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THE
FAITHFUL NURSE;
OR,
FIDELITY REWARDED.

BY CAROLINE MAXWELL.

———"I have given suck,"
"And know how tender 'tis to love the babe who milks me."
SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. HUGHES, 35, LUDGATE STREET.

1825.

Sarah K. Parris

1838

Frontispiece



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Page 16

London, Published by T. Hughes, 35. Ludgate Str. Dec. 1. 1825.

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THE HISTORY
OF
MASTER SIMPSON.

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THE
FAITHFUL NURSE



“WHAT a fine young gentleman Mr. Thomas Simpson is,” said Master Howard, one day to his mother, as that gentleman passed their window, and bowed to them,—
“I think I never saw a more agreeable or handsome person.”

“Your observation, my dear,” replied Mrs. Howard, “is a very just one, and his person is his least beauty; for his generous disposition
and

and amiable conduct would have caused him to be loved and admired, had his person been ever so deformed."

"I have heard," returned Master Howard, "that there was something very particular in the circumstances of Mr. Simpson, and that he had experienced a great deal of trouble for all he is so young: pray, mamma, did you ever hear any thing of that nature?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Howard, "I am perfectly acquainted with every occurrence which has happened to him from his earliest infancy, and as I suppose you are unacquainted with it, I will relate to you his story, not only because the incidents are uncommon, but, likewise, that it strongly conveys that moral lesson which I wish to be ever deeply imprinted on your mind—that VIRTUE EVER

MEETS ITS REWARD; and that however long delayed, good intentions, and industrious application to honest pursuits, will ultimately triumph over every difficulty.—This does not so immediately apply to Mr. Thomas Simpson, in his own person, who is at present too young to have experienced its importance, but it does materially so to her who had the charge of him till within a very few years.”

Master Howard earnestly requested his mother to proceed, and adding that the moral of a *story* was always most agreeable to him, and better remembered than by any other mode of instruction, she thus began.—

“The young gentleman who is the present subject of our discourse, is the son, as I believe you know, of a gentleman who has realized a large fortune in the East Indies, from
which

which place he only returned about four years ago. Before his going to the East; and previous to the birth of his son, he was a Merchant in a most extensive way, and supposed to be extremely rich; but the loss of several ships, in which he had large shares, and the failure of several houses on which he had considerable demands, so far impaired his circumstances, that he became a bankrupt. As he was a man of very high spirit, great pride, and refined ideas of honour and integrity, this change of fortune was a wound which he was little calculated to bear—his mind was in a state of distraction, and it was feared that some fatal catastrophe would be the consequence of the impatience and want of fortitude he manifested under these misfortunes. His wife, who was a most exemplary woman,

woman, exerted every effort to comfort him under the present afflictions, and represented to him in the most forcible manner, that as no fraud or improper conduct had occasioned his reverse of circumstances, and that, on the closest investigation, it would be proved to have been the effect of events which no human caution could guard against, she conceived he did wrong in thus giving way to sorrow, and by that means overlooking the many advantages which he still possessed—for she herself had no doubt but that when his equitable conduct was so clearly proved as she was assured it would be, they would soon be re-established in some situation to do as well as ever. But vain was all the consolation this amiable woman offered: Mr. Simpson still continued insensible to every thing but the

the

the injury which he thought his character and credit had sustained, and in the agony of his despair he conceived his affliction could receive no addition: so blind are we to the dispensations of Providence, and to the mercy which is so abundantly shewn to us, even in our very sufferings! for when in our most wretched state, when we seem born down almost to the earth by apparently the worst evils that can afflict us—at this instant, perhaps, there may hang over our head some grievous calamity, which will cause all we have before experienced to appear light and trifling in the scale of comparison.—So it fared with Mr. Simpson, and he soon afterwards found how little all his previous sufferings had been to what was speedily to follow. Mrs. Simpson had as deeply felt, as

her husband had done, the change which had taken place—it had preyed upon her mind in silence, for she had never with any person relieved her sorrows by conversing on them—always concealing her grief under the garb of cheerfulness and resignation. This effort, which was made to avoid increasing the distress of her husband, added to her being very near the confinement which the birth of the young gentleman we are speaking of occasioned, had a very serious effect on her constitution, which was naturally very delicate. She soon became so ill as to be unable to leave her room, and in less than four months from the birth of his son, Mr. Simpson had to lament the irreparable loss of the most affectionate of wives and the most virtuous of women.

“ It were a vain and fruitless task to attempt to paint the effect which this event produced on his already distracted mind. Naturally vehement and impetuous in all his passions, it was many months before he was restored to any degree of tranquillity, and it was noticed when he began in some measure to recover, that he constantly used to pass three or four hours in the day at the cottage of a poor industrious woman in a neighbouring village, who had several children whom she supported by such employment as she could procure.

“ Though the conduct of Mr. Simpson in this particular might appear as almost bordering on insanity, it was soon discovered to have had its origin in a very different cause: his object was the selection of a nurse for his infant son, of whose disposition he might form

some judgment by her treatment of her own family, and of her domestic management and cleanliness by frequently dropping in at times when he was least expected.

“ Every time these experiments were made they proved for the honour of Betty Hopkins, the good woman on whom they were exercised. He always found her busily and advantageously employed, her children decently clothed; her own apparel clean and tidy, and her dwelling comfortable; whilst the infant which she had at the breast was the picture of health. She was at this time a widow, for her husband who had been employed in some situation at an extensive Brewery in the neighbourhood, had, by an unfortunate accident been killed a few months before the birth of her youngest child: the gentlemen

gentlemen who employed him had humanely subscribed a sum of money for the immediate assistance of the afflicted widow, and they still continued occasionally to make her trifling presents.

“Such was the person to whom Mr Simpson resolved to confide the care of his infant son, for being determined to retrench in every unnecessary expence since the loss of his deeply lamented wife, he conceived the placing his child in this situation would answer the purpose much better than keeping a nurse in his house, and that by thus reducing his family establishment, apartments at a very trifling rent would be fully adequate to his present pursuits.

“Thus resolved, and all his plans fixed, he first made the proposition of taking his
child

child to Mrs. Hopkins, who very readily undertook the charge, promising what she truly meant to fulfil, to be a mother to it, and that each of the children she was about to nourish should so early be deprived of a parent filled her eyes with tears of maternal tenderness and sorrow.

“ In less than a week was little Thomas Simpson placed under the care of his affectionate and worthy nurse. His father concluded that when he had disposed of his little boy according to his wish, discharged his servants, and given up the house which he yet inhabited, and in which he had passed so many happy days, he should recover his composure of mind, and forget the bitterness of his griefs in the novelty of his circumstances

But in this expectation he was disappointed ; always accustomed to society, and to a home which was endeared to him by the presence and conversation of a woman of sense whom he loved, and a variety of comforts attendant on a family establishment, so very different from the dreary loneliness of a single solitary room, which was all he now allowed himself—and the door of which appeared to shut him from all the world—this change, so far from giving him additional firmness of mind, nearly deprived him of the trifling stock of fortitude which yet remained. —Occasional visits to his little boy was all in which he could now be said to take pleasure : the increasing strength and beauty of this infant, with the notice it began to take of him, was highly satisfactory, and he always congratulated

gratulated himself on his discernment in selecting a nurse so worthy of the charge.

“Simple as was Mrs. Hopkins, and unversed in physiognomy as we may suppose her to have been, she plainly perceived that Mr. Simpson was, as she said, in a very low spirited, and *queer* way, and she hoped God would keep him in his right senses; but one day coming to her more than usually dejected, she in the best manner she was able endeavoured to cheer him, and said, that though little Tommy was fast asleep, she would go and bring him to him, as she was certain it would do Mr. S. good to play with the child. But he laying hold of her arm prevented her, saying, “No, Hopkins, you shall not disturb the child—it is better not—it will be much more agreeable to me not to see him now.”

“ But

“But I should like, sir,” returned the good woman, “for you just to see how much forwarder he is on his feet than he was last week—he nearly walks alone.”

“Hopkins,” said Mr. Simpson, with great perturbation, “I cannot see the child now, and am happy he is asleep, —mind, therefore, what I am going to say—in this purse are twenty guineas—it is all I can at present spare you—I am going out of town, and it may be some time before you see me again—manage this well —protect my child, and you may depend on hearing from me as soon as possible.”

“Hopkins felt the hand of Mr. Simpson tremble as he delivered the purse, and the agitated expression of his countenance alarmed her—“I hope, sir,” said she, “you are
not

not going to leave us long—I hope to God no harm will happen to you—if it was, what would become of your poor infant?”

“I trust, Hopkins,” answered Mr. Simpson, “all is for the best: it is uncertain when I shall return, but be assured I shall endeavour to take care of myself.”

“I hope so, sir,” said Hopkins—“I am sure it would be a very wicked thing if you did not.”

“Farewell, Hopkins!” answered he, without appearing to attend to her last observation—“be a mother to my poor beloved child, and trust to my honour.” [At the conclusion of these words he hastily left the house, and in a few minutes he was out of sight.

“Poor Hopkins returned dejected and miserable to her fireside, where she sat for
some

some time in a deep reverie on the scene which had just taken place, and the consequences which were to follow:—all on a sudden it struck her that she had not asked Mr. Simpson where he was going, so that let whatever would happen, she knew not where to address him; she was naturally angry with herself for this thoughtless omission, but determined as soon as the children and herself had dined to leave them under the care of a neighbour, and set off to his house to enquire where he was going.

“Accordingly she set off, walking with all the expedition in her power, till she arrived at the house which had been Mr. Simpson’s habitation, the outward appearance of which occasioned her some surprize, for it was newly painted and decorated, and exhibited but
little

little of that neglect she expected to witness in the residence of the care-worn Mr. Simpson. A new idea now struck her, and she was quite delighted at her skill in discoveries. "He is certainly married again," said she to herself. "The deceitful man—he pretended to be so unhappy to make her think more of him,—and now he is gone out of town with his new wife, without ever once looking on my dear sweet little Tommy."

"By this time she had reached the door; at which the passion she was in at the inconstancy of Mr. Simpson (for she felt assured that it was so,) occasioned her to knock much louder than she would otherwise have had the courage to do.—She was not surprized at its being opened by a stranger, for she had never been there but once which was when she

she fetched the child away, but she was greatly so, when enquiring for Mr. Simpson, the servant told her, he knew nobody of that name.

“Why this is my master’s house,” said Hopkins, “and it is odd that you don’t know his name.”

“It would be still more odd,” answered the man, “if I were to know it—it is sufficient for me to know the name of my own master, which I assure you, good woman, is not Simpson.”

“He was then, as he finished these words going to shut the door rudely in her face, but another servant just then passing, and hearing the same of Simpson, came up and said, a gentleman of that name, who used to live here has been gone away some time.

“Poor

“Poor Hopkins departed in utter amazement—no further intelligence could she get, and after wandering about for some time, and making enquiries wherever she thought there was the most remote chance of obtaining information, all to no purpose, she was compelled to return home fatigued, and out of spirits, there to rest patiently on the hope of seeing her master.”

Mrs. Howard, here pausing, her son took the opportunity of asking her by what means she had become acquainted with all these circumstances—at the same time saying how much he was interested, and desirous of hearing the remainder of the story.

“The way by which I became acquainted with the affair,” replied Mrs. Howard, “was from my having a sister of Mrs. Hopkins
living

living at the time in my service, who at a more advanced period of the story than I am yet arrived at, and which I must not relate out of its course, informed me of what further I shall have to describe to you, as well as what precedes: it was through her I became acquainted with Thomas Simpson, and that the intimacy has ever since continued."

Master Howard, particularly anxious to hear the rest of Mr. Simpson's adventures, scarcely allowed his mother time to recover breath before he entreated her to proceed, and in compliance with his earnest wish, she thus continued:

"Week after week passed away, from the time of Mr. Simpson's leaving the money with the nurse, and no intelligence of him either by letter, or by message concerning him.

him. A thousand uneasy apprehensions filled her mind on his account, she frequently recalled to her recollection the circumstances that passed at their last interview, and a strong presentiment had taken possession of her mind that he had made away with himself. Added to these apprehensions, she had to regret that she was unacquainted with any of his or her connections, for except himself she had never seen any one to enquire after her dear little Tommy, (who was by this time in a most thriving way) and that let what would happen, she knew none in the world to apply to on his account.

“ Time still rolled on, and all remained as before. A year had now elapsed, and poor Hopkins was in despair. Her neighbours began to be very curious and inquisitive; and
according

according to established custom in cases of difficulty, each gave advice as to the line of conduct to be pursued. Though they differed very materially in their recommendations, they agreed unanimously as to one point, which was, that the widow had acted extremely silly, by taking in a child to nurse without proper security, and in keeping it any longer now she was not regularly paid, and concluded by saying how necessary it was that the child should be immediately removed to the workhouse.

“Hopkins was almost bewildered by her advisers, but her own kind intentions towards the blooming infant at her breast remained unshaken, and telling them she should consider all the circumstances of the case at her leisure, and form her own determination; she dismissed

dismissed her officious friends with feelings on their part of mortification and disappointment.

“ Hopkins told the truth : she resolved to consider well what she could best do to enable her to support this addition to her family, for her good heart and affectionate nature pointed out to her, the impossibility of *her* ever parting with the dear child, who had now no protector except herself. She clasped him in her arms with a mother’s tenderness, and vowed that whilst God gave her strength to work, he should always share with his foster brother and the rest of her children whatever she should be enabled to earn. Her mind felt relieved by this determination, and as she was a very careful and industrious woman, the greater part of the purse remained un-
touched

touched. This treasure she had very prudently concealed from the knowledge of her idle and officious neighbours, as she had frequently experienced their propensity to borrow, when they conceived she had a shilling by her more than what was sufficient to satisfy the demands of her family; and as she knew that she had not sufficient resolution to resist their importunities, when in her power to assist or oblige, she thought her best security would be in keeping this part of the story a secret.

“ Finding therefore that all must now depend on her own exertions; and that the present little sum was most probably all that she should ever be mistress of, she conceived the best thing she could do, would be to take a little shop, and stock it with some articles in
the

the chandlery line, a business of which she had some trifling knowledge.

“ But here the same objection presented itself which did in respect to the money, that if she attempted a business of this description in the neighbourhood where she now was from the long credit each of her *friends* would expect from her as proofs of her good will. She therefore thought it would be her best plan to look out for some situation too remote from her present acquaintance to admit of their becoming her customers.

“ After many weary walks, and numerous disappointments, she fortunately meet with a small house at a moderate rent in Hammer-smith, which was about ten miles from her present residence; on making an estimate she found she should have a sufficient capital to stock a
little

little shop; and as she had now no terrors concerning any depredations from her neighbours, she communicated to them where she was going to remove to, and the nature of her future plans and prospects.

“ Many were the remarks and speculations this intelligence gave rise to, particularly when it was understood that Tommy Simpson was going with her. ‘ I am not such a fool as to believe,’ said one gossip to another, ‘ that things are as Betty Hopkins tells us—no, no, I know more of the world than to be taken in so—that child belongs to some great person, who under the rose has given her a certain sum of money, and set her up in business to keep the affair a secret. The next more confidently asserts that the Duke of — she forgets his name is the father of Tommy Simpson

Simpson, that he was left with nurse Hopkins with the sum of five hundred pounds for the maintenance of the child till he should come to man's estate, and that not content with that, the Duke over and above was going to set her up in a way of business that would require three or four shopmen to manage it. Many curious remarks, and many sly insinuations followed the repetition of these stories, such as—what surprising luck some people have,—that they could not see what there was in Betty Hopkins for people to make such a fuss about, and many other observations of the like envious description. All this while the poor unoffending, unconscious subject of them was praying to God that success might attend her endeavours, and almost afraid that her very limited
means

means would be insufficient to meet the necessary expenses. She still lingered on the spot in hopes of receiving some news from Mr. Simpson, but being disappointed as before, and the utmost limit of her time for her entrance on her new house being expired, took a friendly leave of all her satirical and scandalizing neighbours, and with her two elder children and two youngest set out to take possession of her fresh habitation—repeatedly begging that if any letter or message should arrive, or any person should enquire after her, they would correctly remember her address and forward them to her: this with many sneering smiles and side glances to each other they faithfully promised to do; but as poor Mrs. Hopkins had no suspicion of their false and evil surmises she of course paid no
attention

attention to their significant looks and gestures.

“Success attended the industrious efforts of Hopkins, and as a blessing followed, she felt no additional incumbrance from what she did for the beloved child of her adoption who as if sensible of his obligations, expressed an infantine affection towards her even more ardent, (if the term may be allowed) than her own son, and she herself knew not to which her heart most inclined.

“Year after year passed away, and the kind Mrs. Hopkins, to the very best of her abilities, had the children instructed in reading and writing; her little shop, and occasional presents which she yet received from the gentlemen at the brewery, enabling her to do it. Her care and industry gained her
many

many friends, and the decency of her children's appearance, and their propriety of behaviour caused the family to be much respected.

“ When she had been thus situated about six years, her eldest child caught the scarlet fever, which was communicated to the second, and in defiance of every attentive care, or medical assistance, it proved fatal to both. The distress of this scene and the constant anxious attendance she had bestowed on her dear children, had nearly proved fatal to the distracted mother likewise; and after the melancholy and trying exertion of following her two beloved children to one grave, such a succession of fainting fits seized her, as greatly alarmed all who witnessed the distressing scene. At this time the extreme sorrow and affectionate

affectionate attention of the two remaining boys who had happily escaped the infection, appeared to be the only thing which restored her to animation. Their tears and entreaties to her to try to get well, and their tender endearments seemed to recal her to life, to a sense of the claims they had upon her, and what for them, with God's assistance, she had yet to do.

“ Every thing which recalled the recollection of her loss being as soon as possible removed from her sight, and her own endeavours aiding those of her friends to restore her to her usual serenity, she so far recovered as to be able in two or three weeks to attend to her shop, the increasing business of which, from the interest all about her took in the present state of her affairs, soon engaged her
time

time so much that she had little leisure for bitter reflections on her loss.

“ Those children which remained now fully engrossed her care, and she resolved, since her expences would most certainly be much lessened by this decrease in her family, to devote all she could towards giving Thomas and Charles the best education she could afford, and at proper ages to bind them to some genteel and useful employment. She was well aware that to do this would require a greater sum than she was ever likely to be mistress of, but she flattered herself the gentlemen of the brewery would lend their assistance on such an occasion, and suffer her to repay it in such way as her circumstances would admit.

“ Under the cheering influence of this
impression

impression she applied with increased assiduity to her occupation, and never mother was blessed with two better disposed or amiable children: neither had an idea of her not being the mother of both, for she had been so much blamed by every one when they knew that Thomas was but a nurse child, so far from conceiving any person would think it a merit in her keeping him, that she felt ashamed any one should become acquainted with the real circumstances, expecting always to be censured for what she was doing; and therefore if some few became acquainted with it when she just came to reside at Hammer-smith, her subsequent silence on the subject had suffered it to die away, and it was now no longer remembered.

“The two boys had entered their thirteenth

teenth year, and after school hours were one day playing, as was their custom, at some amusing game, just before their mother's door, when a gentleman entered the shop to buy some trifling article.

Whilst Mrs. Hopkins was preparing it for him, he accidentally saw the boys at play: "Those are two fine boys, ma'am," said he, "are they both your sons?"

"Yes, sir," returned Hopkins, for she was so constantly in the habit of saying so that it seldom occurred to her that they were not.

"They are twins I should presume," continued the stranger, "from their size and apparent ages?"

"No, sir," replied the widow, "they are not—one only is mine—the other, that in the blue coat is only a nurse child; though I
always

always consider him as my own. “A nurse child!” exclaimed the gentleman in great astonishment—“is it possible the parents of so fine a youth can suffer him to remain in this state of obscurity?”

“Alas! sir,” said Hopkins, “the poor child has no parents: his mother died at his birth, or soon afterwards—and his father, poor unhappy gentleman, I am sadly afraid made away with himself, for no one knows what became of him.”

“And who then,” anxiously enquired the gentleman, “has supported this lad ever since?”

“My labour,” returned Hopkins, “assisted by a small sum which his father gave me the last time I ever saw him.”

“I am greatly surprized,” said the gentleman, “at your account, but I suppose it is

not long that this heavy burthen has been imposed upon you :—a year or two, perhaps ?”

“ It is twelve years,” replied Hopkins, “ since I saw or heard of his father, and ever since I think and hope I have done a mother’s duty in every thing in my power, and I hope his appearance shews it.”

“ It does indeed my good woman,” said the gentleman, “ you must be a most worthy creature,—but tell me if it is not an impertinent question, what is your intention to do with him now he is grown up ? It is impossible from his age, and from your limited circumstances, that you can keep him much longer in the way you are now doing ?”

“ I am striving, sir,” said Hopkins, “ to give both the children the best learning I can, and next year I hope to put my son out
’prentice

'prentice to a master carpenter, a very good man, who has consented to take him, with a very moderate premium."

"But why," proceeded the gentleman, "do you not rather put out the other first to clear yourself from the expense of his support. I should think it more natural for you to part with him in preference to your own child: what is your reason for this intention?"

"They are both my own children!" said the good woman, emphatically. "I know no difference between them: I love them both alike, and they love me equally, and for my own feelings, I know not which I would soonest part with, but the reason I put my own out first—if I may say it without being laughed at for my folly, is—that Thomas Simpson is the son of a gentleman, and though

so many years are passed away, a faint hope yet remains on my mind, that I may hear of his father, and perhaps he would be vexed to find his son put 'prentice to a mechanic."

"You are a most extraordinary woman," returned the stranger, hastily rising and walking several times up and down the shop, and betraying by his looks the strong emotions that were labouring in his bosom—"but tell me," said he, "do you suppose you should recollect the father of this lad, should you ever see him again?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Hopkins, "I shall never, never forget him.—I remember him as well as if I had seen him but yesterday, and should know him among a thousand."

"Time," replied the gentleman, "makes great alterations, and I cannot help thinking
it

it possible that you *might* not know him as so many years have passed since you say you saw him."

"If it was a hundred years," she rejoined, "I am sure I should never forget him. His appearance when I saw him last made such an impression on my mind that it can never be destroyed while I have the power to remember any thing."

"Still I think you *may* be mistaken," continued he, "change of climate and other circumstances cause great alteration in person—for instance look at me—and observe whether you have ever seen me before?"

"Astonished at this observation the poor woman gazed earnestly at the speaker, which she had perhaps been hitherto a good deal restrained from doing by that natural modesty which

which ever attends the demeanour of a benevolent and virtuous disposition, when after a pause of a few moments she uttered so loud a shriek as to be heard by the boys in the street, who ran to her assistance, and found her supported in the arms of the stranger gentleman."

"As soon as she was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak, she ardently exclaimed "my beloved Tommy, this is your own dear father!"

"The astonished boy knew not what his mother could possibly mean, but his surprize was only momentary, for the close embrace of Mr. Simpson suspended every idea, and as soon as he could articulate, he fully explained his claims upon him."

"It was some time before either Mr.
Simpson

Simpson or Hopkins was sufficiently composed to tell a coherent story—where they were, here anxious desire to know where he had been, and what had prevented her hearing from him, superseding every other consideration, demanded instant satisfaction: therefore after Thomas had fully comprehended that this gentleman was his father, and that some stronger events had kept him so long from the knowledge of the circumstance, and after the lad had shewn that ardent impatience so natural on such an interesting occasion, to hear the particulars of his parent's story, the father sat himself down for the purpose of giving the widow and her children a full account of his adventures."

"You, Hopkins, full as well as myself," said Mr. Simpson "well remember that day

on

on which I put the purse into your hand, and tore myself away from my darling infant, without even daring to trust myself to look at his fine countenance or to witness his playful tricks."

"Ah! that I do well, sir," replied Hopkins, "I shall never forget how hard-hearted I thought you for going away without taking one parting look from the poor child, nor shall I ever forget how saucy the impudent footman was when I went to your house to inquire for you."

"I do not wonder at your hard thoughts as to my conduct in refusing to see the child; but had I loved him less, I should probably have felt less unwillingness to have seen him, but under any other circumstances I was afraid it would have been too much for
my

my feelings. A few weeks before that time, I had an offer made me rather unexpectedly to go to the East Indies, in a capacity which had every appearance of being advantageous. As my mind was in such a state of wretchedness that I despaired of being able to settle again amongst my old connexions, I very readily closed with the proposal, and on that memorable day every particular had been settled, and I was to leave town on the day following, preparatory to my embarkation for the East. When I saw you I could not bear to tell you where I was going; for I feared your distress on hearing it, added to the sight, would stagger my resolution, which at that moment was very wavering. I rejoiced to find the child was asleep, but little was it my intention to keep this knowledge from you
beyond

beyond the reasonable time in which you might expect to hear from me, or stand in need of necessary supplies. There was a person with whom I had transacted a good deal of business, and had reason to think favourably of, whom I requested to become my agent in this affair, and I more particularly chose him as he was acquainted with the gentleman who had been the means of procuring me the situation. The latter individual had hinted to me that Mason (for that was his name) would feel great pleasure in rendering me this service—faithfully did he promise to attend carefully to the welfare of my dear child. When I got to Portsmouth, where the ship I was to sail in lay, I wrote to beg he would inform you of my destination, of my prospects, and of my liberal intentions

intentions towards you if I should live and be successful: this I very much fear he failed to do."

"Never did mortal call on me," said Hopkins, "or ever the least intelligence reach me of you or your affairs from the moment at which we parted till this present one!"

"Villain!" returned Mr. Simpson, "treacherous wretch! his just reward I trust will overtake him: but to proceed. Arriving after a very safe and pleasant passage at St. Helena, I from thence remitted a large sum to the care of Mr. Mason, for the use of my child, which a gentleman to whom my circumstances were known, generously lent me to make my mind easy on that account.

When I arrived in the East and saw the nature of my employment I soon perceived it
would

would be very advantageous—even beyond the expectations I had formed previous to my departure, and though the expenses are very heavy there, and that I sent over at every opportunity sufficient sums to maintain my child in a suitable manner, I could yet lay by every year, a very considerable surplus. I heard constantly from Mason the most pleasing accounts of my dear boy's goodness and genius, and as time went on additional demands were made for schools, and all the different expenses a good education calls for. These requests were most readily and liberally attended to, and every remittance contained a small supply for yourself, of whose discretion and propriety of conduct I had always the highest opinion, and whose family I knew was greater than you could well support.

little

Little did I then do justice to the real goodness of your heart, or conceive what you were enduring for my child.

“ Charmed by the idea of having so amiable a son to share my fortune during my life, and inherit after me, I applied with double diligence to the duties of my profession. When the gentleman who so humanely lent me the money at St. Helena, and whose being engaged in the same concern as myself had occasioned an intimacy between us,—when he died, being a single man, he left the whole of his fortune to me, except a legacy of five hundred pounds, which he bequeathed to my son. This latter proof of his liberality I regard as the highest compliment and proof of his esteem he could possibly have conferred on me. Before I permitted myself

to take possession of so large a bequest I minutely enquired into what family or connexions the generous donor might have been possessed, who would have had an undoubted right to share in it, but on the most particular investigation, I could find no person who did or could make the least claim, and I therefore conceived I had an ample right to avail myself of the kindness of my deceased benefactor.

“ Finding now that I had a fortune far beyond my most sanguine expectations I resolved immediately to return to England, and wrote to the false and treacherous Mason to provide a house suitable to my circumstances in which I should expect to meet my beloved son to welcome my arrival. I enclosed him a remittance more than sufficient

to answer every order, for it was my wish and intention to make a recompence to Mason for all the trouble he had taken on my account. Little did I at that time conceive the scene of deception and wickedness that was so shortly after to be unfolded to me.

“On my arrival in England, the first place I went to was the house of Mason, for I could not wait the answer of my letters to be informed where he had taken the house for me which I had requested. But what were my feelings—what my astonishment when on enquiring after this wicked and deceitful man, I was informed that about a month previous he had embarked for America, with an intention of settling there for life !

“But what is become of my child,” said I
in

in an agony that is indescribable—"where has he placed my darling boy? where is his school? and where is the house situated I sent him the money to purchase?"

"The people to whom all this was addressed looked at me with amazement—they could not comprehend what I was talking of—they had never heard of house, child or money, and appeared extremely happy when they closed the street door against me.

"Beginning now to discover the baseness and duplicity of Mason, and that he had embezzled the property which I had for so many years committed to his care, I began to fear likewise that he might have destroyed my son, or at least have placed him in some situation where I could never recognize him. My distraction for some time deprived me of
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power to know how to act. I had never corresponded with any person in this country except Mason, and my affairs were unknown to all. My old acquaintances in business were many of them dead or removed from their former habitations, and those who remained would probably have recollected little about my former circumstances, and cared less about my present distresses. The first determination which I made after this melancholy and unexpected intelligence was to go to the place where I had left you, but where I had little hope of finding you after so many years, and if possible, trace what had taken place during my absence.

“On my arrival at the well known place, where I had left all my treasure, my sensations overpowered me, and I was some time
before

before I could muster sufficient courage to knock at the door of the nurse where you used to reside: when I did, and made my enquiries after you, I found your name was entirely unknown, for several different families I discovered had occupied the house since you left it. Finding I could get no satisfaction here, I indefatigably enquired of almost every person in the village, and when I was quite in despair and out of all expectation of hearing of you, an old woman passing by a door where I was asking the usual questions, overheard what I was saying, and told me she had known you very well, and that you were gone to live at Hammersmith, but further she knew not. Rewarding her for this fragment of information in a way that somewhat surprised her—for she had no idea her news deserved

served being paid for—I almost flew thither, for I ordered my coachman to drive with all possible expedition, and being set down at the extremity of the town I began my anxious search, which, after some few disappointments, ended in a direction to this place. Of the person who told me where you lived, I enquired what family you had, and in trembling anxiety heard that you had four children, but that two of them had lately died.—Thus alarmed, and thus solicitous I entered this house; what followed you know. I exerted myself to conceal my emotions, and asked all those questions that I might know and judge of your sentiments to me and my-child.”

“At the conclusion of this story the joyful surprise of all may be more easily imagined than described—never did a happier circle

meet

meet together; and, however much Mr. Simpson might regret that the goodness of his conduct had fallen a sacrifice to the villainy of such a man as Mason, he had much more reason to thank God that his child had fallen to the care of so worthy a woman.—After every expression of congratulation and joy had been repeated, and every circumstance relating to Mrs. Hopkins and her family had been abundantly discussed, Mr. Simpson said, “My dear Thomas, it is now high time for us to shew our gratitude to this good woman and her son for what she has done for you in your helpless infancy and in your more advanced age—what is your opinion that we ought to do? What are you willing to do for Charles?”

“I am willing to give him, my dear father,”

father," said Thomas, warmly, "if you will let me, the five thousand pounds which you said was mine, for I have nothing else."

"Agreed, my dear child," returned Mr. Simpson, "I will ratify the gift, and over and above, as Hopkins has ever considered you as her child, so do I now consider hers as mine. I will on all occasions be a father to him; and his valuable mother from this day forward shall be supported in such a manner as she could very little expect."

"Do then, my dear good sir," replied Hopkins, whilst the tears streamed down her face, "do let me give this shop to my sister who now lives with Mrs. Howard; it has a pretty business, and she is but sickly; it will suit her better than service."

"That you shall Hopkins" said Mr. Simpson,

Simpson, "and we will stock it well for her."

"This sister who then lived with me," proceeded Mrs. Howard, "then succeeded to the Chandler's Shop at Hammersmith, where she is now doing very well, and it was from her, as I before said, I had all these particulars.

"Mr. Simpson immediately bestowed upon Charles Hopkins the legacy which Thomas had requested, and he likewise settled upon the GENEROUS NURSE one hundred a year for life.

"This good woman and her son had too much good sense and too much feeling, to be puffed up with pride, as many by such a change of circumstances would have been: she behaves, I hear, with the utmost propriety; the interest of her son's money is devoted

voted to the education of Charles, and at this time he is studying under the masters who instruct Mr. Thomas Simpson, with very great credit to his preceptors and advantage to himself."

Master Howard was highly gratified with this history, and could not help saying, that the treachery of Mr. Mason ought to have been punished, for that he conceived no crime would be worse than a breach of trust, but this had so much cruelty added to it that it was truly unpardonable.

"I am very glad you have made that remark, my love," said Mrs. Howard, "otherwise I perhaps might have forgotten to mention that the ship in which he embarked for America was wrecked, and strange to relate, all the crew and passengers were saved with

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the exception of him ; he having in the beginning of the storm drank so much liquor that he became completely intoxicated, and fell over the side of the vessel whilst the rest of the crew were getting into the boat."

" Poor wretch !" replied Master Howard, " he had not much enjoyment of his ill-gotten wealth."

" I told you, my dear," said his mother, " this story conveyed a very excellent moral ; for you see the industry, the goodness and humanity of Hopkins, were most liberally and honourably rewarded—whilst the craft, the dissimulation, and avarice of Mason were attended with ruin, disgrace, and death ;—and such, by far more than is generally imagined, or remarked, are the attendants and rewards both of virtue and of vice.

THE END.

THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH.



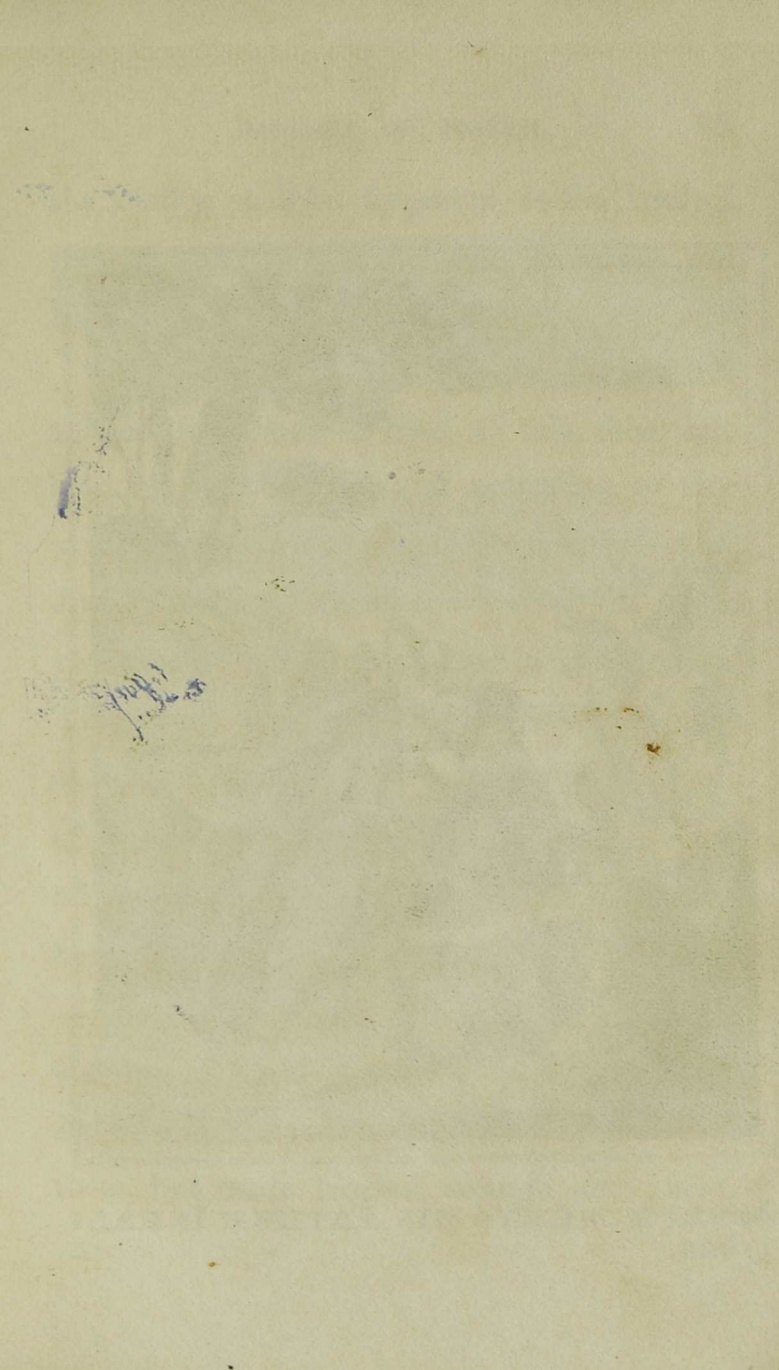
ISRAEL loved Joseph better than all his children, because he was the only son of his old age; and he gave him a coat of many colours. But when his brethren saw their father's partiality to him, they hated him, and would not speak peaceably unto him. And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren. Behold, he said, we were binding sheaves in the field; and lo! my sheaf arose and stood upright; and your sheaves stood

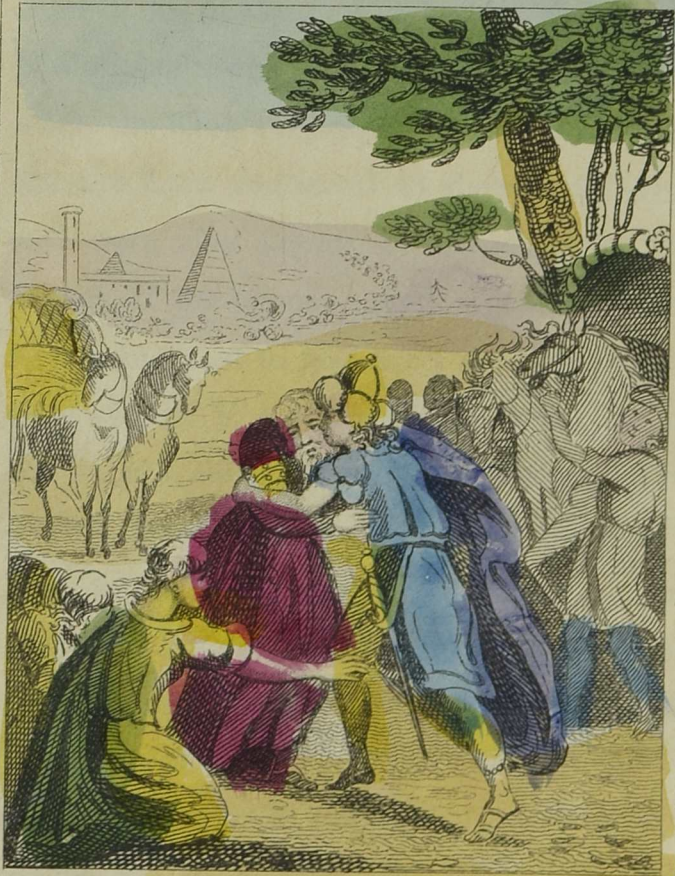
stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf. And his brethren said unto him, shalt thou indeed have dominion over us? And they hated him the more for his dreams and for his words.

It happened that his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Dothan. And Joseph went after his brethren; but, when they saw him afar off, they conspired against him to slay him; and they said one to another we will tell our father that some evil beast hath devoured him. But Reuben wished to deliver him out of their hands; and he said, let us not kill him, but cast him into this pit, that is in the wilderness: And they followed his counsel, and cast him into a pit, which then contained no water. A company of Ishmaelites from Gilead passed by, at this time, with
their

their camels, bearing spicery, balm and myrrh, which they were carrying into Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, let us sell Joseph to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hands be upon him, for he is our brother and our flesh : And Joseph was sold for twenty pieces of silver. And his brethren killed a kid, and dipt his coat in the blood thereof : And they brought it unto their father, and said, this have we found. And Joseph knew it ; and believing that Joseph was devoured by an evil beast, he rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and refused all comfort, saying, I will go down into the grave to my son, mourning. Thus wept his father for him. But Joseph was carried into Egypt, and sold to Potiphar, the captain of Pharaoh's guard. And the Lord was with him. and prospered

prospered him; and he found favour in the sight of his master. But by the wickedness of Potiphar's wife, he was cast into the prison where the King's prisoners were bound. Here also the Lord continued to shew him mercy, and gave him favour in the sight of the keeper of the prison. And all the prisoners were committed to his care; amongst whom were two of Pharaoh's officers, the chief of the butlers, and the chief of the bakers. And Joseph interpreted the dreams of the king's servants; and his interpretation being true, the chief butler recommended him to Pharaoh, who had dreamed a dream, which Joseph thus shewed unto him. Behold there shall come seven years of great plenty, throughout all the land of Egypt: And there shall arise, after them, seven years of famine; and all
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JOSEPH MEETS HIS FATHER ISRAEL

the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt, and the famine shall consume the land.

And the king said unto Joseph, Forasmuch as God hath shewed thee all this, thou shalt be over mine house; and according to thy word shall all my people be ruled. And Joseph gathered up all the food of the seven years, and laid up the food in storehouses. Thus the seven years of dearth began to come, as Joseph had foretold. But in all the land of Egypt there was bread; and people from all countries came unto Joseph to buy corn, because the famine was sore in all the lands.—Now, among those that came, were the ten sons of Jacob, from the land of Canaan. And Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but made himself strange unto them, and

spake roughly to them, saying, Ye are spies. And they said, Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and behold the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not.

But Joseph said to them, Ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother come hither.—Let one of your brethren be bound in prison, and go ye and carry corn for the famine of your houses, and bring your youngest brother unto me. And their consciences reproached them; and they said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear him; therefore is this distress come upon us. And they knew not that Joseph understood them, for he spake unto them by an interpreter :

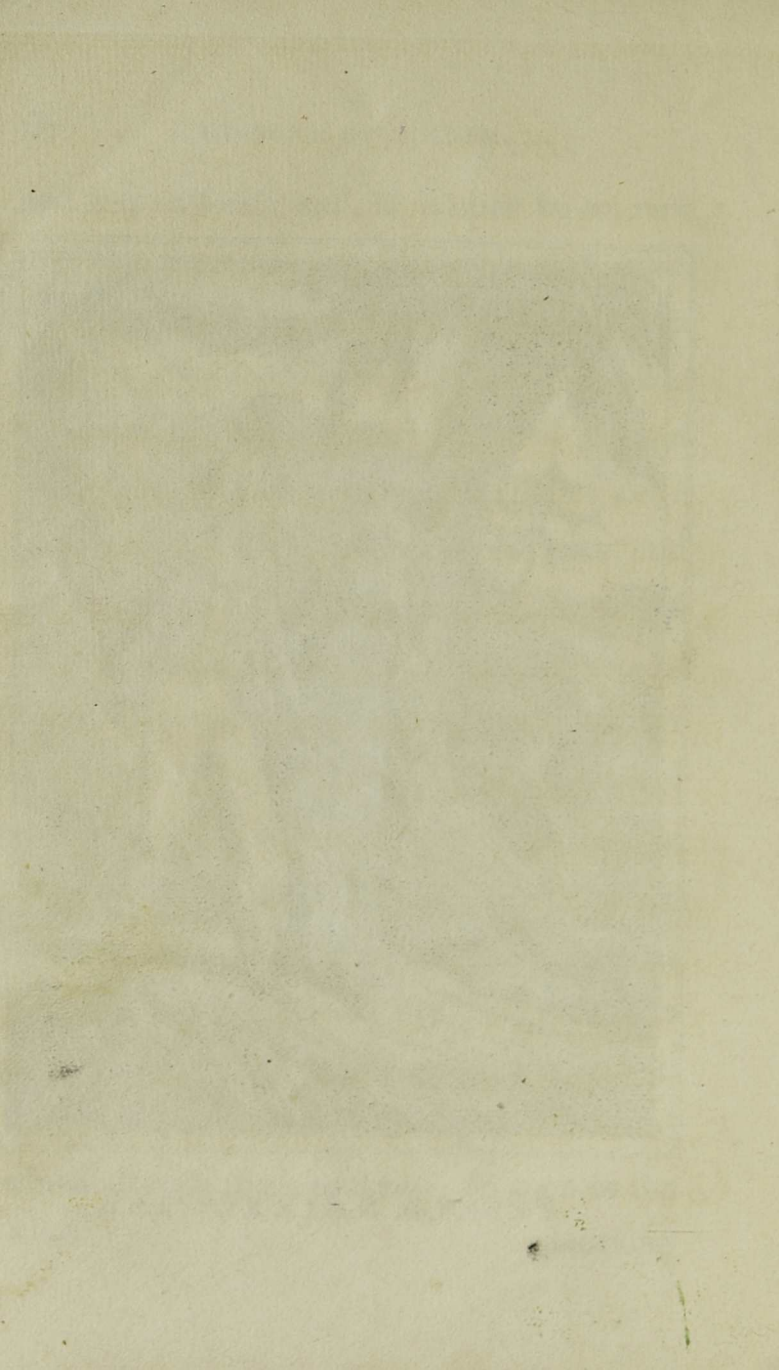
preter: and he turned himself about from them and wept; and returned to them again, and communed with them; and took from them Simeon and bound him before their eyes. And they returned unto Jacob their father in the land of Canaan, and told him all that had befallen them. And Jacob their father said unto them, Me have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away also. But my son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone; if mischief befall him in the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. But the famine continued sore in the land; and when they had eaten up the corn which they had brought out of Egypt, Jacob said unto them, Go again,
and

and buy us food: and, if it must be so, now take also your brother Benjamin, and arise, and go unto the man. And they brought presents unto Joseph, and bowed themselves to him to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare; and said is your father well? Is he alive? And he lifted up his eyes, and saw Benjamin his brother; and his bowels did yearn towards his brother; and he sought where to weep, and he entered his chamber and wept there: and he washed his face, and went out, and refrained himself. Then he commanded the steward of his house, saying, fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry; and put my cup, the silver cup, into the sack of Benjamin the youngest. And the steward did according to the word which Joseph had spoken. As soon as the
morning



PESDOR & ALEXOWINA,

Page 76.



morning was light, the men were sent away, they and their asses. But Joseph commanded his steward to follow them, and to search their sacks, and to bring them back. And when Judah and his brethren were returned into the city, Joseph said unto them, what deed is this that ye have done? The man in whose hands the cup is found shall be my servant; and as for you, get you in peace unto your father. But they said, Our father will surely die, if he seeth that the lad is not with us; and we shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant, our father with sorrow to the grave. Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me; and there stood no man with him, whilst Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. And he

wept aloud, and said unto his brethren, I am Joseph; doth my father yet live? And his brethren could not answer him, for they were troubled at his presence. And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near to me, I pray you; and they came near; and he said, I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt, now, therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither, for God did send me before you, to save your lives by a great deliverance. Haste you, and go up to my father and say unto him, Thus sayeth thy son Joseph, God hath made me Lord over all Egypt; come down unto me, tarry not. And thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks and thy herds, and

all

that thou hast ; and there will I nourish thee ; for yet there are five years of famine ; lest thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty. And behold your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth which speaketh unto you. And you shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and all that you have seen ; and ye shall haste, and bring down my father hither.

And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck, and wept ; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover, he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them ; and after that, his brethren talked with them. And the fame thereof was heard in Pharaoh's house ; and it pleased Pharaoh well, and his servants. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Invite hither thy father and his household ; and I will give them
the

the good of the land of Egypt, and they shall eat of the fat of the land. And the spirit of Jacob was revived, when he heard these tidings; and he said, My son is yet alive, I will go and see him before I die. And he took his journey with all that he had. And Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to meet Israel, his father, to Goshen; and, presenting himself unto him, he fell on his neck, and wept on his neck for some time. And Joseph placed his father, and his brethren; and gave them a possession in the land of Egypt, in the best of the land as Pharaoh had commanded.

FINIS.

FEODOR & ALEXOWINA.

IN a lowly cottage, on the banks of Irtisch, dwelt the venerable Schuvaloff, who mourned the loss of the aged partner of his days; of his son, who had been torn from him in the prime of youth, by the tyrannic hand of power; and the humble habitation in which he had treasured his little store of comforts against declining age, which had been pillaged and burnt to the ground in an incursion of the Tartars. Yet one blessing still re-

mained

mained ; and for her sake alone he looked to the future with apprehension ;—this was the youthful Alexowina, the daughter of his eldest son, the commands of whose lord had forced him from the arms of his wife ; and grief for his loss soon deprived the hopeless infant of a mother.

She had attained her fifteenth year ; wild as the deer of her native regions, and as pure as its snows, when their Lord, Count Ostrovitz, for some offence against the state, was banished into Siberia, but received permission to take his peasants with him. Despair at this event seized on Schuvaloff. Amidst all his misfortunes, the hope of yielding his breath on the estate endeared to him by youthful remembrances had been his solace ; and the conflict of contending passions brought

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on a fever. Alexowina was now the gentle nurse, as she had been the sportive companion of the good old man ; but, seated in the mind, his disorder yielded not to her cares, and she determined on presenting herself to the new lord, and entreating him to purchase them of Ostrovitz. She hailed the thought with rapture, and hastening to the castle of Count Vladimir, rushed into his presence and knelt before him. Her auburn hair floated in native ringlets over her shoulders, and shaded a face which beamed with intelligence and animation ; and in artless, but impressive accents, she told her simple tale of sorrow. Feodor, his adopted son, who was present with all the enthusiasm which suffering beauty causes, joined in her request. The count smiled at his fervour, praised the filial piety
of

of Alexowina, and permitted him to assure Schuvaloff of his protection. Her heart was too full for utterance ; she kissed the hand of her benefactor, and eagerly returned to the cottage, followed by Feodor, whose feelings were again increased by the gratitude of Schuvaloff, while Alexowina, by turns, wept and danced around him. The health of her grandfather now speedily returned, and with it her accustomed gaiety. Feodor was her constant companion : the artless simplicity of her manners, and her affectionate expressions of gratitude to him, had won his heart.— During the short Russian summer, they rambled together on the shelving banks of the rapid Irtisch ; and in the season of snows, he guided her across the frozen deserts in his sledge till evening came ; when seated around
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the stove, he delighted to pour the tale of instruction into her ear.

Thus rapidly and delightfully passed the hours, till Count Vladimir declared to Feodor his intentions that he should travel ; but in vain did he look for his usual grateful acquiescence to his will : convulsive sobs burst from his bosom ; he fell at his feet, owned his passion for Alexowina ; and while he dared not hope he would approve, conjured him not to send him away.

That the child of his friend, the son of his adoption, should avow his affection for a peasant girl, surprised and enraged the count ; but he knew that love never listened to the dictates of reason ; he therefore resolved to temporise ; and, telling Feodor he would consider farther what he had been saying, determined

determined to remove to a distance the cause of his fears. What were, then, the feelings of Schuvaloff, when he again saw his cottage entered by force, and himself and Alexowina carried away prisoners.

The soul of Vladimir spurned the idea of wanton cruelty ; and though what he deemed necessity urged him to the banishment of Schuvaloff, he resolved to soften the blow, by explaining to him the cause ; and for this purpose he entered the apartment in which they were confined.

The good old man was sunk into a peaceful slumber, while Alexowina was watching by his couch with anxious attention. When the count entered, she shrieked, and started from her seat ; the noise awoke him. The count advancing to the couch : but what was her

her surprise, when after gazing a few moments, he rushed forwards, and—"Oh! my father!" burst from his lips.

It was indeed the eldest son of Schuvaloff the father of Alexowina; who, by his valour, and the favour of his sovereign, had attained the rank he now held. But, not unmindful of his parents, he had at the first advancement, sent a friend to enquire for them; from whom he learned, that they had been captives, when their cottages had been destroyed; that affection for the scenes of his youth had caused him to purchase that estate, and on the spot of his birth he had built a house, whither he meant to retire on the marriage of Feodor. Need I add, that delighted to find in Alexowina a daughter worthy of the mother whom he had never

ceased

ceased to mourn, he joyfully consented to her union with the noble-minded Feodor, who was rejoiced to find in the choice of his heart the daughter of his benefactor; and peace and happiness crowned an union formed on the basis of virtue.

FINIS.

A

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