

to ashes, and nothing left but a cow, two sheep, and a few farming implements, which had escaped the hands of the plunderers: but what affected him most, was the loss of his two children, who were carried he knew not whither. His wife did not live to see this sad disaster, she having died two years before.

These misfortunes determined him to take leave of the busy world, and



Here his voice failed him, he gave a dreadful sigh, and expired. Judge what must be the state of my mind at that moment? I flew from the monster, and hastened to Carlisle, where a company of cavalry were in quarters. The commanding officer ordered his men immediately to mount, and penetrate every part of the forest; but they returned unsuccessful, and I gave myself up to despair. I formed hunting parties, with no other view than that I might perhaps one day discover the melancholy sight of their remains; but how

pleased to preserve, to close my eyes in death!"

He continued some days in almost a senseless state; but, by the care and attention of his daughters, he soon recovered, and consented to spend the remainder of his days with them. His daughters informed him that some of their friends had followed the plunderers, rescued them, and part of their property, and that the neighbouring gentlemen rebuilt their house and stocked their land, towards which Mr. Simpson had most liberally contributed.

The two children Honestas so providentially saved from famine in the wood, and restored to their father, were afterwards married to two of his grand children, and are proverbial for goodness and generosity throughout the surrounding country.

THE END.

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## THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD

RESTORED,

By Honestas, the Hermit of the Forest;

OR

PERFIDY DETECTED.

—ooo—

They were supposed to have been either murdered or starved to death, by order of their inhuman Uncle;—being

The SEQUEL to the HISTORY OF THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

—ooo—

BANBURY:

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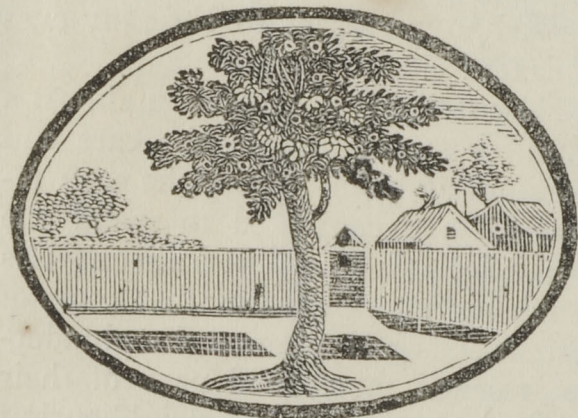
Johnson





*Restoration of the*  
**CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.**

**I**N the romantic forest of Englewood, which formerly composed a great part of the county of Cumberland, lived a celebrated Hermit, whose name was Honestas. He was once a very con-



with sheep and oxen. He entered the farm-yard, and had there stood some-time, when two young women rushed out of the house, each seizing on one of his arms. And one of them cried out, "Yes, yes, it is our dear father!" He looked at them with bewildered eyes, and fainted in their arms. It was a long time before he could utter a word. At last, he stammered out,—“Yes, they are my children, whom heaven has been

great is the bounty of heaven to me this day, in restoring them alive to my arms! My wife died when we were both dangerously ill, but I lived unknown to my brother, who took the children to his home, in a distant country.

Honestas begged earnestly that they would leave him there, to bemoan the loss of his daughters; all his entreaties were to no purpose, they carried him to Mr. Simpson's, but he refused almost every kind of sustenance; and his friend, fearing he would starve himself to death, permitted him to take his leave, and set out for his hut. On his return, he determined to pay a visit to his former habitation, shed a tear over its ruins, and the loss of his dear children: but the ruins were no where to be found; the ground was covered with a neat building, the lands were in the highest state of cultivation, and crowded



siderable farmer; the Scots, who frequently plundered the northern parts of England, very much reduced him. The last excursion they made on his estate, they carried off his children, drove away his cattle, and set fire to his barns and houses, he himself escaping with great difficulty.

Coming out of his place of concealment the next day, he had the melancholy prospect of his premises reduced





He then built a hut, and was fortunate enough to meet with a spring, with plenty of sweet water. He passed ten years in this retreat, without seeing a human creature.

One summer morning about the tenth year of his retreat, he was surprised with hearing a voice; he started up, and went to the door of his hut, where he saw two sweet infants, lying on the ground, crying. One appeared about



could reach that place; and they, on their side, were no less surprised. Both parties looked at each other for some minutes, without asking a question; but in the midst of this silence, on a sudden, the two children cried out together, "My dear papa! my papa! my papa!" In a moment one of the gentlemen leaped from his horse, and catching the two children in his arms, bedewed their cheeks with his tears, but was incapable of uttering a word.

"It is now a year and four days (said Mr. Simpson) since I missed my

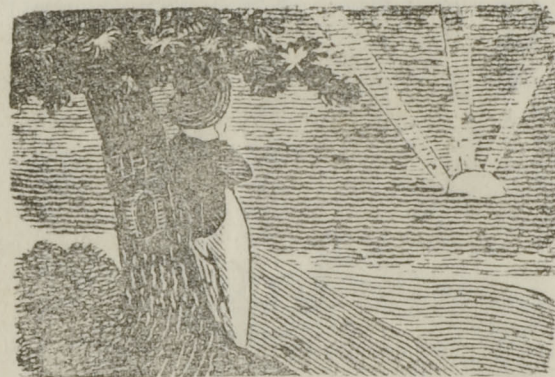
they sat down by the side of a brook, and ate what they had, and drank of the stream; that they wandered all night in the wood, and in the morning, arrived at this hut, and laid themselves down at his door, where he found them.

Honestas frequently related stories to amuse them; and as he was one morning instructing them, he was surprised with the sound of a horn, the cry of dogs, and the shouts of huntsmen. In short, it was a company of sportsmen, whom a fox had led through the forest; and as Honestas and the two children were standing at the door of the cottage, a fox, almost spent, rushed between them, and took shelter in the hut. The dogs, following the scent, made up directly to the cottage, which was now shut against them. Honestas was at a loss to conceive how horsemen



three, and the other four years of age. Honestas was struck with surprise, and the children on seeing him ceased to cry, and stood up. He took the children in his arms, kissed them, and said they brought to his mind the fate of his own children, and a flood of tears interrupted his saying any more. The two infants then threw their arms around the neck of Honestas, put their cheeks to his, and played with his beard.





You must be hungry, said he; he then set them down, and made a fire, warmed them some milk, and put into it some brown bread; and while they were refreshing themselves, he made them the best bed he was able. It consisted, at bottom, of straw; a few leaves of trees over that, and the coverlid was composed of hare-skins sewed together.

As soon as they had finished their repast, Honestas laid them down on the bed he had made, and they soon



fell into a sound sleep, which appeared to him a proof of their having been much fatigued. When they awoke, he endeavoured to learn who, or what accident, had brought them to his hut; but they could give him no other account, than that their uncle had sent men with them into the wood, who gave them a piece of gingerbread, and then left them, one of them saying he would come again to them presently; that

dear babes. All my inquiries after them proved ineffectual. I was informed, that my brother lay at the point of death, and wished to speak with me. I went to him with all speed, when he made the following confession:—

“You here see an unworthy brother, whom heaven will soon justly punish with untimely death. But, ah! What will be my punishment hereafter? Forgetful of the ties of blood, I resolved on enjoying your estate at your death, which I could not while your children were living. I sent them into the forest of Englewood, by two ruffians, where they now undoubtedly lie dead. On quitting them, at the entrance of the forest, my horse stumbled, threw me, and gave me a mortal bruise. I cannot hope for your forgiveness; and what can I plead, with repentance, when I shall meet your children in a few moments before our Maker!”



spend the remainder of his days in a cell. He therefore drove his only remaining cow and two sheep into the thickest part of the forest of Englewood, taking with him his farming implements.

Having selected a spot, he cut down some trees, to make an opening for the admission of the air, and to afford pasturage for his cattle.