

THE
ADVENTURES
OF THE
CELEBRATED
LITTLE THOMAS DELLOW.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. DARTON, JUN.
58, HOLBORN-HILL.

[*Price One Shilling.*]



Frances Elizth Kemp

Durleigh
Essex

FRONTISPIECE.



Little Tho^s. Dellow and his Sister .

THE
ADVENTURES

OF THE CELEBRATED

LITTLE THOMAS DELLOW,

*Who was Stolen from his Parents on the 18th of
November, 1811.*

AND RESTORED TO THEM

On the 3d of JANUARY, 1812.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR W. M. DARTON, 58, HOLBORN HILL,
OPPOSITE ELY PLACE.

1812.

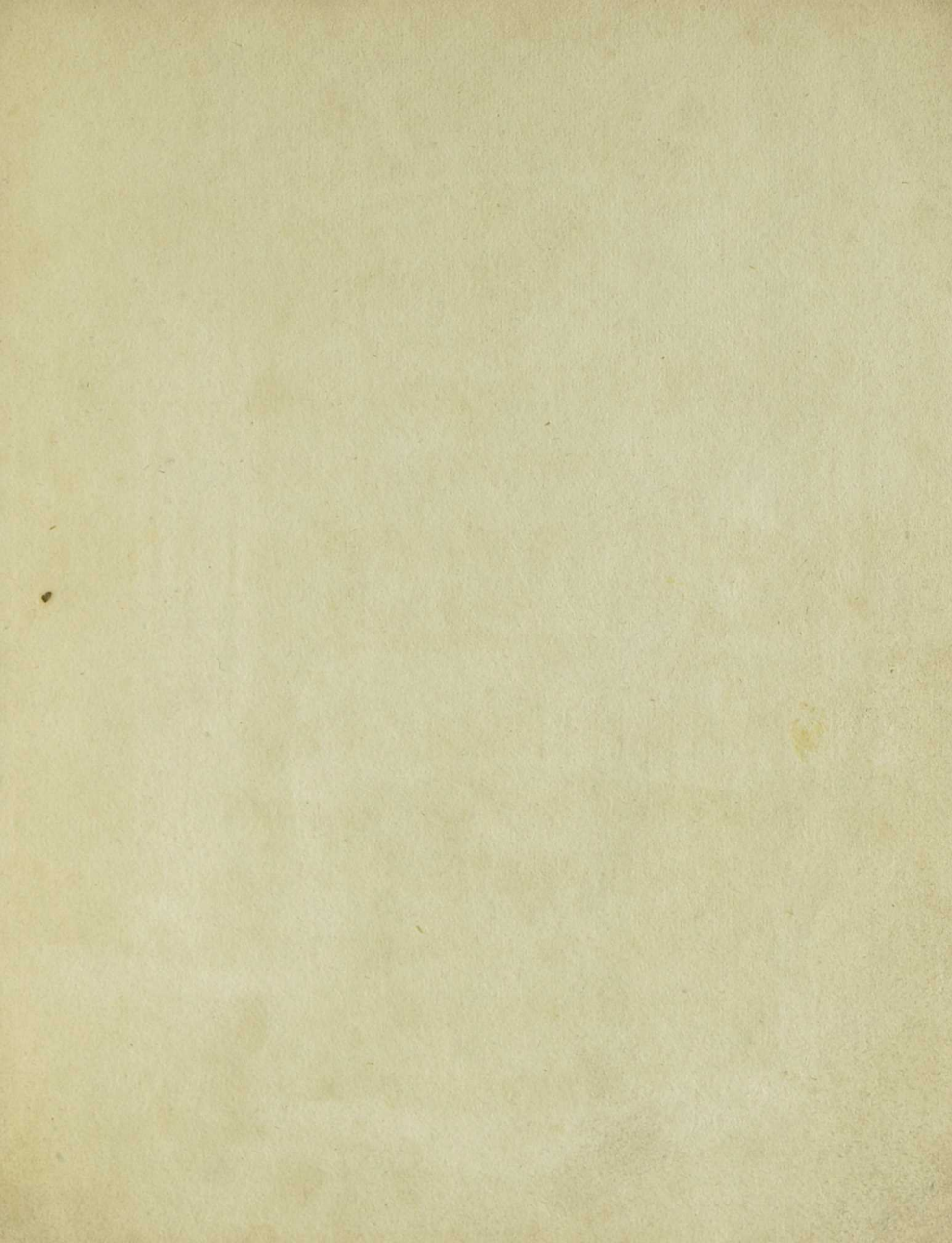
[Price One Shilling.]

THE
ADVENTURES
OF THE CELEBRATED
LITTLE THOMAS DELLOW.

A SWEET chubby fellow,
Named little Tom Dellow,
His Mamma to a neighbour did send,
With a caution to stop,
At her green-grocer's shop,
While *she* went to visit a friend.

The poor little soul,
Unused to controul,
O'er the threshold just happen'd to stray ;
When a sly cunning dame,
Mrs. Magnay by name,
Entic'd the young truant away.

At a pastry-cook's shop,
She made a short stop,
And gave him two buns and a tart ;
And soon after that,
She bought him a hat
And feather, that made him quite smart.



PASTRY



*At a pastry-cook's shop,
She made a short stop.*

Tho' this thought must occur,
 "What was *frivolous* to her,
 To those left behind would prove *no* sport,"
 She went to engage
 Two seats in the stage,
 And set off to her husband at Gosport.

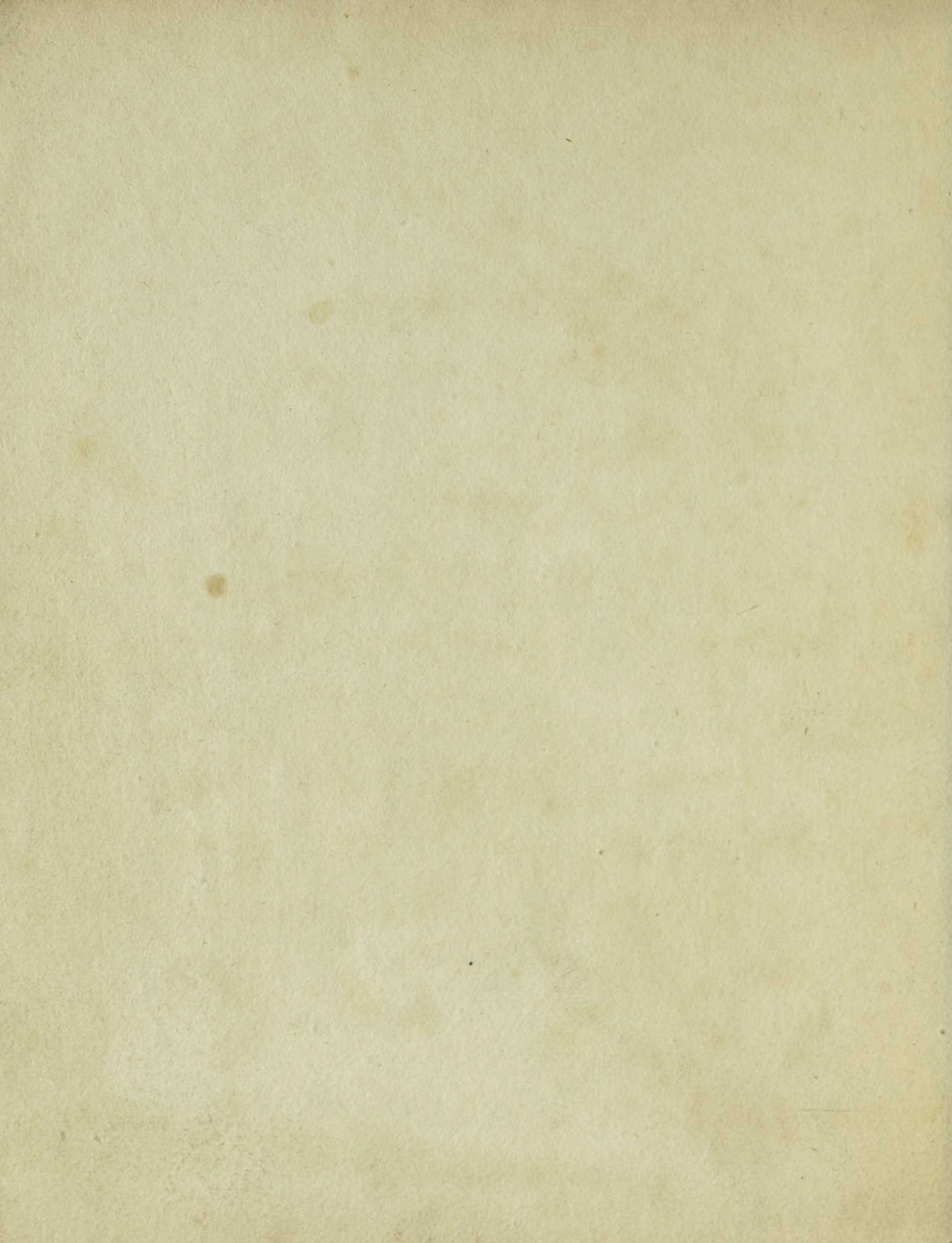
But a brisk hue and cry,
 There was raised by and bye,
 By the parents (with sorrow half wild),
 Severe their distress,
 For no one could guess
 What *could* be become of the child.

Say what shall we do,
Or what measure pursue,
For to give the search over were pity?
So a friend kindly hinted,
To have some bills printed,
And stick them all over the city.

Then a man they employ,
To describe the sweet boy,
Whom they sought with such tender regard,
And soon you might meet
Bills in every street,
Which offer'd five guineas reward!



The Lord Mayor and M^{rs} Russel. ~
So his Lordship soon wish'd her good morning.



This made a great bustle,

And one Mrs. Russel,

A smart and genteel-looking Dame,

Was brought, I declare,

To his Lordship the Mayor,

And sure none but *herself* was to blame.

For once on a time,

For the very same crime,

She receiv'd from the Justice a warning;

But it shortly appear'd,

From *this* charge she was clear'd,

So his Lordship soon wish'd her good morning.

They did not succeed
To discover the deed,
Tho' much all who heard of it wonder'd,
Till at length they sent down
Large bills to each town,
And rais'd the reward to "One Hundred."

And now to their joy,
Came news of the boy,
The parents were full of delight;
The thief was secur'd,
And they both were assur'd,
They should see little Tommy at night.

The whole of that day,

The Poultry (they say)

Was so full, that more cröuded was *no* street ;

And at night they all came,

Little Tom and the Dame,

And besides---Mr. Adkins from Bow-street.

But arriving too late

At the Mansion-house gate,

Up stairs it was hopeless to mount her ;

So, (always polite),

Said Adkins, “ To night, [ter.”

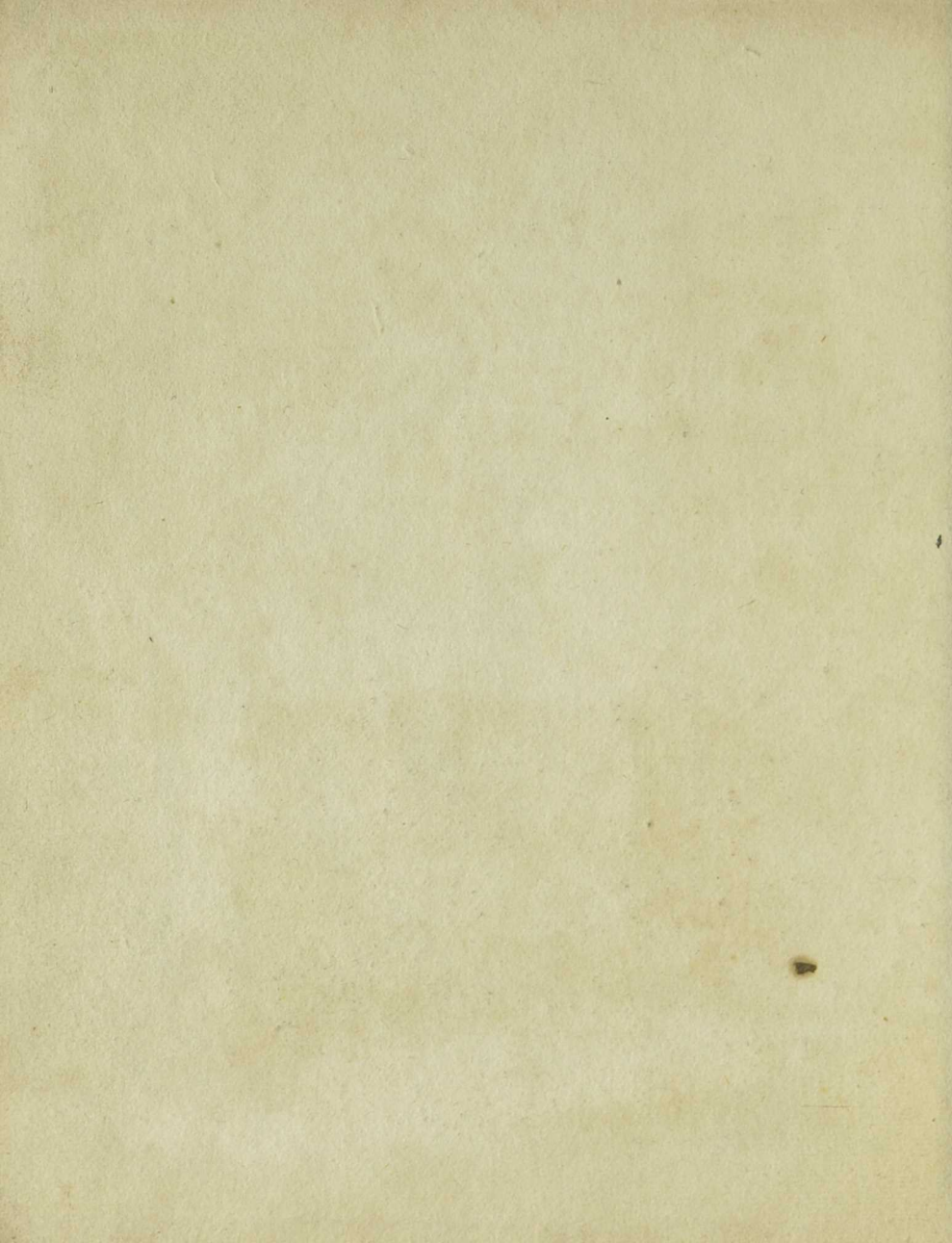
“ If you please, Ma’am, you sleep in the Comp-

In the morn they repair,
To his Lordship the Mayor,
And he, who ne'er fails to decide well,
The child gave again
To his parents, and then
Mrs. Magnay committed to Bridewell.

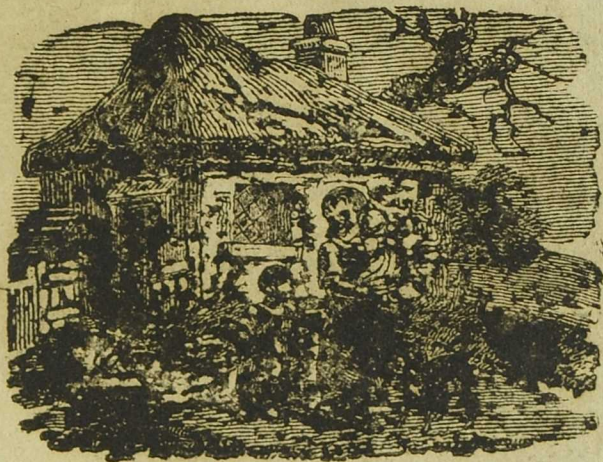
Now Fathers and Mothers,
And Sisters and Brothers,
And all who have children in care,
Pray tell 'em, (or shew 'em)
In this little poem)
Of child-stealing women beware!



Mr^s Magnav, Little Tom, His Mother and the Mayor.



Little Tom, I dare say,
Will his parents repay,
By obedience, their love and affection;
While that sly-looking lass,
Mrs. Magnay, will pass
A few months in the House of Correction.





THE STOLEN CHILD.

—
A TRUE STORY.

CHARLOTTE MAGNAY, the wife of a respectable sea-faring man in the service of his Majesty, took the bold resolution to steal a child from the metropolis, in order to deceive her husband into a belief it was his own. Preparatory to the adopting of this deception, she apprised her husband

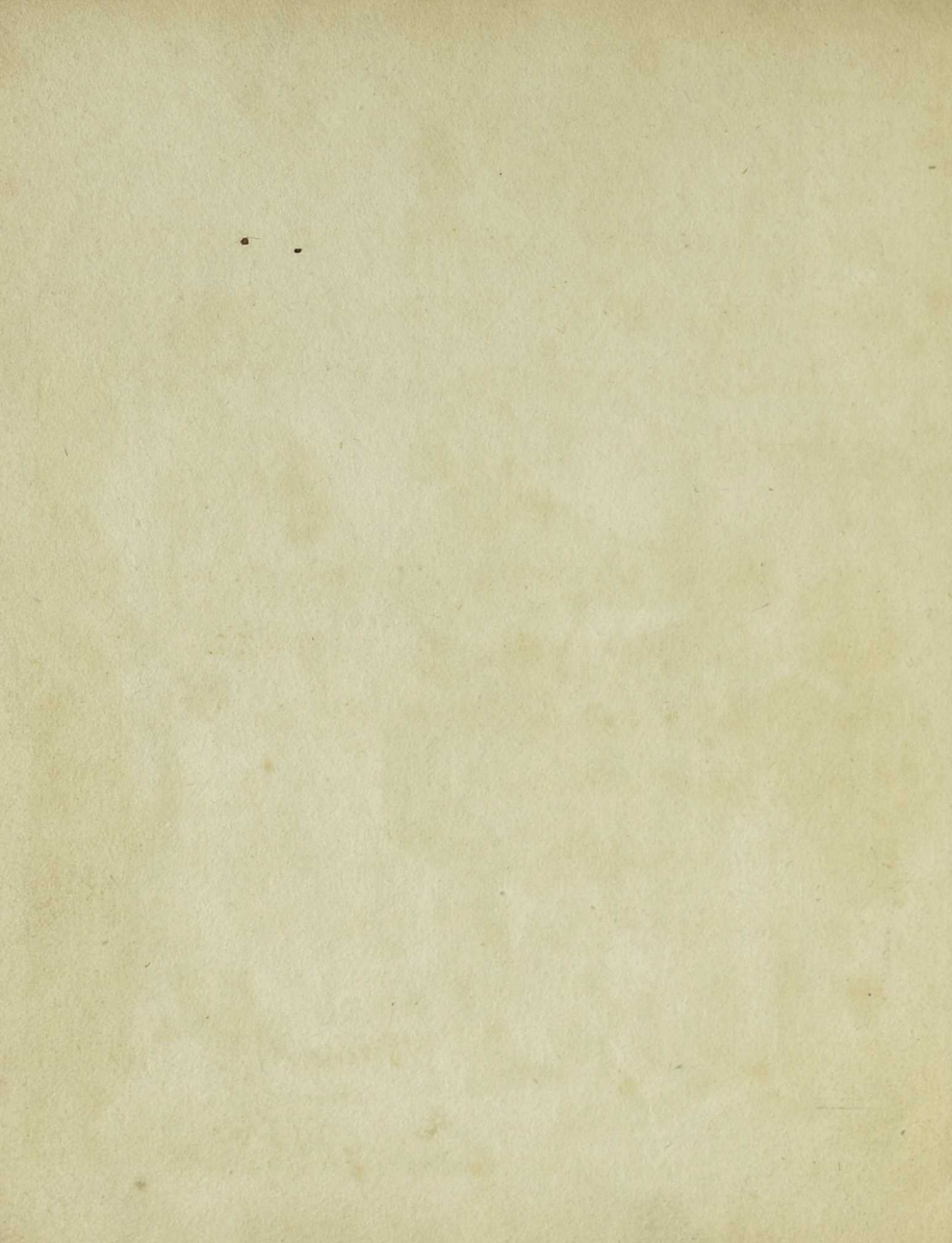
(then at sea) he would soon be father of a child. This intelligence gratified the unsuspecting man, who, delighted at information so agreeable to his wishes, remitted £300, the earnings of many a cruise, with particular charge to his wife to have the infant well clothed and want for nothing; if it should be a boy, so much the better.

The next intelligence, imparted by this designing woman, announced the happy tidings that his first-born was a boy, and that she would name him *Richard* after his fa-



"And stick them all over the City."

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ther. MAGNAY expressed his joy at the news, and counted the tedious hours until he should be permitted to embrace his wife and child.

At length he did arrive, somewhat unexpectedly. His wife, an adept in finesse, declared the child was at nurse, at a considerable distance, change of air being necessary to the easy *cutting of his teeth*.--- MAGNAY's time for being on shore was short: he left his home with a heavy heart at not seeing his offspring; but he was

assured, on his next return to Gosport, he should have the felicity for which he had so long pined, that of clasping his darling to his bosom.

It was not until November last he was at liberty to revisit his home, when he again had the mortification to find that his son, whom he expected to see a fine boy of three years of age, had not yet been brought to reside with his mother. The pretences of the wife could not pacify the father: he would go and see his son, or his son should

come to him. Mrs. MAGNAY, finding him determined, thought the latter the only way by which she could complete her imposition; accordingly she left Gosport to fetch the boy. London occurred to her as the place best calculated to afford her a choice of a victim. In this cruel expedition she first tried the west end of the town: not finding an object such as she wished to procure in that quarter, she then turned her attention to the eastern district, when, passing down St. Martin's Lane, Thames Street, she was attracted by the rosy cheeks of

TOMMY DELLOW, and at once determined to make him her prize. The child was at play with his sister at their shop-door, (a green-grocer's), into which Mrs. MAGNAY immediately entered, with the double view of purchasing apples and carrying off the boy. Fortunately (for her scheme), an Irish woman came into the shop to make a purchase, and by engaging Mrs. DELLOW's attention, facilitated the cruel intention of her first customer, who, caressing the boy, and making much of his sister, contrived to quit the shop unobserved by the parent of



And set off to her husband at Gosport .

the children. Flattered by the manner of their new acquaintance, the poor babes accompanied her, at her request, to a pastry-cook's shop, where, after feasting them with cakes, she left the girl, and departed with the boy. On the same night she left town for Gosport, having first clothed the poor little innocent in that manner which she knew would please her husband; and in order that she might speak to the name of her reputed child with more safety, she stopped at a place near Gosport, and had him christened "*Richard Magnay*," by

which name he was introduced to his father on the following evening.---Firmly believing in the rectitude of his wife, the deceived Mr. MAGNAY owned all the good feelings of a parent, when blessed with the sight of the child he had so anxiously longed to meet.

Thus far had the criminality of CHARLOTTE MAGNAY succeeded. In the mean time a female was accused, and taken before a Magistrate, charged with the guilt of stealing the child of Mr. DEL-

low. Many seeming proofs of identity attached to the suspected woman, who, though strongly denying the act, was with difficulty secured from the indignation of the populace. A crime of this nature comes home to the heart of every parent; nay, there is scarcely a human being, however depraved, who is not capable of partaking in the affliction of a family thus robbed.

The woman accused was at length discharged, and all hope of recovering the child seemed at an end; when WILLIAM

BARBER, the Bridewell keeper of Gosport, in consequence of seeing some hand-bills at Portsmouth and Gosport, describing a child lost, its age, person, &c. made inquiries, and was informed there was a child of such a description in the possession of a woman in Gosport, who, it was strongly suspected, was not its mother.

BARBER sought Mrs. MAGNAY, and questioned her respecting the child: her first replies were, "that it was her own," but upon being cautioned to declare the truth, she confessed she had stolen him, produced

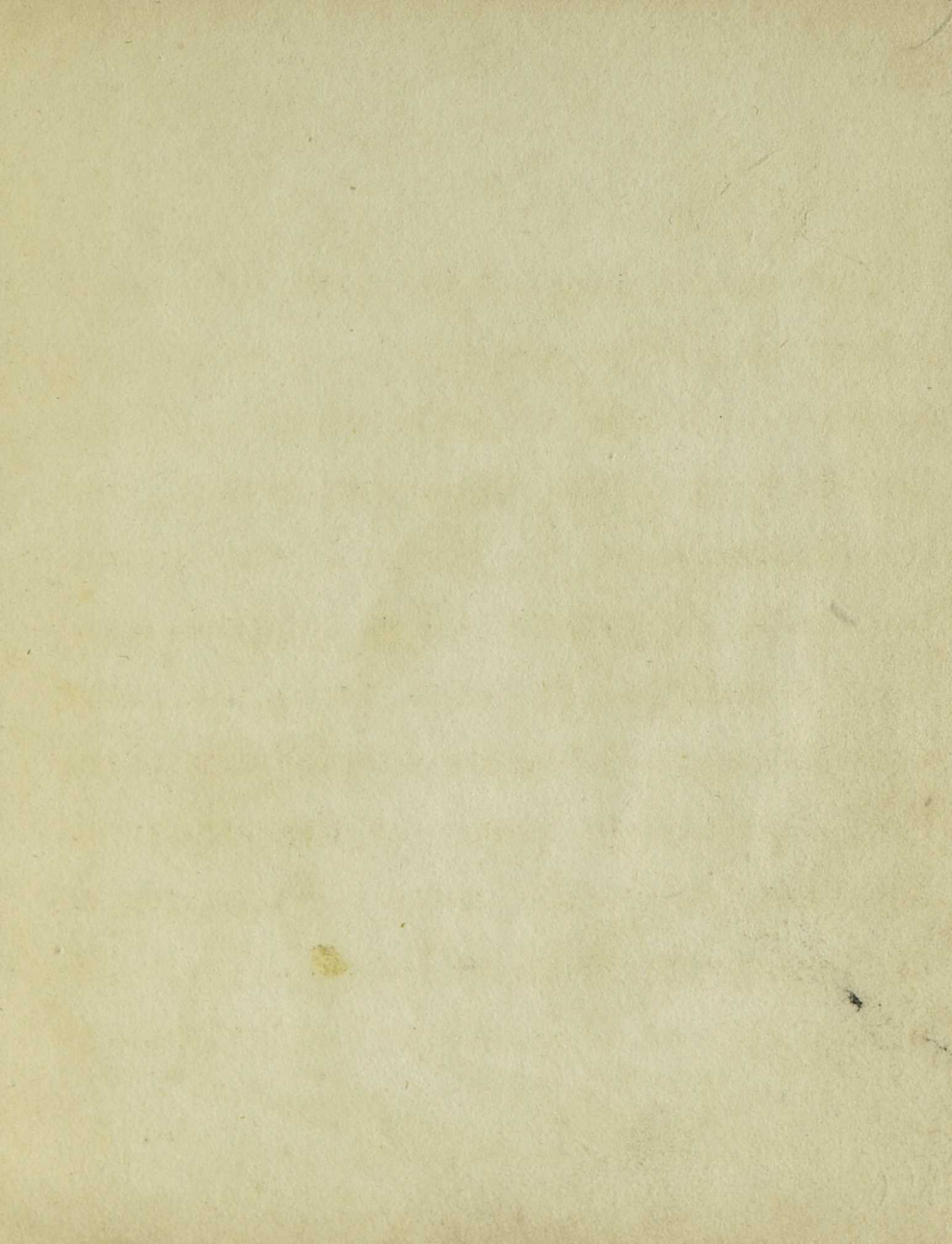
the boy, explaining how she had decoyed him away, and gave assurances of the care with which she had protected him. These extenuating circumstances could not efface the cruel intent of the act; she was in consequence conveyed to London, and the poor infant restored to its afflicted parents. When brought into court, the child wore a hat and feather purchased for him by his reputed mother, though at first supposed to be the gift of Mrs. RUSSEL, the person who had undergone some persecution on the child's account, but who had proved

innocent of this offence, although it is believed she had been guilty of a similar one. How far the real criminality of Mrs. MAGNAY may be punished, remains to be determined by the laws of her country.

To take a retrospective view of an action of this nature, is to increase our disgust for its unnatural perpetrator. Admitting she used the child tenderly, and that it was perhaps better fed and clothed than when under the roof of its parents, the *motive* which influenced Mrs. MAGNAY to purloin

an infant from the bosom of its family, places her humanity in a most questionable point of view. If we regard the duplicity of her conduct with respect to her husband, who evidently deserved her confidence, in place of being the victim of her dissimulation; or consider her want of sympathy, in wounding the breast of a *natural* parent, while in the act of assuming a character by which she hoped to attain the favour of her husband—her total want of the common feelings of women must be obvious.

The nature of crime is such, that while *secure* from *detection*, it is in a degree divested of its most offensive qualities by the half-happy culprit. Conscience may, and it will knock at the breast of the erring, but until the *world* takes cognizance of their **SECRET** deeds, even the guilty may **SEEM** at ease. When Providence directs the eye of justice to seek out the things of darkness, when the mere subterfuges of mortals are opposed to the finite and all-seeing eye of God, where is thy veil, O





Mrs Magnay and Little Dellow,
"Entic'd the young truant away."

guilt! If thou fleest to the mountains, God is there. Will the vallies hide thee? or the seas secure thee from the just judgment of HIM, who is all in all?

In a country, where civilization has attained an almost enviable superiority, the commission of domestic robbery is a most deplorable contemplation: but when even the offspring of our citizens are insecure from the designs of the kidnapper, we feel degraded in our nature, and turn from the

character ascribed to us---we are yet barbarians.

If the mercenary man balances his accounts, and finds the *gain* preponderates, he is satisfied, and the losses are forgotten. The just man is content with comparative profit, for all *his* acts are equitable; and the *criminal* he barter with the coming hour; it is true *he* has no *fund* by which his *right* to succeed is apparent, nor does *he* act upon a *principle* which can cheer his



*Then a man they employ,
To describe the sweet boy.*

breast with hope : like a beast of prey, he is on the watch to seek whom he may devour.

But there *is* a period, in which he or she must reflect. The world will not smile for ever ; age, sickness, or justice will call you from your dream of security, and what will it avail you? that a few short years of security have shielded you from public odium, or should you die in your guilt, where is your hope? There is no balance in *your* favour, for the JUDGE of this world is

perfect in wisdom, and *he* knows your hearts.

How short-lived was the triumph of the woman whose conduct we have been describing, yet how extensive the miseries to which her guilt must subject her. She has for ever lost the confidence of her husband, inflicted the deepest anguish on the parents of the child she decoyed away, and, though the infant is restored in safety, it is highly probable that a shock of this nature may be long before it is eradicated. The

publicity to which she is exposed, by her unfeeling robbery, will render her an object of contempt through the remainder of her life: then where are the *profits* of this woman's guilt? Happy were it for all the erring children of this world, were their career as short as that of CHARLOTTE MAGNAY. In all human probability, she has many years to sojourn on the earth; she has time for repentance: may she attain the favour of HIM she has offended.

THE END.

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