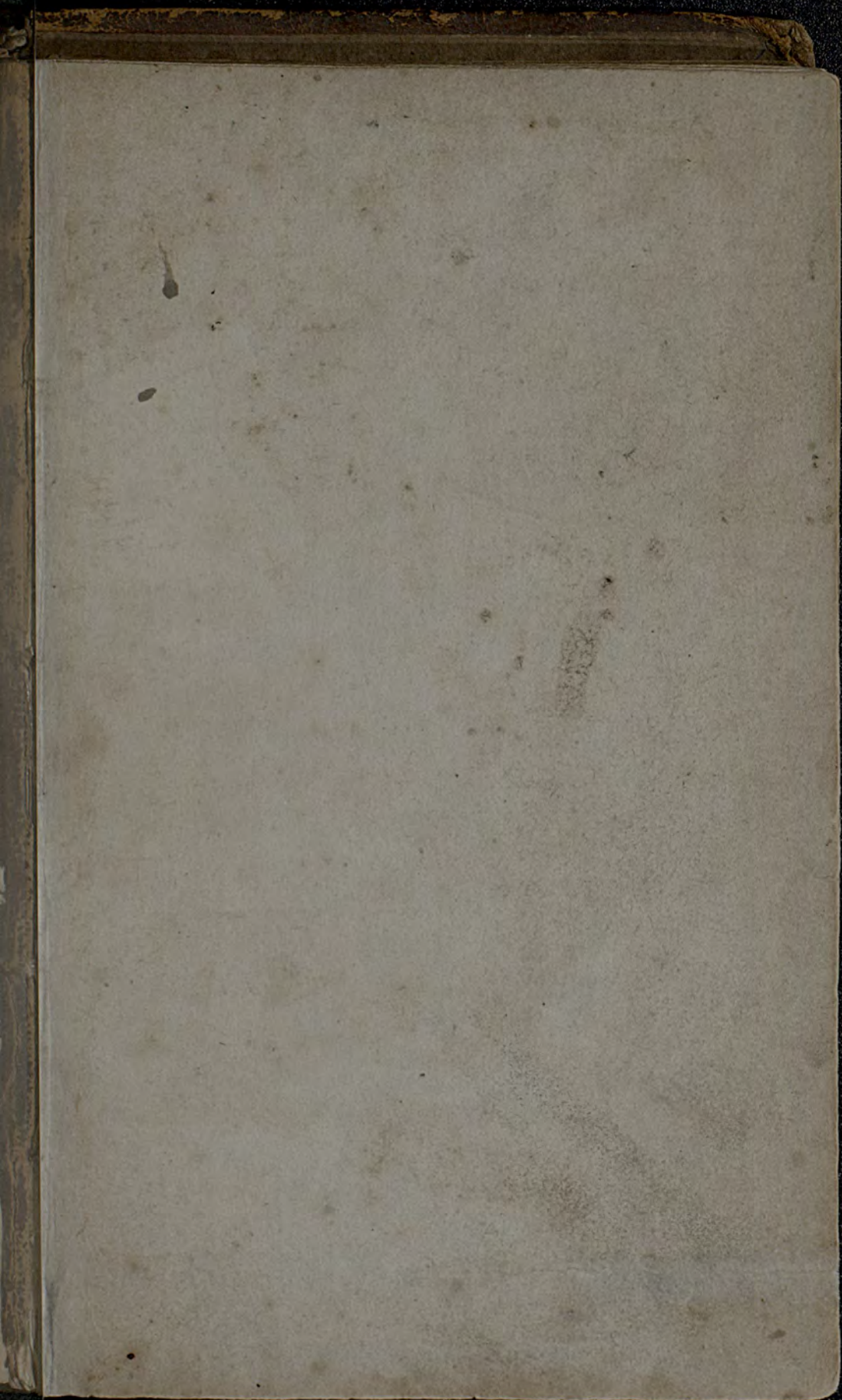


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OLD DANIEL and his AUDITORS.

STORIES
OF
OLD DANIEL:
OR
TALES
OF
WONDER AND DELIGHT.



LONDON:

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PREFACE.

THE greater number of the following stories were written with a view to indulge that love of the wonderful so natural to children of all ages and dispositions, without distorting their young minds by any thing too horrible or unnatural.

That there was such a person as Old Daniel and that he amused the children of the village where he lived in this manner is perfectly true, but I have thought it expedient to suppress some of his stories, to alter others, and to supply him with several which he never heard of. I have also taken the liberty of making great

improvements in his mode of expression, as I do not perceive any advantage children can derive from an acquaintance with vulgar or provincial phrases, especially as it is not to be supposed they are capable of distinguishing what are fit to be adopted, and what ought to be avoided. When Daniel's diction is only simple, and not absolutely improper, I have endeavoured to preserve it, as it sometimes renders his narrations more interesting. Of these stories, some founded on facts are that of the *Bog-Trotter*, of the *Fortunate Reproof*, of the *Little Pedlar*, of the *Bears*, and of the *Little Boy who was Forgot at School*.

My great object in publishing these tales is to encourage in children

a love of reading, which by becoming habitual may lead to profitable studies in their riper years: and as I have observed that among the great number of books written for young people, there are comparatively few which attempt to turn the thoughts of their readers to foreign countries, and thus induce them to profit by the many well-written books of travels we possess, I have been rather desirous to give to my little stories this kind of novelty. I have endeavoured to afford my young readers (to borrow the words of a simple and elegant writer *) “ little foretastes of

* Charles Lamb : See Preface to Tales from Shakespear.

the great pleasure which awaits them in their elder years," when circumstances may actually lead them to foreign lands, or a desire of knowledge turn their attention to the perusal of what travellers have written.

In short, my ardent wish is to promote as much as possible that love of literature, which procures *the most independent of all employments, and the most durable of all pleasures.*

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION . . .	1
THE CHURCH-YARD . . .	6
THE ROBBERS' CAVE . . .	17
THE SAME CONTINUED . . .	30
THE BOG-TROTTER . . .	41
THE FORTUNATE REPROOF . . .	54
FATHER GIACOMO . . .	64
THE SAME CONCLUDED . . .	77
THE LITTLE PEDLAR . . .	85
THE MAN-HATER . . .	100
THE PASSING OF THE PYRENEAN MOUNTAINS . . .	115
DOG TRUSTY'S ANCESTOR . . .	130
THE BOY WHO WAS FORGOT AT SCHOOL . . .	148
THE MAN-HATER RESUMED . . .	165
THE SAME CONCLUDED . . .	178

CONTENTS

1	INTRODUCTION
8	THE CHURCH-YARD
17	THE HONNORABLE
30	THE SAME CONCLUDED
41	THE DOG-WORTHY
54	THE TENTH PART
64	TABLE FINISHE
77	THE SAME CONCLUDED
82	THE LITTLE PEBBLE
100	THE MAN-WATER
	THE PASSING OF THE TRENCH
111	MOONING
120	DOG WORTHY'S ADDRESS
	THE BOY WHO WAS FORGOTTEN AT
128	SCHOOL
133	THE MAN-WATER REBORN
150	THE SAME CONCLUDED

STORIES
OF
OLD DANIEL.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

IN a little village, where I spent some of my earliest and happiest days, dwelt an old man whose name was Daniel. He was between ninety and a hundred years of age, but strong and healthy, retained his memory quite perfect, and related clearly many of the adventures of his youth. The neighbours were all kind to him: but their children doated on him, for he used to tell them stories, and give them apples and ginger-

bread when they gathered about him ; and many a wonderful tale had he of foreign lands and past days. He was always dressed in a brown great coat which buttoned down to his knees, and never was seen outside his door without an immense stick, which he boasted of using both as a support and defence. The little hair remaining on the back of his head was as white as snow, and his long beard (the most remarkable thing in his appearance) was of the same hue. His complexion was generally pale ; but he had once been a soldier, and when he talked of battles, his cheeks glowed, and his eyes sparkled, as if his youth were renewed. In his walks he was constantly accompanied by a dog, who was almost as great a favourite with the village children as himself ; and when he sat at home in

his elbow chair, his tortoise-shell cat always took her place at his feet. He had also a starling which imitated every sound that he heard: in fine weather his cage used to be hung up outside the window; and many a beating he occasioned to the little boys who stopped to talk to him on their way to school, until his master (being informed of the mischief he did) removed him to the other side of the house: however on Sundays and holidays the starling always appeared in his old place and every one was rejoiced to see him.

Daniel's cottage was one of the prettiest in the village: the white walls were almost covered with jessamine and woodbine, which formed a porch over the door; and here it was that the old man used to place his wicker chair of a Sunday evening.

Before the house was a green : in the midst stood a large oak, and beyond it ran a little stream, proceeding from a spring hard by, which never failed in the hottest days of summer. Behind his dwelling Daniel had a garden, where he still worked with his own hands; and in that garden stood the apple-trees from which he regaled his young friends : but none of them were ever allowed to enter it; for he used to say that if they were to run and play there as they did on the green, they must destroy the produce of his labour, and he could not bear to see them happy by halves. The thick privet hedge which surrounded this spot of ground was considered as an impenetrable wall. Many a wishful eye was cast at the fine ripe apples, but Daniel's fruit was never stolen, and

he often boasted, that in the course of thirty years his garden had never been robbed but once. The only person who lived with him was a poor deaf woman about sixty years of age, old Susan, whom he always treated as a child, because she was his own daughter, and having lived with him from her birth, he never thought of changing his method. of treating her.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

I WAS one of the flock of children that gathered at his cottage door of a Sunday evening to listen to his stories and partake of his fruit, which gave me so much pleasure that I wish now (at the distance of forty years) to impart it to my young friends; and as I cannot share the apples among them, I must content myself with telling some of the stories. The first time I recollect joining the village throng, was in the latter end of the month of August: my father had come to settle in the neighbourhood about a week before, and I well remember going to school for the first time on a Wednesday morning. As

we were returning home on Saturday evening, I heard the little boys saying to each other, that they should meet as usual the next afternoon, and that Mr. Daniel had promised them a fine story and some choice apples. This raised my curiosity; and I soon found means to inform myself of the Sunday's amusement, and to be of the party.

As soon as the old man saw us, he singled me out as a stranger, asked my name, my age, from whence my family came, and many other questions of that sort: he stroked my head, said he was sure I should be a good boy, for my grandfather had been a brave officer, and then (turning to the rest) asked which he should give first, the story, or the apples. Some cried "the story," and some "the apples;" but he settled the difference

by bringing out a basket of fine ripe apples; and, giving one to each of us, saying, "you may eat and listen at the same time," he thus began his story.

I WAS once quartered in a little village, where there was a church-yard, in which all who died within five miles round were buried; in fact such numbers had been interred there, that the ground was full of bones, and a new grave was never dug, without quantities of these being thrown up, so that the ground was strewed with skulls which were whitened by the air. Many strange stories were told of this same church-yard; and several of the old people who lived in that neighbourhood, talked of things that had been seen, and noises that had been heard, by those who happened to pass that way by night.

The landlord of the public house where I (with two of my companions) lodged, was a very sociable, good sort of man; and as we were quiet lads, he often invited us into his parlour of a Sunday evening, that we might take our bowl of punch together. One frosty night we were sitting round his fire chatting, and as is often the case on such occasions we began to talk on the subject of ghosts. First our landlord told a story of a haunted house where he had once lived, and then his wife told another of a spirit that she said had appeared to her grandmother: each person related some anecdote of this sort, and every one was more terrific than the last, till at length we all began to look behind us, and I, who certainly could have marched up to the mouth of an enemy's cannon,

felt myself shudder. Our good landlord perceiving this, replenished the bowl of punch, and we soon recovered our spirits. From one extreme we got to the other; and when our terrors were quite over, we laughed heartily at each other for being afraid of ghosts, and all, except our landlady and her sister, seemed to agree that it was a mere joke. Our landlord's daughter, a comely girl of nineteen, was silent, till one of my comrades saying that he was sure she believed in the reality of such appearances, she answered very modestly, "As to their reality, I cannot pretend to know any thing about that, but I am not afraid of any such thing, as I am sure it could not hurt me." All the men except her father seemed to doubt her courage; but he said, "I am sure Nancy tells the

simple truth, for mild as she looks, I never knew her frightened: from an infant she has always had more courage than any of my other children, and I know not how to account for it, except that she has been always more attentive in saying her prayers and going to church than the others." "However," said the young man who had been joking with her, "I will venture to lay a shilling that she would not dare at this moment to walk to the church-yard and bring one of the skulls here." "Done," cried her father: "so wrap your cloak about you, child, and go as fast as you can." Nancy set out very cheerfully; and as soon as she was gone, the landlord proposed to me to go with him another way to the burial ground, and watch what she would do. We reached the place

before her, and hid ourselves behind an old wall. We saw her walk boldly forward, and take a skull from a heap near us, but just as she was going away, I could not refrain from calling out in a hollow voice, "That is my head, do not take it away!" She started, looked round her for a moment, then threw down the skull, and took up another. I cried out again (endeavouring in vain to assume another tone), "That head is mine, let it alone!" "Nay now," said she, "you do not tell truth, for you certainly had not two heads;" and she carried off her prize. We reached the house just as she entered it, and had a great deal of laughing about our adventure. At last Nancy said to the young man who had laid the wager, "I have a great notion you would not be so ready to go your-

self to the church-yard, as you were to send me there; but if you have a mind to prove that you are not afraid, take one of these knives, and stick it in any part of the burial ground you please, and we shall see by that means to-morrow morning how far you ventured." He was ashamed to refuse, so wrapping himself in a large great coat of the landlord's, he walked hastily out of the house. It was so cold that no one felt inclined to follow him, and we gathered round the fire to wait his return. The church-yard was so near, that we judged it might take him about ten minutes to execute his purpose, for it was a fine star-light night, and the path quite straight; but when half an hour had passed, we began to wonder at his delay, and at length my comrade and I determined to go

in search of him. We found the gate open, and our companion very near it, lying on the ground, to all appearance lifeless. On hearing our voices he appeared to revive, and in answer to our questions, said, that he had done what he had engaged to do, and was going away, when something pulled him back with such force that he fell to the ground; that he had attempted twice to get up again, but was always pulled back, and that in truth he was half dead with cold and terror. We helped him up, and in doing so discovered the cause of his fright; for in sticking the knife in the ground with some force, he had also stuck it through the great coat, and so fastened it to the ground that, every time he attempted to go away, it appeared as if he was violently pulled back. We brought

him home with us as pale as ashes, and when he was well recovered, you may suppose how we all laughed at him. This was a constant joke against him in the regiment, and he never could have been able to support the raillery of his comrades long; but fortunately for him, in about two months after we had a desperate engagement with the enemy, and this very man distinguished himself so much above the rest by his bravery that the story was never after mentioned. So you see what a foolish thing it is to pronounce a man a coward for being once frightened. I have heard many stories of ghosts, and always when I had an opportunity of enquiring into the truth, found them to be much like that which I acted behind the old wall, when I claimed the two heads.

Here the old man paused, and giving another apple to each of us, desired us to go and play on the green, which we did with great merriment, Daniel still sitting at his door, and seeming to enjoy our sports almost as much as we did ourselves.

A few days after, I discovered that old Daniel had told this story, for the purpose of correcting a little boy of our party, who had been taught by a foolish maid-servant to be afraid of ghosts, fairies, and all those sort of things, and whom the other boys were in the habit of laughing at, and calling "coward."

CHAPTER III.

THE ROBBERS' CAVE.

SOMETIMES, as we were going to school, Daniel would look out at his window and bid us Good morning, but never suffered any of us to stop and talk to him, "lest," he would say, "your master should have the same complaint to make of me that he had of the starling." However in the evening as we returned, he would often talk to us for a few minutes in fine weather, but never asked us into his house, or gave us any of his good things, except of a holiday. On Saturday, or the eve of any holiday, he never failed to remind us of the treat he had for next day, and really

it seemed to give as much pleasure to the good old man, as to us.

The second time I saw him I remember particularly well, for the gloomy appearance of the morning threatened to prevent our visit to the green, and when we met on the way to church, we lamented to each other that we should hear no story if it rained. However just after we came from church, a thunder-storm began, which lasted about half an hour, and before the time of meeting, the sun shone as bright, and the country looked as cheerful as ever. You may suppose how glad all the little boys were. I should not forget to tell you that there were twelve of us, the eldest of whom was thirteen and the youngest nine, so you see we were old enough to understand Daniel's stories very well.

This evening he produced a very handsome basket of gingerbread, which old Susan had bought the day before at a neighbouring fair, and after giving each of us his share, he thus began his story :

You must know, my father, who was a worthy clergyman, brought me up with a strict love of truth, and always told me that it was an imprudent, as well as a wicked thing, to tell a falsehood. The story I am going to relate proves he was right. When I was a very young lad, and first went into the army, I was sent with the regiment into a part of the country that was infested by a terrible gang of robbers, who laid waste the whole neighbourhood. In the day-time they concealed themselves in the near mountains, where there were several caves and ruined build-

ings well adapted to their purpose ; but at night they used to issue from their hiding places, and plunder the farm-houses, the little villages, and even the gentlemen's houses that were not very well guarded. Frequently they would take away three or four sheep at a time, sometimes as many cows and bullocks, and pigs and poultry without number ; in fact it was principally in this way that they procured food. They used often to borrow the horses of their neighbours, that is to say, they took them out of the fields by night, and brought them back again a few days after in a very bad condition. No traveller could pass in the dark without being attacked by them, and the riches they had gathered by robbing on the highway, as well as by plundering houses, were said to be immense. Several

times the inhabitants of the villages had joined the constables in large parties, to go in search of these disturbers; but though they frequently saw one at a distance, who seemed placed to watch, and who fled away the moment they appeared, they never met with any number; until one fine summer's morning, that a large party went very early to the mouth of a cave, where they had reason to suspect some of these men were concealed. One of the constables and a farmer, who were more courageous than the others, advanced first, and were instantly shot dead, which caused the rest to make their escape in great haste. This was the first time they had ever been known to murder any one; but there is little difference between condemning a man to starvation by taking all he

has in the world, and killing him outright. However, to come to my own part of the story, it was the death of these two men that caused our regiment to be sent into that part of the country. Some of the old soldiers, who had served in war-time and fought against the French, considered it rather a disgraceful thing to be sent against common robbers; but I thought it was good fun, and was very glad to go to a new place. I did not then know how glorious it was to fight for one's king and country. We were welcome visitors on this occasion, and there was no trouble in procuring us lodgings, as I have often seen since. Two or three of us were placed in each house, and every body was delighted to have our company. I thought it a fine thing to be so caressed, and was better pleased than

ever at having insisted on going into a profession which seemed to make friends so easily. I knew little of the world at that time. The first order we received, was to search through the mountains, and examine all the caves and ruined castles in the neighbourhood; and this I assure you was to me a very entertaining service, especially as I did not know half the danger of it. We went into several caves where we were obliged to carry torches; and I never saw any thing more beautiful than the glittering of the spar and icicles that were in some of these. In one, which appeared less damp and was more spacious than the rest, we found some chairs and a table, also the remains of a dinner, which seemed to have been a very good one, and to have been eaten very lately; but

none of the eaters shewed themselves. One great prize which I found behind a large rock, I must not forget: it was a little bottle of excellent rum; a most welcome treasure in a hot day to thirteen tired soldiers, who had no liquor with them but some of the common bad spirits of the country. This cave we examined with particular attention, and went into many different rooms (if I may so call them), but without discovering any further traces of inhabitants. We continued this occupation for a fortnight and some of us patrolled the country all night, without making any discovery; but we did not mind the fatigue, for it was shared amongst so many, and besides we were eating and drinking well. We were in a plentiful country, and no one thought any thing too good for us: in truth,

since our arrival, the robbers had ceased to appear, and the inhabitants were very well satisfied with the exchange. I chanced to lodge in the same house with a soldier of my own age, who had not been taught to hate a lie as much as I did, and often used to laugh at me for my strictness on that subject. It happened one day, that he and I had got permission to go to a town at some little distance, to provide ourselves with necessaries which were not to be had in the village, and meeting some of our acquaintance (for part of the regiment was quartered there), we were tempted to stay rather too long, which obliged us to make great haste in returning. My companion, who was young and giddy like myself, proposed our taking a short cut by the mountain, which would bring us

near one of the ruined castles, formerly supposed to be the haunt of robbers, but which we had searched a few days before without discovering any sign of them. It was growing dark as we drew near the place; but we had no fears, so we laughed and sung and told comical stories by way of passing the time, until we came just under the castle-wall, when a loud whistle suddenly drew our attention, and we saw a man close to us, who immediately ran away, and at the same time we heard the sound of a great many footsteps and voices under the arch which we were approaching. We had not on our uniforms, and my companion said to me softly, "Say you are not a soldier." "No, Tom," said I, "I will never tell a lie." I had scarcely spoken these words when we were seized by

six men, who tied our hands behind us, and hurried us into the castle, where one man held a dim lanthorn, while the others examined us, and I assure you we were in a sad fright. "Are you a soldier?" was the first question. I said yes; my comrade said no. After taking our bundles containing all our morning's purchases, and searching our pockets where they found scarcely any thing, for which they gave us some hearty curses, they blindfolded and led us forward for a few minutes without speaking; then a voice said "stairs," and we immediately descended. I counted fifty steps, before I found myself on level ground again, and we had not walked many minutes before the same voice cried "upstairs," and we mounted about twenty steps. I then heard a door open,

and was dragged forward for a moment. The same voice said again "stay there," and the door closed.

Here Daniel told us, that, as it was a long story, he should finish it another time, "for my little lads," said he, "you are young, and I am old: you ought to run about and take exercise, and I ought to rest myself." It was impossible to murmur at any thing the good man desired, but I believe no twelve little boys ever went to play so unwillingly. However we consoled ourselves with the certainty of hearing the rest at our next visit, and ran away to the oak tree, which was a very fine one, and had a seat round it, where we usually consulted what should be our amusement. This afternoon it was determined to play at "hunt the hare," and I was chosen

“hare,” but I was so taken up with the thoughts of Daniel’s story, that I ran much slower than usual, and was soon caught, and all night I dreamt of the robbers’ castle.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

YOU may imagine how we longed for the next holiday, which fortunately happened on Thursday, and how delighted we were on Wednesday evening, when, as we were passing by, Daniel looked out of his window, and said, "I hope you have not forgot me and my comrade in the robbers' castle." "O no, no," cried we all; "and," added the old man, "I have as fine a basket of apples as you have ever seen." He then shut his window, and we ran to our different homes.

The next morning at the usual hour we assembled, Daniel shared

his apples, and then sat down in his wicker chair, with his dog at one side, and his cat at the other, whilst we stood in a sort of semi-circle before him.

I left off, said he, when the door was shut, and the unfortunate captives left, with their eyes blindfolded, and their hands tied behind their backs. As soon as I thought our conductor was gone, I called out, "Are you there, Tom?" "Aye, that I am," said he, "but for God's sake do not speak to me." "Why not?" said I. "Ask me to-morrow if we are alive," replied Tom, "and I will answer you, but now I will not speak another word." I attempted two or three times to make him talk, but all to no purpose; and he afterwards told me it was because he feared some of them might be listen-

ing, and hear me say something which should prove him to be a soldier. Thus we remained about half an hour, as well as I could guess the time in such an uncomfortable situation, scarcely expecting to escape with our lives, for the men we had seen were most wicked-looking fellows. At length the door opened, and the same voice which we had heard before, said the captain had sent for us. This person then led us out, through several passages, down several flights of stairs, up others, and then down again, till at length we came into a place, where I judged by the sounds that a number of people were carousing. A different voice from any I had yet heard, asked me, who I was, why I had passed that way, what regiment I belonged to, and many other questions of that

sort; to all which I answered with perfect truth, for I well remembered my good father's instructions; and it was lucky for me on this occasion. After they had finished examining me, they put the same questions to my comrade, who began by telling a falsehood very boldly, but soon betrayed himself, and at length got so puzzled that he knew not what to answer. I was then asked whether he was my companion, whether he had gone out for the same purposes, and whether he had been with me all day, to which I replied with the same truth as before. We were next led to a distant part of the room, and ordered to sit down. I heard a number of people speaking in a low voice, and seeming to dispute, but I could not distinguish what they said, and I own I was very much

frightened. However in a few minutes a person led me forward, and the voice I had last heard, said again, "In two hours you shall be set at liberty, and, if you will promise never to betray any person you see here, you may get a good supper before you go." I made the promise very cheerfully, for I supposed people who talked in this way could have no thoughts of murdering; and in a moment the bandage was taken from my eyes and my hands set at liberty. Then indeed I was astonished at what I saw. In the middle of a vaulted room, from the top of which hung a large lamp with a great many lights, was a long table, covered with all sorts of good things; and round it sat no less than thirty men, with the wives of five of them, and I afterwards discovered that it was to these women I

owed my good supper. They helped me plentifully to their best food, filled me a large glass of wine, and invited me to join in their merriment; but I looked round for poor Tom in vain, and I could not enjoy any thing, untill I knew what was become of him. At last they perceived how uneasy I was, and guessing the cause, the captain (who sat at the head of the table, and had questioned us the last time) said, "Your friend is safe, and shall go away with you in two hours, but we are afraid to trust him, because he tells lies. We are not, to be sure, very particular about that matter ourselves, but we have confidence in people who tell truth, and we think you will be likely to keep a promise, so we are willing to humour the women, who wished you to sup with

us." When I heard my comrade was safe, I ate my supper very heartily, and was treated with great civility by all, though the greater number and even the females had a savage appearance. They were very merry, talked a vast deal of their exploits and the escapes they had had, and I found they were much too cunning for us, and had often been near us when we least imagined. One man recollected me, as being the person who had discovered the bottle of rum in the large cave, where it appeared that three or four of them had been hid during our search. I also learned that they immediately knew us to be soldiers by means of this man who recognized me, that their idea was that we belonged to a large party who were coming to attack them, and had been sent forward as spies,

and that if I had not told who we were and where we had been in the honest manner I did, they would have put us both to death immediately: but they discovered by my answers that our passing that way was a mere accident, and knew we could do them no harm. I found by their talk, that many of them were smugglers, and that a small number had inhabited those mountains, many years before they became a terror to the neighbourhood. They did exactly as they had engaged; in two hours they brought my companion to me still blindfolded and tied; they put a handkerchief over my eyes and after again leading us up stairs, and down stairs, and through several long passages, where we heard iron bars and bolts in abundance, they set us at liberty just outside the arch

through which we had entered, giving us a pass-word in case of meeting with any of their comrades. When I told my adventures to poor Tom, who had sat in the dark with his hands tied all the time, he swore he would never tell a lie again while he lived, and certainly he never after laughed at me for telling truth. Next day, some troops were sent to search the old castle, and we were of the party, but no one was to be found, and it appeared to me that the vaults, staircases and passages were much smaller and fewer than the night before; indeed I had since an opportunity of hearing that they led us round and round, and up and down, on purpose to make it more difficult for us to find our way another time, and as to the large room where I had supped, we were not able to

make it out. In a very short time the robbers found that this was no country for them to live in, and one of the smugglers betraying them some were taken and the rest dispersed. I shall tell you some other time how I met with one of them ten years after, who was not at all glad to see me; but you may be sure I did not betray him, and he showed how much obliged to me he was by doing me a great service. As to poor Tom (for I know you will like to hear what became of him), his head was taken off by a cannon-ball in Germany some years after. I should not forget to tell you, that the reason the robbers detained us two hours, was that we might not give the alarm too soon.

Daniel now dismissed us, and we ran away to our oak as usual, where

we talked over the story before we went to play, and agreed that it was a very foolish and cowardly thing ever to tell a falsehood, and that it was lucky for our old friend that he had been early taught to tell truth.

CHAPTER V.

THE BOG-TROTTER.

ON the following Sunday we met as usual, and received our accustomed entertainment. The apples being distributed, the old man took his seat, with his constant companions, Trusty and Puss, and we gathered round him. After considering for some time, and looking much graver than usual, he began as follows :

There is nothing I like better than to see children friendly to each other, and many an act of friendship is repaid when least expected. Among the various places that I have lived in during the early part of my life, I was once about a twelvemonth in a

little village in the north of Ireland, which I always think of with pleasure. The inhabitants were industrious, simple, and contented, and I had the good fortune to be a favourite with some of the best of them, with whom I spent many happy days. It does me good even now, when I recollect our merry meetings, and the pretty dress of the peasants, who were all engaged in the linen business. Of a summer's evening, when their work was over, you might see the men in their white jackets and trowsers, looking so clean, with their bright buckles, and large scissars hung round their necks by a white tape, or perhaps a ribbon the gift of a sweetheart; and the girls in their white gowns and cloaks, with gay ribbons in their caps; and they used to dance so merrily—it almost makes

me young again to talk of those days. But to return to my story: among the many friends I had in that neighbourhood, was a weaver, who had a large family, and was happy in having very good children; but one in particular, his only son, was the favourite of every one who knew him. The ladies and gentlemen who lived near, used to take a great deal of notice of him, and more than one wished to take him and educate him entirely without any expence to his family; but his father could not bear to part with him, nor would he have liked to leave his parents. One circumstance I must not forget, because I am sure you will think it very comical. When he was but three years of age, a rich old lady (who I suppose was a little mad), offered to take him and breed him up

in a way much above what his father could afford ; and certainly her offer was very tempting ; but she insisted that he should wear petticoats till he was thirteen, and this put a stop to the plan entirely, for his father could not endure the idea of having the boy laughed at by all his acquaintance. As he grew up, he was more and more liked. His schoolmaster loved him for his docility in learning, and his school-fellows for his good nature, whilst his modesty and obliging manners endeared him to all the neighbours. Before he was eleven years old he possessed quite a pretty library, that had been given him by different ladies and gentlemen ; and often the bettermost sort of farmers would come of an evening to borrow some of William's nice books. When he was about twelve years of age, it

happened that his father had occasion to go to a great fair at the next market-town, to which the shortest way was across a bog, which was a very dangerous place at night, and the scene of many accidents: for it was of a prodigious extent, and full of holes which a person who mistook the way was liable to fall into. Often have I joined parties, that have gone out in dark nights and bad weather, to show lights to travellers who had gone astray there, and dreadful sights I have seen. William's father crossed the bog of a morning in fine weather; but the next day, instead of returning early as he intended, he was detained by a neighbour, who promised to accompany and afterwards disappointed him, till it grew duskish; still, as he knew the shortest way over the bog, and had frequently

gone the same road, he had no doubt of reaching home before it was quite dark. After having taken a second glass of whiskey punch to raise his spirits, he set off with all speed, and had got past the middle of the bog very safely, when a violent storm came on suddenly: the wind blew, the rain beat, and no shelter was to be had. William's father knew the dangerous ground he trod, and advanced very slowly, in hopes of not losing his way. The storm however increased, the poor man's cloaths were wet through, and every step he took he found himself in greater difficulty. What to do he knew not: the cold rain had chilled him to the heart; he had no hopes of being able to reach his home that night; and though he continued advancing, it was with the utmost caution and terror. The

bright flashes of lightening at first served to show him the dangerous spots; but when those ceased, he had no longer any direction. At length quite weary with cold, hunger, and fright, he sat down on the wet ground, shivering from head to foot, and almost certain that if he remained there till morning it would be the death of him, as he had lately been subject to bad fevers. By this time the roaring of the storm had somewhat abated, and the poor man thought he heard some one calling at a great distance. He supposed it might be some traveller as unlucky as himself, and thought, if *he* was at home, the traveller should not want assistance. Again he heard the sound, and louder than before; then making an effort to raise himself, he distinguished a glimmering light far off: this gave

him hope, and he watched it for a long time. Sometimes it appeared in one place; sometimes in another: at length he saw it approach, and resolving to endeavour to make himself heard, he was just going to hallo, when he heard his name distinctly called. Immediately he answered, but the wind blowing towards him, had little hope of being heard: however he took courage, and proceeded cautiously to that part where he saw the light. Again and again he heard his own name called, and at length was able to convince the person who had come in search of him that he was near. When he reached the man who had taken all this trouble, he was very much surprized to find, that instead of being one of his friends, it was a person whom he did not recollect ever to have seen before. The

man, however, expressed great joy at having found him, refused the reward he promised him, and after making him take share of a dram he had brought in his pocket, accompanied him on his way home. William's father, somewhat revived by the cordial, and the hope of soon being by his comfortable fireside, began to chat to the stranger as they were going along, and asked him what had induced him to take so much trouble about a person who was nothing to him; to which the other replied, that to be sure he was a good man, and would be a great loss to his family, but however that was not his reason for coming out to look for him: but, said he, "The fact is, that I have an only child at the school that your boy goes to. The poor fellow was always a well-disposed, good-

natured child, but so dull at his book, that I was obliged to take him away from two schools, because the masters said they could not teach him, and the boys did nothing but laugh at him. At last God Almighty put it into my head to send him to the school where your son is, and there as usual the masters found him stupid, and the boys began to make game of him, when your good lad took him in hand, and by teaching him a little at play-time and other leisure-hours, brought on the poor child so much, that he now learns as well as the common run of boys, and escapes being brow-beat as he used to be, which often made my heart and his mother's ache. Your son shall have my blessing as long as I live, and I would go to the end of the world to save any one belonging

to him. So when I heard people talk of your being expected to cross the bog to-night, and found it growing late and bad weather, I resolved to come and look for you, and though every one said you would never think of coming till to-morrow, I knew I could not rest in my bed while there was any chance of William's father being in want of help. And thank God I did go, to bring you home to him safe and sound." You may imagine, my little friends, how proud William's father was, and how happy William himself was, at meeting with such a reward for his good nature to his school-fellow. Had he joined in making game of the poor child, it is probable his father might have perished in the bog. Go now, children, said old Daniel, with more severity in his countenance than I

had ever before observed, and endeavour to take example by young William, whose goodness of heart procured a friend for his father in time of need.

We went off to our oak-tree with less alacrity than usual, and looking very sheepish; for however we were amused by this story, we felt that it was intended as a reproof to us, and saw very clearly that our old friend had been informed of a circumstance that had caused great displeasure to our school-master. It was this; two little boys who had come to school after me were very dull; indeed it was scarcely possible to teach either of them; and we used to laugh at them, and call them *Master A B C*, and *the Wisemen*, &c. which sadly discouraged the poor children. This story however had the desired effect,

we left off making game of them ; and to show you how little is to be judged from the beginnings of children, the elder of these boys made a wonderful progress in arithmetic, and became a rich merchant ; and the younger raised a fortune at the bar ; whilst I who used to ridicule their dullness was no better than a common soldier.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FORTUNATE REPROOF.

ON the next holiday we approached the house of our old friend with more timidity than usual (all except the poor boys whom we had used so ill), and recollecting the severity of his looks the last time we saw him, were very much afraid of finding an appearance of displeasure still remaining in his countenance; but we were soon relieved from these apprehensions, and made very happy, by seeing him look as kind as ever, and appear particularly glad to see us. He brought out a large basket of fine plums, and after sharing them very liberally among us, said, I have always a good opinion of children who mend their conduct on a slight reproof. I had last night the pleasure

of a visit from my worthy friend your school-master, and he has given me a very satisfactory account of you. Talking of the benefit of slight reproofs reminds me of a story I heard when I was in France, which I know to be true, as it was told to me by a near relation of the parties concerned.

A VERY respectable man in a learned profession had a son, to whom he wished to give the best education possible, and whose character he had studied with the utmost attention from his earliest years, nourishing with care his numerous good qualities, cultivating his talents, and gently correcting the faults which usually accompany genius and sensibility. At the age of fifteen this youth had made an uncommon progress in his studies, and his father, who intended him for his own profession, flattered

himself that his own celebrity would be augmented by that of his son. The young man attended his college regularly every day, but always returned at night to the house of his father, where he used to sup with the family, and enliven that social hour by the acuteness of his remarks and the brilliancy of his wit. Gaming was the predominant vice of the town where he lived, and it happened that in the way to the college was a billiard-table, which proved very attractive to many young people of that neighbourhood. Several times in passing by Louis had cast a wishful eye at this place of amusement; he felt a great desire to join in the diversion, but he recollected the particular aversion his father had to all sorts of gaming, and pursued his way: but the oftener he passed, the stronger became his

wishes to join the party, and at length in an unlucky hour he was tempted to forget his father's precepts and his own good resolutions. This occurred at a most critical time; for a public examination was to take place very soon, and all the young lads who had any hopes of being distinguished were studying with particular attention: Louis was among this number; and the opinion entertained of his talents by his tutor and parents was such, that they expected the highest honours would fall to his lot on this interesting occasion. Unfortunately it was at this moment that he was seized with the spirit of gaming, and instead of devoting his days to his studies, he spent half his time in the billiard-room. His tutor was much surprised at his negligence, and began to fear he had lost that

ambition which had hitherto urged him to make such progress. At length, three days before the examination was to take place, a friend of his father's, passing by, perceived the unworthy manner in which the ingenious youth was occupied, and after remonstrating first in gentle and then in severe terms, at last went so far as to threaten to inform his father of his conduct. This roused the indignation of Louis; and treating his threats with the utmost contempt, he continued his pursuit with such ardour, that after losing all his money, he was stripped of his watch, shoe-buckles, and knee-buckles. He then returned home very much ashamed of himself, recollecting how just had been the reproofs of his father's friend, and still hoping that he should be able to conceal his misconduct from

that father whom he so highly revered. As it was later than usual when he reached his house, he flattered himself that he might escape to his room without being observed, and either find some excuse for not appearing at supper, or contrive by proper arrangements to conceal his losses. However, unluckily his father was standing at the door when he arrived, and asked where he had been so late, to which he made some sort of muttering reply, and wrapping his coat round him endeavoured to pass up to his room; but his father stopped him; and after asking several questions about his studies, which extremely embarrassed him, as he had not been at his college that whole day, told him supper had been some time on the table, and desired him to join the party who had al-

ready sat down. After making several excuses, and saying he had no appetite (which was perfectly true), he succeeded in escaping to his room, where after locking his door, he threw himself on the bed a prey to the most melancholy reflections. He thought of the folly of his conduct, of the time he had misspent, and the probability of his losing the expected premiums; which would be a still greater mortification to his parents than to himself. He sincerely repented of what he had done, and resolved that he would work day and night, to endeavour to gain those honours which he had scarcely a hope of attaining, as the examination was to take place in two days: however he got up at the first dawn of morning, and continued at his books (scarcely allowing himself a moment

to eat his breakfast) until the hour for going to college, when he hastened to his tutor's apartments, taking care to turn his head the other way as he passed the fatal billiard-room. He attempted to make some awkward excuse for his absence, but his master did not appear curious on the subject, and he pursued his studies all day with the greatest diligence. Being conscious of having done every thing in his power to make amends for his misconduct, he returned home in much better spirits than the night before, but by no means as cheerful as usual; for he was oppressed by the fear of his worthy father's discovering how ill he had behaved, and also by the dread of being disgraced at the examination: for Louis was an ambitious youth, and would have considered it a dis-

grace to have failed of meriting those distinctions, which a knowledge of his talents had led his friends and teachers to expect. As soon as supper was over, he hastened to his room, intending to sit up at his studies as long as he could keep his eyes open; but on approaching his table, how was he astonished to see his watch, his buckles, and a purse, containing at least as much as he had lost in his visits to the billiard room! You may imagine what his feelings must have been on this occasion. He was too much shamed and overcome by this new instance of paternal kindness (which at the same time he felt as the strongest reproof), to mention the matter to his father. His heart felt so truly grateful, that he had no words to express his thanks, and the delicacy of both parties was such,

that they never spoke on the subject after; but Louis was for ever cured of his propensity to gaming, a vice to which his ardent temper and the example of his associates would have rendered him particularly liable. I should not forget to tell you that the youth's exertions were crowned with success; he carried off all the first prizes, and fulfilled the most sanguine expectations of his friends.

This story produced a different effect from some of the former: three or four of the boys thought it was the prettiest they had ever heard, and wished to hear a great deal more about Louis and his father, but the remainder did not think it half so entertaining as some of Daniel's former stories. I thought it very pretty, but to tell you the truth I liked the story of the robbers' castle much better.

CHAPTER VII.

FATHER GIACOMO.

THE next Sunday turned out very wet, and we were obliged to give up all hopes of our customary amusement. The rain would not allow of our assembling at Daniel's door, and his house was not large enough to contain half our number with convenience. This was a sad disappointment; but our old friend took care to tell us from his window, as we passed by on Monday morning, that he should try to recollect one of his best stories for the next time; and luckily we had a half holiday to look forward to in the course of the week. The day proved remarkably fine, and we met rather earlier than usual. Da-

niel and all his companions appeared particularly glad to see us: Trusty wagged his tail, puss purred, the starling fluttered in his cage, and old deaf Susan, with a smile, produced a large supply of cakes and apples, which were divided in plentiful portions.

Well, my boys, said Daniel, I am happy that we have got a fine day again, and I have been considering what story I should tell you this evening. I promised you an account of my meeting, ten years afterwards, one of the men I had seen in the robbers' castle, and I do not recollect at this moment any story which I think could amuse you better.

You have often heard me say that I have travelled a great deal, and that I have been in many different situations in the course of my long life. I was

once servant to a gentleman, to whom I was very much attached. He had been my officer: I had fought by his side, and once had the happiness of saving his life. God rest his soul: it is to his bounty I owe my present comfortable support. He was as generous a man, and as brave an officer, as ever gave the word of command.

When the war was over, he resolved to travel, in hopes of diverting his attention from some family misfortune, and offered to take me, rather as a companion, than a domestic. I was glad to go with him any where; so we set out together, and many a long mile we travelled, and many a strange adventure we had in our journeys.

One day, as we were passing through a little village in Italy, the carriage broke down; and as the peo-

ple of that place work slowly, we were obliged to wait three days before it could be sufficiently repaired to convey us to the next great town. However as the accident happened in a romantic part of the country, and the weather was tolerably fine, my master (who had no particular object to hurry him) did not murmur at the delay, and we passed our time very agreeably in wandering about the neighbouring mountains.

On the third day, as we were entering the inn, a Franciscan friar was coming out, and met me so directly, that I could not help looking him full in the face, as he did me at the same moment. We both started, and he turned as pale as ashes. I was astonished to discover in him one of those whom I had particularly noticed in the robbers' castle: his was not a

countenance to be easily forgotten. He had a long face, a sallow complexion, large aquiline nose, and small eyes as black as jet; his heavy black brows almost touched his eye-lids, and met over his nose; he was besides under-jawed, and had the mark of a large cut on his right cheek, which was a fresh wound when I first saw him. Notwithstanding the great alteration in his dress, I instantly recognised him, and was surprised to find by his countenance and manner, that he also recollected me immediately. He let fall an empty basket which he carried on his arm, and as he stooped to take it up, took an opportunity of pressing my foot in a very significant manner, and I understood his meaning. My master, who had observed me start, asked me, when the monk had passed, what was the

cause, which I merely said, was the meeting this strange-looking man so suddenly ; for I remembered the promise I had made so many years before, and saw it was of consequence that I should keep it. My master appeared to be almost as much struck with the uncommon appearance of the man as I was ; and when the servant of the inn brought up dinner, asked some questions about the monk he had met below stairs. She replied, that he was a very holy man who had made many pilgrimages ; that he frequently came to this village, to collect alms for his convent which was at some distance, and to dispose of the produce of his garden ; that he was a foreigner, she did not know exactly from what country ; and had come a great many hundred miles from his native place to settle in Italy. When I went down stairs, I asked

several other questions about this man, and was informed, that father Giacomo was quite a saint, that he had converted many sinners from their evil ways by his preaching, and that he had lately paid the greatest attention to two murderers who had been executed in that neighbourhood, had voluntarily assisted them day and night to the last moment, and had allowed no other spiritual aid to be called in. Every mouth was open in his praise, and some of the simple villagers even went so far as to think there was something holy in his looks.

In the evening, as we were waiting for the carriage which had been promised to us hourly since the morning, I was astonished to see father Giacomo enter our apartment. He apologized politely for his intrusion, and said he came for the purpose of collecting money to be paid for certain

prayers, customary to be said in that district at this season, and hoped we would be so kind as to contribute. My master, who always conformed himself to the usages of the country where he was, immediately gave him a small piece of money, and I did the same: he thanked us, and retired, but when he had reached the door, turned back, and looking at me, said in English, "People are often rewarded for their fidelity when they least expect it." He spoke this in such a foreign accent, that I believe my master did not think he perfectly understood the words made use of, and just as he was beginning to make some remarks on the singularity of the monk speaking our language, the person who had repaired the carriage came to be paid. The delays we had met with, and the weather having become unfavourable for our walks,

made us very impatient to depart; and though we had heard much of banditti which infested this part of the country, and were strongly advised by the inn-keeper to wait till next morning, my master was determined to set out immediately. Amongst the crowd that surrounded the inn-door as we were getting into the carriage, I observed father Giacomo, and looked back to salute him; but he seemed to be engaged in conversation, and took no notice of us.

The morning had been wet; but in the afternoon the day had cleared, and a short time after we left the village, the sun set in a most brilliant manner. The road which wined among the rocks was bad, and we went very slow, but whilst we had light to distinguish the surrounding scenery, our journey was very agreeable. At length it grew duskish,

and whilst we were ascending a very long hill, my master (as was his custom) fell into a profound sleep, in one corner of the chaise, whilst I composed myself in the other, and thought of all I had seen of my past adventures; the dangers I had been in; the hardships I had suffered; and, in short, all those things that are so agreeable to reflect on, when one is sitting at one's ease in a comfortable carriage, or by a snug fire-side. It was almost dark, when we entered a wood whose shade made the hour appear even later than it was, and I felt my reverie very much interrupted by the irregular manner in which the postillion drove, at one time so slow that I thought every instant he was going to stop, and in a minute after galloping on, as if he was running away from some one. Still my master continued to sleep sound, and I was very

glad he was not disturbed: but at length, just as we came to a turn in the road, a number of men rushed from among the trees, and stopped the carriage. I at first thought of having recourse to our pistols, but immediately recollected how very foolish, and to how little purpose it would be to attempt opposing so many; and I had scarcely time to wake my master, and tell him what had happened, when both doors were opened, and we were dragged out of the carriage. Two of the men went on each side of the postillion, threatening him with their daggers, whilst he obeyed their commands in turning off the road into an opening of the wood, and we were obliged to follow with similar attendants. Resistance was vain, our opponents were numerous, and our postillion appeared to be quite panic-struck. We

walked on very slowly for a few minutes, indeed it was so dark that we could scarcely see our way ; but this did not prevent my observing a cross placed on one side of our path, which marked the place where a murder had been committed, and you may judge whether I shuddered at the sight of such an object at such a moment. The banditti soon ordered the driver to stop, and taking the horses from the carriage, very deliberately set about taking off our trunks, and ransacking the inside of the chaise.

And now, my little friends, said old Daniel, as we have left them so busily employed, you may go and play ; for you know that I am not a very young fellow, and cannot talk a long time without being tired. We were forced to submit, for the old man had an imposing manner which admitted of no remonstrance ; but our curiosity

was so great, that I am afraid we should not have considered our good friend's fatigue, could we have found any means to induce him to continue. However there was no remedy, and we ran off to our usual sports.

CHAPTER VIII.

FATHER GIACOMO CONCLUDED.

I BELIEVE it is scarcely necessary for me to tell you with what impatience we expected the next holiday, nor with what satisfaction we saw the sun rise bright and beautiful on that morning. I can answer for myself, that I was much more impatient for the conclusion of this wonderful story, than for Daniel's good things; however I had no objection to the feast of fine plumbs and apples that our old friend had prepared, but was very glad when he continued his story as follows.

WHEN the robbers had completely removed every thing out of the chaise, they divided our luggage amongst four of the party, and advanced into the wood, leading us on in the same manner as before. I should not for-

get to mention, that they fastened the horses to a tree, and left them with the carriage. We had not proceeded far, when we came to a small building, the form of which it was too dark to distinguish. One of the banditti pulled a bell at the gate, which was opened in a few minutes by a venerable looking man in the dress of a hermit, whose beard was almost as long and white as mine is now. I never was more surprized, than when he gave his blessing to these ruffians, and received them as friends, but I soon found out what a sad old rogue he was. As soon as we had entered the building, he closed the gate, and locked it carefully, then led the way into a large room, where there was a long table and benches; and putting down his lamp, he gave a key to one of the banditti, and pointed to a door at the

far end of the chamber: this man, who was a ferocious looking fellow, beckoned to us in a sort of authoritative manner, and led the way to the door, which he opened; my master, the postillion and I followed; he made a sign to us to go in, and then shut the door, perfect silence being preserved by all parties while this arrangement was making. As soon as the door was closed, the party in the outer room began to talk very earnestly; and seemed to be disputing about the proper place for depositing the booty: in the mean time we remained in dreadful suspense, the postillion assuring us that we had no chance of escaping with our lives, and in all the intervals of his prayers, which he repeated from time to time with great fervency, relating some of the horrid anecdotes of this wood, which had been long notorious for similar adventures.

At last the door opened, and the hermit entered accompanied by four men, armed with those sharp daggers called in Italy *stiletos*. I do not think I ever beheld four such savage looking creatures; and you may imagine how we felt when one of them desired us to confess our sins to the hermit, who was ready to prepare us for death, as we were to die immediately. The unfortunate postillion instantly accepted the offer, and retiring to a corner of the room with the old villain, began to speak very earnestly in a low tone of voice. In the mean time the four murderers stood gazing at us, as if they were impatient to begin their cruel work. A single lamp, burning before a picture of the Virgin, threw sufficient light on the surrounding objects to show us all the horror of our situation, which the energetic whispers of the man who was preparing to

die with us, rendered still more awful.

In this terrific moment a loud ringing and violent knocking at the outward gate was heard; the banditti started, and the hermit, leaving his penitent on his knees, hurried with them out of the chamber, not omitting however to lock the door on us. This respite inspired us with hope; and my master and I, arguing that any change in our situation must be for the better, endeavoured, but in vain, to encourage our unfortunate companion, who seemed not to have the slightest expectation of saving his life. After some time we heard a great bustle and a number of voices in the next room; in a few minutes the door opened, and father Giacomo met our astonished looks. He immediately turned to me, and said, "Had you betrayed me, I should

have left you to your fate; you have been faithful, and I come to reward you." He then brought us into the outer-room, where we found nobody but the wicked old hermit, who looked very much humbled and disappointed. Our protector made us all sit down, and by his order the old hypocrite produced a bottle of excellent wine, which we partook of without ceremony, and then father Giacomo after calling for a lanthorn led the way out of this dreadful place, directing us to follow him, which you may be sure we did with the greatest alacrity. He led us out by a different way from that we had come, into the road, and there to our great surprize we found our baggage replaced on the carriage, the horses put to, and all ready for our departure. After lighting the lamps at father Giacomo's lanthorn, we bade

him farewell, with a thousand expressions of gratitude ; and just as we were setting off, he said to me, " Let this be a warning to you always to act honourably." In truth had I not done so, it is most probable we should all have perished ; for this was a dreadful gang, and had committed various atrocities. How father Giacomo had acquired so much power over them I know not ; but it did not last long after this, for in consequence of some act of violence to some great person in that country, the *Sbirri* or police-men were sent after them ; and on our returning the same way six months after, we were told that seven and twenty of the gang had been taken, and that two or three priests who had been discovered to be connected with them, had been sent to their respective convents, to be punished by their superiors. I also heard it lamented that

the good father Giacomo had left off visiting that town, but no one seemed to have the slightest suspicion of the cause.

That night we travelled about two hours, during which I amused my master, whose curiosity had been greatly raised by the monk's mysterious speeches, with an account of my adventures in the robbers' cave and castle, and a great many circumstances relative to them which I now forget. He praised my conduct very much, and said he was happy to travel with a man of honour.

Old Daniel asked us a few questions concerning our opinion of this story, and I remember particularly well that he was much pleased with my answers, and said he hoped I should be a soldier. He then dismissed us as usual to play on the green, and sat looking at our sports.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LITTLE PEDLAR.

THE week after this, a circumstance occurred in the village, which gave rise to much conversation amongst all classes of the inhabitants, and even came to be discussed in our little circle of boys. A young man who had left the town eight years before with only two guineas in the world, returned to settle at his native place with a large sum of money, and was looking out for a farm to buy, saying he could afford to lay out six or seven hundred pounds in the purchase. As he was of a reserved disposition, and did not take the trouble of telling his history to any one, the curiosity of all the neighbourhood was raised to a great height, and a thousand con-

jectures were immediately afloat. Some imagined he must have got his riches by a great prize in the lottery; others were sure he had found a hidden treasure; but the greater number (I am sorry to say) were inclined to believe he had not come honestly by his money. At length the little boys began to talk the matter over, and as the greater number of us were destined to earn a livelihood by our industry, it was really very interesting to know, that Tom Hammond had left home with two guineas, and at the end of eight years had returned with more than seven hundred. I believe no set of little boys ever talked so much of such an affair before: we differed in opinion, and had great disputes relative to what sum might be necessary for beginning to make a fortune; some thought one guinea might be sufficient, others two, and

others thought five would be little enough. At length we determined to refer the matter to our old friend, whom we all considered as the wisest man in the world.

On the next Sunday, the moment we saw him, we all began to ask his opinion, but in such haste and with so much confusion, that he ordered us, with an air of authority which he could well assume, but which we seldom saw, to let one speak for all, and beckoning to me, enquired what this great affair was. I told him I wanted to know how long he thought it ought to take a man, to make seven hundred guineas from two. He had already heard all that was said of Tom Hammond, and was not so much astonished at his success as his more ignorant neighbours. In reply to my question, he said, that he had seen too much of the world to be sur-

prized at our townsman's good fortune, and that it was impossible to tell what might be done by great diligence and industry, or to judge what any particular person was capable of; for that what was quite out of the power of one man, might be effected by another: to shew you, my children, added he, how these things are done, I will tell you a story of a little boy whom I happened to know. This also was in the north of Ireland.

Harry Millar was the son of a poor man who kept a little shop in a village where I was once quartered. Unfortunately his father was idle and drunken to the greatest degree; but his mother was one of the best women in the world: the most quiet, patient, industrious person I ever met with. She had received a very good education for a person in her station,

that is to say, she could read, write, and cast accounts, better than any of her neighbours, and in fact it was she who took care of the shop. She used to sit all day behind the counter, with a bundle of old cloaths by her side, which she would mend at every leisure-moment, while her good-for-nothing husband was spending his money at the ale-house; when he was enquired for, she never told where he was unless it was absolutely necessary, and though there was every reason to suppose that when he returned drunk and out of humour, he used to beat the poor woman, she was never known to complain. She never talked to any one of her own affairs, and never encouraged any gossipping acquaintance.

Her greatest wish was to give little Harry (who was her only child) a good education; for of this she knew

that no one could deprive him, and she had too much reason to fear, that his father, especially if she should die first, would soon make away with any money she might be able to save. Fortunately there was a very good, cheap school within an hundred yards of her house, and here she sent Harry every day, notwithstanding the murmurs of his drunken father, who said he did not see any use in the boy being as learned as the parish-clerk. He did not however interfere while he was able to pass his time with his idle companions; and his poor wife's whole anxiety was directed to little Harry. He was a fine smart boy, and made a rapid progress at school; and his mother, who had found in religion the greatest consolation of her life, took pains to make her son as pious as herself. She taught him his prayers and catechism,

and used to read passages out of the Bible to him of a Sunday evening. She explained to him the folly and wickedness of telling falsehoods, shewed him by her own example the benefit of being honest, and taught him to depend on the protection of Heaven in all difficulties and dangers. Little Harry profited by all these good instructions; and at eleven years of age was the greatest comfort possible to his poor mother, whose health had become very bad. He could not love his father, whom he seldom saw, and then generally drunk; but he was taught to behave to him with respect and kindness, and to do every thing he could to serve him.

When Harry was about twelve years old, his mother who had long been in a declining way, died after keeping her bed only two days; and in less than a week after, his father

was carried off by an epidemic fever, which swept away numbers of the inhabitants of that place. Poor Harry was also very near dying, but at length he recovered, and as soon as he was able, set about enquiring what remained to support him after his father's goods, which had been seized by the creditors, were sold. When every one was paid, and all the debts attendant on their illness discharged, there remained for Harry only *sixteen-pence*; however he was not disheartened, and resolved to begin the world with this sum, "hoping with the help of God he should do very well." He had made such good use of the few years he was at school, that he could write and cypher better than many twice his age; and so, determining to keep an exact account of all his gains, he resolved to traffic with his fortune of *sixteen-pence*. For this purpose

he walked to the next great town, and laid out his money in tobacco, which he sold in small quantities, with so much profit, that he doubled his capital in a short time; he then laid in a larger stock, and sold it in the same way; and as he never tried to impose on any one, and sold at the same price whether his customers were drunk or sober, he soon made a character for himself at the villages he was accustomed to frequent. During this time he had board and lodging at the house of a relation, who was scarcely able to give him even that assistance; but he looked forward to supporting himself entirely, and therefore was very diligent in his business. As his profits increased, he added a quantity of ballads to his other merchandize, and by what he gained at two or three great fairs, was at length enabled to lay in a stock of

knives, scissars, pencils, and such things as hardware pedlars usually carry; taking care at the same time always to have a good supply of tobacco, which he had found a most lucrative article of trade. He then ventured to travel to some distance, and in about a year after, I saw him at a town more than two hundred miles from his native place. Although he then possessed in money and goods near four guineas, he had met with some misfortunes, which he said had kept him down in the world. I asked him what sort of misfortunes, and he gave me an account of them.

The first happened about two months after he had left home, and was indeed a very alarming accident. As he was going to a gentleman's house, where he had before sold some of his hardware, and had been

desired to return, he was met in the avenue by a dog running very fast, which bit his leg as he passed by. The wound was trifling, and he continued his way; but when he got to the hall-door, he found all the servants in great consternation, on account of a mad dog which had just bit several animals about the house, and every one asked him if he had met it. He said he had met a dog a few minutes before, which had bit him, and shewed where his leg was bleeding. The alarm was immediately spread through the house, and a surgeon who happened to be there on a visit, cut out the piece of flesh, and seared it with a hot iron: this the poor boy said was a very painful thing, but it was a better than to go mad, and bite people, and die a miserable death. The master and mistress of this house were very good to him; they

kept him there till he was quite recovered, and gave him half-a-crown when he was going away.

The other misfortune he seemed to think more vexatious, and besides it had made him wicked he said, which the mad dog's bite had not. At a little inn, in the suburbs of a great city, where he had gone to purchase some articles of trade, he had imprudently shown his purse containing seventeen shillings, all the cash he had in the world, and while he was asleep some person had taken it out of his pocket. This put him into a violent passion, and he cursed and swore for the first time in his life (for his poor mother had often cautioned him against this wicked practice), and heartily wished he could see the thief hanged. However all this was all to no purpose; all enquiries were in vain; and he

was obliged to set off without it, thanking God however that his little merchandise had not been taken also.

This was a very extraordinary boy. By his answers to questions I put to him, I found that he kept a regular account of every halfpenny that he spent or received, and wrote it down every night before he went to bed, that he never by any accident neglected to say his prayers night and morning, that he washed himself, and combed his hair every day, and never failed to have a clean shirt to go to church in of a Sunday. I heard of him once, about a twelve-month after, that he was going on very well, had got a good deal of money, and had every reason to expect that he might make his fortune in a few years.

You see, my young friends, by this

story, what may be done with diligence and industry, and I have known several instances of the same sort, though none equal to this, which is wonderful on account of the child's age, and the very small sum of money. You may suppose therefore that it is impossible for me to tell exactly the sum necessary for a man to make his fortune, or how many years two guineas would take to grow into seven hundred; but to me it does not appear so very strange for Tom Hammond to have made seven hundred pounds in eight years, and I think it more probable that he has acquired this property by diligence, than by any of the extraordinary means his neighbours are willing to suppose.

Here our old friend dismissed us, and we ran away to our oak-tree as usual, full of admiration for little

Harry Millar, and not near so much inclined as before, to listen to what the talkative neighbours said of Tom Hammond.

CHAPTER X.

THE MAN-HATER.

OUR next Sunday's entertainment was interrupted by torrents of rain, and we were this time a whole fortnight without hearing one of our old friend's stories. I assure you we considered it quite as a misfortune, especially as the time was approaching, when we could no longer hope for this sort of out-a-door amusement: for Daniel had been in the habit of telling stories in this manner for several years, but always left off some time in the month of October which we had now entered.

The Sunday after turned out very dry, and though there was a white frost in the morning, yet at the hour we usually assembled it was by

no means cold. Our good friend appeared particularly glad to see us, and so did all his companions: Trusty wagged his tail, Puss purred, the starling flapped his wings, and old deaf Susan, smiling, brought out a basket of very nice cakes, in addition to the customary treat of fruit.

Well, my lads, said Daniel, here is another fine Sunday for us, and I have had time to recollect, and chuse among my stories one that I hope will please you all. I know you like to hear of foreign countries, and so I have been thinking of my adventures abroad.

I WAS once travelling with my dear master in Germany about this time of the year. The weather was fine, but very cold, and the roads extremely bad; we got on slowly, and having been accustomed to the quick travelling in England and France,

were made very impatient by the continual and causeless delays that now prolonged our journey. In consequence of this we used frequently to travel very late, and as there were no highway-robbers in that part of the country, we suffered no apprehensions except from the badness of the roads. One evening about seven o'clock we arrived at a little post-house by the road-side, where, had we even wished to remain, there were no accommodations. After waiting some time, and receiving repeated assurances that the horses were almost ready, from postillions who were sitting very much at their ease, with long pipes in their mouths, and pots of beer on the table before them, we determined to stay no longer. This you will not be surprised at, when I tell you that the little room, in which were a dozen people smoaking, was

almost as hot as an oven, and probably had not been allowed to receive the fresh air for the last month. We therefore resolved to walk on before, and let the carriage follow when the postillions had finished their pipes and beer; so taking our pistols, and locking the doors of the chaise, we sallied forth to enjoy the pure air, which, cold as it was, we thought far preferable to the poisonous atmosphere of the room we had left. The night was light, and the road direct: we walked on very fast, till we got into a wood where four roads met. We knew not which to take; it was much too cold to wait there for the arrival of the carriage, and we were neither of us inclined to turn back. We therefore determined to take the broadest way, but after following it for about ten minutes, found that it terminated in three narrow paths.

As I have already said, we were neither of us of a disposition to recede; so on we went, taking however that path which seemed most likely to lead towards a broader road. It was growing very dark, and so cold, that though we were well wrapped up, we almost wished ourselves in the little post-house again. In some places the shade of the trees was so thick, that we could not see our way, which obliged us to walk slowly; and I own to you I had some fears of our meeting with wild boars, the only danger we had any idea of in that country.

At length, in one place, where it was so dark that I was obliged to feel my way with my hands, to my utter astonishment I felt one of them caught by another hand, and at the same moment a hollow voice spoke some words in German, which I did not understand; I answered in

French, and the person who held my hand enquired fiercely in that language; Who I was, what purpose had brought me to the wood, and why I wandered there at that late hour? By this time my master came up, and speaking the language more fluently than I did, addressed himself to the stranger; who on hearing his account, offered to lead us by a shorter way into the right road: "But," said he, "you had better first rest and warm yourselves in my habitation, which is very near, and where no pipe is ever smoaked." My master immediately agreed to this proposal, which I was very glad of, for I wanted to see the end of this strange adventure. It was too dark to distinguish the person who conducted us, but we followed him by his voice, through a path so narrow, that we passed on with difficulty.

In a few minutes however, we arrived at a little plain; "And now," said he, "as we are so far from the road, I will light my lamp, and we shall proceed faster." He then set fire to a few dry sticks by means of a flint, and as he was arranging the light in his lanthorn, I had an opportunity of observing his singular appearance. He wore a strange dress, somewhat resembling that of a monk, but different from any order I had ever seen: a long black robe covered him from head to foot, and was tied round the waist with a cord; on his head was a large fur-cap, by his side a sabre, and in his bosom I perceived a pistol. His countenance was as uncommon as his dress; and I was sufficiently alarmed when I beheld the person we were following with such confidence in that lonesome place, to induce me to take one of the pistols

out of my pocket, and (taking care to speak in French) request my master to carry it for me, as I found the weight of so many inconvenient. "O!" said our companion, "you had no occasion for arms; there are seldom any intruders in this forest, and if there were, look here!" pointing to his sabre, the pistol in his breast, and a dagger which he drew from under his robe. He then quickened his pace: we followed, full of curiosity, and soon reached a little ordinary looking hut, the door of which he unlocked.

The inside had the usual appearance of a hermit's abode: a little couch, covered with a mat, at one side; an altar with a small image of the Virgin, and a lamp burning before it, on the other; a chair, a table, and a few shelves,—composed the furniture. I was sorry to see no appearance of fire, and to find the

stranger's habitation very cold; but in a moment he unlocked a door opposite to that by which we had entered, and we found ourselves in a comfortable, large room, which felt quite warm. It was, like its owner, quite different from any thing I had ever seen before. The walls were covered with hangings of a sort of thick cloth, and the tiled floor with no less than three carpets one over the other. From the arched roof hung a lamp, with a number of branches, which were soon lighted, and made the room appear quite cheerful. A large fire-place, with wood ready laid, immediately supplied us with a comfortable blaze, which was doubly agreeable, as we had not seen such a thing since we had been in Germany. I observed ventilators in different parts of the white-washed ceiling, and almost

wondered how the place could be so warm. In this strange abode, which proved to be a sort of cave, I remarked books, globes, musical instruments, and in short every thing that I had been accustomed to see in more civilized situations; but the most conspicuous object was a table covered with heaps of written papers.

After our conductor had made us sit down by his cheerful fire-side, and offered us refreshments which we declined, he enquired, where we were going, and whether we intended returning that way, saying how glad he should be to see us again, since fate had brought us acquainted; but intreated most earnestly that we would not direct any one to his hermitage, "for though," said he, "I have by a strange accident met with you, and I do not regret it, yet I hate mankind!" and he spoke the last words with a

strong emphasis, his countenance growing more gloomy as he uttered them. For a few minutes he was silent; at length my master asked of what order he was, to which he replied with a fierce, wild look, "The order of despair." I shuddered; and he observing me, said, "Be under no uneasiness, young man. You are not in the company of a wretch loaded with crimes; my faults have been merely faults of omission, but oh! they have led to such consequences I am in truth the victim of dilatoriness. I always deferred till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day. The cruel effects of my unfortunate disposition gave too violent a blow to my mind. I have known the horrors of insanity, and felt the hardships inflicted on such a state. I was two years in confinement. As soon as I found myself at

liberty, I left the scene of my misfortunes, and sought a country I had never seen before. Some circumstances, not worth mentioning, induced me to fix on this cave for my abode. Here I live unmolested. I have a friend in the town where you are going, who supplies me with what I want. My fits of melancholy offend nobody, and however I may be at times a burthen to myself, I am not so to any one else. I have books and writing implements in abundance; I often sooth my disturbed spirit with music, and I wander about this forest (which fortunately is supposed by the country people to be haunted) at all hours in freedom."

He then rose up, and telling us we had not seen all his dwelling, opened another door, into a small bed-room, fitted up in as strange and comfortable a style as the other; he told us, that

the arrangement of this singular dwelling had diverted his melancholy, and that he had become attached to it, from its being his own creation, and different from every other he had seen. My master enquired if he was a native of France (all the conversation having passed in French); "a Frenchman the prey of despair!" said he, "no, no; I was born of English parents in Italy." He then went to the table, and, taking up a manuscript, added, "and I am now employed in writing an account of my life, as a warning to persons of my disposition. If you should return here when it is finished, you shall take it away with you, but if not, leave me your address, that it may be sent to you, for to you I commit the duty of publishing, what may be a benefit to those persons, who are inclined to put off every thing till to-

morrow."—My master was charmed at the offer, and wrote down his address immediately. We then thought it time to depart, and our new acquaintance led us by a short way into the road, just as our postillion, who was slowly approaching, began to amuse himself with blowing his horn. Our extraordinary guide retired without waiting for our thanks; and we pursued our way, talking over our strange adventure, and resolving never to be dilatory. I am sure you will be anxious to know whether my master ever received the promised history, which he did in about six months after, and a very melancholy one it was.

Here Daniel paused, and I ventured to ask, whether he would not, some time or other, tell us the story of this extraordinary man. "That I will, my boy," said he, "though I am

sure you are not one of those who want such a lesson;" and he looked at one of my school-fellows who was older than me, and who blushed extremely. We saw plainly from this and many other circumstances, that our old friend was well acquainted with every thing that concerned us, and we were at no loss to discover how he procured his information, as we knew that our school-master frequently took a glass of ale at the cottage of an evening, after we had all gone home.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PASSING OF THE PYRENEAN
MOUNTAINS.

THE next Wednesday was a half-holiday, and the weather being favourable, we assembled at old Daniel's door, but were delayed to rather a later hour than usual, by an accident which happened on the way. One of the little boys, who was very impatient to arrive before the rest, that he might have Trusty all to himself for a few minutes, would cross a ditch (though repeatedly warned of what must be the consequence) by way of a short cut, and fell in; but as he was a good-natured fellow, we were all ready to assist him; so we helped him to scrape the mud off his stockings and trowsers, and then pursued our way. Daniel, on seeing him in

this condition, immediately enquired the cause of his disaster, and on being told that it was because he would not take the advice of those who knew the place better than he did, blamed him extremely, and said, I will tell you what a dangerous situation I once brought myself into, by acting just as you have done. Then, having distributed the apples as usual, he spoke as follows.

ABOUT fifty-five years ago I spent some time at a little town in the south of France, at the foot of the Pyrenees, which you know are the high mountains that separate France from Spain, and here I became acquainted with some very agreeable young men, who were natives of that place. As I could speak the language tolerably, I enjoyed the pleasure of their society very much, and joined in all their dancing and

gaiety. I think they were the merriest people I ever knew; and I should have been quite happy among them, but that my dear master had not perfectly recovered his strength after a tedious ague, which had attacked him the autumn before, and which prevented his exploring the mountains as he had intended.

One of the young men in whose acquaintance I found so much satisfaction, had a brother, who, in consequence of being accused of having killed a man in a duel (a sad custom then too common in that country), had been obliged to abscond, and remain concealed, until the affair (in which he had not been to blame) could be cleared up. He had only crossed a mountain, into the Spanish territory, where he was perfectly safe, and used frequently to steal back to his family, especially on

occasion of any festivity. He was generally accompanied to the French side by some of his Spanish friends, and some of his countrymen used to escort them back, under pretence of botanizing, or searching for minerals among the mountains; so that, notwithstanding the risks he ran in these excursions, they afforded much pleasure to him and his young companions.

I had been some months in that country before I met the young man who had absconded, but I had become very intimate with his brother, who was one of my greatest favourites, and was acquainted with all the secrets of the family. At length the day of his feast approached (that is the saint's day whose name he bore), and on the eve at midnight he arrived, with three young Spaniards who came to join in the festivities. It was a

most joyful meeting; all his sisters had little presents prepared for him, and all his friends, who were intrusted with the secret of his being at home, brought him boxes of comfits, or some trifle of that sort to show their good-will, according to the custom of the country. He remained three days, during which there was continual feasting and gaiety; and I really believe the pleasure of the dancing, music, and festivity, was heightened by the slight mixture of danger that attended his visit. When all this was over, and the hour of his departure approached, a party determined to accompany him half-way over the mountain, and I insisted on being one of them. My master remonstrated and advised that I should not attempt it, as he knew I was not a good mountain-walker, and was besides out of practice just at that time.

Several of the natives of the place mentioned, that we should have a large tract of ground to pass over, where there was no habitation, and which was lately become dangerous on account of the snow, which drove the wild beasts from the higher mountains: they represented that what might be an easy matter to persons accustomed to such expeditions, would be very perilous for me, and recommended strenuously that I should relinquish my design; but I was, like my young friend here, resolved to go my own way.

We set off about six o'clock in the evening, the weather very fine, but very cold: our party consisted of the young man and his three Spanish friends, his brother, another Frenchman and myself. Those who were to cross the mountain entirely were well armed, but we who intended to

go but half-way, carried only long poles, besides our baskets, with the things necessary to give an appearance of botanizing to our excursion in case of meeting with any of the patroles, which at that time, on some political account (I forget what), were stationed on many parts of the mountains. It was not considered safe for the fugitive to risk being recognized by any of these, and therefore we took a round to avoid them.

We had not proceeded very far up the hill, when I, who was not habituated to this sort of exercise, began to grow tired, and my companions were obliged to slacken their pace on that account; and at length I became so weak, and they so cold, that we knew not what to do. Just at that moment we perceived the glistening of arms at a distance, and finding that it was impossible to avoid meet-

ing the patrole, we resolved to go boldly forward to the guard-house, and ask permission to warm and rest ourselves. One of our party, who had more presence of mind than the rest, advanced first, and representing to the soldiers that we were poor fellows who had been botanizing, and had lost our way, obtained permission for us to sit down a few minutes by their fire, which was indeed a most cheerful spectacle at such a time. However, we had scarcely begun to feel the warmth of the blaze, when we were chilled with terror, by one of the soldiers enquiring if we had met any travellers in our way, for that they had received intelligence, that the young man who had killed the Chevalier de B. was certainly to come from the Spanish side about that time, and that the Chevalier's relations had promised a handsome reward, to the man who

should seize his murderer. One of them then handed a written description of the young man to his brother, who pretended to read it attentively, for the purpose of placing himself between the lamp and the subject of the paper; I took out my herbal, and pointed out some particular herbs to the soldier next me, telling him how difficult I had found it to procure them, and what dangers I had run in the search, whilst one of the Spaniards attracted the attention of the rest, by taking a bottle of strong wine out of his pocket, and dividing it with them. His example was soon followed by others of the party, and the soldiers never thought of examining our poor friend, who sat wrapped in his cloak close to the fire, and appeared colder than any of us. After resting there about a quarter of an hour, we took leave of the soldiers, one of

whom called after us to say, that he hoped if we met such a person as we had read the description of, we would find some means to send him to their guard-house. The young man himself answered, "Oh, yes, you may depend on us;" and we pursued our way, very glad to have escaped this danger so well. We then continued slowly ascending the mountain, till we reached an extensive plain where I was able to walk as fast as the rest, so that we soon arrived at the extremity of it, and here we parted with the Spaniards and their French companion. We then endeavoured to make our way back as quick as possible, but unfortunately, before we had got half-way, a violent shower of snow came on, which entirely concealed all surrounding objects from our view, and prevented our being able to distinguish our road. In this

dilemma, we resolved to seek the shelter of a shepherd's hut which we had observed in our way, and to remain there until the shower was over. You perceive, my young friends, that all these difficulties occurred, in consequence of my undertaking this expedition contrary to the advice of persons who knew better than me ; for had I not occasioned so many delays, my friends would have probably reached the guard-house before the snow-shower came on.

After great search and difficulty, we at length discovered the hut, which remained useless in winter, and only served as a shelter from the heat of the summer's sun to the shepherds who drove their flocks up to this fine pasture at that season of the year. It was very small, and being built of sticks and straw, we should have found it tolerably warm, had there.

been a door to close against the inclemency of the weather; but this we were not so fortunate to discover: however we were very glad to perceive a heap of straw in one corner, and as there was no appearance of the snow abating, and as my two companions were also fatigued by this time, they readily agreed to my plan of resting till the dawn. It was now twelve o'clock, and we had been walking since six, so that we were very well pleased to lie down; and spreading out our straw in the warmest part of the hut, we stretched ourselves on it, lying close together like pigs. My two companions were soon asleep, but cold and fatigue kept me awake, and I sincerely wished I had followed the good advice which would have placed me in my warm bed at that hour. At length I began to doze, when I was startled by a very

loud snore (as I thought) at the other side of the hut; I listened and heard it repeated again and again. I then heard heavy footsteps pass the door, and go round our habitation two or three times. I knew not what to think of this, but considered that it would be better to awaken my companions, which I did with some difficulty, and as soon as I had described to them what I had heard, one of them jumped up and ran to the door, while the other again fell asleep. In a few minutes the young man who had gone out, returned in great terror, to inform us that there were two monstrous bears walking about our hut, and that as we had no weapons of defence but our sticks, we could not possibly escape, if they once found their way in. He therefore roused his lazy companion, and after we had placed our sticks across the door-way,

so as to form some obstacle to the entrance, we again lay down on our straw, where he who had neither heard the sounds that terrified me, nor seen the objects that had alarmed the other, after laughing at what he called our ridiculous fears, went to sleep again in a few minutes. He who had beheld the bears, had as little rest I imagine as myself, and at the first dawn we awoke our tranquil companion, and sallied forth to pursue our way; and you may imagine how we must have been shocked, at perceiving the snow all round the place of our shelter marked with the prints of our shaggy visitors' feet, and that the mere accident of the beasts' unwieldiness, had saved us from being torn to pieces. We reached the end of our journey without any more adventures, and you may be assured I took care ever after, especially in

strange places, to follow the advice of those who were better informed than myself.

We were greatly delighted with the story of the bears, which was something new to us, and asked our old friend a number of questions about those ugly animals that were so near devouring him. We also enquired about the construction of the hut, and agreed that it would be very amusing to build such in the summer-holidays, in which the good Daniel promised to assist us. I must not forget to tell you, that I dreamt of the bears that night, and thought I fought most valiantly with one of them.

CHAPTER XII.

DOG TRUSTY'S ANCESTOR.

THE next Sunday we found old Daniel in remarkable high spirits, with a new coat and a new hat; old Susan also in a new gown, with a pink ribbon in her cap, and as to the entertainment I had never seen it so splendid. There were cakes, gingerbread-nuts, apples, pears, and plums, and we had all a larger share than usual. The old man asked if any of us were born on that day, and seemed disappointed to find us all answer in the negative; "for," said he, "my young friends, you must know, this is my birth-day. Exactly ninety-four years ago, I came into the world, and that is the reason you see Susan and me so handsomely

dressed to-day. We always make merry with our friends on this occasion, and though the poor child cannot hear what is said, she sees that we look happy, and that satisfies her: and he said the truth, for Susan looked delighted, when she saw how pleased we were with the nice treat she had prepared for us. Old Daniel then, patting Trusty's head, and giving him a cake, said, The story I am now going to tell you, concerns one of Trusty's ancestors, and is an adventure that I had on this day fifty-nine years ago.

During my travels with the same good friend I have so often mentioned to you, we spent some time at Naples, a land of wonders with which I was charmed. Among the many curiosities we went to see, was the *Grotto del Cane* (or dog's grotto), so called because the effect of a poison-

ous vapour which rises in it to a certain height, is generally exhibited on one of that species. The day we went to see it, a poor animal was brought with a cord about his neck, who followed very contentedly till we came near the grotto; he then began to struggle and moan; but when at last the door was opened, giving a most piteous cry, he sprung from the man who held him, and ran to my master: then lying down at his feet, looked up at him in such a beseeching manner, and so plainly intreated his protection, that he instantly made a friend of the generous-hearted man, who declared he would rather submit to have the experiment tried on himself, than subject the animal to it that had thrown itself on his mercy. He then gave some money to the owner of the dog, who was very glad to get rid of him, for he said, he did

not imagine he could have supported the experiment more than once again, as he had already suffered by it. This accounted for the dog's terror when he approached the grotto; but the singularity of his selecting my master for his champion always appeared very extraordinary.

We returned to Naples in triumph with our new acquisition. He was an ugly, half-starved animal, but said, "I thank you," so plain in every look and movement, that it was impossible for my master not to be attached to him, and I loved him for his sake. Often he has said to me, "Well, Dan, of all the compliments ever paid me on my looks" (and you must know he was a remarkably handsome man), "none has ever flattered me so much as that of poor Chance." We fed, and took excellent care of our poor dog, and in a short time he

was quite another thing: not so handsome as Trusty, but a very sleek, smooth, good-looking fellow. He assumed the privilege of sleeping in his master's room, and always placed himself somewhere near the door, as if he was determined to guard it against all intruders. By the time we left Naples, we had become so fond of Chance, that we allowed him a place in the carriage without regret.

It was about two months after, that we were travelling in a wild part of the country, after heavy rains which had made the roads so bad that they were almost impassable. In several places the carriage was prevented from oversetting merely by the assistance of men, who supported it with ropes, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other. One evening about four o'clock, our postillion stopped

suddenly at the gate of a large, deserted-looking house, where he said we must remain till morning. My master remonstrated, and represented to him that it was a very early hour to stop for the night, but he declared he could not answer for the consequences if we were to go on, as the road was even worse than what we had already passed; besides, if we did not stop here, as there was no other house within many miles of this, we must travel a long time in the night, which would be very dark, and might subject us to dangers of more than one sort. We enquired if he had ever been in this house before, hoping that at any rate he was acquainted with the place he had brought us to; but he said, "No; though he had often passed by it." Finding there was no remedy, we were at length persuaded to enter

the building, which was a most desolate-looking abode, where there was scarcely a whole window to be seen. It appeared to have been erected for a barrack, or something of that sort, but we saw no inhabitants except three men, a father and his two sons, whose countenances had a mixed expression of ferocity and sullenness, that gave us no reason to hope for a hospitable reception. They came slowly to the gate, one by one, and on our asking if the house were an inn, replied in the affirmative, but shewed none of that alacrity which one expects to meet with at such places. With some difficulty the great gate was opened to admit the carriage, and here the building shewed, if possible, a more dreary appearance, than at the outside. The grass was grown over the pavement, and there did not seem to be a win-

dow unbroken: some of these were stuffed with straw, but the greater number admitted the cold air, which whistled through the long galleries of the extensive fabrick.

The inn-keeper and his sons appeared quite unaccustomed to receive travellers, and when we enquired for a room, told us we might go up stairs and chuse amongst them, for they were all unoccupied, but did not offer to conduct us. We ascended the broken stair-case, and explored a number of apartments, all equally uninhabitable; but at length we discovered one very large, containing three beds, and in which only one out of three windows was broke. Here we resolved to rest; and after several vain efforts, at last persuaded one of the men to bring us some wood and make a fire, which was perfectly necessary, as the evening

to me two instances, that appeared then of an alarming nature, though we should have laughed at them, had we been otherwise circumstanced. They were written in Italian, and so badly spelt, that it was with difficulty we could make them out: the translation of one was, "Take care of yourselves, you are in a dangerous place!" and that of the other, "Travellers, beware, beware of the master of this house!" You may imagine how disagreeable all this was, when we had no remedy. Our room was so perfectly bare of furniture, that we could not have any apprehension of people being concealed in it; there was but one door, and the windows were at a great distance from the ground; we therefore flattered ourselves, that by locking our door, and leaving our loaded pistols on the table, we should be tolerably secure against

any surprize, and we agreed that we would not yield without a desperate struggle.

We had been much fatigued with a very disagreeable day's journey, of which we had walked a great deal, and therefore went to bed very early; our poor dog, who was also very much tired, taking possession of a vacant bed next the door. For some time after we lay down, I listened and started up every time the wood crackled in the chimney; but at length we all fell into a sound sleep. How long this had lasted I know not, when I was awaked by a little noise, and to my utter horror and astonishment, distinguished by the glimmering light which the fire still gave, a tall man, with a dagger in his hand, stealing gently across the room towards my master's bed, and immedi-

ately after another, who seemed to be directing his steps towards mine. I had been so sure that any attempt to open the door (which I had carefully locked) would have put us on our guard, that I had not taken the precaution of placing the pistols within my reach, and just as I was considering whether it would be possible by suddenly darting across the room, to seize them, Chance started out of his sleep, flew at the man who was approaching my master, and bit his leg. I then ran to the pistols, and the second person immediately made his escape. In the mean time my master had collared the man whom the dog had attacked; but the villain stabbed him in the hand, and then by a dexterous twist gained the door, and ran down the gallery to the stairs, where I did not think it prudent to

pursue him. In fact the whole transaction passed so rapidly, that it was almost like a dream.

As soon as I had assisted my master to tie a handkerchief on his wounded hand, I again went to fasten the door, which I was much surprised to find had been opened; but after having locked it, on trying whether it was fast, I found that the lock was useless, and we as much exposed as before. We then resolved to place against the door a heavy bench and clumsy table which were in the room, and having thus secured ourselves against surprise, we returned to our beds, and slept quietly till morning, when we discovered that the villains had not come to no purpose, for a small box, of which I had unfortunately appeared particularly careful, was missing; and as it contained, amongst other things

of less importance, a miniature picture of great value to my master, I was very much vexed.

The moment I perceived it was day-light, I went down-stairs to waken our postillion, for we were most anxious to depart; and in the passage, I met one of our landlords, who hoped we had rested well. I mentioned to him the nocturnal adventure, at which he at first expressed great astonishment, but then said it was not impossible that some thieves should have got into the house, as it was so ill secured. He begged to know if we had lost any thing, and on my saying that a box had been taken, which contained nothing of value except a miniature picture, I thought he looked very much disappointed. I afterwards met the others, who spoke nearly in the same manner; but I fancied one of

them looked more confused than the rest.

Anxious to get out of this dismal place, I hurried the postillion, whose countenance shewed no symptoms of guilt, and who really expressed surprise and terror when he heard what had passed; and as soon as the carriage was ready, my master with the faithful Chance at his heels, descended the stairs, at the foot of which the three men stood; but the moment the dog saw them, he flew at one of the sons, and caught him by the leg, nor could any thing induce him to relinquish his hold, until my master knelt down by him, and put his fingers in his mouth to extricate the unfortunate man. This accident betrayed the whole affair; an immediate confession was extorted from the wretches, who promised to return the

box on condition my master would not accuse them to the magistrates: he was satisfied on having the picture of his dear friend restored, and we continued our journey, better pleased than ever with having behaved humanely to poor Chance. He lived to be very old, and had frequent opportunities of shewing his gratitude in the course of his life. While my master lived, he was never without one of his breed, and since his death, I have always kept one of them with me.

We were delighted with this story of Trusty's ancestor, and bestowed a double portion of caresses on his descendant this evening. We talked the matter over as usual, when we ran to our oak-tree, and thought, what a fortunate thing it was for the poor dog to have met with such a

good master. We concluded by resolving always to treat brutes with the greatest humanity, in imitation of this worthy man who was so well rewarded for his.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BOY WHO WAS FORGOT AT SCHOOL.

THERE was a little boy among us that had come to the school just before me, whom every body liked very much. He was very attentive to his book, learned with facility, and was extremely good-natured ; but in consequence of having been treated very harshly before he was placed at our school, he had got a sad cowardly trick of telling falsehoods upon all occasions. He was always ready to deny the most trifling circumstance that occurred, and all the kindness and gentleness of our master was insufficient to correct him. At length the matter was communicated to old Daniel, as we discovered on Sunday, when he said, I am sorry to find that

after all the stories I have told on the subject of telling lies, there should still be any of my little friends infected with such a mean, cowardly vice. I hope no one of this description may ever think of being a soldier, for I should expect to hear of his running away from the enemy, if he had not courage even to speak truth.

This has brought to my mind, continued Daniel (after a short pause during which old Susan distributed the fruit), a story which made a great impression on me, and which may possibly entertain you as well as any other I could recollect at this moment. I was once sent with my regiment to assist the troops of a foreign land, where a dangerous insurrection had taken place. The inhabitants of a large tract of country had become disaffected to their law-

ful rulers, and the consequences were horrible in the extreme. I was so unfortunate as to be a witness on that occasion of all the dreadful accidents of civil war, and I would rather see a year of hard service in any other way, than one month of such transactions as usually take place in similar situations. We found the country-people irritated by the ill conduct of their own military, who I am sorry to say frequently behaved more like gangs of plundering banditti, than parties of regular troops, and the soldiers continually harrassed by the peasantry, who thought they beheld in every military habit a tyrant. However I must say there were some places where the people were not oppressed, and here the native soldiers were rather considered as protectors.

Immediately on our landing we

were sent to a little town, where we were placed under the command of an officer who was a native of that country, and had been appointed governor of a certain small district, which he continued to keep in perfect submission, by a prudent mixture of mildness and severity, and by enforcing the strictest discipline amongst the troops. The town in which we were quartered was extremely pleasant, the inhabitants peaceable, though by no means well affected towards their rulers, and the habits of life more cheerful than could have been expected at such a time; but they were accustomed to hear continually of wars, and their amusements were not to be interrupted till the enemy was literally at their gates. The governor's wife and children, and also the families of many of his officers, lodged in the town, and with the ad-

dition of those of some of the town's-people, formed a very agreeable society, which my master constantly frequented. The governor's house was situated at one extremity of the town, and as I had often occasion to go there about my master's business, I used sometimes to see his little boys. There were five of them, but only four lived at home; the eldest, who was nine years old, had lately been placed at a very good school which happened to be in the town, and I never saw him at his father's house but of a Sunday.

We had remained in perfect tranquillity about two months, and by the accounts daily received from other places, had every reason to hope that all would be brought to a conclusion very soon, without our little chearful abode being disturbed by the approach of danger, when

suddenly, one morning between three and four o'clock, the drum beat to arms, and the whole town was thrown into confusion. Every one was alarmed, but no one well knew why. The soldiers were running to the square which was always the place of rendezvous, the women were asking news in the streets, and the young children were crying, because they saw those about them in consternation. I must confess that I had been thrown off my guard by too much security, and was more confused by this sudden call than I ought to have been; however I instantly hastened to my master, whom I met at the door of his apartment prepared for fight, and as we issued forth, we learnt from passing troops, that a large party was advancing with all speed against the town, that they had already approached very near,

and that their numbers were so superior to ours, that we could not hope to come off conquerors. It was determined to send the women and children with the baggage, to a town about twenty miles off which had fortifications, and a strong garrison, and all we could expect was to impede the progress of the enemy until these were lodged in a place of safety. Meanwhile fresh accounts arrived every moment of the near approach of the hostile troops, and we all marched out to meet them, with a determination to make their conquest as difficult as we could. We met them just outside the town, on a little plain, where we had a most desperate battle, which however lasted but a short time. I got this wound in my right hand, and also one in my left leg on that occasion, but the pain I felt at being obliged to retreat was

more severe than that of my wounds. In fact I must confess (and I should not be ashamed of it) we fled into the town in great confusion, and had just time to close the gates against our pursuers, and thus gain an interval to make our retreat sure. We had the satisfaction of hearing that the women and children had made their escape, and were happy to be able to effect ours to a rising ground flanked by a wood, about a mile on the other side of the town. Here the enemy ceased to molest us, their object appearing to be to gain possession of the town, and in a few hours we continued our retreat to the place where our fugitives had already taken refuge. I will not attempt to give you an account of our meeting, or an idea of the lamentations of those who had lost their friends, and of those who had to attend on persons they loved,

wounded almost to death. These are horrible sights, and though I am a soldier every inch of me, I can never think coolly of the four-and-twenty hours that follow after a battle. Our commanding officer was but slightly hurt; my own wounds were not severe; and my dear master had (almost miraculously) escaped uninjured.

We supposed nothing was missing, except one baggage-cart of comparatively small value, and two of the soldiers' wives who were no great loss, until the governor on entering the house where his family were lodged, immediately enquired for his eldest son, who was his favourite child, and a most promising boy. His wretched mother, who was in agonies of grief, was scarcely able to inform him, that in the confusion of the morning, the child, who was at school on the other

side of the town, had been forgotten: she had still endeavoured to flatter herself on the way, that he would be found amongst the straggling groups that followed at various distances, but on their arrival had ascertained that no one had seen or even thought of him. She then burst into a flood of tears, and with all the absurdity of a very weak woman as she was, declared she was sure he had been murdered. This idea her husband combated with every possible argument, yet (poor man!) his terrors, though more rational, were scarcely inferior to her own. He thought of the forlorn situation of a child of nine years old, without money or friends, for he supposed the schoolmaster would have his own affairs to attend to in such a critical moment; and in the present circumstances he saw no possibility of speedily recover-

ing the poor boy. In fact the governor's situation was more to be pitied than that of many of those who were desperately wounded, and every one partook of his distress, for he was a worthy man, and made no whining complaints. I have always felt most interested for those who endured most silently.

Next morning, at an early hour, we were much surprised by hearing that a flag of truce appeared at a distance, and in a few minutes after that a baggage cart with two women and a child were among the soldiers who brought it. You may suppose we immediately guessed who they were, and that all the formalities of receiving them were gone through as rapidly as possible. Their sole business was to escort the boy, and deliver him into the hands of his father (for I suppose the cart and the two women were

thrown into the bargain as good-for-nothing lumber), and with him they brought a letter from the conquering chief, signifying to the governor, that the writer was happy to have an opportunity of rendering a service to a man, who had behaved with such humanity to his poor countrymen.

As soon as the first violence of joy and congratulations were over, the child was questioned relative to what had passed. He said, that on the first alarm most of the boys had run away to their different homes, and the master had hastened to another part of the town, to protect some valuable property that he possessed there: he himself did not wake till some people rushed into the room where he slept, to take away their children who also inhabited the same apartment: he then got up and dressed himself, not well knowing

the cause of all this bustle and noise ; but on going to different parts of the house he found it quite deserted, not a human being remaining in it, but an old deaf man who knew as little about what was passing as himself. On going into the street, he learnt that his mother and all her family had escaped from the town many hours before, and that his father and the troops under his command had been beaten, and retreated a short time before, and in fact that the enemy were then about to march in. Just at that moment he met one of the two soldiers' wives who had been left behind, who desired him to stay by her, and to be sure, if he was asked whose child he was, for his life not to tell, but to say he was the son of one of the serjeants. This he had refused positively to do ; for he had so often heard his father and mother say that

people ought never to tell a lie on any occasion, and that God took care of those who spoke the truth, that he was determined to answer truly to any questions that should be put to him. To the first officer who asked who that little boy was, the woman answered before he could speak, that he was the son of one of the serjeants who had fled, and the officer passed on. To a second she gave a similar answer; but at length a third putting the question to the child himself, he replied boldly, that he was the governor's son, who had been forgotten when the rest of his family escaped. This man immediately took him with him to a place where a number of the enemy's officers were assembled. Here he was asked a variety of questions, tending to ascertain whether he really was the person he pretended to be, and had the plea-

sure of hearing the greatest commendations of his father's justice and mild conduct, all the officers agreeing that his son ought to be sent to him in safety without delay. He was fed and taken care of that day, by the two women, who were allowed to accompany him; and next morning they were all sent off in the manner I have mentioned. This affair made a great impression on my mind, as it proved the advantages of mildness in command, of strict attention to military discipline, and of courageous adherence to truth. The rest of this campaign was full of horrors; but tranquillity was at length restored to that unfortunate country; and I am happy to be able to tell you, that the worthy governor and his family were restored to their home before we embarked for our native land.

We were all much pleased with this

story, and the little boy for whom it was particularly intended, seemed to be extremely interested. Indeed a proof of the effect produced on him by the relation of it appeared the next day. A little flower-pot, that stood in a window of the passage going to our school-room, had been broken, and no one knew how the accident had happened; our master appeared inclined to suspect one of the boys who had frequently done awkward things; but just as he began to speak on the subject, Charles stepped forward, and in a very pompous manner avowed his having thrown down the flower-pot, and also that he was able and willing to replace it with another. This offer the master did not think proper to accept, but he highly commended the boy who had courage to own what he had done: indeed he made a display of approbation on this oc-

casion, that he would not have done had the circumstance occurred to any one else, and some of us very well understood this. Some children have a great deal of penetration and we had very observing lads among us.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MAN-HATER RESUMED.

WE now began to fear that every new story would be the last. It was past the middle of October, but the weather was remarkably mild for the time of year, and Daniel had not yet talked of desisting from his stories. However they became every day more precious, and we listened with more attention (if possible) than at first, which seemed to give great pleasure to our old friend.

Some private affairs of our schoolmaster about this time occasioned him to give us several half-holidays, and we took care to profit by them in assembling round the good Daniel's porch. At last he said, "I believe, my boys, you think I am

made of stories; but I must soon leave off, for the weather begins to grow cold and uncertain." We all looked at each other with quite doleful countenances, which made the old man smile, and he added, "but I hope we may have two or three more fine days before we finish for this year." I then ventured to remind him of the story of the strange man he met in the forest, which we were all longing to hear. "You have given me a difficult task, my young friend (said he), for it is more than half a century since I saw the manuscript, and I never read it but twice, once when it first came into my master's possession, and once about five years after. However, as I have often related some of the principal incidents, I hope I shall be able to gratify your curiosity, which I allow is extremely natural. It was a large manuscript,

which my poor master valued highly; who got it after his death I never could learn. What I can remember you shall hear.

THIS gentleman, whom I shall call by his christian name Henry, was the son of an English merchant, who had been many years settled at Leghorn, in the full enjoyment of all the wealth and luxury that prosperous trade can bestow. The success of his commercial speculations was unbounded, and the splendour in which he lived, as described in the manuscript, appeared almost fabulous. He had three children, two sons and a daughter; Louisa was the eldest, Henry a year younger, and Felix seven years the junior of his brother. These children were all idolized by their parents, and brought up with a degree of extravagant indulgence, which does not agree with every dis-

position. Their wishes were prevented on all occasions, their faults winked at, and their caprices continually gratified. Henry, naturally of an indolent temper, was much injured by this sort of education; he acquired habits of procrastination which appeared almost like a disease, and was scarcely capable of making the commonest exertions. This fault excepted, his character appeared to be very amiable; he was candid, brave, and good-natured, but his good-nature seldom produced any corresponding effects, as he always deferred till too late those kind actions which his heart prompted him to perform. I cannot relate to you a tenth part of the instances of this unfortunate disposition described in the manuscript (and these the writer said were but a small part of what he might have mentioned), but I

will tell you some few that I recollect.

Henry had a dog that he was extremely fond of (such a good honest fellow as Trusty I suppose), who used to sleep at his door every night, and accompany him when he went out walking or boating. It happened one day that a party being made to spend a few days at a villa some miles distant from Leghorn, Henry, who was always last, was so hurried to join the company, that he locked the door on his dog, and never recollected till he had gone half-way, that the poor animal was shut up in an inner room of his apartment, from whence no one could release him till he sent back the key. He thought of sending a servant with it immediately, but (according to his usual custom) deferred it till he should reach the villa, and when he arrived there, totally forgot

his intention. At night he again recollected it, but again put it off, resolving to send the key early next morning. In this way three days passed, and as he was returning on the fourth to Leghorn, he felt very uneasy. As he ascended the stairs that led to his apartment, he listened for the barking of his dog, but heard no noise: he then asked a servant whom he met, whether they had heard the animal since his departure: the woman answered, "O yes, for the first two days he made a great noise, and we tried to let him out; but since yesterday morning we have not heard him." Henry proceeded in silence to the door of his chamber; he trembled as he unlocked the closet: the first object he beheld was his dog lying dead. He lifted him up, but he was stiff and cold. This sad circumstance affected him for a

few days, and he determined not to act in the same manner any more; but similar things continually occurred, many of which were detailed in the manuscript.

One more circumstance I particularly recollect, that happened when he was still a child. Some beautiful foreign birds were given him, with a direction to feed them only on a particular kind of seed, which accompanied the cage. He was charmed with the present, and resolved to take the greatest care of these rare creatures, who were covered with the most beautiful plumage and sung delightfully. Every day he grew fonder of his birds, and as the seed with which he was to feed them was only to be procured at one shop, he resolved to lay in a good supply of it, before what they had should be exhausted. The seed

however diminished rapidly, and he still deferred sending for more; but one morning he found the birds' cage without any food, and the poor animals, who had been many hours starving, pining for want of nourishment. He then determined to send immediately for seed, but by some accident this was delayed till evening. In the mean time the birds had nothing to eat, for the person who had brought them to Leghorn had declared that it would kill them to take any sort of food, but that which he had specified. In the evening the seed was put into the cage in great abundance; the birds looked sick, but Henry was in hopes they would be quite well in the morning: however, when he went to look at them the moment he was up, he found one already dead, and the other in the last convulsions. He was greatly distressed, and ima-

gined they had been poisoned, but the seed on being examined proved to be perfectly good, and a person who understood those sort of things, assured him they had died in consequence of eating too much after long fasting. Henry was very sorry, and resolved not to put off any thing again; but he continued the same notwithstanding all his good intentions.

When he was about fifteen, he one evening obtained permission to take his little brother out walking, and felt very proud of being trusted to take care of him without a servant. The child was, like most other children, particularly fond of gathering shells on the sea-shore, and thither the brothers directed their steps. As soon as they had got to a retired part of the shore, Henry, who had taken a good deal of exercise in the morn-

ing, sat down to rest, while the little Felix searched among the pebbles for shells. Four or five times the child brought handfuls of them to his brother, but at length he ran to a greater distance, and Henry began to wonder at his not returning; he thought of going to seek him immediately, but as he was reading an entertaining book, he thought he might as well finish the chapter first, and that by that time Felix would probably return. Three quarters of an hour elapsed, and the child did not appear; Henry then began to be alarmed, and whilst he sought his brother amongst the rocks, felt very sorry that he had not gone sooner. Repeatedly he called Felix, but no answer was returned. He was seriously unhappy at this, and walked for an hour backward and forward on the shore, asking all those he saw,

whether they had seen a child answering the description of his brother; but all answered in the negative, until he met an infirm old woman, who replied to his enquiries that she had indeed seen the child, and a melancholy sight it was; she then begged of him to come with her; and as he followed trembling with terror, she informed him that she had seen at a distance a little boy on a rock, amusing himself with gathering shells, who, ignorant of the place, had remained till the coming in of the tide had surrounded him with water; that she, observing his danger, had gone as near him as she could, to try if she could give assistance, which any person not absolutely weak with age and infirmity might easily have done, and that when she found it was impossible for her to be of any use, she had hastened to seek

for help, but unfortunately all the neighbourhood had followed a procession, and she could meet with no one; she had heard the child's cries a long time, but supposed he must now be drowned, for the water was rising every moment, and he stood on a little point of the rock, the only part which remained dry. I shall not repeat to you the dreadful description that poor Henry gave of his feelings. The body of the little Felix was found, and his unfortunate brother was prevented from beholding the misery into which his family was plunged, by a violent fever, attended with delirium, which brought him to the brink of the grave. No one ever knew how much he was to blame for the death of his young brother, and though he remained very melancholy for some time, yet at last the elasticity of youthful spirits raised

him from this sad state, and in another year he had recovered the effects of this cruel misfortune; though sometimes, when he gazed on the pale face of his mother, he could not help recollecting that she did not look so wan before the death of her little Felix.

Here Daniel stopped, and telling us it was too long a story for him to relate at one time, promised he would continue it at our next meeting. I assure you what we had already heard made us quite grave, and the boy to whom the old man had given a hint on the subject at a former meeting, looked almost as if he had been guilty of all these faults. However, when we reached our oak-tree, we all cheered up, and in a few minutes got rid of the sorrowful impression caused by the death of Felix.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MAN-HATER CONCLUDED.

THE next holiday we were rather earlier than our usual time, and Daniel, perceiving our impatience, hastened to distribute his fruit, and began as follows.

MANY circumstances were related in the manuscript, of the next five years of the unhappy Henry's life, all tending to prove the baneful effects of this unfortunate indolence of disposition, which made his too indulgent father and mother very miserable; but as I do not well remember them, I shall pass on to one which occurred when he was about twenty, and which made a great impression on my memory.

He had a friend about his own age, to whom he was very much attached, and who loved him so well, that he was almost blind to his most glaring imperfections. One evening he received a hurried note from this young man, intreating he would come to him in the utmost haste. He wondered what Antonio, whom he had parted from but a few hours before, could want with him in such a hurry, and called for his messenger that he might enquire, but the boy who had brought the note had immediately gone away. Henry determined at any rate to go directly, but still he lay stretched at full length on his sofa in his wrapping gown and slippers, conjecturing for what purpose his friend should desire to see him so suddenly. At length he got up and arranged his dress; but between all delays a full hour had passed be-

fore he was ready to go out : on finding so much time had elapsed, he was almost tempted to defer going till the next day, but his curiosity overcoming his indolence, he went to the house of his friend. When he arrived there, he was much surprised to find that Antonio was not at home ; he enquired how long it was since he had gone out, and was told that it was about a quarter of an hour after the return of the messenger that he had sent for him : the servant added, that he had gone out soon after two gentlemen who had paid him an afternoon-visit, that he had observed him take his sword, and that they all three looked extremely angry. Before Henry could at all arrange his ideas, quite distracted by this account, a great bustle in the hall attracted his attention, and in a few minutes the bleeding body of

his friend was brought in. As they placed Antonio on the sofa he fainted, but soon recovering, he looked round him, and observing Henry, turned his dying eyes on him, and said in a faint voice, "Alas! Henry, I have then been mistaken." These were the last words he spoke. The surgeons arrived to examine his wounds, and immediately pronounced them to be mortal. In half an hour he died.

Henry leaned over him to his last moment, an image of silent despair. He reproached himself for not coming instantly on receiving the note, and thought that he perhaps might have been able to prevent this dreadful catastrophe; but judge of the horror he must have felt, when, a few hours after poor Antonio had breathed his last, he received the following account of this fatal affair:

The two young men, who were intimates of Antonio's family, had come in high spirits to pay him a friendly visit, and prevailed on him to join them in a masquerade-party, which they had planned for the next week. He agreed, and proposed that Henry should also be let into the secret, and invited to make one among them; this they did not approve, on account of the procrastinating temper of the young man, which would prevent his being exact to the time, and because an omission of this sort would spoil all their amusement. Antonio promised faithfully for his friend, that he should be as punctual as any of the rest, but could not persuade them to admit him of their party. This rather put him out of humour, and when they began to rally him on his enthusiastic friendship for Henry, and one of them at

length went so far as to say he was convinced Henry felt no such attachment for him, Antonio fiercely demanded what reason he had for such an opinion? The other replied as fiercely, that it was because he knew a person of his disposition was utterly incapable of being a warm friend. One word brought on another ; both were violent in their tempers, and in a few minutes became so exasperated against each other, that it was determined to decide the quarrel immediately by the sword. Antonio's antagonist had his friend with him, and the note to Henry before-mentioned was written in consequence of this decision. They both sneered at his sending for such a second, said they were sure he would not come, that if they waited till he obeyed the summons, the affair would scarcely be decided in time for the

masquerade, and many other provoking things of the same sort. They then departed, saying they should wait half an hour at the appointed place of meeting, but no longer. When the messenger returned, who said that Henry was at home and alone, and when a quarter of an hour passed without his appearing, the unfortunate Antonio, irritated extremely by the mockery of his opponents, and mortified beyond measure by the neglect of his friend, followed them to the place of rendezvous alone. The event has been already related. On hearing this melancholy story, Henry fell into an agony of despair: he had continually before his eyes the bleeding body of the dying Antonio, his last words for ever vibrated in his ears, and when he dozed for a moment, he was awakened by the sad speech, "Henry,

I have then been mistaken." The agitation of his mind produced a violent attack of the jaundice, which lasted two months; a strong constitution and the best medical assistance enabled him to throw it off, but his mind received a wound which never could be entirely healed, and at that time he first experienced those fits of inquietude, anxiety, and restlessness, which many years after amounted to complete insanity.

As soon as he was able to take exercise, his physicians ordered him to travel, and in the course of some months, the change of scene had removed part of the heavy weight from his heart; he took some pleasure in the novelties that presented themselves to his observation, and in society sometimes appeared gay and thoughtless, but as he well remarked in his manuscript, "It often happens,

that the momentary glow of animated conversation conceals the most deeply wounded spirit." He gave a long and entertaining account of his travels, with now and then an anecdote which shewed how little he had profited by the misfortunes brought upon him by his procrastinating temper. These however I do not recollect sufficiently to relate with accuracy, and shall therefore proceed to what I do remember.

After travelling two years in France and Spain, he returned home, and found his family in great affliction. His father had been attacked by a paralytic stroke the day before his arrival, and had not recovered either his speech or senses, and the physicians had no hopes of his life. Henry loved his father, who had ever been a most indulgent parent, with the strongest, truest affection; he was therefore

sincerely grieved at finding him in this melancholy state, but his sorrow was not of that wild, outrageous sort, which he experienced on those occasions when he had to reproach himself with being the cause of the misfortune he deplored: and when his father, after lingering without sense ten days, at length ceased to exist, Henry was able to assist in consoling his mother, and to save her the trouble of looking over papers and arranging accounts.

By the death of his father, Henry came into possession of a large property, which the benevolence of his disposition would have led him to make a good use of, but his kindest intentions were frequently counteracted by the unconquerable indolence which governed him, and which must also have been the ruin of his commercial interests, had he not met

with a series of extraordinary good fortune. In the manuscript were related a great number of melancholy stories of deserving persons who had been injured, by his sad propensity "to put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day." One only I shall mention, as it led to events of the greatest importance.

Amongst the many families in which Henry became intimate on his return from his travels, was that of Signor Pietro Lombardini, an old friend of his father, to whom he had rendered some important services in the early part of his life. His daughter Leonora had been educated at the same convent with Louisa, where they were as remarkable for their attachment to each other, as for the many good qualities they possessed above their companions. Henry re-

membered to have seen Leonora, when he visited his sister in the parlour of their convent, and felt pleased in renewing his acquaintance with one whom he had thought so amiable. His partiality increased with his knowledge of Leonora's character, and in a short time a marriage between them was agreed on, to the universal satisfaction of the friends of both families. While preparations were making for the wedding, the father of Leonora (who was a great merchant) received the disagreeable intelligence that two of his ships from the Levant, richly laden with the choicest commodities of the East, had foundered in a dreadful storm near the coast of Africa, and unfortunately he was so circumstanced at that particular time, as to have a large sum of money to pay down in a few days. His character and credit de-

pended on punctuality in this business, and for the first time in his life he was obliged to have recourse to the kindness of his friends. Two of them immediately assisted him with the greatest alacrity; Henry was the third to whom he applied, and from him he naturally expected the most considerable aid. He had not at the moment a sufficient sum by him to answer the purposes of Signor Pietro, but with all that warmth of affection which he really felt, promised that the remainder should be ready on the day of payment. The old merchant, knowing the prosperous state of Henry's affairs, and the many claims which he had on his gratitude, as well as his attachment to his daughter, felt perfectly satisfied with this promise, and took no further trouble on the subject. Henry lost no time in arranging matters for procuring

this money; he examined the accounts of sums due to him, considered who would be the person most proper to apply to, and determined to go to him next morning: but next morning he deferred going till too late, and thought a day's delay could be of no consequence, as the money was not to be paid for a week. In this manner he put it off from day to day, sometimes forgetting, and sometimes procrastinating, until the very day on which the money was to be paid. Early in the morning, the old merchant (who had hitherto refrained to mention it from motives of delicacy) wrote to remind him of his promise, which Henry recollected with much confusion: he then went to all the persons whom he had thought of, but unfortunately not one of these was able to supply him with so large a sum in a moment. He

spent the whole morning in vainly seeking what a few days notice would have procured him without difficulty, and when he returned home in the afternoon, fatigued, disappointed, and ashamed of his ill success, he found a note from Leonora, intreating him, if he could not supply the money, at least to go to the hard-hearted creditor, and gain a little time for her father who was ill. For once in his life Henry made no delay. He went instantly, and employed every art of persuasion to induce the ill-natured man to accept of his security for the money being paid in less than a fortnight; but all to no purpose, for this second Shylock was actuated more by malice than any other motive. The wretched Henry now discovered, that his procrastinating temper had thrown the friend of his deceased parent, the father of Leonora, into the power of

an implacable enemy. In returning he passed by the house of Lombardini, but had not courage to enter it, and going home immediately, wrote a long and pathetic letter to his daughter, giving an account of his ill success, and endeavouring to deprecate her anger.

Two hours having passed without an answer, Henry could no longer withstand his impatient anxiety; but on going to the house of Signor Pietro, he was informed that he had expired half an hour before, and that his death proceeded from the bursting of a blood-vessel, occasioned by agitation of mind. Henry returned to his own house in a state of mind more easy to imagine than describe. In the morning he called to enquire after the Lombardini family. Day after day he was at their door, but could gain no admission; and at

length the brother of Leonora wrote to request he would cease to give himself the trouble of coming to that house, as his sister could never think of marrying the man whose want of friendship to her father had been the cause of his death.

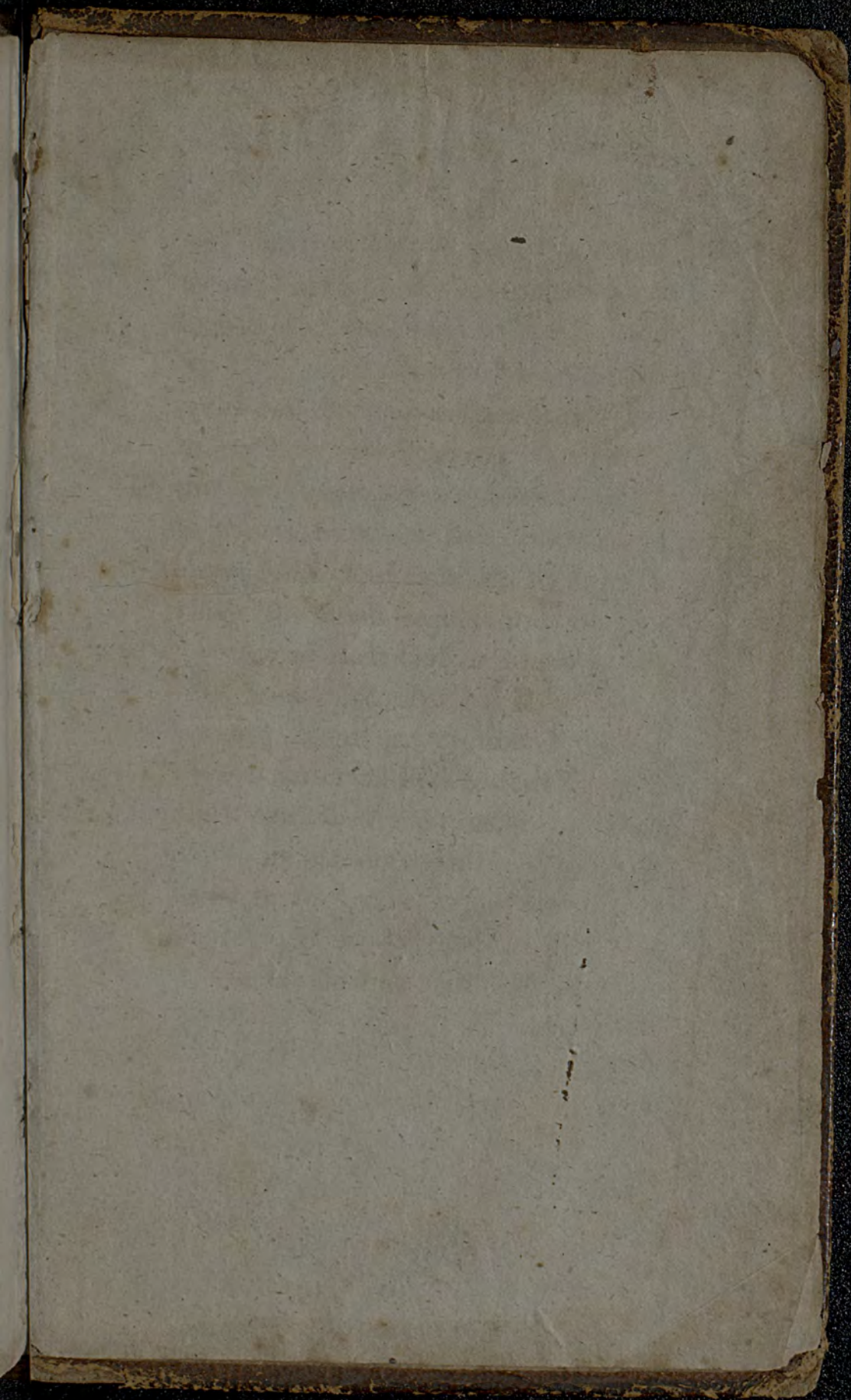
Whilst Henry was overwhelmed with grief at this severe disappointment, a person arrived from his mother's villa (about twenty miles from Leghorn), to say that she desired to see him immediately. The violence of his emotions prevented his attending to this message, and when it was repeated to him by his servant an hour after, he thought he might as well delay going till the next morning, forgetting that almost every hour since the death of Lombardini, he had repeated to himself that he never would procrastinate more. In the middle of the night, when all the

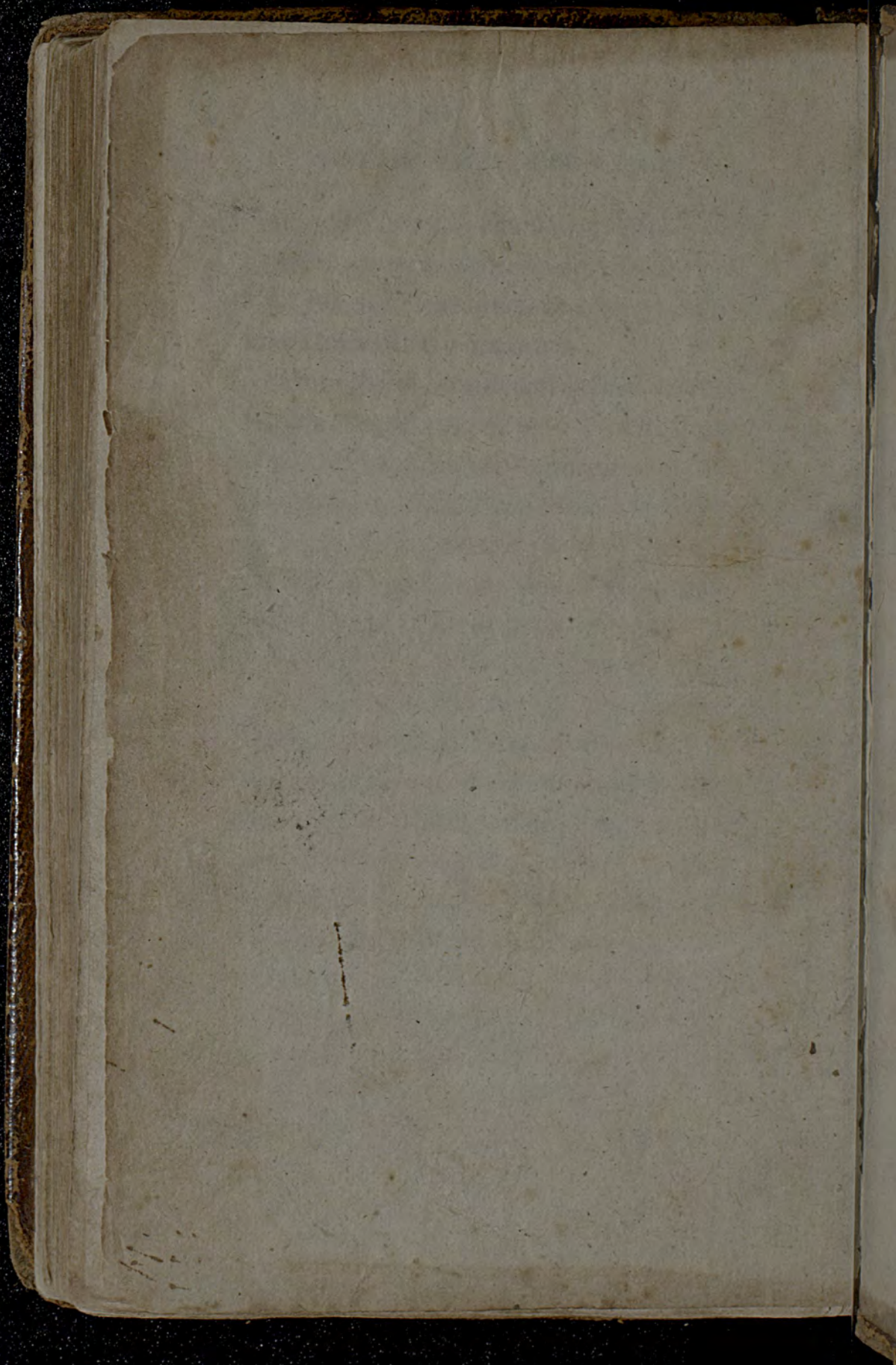
inhabitants of Henry's house except the unhappy master, were sunk in deep repose, a violent ringing at the gate roused them, and a messenger in a great haste announced, that if Henry wished to see his mother alive, he must instantly set out. As he had not taken off his clothes, he was soon ready to depart; but when he arrived, he found that his mother (who had been attacked by a fever a week before) had just ceased to exist, and that her last breath pronounced his name. This accumulation of misfortune was too much for his already disturbed intellects. He was immediately seized with the most dreadful insanity, and continued in that state upwards of two years. On his recovery he found that Leonora and Louisa had both taken the veil, and he determined to seek an abode in some new place, remote from the

haunts of men. Such were the melancholy causes which drove him to that forest where we met him in such an extraordinary manner.

Here Daniel ended this sad story, which affected us all very much; but what affected us still more, was his declaration, that his stories were at an end till the month of May, when he hoped to resume them. I assure you some of us had tears in our eyes in listening to this bad news. He tried to comfort us, by a promise that we should still have our treat of fruit or cakes; but I do not think there were three among us, who would not have been content to resign the eatables, if we could have retained the other part of our entertainment.

THE END.





12	16	10
8	7	15
96	112	150

