



LARGE ALPHABET.



A B C D E

F G H I J

K L M N

O P Q R S

T U V W

X Y Z &

FIGURES.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



No. 11.

L 20

DAMON  
AND  
DORCAS,  
OR THE  
RURAL OECONOMISTS.

DAMON was a native of Megaris, and of an illustrious family in Greece, a brave and heroic young man, but too fond of grandeur, whose expensive living plunged him in a sea of troubles, and obliged him to fly with his wife Dorcas, to a country seat on the sea shore. Dorcas was highly esteemed for her wit and deportment, and had been addressed by many of superior fortune to Damon, but his merit



determined her choice. Damon could have borne with less impatience, the severest frowns of fortune, had he suffered alone; and Dorcas, with concern, observed, that her presence augmented the pains of unhappy Damon. Their greatest comfort arose from the reflection, that heaven had blessed them with two children, beauteous as the Graces. The son's name was Clodio, and the daughter's Phebe: Clodio, in his air and mein, was unaffected, soft, and engaging; yet his aspect was noble, bold and commanded respect. His father cast his longing eyes upon him, and wept with a paternal fondness, and took much pains (and with success) to instill in him the love of virtue. Phebe was, by her mother, as carefully instructed in all female accomplishments. Orpheus never sung

or touched a lyre more softly than Phebe, she appeared equal to Diana without the advantage of dress.— The conduct and oeconomy of the family was her whole employment. The thoughts of Damon were ever dark and gloomy, without hope of returning from his banishment, seeking always to be alone, the



sight of his wife and children did but aggravate his sorrow, and drive him to the deepest melancholy; in short, he was weary of life, and ready to sink under his misfortunes. One day, tired and fatigued with thought in one of his solitary walks, reclining on a bank, he fell asleep; in his dream the goddess Ceres crowned with golden sheaves, approached him with an air of majesty and sweetness. ‘Why, my Da-  
 ‘mon, said she, art thou thus over-  
 ‘whelmed with thy misfortunes?—  
 ‘Alas! replied he, I am abandoned  
 ‘by my friends; my estate is all  
 ‘lost; law-suits and my creditors  
 ‘for ever perplex me. The thoughts  
 ‘of my birth, and the figure I have  
 ‘made in the world, are all aggra-  
 ‘vations of my misery: and to tug  
 ‘at the oar like a galley-slave for a  
 ‘bare subsistence, is an act too

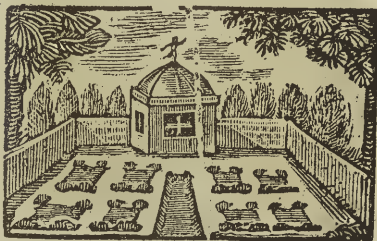
‘mean, and what my spirit can  
‘never comply with.’ ‘Does then  
‘nobility, replied the goddess, con-  
‘sist in the affluence of fortune?—  
‘No, no, Damon, but in the heroic  
‘visitation of your virtuous ances-  
‘tors. The just man alone is truly  
‘great and noble. Nature is suffi-  
‘cient with a little: Enjoy that little  
‘with the sweat of thy brow: Live  
‘free from dependance, and no  
‘man will be nobler than thyself;  
‘luxury and ambition are the ruin  
‘of mankind. If thou want the con-  
‘veniencies of life, who can better  
‘supply thee than thyself? Art  
‘thou terrified at the thoughts of  
‘attaining them by industry and ap-  
‘plication?’ She said, and imme-  
diately presented him with a gold-  
en plough-share and horn of plenty.  
Bacchus next appeared, crowned  
with joy, attended by Pan playing



on his rural pipe, Pomona next advanced, laden with fruits, and Flora dressed in all her gayest sweetest flowers. In short, all the rural deities cast a favourable eye on Damon.

He waked, fully convinced of the application and moral use he ought to make of this celestial dream. A dawn of comfort, all on a sudden, shot through his soul, and he found new inclinations arise for the labours of the plain. He communicated his dream to the fair Dorcas, who rejoiced with him, and approved of his interpretation. The next day they lessened their retinue; discharged their equipage, and resigned all grandeur. Dorcas with Phebe, confined herself to the domestic employments of a rural life; all their fine needle works were now no more regarded; they accustom-

ed themselves to the use of the distaff. Their provisions were the produce of their own industry.— They milked their kine, which now began to supply them with plenty. They purchased nothing without doors; their food was plain and simple, and enjoyed with that true relish which is inseparable from toil and labour. In this rural manner they lived; every thing was neat and decent about them. All the costly tapestry was disposed of; yet the



walls were perfectly white, and no part of the house either dirty or in disorder. Dorcas, at the entertainment of her friends, made the best of pastry. She kept bees, which supplied her with honey. Her cows furnished her with milk. Her garden, by her industry and skill, yielded every thing both useful and ornamental. Phebe trod in the steps of her industrious mother; ever cheerful at her work, singing while she pen'd her sheep. No neighbour's flock could rival hers; no contagious distemper, no ravenous wolves durst ever approach them. Her tender lambkins danced on the plains at her melodious notes, while sweet echo returned to the dying sounds. Damon tilled his own grounds, and did all the duties of a husbandman, and was fully con-

vinced it was a less laborious, more innocent and advantageous life, than the soldier's. Ceres with her yellow fruits repaid the debt she owed him. Bacchus supplied him with nectar worthy of the gods. Minerva too complimented him with the fruit of her salutary tree. Winter was the season for repose, when all the family were innocently gay, and thankful to the gods for all their harmless unambitious pleasures.— They ate no flesh but at their sacrifices, and their cattle never died



but upon their alters. Clodio was thoughtful and sedate beyond his years; he took the care of the larger cattle, cut down oaks: dug aqueducts for watering the meadows, and with his industry would ease his father. His leisure hours were employed in hunting, or the improvement of his studies, of which his father had laid the solid foundation.

In a little time Damon, by a life thus led in innocence and simplicity, was in better circumstances than at first: His house was stored with conveniences, though nothing superfluous. His company, for the most part, was in the compass of his own family; who lived in perfect love and harmony, and contributed to each others happiness. Their enjoyments were sweet, innocent, and easy to be obtained. The

increase of their stock introduced no new nor luxurious course of life. Their diet frugal as before, and their industry continued with equal vigour. Damon's friends now pressed him to resume his former post, and shine again in the busy world. To whom he replied, ' Shall I again give way to pride and extravagance, that were the fatal cause of all my misfortunes ! or spend my future days in rural labour, which have not only made me rich again, but, what is more, completely happy ? ' To conclude one day he took a tour to the place, where Ceres had thus kindly directed his conduct in a dream, and reposed himself on the grass with as much serenity of mind, as before, with confusion and despair. There he again slept, and again the goddess Ceres, in the like friendly manner, ap-

proached, and thus addressed him :  
' True Nobility, O Damon, consists  
' in receiving no favours from any  
' one, and bestowing them with a  
' liberal hand on all. Have your  
' dependance on nothing but the  
' fruitful bosom of the earth, and  
' the works of your own hands.  
' Never resign that for luxury and  
' empty shows, which is the natural  
' and inexhaustible foundation of true  
' happiness.'



## THE STORY OF

# EBOULI SINA.

EBOULI SINA, a sage dervise, had passed the night in the house of a poor woman, who had exercised all the duties of hospitality towards him, he was touched with the unfortunate condition to which she was reduced, and resolving to succour her in her misfortunes, he loosened a stone from out of the wall of the house, and pronounced some words over it, placed it again where it was before, and pierced it with a little pipe, at the end of which he put a cock, then said to the woman as he returned her his thanks, and bid her adieu.

My good Mother, whenever you are in want of necessaries turn this



cock, and draw out as much wine as you please; take the quantity that is necessary for your own use, and carry the remainder to the market. Be assured that the source will never fail, all I exact of you is, not to unloose the stone, nor to look at what I have put behind it. The good woman promised she would not, and during some time observed what the holy man had recommended to her. She gathered riches; affluence and plenty soon reigned in her little family, at length curiosity became so strong within her that she submitted to its dictates, she displaced the stone, and found nothing behind it but one single grape; she then replaced it in the same order she found it, but the wine ran no more: Thus was she, by satisfying her idle curiosity, punished by the same want she before experienced.



Fairy Tales, concludes in next Number.

Small Alphabet.

a b c d e f g

h i j k l m n

o p q r s t u

v w x y z

bd pq pd qb rt co un

mn ec ij li bq wn vv

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Vowels.

a e i o u y

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