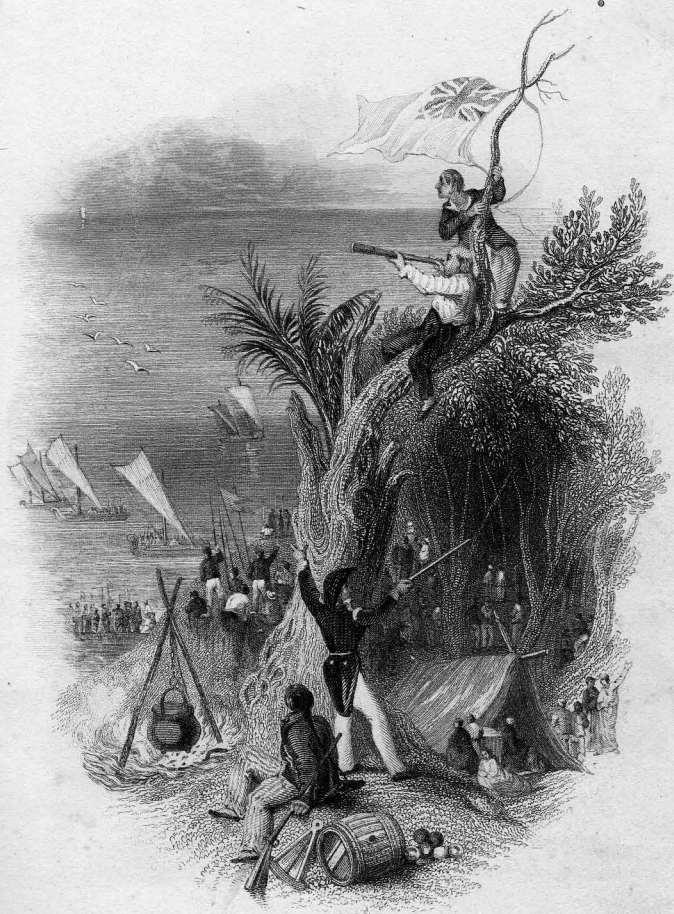


"Alone in the wild solitude of an American forest, wet, cold, & half famished, his naked feet and ancles covered with wounds, sat this unfortunate Son of an English Nobleman"

10 11 12
H 72
WINTER EVENINGS.



"It again emerged from the clouds & was pronounced to be a square rigged Vessel"

WINTER EVENINGS ;

OR,

TALES OF TRAVELLERS.

BY MARIA HACK.

New Edition,
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
HARVEY AND DARTON,
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

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P R E F A C E.

THE praise bestowed by Dr. Johnson on Mrs. Barbauld's little books for children, is a proof that he did not entirely believe his own assertion, that "babies do not want to hear about babies." How far the supernatural tales that delighted *his* infant ear, had a tendency to check the progress of his vigorous mind, by shading it with the gloom of superstition, this is not the place to inquire. Stories of giants and castles do not accord with the taste of the present day; but surely there is much truth and good sense in the remark of the learned Doctor, that children like to be told "of somewhat which can stretch and stimulate their little minds;"—something which may open a wider and more elevated range of thought, than can possibly be afforded by the best written stories of children. Some of these are admirable in their kind; but perhaps it may be doubted whether habituating children to seek amusement, almost exclusively, in fictitious narrative, has not a direct tendency to weaken the mental powers. These tales are the novels of childhood; and it is much to be feared that an unlimited perusal of them will exhaust the sensibility, and produce the same