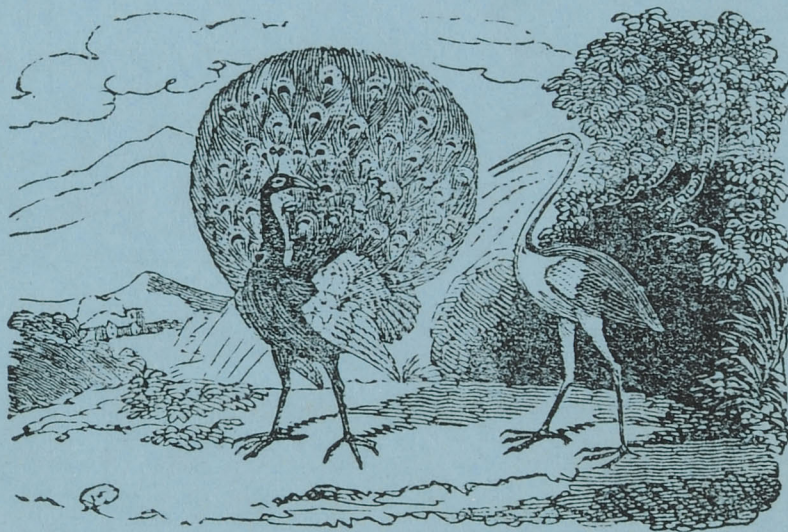


**MARKS'S EDITION.**

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
**HAWTHORN FARM**  
OR THE  
**LOST SON.**



**LONDON.**

Printed and Published by J L. Marks

9, Long Lane Smithfield,



# HAWTHORN FARM OR THE LOST SON.



London J. L. Marks,

At the foot of a Hill dotted over with Cottages of every variety, from amongst which rises the taper spire of the Village Church, stood Hawthorn Farm, one of the cleanest with the trimmest flower Pots and best stocked garden here resides George Hawthorn, his wife and only Son Edward, it was towards the close of the day, and the inmates were about to partake of there Evening meal, the face of the father appeared troubled, he looked thoughtfully on the floor and then would gaze long and anxiously at his Son, at length with a sigh he said, Edward this is a disastrous tale I have heard from the worthy Rector, what will become of you if you still continue to associate with such profligate and Idle Companions at these words the dame dropped her Kniting and gazed enquiringly at the farmer, the Son after meeting his Fathers Eyes turned confusedly away, What has he been guilty of anxiously enquired the Dame, the farmers brow darkened and he said warmly, an act of wanton cruelty of tortureing two poor animals for Idle pastime, Here the farmer stated to the dame that crossing the meadows, he met the worthy Rector who informed him that his Son aided by his Idle associates had been amusing themselves by seting farmer Whites mastif on his reverences Cow till the poor animal became so enraged that it had nearly proved the death of the Dog by tossing it into the air and its falling upon the garden fence, my Son replied the dame I feel ashamed of you, how often have I spoke to you of those Idle sports, which will lead to no good, but retire to your Chamber



The Attack on the Rectors Cow.

and on your knees pray to God to forgive your wanton act of cruelty, with sullen and downcast looks he left the chamber, without deigning an answer, but not to follow his kind Parents advice but setting himself sulkily at the foot of his bed muttered all this talk for harmless frolic, I was not worse than Jones, Smith or young Maydew who joined in the sport, I have too long been kept under but will bear it no longer I will let them see they have a Son of spirit I feel I am called upon to act for myself and no longer a father shall control me and with this resolution he retired to bed, the Cock had just proclaimed the early dawn when farmer Hawthorn arose to follow his avocations round the farm, upon returning to his morning repast he was surprised at finding Edward had not yet left his room but deemed the transactions of the previous day and the reproofs he had justly met with had created a degree of shame and reluctance at meeting his parents gaze his father instantly ascended to his room, but judge of his Consternation and surprise upon finding the Chamber deserted and in disorder the dreadful Idea instantly crossed his mind that he had deserted his parents and his home he descended and communicated the dreadful Intelligence to his wife she stood and trembled at the account looked wistfully in his face for a moment then hung down her head without power to utter a word in reply but he felt her tears fall fast upon his hand the farmer had great difficulty to command his feelings his thoughts wandered to his ungrateful Son who in winter



Hawthorn Farm.

partook of his b nch in the chimney corner and in summer set with him a child in the cottage porch the dame at length approached him and taking his hand pressed it saying in a low earnest tone, Dear Husband let us put our trust in divine providence and patiently await his will who may one day restore to us our erring and mayhap repentant child at that instant the favourite Cat which had been taken in on the very day Edward was born jumped on the chair and by her gestures and low purring song seemed to share in the alarm of her kind benefactor for a period of years no tidings was heard of their lost Son on one fine summer day the farmer was accosted at his cottage door by a youth in the garb of a sailor whose dress appeared some what the worse for wear what is your business with me said the farmer charity replied the suppliant in a tremolous tone if only a crust of bread and a drink of water that you are welcome to replied the farmer here dame bring a table some chairs a jug of Ale and something to refresh a poor weather beaten sailor and while you refresh mayhap you'll recount to me and my dame some of your adventures the dame instantly supplied the required refreshments, and seated at the cottage door, the sailor thus began I left my fathers house and native village some years since and wandered to the great metropolis and applied to the captain of a vessel for a berth on board his ship bound for the East Indies, with a cargo of military stores was taken prisoner and carried to culludore, Hyder Ally had at that time overrun the country and





The Farmer and his Wife.

hoped to exterminate the English I determined one night if possible to Escape, by dropping from the ram parts, into the river beneath, as it grew dark I assended the ramparts unperceived and dropped into the river and then made for pornoo about four leagues from culludore, not far from this spot at the place I landed I discovered on the beach a canoe which I was in the act of seeing when a party of seaboys rushed upon me bound me and drove me before them to head quarters where for some years I endured great suffering and deprivations till sir Cyre Coote humbled the Tyrant Hyder and gave release to all the british subjects in seringapatam I now entered an English vessel and made a prosperous Voyage to Bengal and from thence returned to England and am now on my way to seek the forgiveness of my parents, at the mention of this the farmer drew his hand a cross his Eyes the dame sighed, farmer Hawthorn cried the mariner in those altered features and disguise behold your run away but repentant Son Edward, words are inedequate to express the joy and delight of the parents, the sailor continued I assumed this disguise to ascertain whether you still reside on the farm I have clothes and valueables at the next port and return to end my days in the society of my ever kind and forgiving parents and restore Happiness to Hawthorn Hall.

See First Page.

A LIST OF JUVENILE BOOKS.

PUBLISHED BY L. I. HARRIS  
LONDON WITH THIS

- Hawthorne's Tale on the Ice-berg
- The Butterfly's Green Day
- History of the County of Essex
- Little Gull's visit to the Fair
- Secret Cleanings for Children
- Edward's Trip to Hampton Court
- Adventures of Harry Marston
- The History of Little John
- Adventures of Peter Rabbit
- Mary's History
- The Taming of the Wilding
- The Boy of the Island

116164



## A LIST OF JUVENILE BOOKS.

PUBLISHED BY J. L. MARKS,  
UNIFORM WITH THIS.

---

Hawthorn Farm or the lost Son.

The Butterfly's Court Day.

History of the Country Cousins.

Gaffer Gurtons visit to the Fair.

Select Gleanings for Children.

Dowlas's trip to Hampton Court.

Adventures of Matty Marvelous.

The History of Paddy Shane

Adventures of Peter Poppleton.

Nursery Rhymes.

The Garden of Learning.

The Bower of Knowledge.