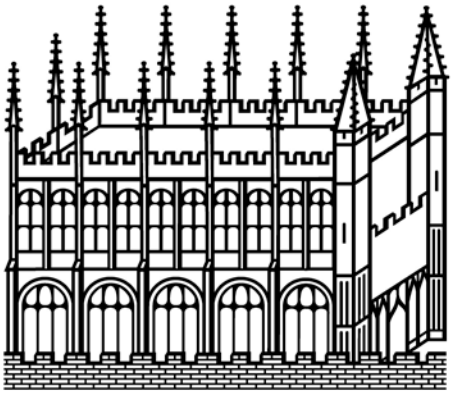
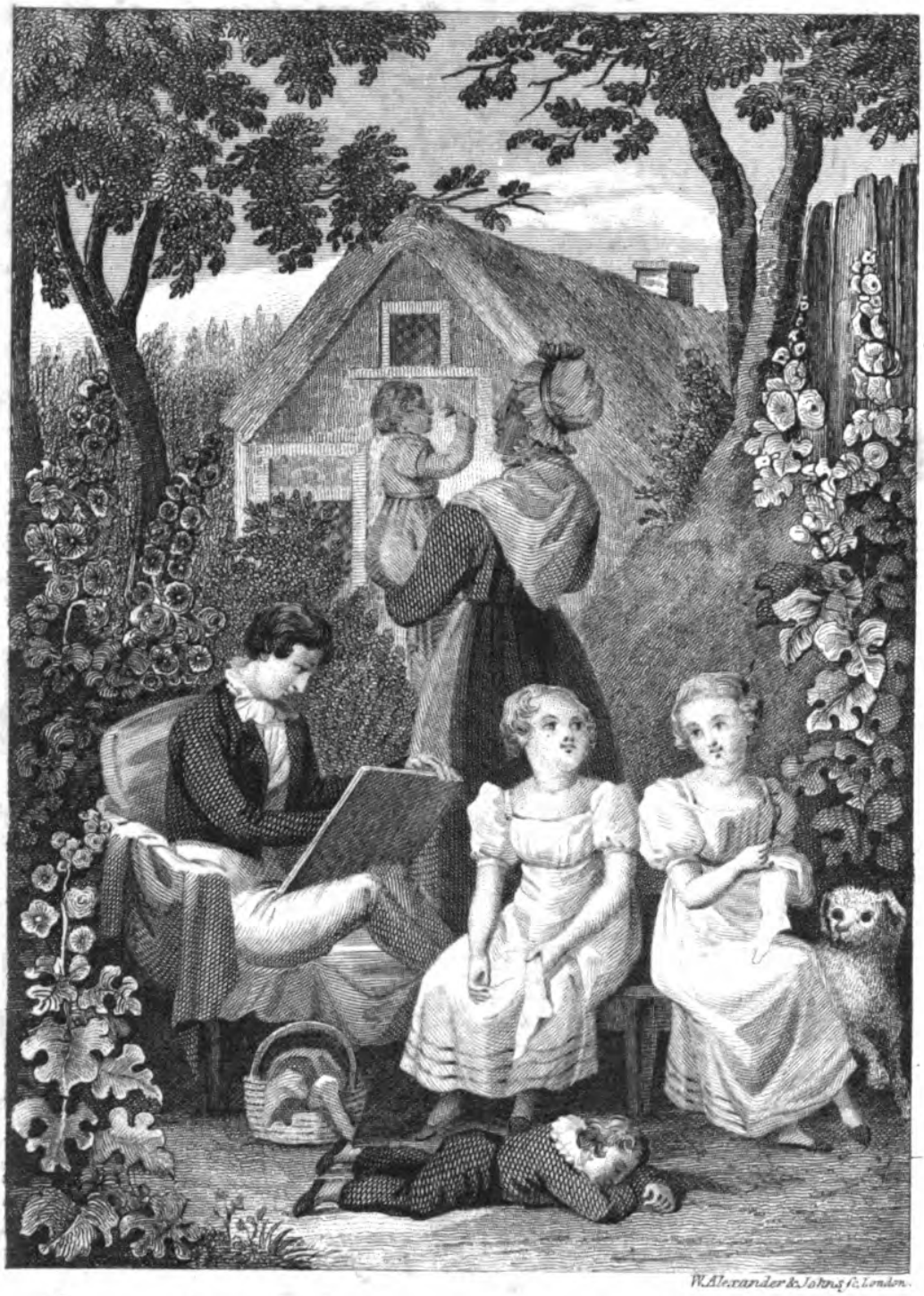


Maria Shedley

from her affectionate sister

Mrs Madan

1852.



W. Alexander & Johns fc. London.

One end of the bench was so contrived as to form a kind of sofa on which lay a youth of a most prepossessing countenance supported by pillows. sketching the figure of an urchin sleeping on the grass. p

Engraved for F. Skill, Swaffham, 1831.

TALES

WRITTEN

DURING A WET SUMMER,

BY THE AUTHORESS OF

Tales written during the Hard Frost of 1829.

SWAFFHAM:
PRINTED BY AND FOR F. SKILL.
SOLD IN LONDON BY WHITTAKER AND CO., SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, HURST, CHANCE, AND CO., AND HARVEY AND DARTON.
Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

MDCCCXXXI.

[*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*]

INTRODUCTION.

A wet summer! what an enemy to enjoyment: it would be endless to enumerate the disappointments and vexations of which it is the parent: one will serve my purpose, a trio at the temple at Matlock, who had travelled a hundred and fifty miles to enjoy the beauties of Derbyshire.

What a promise of happiness! The drawing room opened to the prettiest garden that can be imagined; the sun set with every prospect of a fine day; the moon rose in great splendor, its beams resting on the hanging woods clothed with

white cottages; the French horns played Parry's Welsh Melodies under the windows, and the supper was in Mrs. Evans's best style. Who would not visit Matlock that had a *friend to take them there?*

The morrow was wet; the sun however again set in splendor; but alas! the next day it rained in torrents; in fact, it was rain! rain! rain! Two of the party could play chess, piquet, and backgammon; the third was an ignoramus in these games, but *she could write*, and the product from the sale of tales which her pen then told, had, during the hard frost of 1829, assisted to feed the hungry and clothe the naked; might not this wet summer be as beneficial to her indigent neighbours?

BROWN BETSY.

"Do you think mamma," said little Eliza, "I can ever be happier than I am at present?"

"With your increasing age, my child, will be the ability of doing more good; and the true tone of happiness is by contributing to that of others."

"But how, mamma, can such a little girl as I am, make others happy?"

"Young as you are, my Eliza, you have that power; recollect the tear you kissed off my cheek this

morning, excited by your obstinate refusal to go into the cold bath; when you open the piano with alacrity, or go to it murmuring, do you promote my happiness in the first or last instance? when you read with attention, do you produce pleasure or pain? and when your work is unpicked, am I glad or sorry? Apply this reasoning, my child, to still higher duties, and the argument is still stronger.

Eliza went to bed firmly determined to make people happy, she awoke with the same resolution, and was dressed in the shortest time possible, to set about the work she had meditated. She heard her maid say, "How happy I am to get to my breakfast, I have a sad head ache,

and a drop of tea will perhaps relieve it; how good miss Eliza has been this morning." Eliza heard this unexpected commendation with the proud feeling she had already made one person happy, and she went into the garden with her lesson book in her hand, which looking at with great attention, she was surprised to find how readily she had learnt it.

"You have made me quite happy," said the young lady to whom the lesson was repeated, "you have said your grammar so well."

Her mother made the same remark as she distinctly counted her time at the piano.

"Well," thought Eliza, "this is a delightful morning, every body tells me I have made them happy."

A poor woman stood at the gate supporting a very sickly-looking man; they had crossed the Channel to gain a trifle at the harvest; an ague and fever had deprived him of his strength, and strangers in the land, what was to become of them? Eliza flew for her purse, it was empty; the last sixpence had gone in barley-sugar, which had made nobody happy, for she was very sick after eating it. What should she do; it was in vain now to wish she had not been so fond of barley-sugar.

"Sit down, poor man, on that stone," said the little girl; "you shall have my bread and milk. I will go and say my lesson in English history, and then I shall have a whole sixpence for you; but you must wait till I have learnt it."

The poor people did not comprehend how the English history was to bring them sixpence, not being aware Eliza got sixpence for twenty good lessons, and that nineteen were already registered.

Eliza flew to her lesson, it was the reign of Richard the Third, and it was learnt and repeated in ten minutes.

"Now I shall make this poor man and woman happy," said Eliza, taking them her sixpence. The woman's eyes swam in tears.

"I had once," said she, "such a sweet bairn as you; but sorrow came of the day, I was so silly as to go to a fair in that down hard by, two years ago, and never saw my poor child since; 'tis a sad story, miss,

for if I had not been listening to an idle baggage, who promised me a coach and four, I should not have lost sight of my child."

Eliza ran to her mamma, full of the poor woman's story. Mrs. Ivinson thought the child had very probably been stolen by some gypsies that infested the neighbourhood; and having given the poor people all the assistance in her power, invited them to call again next year, if they attended the harvest.

Four years passed, Eliza never totally forgetting the precept of making others happy, though she sometimes forgot the practice.

A lady one day was in earnest conversation with Mrs. Ivinson, respecting the conversion of the Jews.

Mrs. Ivinson spoke of the gypsies as more immediate objects of interest, and her ardent wish any gentleman would give her his protection to go amongst them; "for I am too great a coward," said she, "to venture totally alone." The lady said she was sure her husband would be her champion, for he had often spoken of the ignorance of these poor people with sentiments of extreme pain, and if she was serious in her wish of instructing them, he should call on her in a few days; he did so, and Mrs. Ivinson and her companion set forth on their task. It would be endless to recapitulate all the adventures they met with; often deceived, but never discouraged, they persevered in this good work, and were in one

instance eminently successful; but in the introduction of the Commandments they always found the prohibition not to steal treated with marked contempt. A poor woman had listened to Mrs. Ivinson with more than common attention, had attended the village church and heard several excellent sermons: one against stealing seemed to make a deep impression on her mind. The eloquent preacher spoke of our Saviour struggling with poverty; the self-denial and endurance that marked his whole character; then drawing a beautiful picture of his sufferings to perfect our redemption, entreated the sinner not to lose this great benefit of salvation, but turn from his evil ways and walk in the path that leads to Heaven.

In the evening, a little girl rang at Mrs. Ivinson's gate, whom she had often seen with the gypsies, and particularly associating with the woman above-mentioned.

"I am come," said the sun-burnt child of poverty, "to live with you, and Nanny says she stole me at Kingsdown fair, six years ago, from an Irish woman; but she is going to leave off all her bad ways, and hopes you will send me back to my parents."

Mrs. Ivinson made her twice repeat her tale with further particulars, that convinced her the little girl was the infant the poor Irish woman talked of as having lost, when a beggar at her gate: she had never seen her since; she could very ill afford

such an addition to her family, but to turn the child adrift was impossible.

Eliza had just had two sovereigns given her by the benevolent Mr. K. and his brother; this sum would keep the child for some time, and she was accordingly put to board at the village school, while Eliza resolutely determined to contract her expenditure, so as to give every assistance to her mother's views of retaining the child till of an age to get her bread. She was then ten years of age; Eliza fourteen; her efforts were vigorously supported by her attachment to Brown Betsy, as she called the little vagrant. She taught her to read, to work, and Mrs. Ivinson directed the servants to instruct her in every branch of housewifery; at last she came to the venerable office of

making pies and puddings. Betsy was proof against every temptation to taste either the fruit or sugar.

At the end of three years she was taken by Mrs. Ivinson to Ireland, where she went to visit her favorite niece, settled in that country. She was the mother of a sweet little girl, just six years old. Mrs. Malcolm taught her at that early period to contribute to the wants of her necessitous neighbours. Little Mary was the maker of penny pincushions, by which means she contributed to relieve the wants of a poor bed-ridden man, who had for many years lost the use of his limbs. Eliza gave her cousin every assistance, and Brown Betsy was found an excellent auxiliary.

Mrs. Ivinson thought a little booth

might be erected at the end of a green, where a revel much frequented was to be held ; and every exertion was made to produce articles likely to draw customers, while little Mary, aided by Brown Betsy, was to sell them. "I once made pincushions," said Eliza, "for a poor boy, whose father was transported, and kept him at school, and clothed him for three years ; but when he was old enough to earn his bread, he preferred a seafaring life, I really believe with the view of seeking his father, and I have not heard of him for many years."

The sun shone with particular beauty on the appointed day ; the little girl took her station behind the booth, and Betsy at her elbow, while the rest of the party hovered near.

"God bless your sweet face," said a number of the villagers, as they drew forth their penny for a pin-cushion, while the higher ranks bought work-bags, needle-cases, &c., and many other baubles; but a sedan-chair and a little draught-board, each containing implements for needle-work, excited the greatest attention. The prices were high; the sedan-chair was unsold, when a jolly tar became the purchaser, "because," he said, "he had a parent who had not stirred hand or foot this many a day: but he should now, please God, have this fine chair to carry him about," The sailor laughed, as did his companion, who asked for a pin-cushion, and placing it in his bosom, said, "God prosper thy undertaking,

sweet child, for to such another I owe my existence. Oh, what do I not owe to the dear little lady who who made pincushions for my support?" The young man's countenance was a true index of the gratitude of his heart; he had been overheard — it was by Eliza. She looked in his sun-burnt countenance; there was something which told her she was gazing on an old acquaintance. The man wondered at her intent gaze, for he had no recollection, in the tall elegant figure before him, of the little pincushion-maker he was wont to love and admire.

"George," said Eliza, "have you forgotten me and my mother?"

His eyes rested on Mrs. Ivinson, whom he instantly recognized, and

in a moment was at her feet. The young sailor had much to tell, and they adjourned to Mrs. Malcolm's to hear his adventures; but Mary entreated permission to carry the profits arising from the day's sale to her poor sick prisoner: "How I shall gladden his heart and dame Connaught's!" She entered their hut, and the first object that met her eye was the sedan-chair, which it proved their son had bought, who belonged to a man of war then lying off Bantry bay.

"You are very little indebted to me," said Mary, "I have had such assistance; and this good English girl," pointing to Brown Betsy, who had accompanied her, "and her young lady, have worked incessantly for me."

Brown Betsy said, "she of all others ought to help the afflicted, for she was a child of poverty, and but for the good Mrs. Ivinson, would now have probably been a vagrant gypsy, living on other people's property, and stealing children, as she had been stolen."

"Gypsy," said the poor bedridden man, "are you of that tribe?"

"No," said Mary, "did she not tell you she was stolen?"

"Stolen," said dame Connaught, "how and where?"

Betsy told what she knew of her own history, and Mrs. Ivinson's belief that she belonged to the Irish trampers that begged at her door.

"And so thou wert lost, my child," said the poor woman, flinging her

arms round her neck, while the poor father hid his head beneath the bed-clothes, loud sobs betraying the force of his feelings.

It is needless to add, they found every assistance and comfort from a daughter so well brought up, and who made their happiness the basis of her own.

THE STOCKING MENDER.

It was a group that could not be seen without feelings that touched every heart. On a rustic bench, in a pretty garden belonging to the vicarage of Fawley, sat a lovely girl, nine years old, with her elder sister, scarcely thirteen; implements for work were on the seat, with a large basket, from which they were drawing the materials which gave them employment. One end of the bench was so contrived, as to form a kind of sofa, on which lay a youth of a most prepossessing countenance, sup-

ported by pillows, sketching the figure of an urchin sleeping on the grass; and at a little distance from him, was an elderly female, with a beautiful baby in her arms, who was pulling the borders off her nicely plaited cap, and then laughing at the mischief she had effected. A large white dog seemed from the motion of his brush-tail to participate in this pleasure, while one more object, seen less distinctly, completed the picture; it was a youngster stripping the gooseberry trees for a family pie, that was to vie in magnitude with the famous Cheshire cheese, in which a lover and his mistress lived concealed till they had eaten to the rind. The party was in the deepest mourning. Death, it

was evident, had mowed down one of its members, but theirs was not the age when the tear rests on the cheek, or perpetually dims the eye.

"Heigho!" said the youngest of the two girls, shaking back her curling locks, and drawing out from her work a slim needle and long thread, that threatened destruction to her sister's eyes; "Heigho! I wish we lived in the mountains of Wales, where I am told they never put on a shoe or stocking; I should not then have this big hole to fill up, through which ten toes I think have been thrust. Master Robert always takes good care I shall have enough to do," said the half-angry sempstress, raising her voice to reach the ear of the gooseberry picker.

Robert defended his alleged ill-conduct by protesting her carelessness had left a chasm, through which the intruding toe had crept. "Well well," said Ellen, with another deep-drawn sigh, as she again drew out her needle, "I wonder if Job ever mended stockings. Doctor Leekmere, (when papa reproves his impatience,) says, he never had the gout, and Mr. Barlow says, he never taught a hundred boys at a free grammar school. Now I say, he never mended stockings."

"What idle nonsense you are talking," said her elder sister; "do men work?"

"No, but they make work for us," said the testy little chatterer; "was it not for this detestable basket of

stockings, I should be in the hay-field with papa and Arthur, or picking gooseberries with Robert."

"There would be a thorn amongst the gooseberries," said the invalid, lifting his eyes from his drawing to her beautiful face.

"I understand you, Frederick; the gooseberry may wound as well as this needle. I remember reading a fairy tale, where three wishes were to be gratified; if any good Fairy would make me such an offer, I would drop a low courtesy, and say pray Mrs. Fairy shower down a dozen pair of stockings on each member of this august family, of so durable a texture, that no ugly toe may ever appear between the meshes."

"Having thus wonderfully pro-

vided the family with stockings," said the aged female before-mentioned, "of course your next wish would furnish them with shoes; may I ask what would be the third petition?"

"A contented mind;" said the youth, who had before joined in the conversation.

"Dear Frederick," said Ellen, flinging her arms round his neck, "that you will teach us, for you never murmur under your sufferings."

"Or wear out my stockings, Ellen," said he with a smile; "but how is it I hear no complaints from Sophia, who seems to have her full share of employment?"

"Oh, she is the good girl in all story books, and I am afraid I am

the naughty little miss, constantly in error."

"Sophia, I suspect," said her brother, "finds a charm against the tediousness of her employment in its utility."

A tear stood in Sophia's eye as she observed to her dear Ellen, "It was irksome because restraint is new to her; not so with me. I have been long accustomed to assist my beloved mother, and I can fancy I am still her pupil whilst pursuing this employment."

Ellen burst into tears. "Forgive me, Sophy! indeed I will never murmur again; but like you I will think of dear, dear mamma, and do what I know she would wish."

Frederick's voice trembled as he

recalled to all their recollection the parent they had lost, her incessant occupation of time, and her exertions to contribute to their comfort and improvement.

At this moment a poor woman entered the garden in all the wildness of distraction.

"What is the matter, Hannah?" was the general exclamation.

"Oh, where is master," said the weeping creature, wringing her hands. "Daniel is dying: a large mass of stone in the quarry has fallen on him, and broken both his legs. Frederick immediately sent Robert for his father, while Ellen took the baby, that nurse might go and see what assistance she could give, and Sophia flew to the cottage of the poor

woman to bring away her three children and take care of them.

The poor man was removed to the hospital at Bath; one leg was immediately amputated, but the other the surgeons hoped to save. Ellen became an excellent nurse to Hannah's curly-pated boy, whilst the mother occasionally went to see her husband; and so strongly was her mind impressed with the real misery so unexpectedly brought in contrast with her imaginary woe, that she was never heard again to murmur at her employment, and was more than once seen helping Hannah to repair the stockings of her favourite curly-pate. Frederick saw this with peculiar pleasure; Ellen was his pupil in all she learnt un-

connected with the needle. He wished to impress on her mind the necessity of meeting circumstances with a firm determination to look on the sunny-side; so certain is it, the power rests with ourselves to smooth every difficulty, till the mountain which imagination has raised shrinks to a mole hill. It was many months before the poor stone-cutter returned home. Benevolence had given him the most generous assistance; still there was in prospect a long winter of unoccupations, which threatened poverty to this industrious and deserving family; many plans were devised which promised future success; but Daniel had to learn a business, and in the intervening period himself and his children could

not be supported solely by Hannah's exertions.

"I have had a singular request from my bookseller," said Mr. Bethel one morning at breakfast, "that I would endeavour to procure for him a few tales to complete a collection he is making for a Juvenile Library, and he promises that the author should be handsomely remunerated. Ellen sprang from her seat, tossed back her curling locks once more, and declared that she would write a tale, if by so doing she could assist poor Daniel. There was a general laugh at the idea of Ellen's turning authoress; but her father said the motive was too laudable not to produce success, and the result of the conversation was, the utter impossi-

bility for some days of finding a pen and ink disengaged, for all were stimulated by Ellen's motive of helping poor Daniel; and the following little collection was shortly offered to the bookseller.

SALLY'S, IN THE WOOD.

"Was not this, papa, Old Sally's cottage?" said a fine little boy, as they passed a heap of stones in the deep inclosure of a wood. A gentleman who heard the enquiry, expressed some doubts of its ever having been a habitation, when the following story was related by the father of the little querist.

Old Sally, who many years resided on this spot, was the wife of a labourer who was transported for sheep-stealing; but such was her integrity, that he never ventured to bring his

unlawful gains home, after she had carried back to the right owner a large quantity of onions which he had stolen from a garden in which he worked. At the time he was sent to Botany Bay, she had an only child, for whose support she laboured incessantly; her obscure residence, and her husband's ill-conduct, had in a great degree left her friendless, but she knew where to kneel for aid, and she knew that industry would conquer many difficulties. At one period of the year she was offering elderberries and mushrooms for sale; in the spring she was seen in some popular street, with baskets full of lilies of the valley, and the offered bunches were eagerly accepted on the demand of a penny. As her son grew older,

she scarcely allowed herself food or rest, to procure the means of sending her darling boy to the school at the adjacent village, which she considered the best security against his contracting the idle habits of the loose boys in the neighbourhood; and when little Sam regained his home, the fire was replenished, and the crust of bread and onion eaten by Sally and her son, with a degree of happiness which a monarch might envy. He was admitted to the Sunday-school, and by the weekly payment of a penny, received the advantage of a club, that clothed the children at Whitsuntide. How fully was Sally repaid for all these deprivations, when little Sam took his Bible, (the reward of merit,) from the shelf on a

Sunday evening, and read an assurance that the gates of mercy would be open to the truly penitent! Her husband might have seen the iniquity of his ways, — might have sued for pardon at the foot of the cross, — might yet be forgiven and accepted at the throne of grace! Sally's tears trickled fast down her cheeks as she taught her son to join her in prayer for his father.

At the age of eighteen he was one of the finest lads in the village, and poor Sally devoutly hoped, THE BEST. It was certain, he had never given his mother cause to think otherwise.

At that time a young naval officer in the neighbourhood engaged Sam to look after his horse, and occasionally attend him in his field-sports;

he grew much attached to his young servant, and when he was ordered to join his ship, with that thoughtless good-humour that only saw the pleasure he was likely to give, left his gun with Sam. From that hour its young possessor began to consider that he had now the means, in his own hands, to gain a maintenance without the laborious drudgery of breaking stones twelve hours in the day; in vain his mother, with tears and prayers, endeavoured to combat this idea.

Sam formed an association with a gang of poachers, who laughed away the best feelings of his heart; night after night Sally spent listening for his return; or, when she sought her bed, it was to dream her beloved

child was in the hands of justice. He was now often to be found at the public-house, where his unlawful gains were soon expended; Sally no longer saw him foremost in the gallery of the village-church, or heard him read on a Sabbath-evening from that holy book which had been such a source of consolation to her;—it was, alas! to poor Sally now for ever closed, since she was no scholar, and she would not ask another to supply her son's place.

Three years after, Sally saw her son the husband of an industrious young woman, to whom he appeared fondly attached, and who said she would never separate him from his mother. Both hoped he would lay aside his dangerous pursuits, but un-

fortunately the brother of his wife was one of the greatest poachers in the neighbourhood, and Sam was often led by him to pursue the same path. One night in December he had taken the fatal gun, and left the cottage; but when the next day drew to a close and he did not return, his wife and mother became very uneasy; a second day without hearing of, or seeing him, confirmed their fears that he was in the hands of justice, and Martha went to the village to endeavour to see her brother, who, it was probable, was her husband's companion.

As she walked onwards, she heard with an agony which almost deprived her of her senses, that a gentleman had been murdered two days before

in the hollow, at the entrance of the wood: that he was travelling with his daughter, and had descended from the carriage on hearing the report of a gun close to the horses' heads. Martha felt she was signing Sam's death-warrant if she spoke of his absence; she retraced her steps, and almost breathless with agitation, told her poor mother her fears.

"My child a murderer?" Sally disdained the supposition, but she agreed it were best not to speak of his absence; and so secluded was their situation, that months passed away and it was not known. Martha had great difficulty in disguising her feelings when any chance circumstance drew an enquiry after her husband, whom her brother protested

he knew nothing of, or that he was not with him on the night she supposed. Year followed year, and poor Sally and Martha laboured for the support of their young family; but a severe rheumatic attack had left Sally a wretched cripple; and Martha caught a cold that brought on a decline, which reduced her to a shadow. Though scarcely able to crawl into the wood, Sally still endeavored to gain a scanty maintenance from the little bunches of lilies, at that season so sought after; but the severity of the following winter confined Martha to her bed, and she saw actual want staring herself and children in the face. Sally spun her flax night and day; but there were five in the family, and to seek parochial aid

she must tell of the absence of him, whose labour was so necessary to their support. An icy coldness crept over her, as she thought of the questioning overseer.

"It must come to this," said Sally, as she took her crutch with the determination to attend at the vestry. On her way through the wood, her strength failed, and she fell at the foot of a tree; at that moment she encountered two sportsmen, who saw her fall, and assisted her back to the cottage; the extreme wretchedness of its inmates, and the paleness of poor Martha on her pallet in one corner or the room, excited the compassion of the young men; they gave the contents of their wallet to the children, who repaid their

kindness with that air of timid gratitude which ensures attention.

A little girl had drawn near a gun to examine its shining lock; the youngest stranger cautioned the child against touching it, saying, with much emotion, "it was the gun of a murderer, and might kill her."

Poor Martha's eye was drawn to this instrument of death; in a moment she recognized it as the gun of her husband.

"A murderer!" exclaimed poor Martha, "impossible!"

"Yes," said the young stranger, "by this gun I lost a father, and it is by this gun, I hope to bring the wretch to suffer for his crime, from the possibility of its being recognized;

he left it on the ground after he had effected his bloody purpose at the entrance of this wood."

One deep convulsive sob was heard from the pallet; it was the last, the closing scene of poor Martha's sufferings. The distress of Sally was attributed to her daughter's death; but Sally too, had heard the tale, and from that moment, her confidence in her son's innocence fled. The kindness of the sportsmen gave this afflicted family every assistance in their power, and after some time, Sally was prevailed on to leave her cottage, fast falling to ruin, and reside with her three grand-children at the village work-house, where her poverty and sorrows being known, she found herself not less an object of be-

nevolence than of pity. Mary, the eldest girl, was of an age to recollect her mother, and profit by her precepts. She would sit on her mother's grave and read, while the children pelted her with dirt for not joining in their churchyard gambols.

The young sportsmen never came into the village without paying old Sally a visit. One of them put Mary to school, and at eighteen, Mary went with the sister of her young benefactor, in the capacity of her maid, to America; for Mary had lost no opportunity of gaining knowledge. Her mistress was married to a naval officer who had an appointment on the Lakes in Canada, and Mary's greatest pleasure was to collect every thing to send to Eng-

land that could evince her affection for her family.

One day as she was purchasing a pair of Mogasans, (cusins) *(an Indian shoe,)* for her grandmother, her master passing by, said, "Are those, Mary, going to Conewell;" the Indian started, "do you come from that English village, maiden?"

"Yes," said Mary, "my grandmother lives there, for whom I am making this purchase."

"Her name—" said the man, greatly agitated.

"Is Sally Randall, and I am Mary Randall."

"Oh, my child!—thou art my child; just such was thy mother, Martha Singleton, when she became

my wife. Tell me she yet lives, my good, my excellent Martha!"

Mary's senses were so bewildered she could scarcely comprehend the meaning of all she heard, but she promised to meet the Indian again in the evening, and then learned that on the fatal night he had left his cottage, never to return, he had gone with his brother-in-law into that part of the wood where the murder was committed; a carriage passed just as he had fired at a pheasant, — a gentleman sprang from the chaise while the horses set off with a rapidity the driver could not control. The gentleman caught a glimpse of Martha's brother, pursued, and seized him; Randall came to the assistance of his companion, resting his gun against

a tree. Singleton had disengaged himself from the gentleman, who then grappled with Sam, when he fell dead at his feet, shot, he did not doubt, by Singleton, who had however, fled from the scene of action.

His horror when he beheld the bleeding corpse by his side, — the total impossibility of exculpating himself, should he be charged with the murder, — flashed on his mind, and with the wildness of despair he left the spot, and in four hours was on board a tender at Bristol, from which he entered a merchant-ship that sailed the following day for New York ; but disliking a sailor's life, he wandered far into the country, and after various fruitless endeavors to procure a livelihood, joined an

Indian tribe, hoping to find in their unsettled life some forgetfulness of his past sufferings; and happiness, which he could now feel the folly of having thrown away.

Mary had often seen her mistress weep bitterly at the untimely fate of her father, but Sally had been totally silent as to her connection with the owner of the gun. Mary's frequent interviews with her father had excited the fears of her master and mistress as to some lurking mischief, and one evening while loitering about the house to see his child, Randall was brought into Capt. Mandaville's presence.

"For what purpose are you holding secret interviews with my servant," said Capt. Mandaville to the Indian.

"Rather say with my daughter,"

was the reply, "but we must speak in private."

The room was cleared, and Randall told Captain Mandaville three-and-twenty years had not changed the character of his countenance, which in early life shone on him with such kindness, though he had been the cause of all his misfortunes.

"You left me a gun which led me to the wood where your father-in-law was murdered, and laid me under the suspicion of being his murderer; but I solemnly swear I had just discharged the piece at some game, and other hands, not mine, committed the foul act. But let the law take its course; I have, as it were, murdered, or caused the death of, the the best of wives, and broken the heart of my excellent mother."

Capt. Mandaville understood at last to whom he was talking, not without a bitter self-reproach at his inconsiderate present.

"Go," said he, "leave this part of the country; your story must not be known, or I may be compelled to give you up to justice; you must see your daughter no more."

Mary returned with her mistress shortly after to England; she found both her sisters, from their good conduct, in very eligible situations; but her infirm grandmother requiring many little comforts which the parish allowance could not procure, she thought if she could open a little school and take in needle-work, she might have this excellent relative with her; her mistress approved

both of the scheme and motive, and her exertions were greatly assisted by the benevolence of several ladies in the village, who had befriended her family.

When she related the meeting with her father to her grandmother, and his protestations of innocence as to the murder, Sally declared she should now die in the full assurance that she and Sam would be united in another world, if not in this. She had never mentioned to his children their father, she had never spoken of him to those few with whom she had occasionally had intercourse, but now with all the garrulity of age, she talked of those early years in Sam's life, when he shone so bright in a parent's eye. She had no

doubt Singleton had, in fact, been the murderer, but for poor Martha's sake she forbore to give utterance to this supposition; he still continued his old habits, his favorite maxim, "a miss is as good as a mile," but the miss was not to shield him for ever; he was detected in a robbery of such atrocity, that he was left for execution; and then made a public acknowledgment of having discharged his gun at the gentleman who was endeavouring to secure Randall.

Mary heard of this confession; her school was given up; her grandmother left in the care of one of her sisters; and again Mary was on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and Sally had the happiness of dying in the arms of her son.

Mary, who had now no tie to keep her from her late service, returned to Captain and Mrs. Mandaville, by whom she was beloved and respected; and when their only child married the clergyman of Fawley, at the earnest entreaties of her parents and herself, Mary removed with her young mistress, and was now supplying the loss of that excellent mother to her family, for which her strict integrity, good sense, and affection, best qualified her; and she may be recognized in the *elderly female* mentioned in the commencement of this little volume, whose nicely plaited cap the dear baby was destroying.

"Such," said Sophy, after reading her tale to Mr. Bethel, "is the his-

tory dear Mary has given me of her family, and which I have ventured to narrate."

Her father affectionately kissed her, adding, "you have chosen a theme that cannot fail to interest."

Mr. Bethel had found in the port folio of his beloved wife a tale addressed to his third daughter, Eliza, who resided chiefly with her grandmother. While his eye rested on the lines penned by her who a few short months since had been the guide and instructress of her young family, the impression of the possible utility of the story determined him to enclose the manuscript in his packet to his bookseller, round which he was just fastening the string, when

Robert, who had been seen several evenings in the wood-house in close conversation with Old Sam, threw on the table the following tale, which he desired might be considered as his contribution; entitled, OLD SAM'S STORY:—

OLD SAM'S STORY.

"During my long residence," said the father of Mary, "with the Indians, I met with the following adventure. To kill beavers, we used to go several miles up the river before the approach of night; and after it was dark, suffer the canoe to drift gently down the current without any noise. At this time the beavers seek their food, or materials for repairing their habitations; as they are not afraid of the canoe, they often pass within gun-shot. The Indians assert the beavers were formerly endowed

with speech, united to the many noble qualities they possess; but in pity to mankind the Great Spirit deprived them of this faculty, that they might not surpass us.

"On entering the river Aux Cables, south of the lake Michigan, and a hundred-and-fifty miles from Fort Michilimachinac, one of the Indians threw a dog into the stream with its feet tied together, uttering at the same time a long prayer, which he addressed to the Great Spirit, supplicating his assistance in the chase through the danger of a long winter. The beavers feed on the young wood of the birch, aspen, and poplar tree, called by the Canadians Liard, *(populus nigra;)* but when these are not attainable, on

any other tree, the pine and fir excepted; which they employ only for building their dams and houses. In wide meadows, where no wood is to be found, they resort to the roots of the rush and water lily. They consume a great quantity of food, hence often reduce themselves to the necessity of removing into new quarters; their houses have an arched dome-like roof, and rise from three to four inches above the surface of the water; these habitations are surrounded by water, but in the banks adjacent, the animal provides holes or washes, of which the entrance is below the surface, and to which it retreats on the first alarm.

"There are beavers called by the Indians old bachelors, who live by

themselves, build no houses, work at no dams, but shelter themselves in holes. The usual method of taking these, is by traps formed of iron logs and baited with branches of poplar.

"According to the Indians, the beaver is much given to jealousy; if a strange male approaches the cabin, a battle immediately ensues; of this the female remains an unconcerned spectator, careless to which party the law of conquest may assign her.

"The most common way of taking the beaver is to break up its house with trenching hooks in the winter, when the ice is strong enough to allow of our approaching them, and when the fur is most valuable; during this operation, the family

make their escape to their *washes*. These are discovered by striking the ice along the bank, and where the holes are a hollow sound is returned. I was taught to distinguish a full wash by the motion of the water above its entrance, occasioned by the breathing of the animals concealed.

"While with the Indians, I thought their flesh very good, the tail is considered a delicious morsel; but when the flesh of the ox was once more within my reach, I ceased to relish that of the beaver.

"I was particularly fond of racoon hunting; I usually went out at the first dawn of day, and seldom returned till sunset; as I was more expert at this chase than in discovering the

beaver, I was often excused from attending those parties, to pursue the racoon; they seldom leave their hiding-place till after sunset; they travel so slowly, they are soon overtaken, when they make for a tree, where they remain till they are shot. In more than one instance I have ascertained, they have lived without food for six weeks, and it has happened, I have found six in the hollow of one tree, lying nearly in a torpid state. We had moved our lodges some distance from our late encampment, and while the women were busy in erecting and preparing the lodges, I took my gun and strolled away, telling them I intended to look out for some fresh meat for supper. The sun being visible, I entertained

no fear of losing my way, but in following several tracks of animals in momentary expectation of falling in with game, I proceeded to a considerable distance, and it was not till near sunset, I thought of returning; the sky too had become overcast, and I was therefore left without it for my guide. In this situation I walked as fast as I could, always supposing myself to be approaching our encampment, till at length it became so dark I ran against the trees. With the flint of my gun I made a fire, and laid me down to sleep; it is at such moments as these, we recall to mind the happier days of our life, and the vices and follies of youth press with real compunction on our recollection.

"I had sought the woods that surrounded our little cottage, and thought the darkness of their shade my best friend; now I was enveloped in the gloom of a forest, probably there to end my existence. With these melancholy reflections on my past and present situation, I fell asleep; I awoke cold and dispirited, and as soon as the light appeared I re-commenced my journey, sometimes running, unknowing where to go, bewildered and half a madman. Towards the evening I reached the borders of a large lake, of which I could scarcely discern the opposite shore; a heavy snow began to descend, and night soon afterwards came on. On this, I stripped a tree of its sheet of bark, and lay down

under it to shelter me from the snow. All night, at small distances, the wolves howled around, and seemed to me to be acquainted with my misfortunes. Amidst this distraction of thought, I found I had still the power to pray; I thanked God for his past mercies, I implored his forgiveness for my sins, I thought of my wife and poor children. I saw my mother leaning over me as she was wont to do, when I read to her on a sabbath evening. My heart seemed ready to burst, and I wept tears of contrition and true repentance.

"I fell into a deep sleep and awoke refreshed, and sufficiently composed to recall to mind the lessons the Indians had given me for the very

purpose of being useful to me in difficulties of this kind; these were, that the tops of the pine-trees generally lean towards the rising sun; that moss grows towards the root of trees on the side which faces the north; and that the limbs of trees are most numerous and largest, on that side which faces the south.

"Determined to direct my feet by these marks, and persuaded that I should thus sooner or later reach Lake Michigan, which I reckoned to be distant about sixty miles, I began my march at break of day; I had not wished for, or taken any nourishment since I left our encampment. I had with me my gun and ammunition, and was therefore under no anxiety in regard for food.

"The snow lay about half a foot in depth. My eyes were now employed upon the trees, when their tops leaned different ways, I looked to the moss, or to the branches, and by connecting one with another, I found the means of travelling with some degree of confidence. In going down the side of a lofty hill, I saw a herd of red deer approaching; desirous of killing one for food, I hid myself in the bushes, and on one coming near, presented my piece, which missed fire, in consequence of my priming being wet. The animals walked along without taking the least alarm.

"Having reloaded my gun, and again attempted to fire, I found I had lost the cock. I had previously

lost the screw, by which it was fastened to the lock; and to prevent this from being lost also, I had tied it in its place with a leather string.

"Of all the sufferings I had experienced, this seemed to me the most severe; I had been three days without food, — I was now without the means of providing that, or fire, — despair had almost overpowered me, but again I fell on my knees, and implored the protection of that Providence whom I had never ceased to reverence, though I had too often neglected the duty I owed him. As I prayed, I gained hope and strength, and retraced my steps in search of what I had lost.

My search was vain, still I was not destitute of hope; the sun was

setting when I descended a hill, at the bottom of which was a small lake entirely frozen over; on drawing near, I saw a beaver lodge in the middle, offering some faint prospect of food; but I found it already broken up. While I looked at it with feelings of extreme disappointment bordering on despair, it suddenly occurred to me I had seen it before, and on turning my eyes round the place, I discovered a small tree which I had myself cut down in the autumn. I was no longer at a loss to know both the distance and route of the encampment, it was only to follow a small stream of water which ran from the encampment to the lake on which I stood.

I had given myself over a few

minutes before to despair, now I sprang forward the happiest of mortals, but not till I had knelt in thankfulness to that good and powerful Protector who had carried me through such trials, and had guided my steps to this spot.

From that moment I did not despair I should find forgiveness and be restored to my family; I almost fancied I was drawing near to them every step I took. I walked the whole of that night and the succeeding day up the rivulet, which at sunset brought me to the encampment, where I was received with the warmest expression of pleasure by my companions, who had given me up for lost.

"Is this," said Mr. Bethel, with a

look of incredulity, "the joint production only of Old Sam and yourself?"

"Every great man has his amanuensis," said Robert, with a countenance expressive of unbounded delight, "and pray may not I have the same privilege?"

"Perhaps," said Frederick, "Robert has found an auxiliary in a good god-mother; but I think we have no right to question him, the intention will, I am sure, guarantee his story making part of the contribution."

FAIRY TALE.

"Once upon a time," said Ellen, who was requested to read her fable, "there was a beautiful princess named Eleanora, whose god-mother was a very good Fairy, and promised the Queen, when she was dying, that she would give the princess fortitude in the hour of trial, firmness in that of temptation, and resignation when assailed by misfortune: under these consolatory promises, the Queen died.

Now it happened some months afterwards that the King, who was a

weak avaricious man, was hunting in a forest, and stopped at a fine castle where the duchess de Grognon lived; she was extremely rich, but very cross and ugly; her hair red, her complexion a bright saffron, her face puckered up with wrinkles, her eyes looked like two balls of fire; you could scarcely trace a nose, and her mouth was so wide it seemed when open as if it could devour the whole world, but very fortunately she had no teeth to assist her in so doing; she was very crooked, and one leg much shorter than the other.

The king being very much fatigued with hunting, asked permission to rest during the heat of the day. The duchess immediately came out

of the castle to invite him in, and said, "please your Majesty, I have a vaulted cellar so cool, I think you will not object to my ordering refreshments to be served in it."

The king thought this rather a comical reception, but followed the duchess, and found a superb apartment, with two hundred pipes, one above another in rows, of the choicest wines; "Upon my word, madam," said the King, "here is a rare collection; few would not prefer such a cellar to the most splendid drawing-room."

"Would your majesty be pleased to taste my liquor," said the duchess, "here is Canary, St. Laurent, Champagne, Hermitage, Rivesalte: which would your Majesty make

choice of?" "Frankly," said the King, "I hold your Champagne to be better than all the rest." Upon which the duchess took a little hammer and giving two or three taps on the head of the barrel out came a million of pistoles. "What is the meaning of this?" said she, with a smile; then knocking another pipe, out came as many double louis d'ors as would have filled a bushel; "Beshrew my heart, what is all this for?" said she, in a kind of astonishment; and tapping another, out came as many pearls and diamonds as covered the floor.

"This is a strange trick," said the duchess, "that old necromancer has played me, he has drank up all my good liquor and filled the casks with this trash." "Trash do you call it," said

the King, "why here are riches enough to pay the national debt; I only wish they were all mine." "They shall be so," said the old hag, "if your Majesty will give me a crown, and the full command of your daughter." "Agreed," said the King, "and our marriage shall be celebrated this very evening."

Accordingly the King returned home, and made known he should that night present a Queen to his people, and Eleanora was to go in the procession to do honor to her step-mother.

You may be sure poor Eleanora heard this news with a sad heart; but she put on her green silk habit embroidered with gold, and mounted her beautiful palfrey. Another

was taken very richly caparisoned for the Queen, for in those days there were no coaches, or barouches, or gigs, or flys, so the Queen was fain to come on horseback, or in a wheelbarrow, which would have been quite good enough for her. The moment she saw Eleanora, looking like the rising sun, on her beautiful jennet, she insisted that she should dismount and give her the horse, which was accordingly done; but no sooner was the old duchess's foot placed in the stirrup, than the animal began to plunge, and kick, and at last ran off at full speed. You might have traced his flight by the finery that fell from his rider; in one place was a lace veil; in another a blond tippet; in a third, part of a

plume of feathers, and by and by, a chinon of hair; in these days they did not wear wigs. The King was half distracted, for he thought he should lose all his pipes of precious stones; the courtiers followed him, but not with very sorrowful faces; at last they found the duchess in a horse-pond, where the animal had stopped to drink. She was dragged out in the state which may be supposed: as soon as she recovered her breath, she began to storm at the princess, who she was sure had played her a trick, in putting her on so vicious a beast. The princess in vain declared she had always found it very quiet; but the unjust King told her to punish his daughter as she liked.

That very evening she sent for her cousin, the old necromancer, to find out some punishment that would cost her her life.

"Come here, hussy," said the Queen, "prepare your clumsy fingers to unravel this skein of silk without breaking a single thread, and ring the little bell which you will see in the centre of the ceiling when you have completed your task; till then you are to have nothing to eat or drink; it will be no use to touch the bell till the skein is unravelled, for it will not sound;" upon which she thrust the princess into a tower, the door of which had three locks.

Poor Eleanora took up the skein and began to weep most bitterly. She recollected the good Fairy who

had promised to endue her with fortitude, and she thought she never could have more need of it. She began to consider how it was to be exercised, when she saw on the wall of the tower these words, *Perseverance conquers most of our difficulties.* She took up a winder to see if she could find any thread in the skein to begin her task, and at that moment saw a little mouse drawing one out to a great length; she took it up, and as fast as she put it round the winder, the mouse pulled it from the tangled skein, and with this friendly assistance she completed her work.

With a light heart she rang the bell; the new Queen was enraged with disappointment when she saw

her hopes of starving the princess to death defeated by her industry.

The next day, in honour of the marriage, there was a grand ball given, and the ladies and gentlemen danced a great variety of fancy dances. Poor Eleanora in one of them trod on the Queen's toe, which she insisted was done on purpose to cripple her, and declared the very next morning she should be obliged to gather an herb that was a cure for all bruises, and which grew in a paddock guarded by an elephant that had destroyed all who attempted to enter the place. The Queen pretended that the princess's foot, which was not heavier than a feather, had so dreadfully hurt her, she should lose her life if this sovereign remedy was not applied.

There was not a dry eye in the court when the poor princess was ordered by her father to fetch this herb. She was told the elephant would let nobody approach her but her keeper, who would sometimes neglect and keep her without food for a whole day, on which occasion the man was obliged to ask pardon on his knees, and never durst venture within reach of the animal till he heard a short grunt that implied forgiveness.

As the poor princess approached, she met an old woman with a basket of herbs; "Take child," said she, "these herbs and tell old Grognon you got them from the paddock; they have not the virtue of curing diseases, but are so like in appear-

ance she will not know the difference."

"I must not," said the princess, "purchase my life by telling a falsehood; no, I would rather die than be detected in an untruth."

"Then drink these spirits," said the same old woman, "they will give you courage to face your enemy."

"No," said the princess, "that would be but a false support, I must not seek to avoid misfortune by doing evil; but an old soldier at my father's court has often told me, when a piece of ordnance fell from the carriage into the water, they enticed an elephant to fetch it out by giving him rum."

"Well, child," said the old woman,

" you shall have a large bottle-full, and take this pail and offer it the beast; at first pour in a small quantity, she will then smell the liquor; if she looks at it, put in some more, but do not attempt to pass her till she gives a low grunt. Her keeper has been drinking all night in the Queen's kitchen, and the elephant, I warrant you, is not in a very good humour; but make your courtesy with your offering, and if she lets you pass, gather the herbs as quickly as you can."

Poor Eleanora approached the paddock, and pouring into the pail some of the rum, with a low courtesy said, " Pray, madam, do me the favor to take this liquor." The elephant just turned her head, on which Eleanora

put in some more, upon which the animal looked into the pail, and Eleanora emptied the bottle.

"If this," said she, "does not do, I am indeed lost;" but the elephant moved on one side of the gate, and with a short grunt let her pass.

You may be sure she lost no time in gathering the herbs; but when she returned, the gate to the paddock was closed by the wind, and she could not open it; the elephant was still drinking the rum, but seeing Eleanora halt at the gate, she was in such a good humour that she took it off the hinges with her trunk, and the princess making another low courtesy, ran back to the palace.

The Queen was out of her wits when she saw her return to court with the bunch of herbs.

"Am I never to get rid of this detestable girl," said she to the necromancer, "rid me of her, or I will have you put to death for a conjuror;" for witchcraft was in those days getting fast into disrepute.

"Despatch her," said the wicked old man, "with this box to your palace, charge her not to open it; her sex's curiosity will lead her to do so, and I defy her to replace its contents. You will then have a fair pretence to punish her as you like."

"Daughter," said the Queen, "I have a box of jewels of great value, your father intends giving a masquerade in honour of our nuptials; there is a cunning workman at my castle that can make the most beautiful ornaments ever seen, and if you

will undertake to carry this box safely to him, you may take what precious stones out of it you like, to be made into an ornament for yourself."

The princess thought her ears were deceiving her when she heard such kind language from her step-mother. "Well," said she, "it is a long lane that has no turning."

The next morning, disguised as a peasant girl in her wooden clogs and canvass cloak, she began her journey; wearied by the distance she had walked, and oppressed with the heat of the day, she sat down at the foot of a tree, where a thrush was singing so melodiously; in listening to its melody she forgot the rapidity with which time bounds forward. The bird hopped from spray to spray, till

at last it came so near her, she thought she had only to rise from her seat to reach it.

Forgetting the box she had placed on her knee, and rising suddenly, it fell to the ground with a force that occasioned the spring to give way, and the lid to fly open; how great was her consternation, when, instead of the jewels she concluded to be enclosed in the casket, out flew a world of little men and women with violins, harps, lutes, in short every sort of musical instruments, upon which they played in the most beautiful harmony. Some confectioners with cakes, bon bons, and some cooks with every description of game and poultry; the tallest of the whole party was not higher than a corking-

pin. Then began the pleasantest ball imaginable; some of the ladies and gentlemen began to waltz, others danced quadrilles, and another party, the gallopade, as if they had just come from learning at Miss C——'s academy.

The princess was so amused with the novelty of the scene, she forgot the loss of her jewels; but after some little time began to consider she had a great part of her journey yet to perform, and begged the messieurs and the little ladies to return to the box, but not one of them would attend to her. The dancers took to their heels, the music flew after them, the little cooks with their pots on their heads and spits over their shoulders were not far behind. The

poor princess chased them round the meadow into the coppice, then into the meadow again, till she was obliged to rest from extreme weariness, and then saw the evening closing in very fast.

"Alas!" said she, "this misfortune I have brought on myself, and must expect no succour." She thought when it grew dark the little creatures might have run themselves weary, and would perhaps return to the box; but she was sadly disappointed, they continued dancing as if they had not done a step before.

The poor princess was at her wit's end; she reproached herself most bitterly, and passed the night under the tree bewailing her folly. In the mean time the Queen had learnt from

her emissaries, that Eleanora had never arrived at the castle, and that they had seen her weeping under a tree with the empty box in her hand.

"I have caught you now," thought she, "I have a fair excuse for shutting you up in yonder tower for the rest of your days, which I will take care shall not be many."

Accordingly she went to the King and told him that the princess had stolen a casket of jewels worth half a million, which she had committed to her care to take to her castle to have set in a crown for his majesty, to wear on the approaching gala.

The king flew into a furious passion at the idea of losing such a treasure, and told the Queen if she

caught the worthless creature to flay her alive.

" Your majesty shall be obeyed," said the wicked old wretch, and on her attendant informing her Eleanora was in the palace garden, she hastened to meet her, asking with a malignant sneer, " whether she had left the box safe at her castle."

The princess did not attempt to palliate her error ; " Madam," said she, " I carelessly let it fall from my knee, for which I ask your pardon."

" Pardon, daughter," said the Queen, with a bitter laugh, " you shall find it in yonder dark tower ;" and dragging her forward by her hair, she began to mount the stairs, which she hoped would lead to poor Eleanora's grave. The princess

knew it would be of no avail to plead for mercy, but she mentally asked the good Fairy to strengthen her mind to meet her misfortunes with resignation.

"You will never want for company," said the Queen, "in this palace; the bats, I am sure, will make you welcome, the owls will sing a duet when you are inclined for music, and the spiders will teach you industry; you are here beyond the reach of your god-mother to attempt your release. When I have once locked this door, no supernatural power can force it open;" but in one moment she became a hideous screech owl, and the good Fairy whose wand had effected this metamorphose stood before her. "That tower," said she,

"which you designed for your daughter, shall in future be your abode; but I permit you to leave it when you wish to have any conversation with the King, your husband. You are at liberty to screech in his ears night and day, but to other mortals you shall be dumb; his punishment for his avarice and cruelty to his daughter, shall be to hear you." It was in vain that the King offered any reward to get the owl killed; it incessantly screamed in his ears, at night it beset his windows, by day he could not ride, walk, or talk, but the hideous owl began to scream, till the King at length died of vexation.

Every body laughed at little Ellen's story, and the drunken elephant.

Her father said that there was a moral conveyed in what she had written, which would induce him to offer it the bookseller; and Mary asserted that she knew an old soldier, who had told her anecdotes of an elephant similar to that which Ellen had narrated.

THE MUSICIAN.

"Dieu vous benis," said the mother of Lubin, as he left her to take charge of his sheep among the Pyrenees, while his two sisters ran a few paces forward with him to catch a parting kiss. Lubin's flute and the care of his flock, filled the intervening hours that were to pass before a re-union with his family; but the blessing was the last he was to hear from the lips of a fond parent; the embrace from his little sisters to be felt no more.

Lubin stood transfixed with horror as he bounded to that home, which had hitherto given him so much happiness; no traces of it remained. An immense mass of snow had broken from the projecting mountain, that overhung the cottage, and buried it, with its inhabitants, beneath its weight.

Madame d' Estein was a widow with three children; she had wept the loss of her husband three years since, in the French army, and had retired to this remote spot to shelter her son from the conscript law, and keep his mind untainted by that vice and degeneracy which she had seen so universal in the youths around her. Her children, she hoped, might enjoy the protection and care of her

brother, who lived near this spot, from whom she had been too many years separated to know the narrowness of the heart on whose good offices she calculated.

One of his sons, however, was Lubin's *ami fidele*, who flew to Lubin when he heard of his severe misfortune, and whom he found contemplating the ruin before him with that agony of mind which shuts out every other consideration but the intenseness of the loss sustained.

Thomas sought tools and what aid he could bring to remove the mass of snow, and see if ought yet breathed beneath its ruins; but destruction had completed its work, the lifeless bodies of the inmates were found. Lubin and Thomas interred them

with pious care, and took from the spot the mutilated pieces of furniture.

The wretched orphan then determined to erect a little hut near this scene of ruin, there to weep out his days. Thomas was his only companion, and his flute his greatest solace. Over the grave of his beloved family, night and morning, he would ask protection of that God, who never rejects the supplications of the wretched; and seated on the stone that marked the spot of interment, he would tune his flute to the solemn hymn most in unison with his feelings.

Two years had gone by in thus nursing his grief, and recalling painful recollections of the past, when

his friend Thomas was sent to Paris to be apprenticed to a cabinet-maker; and Lubin, who before thought his sorrows could know of no addition, severely felt in the absence of his companion the loneliness of grief, to which he was one evening giving way with more than wonted bitterness, when he perceived at a considerable distance, winding amongst the mountains, a travelling equipage.

So unusual an incident roused his attention, which had scarcely been awakened, before the carriage overset, and threatened to leave the owners all night on the eminence which it had ascended; Lubin flew by a sheep-path to the spot. A sickly young lady, about seven years old, was engrossing all the care of a lady

and gentleman, whom Lubin distinguished to be her father and mother, whilst the servants were in vain attempting to repair the carriage. Lubin directed them to his uncle's for aid, but the distance being considerable, and the rain begining to fall in torrents, he offered his hut for the accommodation of the fatigued little girl and and her parents; and taking her in his arms, began with rapidity to retrace his steps to his humble roof, whilst count Renault assisted the countess, who slowly and with difficulty followed the same path; when they reached the hut they were delighted to find a fire, which Lubin had kindled, before which Helone was seated, wrapped in his great coat, and enjoying a

bowl of milk from his goat, who was licking the hand of the delighted child. The only bed the hut could furnish was occupied by Mademoiselle; while her parents reposed on the cushions of the carriage.

They were travelling to restore this darling child to that health, which had been lost in the heated drawing rooms of Paris, and the high seasoned viands of the table, which through an improper indulgence, had been made her food.

"I am a great deal better," said the little invalid, the next morning, "I have neither coughed or awoke all night." It required several days to repair the carriage, the materials for which were to be brought from a distance. The count and countess

yielded to Helone's entreaties to remain at the hut; the travelling equiage supplied their most urgent necessities; and the travellers did not feel discontent, by contrasting their pressent situation, with the luxuries to which they had been accustomed; but with that good sense which extracts from the present all it affords, enjoyed the magnificent scenery around them, and the improved health of Helone, who sat for hours at the door of the hut listening to Lubin's flute, and playing with the goat. The count was a great proficient in music, and traced in the wild notes of the young mountaineer a skill and taste that promised, under proper culture, to rise to the highest pitch of eminence.

The count proposed Lubin removing in the autumn with them to Paris, promising him the shelter of his roof, and his full assistance to procure a future support.

"The goat shall go too," said Helone; and in due time, all were domesticated at the hotel of the count in Paris, who faithfully fulfilled his promise of protection and assistance to Lubin; and when we listen to the violin of the incomparable ———, and feel in its powers the enchantment and rapture of music, we may trace the wild notes and plaintive melody of Lubin, or hear him with all the pathos of filial piety, playing the evening hymn over the grave of his unfortunate family.

It was in the summer of 1830 that

Lubin was on the point of leaving Paris, personally to arrange some proposals sent him from the manager of the English Opera; when on the morning previous to his departure, a note was put into his hand from Helone, written in all the distraction of despair.

She was the wife of the marquess de Chambray, who at that moment was marshalling his fine regiment of cuirassiers, called out to subdue the people, who had risen *en masse* to resist some offensive measures of government.

Lubin was urging the unpopularity of the measure, as a defence for self-preservation —

"My friend," said the marquess, interrupting him, "a soldier's opi-

nions are not his own; his oath of fealty binds him to his king and country, he cannot exist if he refuses to share the danger of his comrades, however humble their rank; every soldier in this troop has a tie as strong as mine—children, probably as dear to him. We must all, if it is so willed, die together, but we must not consider our personal feelings. Guard my dear wife and boys with the protecting care they may very probably never find again from their father. Remove them from this country; in England they will have the advantage of being immediately under your eye. Helone's father will adhere to his sovereign to the last. You must be her guide and

counsellor. My boys must learn to be citizens of the world, and, if necessary, to work for the support of their poor mother!"

Lubin followed his friend to the scene of action; heard him entreat his soldiers to spare the people who had unpaved the streets and were throwing the stones from the tops of the houses on the soldiers. A man fell by the side of the marquess; "My wife and children," exclaimed the poor fellow, as he breathed his last; "God will protect them," said the marquess, "and mine I hope also! Lubin, this is no place for you," —he darted forward to shelter a poor woman, who, breathless and bewildered by her fears, was getting under the hoofs of the horses. The

marquess had just given a little girl that ran by her side to the care of Lubin, when he was knocked down with his horse, and the poor woman and her babe fell under them.

"This is indeed, poor child, no place for us," said Lubin, and in three days, the widow of his friend, her three boys, himself, and the little unknown, were on English ground.

Helone had lost her mother some years before this period. Her father wrote to his daughter that their intercourse must for a time be suspended, but that in Lubin she would have a faithful protector. Helone found him to be the firmest, the wisest, and on every point but one, she thought the kindest frieud; but he would talk to her sons of the

necessity of earning their bread, and the advantages of commerce, which her ideas of *noblesse* considered as a degradation.

The beautiful little unknown was a constant source of amusement to her; she never had been enquired for in France, and to leave her amongst strangers Lubin thought impossible; the circumstances under which she was given to his care gave a sanctity to the guardianship; and when she climbed his knee and called him "*tres cher pere!*" he mentally vowed that he would be a father to her.

The following autumn he settled the widow of his friend at Reading, in Berkshire, and placed her sons at the excellent grammar-school in that town.

Arthur Bethel was a student at that academy, hoping in due time that he should be deemed qualified to leave it, for a scholarship at St. John's, Oxford. He became a frequent guest at the marchioness's table; when her children were allowed this indulgence Arthur was always invited, and to this circumstance we are indebted for the tale now offered to the public.

THE ISLE OF CORAL.

In the Isle of Coral there reigned a King who had one daughter. She was brought up like most princesses in that self-indulgence which so often springs from riches and power. Her mother dying when she was quite a baby, she was left to the sole management of a governess, who wished to make her wise by study, without thinking it necessary to introduce the practical application of what she taught. The King took care she should have the best masters the island afforded; and she sang, danced,

and played on various instruments, with the most surprising skill; every wish was gratified, yet still there was a something to wish for, and for which she pined. A beautiful wood skirted the grounds of the palace; she would spend hours watching from her window the children of poverty returning from their daily labour; sometimes caroling a song, sometimes chasing each other in frolic glee, sometimes eating their bread and milk with a degree of enjoyment she never felt at her meals. And the princess was continually pining for their apparent happiness, and determined to discover from whence it sprang.

Accordingly, one morning she equipped herself in a dress suited to

the enterprize, and joined the merry group, who were going, they said, "beyond the forest, to seek for coral amongst the pebbles and sands of the sea-shore;" and from their being often found in crevices of the rocks, the island had acquired its name. The princess had heard of these coral pickers, and was delighted to make one of the party.

At first she was enchanted with the novelty of her occupation, but the flints sadly lacerated her feet; and the powerful effects of the sun gave her a dreadful pain in the head. She took refuge in a boat that lay in a bay, in a little sheltered creek, within her reach; and throwing herself down on a sail that was in its bow, fell fast asleep. How long she

remained in this situation is immaterial, but she awoke to find herself in the midst of the ocean, the boat drifting along with the current. As soon as she clearly understood her situation, how many bitter tears of repentance did she shed at her folly, and how justly did she trace the punishment that awaited her, to the ingratitude of her own conduct in not enjoying the many blessings immediately within her reach. Tears of repentant sorrow were now unavailing, but she had been taught to know there was a great and powerful hand that guided all things; she fell on her knees and with earnest prayer entreated protection.

That night she could not sleep; the boat continued to drift by the

wind and current; she saw nothing but a wide expanse of water; and, for the first time in her life, she felt the pangs of hunger, but to her inexpressible joy she found some coarse provision in a basket, and a bottle of light wine much drank in the island, which is famous for its vineyards.

She did not forget to thank that protecting power who had thus preserved her from starving; and throwing herself on the sail, again sunk to sleep. That night passed like the last: the boat glided on, but on the third, the sea was violently agitated, and thunder and lightning followed. She remembered the unkindness with which she had once ordered an attendant to go to some distance, to

execute a trifling commission, in just such a storm, and her indignation because her orders had not been attended to till it was over. She was now obliged to endure the violence of the elements, and the dashing sprays of the sea, for the sail which was very old, was but a feeble defence, and soon wet through.

When the storm had subsided, she found she required some nourishment; she sought for her friendly basket; it had been washed overboard. This was a dreadful blow, and was followed by all the agony of craving hunger; it was then, and only then, she was fully awakened to a sense of the misery she had been often told her poor subjects suffered, when the crops had failed, or some

other calamity had deprived them of their usual sustenance ; the boat still floated. The sun was setting with that splendour only seen at sea after a storm.

" This is the last time," said the princess, as the tears ran down her cheeks, " I shall contemplate this beautiful orb. I shall go to join my sainted mother."

She thought of her father, of her extreme disobedience in leaving his palace without attendants, and his probable regret (after his anger had subsided,) at her disappearance.

At that moment she thought she perceived a large vessel sailing towards her ; but no, her eyes were dimmed by the shades of death ; it could not be. Again she gazed : it

was indeed what she had at first supposed. She raised herself in the boat, she tried to implore aid, but she could not articulate ; and exhausted with emotion and weakness, she sunk, as she imagined, unperceived to the bottom of the boat. Her little bark and herself had, however, been seen, and in a short time she found herself on the quarter-deck of an English man-of-war.

It was many months before she reached that happy country, during which time she acquired the good opinion and friendship of the captain, who was the father of an only child, and who directed the schoolmaster to devote a part of every day to teach her English. When they reached Britain, the captain carried

her to his wife, who agreed to receive her as an attendant on their little girl; and she had the good sense to know she ought to rejoice she had found in a strange land so respectable a situation. It was at first with great difficulty she tutored her mind to submit to the light caprices, idle whims, and ill-humour of her little mistress.

Isis, (for so we shall call the princess,) now often thought of the misery she had inflicted on others; her father had told her she was a princess, but had never instructed her not to abuse the power she possessed; it was in adversity she acquired the most valuable of all knowledge, the knowledge of herself.

She took great pains to instruct

her little mistress in that self-government, which may be exercised at the earliest age; and from a violent child, who stamped and roared for all she wanted, she became docile and sweet tempered. She taught her the little dances of her country; to play on the instruments they used, and which were constructed under her direction; and no hour of the day was without its occupation. In all this, she was assisted by the parents of the little girl; and from an excellent clergyman, who was a frequent visitor of the family, she derived that knowledge of the pure precepts of christianity, which instructed her to know and to reverence the greatness of the God she worshipped, and to see his correcting and merciful hand

in what she once considered the greatest misfortune of her life.

Adversity is the parent of humility, self-knowledge, charity, and a thousand other virtues which spring up in the hour of affliction, that are choaked amongst the tares and thistles that grow with prosperity.

Piety finds her natural soil in humility, and the tear of repentance is the moisture that waters this ground. She learnt to consider time as a precious boon, for the wasted or unimproved hours of which she must be accountable; and she often supplicated Him, who was the giver of the blessing, not to be extreme to mark what she had done amiss, but give her strength to persevere in her determination to improve the future.

"Here," she would say, as she sought her pillow, "let me pause

> "And ere still night advance,
> To shut the book of Heaven, look back and see
> What commendable act has sprang to day.
> Ah, who can boast? the little good we do,
> In all the years of life, will scarce outweigh
> The follies of an hour."
>
> HURDIS.

To strengthen her determination to employ time as it ought to be employed, she drew three columns in her memorandum book, on which she faithfully registered the transactions of each day, under the following heads: — *time wasted; time employed; left undone what ought to have been done.* In this manner, she acquired the habit of giving importance to every minute; and some years afterwards, when a trade was esta-

blished between England and the Isle of Coral, which afforded her an opportunity of returning to her country, (and from her father's death, the reins of government were in her hands,) she became a most powerful sovereign, and by strict attention to the disposal of her subjects' time, establishing rewards for the industrious, and punishments for the idle.

Her country flourished; various branches of manufactory were introduced; and on the beach from which her little bark had escaped, she established a rope-yard, that was managed by the owner of the boat which she had so incautiously seized, and by the loss of which she had been nearly ruined.

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