

CHEAP REPOSITORY.

T H E
WAY TO PLENTY:

OR, THE
SECOND PART of TOM WHITE.



Sold by J. MARSHALL

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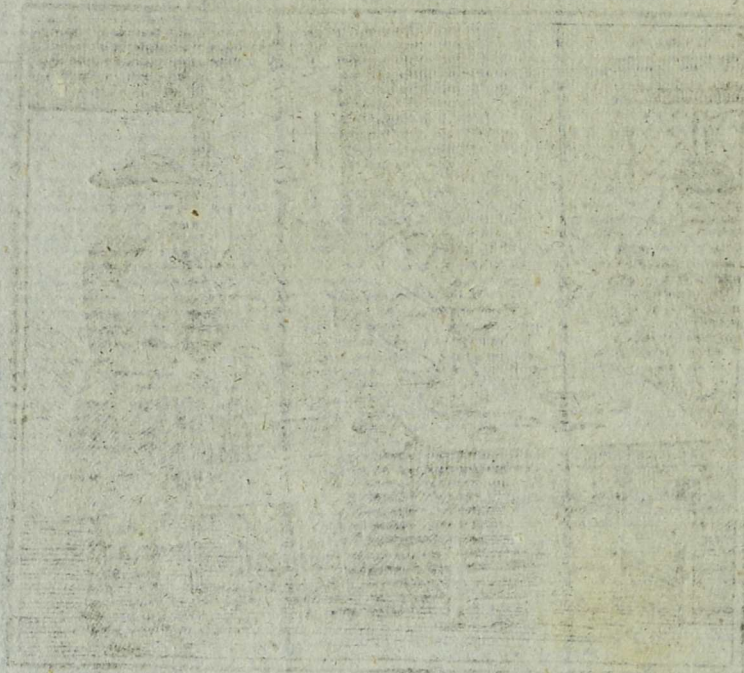
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THE GREAT BRITISH
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T H E

W A Y T O P L E N T Y,

O R, T H E

SECOND PART OF TOM WHITE.

TOM WHITE, as we have shewn in the first part of this history, from an idle post-boy was become a respectable farmer. God had blessed his industry, and he had prospered in the world. He was sober and temperate, and, as was the natural consequence, he was active and healthy. He was industrious and frugal, and he became prosperous in his circumstances. This is in the ordinary course

of Providence. But it is not a certain and necessary rule. *God maketh his sun to shine on the just and the unjust.* A man who uses every honest means of thrift and industry, will, in most cases, find success attend his labours. But still *the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.* God is sometimes pleased for wise ends, to disappoint all the worldly hopes of the most upright man. His corn may be smitten by a blight. His barns may be consumed by fire. His cattle may be carried off by distemper. And to these, and other misfortunes, he is as liable as the spendthrift or the knave. Success is the *common* reward of industry, but if it were its *constant* reward, the industrious would be tempted to look no further than the present state. They would lose one strong ground of their faith. It would set aside the Scripture scheme. This world would be looked on as a state of reward, instead of a state of trial, and we should forget to look to a day of final retribution.

Farmer *White* never took it into his head, that because he paid his debts, worked early and late, and ate the bread
of

of carefulness, he was therefore to come into no *misfortune like other folk*, but was to be free from the common trials and troubles of life. He knew that prosperity was far from being a sure mark of God's favour, and had read in good books, and especially in the bible, of the great poverty and afflictions of the best of men. Though he was no great scholar, he had sense enough to observe, that a time of public prosperity was not always a time of public virtue; and he thought that what was true of a whole nation might be true of one man. So the more he prospered the more he prayed that prosperity might not corrupt his heart. And when he saw lately signs of public distress coming on, he was not half so much frightened as some others were, because he thought it might do us good in the long run; and he was in hopes that a little poverty might bring on a little penitence. The great grace he laboured after was that of a cheerful submission. He used to say, that if the Lord's Prayer had only contained those four little words *THY WILL BE DONE*, it would be worth more than the biggest book in the world without them.

Dr. Shepherd, the worthy Vicar, (with whom the farmer's wife had formerly lived as housekeeper) was very fond of taking a walk with him about his grounds, and he used to say, that he learnt as much from the farmer as the farmer did from him. If the Doctor happened to observe, I am afraid these long rains will spoil this fine piece of oats, the farmer would answer, "but then, sir, think how good it is for the grass." If the Doctor feared the wheat would be but indifferent, the farmer was sure the rye would turn out well. When grass failed, he did not doubt but turnips would be plenty. Even for floods and inundations he would find out some way to justify Providence. "Tis better," said he, "to have our lands a little overflowed, than that the springs should be dried up, and our cattle faint for lack of water." When the drought came, he thanked God that the season would be healthy; and high winds, which frightened others, he said served to clear the air. Whoever, or whatever was wrong, he was always sure that PROVIDENCE was in the right. And he used to say, that a man with ever so small an income if he had but frugality and temperance, and
 cast

cut off all vain desires, was richer than a lord who was tormented by vanity and covetousness. When he saw others in the wrong, he did not however abuse them for it, but took care to avoid the same fault. He had sense and spirit enough to break through many old but very bad customs of his neighbours. "If a thing is wrong in itself," (said he one day to farmer Hodges) "a whole parish doing it can't make it right. And as to it's being an old custom, why if it be a good one I like it the better for being old, because it has had the stamp of ages, and the sanction of experience on it's worth. But if it be old as well as bad, that is another reason for my trying to put an end to it, that we may not mislead our children as our fathers have misled us."

The ROOF-RAISING.

SOME years after he was settled, he built a large new barn. All the workmen were looking forward to the usual holiday of roof-raising. On this occasion it was a custom to give a dinner to the workmen, with so much liquor after it that they got so drunk, that they
not

not only lost the remaining half day's work, but they were not always able to work the next day.

Mrs. White provided a plentiful dinner for roof-raising, and gave each man his mug of beer. After a hearty meal they began to grow clamorous for more drink. The farmer said, " My lads, I don't grudge you a few gallons of ale merely for the sake of saving my liquor, though that is some consideration; but I never will, knowingly, help any man to make a beast of himself. I am resolved to break through a bad custom. You are now well refreshed. If you will go cheerfully to your work, you will have half a day's pay to take on Saturday night more than you would if this afternoon were wasted in drunkenness. For this your families will be the better: whereas, were I to give you more liquor when you have already had enough, I should help to rob them of their bread. But I wish to shew you, that I have your good at heart full as much as my own profit. If you will now go to work, I will give you all another mug at night when you leave off. Thus your time
will

will be saved, your families helped, and my ale will not go to make reasonable creatures worse than brute beasts."

Here he stopped. "You are in the right on't, Master," said Tom the thatcher; "You are a hearty man, Farmer," said John Plane the carpenter. "Come along boys," said Tim Brick the mason; so they all went merrily to work, fortified with a good dinner. There was only one drunken surly fellow who refused, that was Dick Guzzle the Smith. Dick never works above two or three days in the week, and spends the others at the Red Lion. He swore, that if the farmer did not let him have as much liquor as he liked at Roof-Raising, he would not strike another stroke, but would leave the job unfinished, and he might get hands where he could. Farmer White took him at his word, and paid him off directly: glad enough to get rid of such a sot, whom he had only employed from pity to a large and almost starving family. When the men came for their mug in the evening, the farmer brought out the remains of the cold gammon; they made a hearty supper, and

and thanked him for having broke through a foolish custom, which was afterwards much left off in that parish, though Dick would not come into it, and lost most of his work.

Farmer White's labourers were often complaining, that things were so dear that they could not buy a bit of meat. He knew it was partly true, but not intirely, for it was before these very hard times. One morning he stept out to see how an outhouse which he was thatching went on. He was surprised to find the work at a stand. He walked over to the thatcher's house. "Tom," said he, "I desire that piece of work may be finished directly. If a shower comes my grain will be spoiled." "Indeed, Master, I shan't work to-day, nor to-morrow neither," said Tom. "You forget that 'tis Easter Monday, and to-morrow is Easter Tuesday. And so on Wednesday I shall thatch away master. But 'tis hard if a poor man who works all the year may not enjoy these few holidays.

"Tom," said the farmer, "when these days were first put into our prayer-book.

book, the good men who did it, little thought that the time would come when *holyday* should mean *drunken-day*. How much dost think now I shall pay thee for this piece of thatch?" "Why you know master you have let it to me by the great. I think between this and to-morrow night, as the weather is so fine, I could clear about four shillings, after I have paid my boy. But thatching does not come often, and other work is not so profitable." "Very well, Tom; and how much now do you think you may spend in these two holidays?" "Why master, if the ale is pleasant, and the company merry, I do not expect to get off for less than three shillings." "Tom, can you do pounds, shillings, and pence?" "I can make a little scoremaster behind the kitchen door with a bit of chalk, which is as much as I want." "Well Tom, add the four shillings you would have earned to the three you intend to spend, what does that make?" "Let me see! three and four make seven. Seven shillings master." "Tom, you often tell me the times are so bad that you can never buy a bit of meat. Now here is the cost of two joints at once; to say nothing of the sin of wasting time
and

and getting drunk." "I never once thought of that," said Tom. "Now Tom," said the farmer, "if I were you, I would step over to Butcher Jobbins's, buy a shoulder of mutton, which being left from Saturday's market you will get a little cheaper. This I would make my wife bake in a deep dish full of potatoes. I would then go to work, and when the dinner was ready I would go and enjoy it with my wife and children; you need not give the mutton to the brats; the potatoes will have all the gravy, and be very savory for them." "Aye, but I've got no beer master, the times are so hard that a poor man can't afford to brew a drop of drink now as we used to do."

"Times are bad, and malt is very dear Tom, and yet both don't prevent you from spending seven shillings in keeping holiday. Now send for a quart of ale, as it is to be a feast; and you will even then be four shillings richer than if you had gone to the publick house. I would put by these four shillings, till I could add a couple to them; with this I would get a bushel of malt, and my wife should brew it

it, and you may take a pint at home of a night, which will do you more good than a gallon at the Red Lion." "I have a great mind to take your advice, master, but I shall be made such fun of at the Lion; they will so laugh at me if I don't go." Let those laugh that win, Tom." "But master, I have got a friend to meet me there." "Then ask your friend to come and eat a bit of your cold mutton at night, and here is six-pence for another pot, if you will promise to brew a small cask of your own." "Thank you, master, and so I will; and I won't go to the Lion. Come boy, bring the helm, and fetch the ladder." And so Tom was upon the roof in a twinkling.

The SHEEP SHEARING.

Dr. Shepherd happened to say to Farmer White one day, "that there was nothing he disliked more than the manner in which sheep-shearing and harvest-home were kept by some in his parish. What, said the good Doctor, just when we are blest with these natural riches of our land, the fleece of our flocks; when our barns are crowned with plenty, and we have

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reaped

reaped the fruits of the earth in due season; is that very time to be set apart for ribaldry, and riot, and drunkenness? Do we thank God for his mercies by making ourselves unworthy and unfit to enjoy them?"

"I thank you for the hint, sir," said the farmer. "I am resolved to rejoice though, and others shall rejoice with me: And we will have a merry night on't."

So Mrs. White dressed a very plentiful supper of meat and pudding; and spread out two tables. The farmer sat at the head of one, consisting of some of his neighbours, and all his work-people. At the other sat his wife, with two long benches on each side of her. At these sat all the old and infirm poor, especially those who lived in the workhouse, and had no day of festivity to look forward to in the whole year but this. On the grass, in the little court, sat the children of his labourers, and of the other poor, whose employment it had been to gather flowers, and dress and adorn the horns of the ram; for the farmer did not wish to put an end to any old custom, if it was innocent. His own children

children stood by the table, and he gave them plenty of pudding, which they carried to the children of the poor, with a little draught of cider to every one.

This feast, though orderly and decent, was yet hearty and cheerful. Dr. Shepherd dropped in with a good deal of company he had at his house, and they were much pleased. When the Doctor saw how the aged and the infirm poor were enjoying themselves, he was much moved; he shook the farmer by the hand, and said, "But thou, when thou makest a feast, call the blind, and the lame, and the halt; they cannot recompense thee, but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

"Sir," said the farmer, "'tis no great matter of expence, I kill a sheep of my own; potatoes are as plenty as blackberries, with people who have a little forethought. I save much more cider in the course of a year by never allowing any carousing in my kitchen, or drunkenness in my fields, than would supply many such feasts as these, so that I shall be never the poorer at Christmas. It is cheaper

to make people happy, fir, than to make them drunk. The Doctor and the ladies condescended to walk from one table to the other, and heard many merry stories, but not one profane word, or one indecent song; so that he was not forced to the painful necessity either of reprov- ing them, or leaving them in anger. When all was over they sung the sixty- fifth psalm, and the ladies all joined in it, and when they got home to the vicarage to tea, they declared they liked it better than any concert.

The HARD WINTER.

IN the famous cold winter of the present year, 1795, it was edifying to see how patiently farmer White bore that long and severe frost. Many of his sheep were frozen to death, but he thanked God that he had still many left. He continued to find in-door work that his men might not be out of employ. Mrs. White was so considerate, that just at that time she lessened the number of her hogs, that she might have more whey and skim milk to assist poor families. Nay, I have known her live on

on boiled meat for a long while together, in a sickly season, because the pot-liquor made such a supply of broth for the sick poor. As the spring came on, and things grew worse, she never had a cake, a pye, or a pudding in her house; though she used to have plenty of these good things, and will again I hope when the present scarcity is over; though she says she never will use such white flour again, even if it should come down to five shillings a bushel.

All the parish now began to murmur. Farmer Jones was sure the frost had killed the wheat. Farmer Wilson said the rye would never come up. Brown the maltster insisted the barley was dead at the root. Butcher Jobbins said beef would be a shilling a pound. All declared there would not be a hop to brew with. The orchards were all blighted, there would not be apples enough to make a pye; and as to hay there would be none to be had for love nor money. "I'll tell you what," said farmer White, "the season is dreadful. The crops are unpromising just now; but 'tis too early to judge. Don't let us make things
 B 3 worse

worse than they are. We ought to comfort the poor, and you are driving them to despair. Don't you know how much GOD was displeased with the murmurs of his chosen people? And yet, when they were tired of manna he sent them quails; but all did not do. Nothing satisfies grumblers. We have a promise on our side, that there shall be seed time and harvest time to the end. Let us then hope for a good day, but provide against an evil one. Let us rather prevent the evil before it is come upon us, than sink under it when it comes. Grumbling can't help us. Activity can. Let us set about planting potatoes in every nook and corner, in case the corn *should* fail, which however I don't believe. Let us mend our management before we are driven to it by actual want. - And if we allow our honest labourers to plant a few potatoes for their families in the head lands of our ploughed fields, or other waste bits of ground, it will do us no harm, and be a great help to them."

The farmer had many temptations to send his corn at an extravagant price to
a certain

a certain sea port town; but as he knew that it was intended to export it against law, he would not be tempted to encourage unlawful gain; so he threshed out a small mow at a time, and sold it to the neighbouring poor far below the market price. He served his own workmen first. This was the same to them as if he had raised their wages, and even better, as it was a benefit of which their families were sure to partake. If the poor in the next parish were more distressed than his own, he sold to them at the same rate. "For," said he, "there is no distinction of parishes in heaven, and though charity begins at home, yet it ought not to end there."

He had been used in good times now and then to catch a hare or a partridge, as he was qualified. But he now resolved to give up that pleasure. So he parted from a couple of spaniels he had; for he said he could not bear that his dogs should be eating the meat, or the milk which so many men, women, and children wanted.

The WHITE LOAF.

ONE day, it was about the middle of last July, when things seemed to be at the dearest, and the Rulers of the land had agreed to set the example of eating nothing but coarse bread, Doctor Shepherd read, before sermon, in the church their public declaration, which the magistrates of the county sent him, and had also signed themselves. Mrs. White of course was at church, and commended it mightily. Next morning the Doctor took a walk over to the farmer's, in order to settle further plans for the relief of the parish. He was much surprised to meet Mrs. White's little maid Sally with a very small white loaf, which she had been buying at a shop. He said nothing to the girl, as he never thought it right to expose the faults of a mistress to her servant; but walked on, resolving to give Mrs. White a severe lecture for the first time in his life. He soon changed his mind, for on going into the kitchen the first person he saw was Tom the thatcher, who had had a sad fall from a ladder; his arm, which was slipped out of his sleeve, was swelled in a frightful manner.

Mrs.

Mrs. White was standing at the dresser making the little white loaf into a poultice, which she laid upon the swelling in a large clean old cloth.

“ I ask your pardon, my good Sarah,” said the Doctor, “ I ought not, however appearances were against you, to have suspected that so humble and prudent a woman as you are, would be led either to indulge any daintiness of your own, or to fly in the face of your betters, by eating white bread while they are eating brown. Whenever I come here I see it is not needful to be rich in order to be charitable. A bountiful rich man would have sent Tom to a surgeon, who would have done no more for him than you have done ; for in those inflammations the most skilful surgeon could only apply a poultice. Your kindness in dressing the wound yourself, will, I doubt not, perform the cure at the expence of that three-penny loaf and a little hog’s lard. And I will take care that Tom shall have a good supply of Rice from the Subscription.” “ And he shan’t want for skim milk,” said Mrs. White, and was he the best lord in the land, in the state he is in, a dish
of

of good nice milk would be better for him than the richest meat.

The PARISH MEETING.

On the tenth of August the vestry held another meeting, to consult on the best method of further assisting the poor. The abundant crops now cheered every heart. Farmer White, had a mind to be a little jocular with his desponding neighbours. Well, neighbour Jones, said he, all the wheat was killed, I suppose. The barley all dead at the root. Farmer Jones looked sheepish, and said, to be sure the crops had turned out better than he thought. Then, said Dr. Shepherd, let us learn to trust Providence another time.

Among other things, they agreed to subscribe for a large quantity of rice, which was to be sold out to the poor at a very low price, and Mrs. White was so kind as to undertake the trouble of selling it. After their day's work was over, all who wished to buy at these reduced rates were ordered to come to the farm on the Tuesday evening. Dr. Shepherd dropped in at the same time, and when Mrs. White had

had done weighing her rice, the Doctor spoke as follows:

“ My honest friends, it has pleased God to visit this land with a scarcity, to which we have been little accustomed. There are some idle evil minded people who are on the watch for public distresses, not that they may humble themselves under the mighty hand of God, (which is the true use to be made of all troubles) but that they may benefit themselves by disturbing the public peace. These people, by riot and drunkenness, double the evil which they pretend to cure. Riot will compleat our misfortunes, while peace, industry, and good management, will go near to cure them. Bread to be sure is uncommonly dear. Among the various ways of making it cheaper, one is to reduce the quality of it, another, to lessen the quantity we consume. If we cannot get enough of coarse wheaten bread, let us make it of other grain. Or let us mix one half of potatoes, and one half of wheat. This last is what I eat in my own family. It is pleasant and wholesome. Our blessed Saviour ate barley bread

bread you know, as we were told in the last month's Sunday Reading of the Cheap Repository, which I hope you have all heard; as I desired the master of the Sunday school to read it just after evening service, when I know many of the parents are apt to call in at the school. This is a good custom, and one of those little books shall be often read at that time.

“ My good women, I truly feel for you at this time of scarcity; and I am going to shew my good will, as much by my advice as my subscription. It is my duty, as your friend and minister, to tell you, that one half of your present hardships is owing to BAD MANAGEMENT. I often meet your children without shoes and stockings, with great luncheons of the very whitest bread, and that three times a day. Half that quantity, and still less if it were coarse, put into a dish of good onion or leek porridge, would make them an excellent breakfast. Many too of the very poorest of you eat your bread hot from the oven; this makes the difference of one loaf in five; I assure you 'tis what I cannot afford to do. Come
Mrs.

Mrs. White, you must assist me a little. I am not very knowing in these matters myself; but I know that the rich would be twice as charitable, if the poor made a better use of their bounty. Mrs. White do give these poor women a little advice how to make their pittance go further than it now does. When you lived with me you were famous for making us nice, cheap dishes, and I dare say you are not less notable now you manage for yourself."

"Indeed neighbours, said Mrs. White, what the good doctor says is very true. A halfpenny worth of oatmeal or groats, with a leek or onion, out of your own garden, which costs nothing, a bit of salt, and a little coarse bread, will breakfast your whole family. It is a great mistake at any time to think a bit of meat is so ruinous, and a great load of bread so cheap. A poor man gets seven or eight shillings a week; if he is careful he brings it home. I dare not say how much of this goes for tea in the afternoon, now sugar and butter are so dear, because I should have you all upon me, but I will say that too
much

much of this little goes even for bread, from a notion that it is the hardest fare. This at all times, but particularly just now, is bad management. Dry pease to be sure have been very dear lately; but now they are plenty enough. I am certain then, that if a shilling or two of the seven or eight was laid out for a bit of coarse beef, a sheep's head, or any such thing, it would be well bestowed. I would throw a couple of pound of this into the pot, with two or three handfuls of grey peas, an onion, and a little pepper. Then I would throw in cabbage, or turnip, and carrot; or any garden stuff that was most plenty; let it stew two or three hours, and it will make a dish fit for his Majesty. The working man should have the meat; the children don't want it, the soup will be thick and substantial, and requires no bread.

R I C E M I L K.

“ You who can get skim milk, as all our workmen can, have a great advantage. A quart of this, and a quarter of a pound of the rice you have just bought, a little
bit

bit of all-spice, and brown sugar, will make a dainty and a cheap dish."

" Bless your heart!" muttered Amy Grumble, who looked as dirty as a cinder-wench, with her face and fingers all daubed with snuff; "rice milk indeed! it is very nice to be sure for those who can dress it, but we have not a bit of coal; rice is of no use to us without firing." " And yet," said the Doctor, " I see your tea-kettle boiling twice every day, as I pass by the poor-house, and fresh butter at eleven-pence a pound on your shelf." " O dear, sir," cried Amy, " a few sticks serve to boil the tea-kettle." " And a few more," said the Doctor, will boil the rice milk, and give twice the nourishment at a quarter of the expence.

R I C E P U D D I N G.

" PRAY Sarah", said the Doctor, " how did you use to make that pudding my children were so fond of? And I remember when it was cold, we used to have it in the parlour for supper." " Nothing more easy," said Mrs. White. " I put
half

at my house." "And I will do more, Sir," said Mrs. White, "for I will put any of these women in the way how to dress it, the first time, if they are at a loss. But this is my dish.

"Take two or three pickled herrings, put them into a stone jar, fill it up with potatoes, and a little water, and let it bake in the oven till it is done. I would give one hint more," added she; "I have taken to use nothing but potatoe starch; and though I say it, that should not say it, nobody's linen in a common way looks better than ours.

The Doctor now said, "I am sorry for one hardship which many poor people labour under, I mean the difficulty of getting a little milk. I wish all farmers' wives were as considerate as you are, Mrs. White. A little milk is a great comfort to the poor, especially when their children are sick. And I have known it answer to the feller as well as to the buyer, to keep a cow or two on purpose to sell it out by the quart."

"Sir,"

“ Sir,” said farmer White, “ I beg leave to say a word to the men, if you please, for all your advice goes to the women. If you will drink less Gin you may get more meat. If you abstain from the alehouse you may many of you get a little one-way beer at home.” “ Aye, that we can Farmer,” said poor Tom the thatcher, who was now got well. “ Easter Monday for that—I say no more.—A word to the wife.” The Farmer smiled and went on. “ The number of public houses in many a parish brings on more hunger and rags than all the taxes in it, heavy as they are. All the other evils put together hardly make up the sum of that one. We are now raising a fresh subscription for you. This will be our rule of giving. We will not give to Sots, Gamblers, and Sabbath-breakers. Those who do not set their young children to work on week days, and send them to school on Sundays, deserve little favour. No man should keep a dog till he has more food than his family wants. If he feeds them at home they rob his children; if he starves them, they rob his neighbours. We have heard in a neighbouring

bouring city that some people carried back the subscription loaves because they were too coarse; but we hope better things of you." Here Betty Plane begged, with all humility, to put in a word. "Certainly," said the Doctor, "we will listen to all modest complaints, and try to redress them. You were pleased to say, sir," said she, "that we might find much comfort from buying coarse bits of beef. And so we might, but you do not know, sir, that we can seldom get them, even when we had the money, and times were not so bad." "How so, Betty?" "Sir, when we go to butcher Jobbins for a bit of shin, or any other lean piece, his answer is, 'You can't have it to-day. The cook at the great house has bespoke it for gravy, or the Doctor's maid (begging your pardon, sir) has just ordered it for soup.' Now, sir, if such kind gentlefolks were aware that this gravy and soup, not only consume a great deal of meat, which, to be sure, those have a right to do who can pay for it; but that it takes away those coarse pieces which the poor would buy, if they bought at all, I am sure they would not do it.

For

For indeed the rich have been very kind, and I don't know what we should do without them.

“ I thank you for the hint Betty,” said the Doctor, “ and I assure you I will have no more gravy soup. My garden will supply me with soups, that are both wholesomer and better. And I will answer for my lady at the great house that she will do the same. I hope this will become a general rule, and then we shall expect that the butchers will favour you in the prices of the coarse pieces, if *we* buy nothing but the prime. In our gifts we shall prefer, as the farmer has told you, those who keep steadily to their work : Such as come to the vestry for a loaf, and do not come to church for the sermon, we shall mark ; and prefer those who come constantly whether there are any gifts or not. But there is one rule from which we never will depart. Those who have been seen aiding or abetting any **Riot**, any attack on butchers, bakers, wheat mows, mills, or millers, we will not relieve. With the quiet, contented, hard-working man, I will share my last morsel

morfel of bread. I fhall only add, that though it has pleased God to fend us this vifitation as a punifhment, yet we may convert this fhort trial into a lafting bleffing, if we all turn over a new leaf. Profperity had made moft of us carelefs. The thoughtlefs profufion of fome of the rich, could only be exceeded by the idleness and bad management of fome of the poor. Let us now at laft adopt that good old maxim, EVERY ONE MEND ONE. And may GOD add his bleffing!"

The people now cheerfully departed with their rice, refolving, as many of them as could get milk, to put one of Mrs. White's receipts in practice that very night; and a rare fupper they had.

I hope foon to give a good account how this parifh improved in eafe and comfort, by their improvement in frugality and good management.

Z.

T H E E N D.

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