

THE
FORTY THIEVES;

OR,
ALI BABA AND MORGIANA.

AN EASTERN TALE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
THE COBBLER'S SON.

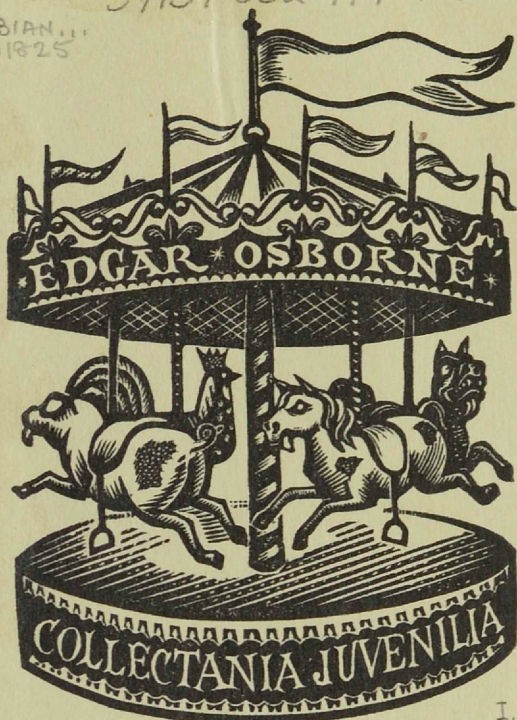


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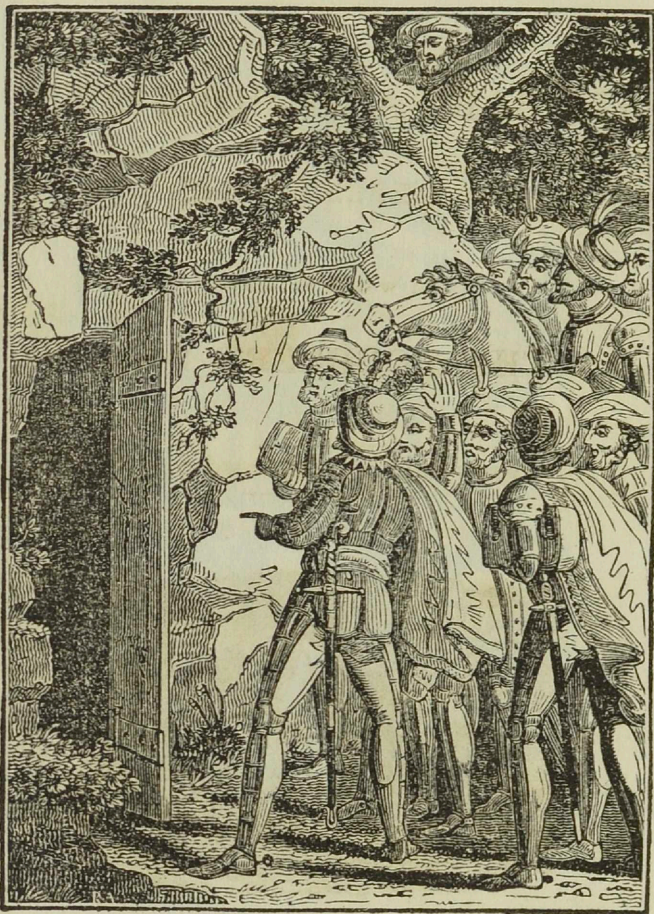
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FORTY-NINE EYES



THE
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FRONTISPIECE.



Their captain turning to the rock, said, "*Open, Sesame!*"
and immediately a door opened.—P. 6.

THE
FORTY THIEVES;
OR,
ALI BABA AND MORGIANA.
AN EASTERN TALE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
THE COBBLER'S SON.

EMBELLISHED WITH NEAT WOOD-CUTS.



EDINBURGH:
PUBLISHED BY
OLIVER & BOYD, TWEEDDALE-COURT.

FORTY-THIEVES

ADVENTURE

In a cave of the mountains the forty thieves
were gathered together, and they were
talking of their late success. One of them
said, "I have just been to the market
and I have bought a new pair of shoes."
Another said, "I have just been to the
market and I have bought a new pair of shoes."
A third said, "I have just been to the
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A twenty-ninth said, "I have just been to the
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A thirty-sixth said, "I have just been to the
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A thirty-seventh said, "I have just been to the
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A thirty-eighth said, "I have just been to the
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A thirty-ninth said, "I have just been to the
market and I have bought a new pair of shoes."
A fortieth said, "I have just been to the
market and I have bought a new pair of shoes."

THE
FORTY THIEVES.

IN a town of Persia there lived two brothers, the sons of a poor man ; the one was named Cassim and the other Ali Baba. Cassim, the elder, married a wife with a considerable fortune, and lived at his ease, in a handsome house, with plenty of servants ; but the wife of Ali Baba being as poor as himself, he dwelt in a mean cottage in the suburbs of the city, and maintained his family by cutting wood in a neighbouring forest.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, and preparing to load his asses with the wood he had cut, he saw a troop of horsemen approaching towards him. He had often heard of robbers who infested that forest, and, in a great fright, he hastily climbed a

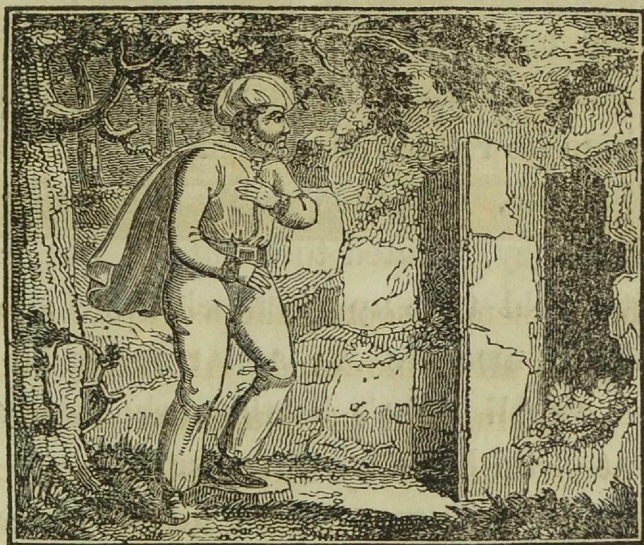
large thick tree, and hid himself among the branches.



The horsemen soon galloped up to a rock, where they all dismounted. Ali Baba counted forty of them, and he could not doubt but they were thieves, by their ill-looking countenances. They each took a loaded portmanteau from his horse, and he who seemed to be their captain, turning to the rock, said, "*Open, Sesame!*" and immediately a door opened in the rock; then all the robbers passed in, and the door shut of itself. In a short time the door opened again, and the forty

robbers came out, followed by their captain, who said, "*Shut, Sesame!*" The door instantly closed; and the troop, mounting their horses, were presently out of sight.

Ali Baba remained in the tree a long time, and, seeing that the robbers did not return, he ventured down; and, approaching close to the rock, said, "*Open, Sesame!*" Imme-



diately the door flew open, and Ali Baba beheld a spacious cavern, very light, and filled with all sorts of provisions, merchandise, rich stuffs, and heaps of gold and silver coin, which these robbers had taken from mer-

chants and travellers. Ali Baba then went in search of his asses, and having brought them to the rock, took as many bags of gold coin as they could carry, and put them on their backs, covering them with loose fagots of wood; and afterwards (not forgetting to say, "*Shut, Sesame!*") he drove the asses back to the city; then having unloaded them in the stable belonging to his cottage, he carried the bags into the house, and spread the gold coin out upon the floor before his wife, to whom he related his adventure.

His wife, delighted with possessing so much money, wanted to count it; but, finding it would take up too much time, she resolved to measure it; and running to the house of Ali Baba's brother, she entreated them to lend her a small measure.

Cassim's wife was very proud and envious; "I wonder," said she to herself, "what sort of grain such poor people can have to measure; but I am determined I will find out what they are doing." So, before she gave the measure, she artfully rubbed the bottom of it with some suet.

Away ran Ali Baba's wife ; and having measured her money, and helped her husband to bury it in the yard, she carried back the measure to her brother-in-law's house, without perceiving that a piece of gold was left sticking to the bottom of it.

“ Fine doings, indeed !” cried Cassim's wife to her husband, after examining the measure ; “ your brother there, who pretends to be so very poor, is richer than you are, for he does not count his money but measures it.”

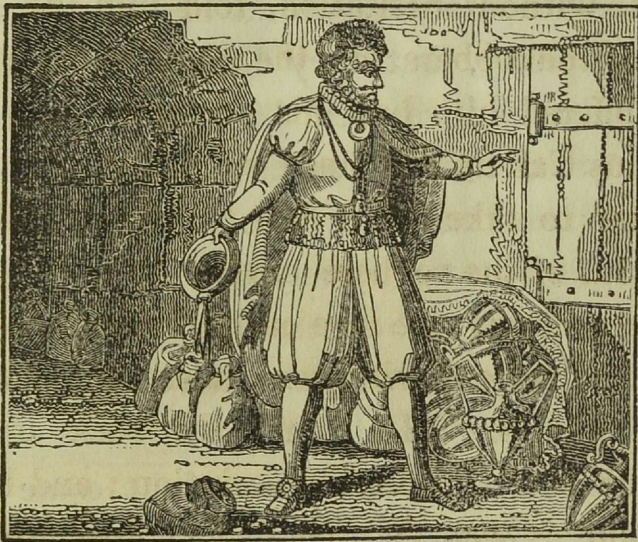


Cassim hearing these words, and seeing the piece of gold, grew as envious as his wife,

and, hastening to his brother, threatened to inform the Cadi of his wealth, if he did not confess to him how he had come by it. Ali Baba, without hesitation, told him the history of the robbers, and the secret of the cave, and offered him half his treasure; but the envious Cassim disdained so poor a sum, resolving to take home fifty times more than that out of the robbers' cave.

Accordingly, he rose early the next morning, and set out with ten mules loaded with great chests. He found the rock easily enough by Ali Baba's description; and having said "*Open, Sesame!*" he gained admission into the cave, where he found more treasure than he even had expected to behold from his brother's account of it. He immediately began to gather bags of gold and pieces of rich brocades, all which he piled close to the door; but when he had got together as much or even more than his ten mules could possibly carry, and wanted to get out to load them, the thoughts of his wonderful riches had made him entirely forget the word which caused the door to open.

In vain he tried *Bame*, *Fame*, *Lame*, *Te-tame*, and a thousand others; the door remained as immovable as the rock itself, not-



withstanding Cassim kicked and screamed till he was ready to drop with fatigue and vexation. Presently he heard the sound of horses' feet, which he rightly concluded to be the robbers', and he trembled lest he should now fall a victim to his thirst for riches.

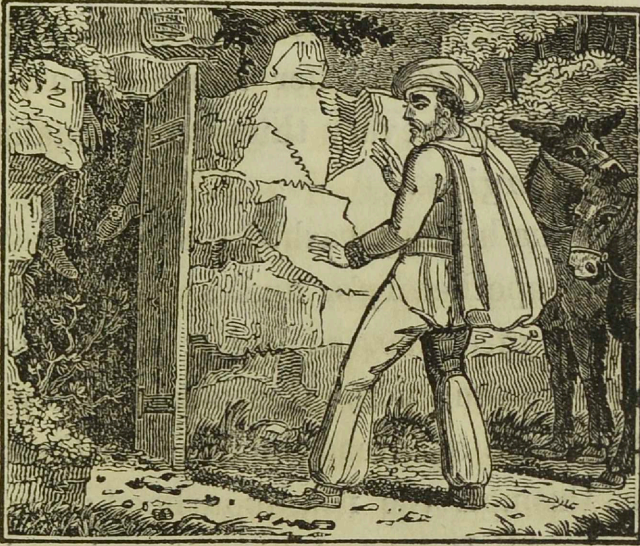
He resolved, however, to make one effort to escape; and when he heard "*Sesame*" pronounced, and saw the door open, he sprung out; but was instantly put to death by the swords of the robbers.

The thieves now held a council, but not one of them could possibly guess by what means Cassim had got into the cave. They saw the heaps of treasure he had piled ready to take away, but they did not miss what Ali Baba had secured before. At length they agreed to cut Cassim's body into four quarters, and hang the pieces within the cave, that it might terrify any one from further attempts; and also determined not to return themselves for some time to the cave, for fear of being watched and discovered.

When Cassim's wife saw night come on, and her husband not returned, she became greatly terrified. She watched at her window till daybreak, and then went to tell Ali Baba of her fears. Cassim had not informed him of his design of going to the cave; but Ali Baba, now hearing of his journey thither, did not wait to be desired to go in search of him.

He drove his asses to the forest without delay. He was alarmed to see blood near the rock; and on entering the cave he found the body of his unfortunate brother cut to

pieces, and hung up within the door. It was



now too late to save him ; but he took down the quarters, and put them upon one of his asses, covering them with fagots of wood, and then returned to the city.

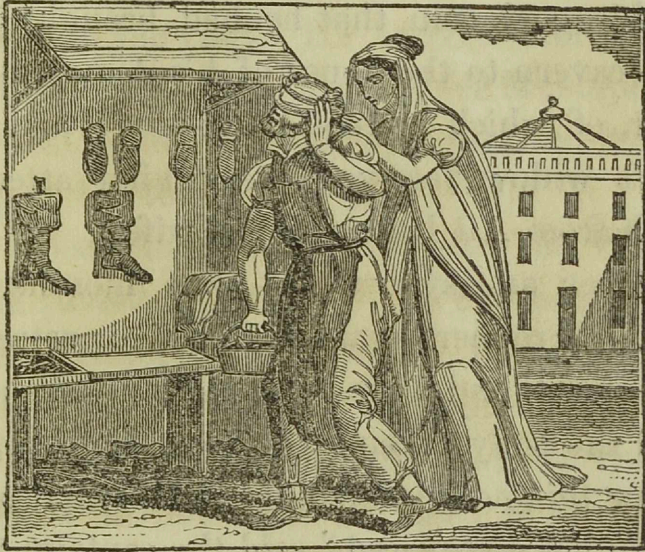
The door of his brother's house was opened by Morgiana, an intelligent faithful female slave, who, Ali Baba knew, was worthy to be trusted with the secret. He therefore delivered the body to Morgiana, and went himself to impart the sad tidings to the wife of Cassim. The poor woman was deeply afflicted, and reproached herself with her fool-

ish envy and curiosity, as being the cause of her husband's death ; but Ali Baba having convinced her of the necessity of being very discreet, she checked her lamentations, and resolved to leave every thing to the management of Morgiana.

Morgiana having washed the body, hastened to an apothecary's, and asked for some particular medicine, saying it was for her master Cassim, who was dangerously ill. She took care to spread the report of Cassim's illness through the neighbourhood ; and as they saw Ali Baba and his wife going daily to the house of their brother in great affliction, they were not surprised to hear shortly that Cassim had died of his disorder.

The next difficulty was to bury him without discovery ; but Morgiana was ready to contrive a plan for that also. She put on her veil, and went to a distant part of the city very early in the morning, where she found a poor cobbler, just opening his stall. She gave him a piece of gold, and said he should have another, if he would suffer himself to be blindfolded, and go with her. Mus-

tapha, the cobbler, hesitated at first ; but the gold tempted him, and he consented : when Morgiana, carefully covering his eyes, so that



he could not see a step of the way, led him to Cassim's house, and taking him to the room where the body was lying, removed the bandage from his eyes, and bade him sew the mangled limbs together.

Mustapha obeyed her order ; and, having received two pieces of gold, was led blindfolded the same way back to his own stall.

Morgiana then covering the body with a winding-sheet, sent for the undertaker to

make preparations for the funeral; and Cassim was buried with all due solemnity that very day.

Ali Baba now removed his few goods, and all his gold coin that he had brought from the cavern to the house of his deceased brother, of which he took possession; and Cassim's widow received every kind attention both from Ali Baba and his wife.

After an interval of some months, the troop of robbers again visited their retreat in the forest, and were completely astonished to find the body taken away from the cave, and every thing else remaining in its usual order. "We are discovered," said the captain, "and shall certainly be undone if we do not adopt speedy measures to prevent our ruin. Which of you, my brave comrades, will undertake to find out the villain who is in possession of our secret?"

One of the boldest of the troop advanced, and offered himself, and was accepted on the following conditions; namely, that if he succeeded in his enterprise, he was to be made second in command of the troop; but that if

he brought false intelligence, he was immediately to be put to death.

This bold robber readily agreed to the conditions ; and, having disguised himself, proceeded to the city. He arrived there about daybreak, and found the cobbler Mustapha in his stall, which was always open before any shop in the town.

“ Good-morrow, friend,” said the robber, as he passed the stall ; “ you rise betimes : I should think you, who are so old, could scarcely see to work by this light ?”

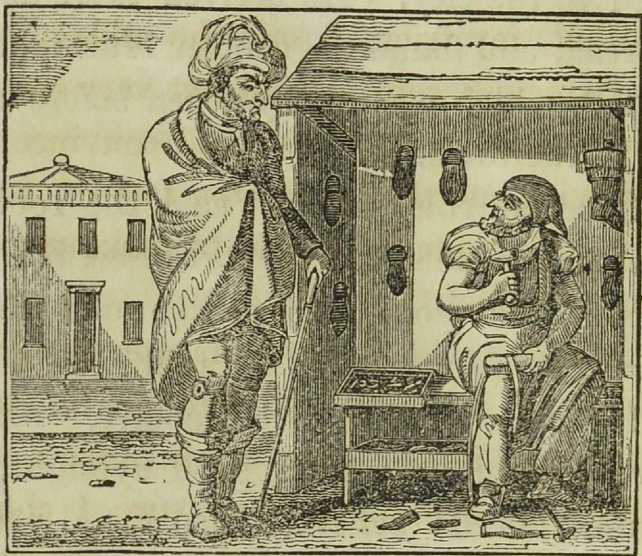
“ Indeed, sir,” replied the cobbler, “ old as I am, I do not want for good eyesight, as you must needs believe, when I tell you I sewed a dead body together the other day, where I had not so good a light as I have now.”

“ A dead body !” exclaimed the robber ; “ you mean, I suppose, that you sewed up the winding-sheet for a dead body ?”

“ No such thing,” replied Mustapha ; “ I tell you I sewed the four quarters of a man together.”

This was enough to convince the robber

he had luckily met with the very man who could give him the information he was in search of. However, he did not wish to appear eager to learn the particulars, lest he



should alarm the old cobbler. He therefore began to laugh: "Ha! ha!" said he, "I find, good Mr Cobbler, that you perceive I am a stranger here, and you wish to make me believe that the people of your city do impossible things."

"I tell you," said Mustapha, in a loud and angry tone, "I sewed a dead body together with my own hands."

“Then I suppose you can tell me also where you performed this wonderful business.”

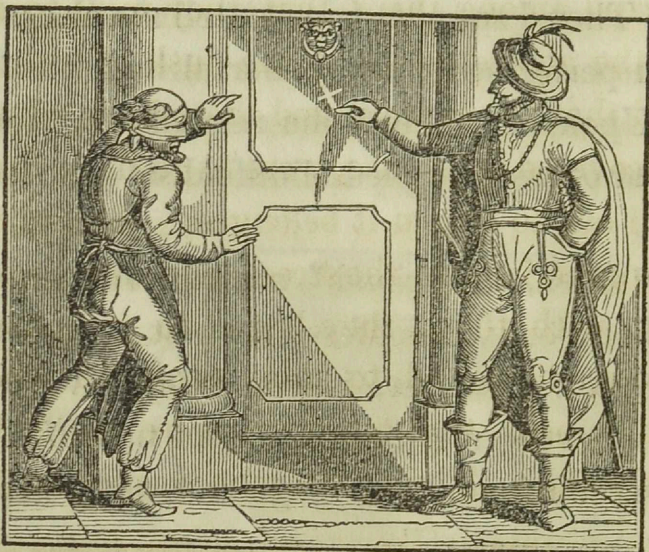
Upon this, Mustapha related every particular of his being led blindfolded to the house, &c.

“Well, my friend,” said the robber, “’tis a fine story, I confess, but not very easy to believe : however, if you will convince me by showing me the house you talk of, I will give you four pieces of gold to make amends for my unbelief.”

“I think,” said the cobbler, after considering a while, “that if you were to blindfold me, I should remember every turn we made ; but with my eyes open I am sure I should never find it.”

Accordingly the robber covered Mustapha’s eyes with his handkerchief, and the cobbler led him through most of the principal streets, and stopping at Cassim’s door, said, “Here it is,—I went no further than this house.”

The robber immediately marked the door with a piece of chalk, and giving Mustapha his four pieces of gold dismissed him.



Shortly after the thief and Mustapha had quitted the door, Morgiana, coming home from market, perceived the little mark of white chalk on the door, and, suspecting something was wrong, directly marked four doors on one side and five on the other of her master's, in exactly the same manner, without saying a word to any one.

The robber meantime rejoined his troop, and boasted greatly of his success. His captain and comrades praised his diligence; and, being well armed, they proceeded to the town in different disguises, and in separate parties of three and four together. It was

agreed among them, that they were to meet at the market-place in the dusk of evening ; and that the captain and the robber who had discovered the house, were to go there first, to find out to whom it belonged. Accordingly, being arrived in the street, and having a lantern with them, they began to examine the doors, and found, to their confusion and astonishment, that ten doors were marked exactly alike. The robber who was the captain's



guide could not say one word in explanation of this mystery ; and when they reached the forest, his enraged companions put him to death.

Another now offered himself upon the same conditions as the former ; and having bribed Mustapha, and discovered the house, he made a mark with dark red chalk upon the door, in a part that was not in the least conspicuous ; and carefully examined the surrounding doors, to be certain that no such mark was upon any one of them.

But nothing could escape the prying eyes of Morgiana : scarcely had the robber departed, when she discovered the red mark ; and, getting some red chalk, she marked seven doors on each side precisely in the same place and in the same manner.

The robber, valuing himself highly upon the precautions he had taken, triumphantly conducted his captain to the spot ; but great indeed was his confusion and dismay, when he found it impossible to say which, among fifteen houses thus marked exactly alike, was the right one. The captain, furious with his disappointment, returned again with the troop to the forest ; and the second robber was also condemned to death.

The captain having thus lost two of his

troop, judged that their hands were more active than their heads in such services, and he resolved not to employ another of them, but to go himself upon the business.

Accordingly he repaired to the city, and addressed himself to the cobbler Mustapha, who, for six pieces of gold, readily performed the same services for him he had done for the two other strangers; and the captain, much wiser than his men, did not amuse himself with setting a mark upon the door, but attentively considered the house, counted the number of its windows, and passed by it very often, to be certain that he should know it again.

He then returned to the forest, and ordered his troop to go into the town, and buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight large jars, one full of oil and the rest empty.

In two or three days the jars were bought, and all things in readiness; and the captain having put a man into each jar, properly armed, the jars being rubbed on the outside with oil, and the covers having holes for the men to breathe through, loaded his mules,

and, in the habit of an oil-merchant, entered the town in the dusk of the evening. He proceeded to Ali Baba's house, and finding him sitting in the porch, said, "Sir, I have



brought this oil a great way to sell, and am too late for this day's market. As I am a stranger in this town, allow me to put my mules into your court-yard, and direct me where I may lodge to-night."

Ali Baba, who was a good-natured man, welcomed the pretended oil-merchant very kindly, and offered him a bed in his own house; and, having ordered the mules to be unloaded in the yard and properly fed, he

invited his guest in to supper. The captain, having seen the jars placed ready in the yard, followed Ali Baba into the house, and, after supper, was shown to the chamber where he was to sleep.

Morgiana happened to sit up later that night than usual, to get ready her master's bathing-linen for the following morning; but while she was busy about the fire, her lamp went out, and there was no more oil in the house.

After considering what she could possibly do for a light, she recollected the thirty-eight oil-jars in the yard, and determined to take a little oil out of them for her lamp. She took her oil-pot in her hand, and approaching the first jar, the robber within said, "Is it time, captain?" Any other slave, perhaps, on hearing a man in an oil-jar, would have screamed out; but Morgiana replied softly, "No, not yet; lie still till I call you." She went to every jar, receiving the same question, and making the same answer, till she came to the one filled with oil.

Morgiana was now convinced that this was a plot of the robbers to murder her master

Ali Baba; so she ran back to the kitchen, and brought out a large kettle, which she filled with oil, and set it on a great wood fire; and as soon as it boiled, she went and poured into the jars a sufficient quantity of the boiling oil to kill every man within them.



Having done this, she put out her fire and her lamp, and crept softly to her chamber.

The captain of the robbers, hearing every thing quiet in the house, and perceiving no light any where, arose, and went down into the yard to assemble his men. Coming to the first jar, he felt the steams of the boiled

oil; he ran hastily to the rest, and found every one of his troop put to death in the same manner. Full of rage and despair at having failed in his design, he forced the lock of a door that led to the garden, and made his escape over the walls.

On the following morning, Morgiana related to her master, Ali Baba, his wonderful deliverance from the pretended oil-merchant and his gang of robbers. Ali Baba at first could scarcely credit her tale; but when he saw the robbers dead in the jars, he could not sufficiently praise her courage and sagacity; and, without letting any one else into the secret, he and Morgiana, the next night, buried the thirty-seven thieves in a deep trench at the bottom of the garden. The jars and the mules, as he had no use for them, were sent from time to time to the different markets, and sold.

While Ali Baba took these measures to prevent his and Cassim's adventures in the forest from being known, the captain returned to his cave, and for some time abandoned himself to grief and despair. At length, however,

he determined to adopt a new scheme for the destruction of Ali Baba. He removed, by degrees, a quantity of the valuable merchandise from the cave to the city, and took a shop exactly opposite to Ali Baba's house.

He furnished this shop with every thing that was rare and costly, and went by the name of the merchant Cogia Hassan. Many persons made acquaintance with the stranger, and, among others, Ali Baba's son went every day to his shop. The pretended Cogia Hassan soon appeared to be very fond of Ali Baba's son, offered him many presents, and often detained him to dinner ; on which occasions he treated him in the handsomest manner.

Ali Baba's son thought it was necessary to make some return for these civilities, and prevailed on his father to invite Cogia Hassan to supper.

The artful Cogia Hassan would not too hastily accept this invitation, but pretended he was not fond of going into company, and that he had business which demanded his presence at home. These excuses only made Ali

Baba's son the more eager to take him to his father's house; and, after repeated solicitations, the merchant consented to sup at Ali Baba's the next evening.

A most excellent supper was provided, which Morgiana cooked in the best manner; and, as was her usual custom, she carried in the first dish herself. The moment she looked at Cogia Hassan, she knew him to be the pretended oil-merchant. The prudent Morgiana did not say a word to any one of this discovery, but sent the other slaves into the kitchen, and waited at table herself, and while Cogia Hassan was drinking, she perceived he had a dagger hid under his coat. When supper was ended, and the dessert and wine on the table, Morgiana went away, and dressed herself in the habit of a dancing-girl; she next called Abdalla, a fellow-slave, to play the tabor while she danced.

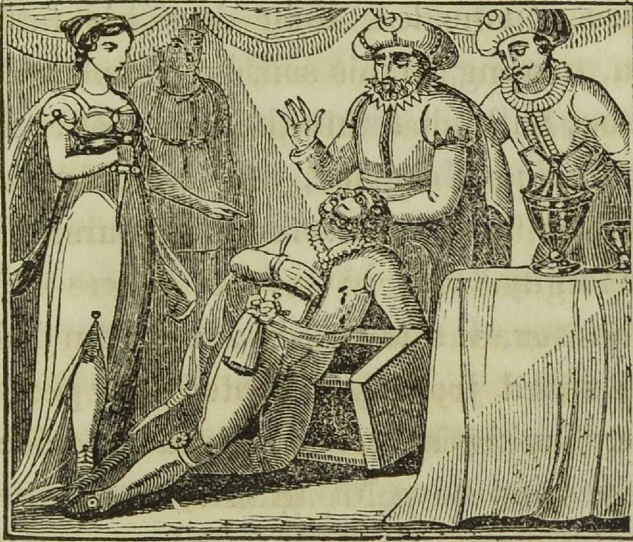
As soon as she appeared at the parlour-door, her master, who was very fond of seeing her dance, ordered her to come in and entertain his guest. Cogia Hassan was not very well satisfied with this entertainment,

yet was compelled, for fear of discovering himself, to seem pleased with the dancing, while in fact he wished Morgiana a great way off, and was quite alarmed, lest he should lose this opportunity of murdering Ali Baba and his son.

Morgiana danced several dances with the utmost grace and agility ; and then drawing a poniard from her girdle, she performed many surprising things with it, sometimes presenting the point to one, and sometimes to another, and then seemed to strike it to her own bosom. Then holding the poniard in the right hand, she presented her left to Ali Baba and his son, who gave her a small piece of money each. She next turned to the pretended merchant, and while he was putting his hand into his purse, she plunged the poniard into his heart.

“ Wretch !” cried Ali Baba, “ thou hast ruined me and my family.”

“ No, sir,” replied Morgiana, “ I have preserved, and not ruined, you and your son. Look well at this traitor, and you will find him to be the pretended oil-merchant, who came once before to rob and murder you.



Ali Baba, having pulled off the turban and the cloak which the false Cogia Hassan wore, discovered that he was not only the pretended oil-merchant, but the captain of the forty robbers, who had slain his brother Cassim ; nor could he doubt that his perfidious aim had been to destroy him, and probably his son, with the concealed dagger.

Ali Baba, who felt the new obligation he owed to Morgiana for thus saving his life a second time, embraced her and said, "My dear Morgiana, I give you your liberty ; but my gratitude shall not stop there ; I will also marry you to my son, who must esteem and

admire you no less than does his father." Then, turning to his son, he added, "You, my son, will not refuse the wife I offer; for, in marrying Morgiana, you take to wife the preserver and benefactor of yourself and your family."

The son, far from showing any dislike, readily and joyfully accepted his proposed bride, having long entertained an affection for the good slave Morgiana.

Having rejoiced in their deliverance, they buried the captain that night, with great privacy, in the trench along with his troop of robbers; and a few days afterwards Ali Baba celebrated the marriage of his son and Morgiana with a sumptuous entertainment; and every one who knew Morgiana said she was worthy of her good fortune, and highly commended her master's generosity to her.

During a twelvemonth, Ali Baba forbore to go near the forest, but at length his curiosity incited him to make another journey. When he came to the cave, he saw no footsteps of either men or horses; and having

said, "*Open, Sesame!*" he went in, and judged, by the state of things deposited in the cavern, that no one had been there since the pretended Cogia Hassan had removed the merchandise to his shop in the city. Ali Baba took as much gold home as his horse could carry; and afterwards he carried his son to the cave, and taught him the secret. This secret they handed down to their posterity; and, using their good fortune with moderation, they lived in honour and splendour, and served with dignity some of the highest offices of the city.

THE COBBLER'S SON.

A YOUNG man, son of a cobbler in a small village near Madrid, having gained a fortune in the Indies, returned to his native country with a considerable stock, and set up as a banker at Madrid. In his absence his parents frequently talked of him, praying fervently that Heaven would take him under its protection ; and the vicar, being their friend, gave them frequently the public prayers of the congregation for him. The banker was not less dutiful on his part ; for, as soon as he was settled, he mounted on horseback, and went alone to the village. It was ten at night before he got there, and the honest cobbler was a-bed with his wife in a sound sleep when he knocked at the door. “ Open the door,” said the banker ; “ it is your son Francillo.”—“ Make others believe that if you can,” cried the old man, starting from his sleep ; “ go about your business, you thieving rogues, here is nothing for you ; Francillo,

if not dead, is now in the Indies.”—“ He is no longer there,” replied the banker ; “ he is returned home, and it is he who now speaks to you : open your door and receive him.”—“ Jacobo,” said the old woman, “ let us rise then : for I really believe it is Francillo : I think I know his voice.”—The father, starting from bed, lighted a candle, and the mother, putting on her gown in a hurry, opened the door. Looking earnestly on Francillo, she flung her arms about his neck, and hugged him with the utmost affection.

Jacobo in his turn embraced his son ; and all three, transported with joy, after so long an absence, had no end of expressing their tenderness. After these pleasing transports, the banker put his horse into the stable, beside an old milch-cow, nurse to the whole family. He then gave the old folks an account of his voyage, and of all the riches he had brought from Peru. They listened greedily, and every particular of his relation made on them a sensible impression of grief or joy. Having finished his story, he offered them a part of his estate, and entreated his father

not to work any more. "No, my son," said Jacobo, "I love my trade, and will not leave it off."—"Why," replied the banker, "is it not high time to take your ease? I don't propose your living with me at Madrid: I know well enough that a city-life would not please you. Enjoy your own way of living, but give over your hard labour, and pass the remainder of your days in ease and plenty." The mother seconded her son, and Jacobo yielded.

The next morning the banker, leaving his parents a purse of three hundred ducats, returned to Madrid; but was much surprised to see Jacobo at his house a few days thereafter. "My Father," said he, "what brings you here?"—"Francillo," answered the honest cobbler, "I have brought you your purse; take it again, for I desire to live by my trade, and have been ready to die with uneasiness ever since I left off working."

THE END.

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