

No. 12.]

[Price 3d.

Little Solomon.

EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS NEAT
ENGRAVINGS.



LONDON :

PUBLISHED BY

Dean & Munday, Threadneedle-street; and
A. K. Newman & Co. Leadenhall-street.

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See page 8.

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him to church, the nurse observing, that he had not once laughed since his birth, the company agreed was a sign of great wisdom, so they determined to call him Solomon.

However gravity may be a proof of wisdom in general, in his particular case there cannot be a doubt of it; for whenever a quarrel happened among his schoolfellows, it was always referred to his judge-



ment, and every one submitted cheerfully to his decisions. From these circumstances, he was called “The Wise Little Solomon.”

One day, Solomon’s father was brought home dead, to the great grief of his widow, whose sorrow was so excessive, that it threw her into a high fever, which confined her to her bed for three weeks, and then left such a weakness behind,

that, although the country air, and the goodness of her constitution were greatly in her favour, it was nearly a twelvemonth before she entirely regained her health.

The long illness of Solomon's mother, and the villany of a man, whom she had employed to look after her farm, obliged her, on recovering, to sell every thing she possessed, to pay her debts: which when she had done, left her mistress of only five pounds. With this small sum she purchased a table, a few chairs, some household utensils, and a number of forms; to furnish a small cottage, which the curate of the parish let her live in, rent-free. Here she set up a school, and though her learning was not very

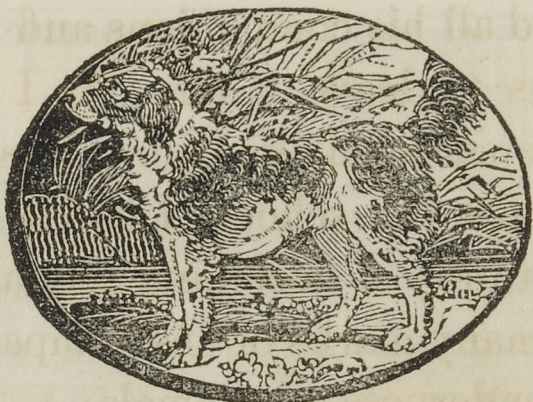


extensive, yet her industry, and diligence in teaching her scholars to read, to love their parents, and to behave well, procured her the notice of all the farmers in the neighbourhood who sent their children to her; and thus she lived in tolerable comfort.

Solomon never delighted in the cruel practice of taking birds' nests, but as far as lay in his power, per-

suaded all his companions and play-fellows to leave it off. As I lived in the same village where his mother kept her school, I had a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with many marks of his compassion and tenderness to animals.

One day, as I was walking by the side of Richmond Gardens, I observed him conversing with another boy, rather taller than himself. Drawing softly behind him, I discovered a poor little puppy in his arms, which he was patting and stroking, with every appearance of satisfaction; and found by his discourse, that he had just saved the poor creature from being drowned, by giving his whole stock of money and playthings for it, which only



amounted to three-halfpence, a bag of marbles, and a top.

This instance of his humanity pleased me so much, that I gave him a shilling to buy victuals for his dog, and redeem his effects. I told him, at the same time, that a good action never passed without being rewarded; and this Solomon afterwards found to be true; for the very same animal he had saved from being drowned, was the cause of his being preserved from a simi-

lar fate. I shall give the particulars in due time and place.

When Solomon was nine years old, the curate, who had often visited his mother to give her assistance and advice, proposed, as he was such a good boy, to take him to his own house, and bring him up with his children; one of whom, called George, was about the same age, the other, a daughter, named Maria, was two years younger. To this proposal his mother joyfully assented, and the following Monday was fixed on for Solomon to go to his new habitation.

The long-expected day at length arrived, and Solomon having kissed his mother, and received her blessing, set out for the curate's house,

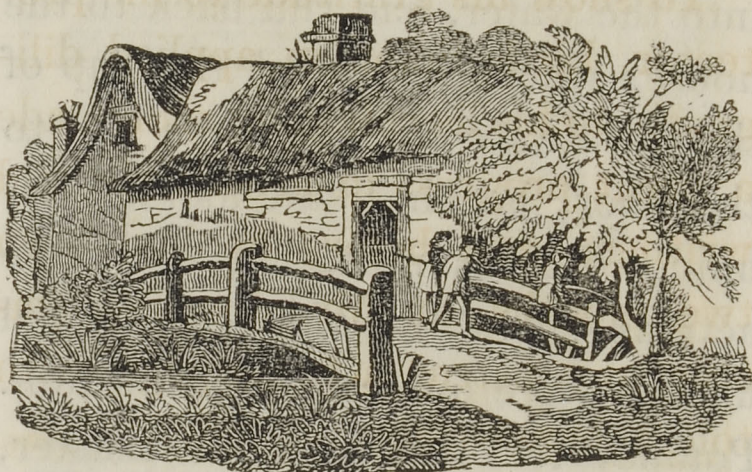


which was situated near the church, and almost three quarters of a mile up the town. Little Pompey ran before, barking and wagging his tail, and seeming equally joyful as his master.

He was received by the worthy curate and his family, with evident pleasure, particularly by Master George and his sister, for the good temper of Solomon had procured him the esteem of every body.

To show his gratitude to his protector, Little Solomon applied diligently to his learning, he soon made a great progress in arithmetic and writing; and before he had been two months at Mr. Jones's, was able to construe a Latin page with tolerable accuracy.

About this time it was, that having climbed up a tree that grew over the brook that ran through the garden, to replace a young bird, which had accidentally fallen out of its nest, a branch gave way, and he fell into the water: never having learned to swim, he was on the point of sinking to the bottom, when Mr. Jones and his son George ran up. Mr. Jones being a good swimmer, directly jumped into the



brook, and, catching him by the hair, dragged him to the edge in safety.

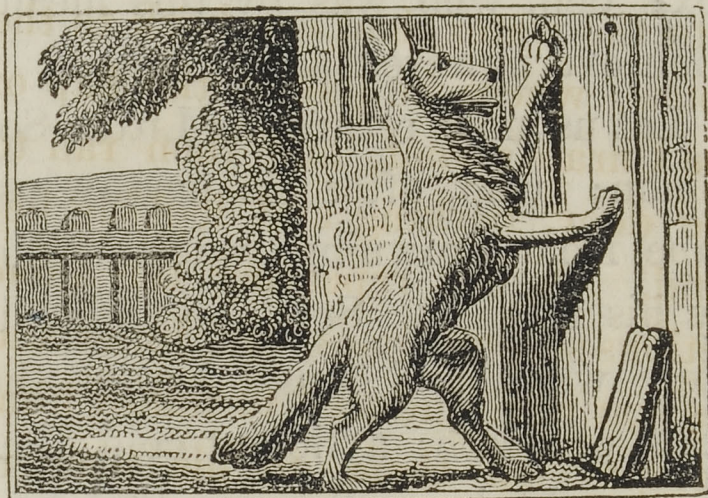
He carried him home, wrapped him in warm blankets, and with the aid of a cordial, he soon revived.

Mr. Jones now told him, that he was indebted for his life to the fidelity of his dog Pompey; who, it seems, had followed his master into the garden, and, on seeing him fall

into the water, had run back to the house, where he pulled the flap of the Curate's coat, and then ran to the door, barking and looking behind. On his repeating the same actions several times, Mr. Jones and his son were induced to follow him. Pompey led them to his master, wagging his tail all the way, as if he was overjoyed at their compliance. Thus was the life of our hero saved, wholly from the effects of his own humanity.

I trust that my little readers will not object to my relating another instance of Pompey's sagacity, to which I was partly an eye-witness.

The curate's farm had been often disturbed by a fox; who broke in, in the night, and took away some



poultry. Traps were set to catch him, but he eluded them all, and continued his depredations as usual. Pompey, however, had discovered the place of Reynard's retreat; but not being able to cope with him by himself, for several days he buried part of his allotment of meat and bones; he then collected several other dogs, feasted them from his hoard, and conducted them to the

fox's den, who was by this means soon overpowered and killed.

Let us now return to Little Solomon; who, after his narrow escape from drowning, was sent for by his mother. Solomon immediately went, and found her at the point of death: a violent cold, that she caught by walking in the rain, had brought on a fever, which increased so rapidly, that Mrs. Serious was sensible she should not live long. In this situation, she sent for her son, and taking him by the hand, while the tears streamed from his eyes, spoke to him about his duty to his kind protector, and to all mankind: adding, that as he did by others, just so would God bless him.



She then said, “In that trunk I have placed a will, which your kind friend, Mr. Jones, will see executed: it makes you master of all I have saved since I came to this cottage. Trifling as it is, it may hereafter enable you to set up in business; and then by diligence and industry, you may gain affluence. Farewell, my child, be virtuous and happy.”

When Mrs. Serious had finished

these words, she kissed her weeping son, fell gently back upon her pillow, and surrendered her soul into the hands of her Creator and Judge. Little Solomon wept bitterly at her death, for she had been one of the best and most indulgent of mothers.

By the time Solomon was twelve years of age, he had completely mastered the Latin language; and, by his great attention to study, had amazingly improved his understanding,

About this time, the worthy curate received a visit from some company, among whom was a gentleman of the name of Bernard: he had in the early part of his life, been engaged by the East India Company, in some particular mat-



ters, by which he had acquired a large fortune.

This gentleman was so much delighted with the behaviour of Little Solomon, and with his good character, that he invited him to spend a few weeks at his house; the curate consented, and Solomon joyfully accepted the invitation.

Mr. Barnard's residence was at Walton-on-Thames, where he re-

ceived our hero and his two friends with much pleasure. Here our little party spent five weeks in continual diversion and gaiety, when Master George and Maria returned home; but the good qualities of Solomon so far engaged the esteem of Mr. Bernard, that he wrote a letter to Mr. Jones, requesting him to let his pupil remain where he was for some time longer.

Nothing material befel our hero from this time, till he was in his nineteenth year; when Mr. Bernard, who could never let him leave his house, but had procured him every assistance to complete his studies, died, and left him the whole of his fortune, on his attaining the age of twenty-one.



Solomon was extremely sorry for his death; which had deprived him of a tender and indulgent friend, for whom he felt all the love and fondness of a son.

Soon afterwards, Mr. Serious, for by that name Solomon is now called, went to his former benefactor, Mr. Jones, and presented him with a five hundred pound bank-note, and a living in his gift, which happened

to be vacant, as a small proof of gratitude for the kindness he had shown him in the early part of his life.

Mr. Serious then invited him and his family to his house, and after a month having passed in the greatest pleasure, he accompanied them to their new rectory, which was but two miles distant.

Soon after this, he married Maria, and returned to his own house, where they now live in the most perfect happiness.

THE END.

LITTLE FOLK
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