodness are to be found. If then thou hast neglected virtue, to associate with its opposite; what couldst thou expect, but that misery which is the concomitant of evil? But yet perhaps thou art reduced to the apparent poverty in which I now behold thee, by the cruel extravagance of unfeeling children! They who should have been the comfort of thy life, and the solace of thy old age, may have proved the causes

of thy present woe. Ah, worthless wretches! thus to repay with pain and distress, him who laboured to procure your happiness. Is that a return for all the care and trouble he underwent to protect and provide for you, during the tender years of unable childhood?—Perhaps, while thus he lives a wandering mendicant, you insensibly riot in pleasure, and carelessly squander the wreck of his former possessions, which you have wrested from his hands!”

In the midst of my reflections, I perceived a man approaching, dressed in all the elegancies of fashion. His countenance appeared pale and sickly through intemperance: his air was insinuating and genteel. When he came up, he was petitioned for assist-

ance, with the most humble entreaties and affecting submission. Though at some little distance from them by lifting up the sash, I could distinctly hear the following address: "Have compassion upon the distress of a fellow creature, reduced to the woeful condition, in which you behold him, by accidents unforeseen and inevitable!—once I enjoyed the smiles of delusive fortune:—once I experienced her favor: but now, how sad the change! painful necessity compels me to crave that succour from others, which, in my prosperous days, it was my delight to bestow." These words drew from my eyes a sympathetic tear. But they had a different effect upon the person to whom they were addressed. With an air of insensibi-

lity, he unfeelingly replied, "I am sorry for it—but have it not in my power to help you." And with that quickened his pace, and was soon out of sight. "Ungenerous man!" cried I, "where is thy heart?—is it in thy bosom?—if so, the gelid Alps scarce equal it in hardness! but no, it is not there—it is fixt, perhaps, in the bagnio or gaming house, to which you now are hastening.—The smallest part of what, most likely, you will squander there, would have alleviated the trouble of this sorrowful petitioner: but the least share of it is denied.—Go, unfeeling man! but beware! for he that pities not the miseries of another, may one day seek for mercy in vain himself. Unthoughtful, you travel the road to

ruin, and fondly think it leads to blifs!"

I went out in order to bestow my mite to comfort the affliction of this child of misery, who loaded me with blessings. I re-entered my house, with a mind full of compassion for his grief, and a heart pierced with sorrow, that there was a man in the world who could hear a relation of it and turn insensibly away.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN Damon was sentenced, by Dionysius of Syracuse, to die on such a day, he prayed permission in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived on the impossible conditions of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the conditions, and instantly offered himself to durance in the place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly set at liberty. The king and all his courtiers were astonished at this ac-

tion, as they could not account for it on any allowed principles. Self-interest in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs; and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, and the like, as terms invented by the wise to impose upon the weak. They, therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly, to the defect of his head, merely, and no way to any virtue or quality of heart.

When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon. Having reproached him for the stupidity of his conduct, and rallied him, for presuming that Damon, by his return would prove as great a fool as himself; "My lord," said

Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, "I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But I pray I beseech the gods to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness of his honourable endeavours! and suffer him not to arrive, till by my death I have redeemed a life of a thousand times more consequence than my own, more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country, Oh, leave me not to die the worst of deaths in

my Damon." Dionysius was confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner in which they were uttered; he felt his heart struck by a flight sense of invading truth, but it served rather to perplex than to undeceive him. He hesitated he would have spoken, but he looked down and retired in silence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidst the guard, with a serious but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanour of the prisoner. Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the scaffold; and beholding for some

time the apparatus of his death, he turned with a pleased countenance, and addressed the assembly. "My prayers are heard," he cried, "You know, my friends, the winds have been contrary till yesterday, Damon could not come, he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day shall have ransomed the life of my friend. Oh, could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the mean time that my friend will be found noble, that his truth is unimpeachable, that he will speedily approve it, that

he is now on his way, hurrying on. But I haste to prevent his speed; executioner do your office." As he pronounced the last words a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard. The croud caught the words; and "stop, stop the execution!" was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a steed of foam. In an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced. "You are safe," he cried, "you are safe, my friend, my beloved, the gods be praised you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer, and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave

myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own. Pale, cold, and half speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents,—Fatal haste!—cruel impatience!—what envious powers hath wrought impossibilities in your favour?—But I will not be wholly disappointed.—Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you.

Dyonisius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched. His eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuse his assent to truths so incontestably approved by facts. He descended from his throne. He ascended the scaffold. “Live, live, ye incomparable pair! he exclaimed. Ye have borne unquestionable testi-

mony to the existence of virtue, and that virtue equally evinces the certainty of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned! and, oh, form me by your precepts, as ye have invited by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship.

CONTENTMENT.

THE sun had long since sunk behind the adjacent mountains, and the sage Ibrahim was retiring to rest, when a knocking at the door of his hermitage drew him thither; he opened, and there stood before him a youth, whose care marked visage spoke him the child of grief: "Sire," said the youth, "permit a stranger to pass the night beneath your friendly roof, till the returning morn enables him to pursue his way with safety." The hermit bid him welcome to his cot, and spread his homely board before him. Roots supplied the places of costly viands, and water from a neighbouring spring,

the place of blood-inflaming wine. The sigh, the starting tear, and all the behaviour of his guest, filled the sage with emotions of compassion; and desiring, if possible, to alleviate the pains of the stranger, he thus addressed him. "In a face so young, in a breast so untutored in this world's cares, it seems to me a wonder that sorrow is a guest; and might it not be thought a bold intrusion, I would ask the spring of these your cares; perhaps you mourn the pangs of disappointed love, the loss of some dear friend or earthly joy. Say, if your grief be of the common course, perchance my riper years may speak the wished for comfort. "Sire," replied the youth, "your kind intentions demand at

once my thanks and my compliance. My father was a merchant; in point of wealth Bagdad held not his equal; early he left me to possess his fortunes; the loss of my father was soon forgot amidst the riches, flatterers, and friends, that now surrounded me. But when reflection took place, happiness became my desire, and I vainly thought, to be rich was to be happy. I enlarged my merchandise, I trafficked to all parts of the globe, and not a wind blew into port, but it brought an increase to my store; but yet I was not happy—my desires increased my possessions, and I was yet miserable. I then determined to apply to honour, and there seek the happiness riches would not afford me. I sold

off my wares, and by dint of friends and wealth, I soon obtained a commission, and on several occasions gave proof of my valour, till I was sent by the sovereign to oppose a rebellion that had broken out in a distant province. I went, was successful, and returned in triumph, laden with honours and so much was the sultan possessed in my favor, that he offered me his daughter in marriage. Awhile I thought myself happy; but the envy of some and the artifice of others, soon convinced me of my error. I now resolved to quit public life, and to seek in pleasure the happiness hitherto unknown. My palace now became the scene of continued delights; the richest viands were daily on my

table, the most costly liquors sparkled in my bowl, and the beauties of all nations adorned my seraglio, in short my life was a continued round of pleasure. But alas! frequent debauchery impaired my health, and the diversions of the night embittered the reflections of the morning. I now was determined to quit my home, and seek in solitude and retirement, that happiness I had hitherto sought in vain, and which I am at times inclined to believe, is no more than the object of creative fancy. For this purpose I consigned to the care of a friend all my possessions, and was on the search after a proper place of retirement, when night overtook me and I implored the shelter of your hospitable roof."

Here paused the youth, and thus the sage began. "The object of your pursuit indeed is good, and your not hitherto attaining it, arises not from its non-existence, but from your error in the pursuit of it. Happiness, my son, hath not its seat in honour, pleasure, or riches to be happy is in the power of every individual; to all the great All-wise has given wisely, and those who receive what he gives with thankfulness and content, are alone happy. Return then, my son, to thy possessions, employ the power of doing good lent by thy Creator, and know that contentment is the substance, happiness her shadow, those who have the one, possess the other." The words of the sage sunk deep in the breast of

the stranger; he retired to rest in peace, and in the morn he returned again to his house, where he witnessed the truth of Ibrahim's advice; and embracing every method to do good, he lived in peace and tranquility, and experienced that to be content, is to be happy.

PIETY.

AT the foot of the stupendous mountain of Kaf, in a grotto, formed by the hand of nature, and surrounded by groves of orange and citron trees, lived the pious Hermit ABOULOU.

In the service of Alla, his days had been spent, and at the age of fourscore he retired to this spot, to pass the evening of his existence in tranquillity and peace.

Within the mountain of Kaf, which is the highest in the world, dwell the evil genii, who delight to persecute

the followers of Mahomet. — But Aboulou was preserved from their malice, by having in his possession darts lighted by the everlasting flame of the sun, which, when cast at evil genii, instantly entered the head, and set fire to the brain, never more to be extinguished.

One evening as the venerable sage was walking by the flowery side of a meandering stream, which took its rise near his cool grot, enjoying the fresh breeze, and contemplating the beauties of nature, on a sudden he was alarmed by the cries of distress; and, looking towards the top of the mountain, he beheld the good genius FACCARASSA engaged in dreadful combat with the evil genius HASSARABOUSAL.

Faccaraffa in vain resisted the superior strength of her antagonist, and was nearly overpowered; when, swift as the living lightning, the dart of Aboulou entered his brain, and it burnt with an unquenchable flame. Unable to support the torment, the vile Haffaraboufal breathed forth dreadful howlings, loud as the voice of the thunder raised by Alla, when the impieties of men call down his terrible vengeance. At length the tortures of the burning wound becoming insupportable, the son of darkness cast himself from the top of the rock: but the fate of death was not his:—liquid fire received him, which gave all the agonies attendant on dissolution, but, alas! not its relief.

Faccarassa, perceiving herself free, turned to her deliverer, and thus addressed him. "The exemplary life of the pious Aboulou has not passed unnoticed by the eternal Alla, who, well pleased with the conduct of his faithful servant, will bestow a rich and blessed reward.—But as the period of thy human existence is not yet arrived, prepare thy mind to undergo a trial that awaits thee. Alla, in his love, has permitted me to give thee this warning: but take comfort—and thy trust in his power shall prove thy deliverance."

The Hermit fell prostrate on the earth, to express his obedience to the will of Alla; when rising, he missed his friendly monitor, but looking up-

ward, on the sound of soft music, which seemed as if “failing on the bosom of the air,” he perceived the glittering robe of the genius shining through a silver cloud which had inclosed her, and, rising, at length entered the blue canopy, which at that bright moment covered the face of smiling nature.

The resigned Aboulou, instantly took the Koran from his bosom, wherein its treasures were deposited, and read the consoling words of the Prophet with such attention, that he observed not departing day, until the shades of the evening warned him to return to his grotto.—But ere he had proceeded half way down the mountain, total darkness encompassed him.

The evil genii, intent on his destruction, opened a dreadful chasm, and he fell into an abyfs of horror ! For a moment the frailty of humanity prevailed, and he arraigned the juſtice of Alla !—when he was inſtantly ſurrounded by an hoſt of infernals, breathing from their ſooty mouths volumes of that flame which is doomed for ever to torment them.

And now, a genius of ſuperior port approached towards the trembling Hermit, and thus addreſſed him :
 “ Miserable and devoted mortal, thy accuſed darts have ſent numbers of our race to hopeleſs perdition ;—but now, ſilver-headed hypocrite, thou art in our power ;—thou haſt at length arraigned the juſtice of Alla, there-

fore art thou given up to be tormented by those who will exercise every art in inventing, if possible, new torments to afflict thee.—But yet thou canst prevent thy fate, by becoming our brother:—curse Alla! and curse his prophet! and thou shalt be second in our empire, and possess dignity and state. Accept instantly our offered terms, or expect the most dreadful tortures:—accept, and rise to elevated power: or reject and sink to hopeless misery!”

The power of Alla still protected his erring servant, and, tho’ encompassed by the fiends of darkness and the shadow of death, returning fortitude visited the bosom of the repentant Aboulou; who, with a stern

countenance, replied, " Accursed tribe! that I deserve punishment I confess, with sorrow; to the power I have offended, but I trust Alla will support me in every trial. Know then, that Aboulou will never curse the Author of his being. "

At this moment the evil genii produced their chains, and were advancing towards their supposed victim, when lo! lightnings, not raised by themselves, flashed around them! Alla's own thunder rolled!—the Kaf opened with a horrid yawn! and Mahomet, attended by good genii, appeared in all his glory! Abashed, confounded, and dismayed, the rebellious and condemned tribe to avoid his presence, rushed into the lake of

fire; when Mahomet, turning to the astonished Hermit, thus addressed him:—"Aboulou! the piety of thy life, and innocence of thy heart have preserved thee to the close of thy earthly pilgrimage;—I am therefore commissioned by Alla to tell thee, that from this moment thou art immortal!" Mahomet waved his wand!—thunder rolled from pole to pole!—the mountain with its inhabitants, sunk for ever!—whilst Mahomet, Aboulou, and the good genii ascended towards the heavens.

AMANTOR and EMMA.

AMANTOR was a youth whose beauty and sweetness of disposition made him admired and beloved by all who knew him. He seemed to be of a superior race of beings to the rest of the inhabitants of the village. His dutiful behaviour and refined piety frequently drew tears of joy from his affectionate parents, who were worthy, honest people. Their habitation was a humble cottage, rather detached from the rest of the village. It was situated on the side of a hill, adorned with a fine hanging wood, where a variety of birds, pouring forth

the melody of their little throats, charmed the ear with a most delightful concert; while a clear stream, gliding in murmurs by the bottom of the hill, completed a most romantic pleasing scene. On the other side of the brook were fertile meadows, whose rich pasturage furnished the lowing herds with milk and fattened the innocent sheep.

When each of the rural inhabitants had finished the labours of the day, they amused themselves with cultivating their little garden, or the old people sat down on their grassy seat, over which hung, in sweet irregularity, a flaunting woodbine, to listen to their son, who trilling his artless notes upon a shepherd's pipe, made the wood re-echo with the sound. After which having eat their

homely meal which the labour of the day made them relish, they gratefully praised their great Author and Preserver and retired to rest. Sleep, though oft a stranger in palaces, seldom fails to attend the humble cottager, who, when thus refreshed from the labours of yesterday, rises with fresh vigour to those of to-day. So passed the time of this virtuous pair and their amiable son; but their recluse way of life did not secure them from afflictions: no; they had had them, and severe ones too.

They lost, when at an engaging age, a charming daughter. Emma, (the name of the little innocent) when her father and mother were busily employed, said, "I will go to my brother, and hear him play upon his pipe while he

keeps his sheep.”—“Do,” said the affectionate mother: “Amantor will take care of you.”—Away tripped the charming Emma, all mirth and gaiety, and her unsuspecting parent continued her employment.

Amantor returned in the evening, and as he entered the cottage said—Where is my little sister?—I have brought her a bird.”

“Heaven!” said the astonished parents, “protect my child! Have you not seen her?—She left us this morning to go, she said, to you!”

“Oh! I have not seen her!” said the afflicted Amantor, bursting into tears. They then looked in vain for her in the wood, in the meadows, and in the vil-

lage, but no Emma could they find. They then concluded she must have fallen into the brook and been drowned.

The afflicted parents refused all consolation, till the lenient hand of time, and Christian resignation to the will of the Most High, alleviated their griefs.

Amantor was now eighteen, benevolence beamed in his fine blue eyes, and when he spoke the Graces danced upon his lips, the rose and lily decked his cheeks, and his fine flaxen hair hung negligently down his back, in the most graceful ringlets. He was one afternoon going through the wood in search of a lamb that had left his flock, and he heard the voice

of two females, who seemed as if they had lost their way. He turned, and saw two of the most beautiful nymphs eyes ever beheld. A native grace sat fair proportioned on their polished limbs. Their dresses were white muslin, loose and flowing, but tied up on the sides with pink ribbons. They wore on their heads wreaths of flowers, and straw hats carelessly stuck on one side. The elegant simplicity of their dress, and the sweetness that appeared in their countenances, could not fail to fill the young shepherd, who had never before seen such accomplished loveliness, with surprise and admiration; nor were the two young females less surprised at seeing the beautiful Amantor.

One of the lasses, who seemed to be the eldest, approached Amantor, and said, "Young shepherd, the sweetness of your looks has dissipated the uneasiness I should otherwise have felt at thus addressing a stranger. That young lady and myself strolled out to enjoy the sweetness of the evening, and coming too far into this wood, we have lost our way, and may we hope you will shew us into a path that will conduct us home. My father lives at a mansion-house, about, I believe, two miles from this place, and he will, I am sure, reward your care and civility."—

"I shall think myself sufficiently rewarded in relieving you, ladies, from your uneasiness," said Amantor,

“but I fear it is now too late, and you are too much tired to think of returning home to night. My father and mother live in a cottage at the bottom of this hill, and there you will, I am sure, be welcome to the best bed and repast our homely condition will afford.”

By this time the other young lady had reached them. Amantor looked at her with attention; he felt unusual delight, and his bosom glowed with the most pleasing sensations. He conducted them to the cottage, where they were received by the old man and woman with the greatest hospitality. They were much delighted with the situation of the place.

"I could with pleasure leave the gay world," said one of the young ladies, and retire to this cottage. I think one could not fail to be happy."

"Alas!" said the old man, "you are yet too young to know the misfortunes that attend this life."

"True," replied the young lady; "but in this peaceful habitation, and with such a son as your's, your days must pass serene and unclouded."—Amantor bowed.

"My son is, indeed, a blessing," said the old man; "but we had once a daughter!"—"And where is she?" interrupted the young lady. He then described his daughter, and the fatal accident that they thought had deprived them of her, and then added—"I shall never see my Emma more!"

“Forbid it, heaven!” said the young lady, who had listened with great attention, springing up, and throwing her arms round his neck, “in me behold your Emma---your child---your ever dutiful daughter!”

Words cannot paint the joy of this truly happy family!---Amantor now accounted for the sensation he felt at seeing her. But far different were those he felt for the charming Matilda!

After the first effusions of joy were over, they begged to know by what accident they had met with her.

“My father and myself,” said Matilda, “were walking one evening, and we saw a sweet young girl sitting crying upon a bank of flowers. The

tears that trickled down her infant cheeks, excited both our pity and attention. We asked what she cried for? She replied she could not find her way home. We then asked who was her father and mother? She said she could not tell. Finding she was not likely to inform us where we might return her to her parents, my father resolved to take her home, and as I have no sisters, we have been educated together and loved each other as such." The old man and woman were much rejoiced at this account. After partaking of a rural repast, the cottagers and their guests retired to rest.

Amantor for the first time in his life, was prevented from sleeping by

the impresson the beautiful young woman had made upon his heart, nor was Matilda less pleased with Amantor. The next morning the young lasses and their guide Amantor, walked to the mansion, where they were received with no small pleasure, by Matilda's father, and her brother Edwin. They were both surpris'd and rejoic'd at the adventure of the preceding evening, and begged Amantor would make some stay with them.

During Amantor's visit, Matilda's charms operated so powerfully, that one day as they were walking, he ventured to disclose his passion, and was happy to find that Matilda return'd it with equal fervor.

As soon as she had an opportunity,

she flew to Emma to tell her; but how surpris'd was she to find her brother Edwin had been telling the same tender tale to Emma, who had listened to it with equal attention and pleasure. Edwin then mentioned the affair to his father, who, far from making objections to Amantor and Emma's want of fortune, said, "their virtue is sufficient riches, and they are indeed worthy my Edwin and Matilda."

He then propos'd, that they should live in his mansion, to which they readily agreed. After this, he made the old man and woman a present, which enabled them to pass the rest of their days without labour. Some time after, the young couples were

united, who flourished long in tender
 blifs, and raised a numerous offspring,
 lovely like themselves, and good, the
 grace of all the country round.

AMBITION.

TH E hand of munificence had poured on the head of Usbek all the blessings which this world can bestow. Abbas, the mighty sovereign of the East, before whose throne the world pays homage, had made him governor of a region beauteous as Paradise, and fertile above all others. Nothing was wanting to complete his felicity but the inward serenity of conscious virtue—the soft whispers of the angel of peace. Usbek, therefore, amidst the glare of magnificence and pomp of power, was a prey to the violence

of ungovernable passions. The glittering pinnacles of ambition dazzled the eyes of his frailty; he viewed the summit with exultation, and thirsted with insatiable desire of arbitrary sway. The power of subduing temptation became less in proportion as he viewed the prospect of success, till at length he resolved, by whatever means, to gratify his criminal propensity. Impelled by some evil genius, he raised the hand of rebellion against the life of that sovereign who had exalted him to dignity and honour, and seated himself on the throne of his power. The soul of Ufbek was now flattered by the adulation of the abject; the proud were humbled in the dust before him, and the sovereigns of mighty

kingdoms paid homage at his feet. The arrow of affliction had not yet wounded his bosom, and he exulted in the grandeur which surrounded him: but short are the triumphs of iniquity; they pass away like the shaft that flieth in the dark, and are seen no more. The transitory gratification of despotic power became familiar by habit, and the former perturbation of his mind returned.

He was sitting alone in one of the apartments of his seraglio, and arraigned the justice of providence as envying him the happiness he so eagerly sought. The past afforded no consolation; the present was without enjoyment; and the future without hope. Such was the situation of Us-

bek, when an eunuch with all the
 marks of frenzy and despair, rushed
 into the apartment, and exclaimed,
 "pardon, mighty sultan of the east,
 the liberty of thy slave; thy favourite
 Roxana"... "Presumptuous wretch!"
 cried Ufbeck, in all the bitterness of
 anger, "who thus unbidden durst"...
 He could say no more; rage stopped
 his utterance; when stamping with
 his foot upon the ground, the minis-
 ters of his will appeared before him.
 "Drag hence," said he, "that victim
 of my displeasure, and let him suffer
 the punishment due to his temerity."
 They had no sooner obeyed his man-
 date, than sudden darkness surround-
 ed him, and an awful voice thundered
 from the cloud that caused it, "Us-

bek, hitherto thou hast lived for thyself alone ! thou hast sacrificed the sultan thy master to the insatiable lust of power, and now thou condemnest thy servant without a cause. But know that the decrees of heaven are not to be infringed to gratify the caprice of a tyrant ; and that the weakness of mortality must necessarily be crushed when it stands in opposition to the arm of Omnipotence. Thou hast broken through the order of nature by aspiring to that throne which was designed for another ; that throne, therefore, which thou hast unjustly usurped, has proved the source of perpetual disappointment. It is still in thy power to repent ; profit by the precious opportunity, and beware lest

that being, who by a single beam of his effulgence irradiates the universe, involve thee in that abyfs of misery where thy torments fhall increafe to all eternity, and aggravated horrors reduce thee to endless defpair!"

As foon as the first emotions of terror and aftonifhment had fubfided, Ufbek, ftruck with fudden remorse, rufhed forth in order to prevent the execution of his command. But it was too late; the vital fpark, which no violence can extinguifh, had flown for ever. The fultan therefore returned to his apartment in gloomy difappointment; and, throwing himfelf on a fofa, again mufed on the wretchednefs of his condition. "What then," exclaimed he, "availeth the

power of Ufbek, if he may not, without reproof, sacrifice the slave who has offended him?" Unable to support the thought, he arose in haste, and entered the apartment of Roxana, in order to drown the recollection of his misery in the society of his favourite sultana. He had paid no attention to the last word of the eunuch whom he had sacrificed to his resentment. He therefore now expected to gratify a passion which he had long restrained. A gleam of hope played around his breast as he entered the apartment; but what were the transports of his rage when he found it deserted! He called the attendants of Roxana with a voice of thunder: they instantly obeyed the summons;

and in tears deprecated his wrath, affirming that they knew not what was become of their mistress. Ufbek uttered the most horrid imprecations, and threatened to sacrifice them without delay if they did not instantly inform him by what means she had escaped. As they were really ignorant of her flight, their answers were unsatisfactory; and Ufbek was about to put his menaces into execution, when he was prevented by a tumult from without, which suspended the effects of his anger. Upon enquiring the cause, he was informed by Ozim, the vizier, who in vain had sought him through all the apartments of his seraglio, that one of the governors of his provinces had secretly stirred up

the people to revolt, and at that moment, was attempting to force the gates of the palace. The rage of Ufbek was now redoubled, his eyes sparkled with fury, his limbs trembled, and he rushed forward to the gate in all the frenzy of despair. He was scarcely prevented by Ozim from attempting to revenge with his single arm the disobedience of his subjects. In the agony of his mind he flew to one of the windows of the palace, on that side where the multitude were assembled, and demanded in incoherent expressions, the reason of the mutiny. The rebels were struck dumb at the sight of their monarch, and let fall their weapons. But the usurper now beheld his rival

encouraging them to proceed and resume their arms. Unable to endure perfidy in another who was only adopting those measures which had enthroned their guilty Ufbek, he once more rushed towards the gate, and commanded it to be opened. He was obeyed, and instantly laid two of the conspirators dead at his feet. But now sudden darkness obscured the sun, the air thundered, and a voice thus issued from the bursting clouds :
“ Hear all ye nations the decrees of the Most High ! know your weakness and adore in silence that power who governs all things by his will. Shall mortality prescribe laws to omnipotence ? Shall the reptile of the dust aspire to the government of the uni-

verse? Shall the children of infirmity ascend the heights of ambition; and shall they not feel the storm that rages at the summit? Shall man aspire to rule without control, and shall he escape the vengeance due to his rashness and folly? Though heaven protects the innocent from wrong, and rewards the fidelity of the virtuous, shall he gratify the arrogance of impiety and presumption? Know then, that vice and usurpation are no longer permitted to exist, when they become ineffectual to forward the designs of Providence. Listen to the admonitions of superior wisdom, and wait the event without murmur or complaint." Whilst the genius thus spake, the attention of the multitude

was suspended in silence, like the calm ocean after the violence of a storm. When he had ended the clouds dispersed, and the glorious orb of day shone forth in all the majesty of light. Usbek and the rebel chief now appeared lifeless on the ground, stabbed by an unknown hand. The multitude were proceeding to treat with ignominy the corpse of him whose very shadow made them tremble when alive, but another object demanded their attention.

A stranger appeared in a chariot at a distance, and Roxana by his side. They approached; and the stranger rising from his seat, thus gratified the curiosity of the crowd: "That Being who animates all nature with

his presence, let all the nations of the world adore ! Ye behold before you Aluzar, the descendant of the mighty Abbas, at the foot of whose throne the kingdoms of the East paid homage. When the angel of death visited my father by the hand of Usbek, I fled from the violence of the usurper, and concealed myself in impenetrable solitudes. There, the disciple of meditation, I gave myself up to the duties of devotion, and learned to estimate this life by the hope of immortality. One morning, ere the sun had exhaled the dews of heaven, as I walked out to gather the scanty provision which the desert affords, I perceived the prints of human feet upon the grass. I had not proceeded far before

I beheld the beauteous Roxana, whom my father had destined as the comfort of my bed. By her I was informed that she had been preserved by a superior power from violence; that he had transported her to that desert, and bade her wait with resignation the disposal of heaven. The same friendly power has punished the usurper, and led us hither to claim the throne of our ancestors." The son of Abbas was going to proceed in his narrative, but was interrupted by reiterated shouts of wonder and applause, and he was proclaimed sovereign of the East, by the united voice of the multitude. These events are recorded in order that posterity may learn, that

Ambition unchecked by Virtue is a
consuming flame, preying upon the
heart, which is governed only by the
dictates of cruelty and oppression.

The CASTLE of ERASMUS,

Or BERTRAND and ELIZA.

THE pipe was mute in the vallies,
and the hills were no longer responsive to the vocal reed.---Three years had elapsed since the young and generous Bertrand was assassinated by Caled, near the Castle of Erasmus, his lance hung inverted on his tomb, and his honours were mingled with the dust of his fathers.

“O when shall my sufferings have an end, and the grief-worn frame return to its kindred clay?—Never

shall thy lovely image be erased from my memory ; thy virtues are engraven on my heart !" It was the voice of Eliza, offering her evening orisons at the shrine of her beloved Bertrand.

Silence held her still domain throughout the fertile plains, save where the distant watch-dog mark'd the rural hamlet. Cynthia had gained the summit of the azure throne, and smiled in lucid majesty o'er the blue expanse. All nature aided the solemnity ! A row of aged oaks led to a cluster of spreading firs, which discovered a marble sepulchre adorned with military trophies. The beautiful Eliza, amiable in sorrows, and patient in affliction, graced the awful

scene. She was kneeling in a posture of adoration and prayer, her sable garment hung loose in melancholy folds, and mingled with her auburn tresses; the round tear of affliction stood in her languid eye, and the cypress groves reiterated the sighs of a broken heart.

In the midst of her orisons, Clifford (by whose command the assassination of Bertrand was perpetrated) appeared before the sorrowful Eliza. Rage instantly kindled in her cheek, and reproaches burst from her lips. "Dar'st thou, *perfidious* and *prophane*, approach this hallowed place? Ye Gods! where are your avenging bolts? Why sleeps the thunder when this wretch draws near? Dost thou

not fear the anger of almighty power?
Or is thy heart more hard than adamant, leagued with demons of revenge to ward the stroke of justice?"

"Chide not too lovely fair one," (replied the repentant Clifford); "it was love for thee that drove me on to madness: I beheld a favoured rival in the happy Bertrand; I considered life, *without thee*, as an ocean opposed to incessant tempests, but *with thee* all that heaven *could bestow*, or *I could wish*. I vainly thought one bar alone remained between me and my fancied joys: in a rash moment I employed the cursed Caled to execute my fell design; he obey'd, took his reward, and fled, since which time peace has been banished from the breast of

Clifford, and soon must the cold hand of death bring him to an expiation of his crimes."

"And dost thou talk of Love, abhorred assassin? thou who hast laid low the image of perfection: my Bertrand was the first, and shall be the last, my bleeding heart has ever own'd. Hear me, beloved shade! and witness for me all ye cherubs watching round his tomb, ne'er shall Eliza taste of pleasure more till we again shall meet in fields of joy: then, shall the rays of endless peace and love dispel the earthly mists of pain and woe." Eliza again prostrated herself before the shrine, and Clifford, dejected, returned through the avenue to the castle.

Alwin, furnamed the good (who was then on the throne) hearing of the sorrows of Eliza, resolved to undertake the cause of injured innocence, by offering a considerable reward to the Champion who would meet Clifford, in single combat. The time of the approaching tournaments drew on apace, at length the day arrived appointed for the cause of Eliza. The Circus was crowded with spectators. The king was seated beneath a canopy adorned with the riches of the east, and the constant fair one sat at his right hand ;---every eye was centred on one object--the injured Eliza ! Clifford appeared in the lists,--and the trumpet was thrice founded---a stranger instantly appeared, and ac-

cepted the challenge; his helmet of massy gold covered his face, it was studded with diamonds, and the nodding plumes shook defiance to his foe; his armour of exquisite workmanship, darted a splendid radiance throughout the circus, and the blood-red cross on his breast displayed a knight zealous in the christian cause. The dignity of his appearance, the symmetry of his shape, and the graceful manner with which he took up the glove charmed every beholder. Clifford, all trembling, approached and thus addressed the multitude. "You see before you a wretch destined by the hand of fate, to meet eternal vengeance: fall I must, if not by the sword of my accuser, the weight of

my own sins must soon bring me with sorrow to the grave." The martial trumpets again flourish'd, and the champions engaged.—For some time the victory was doubtful, till at length the powerful arm of the stranger laid the lofty Clifford in the dust, and the circus re-echoed with repeated acclamations. His wound was mortal, and his friends gathered around him, even the injured Eliza sympathized in the tears shed on the dying penitent.—While the crowd was attentive to the departing Clifford, a man muffled in a pilgrim's habit pressed forward, and throwing open his garment, thus addressed the vanquished champion.—
 "Thou man of sorrows, behold in this disguise the person of Caled,

once thy vassal, at whose command I undertook the murder of the worthy Bertrand, if thou hast enough of life to hear the event, attend and learn:" The eyes of Clifford were nearly set in night, but agitated by a thousand emotions, seemed to express a desire to hear the narrative of Caled, who thus proceeded,---" Urged by your intreaties and the hopes of gain, I approached the wood where Bertrand was wrapt in pious meditation: though bribed to murder, and bent on the horrid purpose, I relented, and discovered my intent to the gallant youth, whom I pressed to depart. I have since heard that he rendered himself famous on the plains of Palestine, by inlisting in the Holy War.

You insisted on my privately burying the corpse in the grove leading to the Castle of Erasmus; this I told you was performed, and the amiable Eliza caused a superb shrine to be erected to his memory. I received my reward and fled;--disguised in a pilgrim's habit, I followed Bertrand to Jerusalem, but my search was vain, for soon I heard that Bertrand was no more:--Flush'd with success, he joined the Croises led by gallant Richard, he met the shaft of death before the walls of Cyprus." Hope, horror and despair, alternately reigned in the bosom of Eliza during the narrative, at the conclusion of which she fell apparently lifeless at the feet of the victor. The champion lifting up his helmet

caught her in his arms, "Behold, (cried the stranger), one whose soul is linked to thine,--revive thou paragon of excellence.---'Tis *Bertrand* calls thee back to *life* and *love*!" At the well known name *Eliza* awakened from her trance, and after gazing some time with speechless admiration, at length articulated:--"It is--it is--my long lost *Bertrand*!" Clifford lived but a few moments after the discovery--he received the pardon of the injured pair, and closed his eyes in peace. *Bertrand* turned to the astonished *Caled*, and embraced him as a friend, every eye sparkled with joy, and every heart participated in the happiness of *Bertrand* and *Eliza*.

It is recorded in the annals of the

Castle, that Virtue shall meet her reward, and Vice be humbled at her feet.

After paying the funeral rites to the manes of the unfortunate Clifford, the nuptials were consummated, in the utmost stile of magnificence at Alwin's palace. Eliza by degrees recovered her native bloom, Love glistened in her eye, and the roses revelled in her cheek. Bertrand again displayed his trophies in the hall of the Castle, and again assumed the hero !

The pipe once more gladden'd the vallies, and the hills were rendered vocal by the responsive notes of the reed. Peace spread her airy wings

athwart the verdant plains, and the vaulted roofs, reverberated the found of the harp, in the happy Castle of Erasmus.

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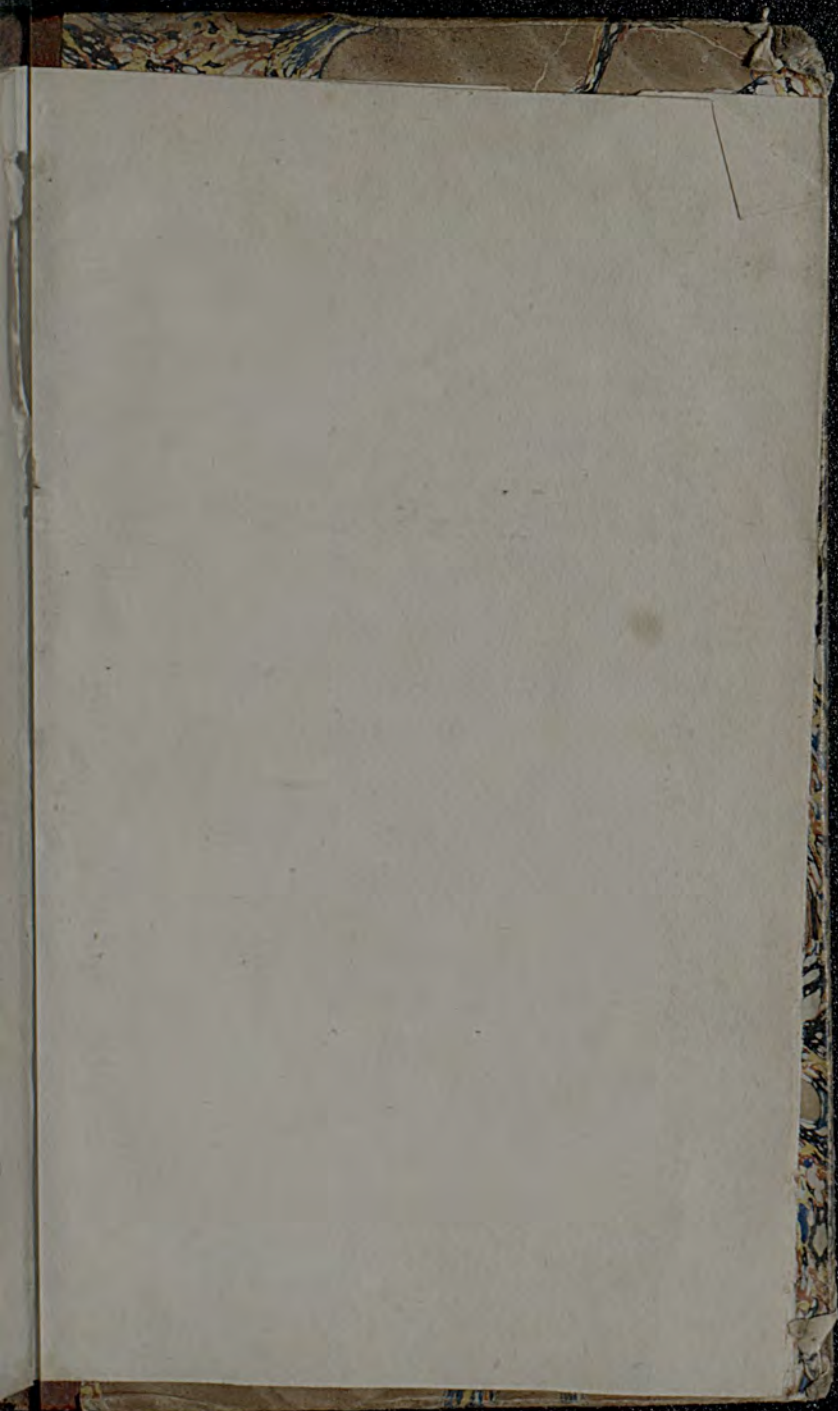
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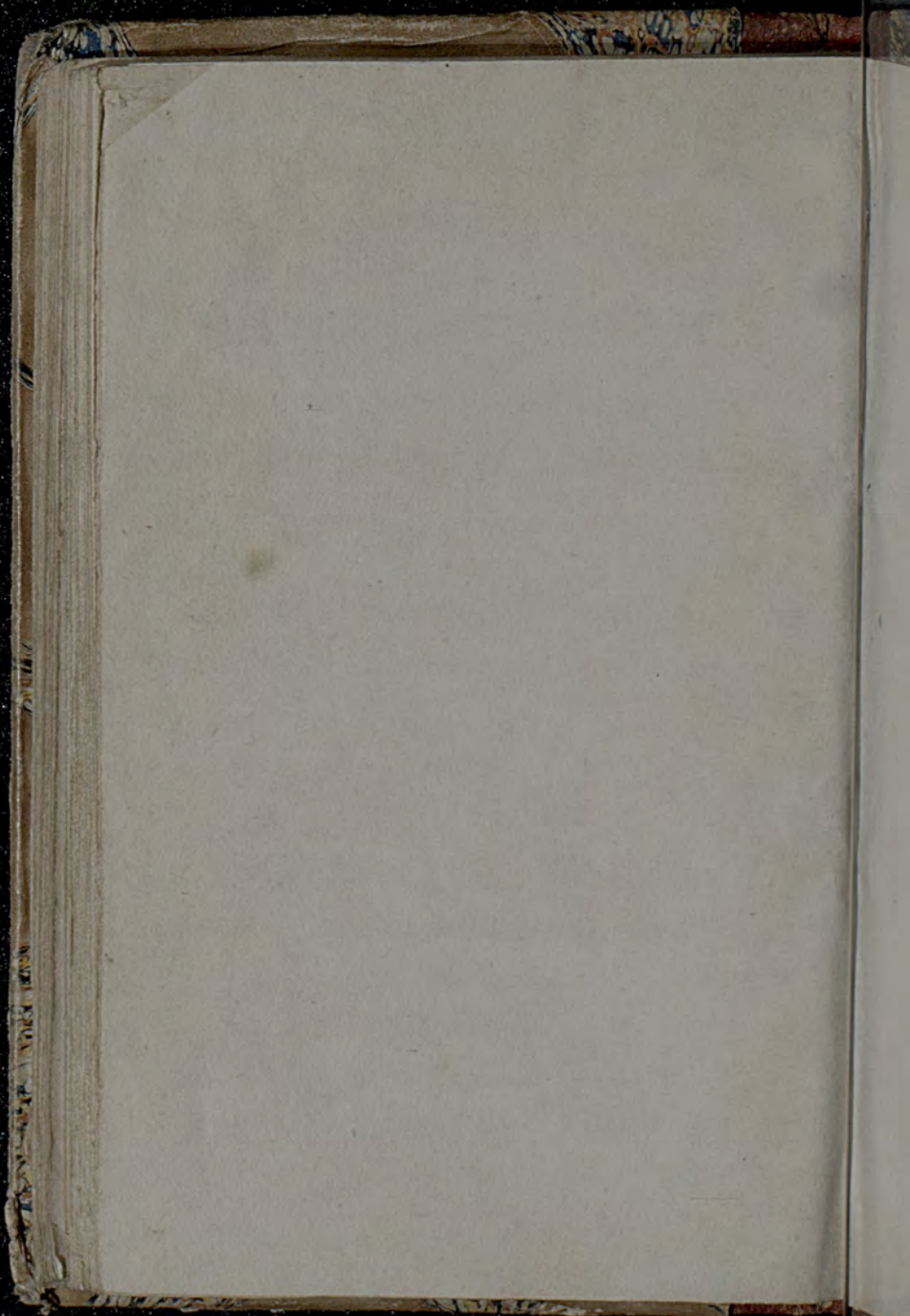
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