

STORIES  
FOR  
Summer Days and Winter Nights.

SECOND SERIES.

HOME  
AT THE HAVEN.



LONDON:  
GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.

In a Pocket Volume, Price 2s. 6d.,

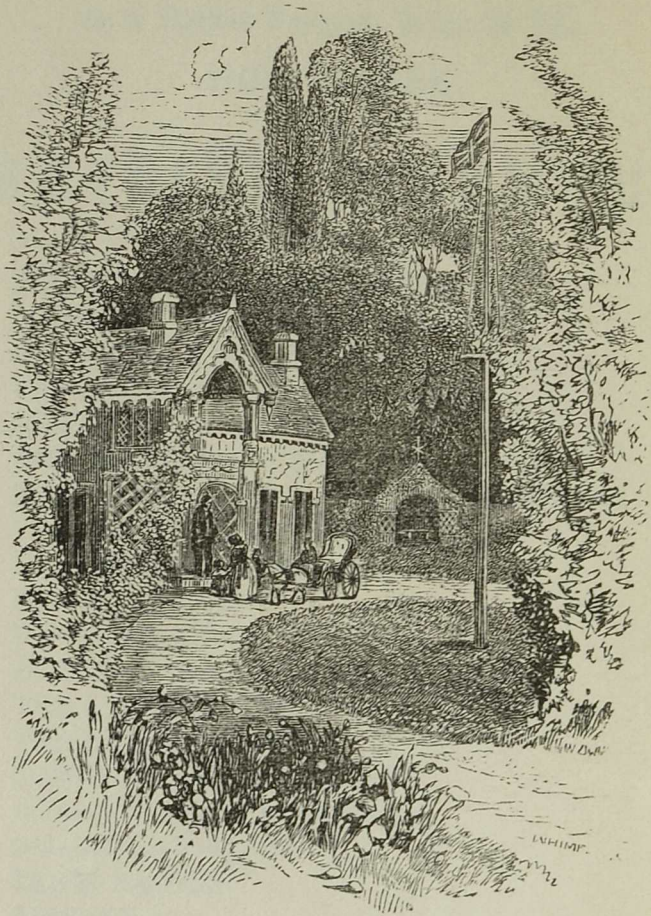
HOW TO SEE  
THE  
BRITISH MUSEUM.

CONTENTS :—

SOUTHERN ZOOLOGICAL ROOM.  
SOUTHERN ZOOLOGICAL GALLERY  
MAMMALIA SALOON.  
EASTERN ZOOLOGICAL GALLERY.  
NORTHERN ZOOLOGICAL GALLERY.  
BRITISH ZOOLOGICAL ROOM.  
NORTHERN MINERAL AND FOSSIL GALLERY.  
THE EGYPTIAN ROOM.  
THE BRONZE ROOM.  
ETRUSCAN ROOM.  
ETHNOGRAPHICAL ROOM.  
EGYPTIAN SALOON.  
THE LYCIAN ROOM.  
THE NIMROUD ROOM.  
TOWNLEY SCULPTURE.  
ANTIQUITIES OF BRITAIN.  
PHIGALEIAN SALOON  
ELGIN SALOON.  
LIBRARY.

LONDON  
GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS;  
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

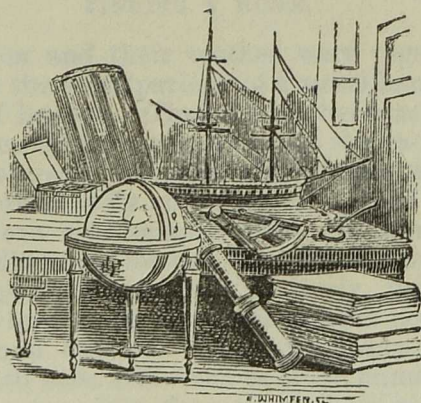
37131 053 617 478



The Haven.

# HOME AT THE HAVEN.

A TALE.

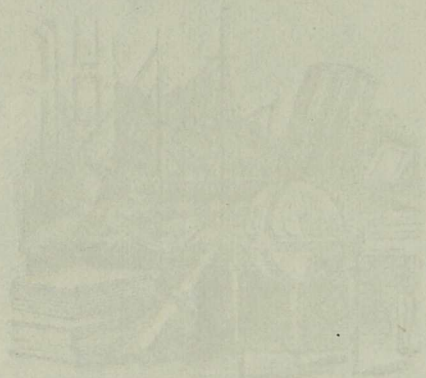


The State Cabin.

Page 16.

London:  
GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.

HOME AT THE HAVEN



GEORGE BRIDGE AND BROS.  
BATHING HOUSE ROW.

37131 053 617 478

# HOME AT THE HAVEN.



## CHAPTER I.

### FINDING A HOME.

Two children and their mother were together one morning in the front parlour of a small house in the outskirts of London. That the mother was a widow could be seen by her dress, and that she had suffered much sorrow, and was still full of anxiety, might easily be perceived by any one who noticed her pale and care-worn countenance. The children—a boy and girl,—did not show any signs of care upon their faces, though they were not so lively, perhaps, as they would have been, had their mother not been so sorrowful, and had not the remembrance of their father's death been still fresh in their minds. They were living too, just then, with their mother, in lodgings after leaving a much pleasanter home, and their mother was full of uncertainty as to where they might settle for life.

Lucy, the girl, who was about twelve years old, was busied that morning about a canary bird which hung in a little cage by the side of the window; and while she arranged about it some groundsel which she had just bought at the door, and stuck a piece of sugar between the wires, she chatted away, half to her bird and half to her brother—hardly expecting, though, that the latter would answer her, or even listen to her, so absorbed was he over his

favourite *Robinson Crusoe*, which he was reading for the second or third time,

‘There now, Dickey, you look quite smart, said she, ‘just like a lady in a yellow satin dress, sitting in a green bower! And wasn’t it lucky, Edward, that I heard that old man crying his water-cresses, and that I noticed the other day that he had groundsel to sell as well? Now really, Dickey, you must give us one of your best songs this morning, only not too loud, so as to make mamma’s head ache. Ah! you have found out the sugar have you? I know you like sugar.’

Suddenly Lucy lowered her voice, and said to her brother, who was crouched down in a corner close to the window with his book on his knees, which were stuck up, so as make a reading desk, ‘Edward, do you know, I think I see the postman coming down the street; but don’t say any thing to mamma about it, and don’t cry out, “there’s the postman,” if you hear him knock. Mamma is always so disappointed when he does not bring her a letter, and she is so tired of expecting one from uncle that I wish she would not remember that it is post time at all.’

It was a kind thought of Lucy’s to try to avoid calling her mother’s attention to the postman; but in spite of her caution to her brother, they both started, and so did their mother, when a knock louder than usual came to the door; and like their mother, they could not help waiting in breathless silence a minute or two, to see if the maid was going to bring up the letter to their room. Her step was heard on the stairs, the door opened, and she came in and handed their mother, Mrs. Osborne, a letter. Lucy saw her mother’s hand almost tremble as she opened the letter, and she looked grave and eager as she began to read it. As she read, however, the anxious look cleared away—she almost smiled—she looked pleased and satisfied, and letting the letter



fall upon her lap, she leant her arm upon the table at her side, and covered her eyes with her hand for a few minutes. Lucy did not know that, during those few minutes, thanks from her mother's heart were being offered to God, who had heard her prayers and sent her help in time of trouble. 'Lucy, my love,' said she at length in a cheerful tone, 'I have got a letter at last from your uncle. Edward, do you hear—why where is Edward?' said she, looking round the room.

'Here mother, here I am,' cried Edward, scrambling out of his corner with his beloved "Robinson," 'a letter from uncle, did you say?'

'Yes, and such a pleasant letter, dear children. You know I wrote to consult him about our going to New Zealand, and instead of that he asks us to go and stay with him all the summer at least, and perhaps for ever. But listen to what he says,' and she read aloud as follows:—

*The Haven, near P——,  
Hants, April 25th.*

DEAR SISTER OSBORNE,—I received your letter dated the 5th, only this morning, having been for the last fortnight from home. I took a run down to Portsmouth to see an old friend, and unexpectedly went a cruise with him up the Channel, so that I did not get my letters till my return. I hardly know what to advise about New Zealand, not being acquainted with the colony, and only having touched there once or twice for water. I am sorry to find that my late brother's affairs have not been arranged as favourably as you could desire. My old house-keeper, Mrs. Brown, died about two months back, and I can't say I get on very well with my household matters, so that if you think well of it, I shall be very glad to see you here for a month or two, and longer if we find that we suit each other. I suppose

you must bring the children with you. There is a good school near, that the boy can go to every day, and the girl I suppose can learn pudding-making and stitching at home. I don't exactly know how I shall like to have young folks in the house, never having been accustomed to them, but I suppose they know how to behave themselves. You can let me know when you will come, a day or two beforehand.

Your affectionate brother-in-law,  
CHARLES OSBORNE.

Please to direct to Captain Osborne, R.N., The Haven, near P——

P.S.—You had better take the rail on to P——, instead of stopping at the station near the Haven. There are plenty of flies to be had, which will bring you out. The Haven stands about two miles N.N.W. of the town, on the old London road.

‘You will go mother, won't you?’ cried Edward, ‘I am sure I hope you will! I shall like going to uncle's almost as well as going to New Zealand. It will be nearly as good as going a voyage, to hear all uncle's adventures at sea, won't it Lucy?’

‘Much better I should say,’ said Lucy, but still she did not look as pleased as Edward.

‘And you will like to live in the country too, Lucy, I am sure you will like it very much,’ said her mother.

‘Oh yes, mamma—but then Grace Martin! I am so sorry to leave Grace Martin; and at uncle's I shall never have a girl of my own age to play with, and Edward will go to school.’

‘That he would do anywhere,’ said her mother, ‘and you can always write to Grace Martin, as often as you please.’

‘Yes, mamma; but do you think we shall like Uncle Osborne? Do you know I don't quite think he can be good-natured, or he would not have said

that about our behaving ourselves, or have called us "the boy," and "the girl."

'Not good-natured my dear, when he asks us all to go to him, and invites you and your brother, who cannot be of any use to him?'

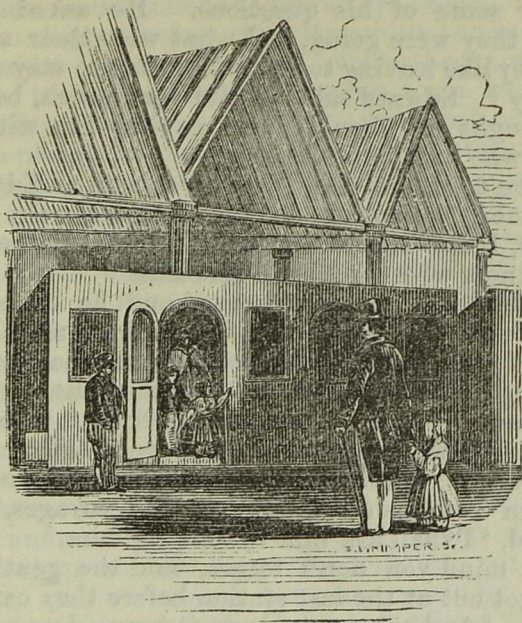
Lucy was too good-natured herself not to be ready to believe that her notion might be quite unfounded, and when she saw how pleased her mother and brother were about going to the Haven, she set quite aside her own little private reasons for not being so happy in the prospect herself, and she tried not to think so much about Grace Martin. Lucy had always known Grace Martin, but they had latterly been living only a few doors from where her father and mother lived, so that Lucy and Grace had seen a great deal of each other, and been very happy together. After having had no one but a brother older than herself to play with in general, it was quite delightful to Lucy to have Grace as a companion, who by no means despised many of the plays that Edward could now never be persuaded to play at; and besides that was a capital hand at inventing games of the quiet kind that Lucy was so particularly fond of.

From the very morning on which the invitation came from Captain Osborne, preparations were began for leaving London. Mrs. Osborne wrote to accept most gratefully the proposed shelter for herself and children, and she undertook to do her best to make her brother-in-law comfortable, promising also for her children that they would behave well, and not disturb him in any way. She ended her letter by fixing to be at the Haven in a fortnight's time.

That fortnight was soon over. The packing time was one of great bustle, and the most beautiful spring weather seemed to make a journey into the country the pleasantest thing in the world; and even leave-taking of old friends did not seem so

painful as they had all expected, for every one was so kind, and so glad that the scheme of going out to New Zealand had been given up. One pleasure, too, which Lucy enjoyed, then occupied her thoughts for nearly a whole week, and this was the choice of a parting keepsake for her friend Grace Martin. Out of her own savings she bought the prettiest of work-boxes imaginable, and with her mother's assistance fitted it up with all kinds of useful little nick-nacks and materials, such as a clever little work-woman like Grace is sure to require.

Edward enjoyed most of all the final packing up and nailing down of boxes, and cording of trunks, for then he could be of help, and as busy as any one. For a whole day he went about hammer in hand, from one room to another, and used up an innumerable quantity of nails and tacks to his great satisfaction, and no one could have managed better than he did the writing of directions and tying on of labels. There was so much to be done, and so much bustle at last, that Mrs. Osborne could hardly be persuaded that something very important had not been forgotten, when she found herself with her children fairly seated in the railroad carriage, which was to take them to P—; but a box that she fancied must be left behind, proved to be under the seat—placed there by kind Mr. Martin, Grace's father, who saw them off; and Edward was found to have had all the while tight hold of the knob of an umbrella, that, when first enquired after, he was sure he knew nothing about! This blunder of Edward's helped them all to a smile before the train had quite got away from the station, and wiping away the tears that had started into her eyes, Lucy was able to nod and kiss her hand to Grace Martin, as she stood by her father's side on the platform. Grace's bonnet was the very last thing that Lucy saw as they steamed away from under the great station roof, and



then she had to settle her pet canary, which she carried in her hand in his cage and sling him up over head comfortably for the journey, while she uncovered his cage and let him see all of the world that he chose. They had no adventures on the road during their two hours' journey. Edward read Robinson Crusoe the greater part of the way, and their mother slept, for she was very tired with all the bustle of the previous day, and several sleepless nights, so that Lucy had no one to talk to and was quite sorry she had not brought a book. A silent old lady in the corner, however, who was their only companion in the railroad carriage, got out at one of the stations, and a more talkative gentleman got in. He soon caused Edward to look up from his book, and

answer some of his questions. He asked them, where they were going, and what were their names. Did they like leaving town and coming to stay in the country? Edward said he did very much, because he thought he should have capital fun with his uncle, who had been a sailor.

‘I don’t like leaving London as well as Edward,’ said Lucy, ‘because of leaving Grace Martin; and besides, I am almost afraid of Uncle Osborne, and don’t know whether I shall like him.’

‘Hem!’ said the gentleman, and he called her a chatterbox. After that he talked more with Edward than Lucy, and, finding out what he was reading, he told him a good deal about the real Robinson Crusoe, Alexander Selkirk, who was wrecked on the island of Juan Fernandez.

‘I wonder whether Uncle Osborne ever touched at Juan Fernandez, in any of his voyages,’ said Edward, ‘I shall ask him when I see him.’

‘Ay, mind you don’t forget,’ said the gentleman as he got out at the last station before they came to P——. ‘And take care Uncle Osborne does not eat you up,’ said he to Lucy as he pulled out his great coat from under the seat after he was out of the carriage.

Edward and Lucy saw their acquaintance walking away from the station across some fields, which seemed to lie between them and the town of P——, which was now visible. In another ten minutes they would be at the end of the journey, and their mother roused herself up to see after all their packages, and to call to mind all that were in the great luggage van at the end of the train. Dickey was carefully covered up again, and the bags and baskets of each collected. Nothing was left behind, and a nice little carriage was found at the station in which they were soon leaving the town again along a pleasant country road. The driver knew Captain

Osborne's house, called the Haven, quite well, so that when he stopped before a pretty white house standing amidst shrubberies and flower-beds, with a smooth lawn on one side sloping down from the sitting-room windows, they felt delighted to think that so pleasant a place was to be their future home. If they had doubted for a minute, there was the white and red flag hoisted on a flag-staff in the middle of the lawn, and on the top of a little summer house was a brightly gilt weather-cock, with the four points of the compass shewn by its letters—all which looked as if the house belonged to one who had been accustomed to hoist flags on all occasions of importance, and to think a great deal about the direction of the wind.

Edward and Lucy, however, were almost in too much trepidation just then to look more about them. They were hunting out all their own possessions again, and were preparing to get out of the carriage, when whom should they see handing out their mother, and welcoming her very cordially to his house, but the gentleman who had talked to them in the train—the sunburnt gentleman who seemed to know so much about the sea, and who could be no one else but their own uncle, Captain Osborne!

'Well, my young gentleman, so we are met again, you see—only that I have got into port a little before you, by a nearer tack;—yes, no mistake, my man, I am Uncle Osborne himself, you see,' and he shook Edward heartily by the hand. He helped Lucy out too, but he did not take so much notice of her as of her brother; and he really did frighten her a little, even at this her first arrival at the haven, by the sharp way in which he told her to let her things alone, and leave the servant to look after them. Only once, however, did he allude to Lucy's dread of him, and this was when a large Newfoundland dog came bounding forth to meet them, as they went up

the path to the house. Lucy shrunk back, rather in alarm, at the unceremonious greeting of great Rover, but her uncle said, 'No fear, Miss Lucy, even of him; for he won't bite any more than his master.'

Nothing, however, could be more kind or hospitable than the manner in which they were all received by Captain Osborne at the Haven, while Mrs. Osborne, after a little while, was able to remember, in her sunburnt and weather-beaten brother-in-law, the young man that she had only known when just entering the navy as a midshipman. He explained to her that he had unexpectedly had some business that morning at a town on the line of railway by which they had come, and that after he found out who were his companions in returning, he had tried not to disturb her nap, whilst he amused himself with the talk of the young folk, without letting them know who he was. Mrs. Osborne soon felt quite at home with him, and quickly understood the mixture of roughness and kindness which was in his manners. They had, besides, many pleasant remembrances of old times to talk over together, which made them familiar and friendly at once.

Edward liked his uncle very much, and was greatly delighted with all the charming things that were to be found at the Haven, and Lucy's spirits rose as she saw how pleased and cheerful her mother seemed. She followed close behind, as her uncle led the way, all over the house and round the garden, and thought to herself how ungrateful it would be not to be pleased at the thought of living in such a nice home. Kind preparations, too, had been made for their arrival, and the prettiest of bed-rooms and sitting-rooms set apart entirely for the use of her mother and herself, and even, before they had been half-an-hour in the house, a nail found at the side of a pleasant window where Dickey could hang and sing as long as he liked. Luckily Captain Osborne did



not dislike pet birds ; for in the hall was a large grey parrot, on a perch, who was the most amusing and plain-speaking talker that ever was heard. It was enough to make them all feel at home, if it were only to hear this parrot, whom the bustle of their arrival had roused into a talkative fit ; for nothing was heard all over the house but ‘ How d’ye do ;’ ‘ Hope you’re pretty well ;’ ‘ Glad to see you ;’ filled up with the usual praises of her own beauty, which these birds are so fond of sounding.

‘ Is it not all delightful ?’ said Edward to Lucy, when they were together in their mother’s room, unbuckling straps and unlocking padlocks. ‘ Don’t you like uncle now, Lucy ? and are you not sorry you told him in the railroad carriage that you did not like coming to stay with him ? Don’t you think, mother, that Lucy had better tell him she is very sorry, and did not mean to say——’

‘ No, Edward, I do not,’ said his mother ; ‘ Lucy told the truth about her feelings, and your uncle knows that she did not intend it as any rudeness to him, because she did not know to whom she was speaking. He will soon think no more of it, and will like Lucy well enough at last, I have no doubt—and all the more for her being plain-spoken and truthful like himself.’

The first evening at the Haven passed very happily, and Lucy tried not to fancy that her uncle had taken a dislike to her, at the same time that she was really quite glad to see what good friends he and Edward were going to be.

## CHAPTER II.

### TRYING TO PLEASE.

BETTER acquaintance with the Haven only made every body like it still better, and Edward, in particular, seemed to be happier and happier every day. No house that he had ever lived in, had in it such very interesting things, and no garden had ever afforded so much amusement to him. Before the first morning was over, he had grown quite expert at hoisting and taking down the flag on the flag-staff; he knew the dogs all by name, and had fed the pigeons. He had been introduced to his uncle's grey mare in the stable, and had been taken up into what was called the workshop, over the kitchen, where was the turning-lathe and chest of carpenter's tools; and he had been to the very furthest end of the orchard, and into every corner of the kitchen-garden. But it was what his uncle called his "state-cabin" that pleased him most of all. This was a room in-doors, which his uncle considered particularly his own, and did not like any body to go into unless he was with them. It was quite a museum that little room, and all around it were curiosities, which Captain Osborne had brought home from different parts of the world in his voyages. Shells, pieces of branch coral, sea-weed, ostrich eggs, stuffed birds, and such objects of natural history, but also things even more interesting to Edward, such as pictures and models of celebrated ships, telescopes, a quadrant, and a mariner's compass, both of which latter things he wished much to understand. Here, too, it was that Captain Osborne kept his fishing-tackle, and made his own flies for angling; which was, perhaps, the reason why he did not like people going

into his room when he was away, for fear they should disturb the little delicate materials with which he made them. Edward passed several hours of each day with his uncle, in this room, when he was not at work in the garden with him, or accompanying him in a ride in his gig. No companion that Edward had ever had, of his own age, was half so entertaining to him as his uncle, and he liked to be with him too, because he was always learning from him the kind of knowledge that was particularly interesting to him. His uncle, for instance, could tell him everything about ships and navigation that he wanted to know. He learnt from him the names of all the parts of a vessel, and the names of the different kinds of vessels, and how to distinguish them. He had long wished to understand rightly the difference between a brig, a frigate, a cutter, and a schooner; to say nothing of all the names for the different sails and masts, which he often found alluded to in books, without exactly knowing what they meant. He was never tired of asking questions about such matters; and it seemed as if Uncle Osborne was never tired of giving explanations. Then what interesting stories his uncle could tell him about his adventures at sea, and about all the grand sea-fights that had taken place when he was a little midshipman,—those especially in which Lord Nelson had distinguished himself. Edward was sure he never *should* be tired of hearing all about Lord Nelson, and he longed for the time when he should go to Portsmouth to see the Victory, the ship in which he was killed, and which his uncle promised to show him some day.

Lucy, meantime, went on with her mother much as she usually did, wherever they were, with her books and her work. She was very happy, and she liked the pleasant garden and the pretty country walks very much, but she would have been glad to

have had a young companion of her own age, or to have been a little more with Edward. It was impossible, too, for her to take so much pleasure as Edward, in her uncle's talk about ships, for in fact she did not half understand what it was all about, from the strange sailor's expressions that he made use of. She was a long time before she found out that *starboard* and *larboard* meant the right and left sides of a ship, *fore* and *aft*, the front and back parts, and when her uncle talked of "jib-booms," and "fore-top-gallants" and about "taking the sun," and "getting soundings," it seemed to be quite another language, and she despaired of ever being able to understand it all. Regularly, every evening, when her uncle and Edward came in to tea, when it would have been so pleasant to have heard what they had been doing all the afternoon, they were sure to have some long story about a shipwreck, or about one of Nelson's sea-fights to finish off, which, for want of having heard the beginning, was quite unintelligible to her; and very often all the cups and saucers, and plates would be arranged about the table, to show the position of the different vessels at the battle of St. Vincent, or Trafalgar; and if Lucy did try to understand how it was, she was sure to make a blunder and get confused about the English and French ships, fancying perhaps all the time that the sugar-basin had been on the French side, when it had been fixed on for Nelson's ship. All this made Lucy much more silent at the Haven than she had ever been before in her life, so that Uncle Osborne had no opportunity of calling her a chatterbox again as he did in the railroad carriage. To tell the truth, her uncle did not take much notice of Lucy in any kind of way, unless it was to ask her every day how she got on with her "sewing," which he seemed to think the only thing she had any thing to do with; and when he found out that she had never learned



to mark, he used to tease her a little about it, always asking her when she was going to begin a sampler—which Lucy did not at all see any necessity for doing, considering how neatly her mother marked every thing with marking-ink. Lucy took the teasing very good-temperedly, however, we ought to observe, and was always so obliging, that she never on any occasion omitted doing any little thing for her uncle that she could ; and her mother had only to say, ‘ Lucy, your uncle’s slippers,’ or ‘ Lucy, your uncle’s hat,’ before she was off as quick as lightning, to fetch them. She and her brother both tried to please their uncle, to whom they were so much obliged, but it was in different ways—Lucy with actions, perhaps, and Edward with words. Edward was too

anxious to please his uncle in this way, and he was not long at the Haven before his mother began to fear that this might have a bad effect upon his character. This trying so much to please one person is rather a dangerous thing at all times, and is not nearly so safe as trying to do and say what is right. Now, Captain Osborne could be rather sharp and severe when things did not go on quite smoothly, or when any one disobeyed his orders and wishes. Having been accustomed the greater part of his life to have the command of a large crew of sailors on board a ship, where nothing can be done except through the most strict obedience to the words of the captain, it was natural that he should be vexed and displeased if any one seemed for an instant to forget his orders. Edward was exceedingly fearful of causing his uncle to express any such vexation, and yet at the same time he was by no means accustomed to be very punctual or particular, so that he very often had recourse to excuses to prevent his uncle from being angry with him.

‘Come, come! Master Edward, I don’t like being kept waiting,’ said his uncle, one day when they were going out for a walk.

‘Yes, uncle, but my shoes were not cleaned, and I had to wait for them uncle,’ said Edward, although, long after he had put on his shoes, he had been seen by his mother and Lucy playing in the yard with the dog.

‘Edward should not have said any thing about the shoes,’ said his mother, looking very grave. The very next day, Edward had been helping the gardener’s boy to hoe some lettuces, and instead of putting back his hoe into the tool-house, he had thrown it down, so that his uncle had picked it up when he went round the garden. ‘I like my tools put back in their proper places,’ said he to Edward.

‘Yes, uncle, I know, and I am always very par-

ticular, so I cannot help thinking that must be the hoe that Jack used.' There was something in the tone of Edward's voice as he said this, which made Lucy, who was present, feel quite uncomfortable.

'Don't you think you forgot to put it away,' said she in a low voice to him. Lucy often wished that Edward was not so afraid of Uncle Osborne, and had courage to tell him the exact truth about such little matters. How different it was with herself—although it might have been thought beforehand that she would be likely to feel much more afraid of her uncle than Edward. It happened one day when Captain Osborne was out, that Lucy was sent by her mother to fetch a letter which lay on the table in his room, and which they knew he particularly wished to be sent to the post, so that Lucy had no hesitation in going there by herself to fetch it. She had found the letter and was leaving the room with it, when she felt something pull at her elbow, and looking round she found that one of her uncle's fish-hooks had caught in her sleeve. It had a long piece of twine fastened to it, and this twine had brought with it other pieces of horsehair and catgut, and all sorts of bristles, and feathers, and artificial flies, had been scattered over the floor. Lucy was at first in terrible alarm about the mischief she had done, but, extricating the hook from her sleeve, she picked up the rest of the tackle, and put it back on the table, fearing to make matters worse by attempting to re-place them as they had been before. She was very vexed about it altogether, because it was the very first time she had ever been in that room alone, but it never occurred to her to try to prevent her uncle from knowing that it was she who had disturbed his things. She even went and stood by the garden-gate so as to be ready to tell him directly he came in from his walk, and she said at once that she was afraid he would find that she had done some mischief. 'I

think too, uncle,' added she, 'I ought to tell you that I remember I put the letter into your letter-weight, which I need not have done, because it was very light, and I dare say I leant my elbow on the table for a minute, and did not see that there were any hooks there.' Lucy followed her uncle into the room as he went to see what was the matter, and she begged to be allowed to try and disentangle the twine and horsehair, which she did very patiently, so that it ended by her uncle saying, that no great harm had been done, and any one could see that he was pleased at Lucy's frankness and truthfulness in telling him about the affair. Perhaps it was about this time that their Uncle Osborne began to see the difference between the characters of Edward and Lucy; for a little circumstance which happened a day or two after, showed it very plainly. Captain Osborne and Edward were flying a kite upon the lawn, and the latter was sent to the "state cabin," to fetch a card which was to make a messenger to be sent up the string. When he came back his uncle said he hoped he had not meddled with any thing, and Edward too readily replied, 'Oh no, uncle, indeed!' Presently Captain Osborne went to fetch something which no one but himself could find, and when he came back Edward and Lucy saw in an instant that he was displeased. 'I thought, young gentleman,' said he, 'that you said you had not meddled with any thing.'

'No, indeed uncle, I did not,' said Edward again.

'Take care, Master Edward, what you are saying,' said his uncle; 'for if you did not meddle with any thing, how was it that I found my hour-glass running when I went into the room?'

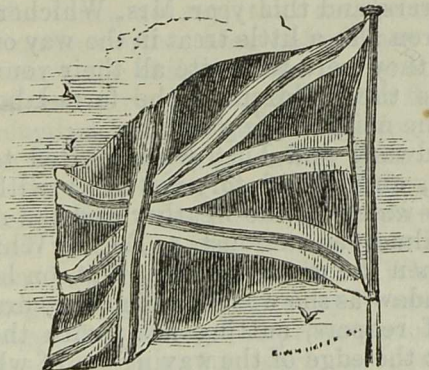
Edward blushed, and stopped for an instant to seek out an excuse; 'You said *meddled*, you know uncle, and I did not say I had not touched any thing

---



He was going on, but his uncle looked at him very sternly, and said, 'People who speak the truth, speak it according to the meaning of words,' and he would not have another word from Edward on the subject, nor did he talk as usual with him that evening at tea, but read the newspaper aloud to Mrs. Osborne.

All this time Mrs. Osborne had been looking out for a school, for Edward, where he could go for several hours of the day, and where he would have more regular occupation; and such a school being now found, she began to feel that they were now quite settled at the Haven, for many months at all events, while Captain Osborne would sometimes talk as if their stay was to be for years.



The Union Jack.

## CHAPTER III.

### HARVESTING.

EDWARD and Lucy had not long been at the Haven before a little acquaintanceship sprung up between them and the children of a farmer who lived very near, and whose farm stretched down to the road-side opposite the Haven, through which, by pleasant pathways over fields of wheat and barley, they went to the farm-house. Haymaking time was scarcely over, before the children began to look forward to the harvest, when, for the first time in their lives, Edward and Lucy were to be gleaners. Farmer Whicher always had a most merry harvest-supper for his labourers, and this year Mrs. Whicher promised her children also a little treat in the way of a supper, to which they were to invite all their young friends, as well as the children of the farm-labourers who lived in the neighbouring village.

Now Edward and Lucy were invited to this harvest feast, and looked forward to it with no little pleasure—watching the weather and the ripening of the corn almost as anxiously as Farmer Whicher himself. When the morning came, that, on looking out of the window as she was dressing, Lucy first descried a band of reapers, cutting away with their bright sickles, at the edge of the waving sea of wheat which lay beyond the road-side hedge, she called out to Edward the joyful news that the harvest was began; and, before the day was over, the farmer's children came down to tell them that their little harvest-home supper was fixed for the following Thursday, when their father expected that the greater part of his corn would be got into his barns. The large wheat-field, which lay between the Haven and the

farm, would, at all events, be *carried* that day; and it was expected that, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, the gleaners would be able to take possession of the field. Long before that time, on the appointed day, Edward and Lucy, and a group of the village children, were at the gate of the field, ready to begin operations the very moment that the last cart should drive out; for, as is usually the case, Farmer Whicher did not like the gleaners to be admitted until his crop of corn was fairly off the field. It was very amusing, at first, to watch the men pitching up into the carts the heavy sheaves; but the children had not watched this long before they began to feel impatient about the progress of their labour, for it seemed as if the field would never be emptied. Five o'clock had struck long ago, and it was not very far off six, when a message came out from the farm, to say, that as the men were likely to be quite another hour before they had carried all the corn, the children were to be allowed to enter, and glean in the lower part of the field, away from the remainder of the still standing sheaves. The children shouted joyfully, as this permission was given, and the gate being opened, in they rushed; and, scattering about the field, were soon seen busy stooping and gathering up the scattered ears of wheat which had been left behind. Who should glean the largest bundle was the cry!—and no one was more eager than Edward to prove a good gleaner. He was not so steady at his work, or persevering, however, as Lucy, who went quietly on, travelling up the furrows, and taking care not to go to parts where others had been before. Now and then all agreed to rest awhile; for they grew hot and tired with so much stooping; and then there were other things to look at and divert their attention, such as the nest of a field mouse full of young ones, and a hedge-hog, which one of the young Whichers turned

out of the hedge, and which rolled itself up into a round prickly ball. Edward had never before seen a hedgehog, and he stayed looking at it, and trying to make it unroll itself again, long after the rest had returned to their gleaning. Presently, the eldest Miss Whicher came out from the house, to summon all the gleaners in. The tarts and cakes were out of the oven, she said, and the fermety, which was to be the principal dish on the supper table, would be ready in another hour. She invited all the gleaners to come on to the lawn, at the back of the house, and there, in the cool arbour, they could rest and bind up their sheaves, and then have a game of play. The children obeyed the summons very gladly; for, altogether, it was thought they must have gleaned what, when divided amongst the village children, would make a famous sheaf for each to carry home. Lucy, with the rest, was leaving the field, with a charming large bundle of wheat in her apron, when she looked round to see after Edward. He was only then coming away from a corner of the field where the hedgehog had been found, and, as he came up to her, Lucy was quite vexed to see what a small quantity of corn he had gleaned; really not more than he could hold in one hand.

‘Oh, Edward!’ said she, ‘how little you have got; what have you been about?’ Edward never liked being behind others in what he did, so that he was sorry, now it was too late, that he had not gleaned more industriously. He and Lucy were passing at this moment up amongst the shocks of corn which were yet standing; and what was Lucy’s concern, to see Edward stay behind, and draw out of one of the sheaves several fine ears of corn to add to his own small bunch. ‘Oh, Edward, you must not take that corn—you know you must not! Farmer Whicher has trusted us to leave those sheaves alone.—Oh, pray don’t, Edward! It really is quite like stealing,’

said she, the tears coming into her eyes at the very thought.

‘What nonsense, Lucy,—you do say such things. Just as if the corn did not all belong to Farmer Whicher,—and just as if it mattered to him. You see I have not taken more than a dozen ears of corn at the very most,—and Edward ran past her into the house.

Lucy stood for a few minutes in painful thought, wishing she could do any thing that would make Edward bring back that corn again, and see things as she saw them, and feel as she felt;—then, suddenly a plan occurred to her, which would make matters better, at all events, in this case; and taking out of her own gleanings, twelve nice full ears of corn, she laid them at the top of the sheaf, from which Edward had so dishonourably helped himself. She was turning away from the sheaf, when she started to see Farmer Whicher leaning over a gate, close by, watching the filling of the last cart. Lucy hoped he had not seen her put back the ears of corn, or rather that he had not seen Edward take them.

The children enjoyed themselves much in the arbour, binding their little sheaves and portioning them out among those whose homes would be gladdened by the prospect of an extra loaf or two of bread during the coming week, and when their work was done, all were ready for a game of play upon the smooth green lawn.

Prisoner’s base was the game fixed upon, which the girls soon learned to play at, although they had never heard of it before, and the arbour was an excellent prison for the prisoners who were taken in the chase. The sun was sinking behind the hills and sending its slanting rays through the trees of Farmer Whicher’s orchard, and the shadow of the great cedar of Lebanon had stretched quite across the lawn, and made the prison where Lucy was in confinement beautifully

gloomy, when a voice was heard calling all the party of runners and catchers in to supper. Such a bustling and crowding there was into the supper-room, the old fashioned parlour where the large table was laid out for the children's harvest feast. Dishes piled high with all manner of good things, fruit, pastry, and a variety of choice cakes, were arranged upon the snow-white table-cloth, and in the midst a large china bowl full of smoking hot fermety. There were nosegays of flowers too upon the table, by way of ornament, and the eldest Miss Whicher had made a most beautiful garland of blue corn-flowers, which lay on the table ready to crown, as she said, the queen of the gleaners. The children were soon seated down each side of the long table, and the fermety was being ladled out to them and the cakes handed round, when Farmer Whicher came in, bringing with him Captain and Mrs. Osborne, who had walked up to the farm to fetch Edward and Lucy—as every one said, a great deal too soon. They consented to wait, however, until the children's supper was quite over, and were glad to see the pleasant sight of their happiness. Farmer Whicher had something merry to say to each child as he walked round the table—now patting a boy on the head, and now chucking a little girl under the chin. At last, he came to Lucy, 'Ah, here is my little friend Miss Lucy!' said he, 'my good little honest friend, who would not let me be defrauded of any of my corn. She it is who deserves to be crowned the queen of the gleaners!' and as he spoke, he took up the garland of corn-flowers which lay upon the table, and popped it upon Lucy's head.

Lucy held down her head, blushing deeply.

'What is this all about?' said Captain Osborne, whilst every body round the table looked anxious for an explanation. Farmer Whicher jokingly told how Master Edward had made up for his bad glean- ing by helping himself, from one of his sheaves, and

how Miss Lucy had been too honest to let him be cheated that way. 'He had seen it all,' he said, 'as he stood hid by the hedge whilst he was looking after his men;—they little knew that he had seen it all!

It was now Edward's turn to hold down his head, and though Farmer Whicher seemed to think it a very good joke, there were those present who could not think it so. Mrs. Osborne looked sorry and grieved, and Captain Osborne said in a very severe tone to Edward, 'You ought to have been ashamed to do such a thing. It was no better than stealing, to take the corn in that way.' Luckily for Edward, the noise of talking and the rattle of plates and spoons, together with the praises of Lucy's honesty which were sounded round the table, prevented these words from being heard by the rest of the children. Lucy got rid of the crown which made her feel so bashful, and it reached at last the little girl who had been fixed on as the queen of the gleaners, because she really had gleaned more than any of them, but as Miss Whicher took the garland from Lucy, she said, 'After all Miss Lucy, it is a more unfading crown than mine you know, that is reserved for the Upright and the Just. There was plenty of fun and merriment to finish out the evening and prevent any one saying anything more about the affair of the stolen wheat ears, so that even Edward had partly succeeded in forgetting it. His mother and uncle however, could not forget it. When they had at last taken leave of the farmer's kind family and were walking home, Mrs. Osborne went on before the others with Edward, to whom she had something to say, whilst Uncle Osborne and Lucy walked together. It would have been quite dark but for the very bright stars overhead and just a faint tinge of red left in the sky to the west. Lucy felt that her uncle was so very kind in taking care

that she did not stumble over the stiff stubble, or slip into the furrows as they crossed the now empty corn-field. He kept quite tight hold of her hand, whilst he carried for her her bunch of nice long straight straws which she was taking home to plait. Her uncle assisted her, too, so kindly over the very awkward stile which had a ditch and foot-plank on the other side, and he talked to her so very pleasantly all the way home. They talked about the stars. Her uncle showed Lucy which was the pole-star, by which sailors at sea could find the north and steer by it.

‘All over the world, can they see it?’ asked Lucy.

‘No, not all over the world. When ships sail in a southerly direction and approach nearer and nearer to the equator, the pole-star seems to sink down nearer and nearer to the horizon, until at last it is quite lost sight of; and when sailing in the southern hemisphere, people see quite a different set of stars in the sky to what we do in England—quite different groups of stars or *constellations* as they are called, and the *constellations* have different names.’

This little lesson on the stars was just ended as they arrived at the gate of the Haven, where Mrs. Osborne and Edward were standing after having rung the bell. As they got up to them, Captain Osborne and Lucy knew quite well what Edward and his mother had been talking about, by the last words that were spoken.

‘Now, do, my dear Edward, try to be more particular in future.’

‘I will, mother,—indeed, I will,’ said Edward, and he spoke as if he was quite in earnest as he made the promise.

‘Yes, my boy,’ said Captain Osborne, laying his hand on Edward’s shoulder, ‘Learn to steer by the pole-star truth and honour, and then you will never run aground on shoals, nor break on rocks.’



## CHAPTER IV.

### BOAT-BUILDING.

AFTER the conversation which her uncle and Lucy had had together about the stars, in which the latter had shown that she liked to understand such matters, her mother observed that Captain Osborne often stopped in the middle of what he was relating to Edward, in order to explain sea terms, and such sailors' expressions as he thought she might not understand; and these explanations began to make his stories of shipwrecks and adventures at sea much more interesting to her. Her mother's prophecy that Captain Osborne would like Lucy, when he came to know her well, had come to pass, and whilst he liked her for being so obliging and intelligent, he quite loved her for her truthfulness and strict feeling of honour.

What made Lucy at this time particularly glad that she was beginning to understand more about ships and boats was, that her uncle and Edward had a grand scheme for building a boat large enough to be rowed on the pond at the bottom of the lawn. Now we must explain that this pond, though a very pretty object to look at from the house, with its weeping willow hanging over it at one end, was rather an inconvenience to those who lived at the Haven. It lay between the kitchen-garden and lawn; and in order to get to the former, it was necessary to go rather a long way round, through the yard at the side of the house, and down a strip of ground that was used for drying linen. At the time that the strawberries were ripe, and afterwards, when the cook was busy preserving, it was felt to be quite tiresome to have to go such a long way round with

the baskets of fruit. Edward had often asked his uncle why he did not build a bridge over the narrow end of the pond, but this was never thought of seriously. One day, however, when Edward was at home, on one of his half-holidays, it was raining so heavily, that there was nothing to be done but to get up in the workshop and do some carpentering, and then it was that the making of a boat was first planned. When they came in to tea that evening, Edward was full of delight and full of talk about the real proper-shaped and proper-sized boat they were going to build for the pond. It was to be large enough to hold three persons, and Uncle Osborne thought that they might get it finished in time for the gathering of the late apples and winter pears, so that it would be really useful to bring the baskets over from the other side, and land them where they would be carried up to the apple-room in no time.

Lucy liked the idea of the boat very much, and had no fears about its *capsizing*, as her uncle called it, because the bottom of the pond could be seen so plainly, that she was sure no one could ever be drowned in it. She listened quite patiently to the description of how it was all to be managed—how the frame of the boat was to be made of five long pieces of deal, and how the ribs were to be of flexible ash wood ; how a piece of zinc was to be fastened along the keel ; and lastly, how canvass was to be stretched over the outside, because it would be impossible for them, as Captain Osborne said, to get planks warped into the right curve for nailing outside, in the manner of boats in general, and the canvass would make it light and easy to carry. There was nothing talked of but the boat all that evening, and when the tea-things were removed, pen and ink and paper were brought out to make a list of all that would be wanted of nails, screws, and tin tacks,

zinc, ash-wood, and deal—all of which things Captain Osborne was to have in readiness to begin operations with the very next evening. So many hours work on half-holidays, and so many half-hours before breakfast and after tea, on ordinary days, would, they thought, complete the boat in three weeks' time, so that the grand day of the launch might be fixed for Lucy's birth-day, which was at the beginning of September.

Everything went on very pleasantly and smoothly with the boat-building between Edward and his uncle, so that Lucy and her mother were quite pleased to see how much more careful he had become, whilst he was always diligent over his lessons, and punctual at school, which his mother was very particular about. It cannot be said that Edward never made excuses at this time, and did not sometimes misrepresent a little when he was in fear of being blamed, but every one thought he was trying to cure himself of his faults, and made allowance for the difficulty of breaking himself of a settled habit.

Lucy was very glad to be allowed by her mother to go occasionally up to the workshop to watch Edward and her uncle at work upon the boat. She was surprised to find that it required such downright *hard* work, and used to wonder that they liked to make themselves so hot and tired with their hammering and sawing. At first it was thought that it would not be necessary to have a rudder to their boat, considering what short voyages it would have to perform on the little pond, but Edward maintained that it would be quite a pity not to make it a real boat in every respect, so that a rudder was decided on, and Captain Osborne thought that he knew of a man in P——, who would be able to furnish them with a set of rudder irons small enough to suit their little boat. These irons were the sort of hinges which

were to connect the rudder to the boat, and enable it to move from side to side, at the will of the steersman, but they were so contrived, that the rudder could be taken off, or *unshipped*, as Captain Osborne said, when it was not wanted. The rudder, and the piece of wood which fitted on to the top of it, called a *yoke*, with its two pieces of rope, which were to be pulled first on one side and then on the other, as they steered, was thought by Lucy to be the prettiest part of the boat, although it was altogether, as her uncle said, 'as trim a little craft as ever was built.'

Lucy's birth-day drew near, and there was nothing to be done but the pitching and painting of the boat, and the making of a pair of oars. A painter who was coming to re-paint the greenhouse was to do the former, and Uncle Osborne undertook to get the oars finished off whilst Edward was at school the last three days. Lucy thought something very terrible had happened from Edward's look of consternation, as he came in one evening to tell his mother and her, quite an unexpected difficulty about the boat. All finished as it was, and ready for pitching and painting in the open air, it could not be got down the crooked little staircase that led up to the workshop! Captain Osborne had always expected that it could be hoisted up on end in such a manner as to come down very easily, but it was now found that this could not be managed, so that there was nothing left, but to take out the window of the workshop and lower the boat with ropes into the yard below. Jack had been sent up to Farmer Whicher's to borrow some ropes for this purpose, and when they arrived Mrs. Osborne and Lucy, and the maid-servants, went out into the yard to see the operation of letting down the boat. It took half-an-hour before this was managed—the gardener and Jack, Captain Osborne and Edward, all hard at work, very

hot and very eager. Quite safely, however, and without any damage to it, the little boat was lowered to the ground, and those who had never seen it before thought it most beautifully and cleverly made. Edward was very delighted, and very impatient to see it launched upon the pond. He could hardly, in fact, make up his mind to lose sight of it, when his uncle proposed its being carried into an outhouse and left for the night. They had, however, to discuss together the important point of what colour it was to be painted, and the still more important point to settle of what it was to be called. Black outside, with the pitch of course it would be, so it was thought that a bright green inside, with lines of white would give it a light and pretty effect;—but as to the name—*that* was most difficult to settle. Uncle Osborne did not care about the name, and said Edward might call it what he liked, and Mrs. Osborne could not suggest one. Edward and Lucy tried the sound of several when, all at once, Edward declared, that he had thought of the best name in the world, and was sure everybody would think so too; but as Uncle Osborne had said he might choose the name, he would not tell what he had fixed on, until the painter had painted it in white letters at the stern. He made Lucy promise that she would not go to look at the boat again until it was painted, and ready for launching, because Edward was certain she would like the name and wanted to surprise her; and Lucy never once tried to make him tell her what he had fixed on, and never even tried to guess it. She told her mother, in fact, the next day, that she was nearly sure she knew what it was to be.

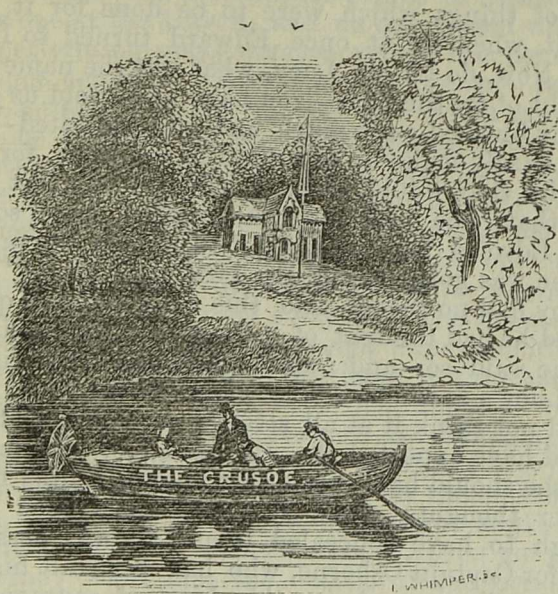
During the pitching and painting, and drying of the boat, which took quite three days, Lucy was busily employed in her leisure time, in making a little flag to hang at the stern of the boat. It was to be a

'Union Jack,' and her mother having procured her some pieces of red, blue, and white calico, Uncle Osborne lent her a picture of the flags of different nations to copy it from : but it was to be quite a surprise to Edward, and only when his secret about the name came out was Lucy to present her nice little flag, which she was sure would please him greatly.

All was ready by Lucy's birthday ; and the painter pronounced that if they would only wait until the evening, there would be no chance of the paint coming off on Lucy's frock, during her first voyage round the pond, after that Uncle Osborne and Edward had made a sort of experimental trip. The beautiful iced plum-cake which was to be served up at tea that evening, made by the cook in honour of Lucy's birthday, was hardly thought of by any one, so full were they of the launch of the boat.

At about five o'clock, Lucy and her mother were out on the lawn, and were sitting on the bench under the plane-tree, ready for the ceremony, when presently there came quite a procession across the lawn from the yard, at the side of the house. First came the boat itself, hoisted on the shoulders of the gardener and Jack—then came Uncle Osborne with the pair of oars, and lastly Edward with the rudder and its yoke. In a few minutes more, the boat was shoved off on to the pond at a point where the lawn sloped down very gradually to the water, and Mrs. Osborne and Lucy were summoned to approach. All this time Lucy had been holding under her apron, to conceal it, the gay little flag, which was to surprise Edward so much, but then waving it up in the air she came forward to present it, and be surprised herself about the name of the boat. She *was* surprised and—it must be confessed, a little disappointed, although she could not deny that it was an excellent name. Edward had called his boat the 'Crusoe,' and

Lucy only wondered that she had not also thought of this name, considering that Robinson Crusoe was still his most favourite book. She had been thinking of quite a different name, and it had put Robinson Crusoe out of her head.



Edward was so delighted with the little Union Jack, and with the admirable manner in which the 'Crusoe' righted herself upon the water and made the first voyage round the pond, that he never noticed anything like disappointment in Lucy's manner. She was, besides, too pleased herself at the success of the boat to feel it long, and she was not in the least afraid when the time came for her to step into the boat and go round the pond with Uncle Osborne, and, after a little instruction from him, he said she made a very good steersman.

Tea had been waiting long, and the urn had ceased to boil, so that fresh warm water was wanted, before the party could make up their minds to moor up the boat and return to the house. People ate Lucy's delicious plum-cake, talking all the time about the boat and praising it, and planning all sorts of things which were to be done for it, and with it, when all at once Edward turned to Lucy and, 'Now, do tell us, Lucy, what was the name you thought of for the boat—you have never told us yet.'

Lucy blushed very much and she hesitated—she could hardly make up her mind to tell them, for she thought they would think it so silly. At last, she said that 'she had thought,—indeed, from something Edward had said, she had almost felt sure—that he was going to call the boat the "Lucy."'

Lucy had no sooner said this than Edward quite wished he had thought of calling it after his sister, and he said so—and Captain Osborne also wished that Lucy's name had been given to the boat; and he did not think it at all strange or wrong that she should have expected it. He liked too, very much, that she should have been so frank in telling them all her thoughts, when it would have been easy enough to have concealed them. It was possible, even for Captain Osborne, who had been all his life a brave sailor, to admire this kind of courage in a very little girl; and without any one knowing how it came about, Lucy was presently sitting on her uncle's knee, with his arm so kindly round her; and before the evening was over, he remembered that up stairs he had a most beautifully carved ivory fan, that he had brought home from India, in one of his voyages, which must have taken quite a year of a Chinaman's life to carve; and he brought it down and gave it to Lucy, as a birth-day present and keepsake from him, and in remembrance of the launch of the 'Crusoe.'



## CHAPTER V.

### PEACE DISTURBING AND PEACE RESTORING.

THE 'Crusoe' was a continual source of pleasure to every one at the Haven, and no day passed without her performing many voyages round the pond and passages across it. Even Captain Osborne seemed quite satisfied with her success, and would stand for an hour together on the bank, giving Edward instructions in rowing, and telling Lucy how to steer. There were not any rocks or breakers in their little sea, but as it required they always maintained some skilful steering, to keep clear of the old stump of a post that stood up out of the water at one end of the pond, and to keep away from the branches of the willow-tree at the other end, which would have carried off Lucy's bonnet perhaps if they had got among them.

Edward became very expert in managing the 'Crusoe,' and in mooring her to the stump of a laurel at the side of the pond, which his uncle had cut down, all but the main stem, so that she might have safe moorage ; for, before this, the 'Crusoe' got adrift one windy night into the middle of the pond, and it was difficult to get her back to shore the next morning.

Edward and Lucy never allowed themselves to doubt of its being very convenient to get across to the kitchen garden, by means of a voyage in the 'Crusoe ;' and, to please them, the gardener, when he gathered his pears and apples, brought them all down to the side of the pond, to be rowed over by Edward, though he confessed to others that it would have given him very little more trouble to have taken them round by land all the way.

Mrs. Osborne, as she sat at work at the drawing-room window, thought she had never seen any thing prettier than that little boat, going backwards and forwards with its freight of rosy apples and russet-brown pears—Edward rowing, and Lucy steering—and the bright coloured little flag hanging at the stern. She thought it looked very pretty, and she rejoiced to see her children so happy—saying to herself that she really hoped the time had come for Edward to cure himself of his one fault.

Bad habits, however, such as Edward's, are not to be got rid of all at once; especially, as the desire to *seem* to do right leads to the repetition of the fault. It was a great grief to every body when Edward again forgot his promises of amendment, and did wrong in a matter connected with the favourite boat, which had given every one so much pleasure.

At the time of the building of the boat, Edward had had a good deal to do with the purchasing of various articles wanted for it, and when it was quite completed he was sent into the town one day with Jack, the gardener's boy, to settle for every thing that had been ordered and left unpaid. He had besides some commissions for his mother to get that day, some paper and sealing wax, and pens, and a list of all the things to be bought and paid for were given him, together with the right sum of money that would be required. Now Edward and Jack had become great friends, and were too fond, perhaps, of each other's company. Jack was good-natured, but very ignorant, and because Edward could tell him such nice stories about Robinson Crusoe and Lord Nelson, he fancied Edward a great deal wiser than he really was, and was more ready to be guided by him than was quite safe, considering that the greater part of his time belonged to his master. Several times had Jack been in disgrace

for neglecting his work because he was with Master Edward, or when sent into the town with Edward, for staying away too long. It happened on this day we are telling of, that both Jack and Edward remained away much longer than there was any occasion for, so that every one at the Haven got quite alarmed about their not returning, and Captain Osborne was about preparing to set out in search of them, when they made their appearance. It came out that they had been tempted when in the town, by the presence of a wild beast show, in which there were lions and tigers, and other animals that Jack had never seen. They had both gone into the show, and had been induced to stay much longer than they at first intended, by the hope of seeing the animals fed. Jack told all this very faithfully, and tried to take the blame on himself, because Master Edward had, he said, been so anxious for him to see the lions and tigers. But Captain Osborne did not excuse either Jack or Edward, and was much displeased that they should have done any thing of the kind without permission. Jack was ordered never on any pretence whatever to go out again with Master Edward, and Captain Osborne said something very angrily about not liking to have his servants disturbed in their duty to him by his visitors. Even after all this had been settled, and Edward had been very seriously reprov'd by his mother, the whole blame was not expos'd of that afternoon's visit to the town. Edward's mind was very uneasy about the commissions and the money that had been given to him. When required by his mother to give an account of the money that he had spent in the town, he was confus'd and embarrassed. It had been his own money which had paid for the entrance of Jack and himself to the wild beast show, but there ought to be a shilling left to give back to his uncle, and he had only three-pence remaining in his purse. It was

found necessary to apply to Jack for an explanation of this ; and it was after scratching his head several times that he said something about ‘nuts and apples that they had bought to give to the elephant and monkeys ;’ and then Edward had to confess with many blushes and tears of shame, that in this manner the missing halfpence had been spent.

We will spare our readers the description of Captain Osborne’s deep displeasure at this exposure of Edward’s want of truth and honour ; and we *could* not describe his mother’s grief. Lucy too—she left the room to hide her tears, and did not hear all the angry and bitter reproaches cast upon her brother by his uncle. There seemed no chance of Edward ever regaining the confidence and affection which he had lost, and Mrs. Osborne saw plainly that she and her children must not remain to be a cause of disturbance at the Haven ; for she called to mind that the latter had only been invited to come, provided they could behave well. Before that day was over, she had quite decided on leaving the Haven, and had told Captain Osborne of her intention. She told Edward and Lucy, too, that the Haven was no longer to be their home, and that they should return to town in another month ; and she did not scruple to point out to Edward that his conduct was the cause of their giving up the pleasures and comforts that they were enjoying.

Lucy was quite frightened to see how Edward was distressed at this announcement from her mother. He kept in his own room for the whole of that day, and he was very miserable. It was quite as well that this time he should make no promises for the future, but it grieved Edward more than any thing to see that no one asked him to do so. His mother had grown tired of hoping that he would keep any promises of the kind, and she knew that his uncle would place no reliance on them. Lucy never once said

‘Do promise, Edward, that you will be more particular in future,’ because she said it only made matters worse to have these broken promises to look back upon. At the same time Lucy did believe that from this time forward Edward would speak the truth on all occasions, and she told her mother so.

‘When you come to think, mamma, how very much he will grieve to leave the Haven, and the ‘Crusoe,’ and above all to go away from Uncle Osborne, whom he likes so much. Oh! I do think mamma, that he will always be careful in future.’

From the time of this painful affair at the Haven, all seemed changed in the once happy family party. Edward and his uncle talked no longer together as they were used to do, and Lucy, if she was merry for a few minutes, was sure to see some grave look from some one which reminded her of what had happened and what was going to happen. Her mother now wrote letters to town, and looked anxiously for answers, and seemed to be arranging plans for the future in her mind. As for Edward, each day seemed to increase his sorrow and shame, as he saw his mother’s former grave and sorrowful looks quite fixed on her countenance again, and at each little occurrence that took place with regard to their leaving the Haven, his own grew more sad. Preparations too for leaving were made, which showed that there was no doubt about his mother being in earnest. His schoolmaster was told that he would leave in a month, and he knew that Grace Martin’s father had been written to about their having the same lodgings in town that they lived in before they came to the Haven. And if these tokens of leaving grieved Edward, they did not the less disturb his uncle. He never alluded himself to their going away, and if any one else did so, he always looked grave, and said nothing in reply. Once when he was walking round the garden with Lucy, he showed

her where he always threw down crumbs for the robins at Christmas time, and he added, 'You will see how they will pop out of this privet-hedge where they have their nests, to eat their roast beef and plum-pudding.'

'Ah! but uncle, I shall not be here then, you know,' said Lucy in a low and sorrowful tone.

Her uncle said nothing, but Lucy thought he grasped her hand tighter than he had done before during the rest of their walk.

As the time fixed by Mrs. Osborne for leaving drew near, both Edward and his uncle seemed more sorrowful about it, and the latter made several attempts to persuade Mrs. Osborne to change her mind; and Edward, too, talked with his mother about it, and said he thought that others ought not to suffer for his fault.

'No, my dear Edward,' said his mother, 'but unfortunately it is always the consequence of misconduct that others do suffer for it. It is my duty to do the best I can to make you grow up a good and honourable man: and I think that if you were placed at a good school, and away from all the indulgences of the Haven, it would be better for you perhaps.'

Edward turned these words of his mother over in his mind, and they gave him courage for what neither his mother nor Lucy would ever have expected of him. They were quite taken by surprise the next day, when sitting with Captain Osborne, to see Edward come into the room on his return from school, and going up to his uncle, say in quite an open and courageous manner—

'Uncle, I really am sorry and ashamed to think that my behaviour is making us all go away from the Haven. Don't you think, uncle, that I might be sent away to school, and that then my mother and Lucy could stay on with you. I think it would

be the best plan in the world, if you will only persuade my mother.'

'I do think it would be a good plan, Edward, and the best way of all to settle the difficulty,' said his uncle, and he held out his hand to Edward and added, 'I am glad, too, to see that you are learning to speak out and be straightforward, my boy; and I hope that the day may come when you will see that a ship might as well attempt to sail without either rudder or compass as for a man to go through the world without a character for truth and honesty.'

Captain Osborne, after this, had a long consultation about Edward with his mother; and this time he really did persuade her to stay on at the Haven. It was decided that Edward should become a boarder at a school which was several miles off, which they knew had a strict but kind and just master, and where he would be allowed only to come home once a month. Mr. Martin was written to, to say they were not going to return to London; and preparations were now only made for Edward's departure, and for providing him with all that he would require at school.

During the fortnight previous to Edward's leaving the Haven, Lucy was so busy hemming pocket-handkerchiefs, and stitching wristbands for him, that she had hardly time to think about how she should feel when he was gone; and she tried, too, to keep up Edward's spirits about leaving them, and to persuade him it would be for the best in the end.

'After all, Edward, it is only a month before you will see us again,' said she, as Edward stood on the bank of the pond looking at the 'Crusoe' with very melancholy looks—'and, any how, uncle says, the "Crusoe" must be laid up for the winter, and not used any more for some months.'

The parting with Edward was not, however, without tears from Lucy, though Edward bore it

very well. The Haven seemed very dull the next day; and perhaps it was a little sadness in Lucy's manner that made her uncle say, that he hoped she did not regret that her mother had not gone back to London.

'Oh no, uncle,' said she, 'I should like to stay at the Haven all my life, for I am very happy here; and I never wish to go to London, except to see Grace Martin—but I should like to see Grace Martin again very much.'

Only a week after this, Lucy was surprised one morning when she got up and looked out of the window, to see her uncle very busy with the flag-staff. He was hoisting the flag, which was only done when a visitor was expected at the Haven. Who could be coming there that day? As Lucy wondered, she also thought to herself how very pleasant the Haven would look to any one who might see it for the first time that day, though it was November. The sun was shining so brightly on the many coloured leaves of the shrubberies, and the scarlet berries of the mountain ash looked so brilliant among the different shades of yellow, gold-colour and brown,—to say nothing of all the Chrysanthemums, which were still in flower.

Nothing was said about a visitor, however, at breakfast, but soon after Uncle Osborne set off in his gig for the town.

'I do think uncle must be going to fetch some one from the railway station,' said Lucy to her mother.

'We shall see,' replied her mother. Lucy cleared out the cage of her canary, and filled his glass with water, and she fed the chickens, and gave some peas to the pigeons, and then sat down to work. She had not worked long before the gate bell rang. She looked up and could see between the bushes a part of the grey mare, and the corner of a brown hair



trunk, which projected from the splash-board of the gig.

‘Run out to meet your uncle,’ said her mother.

In the hall the servant was bringing in a number of parcels—but what she said in reply, when Lucy asked who had come, was not to be heard, for Poll was screeching her very loudest, ‘How dy’e do—’ ‘glad to see you—hope you’re pretty well.’—

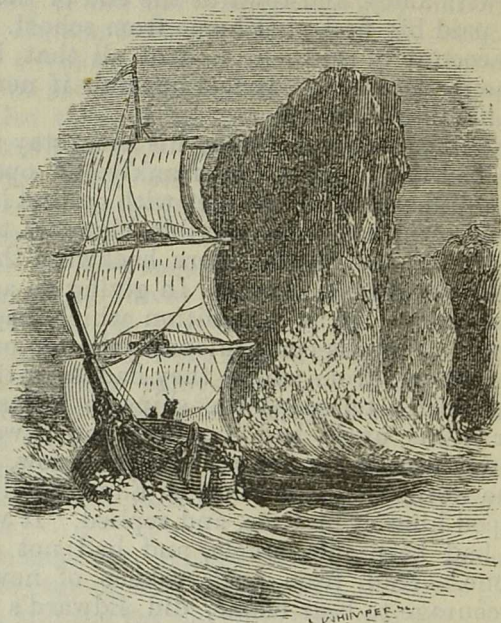
Uncle Osborne was bringing some one in—a short person—in a bonnet—a little girl—Could it be? Yes! It was indeed—it really was Grace Martin!

And Grace Martin spent a most happy month at the Haven, with Lucy, and towards the end of the time Edward paid his first visit home from school. And by his account of himself, and of all that he was doing, he made every body feel hopeful, if not quite sure, of his improvement.

Many things occurred during his short stay to lead them to feel this. He spoke frankly and openly of the little difficulties he had met with on first leaving home, and owned to some terrible blunders that he had made, because he was more backward than his schoolfellows in some things. In giving an account to his uncle, too, of an expedition which had been made by some of his companions to the top of a hill near the school, from which they had seen the sea, and even with a telescope the ships in Portsmouth harbour;—his uncle had inquired how it was that he had not been of the party. ‘I don’t know, uncle,’ were the words that came first to Edward’s lips, but he stopped himself in time, and replied, ‘It was because I had been idle, uncle, and had not got my latin done.’ And from such tokens of newly acquired courage to bear blame, did Edward’s friends now begin to hope that he was learning, through truth and uprightness of conduct, to avoid all cause for blame.

And our young readers will like to know that

these hopes were fulfilled. When Edward grew up, he became a sailor, and, as a man, he has gone through many of the same kinds of adventures at sea, that as a boy he liked so much to hear of and read about. He has not, it is true, turned out such a distinguished commander as Lord Nelson, nor has he ever been left upon a desert island, like Alexander Selkirk ; but, what is quite as good, he has proved a brave and skilful captain, doing his duty on many trying and difficult occasions, and earning for himself a character for courage, integrity and truth.



Learn to steer by the Pole Star.

# ONE HUNDRED AND ONE STORIES

FOR

## CHILDREN,

KNOWN AS

### BUDS AND BLOSSOMS,

AND

### STORIES FOR SUMMER DAYS AND WINTER NIGHTS.

PRICE ONE PENNY, TWOPENCE, AND THREEPENCE;

OR,

*The Complete Series, POST FREE, for 16s. 6d.*

GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, PUBLISHERS, 5, PATERNOSTER ROW.

These well-written and beautiful Stories are progressive in design, adapted to the comprehension of children from the ages of four to ten or twelve years. They are lively, instructive, and moral; their endeavour is to *teach*; to entertain while they improve—to inform the mind and educate the heart. Each story is illustrated with well-executed Engravings. They are among the best and cheapest books for young people published.

*STORIES, price ONE PENNY each.*

Story of a Daisy.  
Rover and his Friends.  
Little Frank.  
Little Fortune Seekers.  
Blackberry Gathering.  
Fir Tree's Story.  
Child's Search for Fairies.  
Fisherman's Children.  
Little Peepy.  
Rabbits and Peewits.  
Alice and her Bird.  
Little Charley.  
A Doll's Story.  
Faithful Dog.  
Spring and Summer.  
Hero without Courage.  
Children's Visit to the Sea.  
Busy Bees.

New Ascent of Mont Blanc.  
Much Ado about Nothing.  
Hushaby.  
Twelfth Night.  
Donald, the Shetland Pony.  
Briery Wood.  
Buttercups and Daisies.  
Visit to Queen Victoria.  
Katey's Voyage.  
How to Catch a Butterfly.  
Sandy, the Cat.  
Cousin Johnny.  
Happy Orchard.  
Tommy and his Baby Brother.  
The Christmas Party.  
Parrots and Nightingales.  
Light Wing and Bright Eye.  
Tottie May.

*STORIES, price TWOPENCE each.*

Coral Necklace.  
Visit to the Waterfowl.  
The Cherry Orchard.  
Midsummer Holidays.  
The Lost Letter.  
Walter and Mary.  
Lady Eva.  
Cottager's Christmas.  
More Haste, less Speed.  
Story of a Hyacinth.  
Primrose Gathering.  
Queen of the May.  
The Young Gardener.  
Mary's Visit to the Gold Fields.  
Little Black People.  
The Young Prince.  
Penfold Farm.

Ernest's Dream.  
Adventures in the Moss Hut.  
The Losses of a Day.  
The Smoke and the Kite.  
Carl Thorn's Revenge.  
Ally's Birth Day.  
Right is Right, Part 1.  
Right is Right, Part 2.  
William Tell.  
Wishing and Working.  
Elm Villa.  
Lost and Found.  
Little Tim.  
Peter Lawley.  
My Young Masters.  
David Allen.

*STORIES, price THREEPENCE each.*

Sea Kings.  
Madelaine Tube.  
Young Emigrants.  
Boy and the Book.  
Oscar.  
Crusaders.  
Ship and the Island.  
Fairy Craft of Nature.  
Widow's Son.  
Children and the Sage.  
Halcyon Days.  
Home at the Haven.  
Seeker and Finder.  
Poacher and his Family.  
King and the Bondmen.  
Rising and Thriving.

Rewards of Industry.  
Vacant Throne  
Uncle Tom's Cabin for Children.  
Story of Wellington.  
Prophet and the Lost City.  
The Sisters.  
Story of Moffat.  
Louis Duval  
Foundling of the Wreck.  
In School and Out of School.  
Young Artist.  
Alfred the Great.  
Anna Webster.  
Round the World.  
Irish Emigrants.  
Self-helpers.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS may be had in elegant Packets, price Sixpence each.

STORIES FOR SUMMER DAYS AND WINTER NIGHTS, in Volumes, price One Shilling each; or, in Double Volumes, elegantly bound, price Two Shillings each—forming very acceptable Presents, Birthday, and Christmas Gifts.

The entire Series, comprising ONE HUNDRED AND ONE Instructive and Entertaining Stories, supplied,

POST FREE, for *Sixteen Shillings and Sixpence*, forming A FAMILY PACKET OF BOOKS FOR HOME, SEASIDE, AND HOLIDAY READING.

LONDON: GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, PUBLISHERS,  
5, PATERNOSTER ROW