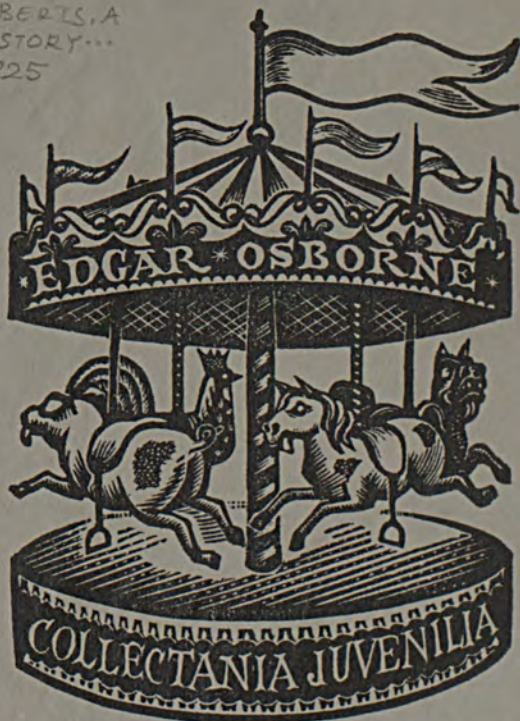


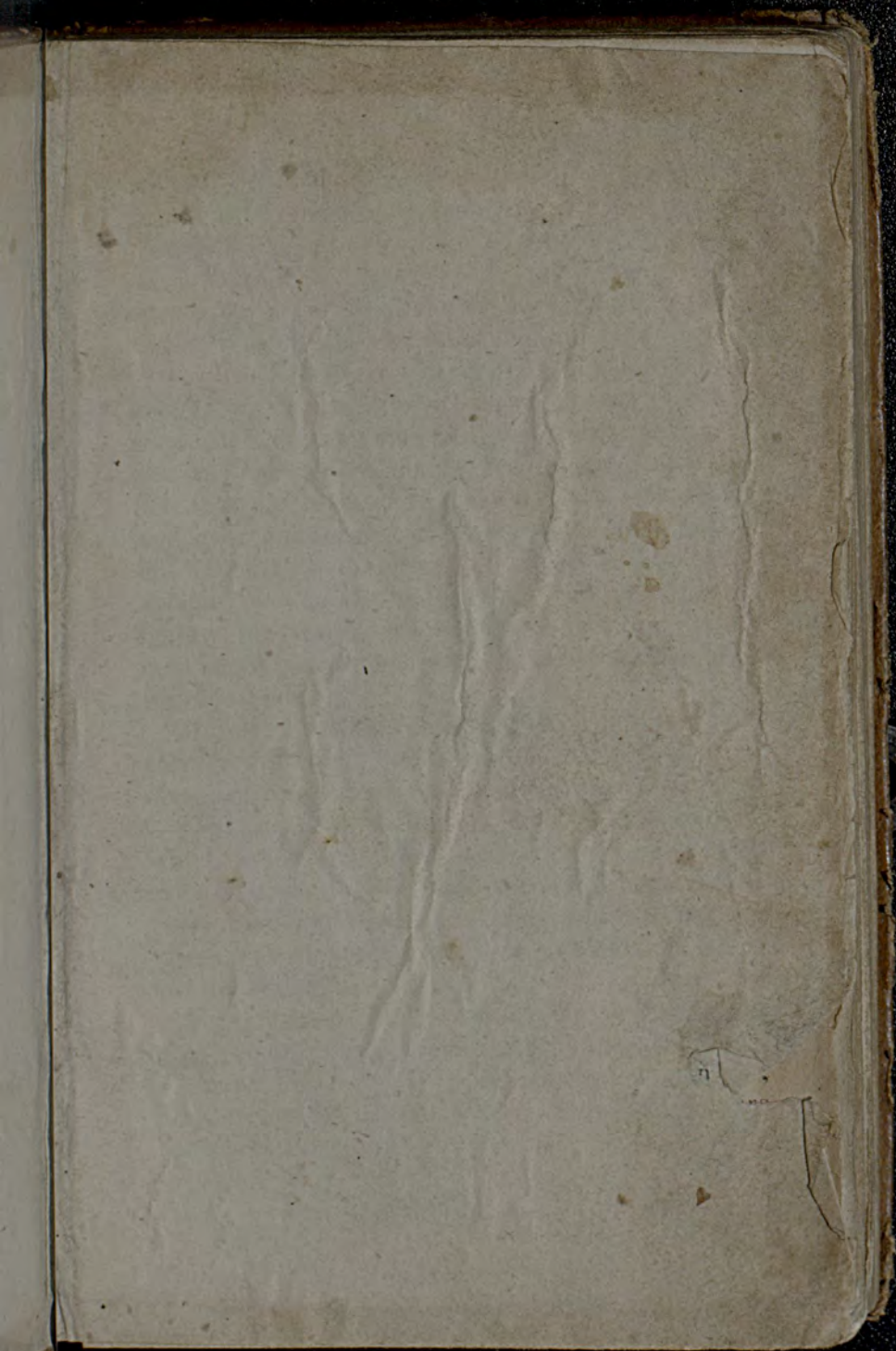


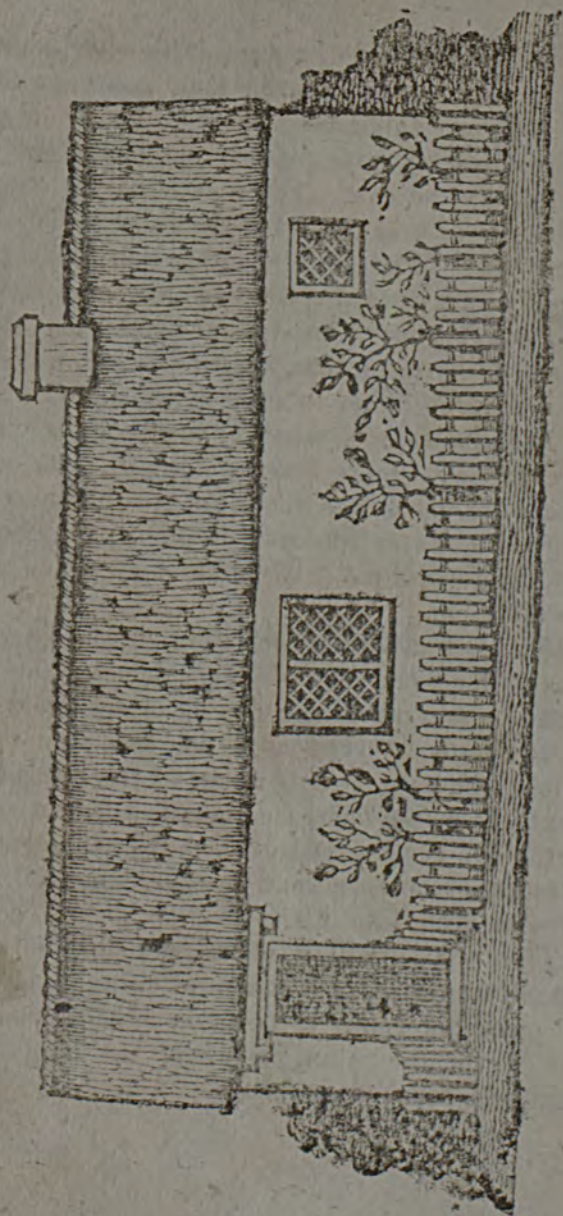
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VIEW OF TIM'S COTTAGE.

THE HISTORY
OF
TIM HIGGINS,
THE COTTAGE VISITER.

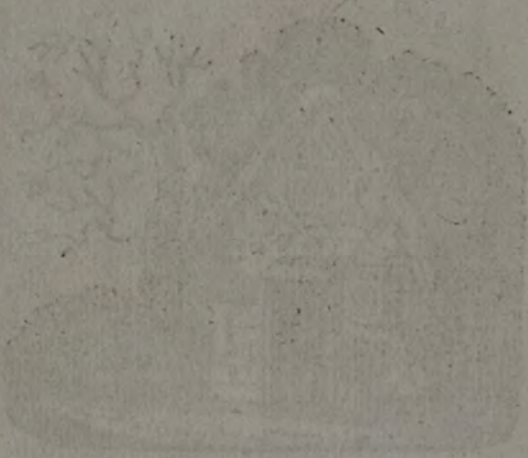


DUBLIN

PRINTED BY JOHN JONES, 40, SOUTH GREAT GEORGE'S-ST.

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THE LIFE
OF
TIM HIGGINS.

CHAP. I.

THOMAS and TIMOTHY HIGGINS, were the sons of a very well conducted man, who for many years kept a school for the children of small farmers, and humble country folks, in the neighbourhood of a country town, in the province of Leinster, and had done his duty to his sons, by giving them what might be called a good education, for their class of life; for they could read well, write a tolerable hand, and knew the first four rules of arithmetic so well, that scarcely a poor man within three miles round had a bill to draw out for his employer, but one or other of the Higginases had a hand in it. Though the good man, however, made his sons such scholars,—and, indeed, it was said that both had learned almost as much as he could teach

them—it had always been his chiefest care to fit them for a country life, and to impress upon them that he is happiest who has learned, as a pious man expresses it, in whatever state he is, therewith to be content.

The two brothers—for we can only say of the father, that, in the course of nature, he was gathered to his people, having seen them happily and comfortably settled—the two brothers were closely united in affection, and of similar dispositions. Both were married: Thomas had five children; Tim, who was seven years younger than his brother, had but one. They had both small farms, which they contrived to cultivate, and at the same time were able to work abroad occasionally. They lived within a few fields of each other, and had been spared those trials which so often cross our path in life, till, in the thirty-fourth year of Tim's age, a fever which raged in the neighbourhood, carried off his wife and child among many others. This was a severe blow, for he was strongly attached to both, and before time had soothed his grief, and religion had taught him resignation to the decrees of Providence, another affliction fell upon him. The dwelling-house of Mr. Malins, who kept an extensive cotton factory in the neighbourhood, and on whose property the Higginsons lived, took fire in the middle of the night; and, as he was much beloved for his benevolent disposition, the first appearance of the flames soon collected all

the neighbours round, each of whom rivalled the others in endeavours to assist so kind, and good a man. But it was Tim's happiness to render him the most essential service; he had an only son, an infant, who sleeping with his nurse in an upper room of the house, all attempts either to awaken the woman, whom the smoke was supposed to have stupified, or to reach the chamber through the adjoining rooms, which were in flames, had been unsuccessful. Who can describe the agony of the parents, as they saw the fire approaching nearer and nearer the apartment in which their child was lying? Oftentimes the poor father attempted to rush through, but was withheld by force, whilst the mother's screams filled every one with the deepest pity, as she asked, would no one strive to save her little one. The danger, however, appeared too great, for no one, as it seemed, was willing to incur almost inevitable destruction, until suddenly a man was seen climbing up the ladder, which had been placed against the side of the house, with a rope round his arm. The ladder was, indeed, too short to reach the roof, which the intrepid man was evidently wishing to get upon; but this offered little difficulty, for, partly by the assistance of one of the window stools, and partly by the leaden spout, he soon contrived, though at great risk of falling to the ground, to clamber over the parapet; till this moment, it was not known who was the individual, but the

names suddenly bursting forth from the window at which he had been climbing, a cry immediately ran through the crowd, "Tis Tim Higgins," which as instantly sunk, as they looked on with the most intense anxiety, and observed him calmly stopping to consider what was best to be done. Even Mr. Malins gave over any further effort to rush through the fire, and his wife's screams subsided into a low indistinct moan, as she began to hope and pray that the Almighty would preserve her child.

Tim had been often in the house before, so that he knew perfectly that the baby lay in the room fronting the garden, and it was therefore his object to get round the parapet to that window, and thus to endeavour either to arouse the woman or to get into the room. It was, indeed, an awful sight. The fire had gained the whole front of the house, and flames were bursting forth from every window. In some places, also, the roof of the front rooms had fallen in, so that it appeared impossible for Tim to accomplish his purpose of getting to the room. 'He cannot save the child, and he must perish himself,' said all, as they saw him springing over some impediments, and several times turning back upon his steps to try another way, as he was stopped by the glowing heat of the bricks, or by the burning rafters. At one time indeed they thought him lost, for his foot evidently slipped, and for a time they saw no more

of him. But though they thus gave him over, there was an Almighty Being who protected him, for on their running round to the garden side of the house, they found him leaning over the parapet with the infant in his arms, and fastening the rope round its tender body, and letting it down by the side of his house to the delighted parents, who received it with feelings which it is impossible to describe.

This, however, thus happily accomplished, Tim's next care was to assist the nurse in her descent, though this was a matter of no small difficulty, for when she had been awakened by Tim's breaking the glass of her window, as he leaned over the parapet, though her first instinct had been to hand over the baby to him, the sense of her own danger which now came upon her, almost deprived her of the power of acting. There was no time, however for delay; the fire had seized on the door of the room, and in a few moments all assistance would be too late. Tim, therefore, by great exertion—indeed, as he afterwards said, he was scarcely able to say how he had accomplished it—let himself down from the parapet upon the window-stool, and getting into the room, soon fastened the rope under her arms, and saw her received safely by those below, though in the descent she had fainted. But how was the generous man to escape himself? the ladder could not assist him, for the manner in which the house lay with re-

spect to the garden, had rendered it impossible in the first instance to bring it round to the rere : and the rope being besides much chafed as it ran upon the edge of the window-stool and parapet, there was too much reason to fear it could not bear the weight of a large man : but the thought came into his mind, to tie the sheets, blankets, and quilt together into a line, and though even thus they were far from reaching to the ground, he wisely threw out of the window the bed on which the nurse had been sleeping, which made those below take the hint, and collect in a heap all the beds and mattresses which had been saved. Thus his fall, which was about eighteen feet, did not cause him any other injury than breaking the small bone of his leg ; a wonderful escape indeed, if we consider that on each side of the beds there were some iron rails, on which had he fallen he must have been killed. And so thought Tim Higgins himself, for before he would notice the attentions of those about him, or the thanks of those who were most indebted to him, he poured out a short prayer of thanksgiving to Him whose arm had protected him through so many dangers.

We may well believe that Mr. and Mrs. Malins were unbounded in their gratitude to their child's deliverer. By their orders he was immediately taken to a neighbouring house, and an eminent surgeon having been sent for, his leg was set, and his other wounds dressed ; for

at the time he was seen to fall, he had been severely scorched in the right arm. Fatigue and pain soon brought on a fever, from which he recovered but slowly, although attended with the most anxious care; nor could all the skill of the surgeon prevent the arm from becoming almost wholly useless, the sinews having shrunk greatly, so that on returning to his cottage, he found himself quite incapable of active labour.

This was, indeed, a severe blow to him, for like many honest industrious men, he had a great aversion to idleness; and though every one told him he need not fear but Mr. Malins would amply provide for his future support, the thought of being a burden to any one became so intolerable, that he resolved to adopt any course rather than that. Nor let this be called Pride: Tim was not proud, unless an independant mind can be called such; all he wanted was to do something for a livelihood. Many plans were turned over in his mind as he lay upon his bed, and though it was a long time before a poor labouring man could hit on that which would suit his circumstances, he at last thought of one which, under all circumstances appeared to him most eligible. The sickness of his wife and child, and the little expenses attendant on the funeral, had swallowed up almost all the little substance he was possessed of, except, indeed, his farm, which he resolved to hand over to his brother: who he knew would tend it with a

much care as his own; and regularly make a return to him of the produce of each year, after paying the rent and other expenses. He had also a bed and box, which having been his wife's he determined not to part with, and thirty shillings in money. This sum, small as it was, he looked on as the foundation of his future fortune.

When arrived at his brother's cottage, and it was the first place he walked to, he opened his mind to Tom, who not approving his intentions, the following dialogue commenced between the brothers.

Tom. And are we to part after all, Tim? I hoped we might have spent our old age as well as our youth together; and what hinders it? I have a cow and a good garden; we have both our three acres a piece. The little fellows will soon be able to do something, and we shall manage very well if you will but stay. Molly wishes it as well as I do. You can be of great use to me if you will but stay, were it only for teaching the children.

Tim. My dear Tom, I have no doubt of your affection, and as little of Molly's; she gave me full proofs of her's in my late illness; but I really think it my duty to try some honest method of getting bread. My little farm I have determined on giving into your charge; and sure I am you will make the best penny of it you can for my profit; but that will not be

enough, so I must see and chalk out something else which shall prevent me from being a burden even to you ; because a man can do little, is, surely, a very bad reason for doing nothing ; the plan I have laid out will, I trust, with the blessing of God, not only maintain me, but be of some use to you and the children.

Tom. And what way of life have you laid out if you will leave us ?

Tim. That of a pedlar.—You know my whole stock of money amounts but to thirty shillings. Yet, even that will lay in a small stock of hardware, thread, tapes, &c. which I can replenish as I chuse ; for Mr. Folliot the great merchant, who sells to half the shops in the county, they say sells as cheap as one could get them in Dublin ; but don't suppose I mean to part entirely from you. I hope we shall spend most part of every winter together, and enjoy ourselves the more for a short separation. Another thing, Tom, has got into my head—I have a mind to see a little more of the world than I have done hitherto ; and to make my observations on it as well as I am able ; and, perhaps, I may pick up something in my travels that will give you and me a subject of discourse many a long winter's night.

Tom. Well, Tim, I can't but say I like your plan very much, and gladly own that I approve of your independence, in resolving not to be beholding for your bread to any one, so long

as Providence gives you health and strength to earn it. But there is one thing comes in the way of it, which I think you will find it difficult to get over; I like you the better for not looking to Mr. Malins, for any recompense for the service you did him, and am quite sure, were you uninjured, you would be right in refusing the smallest return, for saving the life of his child, except his thanks, which I am sure you have; but are you quite certain, that he would let you put this plan in execution, when he recollects, that you not only snatched his infant from the flames, but, in doing so, crippled yourself for life? I, for one, who know his disposition, cannot think it; and, though I wonder he has not spoken out before this, I am sure a few days will show you, that as he has the means of befriending you, so he is not unmindful of you.

Tim. As to that, Tom, I never doubt his good will to me, but so long as I am able to earn salt to my potato, no one shall ever say, Tim Higgins was a burden upon any one's charity. If Mr. Malins proposed any way of livelihood to me, I am not so foolish as to say I would refuse it, provided I felt equal to it, and it was honest; but this ought to come, and, in fact, can only come from himself. Had I lost the use of both arms, I am rewarded sufficiently, in the satisfaction of having saved the lives of two fellow-creatures; and, I know I have a brother, who, in that case, would not let me want.

Indeed I can say, with truth, that if there is any thing can increase my pleasure, it is the happiness I have, under Providence, conferred upon a worthy man and his wife.

Tom. Well, Tim, all this does credit to your feelings, and, depend on it, I am not the one to call up to Mr. Malins my brother's services; though, at the same time, it will do little credit, either to his head or his heart to overlook them. But, suppose you are reduced to the necessity of putting this plan in practice, can you strap on your box, or take it off, when your right hand is nearly useless?

Tim. I wish we were used from our childhood to use both hands indifferently; if we were, I think they would be of equal use to us, for since I lost the use of my right arm, I have been constantly trying to make the left supply its place; and I have so far succeeded, as to do many things with it, which I once thought impossible, and I hope practice will still improve me. I shall seldom want the box put on or taken off, except in a house, and there I am sure of help. To say the truth, I am anxious to begin, and mean to set out in about a fortnight, by which time I hope to be stronger, and better able for what is before me. Nor do I intend at first to go farther than the bounds of our own county during the spring. In summer I shall extend my travels, as I call them, and I trust in God we shall meet comfortably in winter.

Tom. The Lord grant it, and be your guide when you are far from us.

CHAP. II.

A FEW days sufficiently proved that Tom Higgins had not misunderstood the feelings of Mr. Malins towards the preserver of his child. He had held many consultations with Mrs. Malins as to the best return they could make him, and had at last come to the determination of giving him his cottage and garden and little farm rent free, but waiting till Tim's health should be perfectly restored, he had delayed informing him of his intentions.— But the report soon spread about the country that Tim Higgins was about to turn pedlar—and though he was amongst the last who heard it, at length it reached *his* ears also, and at once convinced him that no time was to be lost in opening his plan to him who was its object. I would not for a great deal, said he, as he walked into the parlour, and took his hat and stick from the place where they always hung when not in use, I would not for a great deal, that I had remained so long silent—but the fault is not without remedy, and I am going over to him this moment to pay him what I consider as a sacred debt.—My poor fellow, added he to himself, to think of going out in such a crippled state ! Well might you and the world call me

ungrateful to suffer it; as for the latter, they have doubtless called me so long since, but I never heard from yourself the remotest hint on the subject of recompense—you must surely have thought my silence unaccountable; but two hours shall not have passed till I do you the justice you so well deserve.

On arriving at Tim's cottage, Mr. Malins saw sufficient to satisfy him, that had he delayed much longer, his visit would have come too late. Tim was abroad, and as he found from the little girl who cleaned up his little place, was gone into the neighbouring town to buy some articles for his box. This last was lying on the table, and had lately had a good lock put to it, and strong straps; and various little things, such as threads, tapes, needles, and some coloured calicoes, the sort of things, in which he was to deal, were lying on the bed.

The impression which all this made on Mr. Malins, as he saw these preparations, did credit to his feelings. He examined each of them with a painful interest as he waited for Tim's return, considering how he should open his project to him, for every thing shewed him that he would have to do with no ordinary person. In the midst of it, however, Tim entered with that look of cheerfulness, indeed which plainly shewed a mind satisfied with itself, but at the same time still bearing in his pale countenance the marks of the sickness and pain he had

endured, and of fatigue by the long walk he had taken.—With great cordiality, however, he took the hand which Mr. Malins held out to him, and shaking it repeatedly, enquired after Mrs. Malins and the infant—that they are both well, Tim, answered Mr. Malins, I may, under God, thank that useless arm. But what is this I have heard of your turning pedlar—and what are all these preparations which I see about; one might have thought, Tim, you never would take such an important step without acquainting your friends with it; I need not say how much I am your friend, and I would that you also considered me as nothing else than such.

Tim. I thank you, Sir, most kindly, and indeed at all times, but particularly of late, have had good reason to call you so, but I had two reasons for my silence, which I hope you will not ask me to tell you.

Mr. Malins. But I shall ask you, and beg of you, Tim, to speak to me without reserve, for I came here to open my mind to you, and expect the same confidence on your part.

Tim. Well Sir, the first was, and I hope you will believe me when I say it was not pride; but I will honestly tell you that you are the very last man, I would consent to ask advice from on such a subject; not, indeed, because I doubt your willingness to do me a kindness, but because I had rather bear any privation, or take up any honest way of earning a penny, than

appear to remind you of the trifling service I did you.

Mr. M. Never call it trifling, Tim, when to you I owe not only my wife and child, but all the happiness I enjoy in my family; but tell me your other reason, for if I know myself, your disinterested conduct shall not want its reward.

Tim. Aye, Sir, that is what I thought, and therefore it was, that I was confirmed in my silence. My father was, as you know, Sir, an honest man. For thirty years he was a school-master in this village; and much pains did he take in giving my brother Tom, and me the best of that learning which befitted our station; but none of his lessons sunk so deep on the mind of his sons as that which exhorted us to put up with any thing, however coarse, rather than consent to eat the bread of idleness or dependence. It has ever been our custom, Sir, to look to ourselves, and our own exertions, and never yet have I found them insufficient. Excuse me, for speaking to you my mind so freely; you have proved yourself my friend, and it is as such I am laying open to you my mind.

Mr. M. But this excellent precept, Tim, will not, I hope, prevent your pursuing the course I am about to recommend.

Tim. Having listened to the explanation, pardon me, Sir, and do not think it ingratitude if I decline it. I am not yet incapable of doing

something for a livelihood, and, until I am, I hope it will not be considered wrong of me, to reject, with great respect, such kindness as that you propose to me. If my own efforts fail, it will then be time enough to look to my friends; but, until then, the crust I eat shall be my own earning.

Mr. Malins. I honour you so much for it, Tim, that though I came resolved to overrule all your objections, I shall not say a single sentence, to induce you to change a principle of conduct, which does you so much credit. But, look you, Tim—another plan has this moment come into my mind, which, I think, you can have no objection to. I have been hitherto in the habit of sending out a clerk, to different parts of the country, to take orders from the dealers; and, my business is so much increased, that, for some time, I have had the design of employing a second, who shall occasionally, that is, during the Spring and Summer, lighten him of part of his circuit. You shall be that person, Tim, and when not engaged abroad, and I am myself obliged to go a distance, you shall oversee my factory. Though the sinews of the arm are contracted, it has only deprived you of the power of using the shoulder and elbow joints; it does not prevent your making entries in the order book, which is in fact all you will have to do, and receiving payments. In this way of travelling about, you will have an opportunity of spending your time with your

friends hereabouts, and at intervals will enjoy the pleasure of making yourself acquainted with the country. The salary will be only thirty pounds a year at first, so that I hope you will allow me to settle on you, £10 annually, during your life.

Tim. To say I hesitate in accepting your generous offer, so far as regards the clerkship, would argue a great indifference to your kindness; however, you must excuse my taking any thing more from you. I think, and indeed trust, I shall be equal to the employment; but you will have to explain the duties to me at some other time, for at present my heart is too full to speak upon it with calmness.

CHAP. III.

THE arrangement mentioned in the last dialogue, took place in the month of December, and about the beginning of March Tim commenced his operations. He had passed the winter principally at Mr. Malin's factory; and, being a shrewd and steady man, had in that time acquired a competent knowledge of the goods he was to deal in, as well as of the mode of keeping his accounts. He was not, indeed, qualified to make sales to the upper class of shop-keepers, for though very intelligent, he was still but an humble man, and had not address enough for that. He was well suited for travelling through

the different market towns, within a circuit of forty miles, and of making sales to the small dealers, who attend the market days. He had laid aside his frieze trusty, and being clothed in a plain suit of blue, with buttons of the same, had all the appearance of a decent tradesman. He was naturally, also, of a cheerful disposition, had a retentive memory, could tell a story as well as most people, so that being soon known as Mr. Malins' clerk, he became a general favourite, and well pleased was the small shopkeeper who could induce Mr. Higgins (for so he was called) to stop with him for the night; for at the end of each day's journey, he always preferred doing so to going to the public house or inn, where so many unpleasant scenes are often to be witnessed. On these occasions it was his delight, when he fell in with a sensible companion, to talk on such subjects as were instructive, and thus, by giving and taking, as it were, that is, by imparting what he knew, and obtaining information in return, he not only improved those who conversed with him, but added considerably to his own stock of knowledge. He was not, however, vain of this, but, on the contrary, ever recollected what he had been, and how kindly Providence had opened to him this way of livelihood. He stored up all he had learned, in order that he might, on occasion, benefit others, and remained as humble as when he had worn his gray frieze coat, and worked

in his little fields. As this was the first year, he remained abroad until the end of autumn, in order to make himself better acquainted with his duty, only occasionally calling in to see his brother, as he passed by from one place to another. At the end of that time he received directions from Mr. Malins to return home; and it was no small satisfaction to him to learn by the same letter that his employer was not only perfectly satisfied with the amount of his sales, but with the steadiness and strict integrity with which he had always acted.

The summons was no sooner received than obeyed—He only stopped at a few places, as he passed homeward to wind up his sales, and soon had the satisfaction of passing his accounts with Mr. Malins, and receiving his employer's warm commendations. Come, said Mr. Malins, we have a little more business to transact—you have given to me all that belongs to me, to the last farthing, and it is, I am sure, a satisfaction, to an honest man, to have to deal with one so scrupulously exact as I am in money matters. I am as particular about a half-penny as a pound, and I am glad, Tim, to see you are the same—but it is time to show you that I am not so only on my own side. I advanced you five pounds as an outfit, and you have at different times drawn on me for two pounds fourteen shillings and sixpence half-penny; here, therefore, is the balance of your half year's salary, seven pounds five

shillings and five-pence half-penny ; and I only wish that every employer was receiving as good value for his money as I am. Here also, Tim, is your half year's receipt for the farm. You would not allow me to fulfil my first intention of the annuity—but as that little spot may have missed you during your absence, you must not oppose me for this once—Besides also, for he saw that Tim was about to make objections, here comes Mrs. Malins, and see the little one whose life you so generously exposed your's to save.—Nay, Tim, this is no time to disappoint me by a refusal—said he, taking up his boy in his arms, and kissing him with fondness.

Tim. God bless the child, he is a lovely boy, and I am thankful that I was permitted to be of service to you ; but with respect to the receipt, sir, suffer me to pay you out of—

Mrs. Malins. No indeed, Tim, Mr. Malins will not suffer you to deprive him of the pleasure he enjoys in thanking you ; nor will I hear of any objection to the little present which my son and I make you. We have taken the opportunity of your absence, to have your little cottage put in order for your return, and we hope you may find it comfortable during the winter, till Mr. Malins sends you abroad again.

Tim. Good sir,—kind madam,—how shall I thank you ?—you overrate my humble service, but I will not oppose you any longer, only I beg, I earnestly beg, it may be the last time

you forego the rent of my farm ; and dont think me proud in refusing your kindness ;—I only do it, feeling it unjust to receive any thing in addition to the salary I have just been paid.

Mrs. Malins. Well Tim, this is enough at present, the next gale I promise to take from you—but go now to your brother's, and to-morrow we will take a walk over to your cottage together.

CHAP. IV.

As Tim approached his brother's, the little children were standing at the door, amusing themselves with sailing little paper boats, upon a pool of water, over which it was necessary to step in order to get into the house ; for Tom, though a worthy man and industrious, was *one of the old School*.—he saw no objection to the pool of stagnant water, provided it did not come into the house, for he had been accustomed to it many years, so that when he was once told it was unwholesome, and made his floor damp, he desired them to look at his little children, and then tell him it was unhealthy.—But, to resume our narrative, Tom and Molly were both within, for they had been taught to expect their brother, late in the day ;—when one of the boys suddenly exclaimed :—“Here comes my Uncle Tim and a pig !” and instantly ran to meet the two visitants ; the whole family followed, and

Tim was welcomed most affectionately by them. —The pig was soon tied up in the sty, the boy who drove him, paid and dismissed, and then Tim told them, he had brought them a little porkeen, to feast on at Christmas, which he had bought the evening before, at the fair of —. He next put a shawl round his sister-in-law's neck ; gave a couple of razors to his brother, a book called *Æsop's Fables*, to the eldest boy, a pegging top to the next, and so on, till he had made them all a very happy set. Come Molly, said Tom to his wife, Tim is hungry, and the evening is chilly, try can you find any thing for us to eat ;—we killed a pig lately, and sold the greater part of him at the market, but glad we are to see you here in time, to take share of it.

The potatoes were now boiling, rashers were cut, and the whole party sat down to the happy meal. The evening passed in general discourse, but at night, when the children were in bed, and the brothers and Molly seated round a good fire, Tom began the following dialogue :—

Tom. Now tell me honestly, Tim, how you like your new situation ; are you not tired of rambling ?

Tim. By no means ; I like it better every day, and gather so much news, and learn so many useful things, that I hope, in a short time, not only to amuse you and Molly, but also to benefit you. Besides, Tom, the bread of industry is sweet, and since I have become

disabled, perhaps it is one of the few situations I am qualified to fill.

Tom. I am glad to hear you say you are content, but now that you mean to stop with us for some time, what do you mean to do?

Tim. I intend to go over to-morrow to my little cottage, which I suppose you know Mrs. Malins has been doing something to, in order to make it, as she says, more comfortable. There I shall reside till spring calls me out again. In the mean time I shall take your eldest boy away with me; he will be society to me in the evenings when I return from the factory, whither I must go every day; and I can send him during these hours to the school lately set up by Mr. Malins for the children of his workmen. He has brought down from Dublin, a very clever young man as school-master, and I hope to have it in my own power, to make my nephew a good farmer.

Tom. Thank you kindly, Tim, for your offer to take Jem, though I dont know how his mother or I could bring ourselves to part him, if it were not to you; but as to your cottage, let me tell you, you will never set foot in it again.

Tim. How is that? didn't I tell you only a few hours ago, that I should return to it to-morrow.

Tom. Yes; but the mud cottage you lived in, has been thrown down, and another has been built in its place, something larger, and, as Mr. Malins says, more convenient;—indeed,

he intends it as a pattern cottage, and has kindly offered to allow a year's rent, to all who will build like it; and to advance half the expense, payable in three years; but I dont know why it is, we dislike unsettling ourselves, so that as yet, no one has taken advantage of the offer.

Tim. Well Tom, at all events, I think I know one who will not be long without doing so; I am sure when I was coming in I saw a pool before the door, which is, no doubt, the cause of this dampness in the floor; and also prevents your being either clean or comfortable.

Tom. Another thing he has done, is offering prizes to those who pay the most attention to their gardens, and make them most productive.

Tim. There again, Tom, the shoe must pinch you; for it was easy to see as I came down the road, by the side of your garden, a good part of it unprofitable; in this, however, I think I can give you some advice which will be useful to you. Indeed, it is only the other day that I became convinced of all that might be made of a garden like your's. I was going lately, from one market town to an adjoining one, when a thunder storm overtook me, and obliged me to take shelter in a snug little cottage. It rained violently till near night, so that I thankfully accepted the offer of a bed which the worthy couple who lived in it, made to me. Near sun-set, the man went out, but soon returned with a fine bowl of parsnips, which

he desired his wife to dress for supper. This she soon did, first boiling them soft; she then mashed them up with a little new milk, pepper, and salt, and letting them stew a little, poured the whole out on a dish, and threw a little bit of butter over it; and I think I never ate a better meal in my life. I slept like a top after it, and liked my fare so well, that I am resolved you shall sow parsnips next spring.

Tom. Parsnips are very good, no doubt; but you know they require a rich soil, and we have no spare ground; a good plot of cabbage we always have, and that, I think, is most useful in a poor man's garden.

Tim. I grant that it is; but have patience, Tom. Next morning, I took a view of the garden, tis nearly the size of your's, about three quarters of an acre; it lies on a slope, and narrows as it goes down, ending almost in a point; a little spot of the lower end is, therefore, very wet, and there he has planted osiers, which supply him with baskets, kishes, &c. for his own use, and a good many to sell; next to the house, he has a huge plot of cabbages; when first put down, he plants them so thick, that he may cut one half for greens, and leave the rest to whiten; next, a small plot for parsnips, carrots, and onions;—onions are ready money any time, and the parsnips afford many a fine meal, at a time when the poor man wants it most, when neither the old or new potatoes are good; next, he has

a short ridge of beans, which are fine strengthening food;—the ground thus laid out, he says, produces much more food, than he could expect from an equal quantity sown under potatoes; still as any thing is pulled up, he sets plants in their place, so that he always is sure of cabbage or greens: and his pig, in the way he manages, supplies him with nearly as much dung as he wants, for his kitchen garden;—he has built a little snug sty for him (as I expect you will,) he gives him a good bed of straw, or the tops of heath, which will do as well; all the useless leaves of the cabbage, which the cow can spare, are thrown to him, with whatever weeds the garden affords, for nothing goes astray with a pig; and these with a few potato-skins, and the water they are boiled in, will actually make him good pork in a short time; the sty is regularly cleansed, and, in frosty weather, the man often turns the manure upside down, adding ashes, sweepings of the kitchen, urine, &c. which make fine manure in spring.

Tom. But consider, Tim, I have not manure to prepare a plot for parsnips against the spring, much less onions, and to sow either in poor ground, would be losing the ground and the seed.

Tim. True, but you might give us your cabbage plot, or part of it, for we wont ask you to sow onions till the season following, and you may take in a bit of the potato ground for cabbage, I

remarked here and there tufts of thyme, shives, and pot marjoram, which take up little or no room, and are very good in broth, when a poor man can get it,—the garden is well fenced, and in the inside of the ditch, he has planted raspberries of which his wife may sell some ten-pences worth, in the neighbouring town, they sell for six pence or eight pence per pottle; and before I leave this I intend to plant some slips,—the boys will thank me for it next year.

Tom. Why, Tim, you are grown a great improver.—

Tim. When a man has but a little spot of ground, and pays dear for it, surely he should not lose one inch of it—but I believe it is bedtime, at another opportunity I have much to say to you, on subjects of which I think you will like to hear.

Tom. And what are they, brother?

Tim. Saving Banks and other things which I only knew the names of hitherto, but at present I think I am well informed with respect to them—so good night, dear Tom.

CHAP. V.

TIM HIGGINS was always an early riser; but the next morning he was up an hour sooner than usual; indeed, he said himself, he did not know what made him so restless and disinclined for

sleep through the night. At one time he thought it was his arm that disturbed him, at another the room was too close; but the fact was, like many persons who have experienced some unexpected pleasure; or are about to undertake any thing of great consequence; his thoughts were constantly running on the happiness which the morrow had in store for him. Before he went to bed he was several times on the point of asking Molly to describe the cottage which his grateful benefactors had built for him; but he thought it was implied in his promise to Mrs. Malins, that he would make no inquiries on the subject, so he restrained himself; though from several hints, he could collect, that it was both comfortable and handsome.

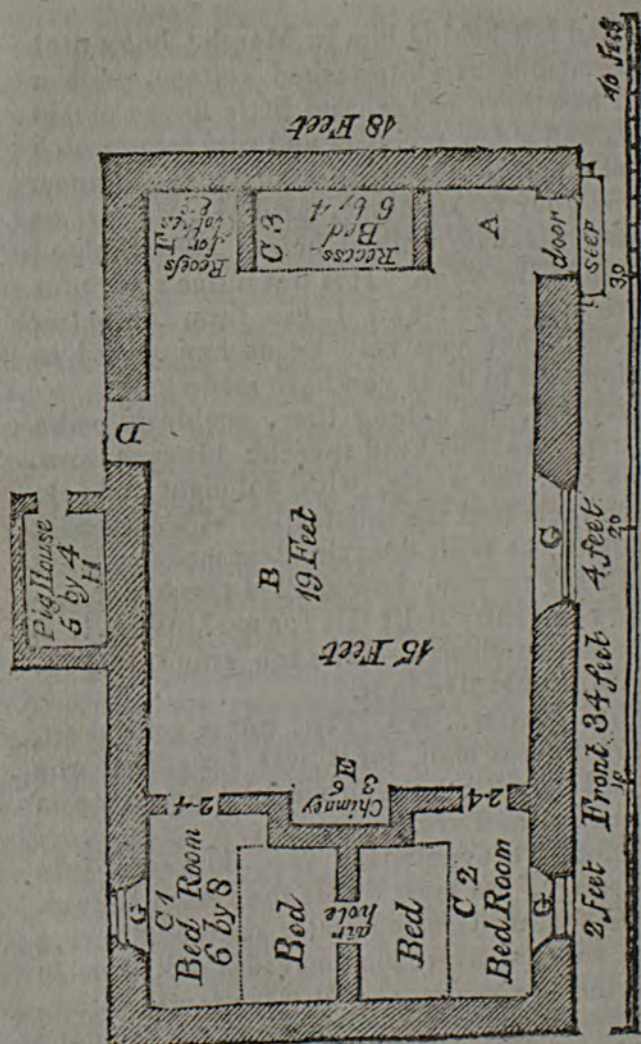
At nine o'clock, therefore, after frequently hearing from his sister that he was very *fidgetty*—and after sitting down to a breakfast, at which he ate nothing, he walked over to Mrs. Malins, and found her garden chair at the door, in which she was used to drive about the country; and had soon the satisfaction of seeing her take her seat in it along with Mr. Malins, having first wished him the kindest good morning, and desired him to walk beside it, for they meant to proceed slowly. The distance was not great, so they soon came within sight of the spot where Tim's cottage had stood. We say, had stood, for there was no longer a trace of the low, ill-thatched and inconvenient mud cabin which

Tim had left behind him in March; but a neat and commodious whitewashed cottage, with a small hawthorn hedge, and little flower plot in front, and a few creepers and rose trees, which added much to the neatness of its appearance. This is your future home, said Mr. Malins, as he and his wife walked before the delighted Tim up to the door. It is but a due return for all we owe you; and I can form no better wish than that you may be as happy and as comfortable in it as you have made us.

Tim was, for a long time, unable to make any reply to this kind speech: his eyes wandered over the whole, with a delight and joy, which increased the satisfaction of his friends; at length, he said, dear sir, dear madam, what shall I say to you, how shall I thank you?—Have you really built this for me? Why it is quite too handsome—quite too grand—a gentleman should live in it.

Mrs. Malins. No, Tim, not a gentleman, but an honest man, for it was for such a one we had it built; but you must let me shew you the rooms, and every thing else.

Before we accompany Tim, however, into his cottage, we must desire the reader to look at the frontispiece and plate, on the following page, which will give him some idea of its outside and inside appearance; it was exactly thirty-four feet in front, from out to out, (as builder's call it) that is, including the walls, having a



INTERIOR VIEW OF TIM'S COTTAGE.

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neat door at one side, a good latticed window, three feet six inches square; and, nearer to the other end, a smaller window, two feet square; the chimney, also, was placed, not in the gable, as is usually the case, but rose from the roof, about eight or nine feet from the gable; and, as to the little flowers, creepers, and neat cut hedge, which gave the whole so nice an appearance, what poor man will pretend, that they cost any thing more than a little trouble, or deny that it is much better to make a place look neat, and even handsome, when it can be done without expense?—there was no dunghill, nor even a place for one at the door side, nor yet a great hollow for water and mud to collect in; but a neat small grass plot, which looked green and was close cut.

Mr. M. I had two objects, Tim, in building this cottage for you; one of which I have told you already, the other you can scarcely guess at;—you know as well as I do, the manner in which labouring people about us live, and how greatly it would increase their health and comfort, if we could persuade them to exchange their present unwholesome and inconvenient dwellings, for something like this.

Tim. Assuredly it would, sir, but where is a poor man to get the means of doing so? when he pays his rent, it is as much as he can do; and as for the cabin, a few of the neighbours soon help him to raise that.

Mr. Malins. They are kind enough in assisting each other; but there are many things they do to save trouble, which make the place a great deal more damp than it needs be; for instance, the clay which is to build the lower part, at least, of the walls, they always dig out of the floor, and thus making the floor lower than the level of the ground about the house, it is, of course, almost always damp, and at the same time, difficult to clean; to avoid this evil Tim, you see the floor of your cabin is one foot higher than the ground outside, and as you see, it is also even.

Tim. Yes, it is not only dry but even and hard, so that I expect it will not so easily be worn into hollows, as if it was formed merely of the soil; nor damp either, though the ground hereabouts is rather moist.

Mr. M. When the ground was marked out for the cabin, I adopted the following method of keeping it dry; I had a trench dug for the foundation eighteen inches deep below the general level of the soil, and so broad, that besides the foundation wall, there was a sewer or drain, a foot broad all round the outer wall. At regular distances in the foundation, which was built of dry stone, and without mortar, and raised to the height of two feet, I left openings in order that water springing in the inside, might find a ready passage into this sewer. The bottom of the floor is of lime-riddlings moistened, though

when they cannot be had, clay strongly rammed, would answer nearly as well; this I had levelled with common mortar, and then I laid on, to the thickness of an inch, a composition of hot lime, powdered, well watered pit sand, and powdered brick dust, mixed up in equal quantities into a plaster, with water; blood would have been better, but I had it not convenient.

Tim. What a capital floor—it is as hard as flaggings; but as you wish the poor to have such, may I be bold to ask, how is it possible for them to go to such expense.

Mr. M. The expense, as you will shortly find, is not great; but there is another mode which costs less, and answers almost as well; it is covering the inside floor to the depth of six or eight inches, with a bed of loosely laid limestone, as level as possible, and covering it with straw or rushes, and laying on the top of all, a bed of blue or yellow clay; taking care to join these, by the openings I have mentioned, with the outer drain. The walls of your cottage, are constructed of bricks, made of mud and straw, well tempered and dried in the sun; if this, however, had not been convenient, of course they might be mud, plastered over and well whitewashed.

Tim. But I see another great improvement in the division which the chimney makes in the inside; for often have I been ashamed to see the custom of men, women and children, bundled together in the same room.

Mrs. M. Step in, Tim, and you will see that a partition divides what you thought a single room, into two sleeping-rooms, each six feet by eight; and as they both have windows, one in the front and the other in the back of the house, you may see how easy it is, by means of the opening in the upper part of the partition, to air both rooms.

Tim. How sweet the air is; but I am afraid, Sir, we could not expect the very poor to let in the cold air so freely in the winter, unless they have plenty of bed-clothes to cover them; or at least plenty of turf.

Mr. M. You are right Tim, I know they often lie together in one bed, and stop up every crevice or broken pane of glass, in order to collect as much warmth as possible; yet this I have reason to know is one cause, why so much fever prevails among them.

Tim. When you talk of the causes of fever, dont forget the travelling beggars, who so often come to ask a night's lodging; I remember sir, to have heard of one who asked for shelter, and was kindly admitted to sleep in the same room, it was the only one, with the family. In a few days, he was found to have a fever on him, and turned out, but it was too late for every one, man, woman, and child, had caught it from him.

Mr. M. I recollect at the time the fever raged here, Tim, that blind Jerry (as he was

called,) was known to have given the fever to six different families, and more than one person died of it;—but I have one more advantage in dividing the cabin into two parts by the chimney, instead of putting it at the gable, as is usually done;—can you guess what that is?

Tim. If I am right, it is for heat.

Mr. Malins. You are right, Tim: in this way the back of the fire-place keeps the two bed-rooms dry and warm, so that the whole heat of the fire is kept inside, instead of some of it being lost, *as in the old plan.*

Mrs. M. Now Tim, let me show you my contrivance. Mr. Malins has given you a room nineteen feet by fifteen; and two bed-rooms six feet by eight; look to the other end of the cottage opposite the fire-place, and you will see there a bed; and the remainder of the gable I have filled with a good press for clothes or other things. If you were an old man with a grown family, I should tell you to keep one of the small bed-rooms for yourself; give the other to your daughters and the recess to your boys. But I have another contrivance to show you. Near the press you see the back door, look out and you will see another house, and an inhabitant in it already.

Tim goes to the door and opens it with a great look of curiosity, and astonishment, and sees a snug pig-sty, (with a pig in it.) “Oh Ma’am how kind you have been in every thing.”

Mrs. M. If your family had been large, Mr. Malins would have built you a kitchen where the pig-sty stands, and placed that where the window of the back bed-room is; in that case he would have put the window in the gable.

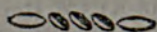
Mr. M. Now, Tim, we have explained every thing to you: as far as regards the furniture, I think you already know the convenience of each article. Your bed, I hope, you will find comfortable; and also that nest of drawers which my carpenter insisted on making for you; and I think Mrs. Malins has taken care to stock your little press; nay, man, you must not be thanking us for doing our duty—but let me tell you my second object in building this cottage. It is to teach the labouring class about me, the ease with which those who are in full work, as tradesmen, or have their own little spot of ground, and outwork when they chuse to look for it, can increase their comforts.

Tim. Yes, Sir, I dont doubt but they will see it plain enough; but how are they to go about building such a palace as this?

Mr. M. This palace, as you call it, my friend Tim, did not cost me fifteen pounds; if a man were to build it himself, it would cost him much less; and if he were to build the living-room, twelve feet by fifteen instead of nineteen, leaving sleeping-rooms as before, it is as plain he would do it for still less. Now my plan is this—I suppose the neighbours will be

coming to see you in your own house; and I wish you to tell any of my tenants who come to you, that I will give five pounds to assist in building a similiar one for each who is able and willing to give the remainder;—and further, that at the end of each year I will give, as a prize, to the neatest and best kept cottages, a receipt in full for the rent, provided, it does not amount to more than three pounds. And now, Tim, once more welcome to your home, may you long enjoy it.

Tim. May you both be rewarded for all your goodness to me, and to the poor.—The prayers of a grateful tenant, are all that a poor man has to offer.



CHAP. VI.

FOR some days after Tim's entrance into his comfortable cottage, he was too much occupied between the factory, and the little arrangements of his furniture, shelves &c. to spend much time with his brother's family: but this once over, the first evening that he found himself settled, as he called it, that is, every thing in its proper place, he walked over to his brother's, and found the little family seated round a good turf fire, at their supper; he therefore took a seat at the table, and, though his situation in life had now accustomed him to better fare than his brother could afford to give him, he

nevertheless, with great cheerfulness, took share of their potatoes and milk; and to do him all justice, he played his part well.

The meal being ended, and grace said, for the brothers never sat down to, or rose from a meal, without a short but pious prayer to God, to relieve the wants of others, and make them thankful, the conversation took a cheerful, and instructive turn; they spoke of former times, and early friends, and naturally of the alterations which time produces; they spoke also, of some whom they had known industrious and sober, falling into poverty, from becoming fond of drink, that great propensity of the labouring classes in Ireland; and both agreed, that until the people knew better, (and, the only way of knowing better, was by their superiors teaching them,) no reformation could be expected.

I have often thought upon this said Tim; for no one sees more of the evils of drunkenness than those whose business calls them to fairs and markets, for it is there that the vice most shows itself. And when do you think, inquired his brother, may we hope to see more sense amongst us?

Tim. When the people send their children to the schools that are set up in all parts; so that the young when they grow up may be better conducted; and when Savings Banks are more established through the country.

Tom. I wish much to hear something of

these Savings Banks ; for though there is one lately opened in the neighbouring town, the trifle I could spare, I thought safer in my own hands.

Tim. A sure sign I was not here ; for if I had, I dont think you would have been afraid of lodging it there ; but I must try, as plainly as I can, to give you some idea of the usefulness of these Institutions. You are to know that some good people in Scotland taking into consideration that poor people when they could save a penny, had no safe place to put it in, contrived a sort of bank for them, where any sum not less than ten-pence, will be taken, and the owner receive interest at the rate of one half-penny per month, as soon as the sums lodged amount to twelve shillings and six-pence ; and he may call for the principal any time he pleases. This answered so well in Scotland, that England soon followed the example ; and now we have them here, but on an improved plan ; for Government seeing that great numbers of servants, tradesmen and labourers were eager to deposit their little hoards in these banks, and fearing they might be discouraged by the failure of some of them, they resolved to fix them on a sure foundation ; so they passed an act of parliament, empowering a certain number of gentlemen of character and large fortunes, to associate for the purpose of forming Banks here and there ; and their whole estates

were to be answerable for the money deposited there ; as a further security, they were obliged to send the money so received, weekly to the Bank of Ireland, and now, Tom, dont you think a poor man's money would be pretty safe there.

Tom. Why, I think it would; and now if you can tell us where a poor man or woman is to find money to put in the Bank, I shall say you are quite clever ; for the trifle I spoke of did not exceed a few shillings.

Tim. You see, Tom, our Rulers have done their part, let us do ours, and much good may be done ; are there not a vast number of servant-men and maids, every one of whom can afford to lay by a trifle yearly ? are there not numbers of unmarried tradesmen, aye, and some married ones too, who can do the same ? and where is the man, like yourself, Tom, who have your snug little spot of ground, and are in work the whole year round, who could not, with ever so little prudence, save a ten-pence weekly, to put in ? Now if these, instead of wasting their money on foolish finery—or worse, on liquor—put their little savings into the Bank, they would find a comfortable resource against sickness or other accidents ; and I am happy to be able to tell you, that numbers do avail themselves of the benefit now placed within their reach ; thousands and tens of thousands of pounds, are placed in the Banks, which are widely spreading all over the kingdom. It is not easy to say how much good may come from this one thing.

Tom. Well, to be sure, it is a good thing to have a little store for a sore leg or rainy day; but you seem to speak as if this was not all the advantage to be derived from them.

Tim. Nor is it; as I found explained in a little tract on Savings Banks, which I met in a pedlar's basket. In the first place, it will encourage a spirit of independence, without which a man can never respect himself, nor be respected by others; it will lessen the number of beggars, and, what is best of all, it will give young people early habits of industry and frugality; so that I really look on these Banks as a benefit to the country at large.

Tom. And what sum will a poor person be allowed to put in?

Tim. Why, as I mentioned already, you may begin with a tenpenny, if you please; and you may add to it weekly, or monthly as you think fit; but you will receive no Interest till your money amounts to twelve shillings and six pence. You may call for what money you have in the Bank, at a week's warning, if it is not more than five pounds; but for any sum above that you must give a fortnight's notice—This is a full and true account of the Banks. And now, *Tom*, I'll tell you a story:—About two months since, a violent storm coming on, I took shelter in a snug cottage, a little way off the road; what should be going on there but a wedding. I would have retired but the father of the

bride seized me,—“You shall stay,” said he, “and wish my daughter joy;—it rains hard, and won’t clear up till evening.” I was easily persuaded; we had a comfortable dinner, and after it the man spoke to me as follows:—

“My family is large, I have little to give my daughter except her wedding-dinner, and that I was resolved should be a plentiful one. She is now married to a sober, industrious young man, a cotton weaver by trade, and she can give him ten pounds of her own earning, to set his loom going.” Very clever, indeed, said I: but she is young, how did she earn so much? “She is,” said the father, “an excellent spinner of superfine worsted, for which those who want it pay high; she had something saved when one of these Savings Banks was set up near us; there she put the money she had, and was constantly adding to it, till interest and principal, it amounted to ten pounds; and I really think she spun a great deal more since she put her money in the Bank, than she did before. There is her sister, (pointing to a bonny girl,) she has learned to make plat for straw hats and bonnets, she is a customer to the Bank too; so is my eldest son, who is an able workman, and gets constant employment at labouring work, he puts in tenpence per week, and sometimes more; so, my friend, here is wishing all happiness to those good people who have settled these Banks for the benefit of the

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poor." Amen, said I; and may he who influenced their hearts, grant us to make a proper use of it.—The evening cleared up and I left my kind host: and now, Tom, don't you think that you should try to be something the better for these Banks?

Tom. I think if I were like you, I both would and ought; but with the family I have, which may increase, I don't see how I could lay by any thing worth while.

Tim. Your eldest son, I think, could earn two-pence a day in summer and harvest.

Tom. He could; and sometimes does, at the near meadows, picking stones off the meadows, rearing turf, &c.

Tim. Well, let us suppose he earns two-pence per day for three months in the year, that would be a good beginning: not less than thirteen shillings; besides it would be the means of giving him early habits of thrift and industry, which he will be likely to feel the benefit of during his whole life. As to myself, the half of the money which I received the other day, from Mr. Malins, I have already lodged, and as soon as you and I have time to wind up our accounts, I mean to add to it whatever you have of mine.

Tom. As soon as you like Tim. I have been at least a faithful steward, though perhaps, you would have found others more skilled in the management, and when you go to the Savings Bank, I am resolved myself to go along with

you, and to make a beginning, though it should be it ever so little. A man puts in his fivepennies and tenpennies there, and they seem to grow and come out a great many fivepennies and tenpennies: just as a potato, when you put it into the ground, brings you many more if the soil be good.

Tim. Yes, it is just the same. — A Savings Bank is an excellent soil to set your money in; it will grow to pounds; and though we can draw it out when we like, I shall take care not to do so, as long as I can avoid it; for when it is taken out, it has done growing, like your potato. And recollect this, Tom,—it will be something for you to sleep upon, for it is time that I should leave you,—a rich man is not he who has a great many hundreds or thousands a year, if he spends more than he has got, and so runs into debt; but he who, whether his incomings are small or great, has more than he spends, and so is above the world. Good night, Tom: good night Molly.



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CHAP. VII.

THE reader is now able to judge what kind of character Tim Higgins was; but he has not yet learned all the claims which this excellent man has upon his respect. We have already mentioned how his days were employed at the factory—he used, indeed, occasionally to absent himself, but he had Mr. Malins' concurrence and did it only now and then when his little farm required his eye over the workmen, and his brother could not act in his place; at six o'clock each evening, he was free to employ himself according to his liking, so that when not travelling abroad, he had always three hours before it was time to retire to rest. This period, however, he did not spend idly nor uselessly; and it were much to be wished, that every man into whose hands this little book shall fall, would imitate his example. He considered it the property of his neighbours; and was always ready to give them that which he conceived belonged to them. He had no family, so that his work once over, he was at liberty to go where he liked, and it is much to his credit, his choice always led him where he could do the most good. One evening he would pass at his brother's, another at some old acquaintance's, where he saw a little advice was needed, and, he had reason to believe, would not be ill received.

Indeed there were few disinclined to hear reason from Tim Higgins, for he was mild in his manner, took no airs upon him on account of his situation with Mr. Malins, who every day placed more and more confidence in him; and he had always some little story to tell which just bore upon the case before him, and which he had heard in the course of his summer circuits. Nor did Tim refuse his counsel to those who called on him when at home; he had always a welcome for a friend, and if he came to consult him, or to ask him to make up some difference with a neighbour, it was then he was doubly welcome.

It was on one of those occasions, that the following dialogue took place between Tim and an acquaintance whom he had known since they were both children. This acquaintance was a man who had borne a good character for honest exertion, but, like too many of his countrymen, marrying too early, that is, before either he or his wife had saved a penny to begin the world as housekeepers, a young family came thick upon him, and the consequence may be supposed, he was always kept down, living, as they say, from hand to mouth, and quite thankful if at the end of the year, working hard and living poor, he could pay his rent, and put a few clothes upon his eight children. Tim had just returned home, and was sitting down to a comfortable supper of cheese and bread, and a

glass of good ale of Mr. Malin's brewing, when Dennis Coolen and his daughter Bess entered.

DIALOGUE—ADVICE TO SERVANTS.

Father. I have taken the liberty of coming over to you, friend Tim, as I know you are kind, and always ready with your advice when a neighbour is in want.

Tim. When a man has received himself so much kindness from others, 'tis hard if he would not do a kind turn for a neighbour. But what is the matter on which you wanted to speak with me?

Father. My wife and I are both anxious our eldest daughter should go to service; she is now of an age when she might do something for herself, and though we have trained her up in habits of industry, and she always finds plenty of work at home, yet her younger sister is now able for what Bessy does, and it is time she should earn a little independence for herself. As she is, however, young and inexperienced, it would be a satisfaction to me if you would give her some little advice and instruction, before I send her away, as to the way she is to walk in the slippery paths of life. I think we have got her a good situation, at Squire Hunter's, and, if so, she goes home to her service next week.

Tim. I am happy, neighbour, you have asked

my advice on a subject on which I am able to give it. As for myself, I have but little knowledge in it; for it has pleased Him who does all things well that I should stand alone. He has taken from me both my wife and child, praised be his name! I am resigned; but this has prevented my turning my thoughts to it, as I otherwise should have done; however, I have by me now a very useful little book, called "Instruction and Advice to Girls on their first going to Service," and from that shall be able to supply a good many useful hints for your daughter. So pray sit down, and you shall hear what it says; and if any thing occurs to my mind as we go on, of course she shall have it also.

In a few minutes Tim had finished his supper, had unlocked his little box and taken from it a very small book, from which he immediately began to read.

"Much of your happiness and success in life, my good girl, depends upon your conduct when you leave home to go to service; and in endeavouring to procure a situation, you would do well not to seek so much to obtain one which is profitable in wages, as one in which you will be under the eye of a careful mistress; and if you are so successful as to be received into a family who treat you with kindness, do not suffer any little difficulties, or what you may think hardships, to induce you to leave it. Nothing is more unbecoming in servants than complaining

of having too much to do. A young woman blessed with health and strength, and in a respectable service, may be well content to work hard, in order not only to relieve her parents of the burden of maintaining her, but to earn a little trifle, however small, for them and for herself. We may often observe that servants who live many years in one place, and conduct themselves well, obtain the regard of their master and mistress, and experience their kindness as long as they live.

Whatever your wages may be, resolve to lay by even a trifle of them every quarter, and put it into the Savings Bank, in order that you may receive interest for it, and also be saved the temptation to spend it. And here I will read you what my little book says on that point. "Nothing is more likely to enable you to save money, than a constant attention to keep your clothes in repair. Mend them as soon as you see they require it; and when buying new things, attend more to their being strong and of a good serviceable colour, than to their being cheap; for what are called great bargains, seldom turn out good in the end. Never buy any thing without first considering whether you really want it. Servants often throw away their money on muslins and ribbons, which they can do very well without. And, above all, keep an exact account of your money, that after it is gone, you may at least have the satisfaction

of knowing how it was spent and of guarding against useless expenses for the future.

Bessy. But my wages are to be so small at Squire Hunter's, that I shall have very little money to spend even on trifles.

Tim. My good girl, your having small wages will not save you from being extravagant; on the contrary, from having but little to spend, you will be the more inexcusable for squandering it on trifles. But the way in which servants most mispend their money, is in tea and sugar; if some servants would refrain from this expense for six months, and lay up the amount of it in the Savings Bank, they would save as much money as would keep them in clothes for the remaining six months of the year.

But it is a servants' principal duty to be attentive at all times to the directions of the master and mistress, and also to be obliging and well-tempered towards their fellow-servants:— never to quarrel with any one, nor interfere in the quarrels of others; and to submit with patience even to unkindness from them, rather than speak in an uncivil manner; for your good example may very likely be of use to others, and even if it is not, you will have the satisfaction of thinking that you have done your duty.

Let no consideration tempt you to tell an untruth, or to attempt to deceive. When servants have done wrong, the fear of incurring their master and mistress's displeasure, often

induces them to tell a falsehood, in order, as they imagine, to conceal it. But did they consider for a moment, they would hesitate before they took so dreadful a step. When the lie is discovered, (as soon or late it will be) they receive ten times as much anger as they otherwise would; they lose the confidence of their master and mistress; and what is worse than all, they incur the wrath of God.

For even though you should be able to deceive for a while your fellow-creatures, it is impossible for you to deceive God, who is witness to all your thoughts and actions. And if any of your companions who have not had the benefit of instruction, or who have not properly attended to it, either laugh at your scruples, or advise you to do wrong; do not mind their ridicule, but remain firmly resolved to do whatever conscience and religion tell you is your duty.

It is of the greatest importance to be strictly honest in every respect; and to take care that nothing you have under your charge be wasted or improperly used.

Bessy. The situation I have got at Squire Hunter's is to take care of young children.

Tim. That is the greatest charge a servant can undertake. There is no part of a man's property half so dear to him as the lives of his children; on that subject the little book I have got, gives some very useful advice to servants

“It is of the greatest consequence in the first place to set a proper example to the children, especially in good temper, and in a strict observance of truth, and to be patient and gentle with them; for if they are inclined to be fretful or passionate, be assured you will gain more influence over them by steadiness and kindness than by severity.” There is another thing I would particularly charge you to attend to—

if ever one of the children under your care meets with the least accident, go and inform the parents of it immediately. The neglect of a trifling hurt has often proved of the most serious consequence after a time. Should the clothes of one the children, or indeed of any person in the house, take fire, instead of idly screaming and doing nothing to put out the flames, as some foolish people do, recollect that the best thing to be done is to roll the person up instantly in either a carpet, rug, blanket, or even a great coat, any thing of the kind that is nearest at hand, which will stifle the flames almost immediately; and if people would have their thoughts about them at times of danger such as this, many a valuable life might have been saved. There is no one, added Tim, as his eye fell upon his almost useless arm,—there is no one has more reason than myself to be thankful for being cool and in self-possession when Mr. Malin’s fire was so near destroying his child.

Those who are entrusted with the care of

young children will find cleanliness and wholesome food the great rules of health. Children who are over-fed are never so healthy and so lively as those who are fed with moderation; and you should endeavour, if possible, to bring them into regular habits, both for eating and for sleeping; this is done by gradually habituating them to it.

In whatever capacity a servant may be, she will always find early rising necessary for the regularity of her work. The servant who lies late in the morning, or loiters over her meals, will never be able to get cleverly through her business. Let her, on the other hand, rise two hours earlier in the morning for a week, thus gaining fourteen hours, which is in fact adding nearly one waking day out of seven to her life; she should likewise be careful to go smartly but quietly about her work; very little time is saved by running and hurrying: and in bustling through her work in this way, accidents often happen, or glass or china may be broken, or furniture be injured; and when any thing of the kind does occur, you should acquaint the family with it immediately.

Bessy. Perhaps your book might give me some knowledge of a housemaid's business; for though I am to be a children's maid I shall have to take care of the nursery and of my mistress's room.

Tim. As to that it says but little, and that

little I fancy you know already. In every capacity cleanliness is the great rule for a servant, as well as to have a place for every thing, and every thing in its place; but amongst other directions for the care of a house, it lays down a few simple rules, which are easily remembered. It says, when scouring floors, you should make use of sand or freestone, but very little soap, as it make the boards a bad colour; and if, when they are dry, you have a hard rubbing-brush to polish them with, it is a great advantage, for it gives them a fine gloss, and then they are not near so liable to soil soon again; boards polished with this brush thrice a week, will seldom require washing; but this won't answer for the nursery, as it makes the floor too slippery to be safe for children. Spots of grease may be taken out of boards by putting a little wet fuller's earth on them, and letting it lie so for three or four days. The best way of cleaning grates and brasses is to rub them with either emery or rotten stone, wet with sweet oil, and applied with a woollen cloth; they should afterwards be polished with soft leather; but when a grate or fire irons are rusted, they must first be rubbed with sand paper. Most servants have a slovenly habit of tearing off pieces of their sand paper, as they want it; but if they would cut it in small pieces, and lay it by ready for use, both time and paper would be saved. A good servant is always careful to keep the handles of he



brooms and sweeping brushes cleanly washed,
lest, when laid against a wall, they should spoil

the paper or paint. When going to sweep bed-chambers, turn up the bed and window hangings, to preserve them from being soiled, and sprinkle damp tea-leaves over the floor, as they serve much to settle and collect the dust; all vessels used for cookery should be kept in the best order; common saucepans may be scoured with sand, but any thing made of fine polished tin, such as dish-covers and jelly-shapes, must be cleaned with whiting and sweet oil, and afterwards rubbed dry with a soft woollen or linen cloth. When you have fresh meat to roast or boil, you can always tell by the weight of the joint how much time it will require to dress it, by allowing a quarter of an hour for each pound of meat; but salted meat requires about twenty or twenty-five minutes for each pound.

My little book gives many more directions, and some good receipts, which are useful to a cook; but that is not your line, and I therefore believe I have nothing more to furnish you with from it.

Reared up as you have been, you cannot fail of making friends for yourself, as your father and mother did before you, if you follow the example they set you. Remember that every one born into the world must die; it is so written, and every day proves it; that a day of judgment must also come; and that one of two things must follow—eternal happiness or misery. Be honest, be industrious

eternal misery. Be honest, be industrious. Above all be a good Christian, and then you will obtain your reward both here and hereafter.

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CHAP. III.

Tim. This is bad news we have got to-day, neighbour, about poor John Connor, said Tim, one evening, as he entered a neighbour's house, for the purpose of proposing to him to build a house like his own, a matter which he found no difficulty in persuading him to, especially when he told him that as he was a tenant of Mr. Malins, he would contribute five pounds to the expense. This is a sad story about Jack Connor. Well, his troubles are all over now in this world! But think what a way he has left his wife and family in.

Farmer. John Connor might have done well, and did do well so long as he kept from the whiskey shop; but bad company was the ruin of him. John was in as good earning as any man in the country, had an excellent wife, a fine family of children, and as comfortable a cabin as a man need desire; but, as I said before, the whiskey shop and bad company were his ruin.

Tim. Often I warned him of his danger, and told him the men who used to be about the tavern were no fit company for him; but all he

answered me was, that it was very little he spent there—that it was only an odd time he took a glass of spirits, the most he usually drank was a pot of porter, and sure that could do him no harm.

Farmer. Well, but now Tim, see how mistaken he was, for surely, a man ought to count not only his money but his time; for often it happened, that John was only paid for half a day's work, when he might have earned the full. But that was the way he fell into: after one o'clock in the day, he was seldom to be found any where but within the walls of Hobson's tavern. At length he was put out of employment entirely, they then began to sell and pawn their little things, and from that out they went down the hill fast enough.

Tim. Was it this morning he died?

Farmer. So I hear. His poor wife has pined very much ever since last Michaelmas, when they were turned out for non-payment of their rent; and having besides that got into debt with almost the whole neighbourhood, he was carried off to the county jail; and she used, as the greatest favor, to be allowed to go and see him there from time to time. I am told he caught cold in the prison and fell into a decline; the pain of seeing the starvation he had brought on his family, no doubt, hastened his death very much.

Tim. It is only astonishing there should be

so many drunkards in the world, when almost every day brings us some proof of the calamities that always attend their course of life.

Farmer. Aye! and the worst of it is, that it is not on themselves alone that the misfortunes fall but on their wives and their innocent little children after them; whom they might have left as well provided for as a poor labouring man could expect, if they had only led a decent life. The man that values his character, will never be seen to enter the door of a public-house upon any account whatever. John Connor began by saying—it can't be much harm if I only spend six-pence; but the six-pence was soon increased to a shilling, and so on until every penny he was worth went into Hobson's till; and even after he had no longer the shilling to give, as he was a merry companion to them all, the men used often to treat him for the sake of having his company.

Tim. A public-house is the ruin of a neighbourhood; though John Connor began with spending six-pence, he was often seen to lay down his half-crown at the last; and you know that even seven-pence per day amounts to ten pounds twelve shillings and eleven-pence per year; and though it is not above six months since John began to drink; yet, supposing him to have spent only that much a day, (and often he spent three times as much) there was five pounds six shillings and five-pence halfpenny,

all gone for nothing that was either good or profitable; besides all the wages he forfeited by being absent from his work.

Farmer. I met a man going to Hobson's as I came up here, and I told him he was going to make a bad hand of his money; but his answer was, that four-pence was not much, and he never spent more; and as he only took porter, he was just as well able for his work as another.

Tim. Do you know how much four-pence a day comes to in the end of the year?

Farmer. Why if seven-pence a day come to so much as you say, four-pence must come to a good penny too.

Tim. Four-pence a day is nine shillings and four-pence a month—that is six pounds one shilling and eight-pence in the year. Now we all know that few poor men are able to lay down six pounds at a time, for any thing they want to buy. Why if a poor man has to pay that at the next fair for a cow, 'tis only by hard working and close saving he is able to make it out at all; and only think of as much as would buy a cow for the children being spent in the public-house.

Farmer. 'Tis very bad indeed, neighbour Tim; and I am determin'd never to go into a public-house myself as long as I live; and now as you seem to know the value of pence and half-pence; which, indeed, is what every poor man ought to know; I wish you would make me out an account of how much a penny a day,

or two-pence a day would come to in the end of the year. The thought strikes me that it might be useful to have it written out fair on a sheet of paper, and to hang it up in my cabin, it often might serve as a warning to myself not to mispend even a single half-penny; and be of use to my children after me.

Tim. I have an account of it ready written out now, that I made for my own amusement a long time back; and I'll give it to you with pleasure.

So saying, Tim stepped out and went to his cottage, and soon returned with the following table, which the Farmer accepted with many thanks.

This useful little table the Farmer hung up in his cabin; and few of the neighbours saw it who did not benefit by it. Many a penny, and therefore many a pound it was the means of saving; for every one knows the old saying, "take care of the pence and farthings, and the pounds and shillings will take care of themselves."

Per day		Per Week.		Per Month.			Per Year.			
s.	d.	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
	1			7		2	4	1	10	5
	2		1	2		4	8	3	0	10
	3		1	9		7	0	4	11	3
	4		2	4		9	4	6	1	8
	5		2	11		11	8	7	12	1
	6		3	6		14	0	9	2	6
	7		4	1		16	4	10	12	11
	8		4	8		18	8	12	3	4
	9		5	3	1	1	0	13	13	9
	10		5	10	1	3	4	15	4	2
	11		6	5	1	5	8	16	14	7
1	0		7	0	1	8	0	18	5	0
2	0		14	0	2	16	0	36	10	0
3	0	1	1	0	4	4	0	54	15	0
4	0	1	8	0	5	12	0	73	0	0
5	0	1	15	0	7	0	0	91	5	0
6	0	2	2	0	8	8	0	109	10	0
7	0	2	9	0	9	16	0	127	15	0
8	0	2	16	0	11	4	0	146	0	0
9	0	3	3	0	12	12	0	164	5	0
10	0	3	10	0	14	0	0	182	10	0

CHAP. IX.

As Tim, one evening, was going to the neighbouring town, on some business for Mr. Malins, he passed a very comfortable-looking cottage, with a small garden, well-cropped, behind it. A young woman was sitting at the door, at needle-work, mending children's clothes, and as he stopped to observe the neatness of the place, she kindly invited him to step in, when the following dialogue took place :

Tim. This seems a very comfortable place ; I suppose it stands you in a pretty high rent—as I see you have a nice piece of land with it.

Woman. We pay forty shillings a year, Sir, for the acre of ground ; and as we built the house ourselves, we have nothing additional to pay for it ; so that by a little management we are enabled, with God's help, to do very well for ourselves and our children.

Tim. Yet you must sometimes find it hard enough to pay even that, I should think, my good woman, having your family of little ones to feed besides.

Woman. Yes, Sir ; but these boys are able to bear their part in helping their father and me. The way we manage about the rent is this—my husband works as day-labourer at the Squire's ;

and we make it a rule to lay by ten-pence every week from his wages ; this in the end of the year makes up our rent, and leaves a small trifle over, which we are glad to have for ourselves afterwards.

Tim. But don't you think ten-pence a week very much out of his wages? I fear you are not always able to spare it.

Woman. Why 'tis true, Sir, we do miss it, —but then 'tis better to feel the want of a little, than of a great deal which we should for our rent, if we did not save it up in this way ; but then I make a little out of other things which nearly makes it up to us in the end ; only as this is not quite so certain as the Squire's payment, we don't like to trust to it for the rent, which you know, a poor person ought always to fry and pay regularly, and John and I would rather be at a loss for any thing than for our rent.

Tim. I suppose your little garden turns to some account for you. A man who has a bit of land needs never be at a loss for a potato or a cabbage for his dinner : and I see you have got some very fine cabbages growing there.

Woman. Yes, sir ; it is a profitable crop for a poor man. The seed costs but little ; they don't require as much care or labour to grow them as many other things, and the market price is always a sufficient payment. The rubbish out of our garden helps to feed the pig. We

killed one in spring, and we have another that will be fit to kill in about two months: this furnishes us with a bit of bacon now and then for ourselves; and my husband gets a good price for the hams at market. Then, Sir, in the mushroom season the children go out in the early morning and gather some; of these I make catsup; and the ladies to whom I sold it last year, told me they would not make for themselves this year, but take mine from me. These things take but little trouble when they are set about in the right time.

Tim. But you speak of taking your things to market; how does your husband find time for this if he has his daily employment as a labourer?

Woman. My husband's wages are a shilling a day; and as the market must be dull, indeed, when he does not make more than that; it is no loss for him sometimes to ask the favour of a holy-day from the Squire's steward, who, as he knows the time is not to be spent in idleness, is always ready to give it.

Tim. And who takes care of the Garden—it looks in very good order?

Woman. My husband, Sir?—When he comes home from his day's labour, I have his supper ready for him, and every thing comfortable. So he rests himself for a while, and then he is quite fresh again. Besides gardening is light work; and the children help, and I help and so we get it done.

Tim. It repays you so well in the end, that I am sure you need never spare your labour on it; and I hope the Lord will prosper your undertakings. I am a poor man myself, and therefore know how to feel for the poor; but while we are labouring for the life present, let us not forget we have a higher duty, in labouring for the life to come.

So saying, *Tim*, wished the woman a good morning; and taking his hat, walked away, well pleased with what he had seen.



CHAP. X.

The Contrast.

HE had not pursued his way very far when he met some ragged dirty-looking little children quarrelling and fighting with one another on the road side. He stopped to settle the dispute which had arisen from one of the boys having rudely snatched away a top from the other. Having inquired whose children they were, one of them pointed to a poor dirty looking cabin close by, where he said his father and mother lived—the house was the same size as the one he had just left, and had a small but dirty neglected looking spot of ground beside it.

Tim walked on to the cabin door, where a slovenly-looking young woman, with a broom in her hand, came out to meet him. Her cap was dirty—her gown tattered—and she wore old slip-shod shoes—but was without stockings.

Tim. Good-morrow, neighbour. I hope you will not take it ill of me that I should tell you your little children are quarrelling very badly down the road yonder.

Woman. And how can I help it? they dirty my place so much, playing in the house, and make such a noise, that I can't but send them out of my way; and surely 'tis hard to manage every thing.

Tim. I have just been seeing a poor woman who seems to manage every thing, though her cabin and her garden seem no better than your's might be,—and she likewise has three or four children to mind.

Woman. I suppose you mean Jenny Thompson.—Oh, yes; she and I were married the same week, and our husbands built their cabins much about the same time, and we thought to have been such good neighbours to one another; but I dont know how it is, things go on better with her than with me; though, indeed, she is very kind to me, and her husband is always ready to do us a turn when we want it.

Tim. Is your husband a labourer?

Woman. Yes, he has a shilling a day for working under the squire's gardener.

Tim. Then you dont find it hard to save a trifle weekly, to make up your rent against the end of the year.

Woman. Oh, how could a poor family, with three small children save any thing out of a shilling a day?

Tim. Why, there is your neighbour, Jenny Thompson, lays by ten-pence every week; and that, at the end of the year, makes up something more than her forty shillings, which, I suppose, is the same rent as what you pay.

Woman. We pay no more 'tis true: but then, Jenny has a way of managing those things that I never could come at. Certainly her garden is of great use to her—mine never was. My husband, poor man, works in it very often in the evening, after he comes home from his day's labour, and tired enough he is, sometimes; but then, the children spoil it on us again; and so where's the use of it? He says there's no good in his labouring at it, when they go in there in spite of me. We had some very nice cauliflower and cabbage plants, which the squire bade the gardener give us out of his own garden; but they turned out no good at all, for besides the mischief the boys did them, the pigs got in from the road, from the want of the fence.

Tim. Why it does not seem to want a fence. there is a very good hedge round it, if it was clipped and kept in order.

Woman. Aye, Jem said he'd borrow a pair of shears this evening and clip it; but then, as you may see, there are gaps in it, and it is there the pigs get in.

Tim. But these gaps could be easily stopped; I should think your boys were stout enough to do that much work for you, and *that* would teach them not to break the hedge again.

Woman. Oh, indeed, it was not they who broke it, I was fain to do it myself for firing.

Tim. Are you badly off in that way?

Woman. Indeed very; having no way of getting it from the neighbouring wood, except now and then, when I can lock up my place and go myself, to gather a bundle of sticks, and the bog is a long way off, so that I am forced to pay dear for what I buy.

Tim. How does Jenny Thompson manage about it?

Woman. She tells me she sends her boys twice a week, and they gather as much as she wants, and she always lays up a snug little stock of turf in the season, a thing I never could manage to do. The boys are too fond of play ever to do much to assist me; and 'tis the least I can do to let them play, for a poor person's children have little pleasure enough; scanty meals and hard beds make up a poor life.

Tim. That's true, my good woman; but we must even be content with that when Providence has not blessed us with the means of

having better. But now, will you take a word of advice from a neighbour, kindly.—! It appears to *me* you might live a great deal more comfortably than you do; and sure for your husband's sake, you ought to do your best. 'Tis hard on a poor man not to find things right and decent when he comes home from his day's labour; and to have nothing but scanty meals, and a hard bed, as you say, for all his toiling.

Woman. And what can I do more—sure I never stop doing from morning till night; this broom that I have in my hand, I was just going to break up to light a bit of fire to boil James's potatoes for his supper.

Tim. And is that the only broom you have for sweeping out your little place with? don't you think it would be much better if you had sent your boys, as Jenny Thompson does, to gather wood for your fire; this would have saved your broom, given employment to your children, and you would have had a much better fire; besides, your husband's supper might then have been ready; whereas even if you had put down the potatoes when I came in, they would hardly have been boiled against his return home; its now just six o'clock.

While Tim said this, Jem came in from his day's labour.

Jem. Good-morrow, kindly, Tim Higgins. Welcome to a poor man's house. Well, Peggy, is there a hot potato for supper?

Peggy. Not a bit of fire have I, Jem. I was slaving so after these children all day, I could not go to the wood.

Jem. I'd rather have carried home a bundle of sticks myself on my back to-night, than have been at the loss of my supper. 'Tis hard enough to fast after a day's labour, Peggy; but I'll step into the garden awhile; and will you see to light the fire, good woman.

He invited Tim to join him, and they both walked out together.

Tim. May be I was the cause of delaying your supper; for your wife was going to get it as I came in, but I stopped to speak with her, for I found the children quarrelling on the road side.

Jem. Oh! No! She's willing enough, poor woman; but then, some how or other, we don't manage things as well as some of our neighbours.

Tim. I was advising her to give the children some employment, if it was only in gathering firing, or repairing the garden hedge; it would teach them to be industrious, and would at all events keep them out of harm. And don't you think the boys, and even your little girl too, would be able to assist you in pulling up these weeds that are growing so thick?

Jem. Aye would they, I dare say; but if, they do good in one place, they would be sure to do me as much mischief in another, so I let them alone.

Tim. Yes, my friend ; but don't you see that if you let them do nothing but play while they are young, they won't learn by *that* to work when they are old.

Jem. Their working days will come time enough, poor things.

Tim. Aye, the working days will come ; but how do you know that *willing, hard earning, industry* will come along with them, and you know enough of a poor man's life to be aware that nothing profitable is to be gained without honest industry. What would become of your own family, for instance, if you were not industrious ?

Jem. True enough, Tim ; but when these boys grow up into men, they will fall into men's ways of work.

Tim. Have a care, Jem, that when your boys grow up into men, they don't fall into men's way of *vice*—and then the fault will be your own, for not having trained them up better.—Now if you would take my advice, you would give each of your children some little employment, every day ; and be the task ever so little at first, teach him to have that task finished against you come home in the evening. 'Tis a great pity there is no school in the neighbourhood that you could send them to.

Jem. There is a school about half a mile off, as I understand.

Tim. Now then, indeed, neighbour, I would strongly advise you to send them there every day, and let them have their little bit of work to do at home besides: they will have the early morning, and the evening after school hours, when they could do some little turn here for you.—One of them could weed, and the other go to gather firing: you would find a thousand ways of giving them employment.

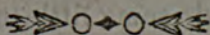
Jem. I'm sure of that, if I was to set about it; and indeed I think I will take your advice, and try for a while how they go on.

Tim. Depend upon it, Jem, when you once see the good it will be to them, you will only be sorry you did not begin long before; and your wife, I hope, will make no objection.

Jem. I have told her so often, that I thought the children were doing but badly, that she won't be surprised at my wanting to send them to school. Indeed I had a notion of their going last Easter, but she put me off it; however I'll tell her we will try it for a while at all events.

Here Peggy came into the garden to them, and had nothing to say against the children going to school, but that she thought them "too young, poor things, and that sure they had time enough before them." Tim, however, advised her not to refuse her husband in trying it for a time, until they saw how it answered; and as she agreed to this, and poor Jem's supper was now boiled, he wished them both a good evening; and when next he called had the

satisfaction of finding they still followed the advice he had given them: their cabin looked cleaner; the garden in much better order; and Jem's potatoes were ready for him, on his return from work.



THE TIDY WIFE.

Who is it each day in the week may be seen,
With her hair short and smooth, & her hands & face clean
In a stout cotton gown of dark or light blue,
Though old, so well mended, you'd take it for new.

Her handkerchief tidily pinned o'er her neck;
With a neat little cap, and an apron of check;
No great flouncing border—no ragged old lace—
But a hem nicely plaited, sits close round her face:

Her petticoat-stuff,—and without rip or hole;
Her shoes tidy and good, with a thick leather sole:
Her shift and her stockings all sound and all clean;
She's never fine outside and dirty within?

Go visit her cottage, though humble and poor,
'Tis so clean and so neat you might eat off the floor;
No rubbish, no cobwebs, no dirt can be found,
Though you hunt every corner and search all around:

Who attends to the children, and mends all their clothes;
Who manages all.—Oh sure every one knows,
'Tis the clean tidy wife. She needs no other name.
At home and abroad—she is always the same.

THE CONTRAST.

Who is it on Sunday may often be seen
 In a light showy gown of red, yellow and green;
 The sleeves loose and large, hanging down like two bags
 And the rest of her clothes all in tatters and rags.

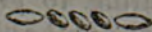
Her house is not swept—and her children not clean;
 Their faces and hands are not fit to be seen.
 She goes idling abroad, while the little ones fight;
 And her husband's displeas'd to find things are not right.

On week days tis worse, though she then is at home;
 But she's helpless and dirty,—and so it goes on;
 From one month to another, there's no comfort for Jem
 Though early and late he is working for them.

Sometimes he complains, and sometimes he forbears;
 Yet, he's angry at all that he sees and he hears:
 For his neighbours they live both in comfort and peace
 And he feels that this evil might easily cease.

But for want of good management, and the right way,
 The house and the children, and all are astray:—

And who is the cause of all this disorder?
 'Tis his slovenly wife that don't keep things in order



CHAP. XI.

The advantages of keeping out of debt.

One day Tim called in to see a neighbour, named Pat Linan, who lived in a small cottage, near his own, and who, he had reason to know, needed a little advice upon a fault which is unfortunately too prevalent amongst the working class in towns. He found Jenny Linan, the wife, employed in washing clothes; her husband, as Tim expected, out at his work; and the two younger children were playing near the door, across which a chair had been set down on its side, to prevent their going out into the road; soon after he had taken a seat, the eldest, a boy about twelve years old, came in with an empty basket in his hand, and the following dialogue took place :

Jenny Linan. Well, Johnny, are you come home without the potatoes?

John. Yes, Mother, Mrs. Doran bid me tell you she could not give me any to-day.

Mother. And what am I to do for your father's dinner? Sure I have not a potato in the house.

John. So I said, mother; but she told me she was always willing to give you things in score, while she was at all able to do so; but that it was now four or five weeks since you had settled with her.

Mother. Well, I think she might have waited for a little while longer; it is seldom I trouble her, or any one else in this way; and I cannot pay her until I first settle with Tom Byrne, the milk-man.

Johnny. I thought at first she was going to give them;—she weighed them out, and was putting them into the basket, when she threw them back again on the floor, and then told me what I said; and also something about not being able to give her own children bread, unless she got payment for her things; and that she had hardly what gave them their breakfast this morning.

Mother. I know she is only a struggling poor creature; but sure I am no more myself.

Here Tim, who had listened in silence to all that had passed, now thought he might say a word. He knew the improvident custom so general amongst the poor, of getting things from the huxter's week after week, without paying for them; and that often the poor huxter was a more distressed person than the customer; and he had lately been at this poor woman's, (the widow Doran's) who complained to him how much she lost by the labourers' families in the neighbourhood not paying her regularly. Since my husband's death, Sir, said she, I have no other way of supporting my family; and have five small children to provide for, and my rent to pay; and therefore I cannot give my things

in score week after week. It is only last week I lost a good customer by it; for just after I had sent away the last of my oatmeal to Pat Linan, who promised me payment in the course of a week, I could have sold it to one who always pays for what he gets; and who went elsewhere to look for it, and has not come back since.

When Tim had remembered all this poor woman had said to him, he thought it would be but kind to say a word for her now; besides he hoped to be able to convince Pat Linan's wife of her own error in not paying for her things as she got them.

Tim. You seem to be disappointed about your husband's dinner; and as I would think it hard poor Pat should want his bit after his day's work, if you will let your boy come home with me, he shan't return to you with an empty basket. But now let me explain to you about the widow Doran:—I know her well—she is a decent struggling poor creature, and I believe is as willing to oblige a neighbour as any one; but you know, Jenny, she must not injure herself and her children, by giving her things at a loss.

Here Jenny Linan interrupted him with thanks for his kind offer for her husband's dinner; and said, that as to the widow Doran being a loser by her, it was no such thing; for that soon or late she always paid her.

Tim. Aye, Jenny, I am sure of that; but you know it makes all the difference in the world

to a poor person, whether payment comes in soon or late. What would be the consequence to you if Pat was not paid his wages regularly every saturday evening?—and that his master thought, so as he paid him soon or late, it was no matter. Now as you seem to be a sensible woman yourself, always busily employed about your house, and taking such care of your children, it would surely distress you very much, if with all your hard striving at home, you were obliged to see them after all go without their breakfast or their dinner; and this is exactly the case with the widow Doran, who strives as hard for her little family as any one I know.

Jenny. But what can a poor person do who has not the ready money?

Tim. The way I answer that is, by asking why you first ran behind in your expenses; I am quite sure you would find it easier to pay by little and little, than a large bill.

Jenny. I have not money now to pay either way, and shall not until Pat's wages are paid on Saturday; and then I must pay for milk before any thing, for I have promised Byrne; for he has been a longer time out of his money than the widow Doran. I had to buy a few things for the children and for Pat, a few weeks back, and that made a run on Pat's wages; so that ever since we have been very short of money.

Tim. But would it not have been better to have got only some of the children's clothes now,

and some more in a little time, and so on; this would have prevented your running to the last shilling of your money at once.

Jenny. I believe you are right, Tim, for I have never since been able to pay for things regularly.

Tim. If you take my advice, Jenny, you would speak to Tom Byrne, and tell him how matters stand with you, and that you will pay him one half of his bill next week, and the other half the week after; and this will leave you a little matter in hands to pay something to the widow Doran, or at least to pay for what potatoes or meal you may have to get at the time, so as not to increase your debt to her, which as soon as Tom Byrne is paid off, I should think you would be able to settle with her. In this way in three weeks you would be quite clear, instead of going on for week after week, and may be month after month, only making bad worse.

Jenny. I will follow your advice, Tim, for if we were to go on as we have been doing, there would be an end of all comfort.

Tim. Poor people often come to ruin by not keeping themselves clear of debt. At first, perhaps, they only owe a little; they then think that when their money comes in they can as easily pay for a little more things as clear off what they already owe for; indeed I have known them forget owing something until after they had one in

debt for something else. In this way they are induced to run on, until at length debts increase, money runs short—they begin to pledge and to sell their things, and fall into poverty.

Jenny. Many such things have happened in this neighbourhood, even in my recollection. But Tim, I hope you dont think matters were ever to go on so bad with me as all that.

Tim. I hope not, indeed, Jenny; but the true way to avoid it, is to clear off what you owe as fast as possible; for when once debts begin, as you said yourself, there is no telling where they may end. Out of debt out of danger, is the proverb; and I believe that man alone is happy and independent, who can say to every man—I owe you nothing but good will.

CHAP. XII.

THE reader is now able to perceive how mistaken is the opinion, that it is only the rich who have it in their power to do good. 'Tis true Tim Higgins had a good back in Mr. Malins, who was always ready with his assistance when a little money was requisite, either to relieve a family from distress, or to put a man in the way of earning his bread who had fallen out of work by sickness. But there were many occasions when advice and not money was wanting,

and of this Tim Higgins had a fund which was always at the service of his neighbour.— What a blessing would it be for Ireland, if every village had a person like him disposed to give good counsel; for we are well convinced that every village contains many willing to receive it. The poor have a natural quickness in perceiving who are their friends; and though often they disappoint the wishes of him who would guide them to good—though vicious habit is frequently found too deeply rooted to yield to the efforts of the benevolent, still there will be always sufficient success to encourage such a man as Tim Higgins to perseverance. At one time, for example, he found it not at all difficult to persuade a man, who had before been accustomed whenever a holiday occurred, to pass the whole day in idleness, how much better it would be to give his little garden the advantage of a spade and a good pair of arms, than to lie one-half of the day on the bank-side, with his hat over his face, asleep, and the other half, to lounge about like a drone. At another time, when he saw the little children shouting or quarrelling together on the road side, he would take an opportunity of reasoning with their parents upon the danger of bringing up a child in ignorance and idleness. Again, whenever he found a man sober, industrious, and quiet, whilst at the same time his cabin was dirty, and his children unwashed and unmannerly, he had a word of

advice for the wife, for too frequently he found her to blame. Nor let it be supposed that Tim Higgins was any thing else than a plain sensible man; his business, indeed, led him from time to time away from home, and he always endeavoured to profit by what he saw, and to store up in his memory whatever he thought would improve those about him on his return. But if a man were to try how much good he could do, without stirring a step from his native village, how much even he might accomplish by his example alone; and how much better he would succeed in life, respected by those above him, and loved by all around him of his own class; it is to be hoped there would be many ready to act as Tim Higgins did.

A few days after leaving home, Tim was at the fair of—, where he met with a paper of Tracts for the poor, which pleased him very much; he had finished his own sales, and made up his accounts, and was looking over some little books which were for sale in a booth, when the following conversation took place with the pedlar who was hawking them.—

Tim. I like those books of your's very much; will you let me know where you buy them?

Pedlar. I bought them in Dublin, at the Society for promoting the Education of the Poor of Ireland, in Kildare-street; but I believe they may also be had in most of the principal towns in Ireland,

Tim. They seem to me to be very entertaining, and, what is more, instructive. I see you have some which give the history of birds, and beasts, and fishes, and insects.

Pedlar. Yes; I have a book on each, and also a history of tame domestic animals. Many a time, when I stop for the night, do I amuse myself and the people with whom I put up, by reading a part to them; and it would surprize you how little we poor people know, even about those animals which we see every day, such as the horse, the cow, or the dog; as for the wild animals, such as the lion, the tiger, and the bear, which are sometimes to be seen at fairs, you would find a most curious account of the manner in which they live; indeed, it is only last week since Tom Wilson, the Englishman, who goes about the country to show these beasts, put up where I was, and was so much pleased with what I read to him about the elephant and the camel, that he bought all I had at the time, and said he would sell them to the people who came to look at those he showed.

Tim. But you have travels also, and voyages, and story books of different kinds.

Pedlar, Yes; and as I was told at Kildare-street when I bought them, the stories are all true, and the travels give an exact account of the countries described.

Tim. I recollect the time when such as you, had a different kind of book in your basket;—

the History of Noted Thieves, and fairy tales, and song books; why dont you sell them still?

Pedlar. The reason is very plain, because the people wont buy them; they find it a great deal more useful, and certainly not less entertaining, to read accounts of what really happened, than of such things as were only in the brain of those who wrote those fairy tales; and to tell you the truth, over and above this, the books I now sell are much cheaper; they have nice cuts in them; and as I heard once from a gentleman who bought them for his children, and appeared to know them very well, they have nothing in them which can do harm to the youngest child that reads them.

Tim. Well, at all events, you know how to puff off your goods. I shall buy this book from you, I see it is called the Cottage Fire-side, for it seems to have a good deal of useful advice in it; let me also have the History of Beasts, Birds, Fishes, and Insects; and also that book you have in your hand, you call it Views of the Creation. Here is your money; that is sixpence a piece. If they deserve all you say of them, when I see you again I shall buy more; for I think I know many a one about me who will gladly take them from me.—Here is a penny, also, for that sheet called Friendly Advice to the Poor; a penny is not much for good advice, for no other can be called friendly.

Here the pedlar and Tim parted; nor was the latter long before he read over the books he had bought; and it is no more than simple truth to say, that he found them deserving of all that had been said in their praise. On his return home, his brother's children were delighted with the present their uncle had for them, and so much pleased was Mr. Malins, that he had the *Friendly Advice* printed for Tim, in order that whenever he made one of his neighbourly visits, he might have something to leave behind him, which should remind them of that which, perhaps, would be otherwise forgotten. It was short, but so good, as to deserve that every reader of this book should be benefited by it.



FRIENDLY ADVICE

TO POOR PEOPLE, AND OTHERS HAVING SMALL INCOMES.

THE first consideration with all families who have but a small income is, "how to make a little go as far as possible in procuring a sufficient quantity of food and other necessaries.

To be happy and comfortable, a labouring man must be sober, frugal, and industrious. Let him be a friend to himself; avoiding every kind of waste, and saving something for house-rent and clothes, and something also for a bad

season or for sickness. This can only be done by frugal habits—by studying the best mode of making a little go as far as possible. By pursuing this plan, his rent will be always punctually paid. There will be no scores at the huxter's or the public house—no duplicates for goods pawned, and he will have nothing to fear from any body.

The advice now given may be reduced to the following concise rules:—

1. Calculate your earnings, and let your outgoings be less, at least let them never exceed it.

2. To save a pin a day is equal to four pence in the year; but he who spends needlessly four pence per day, throws away six pounds one shilling and eight pence a year.

3. Beware of small expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

4. If you buy what you do not want, you may soon have to sell your necessaries.

5. Always think before you buy great bargains; for they sometimes prove dear ones in the end.

6. Save your money; it will prove a friend when all others fail.

7. Avoid buying on score; the shop-keeper must be paid for keeping his book. The ready penny fetches the best bargains.

8. He who would thrive, must rise at five. He who has thriven, may lie till seven. God helps those who help themselves.

9. Industry will make a man a purse—frugality will find him strings for it.

10. Manage your affairs so as not to have need for borrowing. Never pawn any thing to get that which may be done without.

11. Never be fond of lounging about a public-house. A man may begin by going there only when others treat him; but he will surely end by spending his own money there.

12. He who spends in idleness the time in which he might have earned ten-pence, loses ten-pence, and might as well throw ten-pence into the sea.

13. Let every man think his own home the most desirable place in which to pass his time; and let him keep all his profits and earnings for the mutual good of the family. When the husband thus acts, let his wife receive him with the cheerful smile of kind affection; and have prepared for him on his return from labour, a clean house, and a comfortable meal.

14. Never ape your betters in dress or finery.

15. Never enter into marriage till you can maintain an offspring.

16. Be ready to give advice to all.

17. Let every one endeavour to obtain a friend, and when obtained, take all possible care to retain him.

18. In all affairs of moment, if you wish to succeed, look after them yourself.

19. Sin is the greatest of evils—religion our

best good—the favour of God our richest treasure.

20. Let the poor man find his way to market on Saturday, to his place of worship on Sunday; and like a man of sense, go to his work on Monday morning.

21. Cleanliness gives comfort—sobriety prolongs life—honesty makes friends—religion gives peace of mind here—and happiness hereafter.

CHAP. XIII.

WHEN Tom Brown was a very young man, he saw Sally Butler, for the first time, walking with some friends one Sunday evening. As he knew some of the party, he joined them, and was still more pleased with Sally's liveliness and good humour. From this time he generally contrived to see her on Sunday, when she was always smart and well-dressed; but being obliged to work during the rest of the week, he had no opportunity of knowing what was her general appearance; for many young women have the habit of dressing themselves out on Sundays, and think nothing of being slovenly all the week after. Sally was but lately come with her parents to live in an adjoining village, therefore, few of the neighbours could tell him any thing about her. Tom's father advised him to wait a little before he made Sally an offer,—

but he was young and thoughtless, and chose to go his own way; so they were soon after married.

For a little while they got on pretty well, but Tom soon perceived that his cottage was dirty and untidy,—when he came home at night the things lay about in such a way that he could hardly find a place to sit down; and his clothes were unmended and unwashed, so that he was sometimes ashamed to appear before his neighbours. At first he hoped things would be better when his wife was a little more used to it, and he therefore did not reproach her, but waited as patiently as he could. However, his home became more and more uncomfortable—the dirt lay in heaps in the corners of the room, and he had not a shirt or pair of stockings that were decent.

One evening as he was returning from work with a heavy heart, thinking of his miserable home, and determining to speak to his wife on the subject,—he met an old acquaintance, Sam Foote, who had not seen him since his marriage, and the following dialogue took place between them:—

Sam. Well, Tom, I am glad to see you; how goes the world with you? Why, man, you look quite downcast.

Tom. Why, to tell you the truth, Sam, I am not very happy; my home is not so comfortable as I could wish.

Sam. This is bad news, Tom ; I wish you better with all my heart. But what suppose, instead of going home now, you come with me to the fair this evening ; you know the best time for fun at a fair is in the evening ; and we will spend the evening merrily there together.

Tom remembered well the time when he would not for any thing have gone to such a scene of riot and drunkenness as fair days unhappily generally end with ; but the company of his old friend, added to the dislike he had to his home, induced him to yield, and he and Sam took their way together to a small village about half a mile off.

The business of the day was all over at the fair when they reached it, but the shops and the booths were all lighted up, and the men were seated there in parties, drinking and talking and seeming so merry, that Tom thought it would be very pleasant to join them. Sam and he accordingly stepped into a shop, where were a few others seated round a small table with a jug of punch.

How often do we see what might be harmless mirth and amusement, turned into the most shameful scenes of vice and mischief, by the one sin, drunkenness. But for this, all might have gone on well that evening. The party whom Sam and Tom joined were at first good humoured and merry enough, and Tom enjoyed himself very well amongst them. After about a couple

of hours, some of the men began to grow drunk: they jested Tom upon his not drinking freely with them, and he, foolish enough to be ashamed of the jest, began to fill his glass like the rest.

Tom was naturally a sober man, and not being accustomed to drink, the liquor soon got into his head; just at this time a dispute arose between some of the other men, about a bargain they had made in the course of the day; words rose high among them. Sam, somehow or other, interfered in the matter, and at length one of the men rose up in a fit of passion, and struck him. Had Tom been in his sober senses, he would have remembered the old proverb—that “a soft answer turneth away wrath,”—but now, his head reeling with whiskey, and not knowing what he was about, he started up, seized the jug which was before them, and knocked down the man who had given his friend the blow. The confusion now became general—the man whom Tom knocked down, lay without any sign of life on the floor,—and his companions conceiving him killed, prepared to take revenge on Tom; at this moment some constables entered, and Tom was immediately taken into custody. The consequence may be guessed;—he was brought before a magistrate, and it appearing in evidence that the doctor feared a concussion of the brain from the blow—committed Tom to prison until it could be ascertained whether the injury the man had received was mortal.

What was Sally's distress on hearing the misfortune which had befallen her husband ; while Tom on his part could trace back every thing to his own imprudence in marrying contrary to his father's advice, a woman of whom he had so little knowledge ; his home being uncomfortable to him, had led him into bad company—bad company had brought him to drink—and drink, perhaps to murder. Many a weary day and night did he pass in the prison, uncertain what might be his own fate, or that of the man, for whose life he was now answerable.

In about three weeks, the man whom he had struck, was declared out of danger ; but Tom was not, on that account, released from prison : the Magistrates of the county had long endeavoured to prevent those riots which so often end in bloodshed, and, in fact, are the great reproach to our nation ; and though they were sorry for Tom's case, (for they got a very good character of him) they could not, consistently with their duty, allow such an aggravated assault to pass with impunity ; he was, therefore brought to trial, the man whom he had struck appearing against him ; and sentenced to a month's longer imprisonment ; the judge telling him, that but for his previous character, he would have punished him much more severely.

During his confinement, his poor wife was in great distress ; for Tom's wages was the only support of the family. The neighbours,

however, took great pity on her ; and, indeed, none were more kind than Tim Higgins himself ; he was always ready to let her have share of whatever his garden afforded, and to assist her in any other way in his power. But Tim well knew, that the best service he could do her would be, to give her some advice about her future habits and conduct ; he had often found that what he said to any of the neighbours, in that way, had been well taken, and that they were generally ready enough to listen to him ; he, therefore, took an opportunity of calling to see her, and the following dialogue took place :

Tim. Well, Sally, I hope we shall soon have poor Tom among us again ; his time of confinement will soon now be over.

Sally. Please God, it will, Tim ; and I hope it is the last misfortune of the kind that will ever come across him.

Tim. When Tom returns, I think, Sally, it will be very much in your own power to prevent his ever going into bad company again.

Sally. I dont know how you can say that, Tim, it never was my way to set him the example by going into bad company myself.

Tim. I am quite certain of that, Sally, and never intended to say any thing of the kind ; but dont you know the more comfortable a man's house is to him, the more ready he will be to come home to it ; and I can tell you for certain, (and I think it but just to you to mention it)

that he complained to a friend that called the other day to see him in the prison, that if his house had been neat and cheerful for him the evening of the fair, he would never have gone there with Sam Foote; but when he thought he would only find the room dirty, his supper not ready, his wife slovenly, and the children squalling for want of proper management, it did not require much persuasion to make him spend his evening abroad; and now, Sally, I hope you wont take it ill of me that I tell you this; 'tis only as a friend that I am come to you, for I think it would be a great service to both Tom and you, to show you how you might live more happily together for the future; for the evils he complains of are easily remedied; 'tis just as easy, if we set the right way about it, to have things as they ought to be as not. Tom will, please God, be at home next week; and Molly, my sister-in-law, bid me tell you that she will call in to you to-morrow, and see if she can help you in setting matters to rights here.

Sally. I take very kindly all you have said to me, Tim; and if what you say is indeed true, that I have been the means of all poor Tom's misfortunes, I can only say, that I will do all my poor endeavours for the future to fulfil my duty to him and the children;—that they may never have to say their mother brought them to sorrow or disgrace.

According to her promise, Molly Higgins called the next morning on Sally Browne, and was well pleased to find her busily employed in setting her house in order; not that Sally ever had a clever way of getting through her business, but, quite bent on doing her best for her family in future, she had now with a willing mind set about beginning what in fact she should have been doing all her life before.

Molly. Good morrow, Sally, and I wish you much joy that Tom is so soon to be back to you again.

Sally. I thank you much, Molly, and also for your good nature in coming over to me to-day. We both know the old proverb, "a friend in need is a friend indeed," and I am really in need now of some friend to give me a little help and advice. I hope things will never go on again with me as they did before, and I'll try and make Tom as happy as I can.

Molly. Then the true way to do that is to make his house snug, and his children what they ought to be. No woman ever can have her little place neat, or things going on regularly, who has not her children in good order; and even if she could, it matters but little to a man's comfort that his room is clean, or his place looks well, if his children are dirty and unruly; for after all, what does a man value half so much as his children:—and now I think little

Tommy's jacket wants mending, so if you like I will sit down and do what I can to it while I stop with you.

Sally readily assented to this, and while Molly was occupied in this way, she went on with the cleaning of her house, the dialogue being thus continued between them :—

Molly. Have you heard, Sally, that Tim Higgins is going to be married ?

Sally. Indeed I did not, but I am very glad to hear it now, for I warrant 'tis a good wife he'll choose, and he will be a great deal more comfortable at home for it. The neighbours have been for some time saying that he has a great liking to Kitty Dawson, but we know nothing of it for certain ; and I thought may be her father did not like the match, as he was so disabled.

Molly. It is to Kitty Dawson he is to be married. 'Tis now a long time since he first had a notion of her ; but he was loth to court her until he had a little money saved for her, and though he's one that is always generous, and ready to help another, and many is the good present he has given to me and my children, yet with all that, he is so thrifty and managing that he now has a very good penny laid by in the savings bank, which he has scraped together by little and little. He has spoken to Kitty's father for her ; and what did he say, but that he would be happy to have his daughter so well

done for, and as the girl herself has a good liking to him, I think Tim won't be long now 'till he's a married man.

Sally. Well, I hope Tim will be happy; 'tis many a one he has made happy in his turn. There's Jem Barret's children, that were coming to no good at all, but always quarrelling on the road, till he persuaded him to send them to school; and besides gave Peggy a word or two of advice about her little place, that she told me herself she had profited greatly by; and there was Pat Linan's wife that was going into debt to every one—getting every thing, but paying for nothing, until Tim advised her to a little better management of her money; and now, here's myself that was the worst of all, my children in tatters, my husband in prison, and myself without a decent stitch, except a few fine things that I am sure are no fit dress for me now; though the time was, when I foolishly thought that so as I dressed myself out on a Sunday, it was no matter how I was the whole of the week after; but a fine gown on a Sunday will not make a man's wife cleanly on a Saturday.

Molly. Tim has done me and my children a deal of good too, and has given me many a word of advice; one thing he taught me, and I believe it is what every woman who has the management of a family must learn, and that is—never to lose a moment of time; there is

not a minute in the day but she might find something to do; and it is the very ruin of children when their mothers will sit with their hands before them, and yet see them running about dirty and ragged. She must likewise be an early riser; this gives her time for teaching the children, if she does not send them to school, and likewise for mending clothes, and doing many other little things that would otherwise be neglected; and it is quite a shame to a man's wife that he should ever be seen with holes in his stockings, or with his coat wanting a patch; besides, 'tis very wasteful, for a thing mended in time will last many months longer than if it is worn day after day, with the holes growing worse and worse in it; you know the proverb, "a stitch in time saves nine."

Sally. 'Tis all very true, Molly, and I only wonder now how poor Tom ever had patience with me, for many a pair of stockings I let him wear that would scarce hold together for his day's work; but now I begin to see, and thank your brother for teaching it to me, when a man is working hard all day, the least a woman can do is to make him comfortable when he comes home, and to let him have things decent to go out in.

Molly. There is another thing Tim taught me, never to let any thing go to waste; for, says he, whatever does not feed yourself will feed your pig; for that reason a pig is a very

useful thing to a poor man, it costs but little to buy a young one, and its feeding and rearing may be little or no expense if properly managed; then it turns to very good account afterwards; the ham and the bacon will always bring a good market price, and if he has a mind to keep a piece of the bacon for himself, it makes a comfortable addition to his dinner on a Sunday. Fowl, also, are very easily reared, for the potato skins that remain from our own dinner will go a good way towards feeding them, and what oatmeal they would require besides, would not cost much. Well I know to my profit, that chickens, and likewise young turkeys, always bring a good penny at the market. It was Tim also who first showed me how wastefully we have the habit of boiling the oatmeal, even for our own stirabout; try yourself, Sally, and you will find that a couple of handfuls of well-boiled meal, will go farther than twice that quantity not boiled enough; and it is the same way with rice; indeed, I often think it a great pity poor people don't make more use of rice than they do; why, one pound of rice put down to boil in three quarts of water, with a bit of lard or butter, about the size of a small egg, will make eight pounds of food, and when well seasoned with a little pepper and salt, is a most excellent savoury dish, and very nourishing. Now a pound of rice does not cost more than sixpence, and tell me what cheaper dinner would you set

your family down to than that? When it has been on the fire about twenty minutes, you must skim it well, and then put in the butter or lard, after which it must boil for an hour and a quarter, and then be seasoned.

Sally. I never heard of that before; but poor people's potatoes towards the latter end of the season, before the new ones come in, are often indifferent enough, and go greatly to water, so that a dish of that kind made up would be a great treat.

Molly. I am sure there are many other little ways in which we might add to our comforts, if we only had the cleverness to think of them.— And now, Sally, I have done Tommy's jacket, and let me help you with something else.

Molly having stopped with Sally until she had helped her to put every thing about the place to rights, then took her leave, wished Sally a good morning, and had the pleasure of hearing, a few days afterwards, that Tom returned home not only a changed man, but pleased to find in Sally an altered wife. From this time out they lived happily together; she became cleanly, industrious, and cheerful, and a good mother;— and Tom was so much happier at home than any where else, that he never again was tempted to go to any place of rioting or drunkenness; and their children grew up a blessing and a credit both to their parents and themselves.

CHAP. XIV.

I HAVE brought something to amuse us this evening, (said Tim, as he entered his brother's cabin rather earlier than usual,) and something to talk about too; and if I don't mistake, that's Darby's step at the door, I told him that I had got a newspaper from Mr. Malins, and meant to have a good long talk with you on what I had read in it.

Molly. It is himself, sure enough. Good evening kindly, Darby; you had a good look out for Tim, for he is but this minute come in.

Darby. Aye, Molly, I thought to be here before him, for he told me he would give an account of a terrible fire that happened in London not long ago, and did a great deal of mischief.

Tom. A fire, Darby! One would think *that* the last thing Tim would like to speak upon. He suffered too much himself from one, to love to speak upon such accidents.

Tim. And why so, Tom? Should I be sorry to talk of that day when the Almighty's goodness brought me in safety through the flames, and made me the humble means of saving the lives of two fellow-creatures, who were about to perish? No, brother, (seriously) it is nothing new to me to think upon such things, every night and morning I think upon them;

for every night and morning I do pray that I may have a thankful heart for all the blessings which I enjoy. What though I have lost the use of my arm, are not all my other limbs sound and strong?—have I not a comfortable roof to shelter me?—have I not kind friends in Mr. Malins and his family?—am I not earning my bread in honesty, without being a burden to any one: and have I not your and Molly's affection to supply the place of those whom death has taken away from me?

Molly. Well, Tim, you have the greatest *knack* of comforting yourself, of any one I know; but I hope we may all learn from your example, how we should receive the will of God.

Tim. Yes; I do think that Providence never takes away any comfort, but for a wise and merciful purpose: and many a time may we plainly see that the loss of one happiness has given us something better, so that we may say with David in the Book of Psalms, "'Tis good for me that I have been afflicted."

Darby. I warrant, Tim, you would even go so far as to say, that poverty is no hardship, but, on the contrary, has a great many advantages.

Tim. And so I think, Darby; even though we were in actual want; and this is the way I make it out to my own satisfaction: You all know how apt we are when the world is smiling

on us, and all goes well, to forget Him from whom every blessing comes, surely then it is good for us to be reminded of our ingratitude, so that we may correct it. Again, how many of us are there who grow fond of things around us, as if we were never to leave them. Now here again I see the merciful design in making us feel want; it takes away this too great relish for the world—it says to us, that we are but travellers going homewards, where we are to dwell forever; and, unless we be sadly blind to our true interests, makes us strive, by a holy life, that we may be received into the ‘house which is not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.’

Now if it be true that even those in want, though they suffer many sorrowful distresses, have reason to be thankful for their condition, how much more easy is it to show that the labouring class, like ourselves, have many blessings which should make them rejoice at their condition.

Darby. I think, Tim, notwithstanding all you say, you will find it hard to prove that a man who toils all day to earn his bread is happier than his rich neighbour.

Tim. No, Darby, dont mistake me; I am not so foolish as to say that our condition is always happy because it is humble. Many a one of our acquaintance has found it far otherwise; but then I think we could prove in nine cases

out of ten, that he has only to blame himself ; besides, I dont mean to tell you that because a man is rich, he is on that account unhappy. I dont think I could venture to say so, whilst Mr. Malins lives so near us, and, as we all know, is so happy ; but I would say, that every condition has its blessings ; and that the poor are spared many temptations and trials which await the rich.

Molly. Go on, Tim ; look how attentive the boys are to all you say, There's James has had his eyes fixed on you since you began to speak, as if he was devouring every thing you say.

Tim. They will be a comfort to you yet, I hope, Molly, and so I trust will Darby find his grandsons ; but to begin, I think I cannot, in the first place, give you a better reason for content than this, that our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ himself when he came down upon earth for our redemption, preferred our humble station to one of a higher kind. Dont you recollect also what we read the other evening together in the New Testament, that he pointed out to his disciples the temptations to which the rich are exposed :—"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

Tom. Aye, Tim, I recollect that very well ; and also the explanation we heard of it last Sunday, Our kind Redeemer never meant that

those good men who employ their money in relieving the distressed, in raising hospitals for the sick, and schools for the young, where they may be taught their duty to God and to man; should be kept from that place which they helped so many others to reach. In another place it is explained by the same divine lips—"how hardly shall they who trust in riches enter into the kingdom of heaven"—as if he intended to warn the rich not to rely too much on these perishing possessions, but to lay up for themselves treasures in heaven, where neither rust nor moth doth corrupt; and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

Tim. Well remembered Tom; it makes my heart glad to find that you attend to what you read, and remember all that our clergy teaches us. But it has often come into my mind how much reason the poor have to rejoice at being freed from this temptation—they live from day to day—their daily bread is each day, as it were, dealt out to them; whereas, the rich who from infancy, perhaps, have every wish indulged that money can supply, are more likely to forget the hand that bestows.

Darby. May we not say it thus, Tim? a poor man's means of support depend on his health. If he lose this, he must die, or be assisted by others—he, therefore will scarcely forget that health and strength are the gifts of God. If a rich man has a sickness, he is apt to think that it is

his money that gets the doctor, and pays the apothecary ; and he recovers, without remembering that it is by HIS permission alone the remedies have cured him.

Molly. Ah, Tim, I now see how wrong we are in sometimes allowing ourselves to murmur at the hardships of our situation ; never considering the blessings of our lot, and that the Almighty alone knows what is good for us.

Tim. I am glad, Molly, that you begin to feel this. Depend on it, we may be happy in any situation, provided we strive to think more of the blessings afforded to us, than of those which it pleases God, for wise purposes, to deny us ; and provided, also, we learn to look upon misfortunes as trials which are to prepare us for the glory which shall be revealed hereafter, if we love God and keep his commandments. Let us remember too, that without the one thing needful, which is true religion, no man can know real happiness.

Molly. Tim, we thank you for your good advice, with our whole hearts.

Tim. No, Molly, do not speak of thanks to me, who am only weak and sinful like yourselves, often needing a kind friend to remind me of my duty ; but let us all try to act up to what we know, and pray to become daily more and more wise unto salvation.

So saying, Tim folded up his newspaper, for it had lain before him during this conversation ;

and it was now too late to think of beginning the subject which he had intended to speak upon. They, therefore, separated for the night; Tim promising if nothing prevented him, to resume it on the following evening, and Darby adding that he would not for a week's wages miss a single word of the conversation.

CHAP. XV.

THE next evening, the whole party were assembled in Tom's cottage, at an early hour, anxious to hear what Tim had to say on a subject which had been the cause of so much good and evil to him. Darby had also brought his grandson with him, for he saw with pleasure that the boy improved every time he had an opportunity of witnessing the modest behaviour, clean appearance, and sensible remarks of Tom's children. But these were not the only persons present at the conversation that ensued, for as Darby was brimful of expectation, he could not avoid talking of it to all his acquaintances whom he met that day, and the consequence was, that one, and then another, and another, came dropping in about seven o'clock, well knowing that Tom, so far from receiving them coldly, would give them a hearty welcome, gratified at being the means of usefulness to his neighbours.

Tim. We were about to talk upon those accidents which so often happen from fire, when your remark, Molly, made me remind you how many reasons I had to be thankful for God's mercies, (although it had pleased him that I should lose the use of my arm,) and caused us all, I trust, to see how much wiser, as well as more becoming, it is in a Christian to thank the Almighty for what he has given, than to repine for what he has not. But I must now read you the paragraph in the newspaper which mentions a dreadful fire that lately broke out in London.

Tom. Is it a true account, Tim? for I hear that oftentimes many things are put into the newspapers which never happened, but were invented by the writer.

Tim. You may depend on the truth of the account I am going to read; for Mr. Malins, who gave me the newspaper, told me of a letter he had from a friend in London, who knew the person mentioned:—

Here Tim, having got the candle close to the newspaper, and folded down the latter so that he could hold it conveniently with his left hand, began to read the following account:

“January 2d, 1821.—Yesterday morning, between twelve and three o'clock, the following dreadful catastrophe took place at the house of Dr. Uwin, of No. 13, Bedford-row, London. Mrs. Leathes, an elderly lady, in consequence of indisposition, was lately sent up to London

from the country, and placed in the house of Dr. Uwin, where she occupied apartments together with her daughter, Miss Leathes, in order that she might be under the immediate attention of the Doctor. Yesterday morning, while Mrs. Leathes was lying sick in bed, and her daughter reading by the bedside, the female servant who was in the habit of attending the sick lady, entered the apartment with some medicine which was intended for her, and having placed the candle in rather an awkward situation, the bed-curtains caught fire, which was not perceived till the blaze spread over the apartment. Miss Leathes was so much alarmed, that she immediately arose, and in great agitation opening the back window, she precipitated herself to the pavement of the area, and pitching on her head, fractured her skull in a dreadful manner. The servant, perceiving no chance of escape from the immense body of flames which surrounded the door, followed the example of her mistress, by throwing herself from the same window, which belongs to the second floor back apartment: she broke both her legs and her back in the fall. By this time the flames in the apartment were increasing, which together with the groans of the unfortunate females in the yard, attracted the attention of the persons adjacent to the spot, and assistance was immediately procured. Mr. Paine, of the Wheat Sheaf Inn, and his waiter, were the first who entered



HOUSE ON FIRE.

the house, and proceeding up stairs to the second floor, succeeded in putting out the flames. We are happy to state, that Mrs. Leathes did not meet with any injury, save the excessive fright she underwent, and the effect produced by the melancholy catastrophe of her daughter. Mr. Paine with the promptest activity, proceeded to the assistance of Miss Leathes and the female servant, who were discovered in the most deplorable condition; they were immediately conveyed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where they are now lying without hope of recovery. Miss Leathes is about eighteen or nineteen years of age. Mrs. Leathes is still at the house of Dr. Uwin, where the most humane attention is paid to her in her present distressing situation. The circumstance created considerable alarm in the neighbourhood. Several fire engines shortly arrived, but fortunately the fire was previously extinguished; much damage, however, was done.

“Miss Leathes, we learn, died about half past five o'clock on the same evening; and the maid servant, a girl about eighteen years of age, at first gave some hopes of recovery to the surgeons, but she died shortly after her young mistress.”

Such, added Tim, laying down the newspaper, is the account which I brought here to read, and, surely, no one will now say that I have not reason to be thankful, that I escaped

with so little injury. But tell me, Darby, what thoughts came into your mind as I was reading?

Darby. Why, I think it should teach us to be careful how we carry and where we lay down a candle.

Tim. Yes, Darby, that is true; we ought indeed to be careful of fire; a single spark, falling on a few shavings, or straw, or linen, may set a house, or a street, or a whole town on fire. We should also take good care to see that fires and candles are all safe before we go to bed. We should be cautious how we leave linen airing near the fire. It is true, nine times out of ten, no harm may come of it; but the tenth time the house may be burnt down.—We should never leave children alone in a room where there is a fire.—We should make it a rule never to read in bed; for many a one has fallen asleep, and left the candle burning, and so the curtains or bed clothes have taken fire. And, lastly, we should never carry a candle, without a lantern, into a barn or stable. What was your reflection, Molly, on the account that I have been reading?

Molly. I was thinking, Tim, how awful it was to be cut off in a moment, without warning.

Tim. Ah, Molly! it is not by a house-fire alone that people are often suddenly called away from life to death. Many a one drops dead suddenly; many die of various accidents, as I

remember to have read of a man who was passing along the flags of a street in Dublin, when a part of a window-stool having been loosened the night before by a storm, it fell on his head, and killed him on the spot. And we all recollect Mr. Walker of the Grange, whose gun went off by accident, as he was out shooting in the grouse season, and lodged its contents in his side—he never spoke afterwards. For myself, Molly, I never hear of such sudden calls without asking myself, suppose it were to be my case, am I ready for the summons?—how is my heart, my conduct, my conversation?—are they really such as religion teaches and the Almighty will approve?—Blessed is the servant whom his Lord when he cometh shall find watching; for at such an hour as we think not, the Son of Man often cometh.

Here John Connor, a very old man, who was universally esteemed by the whole neighbourhood, and was one of those who came to hear the conversation, said, It strikes me, Tim, that religion may also be concerned in Darby's remark. He said, you know, how careful we should be of fire. Carefulness may save a house, it may preserve the lives of many who are a blessing to the poor, or it may spare some who are but ill prepared to be so suddenly snatched away—it may spare them, and they may live to repent.

Tim. I thank you kindly, John, for the

remark, which indeed did not occur to me. The man who is careful for the cause you mention, will not be likely to neglect his own state; on the contrary, he will strive earnestly that he may be found ready to meet his God.

Tom. It has come into my mind, Tim, to remark from your story, how different is the conduct of different persons on such occasions. Some, like Miss Leathes and the servant maid, are so alarmed, that they rush on to a destruction which, if they had been calmer, they might possibly have escaped. Whilst others, like yourself, Tim, are so collected, that they can judge of what is best to be done; and in this way half the danger is removed.

Tim. Without talking of myself, Tom, I may say, that I agree with you fully; nor can any thing shew it in a stronger light than this, that whilst terror caused two active young women to seek an escape from one danger by rushing on a greater, Mrs. Leathes, who was left in the room in the midst of the flames, remained unhurt. Presence of mind, therefore, is a quality we should all endeavour to possess; and as the occasion, which you all recollect, neighbours, brought the subject particularly before me, I have collected such rules together as I thought it would be useful to recollect on any sudden emergency of the kind, (may you never be visited with it;) and it will give me the greatest joy if you should think them worth the

trouble of remembering. 'Tis true, we all live in cottages, without any up-stairs, but you all know several who live in the neighbouring town, in houses three stories high; and may yourselves, at some future time, find them useful to you. Besides, I am anxious only to teach you how necessary it is, on such occasions, to have your wits about you.

Darby. Suppose then, Tim, I was awakened from sleep with the cry of fire, and was told that the house in which I lived was in flames—what ought I to do? After what you have read to us, I think I should never leap from the window, in order to save my life; that would shew more haste than good speed, for perhaps I should break my neck in the attempt.

Tim. As soon as you have received the alarm, endeavour to collect yourself, and be as cool as possible. I dont mean by this, Darby, that you should stand still and be burnt, but only that you should consider before you act, and “deliberate,” as the copy says, “before you resolve,” if it be but for half a minute, Darby. I remember once to have heard of a lady, who was awakened by the crackling of fire, and saw it shining under the bed chamber door. Her husband would have opened the door, but she prevented him, since the smoke and flames would then have burst in upon them. The children, with a maid, slept in a room opening into their's; she went and awakened them, and tying together

the sheets and blankets, she sent down the maid from the window first, and let down the children one by one to her ; last of all she descended herself. A few minutes after, the floor fell in, and all the house was in flames.

Well, Darby, I make no doubt that before she did any thing she took a short time to consider what was best to be done. Unlike another, who being awakened by the flames bursting through the wainscot into the room, flew to the stair-case, and thinking only of her own safety, with great difficulty and danger made her way through the fire into the street; when she had escaped it, however, she recollected her poor little children, who were sleeping in the room over her own, and might have escaped, had she awakened them, by the top of the house. It was now, however, too late; the stairs had caught fire, so that nobody could get near them, and they were burnt in their beds. But to continue, when you have deliberated, you would, I suppose, proceed after this manner: having slipped on any part of your clothes which lay at hand, and which would not detain you long, you might peep out of the window, to see or enquire in what direction the flames were acting; you would then judge whether there were any chance of going down by the stairs, which is much safer than to expose your limbs by a leap from the window.

Molly. But suppose the stairs on fire, Tim, what am I to do?

Tim. Try whether it is possible to go out on the roof; for you might, in this case, perhaps reach an adjoining house, and thus be removed from danger, till some means were offered you to reach the ground by.

Tom. But suppose the house stands alone; suppose the stairs are on fire; and suppose, also, there is no way of getting out on the roof, I think deliberating would not much assist me:—out of the window I must throw myself; for, surely, it is far preferable to get off, perhaps, with only broken bones, than to be roasted alive.

Tim. Well, Tom, suppose, after all, there is no other way of escape but by the window; still there is no occasion to be flurried. Perhaps some kind friend or neighbour has planted a ladder against the wall to assist your escape, and it would be a thousand pities to lose the advantage of this for want of a single look. Again, suppose you *must* let yourself down—if there are more windows than the one, would it not be well to consider which is the best adapted for the purpose? Below one may be iron rails, or hard stones, under the other a garden, or soft grass; it will take but a moment to decide in this case. Having chosen your window, throw out your bed, if you can, and then proceed to let yourself down by means of the sheets tied

together, and well fastened at one end to the window, the bed post, or any thing else that will prevent them from slipping; take care not to drop from them till you come to the lower end; and in descending, either let the sheets slip through your hands, and thus slide down, or else remove one of your hands, and then the other, alternately, lower and lower; and finally, when you arrive at the end of the lowest sheet, if your feet do not touch the ground, either drop or spring from your hold, as circumstances or inclination may determine, *holding your breath at the same time.* And I must not forget to remark, that the danger of escaping in this way may often be much lessened, if a few stout men below could hold up a carpet, or even a blanket, so as to receive upon it the person who was descending.

Here the eldest boy, who was sitting on the edge of his own bed, had got the ends of a couple of sheets together, and having tied them together, he came to his father, telling him to pull with all his might; the experiment, however, might have injured him much, for as both pulled with all their strength, the knot slipped, and James fell backwards, and hurt himself not a little with the force with which he came to the ground. He soon, however, got up, and with great good humour reminded his uncle, that such knots would not bear the weight of a large man, when even he had been able to separate them.

Tim. You are very right, James. In fastening the sheets together by their corners, you must take care that they are joined by a good knot. If it were a rope, almost any kind of double knot would answer; but in sheets, which run taper to a point, they are very liable to slip. Before the ends therefore are tied together, tie a single but hard knot at the end of each sheet, by way of safety, and which may hence be called the safety knot; this once done, almost any kind of knot will answer, for the safety knots will act as checks, and render it impossible they should separate.

Darby. Have you ever heard, Tim, of a person wrapping himself up in a wet blanket, when all other means of escape were denied, and rushing through the flame; where they appeared to be less violent?

Tim. I have, Darby; but I look upon it to be so dangerous an expedient, that nothing but necessity will justify its adoption. Life is sweet; and it is hard to say what course a man will refuse to adopt, in such an awful extremity. All I say is that, according to the proverb, a man had better look before he leaps.

Molly. Well, Tim, there is one piece of advice you have forgotten, and I dont think you would forget to act upon it, though you have not explained it to us. You have been all along supposing a person to be alone, having no one near him in the same danger, and neither child

nor relation nor friend at hand to need his assistance.

Tim. No, Molly; you cannot suppose that I forgot that. A humane man will not be so cruelly selfish as to think only of himself: he will, of course, be desirous of assisting all those to whom he can be of use. If there are children, or timid persons, he will take care and get them out of danger first; and if they are altogether incapable of helping themselves, he will endeavour to let them down by a basket, if possible, or by a sheet tied round the body.

May the Almighty keep us all from such dangers; but if they do visit us, may he grant us to have a calm and collected mind!—Amen! said all present, as they each wished Tim and his relations good night, and took their several roads homewards, thinking of what they had heard, and now and then putting up a silent prayer to God, that he would keep them from harm, and be about their bed and path.



CHAP. XVI.

Tim, with the help of his sister-in-law, had introduced many improvements into his brother's family; he had persuaded him to build a cottage like his own, Mr. Malins kindly giving five pounds towards the expense; he had also taught him to make his garden more profitable; but he took most pleasure in remembering that he had induced Tom to buy a Bible, and occasionally to read it to his family. He was now about to leave them on his usual circuit, and feeling a great anxiety that every thing should go on during his absence in the same manner as if he remained at home, he took a private opportunity of speaking to Molly in the following terms.—

I am about to leave you, my dear-sister, for awhile, but your kindness and sisterly affection I shall never forget. Before I go, however, I must tell you, Molly, that it is on you I chiefly depend for having the Bible read here on Sunday evening, at least, and as often on week days as you can. Believe me, Molly, it is the right way of passing that holy evening, and it will impress very important truths on the minds of your children; and as you know some of our neighbours were in the habit of calling to my cottage on Sunday to hear it read, it would be a pity to disappoint them; for my part I think it has had a good effect on some of them already;

and, perhaps, they will soon get bibles of their own; at all events let us do our duty. Tom I know, will often come home tired after his day's work, and be willing to put off reading till another time, but I depend on you to make the boys read; and let who will come in, dont be ashamed to let them see you are concerned for your own and your children's welfare in the next world as well as this.

Molly. I assure you, Tim, I will not forget your advice; I think I am the better myself for hearing you read, and I am sure it would improve us all if you were to stay with us constantly.

Tim. There you are mistaken Molly; it is best for me that I should be earning something, which I can do pretty easily while health and strength are left me; but I shall be home in autumn, when I hope we shall all meet again in happiness. The two eldest boys now coming in, Tim addressed them as follows:—I am about to leave you for a while, my dear boys; and as you know how anxious I have been about your improvement, I hope you will continue equally attentive during my absence. James and Ellen, you know, are just beginning to spell a little, if you will take them under your care, and hear them two or three lessons a day, they will come on, and you shall be the better of it when I return. Here also are two copies of verses which I expect they shall be able to say by heart when we

meet; and it is through you I expect them to be learned. I dont grudge you plenty of play when business is over, but what I ask of you will take up but very little time. Speak truth at all times—live in love and quietness together, and obey your parents in all things—as your father is mostly absent in the day at his work, let it be your care to assist your mother by every means in your power. You well know she is taken up from morning till night providing one thing or other for you all; besides you know who it is that says “Honour thy Father and Mother that length of days may be thine”—and my dear fellows, whenever you find yourselves inclined to do any thing you know to be wrong, if you will but remember that you are actually standing before that great God who made you, the world, and all that is in it, I think you will not dare to commit a crime in his presence. If He permits us to meet again, I hope we shall pass a happy winter together. The boys who had been accustomed to look up to their uncle Tim as another parent, promised all he asked; and soon after Tim left them, bearing with him the esteem of Mr. Malins—the affectionate love of his family, and the good wishes of every neighbour, even those who refused to follow his advice.

VERSES

WHICH TIM DESIRED HIS NEPHEWS TO TEACH
THEIR BROTHER AND SISTER DURING HIS
ABSENCE.

May peace and love
From God above
My bosom ever fill;
So shall I find
An humble mind
Obedient to thy will.

May faith and trust
And all that's just
My soul with ardour fire;
A quiet life,
Removed from strife,
More I cannot desire.

May thanks and praise,
Thro' all my days,
My heart and mind employ;
So shall I know,
Whilst here below,
More than an earthly joy.

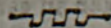
11.

Oh God! thou author of my days,
 Accept a feeble infant's praise;
 Teach me to love thee more and more—
 Thy pow'r and goodness to adore.

The sun the moon, the heavens on high,—
 And all the glories of the sky;
 Each beauteous flower on earth that grows,
 That goodness and that power disclose.

I cannot love thee as I ought—
 Yet I would shun each sinful thought,
 And try in this, my early day,
 To learn thy good and perfect way,

Teach me in innocence to live,
 And all thy precious comforts give;
 Oh heavenly Father, give me grace,
 In youth and age to seek thy face,



CHAP. XVII.

AT the expected time Tim Higgins returned, having finished his business to his employer's satisfaction, and procured, by his obliging manners and strict integrity, a great many customers at the different fairs which he frequented. Indeed, it is a remark which deserves to be attended to by every dealer, that the surest way of succeeding is to establish an honest character. Have but the one price, (said Mr. Malins to him when he was setting out on his first circuit) have but the one price for all who come to you, whether they are poor or rich, experienced or ignorant, and I warrant, though there may be a few who prefer buying from a man who asks a great deal more than he will take, for this makes such people think that they are getting a bargain, still in the end, custom will come to him who is satisfied with a fair price, and who proves, if he can get that, it will make no difference, though it was a child came to buy. Again, remember, Tim, (said this worthy man,) I never wish you to praise an article, as good, which you know to be indifferent; rather say, it is as good as can be had for the price; and if the buyer says to you—"choose me such an article as you yourself can recommend"—be doubly scrupulous: there are some, perhaps, who might think that a good opportunity for getting rid of

a piece that had remained long on hands ; but, independent of its being neither more nor less than an act of dishonesty, to call that good which is bad, and to take a greater price than the thing is worth, it will be found that the person thus deceived, discovers he has been over-reached, and transfers his custom to some other dealer. Such were the principles on which Tim Higgins acted ; nor is it to be wondered at, that those who were beginning business, and had their experience yet to acquire, always went to him, who, as every one said, was as honest as the sun.

But to return from this digression ; on Tim's arrival from his second circuit, he found every thing going on with his brother's family as well as he could wish. The cottage looked so snug from the road-side that few strangers could pass by without enquiring whose cabin it was. The dunghil no longer leaned against the front wall close to the door ; there was no dirty pool, through which the children must dabble every time they went in and out ; nor could you see any thing like a rag, or an old hat, or a wisp of hay, stopping up a broken window. The garden also bore the marks of care and industry ; but it was in the children that Tim saw the greatest signs of improvement ; their faces, hands, and feet were clean, their well-mended clothes shewed Molly's thrift, and their modest appearance made them favourites with every

one. The inside of the cottage, also, bore the marks of their good behaviour; for here and there you might see pasted up several useful maxims, which they had written out at school as copy-pieces, and which often reminded, not only themselves, but their parents, of the advantages of order and industry. "Do every thing in its own time—put every thing in its own place," was one of these sentences; another, "a place for every thing, and every thing in its place;" another, "delay not till to-morrow what should be done to-day;" another, "love the brotherhood, fear God, honour the king;" another, "honesty is the best policy;" nor was it merely on the walls that these sentences were posted, they appeared to regulate every thing; when the children returned from school they had nails to hang every thing on; the chairs were not covered with things, and on a shelf near the window appeared a bible, which Mr. Malins had given to Tom, and in which he never failed to read a little at night before the children went to bed. Tim found also that the children had steadily obeyed his injunctions during his absence; they had learned the verses which he had left with them; besides which, the elder boy had taken his brother James under his care, and the second had taken Ellen, and both were trying which should have the best scholar against their uncle's return. It may be easily supposed, therefore, with what pleasure Tim distributed

his little presents; a nice house-wife to hold her needles, and thimble to Ellen, a spade to James, who had taken a great liking to Mr. Malin's gardener, and was always at his side, when not engaged at school; and two new books to each of the boys; to the eldest, Travels in Africa and Southern Asia; to the second, Travels in North America, and Travels in South America: all of them lately printed by the Education Society in Dublin, for the amusement and instruction of good boys and girls.

The following evening Darby Connor came early to Tom's cabin, where Tom had promised to be, and began the following conversation:

Darby. Welcome, Tim; ten times welcome; we were all longing for your return.

Tim. I thank you kindly, Darby. Here I am once more amongst my friends, and I am grateful to *Him* who has preserved us all to this meeting. But how does Jack get on?

Darby. Why, he is not like your boys yet; though I think he is much improved by their good company, and he minds his book more than he did, for I believe he was ashamed they should read so much better than he.

Tim. The boy that is capable of feeling shame, may easily be improved if he be in good hands. Boys, 'tis true, will oftentimes run into error, but we must have patience and persevere. Precept upon precept, (says the

Scripture,)—line upon line—here a little, there a little, and a watchful attention to their smallest faults; remembering, that just as the big oak tree at the end of the road, was once an acorn, or as the traveller gets over a long journey, by beginning with a single step, even so the greatest sinner that ever lived always began his course of wickedness by some small fault. Yes, Darby, we should have patience with children, for we all know how long suffering, how mercifully forbearing is our common Father, who, as we read, *wails to be gracious*, that is, gives us trial after trial, in the desire that we may at length listen to admonition.

Darby. Oh Tim! you are quite right. I am now an old man, though still, thank God, able to work; yet, till lately, I never rightly considered what I came into the world for; and now I find I have to do that which should have been done long ago; and I know not how short my time is.

Tim. You may be sure, neighbour, that he who puts these thoughts in your head is able to carry on his own work, and purify your heart also. Long and short are all one to him; and we have no right to say that any time of life is too late for repentance.

Darby. I love to hear you, Tim. But tell me, was it the Bible that made you so much a wiser man than your neighbours?

Tim. I am not wiser than my neighbours : you have all the same faculties as myself, and some of you much better. I was, like some of you, content with the present world, and careless of the next, which I looked on as at a distance. I had no gross crimes to answer for, (thanks to the care of a good father,) but I was, and I fear I am still, very far from being a true Christian. I had a wife and child whom I doated on, and it pleased my merciful Father to take them from me. Perhaps it was this which first awakened me to a sense of my condition. After this, you know, I had a long sickness ; and being much confined, had time to think a good deal. The Bible was my companion, and indeed, my comforter ; from that I learned that even war, plague and famine (much greater evils than I had suffered) were only instruments in the hand of God to call us to repentance ; and I felt thankful that he had still left me ability to maintain myself by honest industry, and leisure to think of my future well-being.

Darby. And do you really look on the death of your wife and child as a blessing ?

Tim. That the all-wise Creator can make that which seems to us a misfortune the source of many a blessing, I have no doubt ; and I daily pray, that I may be enabled to bow with submission to his will. This does not hinder me from feeling deep regret at times, but it

forbids all murmuring, and teaches me to number the blessings still left me—health—a capacity to get my bread—a good brother and affectionate family—time to prepare for a better world. Oh Darby! if we were to compare what we have with what we deserve, we should make fewer complaints.

Darby. Well, Tim, I believe you are right; and I am just thinking that your travelling so much alone gives you more time to meditate on these matters, and for that reason you know more than we do.

Tim. I have the advantage of you in leisure, no doubt; but we can all turn our thoughts to proper subjects, be our employment what it may.

Tim turned to the young people here, to say how much he was satisfied with their conduct during his absence. Go on, children, said he, as you have done, and the blessing of the Most High will be about your path by day, and your bed by night. You will be a comfort to your father and mother, and beloved by all. The next time I leave you you shall not be forgotten; in the mean time, remember it is the approval of conscience you are above all to look to.

I heard a story whilst on my journey, which I think will please you as much as it did me; and perhaps as Darby is here, he would like also to hear it, for it is one from which we may all derive some encouragement in well-doing.

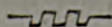
I know it to be strictly true ; and though the subject of it was in a rank of life something superior to yours, you will see by it what may be done at a very early age, when people are sober, and willing to make use of the talents God bestows on them.

In the town of — lived a well-conducted, honest couple, who kept a little shop, and had five children ; the eldest, a boy just sixteen, another one year younger, and three girls. A contagious distemper carried off the man and his wife within a few days of each other ; and on looking into his circumstances, it was found that his substance would barely pay his debts—the children had some friends, who on this occasion assembled to consult what should be done with them. Some proposed a subscription, but to this the eldest boy, who was only sixteen, added Tim, addressing his eldest nephew, shewed great reluctance and said, as they had a house to live in, if his friends approved of his opening a school, he did not doubt but he could support himself and the rest of the family : his proposal was received with surprise—but on examining into his ability for such an undertaking, they found that he wrote a fine hand—had gone far in arithmetic—and was not ignorant of some branches of mathematics, and as all his neighbours agreed he was the very best boy in the town, they thought it best to comply with

his wishes. Not long after, he opened a school, and soon had scholars—for when people see a person willing to help himself by honest industry, they seldom refuse assistance. And so steady was his conduct, and such his care over those intrusted to his tuition, that he might soon have had more than his house would hold,—At the same time that he instructed his pupils, he contrived to find leisure to improve himself in various parts of learning, and also to make his brother a complete Clerk—the girls too he taught as far as was requisite; and they served as house-keepers and servants, though the eldest girl was not quite thirteen at the death of her parents; and thus they went on for some years living with strict economy, and keeping clear of debt—I need not say that they were the objects of love, respect and admiration to the whole town.—As the girls grew up, situations were found for two of them; one went as a house-keeper in a respectable family, the other found a profitable place as an assistant in a great shop; the younger brother was not quite twenty-one when he was offered a good Clerkship in a town at a distance, for their name and conduct had gone far: he accepted it, and his conduct there did him credit; the eldest brother and sister still kept up the school for some years, but a very suitable place offering for her, he was unwilling to hinder it—and not being then disposed to marry, he chose to give up the school and go to some other as an

usher ; he readily found employment in a great seminary, where his behaviour soon made him the confidential friend of his employer, and the darling of the boys. At this very time, while in a profitable place, his character perfectly established, and his situation every way agreeable, the Divine Disposer of events thought fit to call him to another world ; a lingering disorder seized him, he struggled with it some months, but feeling himself unequal to the duties of his station, he gave up his place, and would have taken lodgings, but this the master would by no means admit of. He insisted on his living or dying with him ; and for many months, (for so long his sickness lasted,) his employer acted the part of a real brother to him—as the awful close of life drew near, his brother and sister came, and he had the satisfaction of having their company for more than a week before his death. Though in a town far, very far from his native place, his funeral was attended by many hundreds, who behaved with becoming solemnity, and every school-boy wept as for a parent—here ends my story, which, I can assure you, is literally true.—I might have made it much longer but I would not tire you. Oh uncle, said the eldest boy, all in tears, we are not tired ; but tell me why did this good man die so early in life, when he might have done a great deal of good in it.

My dear Tom, replied the uncle, I am not able to answer that question. He who sent us into this world calls us to another when he pleases; and he alone knows the proper time, it is no loss to a good man to be called from works to rewards at any time; and even a very good man may be in danger of meeting with such temptations as he may find it hard to struggle against, so that it might be a high favour to him to be called away from them; but this is all conjecture: one thing only we are sure of, viz.—That He who is perfect in wisdom, cannot err; and that it is our duty to submit to every dispensation of Providence, with submission and thankfulness.



CHAP. XVIII.

A FEW evenings after the foregoing conversation the two brothers agreed to walk across the fields to Darby Connor's, in order to see his new built cabin, for he too had profited by a good example, and, with Mr. Malin's assistance, raised a snug dwelling for himself. It was not indeed so large as the Higgins's, but his family was smaller, and besides he could not afford to give much towards it. Though the walls were, however made of mud, it was on the same plan exactly, being comfortably thatched and well whitewashed; and having also the chimney of brick, and neat glazed

windows, it proved a snug and comfortable shelter for his age.

It was a cold evening in November when the brothers paid Darby this kind and neighbourly visit, and it may well be supposed they were received with a hearty welcome. Shortly after they had taken their seats the wind rose high and the rain beat violently against the little casement; however, a few sods of turf were burned up, and threw a cheerful light through the room, so that they only thought of the weather with thankfulness that they were not like many of their fellow-creatures, exposed to its severity. I am glad, Tim, said Darby, you are not abroad on your travels; the night is terrible.

Tim. Not very terrible to us, Darby, who are sitting by a good fire in your snug little cottage; but it is no matter how often we number our blessings, they are great and many. I was myself, at the very time you spoke, thinking how grateful we should feel for the comforts that surround us, though it was not the weather which put me upon such thoughts.

I lately travelled a whole day with a disabled soldier, whom a severe wound had rendered unfit for service. He had been in Germany at the time that Buonaparte fled from Russia, and was pursued by the armies of the allied princes. A flying army, he said, generally does more mischief than a conquering one; and

the scene of carnage and desolation which he described to me was truly terrible. Though the French marched as quick as they could, they were often obliged to halt for a little time, and send out foraging parties to bring in provisions; these never failed to destroy what they could not carry off; and if disappointed of their booty, the poor inhabitants were sure to pay dear for it. Towns and villages were set on fire, and, in short, wherever they passed, they were sure to leave a famine behind them. It was of this I was thinking, Darby, when you spoke; and I could not fail thanking God in my heart for the blessing of peace, which this country enjoyed, even at the time when almost all the rest of Europe was the scene of war. He told me too of a battle he was in (I forget what name he gave it,) but between the two armies lay a town which was very advantageously situated as a post for either of the two armies, and consequently was the scene of a dreadful contest between them, being taken and re-taken no less than five times in the course of the day. Now I leave you to guess the situation of the poor inhabitants, and whether every individual should not do all in his power to promote and preserve that prime blessing—peace.

Tom. War is a dreadful thing, and we can never be thankful enough for peace; but really, Tim, I don't see how such people as you and I can do any thing towards it

Tim. Why, not much; but we can do something, and you know he who had but one talent was punished for not improving that; well as he who had ten. You and I and Darby can, by precept and example, recommend love and unity to those of our own class in the neighbourhood: we may compose or prevent quarrels, and would not even this be doing something?

Tom. I grant it would; and pray Tim dont laugh at me—but I cannot help thinking, as Darby told you the other evening, you are come back a much wiser man than when you left us.

Tim. I fear you are mistaken, brether; 'tis true that I have got more into the habit of thinking than I used heretofore; and, having more leisure, I regularly read my little bible, which you know I always carry with me. He who studies that with a desire to be the better for it, can hardly miss his aim; for I think it contains precepts adapted to every situation in life, even with respect to our well being in this world, and 'tis a pity we do not study it more. You remember how careful our father was to make you and me read a chapter or two every night.

Darby. I understand you, Tim; and confess I am not so exact as I ought to be in making my boys read the Scriptures as often as they ought; but I hope to mend, especially while I have your good company, and do not

suppose that we have laid it by; we do read a chapter or two pretty often, though not so frequently as we ought, perhaps.

Tim. Regularity in any thing is a great matter, and I would advise you not to neglect a little reading every night; you, as well as the children, may feel the benefit hereafter. What parent would not wish to have sentiments of love and duty early impressed on the minds of his offspring; and how can it be done more forcibly than in the language of Scripture? but, except the children asked a question, I would not trouble them with making remarks on it, and even then I would be very guarded in what explanation I gave; all that is necessary for us is very plain; and boys, and girls too, are capable of understanding it at an earlier age than we are willing to allow.

Tom. That they are, I can testify from my own experience; for when very young, I must own I knew more than I practiced, and often felt remorse for some little faults I was guilty of, on reading, or hearing read, some text which I thought was applicable to myself.

Tim. And would it not be a pity to silence such a monitor; but I must tell you that I have another way of gaining information; travelling through so much of the country, I become acquainted with a great many persons; I hear from one and another a great many stories, so

that I am never at a loss for subjects of meditation, and some of them very serious ones.

Darby. I expect you will let us have the benefit of it before we part to night?

Tim. That I will, Darby, with pleasure; and as often as our different occupations allow us to meet; but there is one story which I cannot resist the temptation of telling you now, when you and Tom have been praising me for my wisdom, because it strongly marks of how little consequence even the most shining talents are to those who possess them, if unaccompanied by prudence; and how well very moderate ones may succeed under the direction of that cardinal virtue.

Tom Begin, Tim, I long to hear it.

Tim I fear it is rather late to begin, for it must be near bed time for Darby—and you, and I Tom, have some way to go; as the rain, however, is still falling in torrents, perhaps it may be better to wait a little until it ceases, and in the mean time, you shall have the story, which it is right to tell you I know to be literally true:

James Macklin was a young man of respectable family, and no expence or care had been spared to give him a plain but a good education. He was brought up by his grandfather, who left him one hundred pounds at his death, with which he stocked a small farm—his father had married a second wife, and was so much attached to her, and to a son she had by a former

husband, that he seemed wholly to forget James. Certain it is, that he never gave him to the value of a pound. The young man's talents and disposition were alike good, his manner pleasing, and his morals unblemished. After the death of his grandfather he lived some time with his uncle, and being there at free cost, he had an opportunity of realizing something handsome. About the 25th year of his age, he chose a wife, whose father gave a cheap farm with her; this young woman, whose name was Nancy, had a tolerable person, but had not enjoyed the same advantages of education as her husband: she had, however, a stock of sound sense and good nature, was well trained to country business, both within doors and without, was remarkably frugal and industrious, and having a religious turn, her conduct was unblemished. Notwithstanding all these good qualities, however, she only passed for a harmless good sort of a woman, and all who knew them, were amazed that Jas. Macklin married her. Her husband, on the other hand, soon became a general favourite with all who knew him both poor and rich; he had a sound understanding, and a strong sense of right and wrong, so that scarcely any dispute arose within miles of him, which he did not settle to the mutual satisfaction of the contending parties, thereby preventing many lawsuits, and much ill will and strife amongst his neighbours of the lower class. I should have told you, his father died suddenly,

about a year before his marriage, but having little to leave, James generously left that little with his step-mother and her son, the latter of whom you will find to have been the bane of his life. His name was Michael; he had been well taught by his stepfather, was a good clerk, but void of that honesty, which alone can render a man worthy of esteem. This young man, James took so strong a fancy to, that one might have called them inseparable; he was his friend, his companion, his confident, far more than the wife of his bosom. Michael soon obtained a good clerkship, in a town not far from the place where James lived, where he might have done well, but getting tired of what he called a dependant situation, he resolved to commence business on his own account.

He commenced whiskey distiller, and for a while made no small figure amongst the small gentry of the place. He kept a hunter, was fond of sporting, and as he left his distillery to the care of others, it is not surprising that business soon began to leave him; at length, every thing went crooked with him, he was deep in debt, his creditors were clamorous and pressing, and he must give money or bail. He applied to James, assuring him he had ample means of satisfying every one, and only wanted a little time. James madly entered bail for one thousand pounds, though his whole property did not amount to quite half the sum.

Darby. You have said, Tim, that James was a man of sound sense, now I dont think his conduct will agree with that character.

Tim. Very badly, I allow ; but, be assured, Darby, nothing is more common, than for a man to have great sense and make little use of it. Some favourite passion, some fatal propensity leads him astray, he sees his error, but conscious of his abilities, believes he can amend it when he thinks fit ; in which he often finds himself wofully mistaken.

Tom. It is surprising also, that James's wife did not advise him against an act, which so often brings a man to ruin.

Tim. That reminds me of another fault, which James committed, no less wrong than that of becoming accountable for another man's debts. His wife, though acknowledged an excellent one, even by himself, was kept wholly a stranger to his circumstances : this is wrong, for in the first place, it often deprives a man of a good adviser, and, if a cross accident happens, she, and his whole family, are suddenly overwhelmed by misfortune, at the very moment they believed themselves secure. James was soon called on for the money, which Michael could not pay at the time promised : his credit was good, and he strained it to the utmost, which gave a little respite, but not long, besides he was saddled with interest which must be punctually paid, so that instead of buying

cattle for ready money, as he used to do, he bought on credit, that is to say, very dear; those cattle, on a sudden call, he was often obliged to sell out for considerably less than he bought them. His land also, was always overstocked, but not with his own cattle; he knew the circumstances of all his poor neighbours, some of them had a little money to spare, he borrowed it, and by way of interest, they sent cattle to graze with him: this was not all; three times were his whole stock and substance seized, unknown to his wife, family, or neighbours, and as often he found means to stop the sale; but, alas! it was by the ruinous expedient of raising money on bills, which he afterwards paid large sums to get discounted. His wife, who could not help seeing his distress of mind, and, was often amazed to think, where the sums he received for corn and cattle went, used her utmost skill, to make every thing under her care go as far as possible, so that in general, his family lived as penuriously as most cottagers; to finish the catalogue of his misfortunes, he got a habit of drinking, the tavern is the place where money matters are usually adjusted, the borrower always treating the lender: this, and his uneasy situation, quite spoiled an excellent temper, and his wife and family too often felt the effects of it; such, in short, was the miserable life of James Mackin, for more than twenty-five years, at last, his constitution, though originally a good one,

sunk under the combined pressure of grief and intemperance. A sudden illness seized him, which in a very few weeks turned out to be a confirmed dropsy; woful indeed, was his state now, his mind as well as body, suffering under a painful disorder, and he had to reveal to his wife, all the secrets he had so long and so carefully concealed from her, and to entreat she would exert herself to the utmost, to pay his debts and provide for his family. His decline was very rapid, for three weeks after he began to swell, consigned him to the grave. He deeply repented his past folly, and was mercifully favoured to look forward with hope.

Tom. Poor man, he was indeed an object of pity, but say what you will, Tim, I cannot look on him as a man of sense.

Tim. Yet such he was, and that in no small degree; he was the oracle of the neighbourhood, and could give the best advice on many subjects. If you ask me why he did not practice what he knew so well, I can only tell you that the first wrong step leads to many others; when we get into a wrong path, false shame often prevents our quitting it: his keeping his affairs a secret from his wife, seems to have been his great error, after he had become security, and this became the fruitful source of many more. He died greatly lamented, being, as I have told you, a most useful man to his neighbourhood; nor did the poor soon forget him. His creditors

too, were remarkably favourable, the chief among them even offered to advance more money if necessary. How his widow managed after his death, I intend you shall hear to-morrow night, at present 'tis time we should separate.

Darby. Oh Tim, night is long enough for sleep and your story too, and I long to hear it.

Tim. No, not to-night, you have seen of how little use great talents are when unaccompanied by prudence, and you will see in his wife's conduct, what very moderate ones can effect, when directed to a good purpose. You will also see the wise man's assertion verified, viz. "that a good name is better than ointment," so Darby, good night. Come over to me to-morrow evening after work, and you shall hear the remainder.



CHAP. XIX.

Tom. Now Tim, without farther preface begin your story.

Tim. I am ready: I told you before that Mary Macklin's talents were but moderate; she had no one quality that would be likely to attract much notice, if the world had prospered with her; I also told you that she had a religious turn; which is the best (if not the only)

security for good behaviour in man or woman. During most part of her married life she suffered much, but she suffered in silence; she was left a widow with a pretty large family, and in most difficult circumstances, for her husband had left more than eight hundred pounds of debt to pay.

Her character for diligence and strict honesty was well established, and this was her best resource. I told you her poor husband was at last obliged, to make a confidant of her; she heard the sad account of his circumstances with calmness, and without one upbraiding word encouraged him to hope, assuring him, nothing in her power should be wanting to retrieve their affairs. Many of his chief creditors came to visit him on his death bed, not to demand money, but to say how much they grieved for him, so much was he beloved. They encouraged his wife, and promised they would all give her reasonable time to pay the debts; the chief creditor even offered more money, he was an excellent man, and though one of the lower order of people, had in a course of years, by industry, sobriety and prudence, raised himself to a state of affluence, and how well it became him, you shall judge from his speech to Nancy, when he came to visit her sick husband. "I am come, (said he) to see my friend your husband, not to ask money of you: if any creditor presses you send him to me, and I will answer his demands." This speech, which

soon went abroad, probably made some creditors ashamed to press their claims, and at all events, it gave confidence to all. How often did the poor dying man lift up his heart and hands to that merciful Being, who thus enabled him to look forward in hope!—In short, he died. It is not customary, you know, to do any kind of business while a man lies dying or dead; the harvest was far advanced, and the weather so precarious, that double prices were given to many who would work; the widow had a great sowing ready for the scythe and sickle. The morning after the funeral, Nancy, on opening her door, was surprised to see a little army of men and women drawn up before it, one of whom, advancing towards her, spoke as follows:—“Mrs. Mackin, we loved your husband, and we are come to save his harvest; this is no time for grief, the weather threatens, come out and tell us what we shall do.” She did do so, and they came regularly every day after, till her harvest was completely saved. Nor would they accept of any recompence, but one meal each day. I know, Tom, you like to hear any thing which does credit to our poor country folks.

The widow, by her husband's will, was left sole manager of three farms: the best was left wholly to her, until her youngest son should be twenty-one; he was then about twelve years old; the other two farms were left to the two eldest sons, but all three were of course made

answerable for his debts : these, by the dint of industry and severe economy she soon lessened ; she survived her husband nearly nine years, and in that time paid every shilling he owed, and out of the farm he left till his youngest son came of age, she saved between three and four hundred pounds, which she left in equal shares between three surviving children, for she had buried four since her husband's death ; she died about the time I tell you, leaving an excellent character behind her, and her family in a prosperous situation. And now, Tom, what think you of my story ?

Tom. The story is an affecting one, and I am convinced, that great talents only add to one's condemnation, if we do not make the proper use of them. James's first fault seems to have been, keeping his affairs secret from a wife, so well qualified to advise him.

Tim. This was a great fault, but there was another previous to it ; he should not have formed so strong an attachment with a man he knew to be of immoral conduct ; who can touch pitch and not be defiled ? is a shrewd question of the apostle ; such as our intimates are, such will we certainly be.

Darby. You seem to have a text ready for every occasion, Tim.

Tim. You know that on a journey I always carry my little Bible with me, so that I have many a spare minute when I can read a verse, or more ; the more I read, the more I admire ;

particularly the description given of the Divine nature, wherein he describes himself as love, essential love, and what he is he must for ever be; for his nature is unchangeable. With respect to us, his poor depraved creatures, what is his language, "turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die, turn to your God who will abundantly pardon you." Surely this might awaken hope in the bosom of despair:—again he is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, he pities us as a father pities his children; any thing good done to our suffering brethren, he takes as done to himself; is not this all wonderful, and if we did but seriously reflect on it, can it fail to draw our "affections to things above," to make us look with humble love and reverential awe, to that great Being, who is our hope in this world, and will be our supreme joy in the next. He waits to be gracious to his erring creatures, and shall we have patience with an offending brother? while he is meek and lowly, shall we dare to be proud of his gifts: for we have nothing of our own?

Tim. You are better read in scripture than I am, one thing or other prevents my looking into it as often as I ought, but I will try to mend, for the texts you have mentioned, I thought warmed my heart as you repeated them.

Tim. The Scripture will not only warm the heart, but direct the head of him who reads with a view to improvement, and we have now such a numbr of Sundry schools, that I trust,

in a short time, there will not be many young people in the kingdom, wholly strangers to them.

Tom. How many do you think we have?

Tim. Not less than twelve hundred, and at least 1,300,000 scholars, for whom there are at least, 11,000 teachers, for though the gentry began the good work, the benefit of it was so soon felt, that numbers of small families have commenced teachers, and even country school masters, though employed all the week, devote a part of the Sunday to this purpose. These schools also, seem to be the parents of many others, now spreading over the kingdom, and calculated to better the condition of the poor. One good thing gives birth to another, and very small beginnings often produce wonderful effects, I almost wish that you, Darby, would set up a little Sunday school yourself.

Tom. Nay, now, Tim, you have settled it, I am finely qualified for it, and have great leisure to be sure, and Darby I believe, is not much fitter.

Tim. You read well, and your eldest son tolerably; Sunday is not a day for work; two hours in the evening, would be sufficient; you have three or four neighbours of your own rank, who often drop in to sit with you, they have children, and perhaps not as well taught as yours; I think they would have no objection to it. Then you need not call it a school at first, if you dont chuse it, but accustom yourself to

read, and hear your son read the Bible, or some other good book. One neighbour and another will come in, they will listen, and when they find it is your regular practice, you will find they will come again, and bring their children with them to encourage you. I can tell you, our good people are giving out vast numbers of books, some, wholly devotional, others calculated to amuse as well as instruct young people; these they frequently give gratis, and when they sell, it is at a very low price; when I return from my next ramble, I will bring you some of them. But it is time to separate—think of the matter I have just stated to you.

Tom. You have given us a subject to dream of, at any rate.

—♦—
CHAP. XX.

Neighbour Hobson. Good morrow, Tim, you are welcome to a neighbour's house; what paper is that you have got in your hand?

Tim. It is one Mr. Malins has just given to me, I called to show it to you;—it is the *Addresses of the English to the Irish poor.*

Hobson. What do you mean, Tim, by the *Addresses of the English?*

Tim. Why, you have heard of all the money the English subscribed for the poor in Ireland, when they were in such distress last spring and summer, 1822, and now that they have collected

for them as much as they could, and that their wants have been relieved, they have written them these letters, which are, as it were, telling them that they have done their best for them; that they hope they may profit by it; and, above all, that they may never see such hard times again, as to stand in need of their assistance; so I thought you would like to see the letters, which show so well the kind feelings of the English people towards our country.

Hobson. I thank you kindly, Tim, for bringing them to me; but to tell you the truth, this is a matter I know very little about. We all heard a great deal of the distress of the people in the counties of Cork, Limerick, Clare, Galway, and Roscommon, last summer, and we felt something of it too ourselves here, and I did hear talk of money that was sent for the relief of the poor, but I thought it came from Dublin, not from England.

Tim. And so a great deal did come from Dublin; there were subscriptions raised, and charity sermons preached both in the churches and the chapels throughout the whole city, and the same was even done in almost every other part of Ireland; but only think how liberal it was of the English to send over their money to us, as freely as if they belonged to ourselves. Mr. Malins told me they sent £299,000 into this country, an amazing sum to be collected by subscriptions given voluntarily by private

individuals; and, besides that, there was a large sum of money granted by Parliament, for the same purpose. If it had not been for this, a number of poor creatures might have died for hunger that were thus saved.

Hobson. That was generosity indeed, for no doubt they must have had their own poor to support as well as us, and use enough for their money in their own country without laying it out in this. But 299,000 pounds is a great deal of money, Tim, it must have bought plenty of provisions.

Tim. It is a large sum of money, sure enough; but think how many thousands were in want of food. If they had not had some kind hearts and ready hands to help them out in their trouble, they would have been badly off, even with all the money they got; but many a landlord was a good friend to his tenants during that time of hardship, and forgave them their rent, or lowered it, and even put himself to a pinch for their sakes.

Hobson. And what was the cause of the distress of last year?

Tim. You remember the year of our King's visit to Ireland, it was a fine summer, but the following autumn was, in the South and West, extremely wet. We all know the ruin that heavy rains brings on a poor man's crops:—the potatoes, on which he depended for the support of his family, rotted in the ground; and even those that escaped the rain, and were put into

pits in the usual way, to preserve them, became soaked in wet by the rain that followed, and when taken out in the spring, were found quite uncerveable; indeed, as I heard, they were just like so much slime. A want of food soon followed; many a poor creature was driven to the greatest extremity to satisfy his hunger, and many a one died for want of even the coarsest food: you may guess the consequence, famine and its usual companion fever, for, in a short time, the typhus broke out, and but for the Almighty's goodness, who sent relief, perhaps you and I would not be talking together to day.

Hobson. That's true! when the typhus gets head, I know too well, that it spreads like wild fire, and spares nobody, I have a right to know it, for it carried off two of my brothers, and a young niece, in 1817; but can you give me a notion of the distress at any one place?

Tim. In one place, as I read in the daily papers, thousands were entirely supported by charity; and, in another, many lived for weeks on boiled sea weed, cresses, nettles, and putrid fish. In Westport, county Mayo, 14000 people were supplied weekly with oatmeal, and in the county Clare, not less than 130,000 were relieved; in Cork, 100,000.

Hobson. This was an awful state, but I suppose, it was only among country folk, like ourselves, that it was found. Those who had a trade, were of course, better off.

Tim. Tradesmen, or countrymen, it was all the same, or rather, it was worse upon the former; for, used to higher wages, and better living than a poor field labourer, they felt the scarcity more severely. I heard that it was grievous to see decent tradesmen, tailors, shoemakers, sawyers, carpenters, asking for work, and happy to get even seven pence a day, by making footways, whitewashing houses, and gathering stones out of a river, to mend the roads. What support could seven-pence a day give to a family, eight or nine in number; suppose oatmeal sixteen-pence a stone, a week's wages would buy two stone, or twenty-eight pounds, and leave ten-pence a week for milk and other things; twenty-eight pounds of meal a week, is four pounds daily; what kind of a meal, would four pounds of stirabout give, to nine or ten persons, for a whole day? Oh, it is a heart sickening sight, when men in the prime and vigour of life, die of starvation.

Hobson. And was it then, that the English took pity on the sufferers?

Tim. It was; the Almighty reward them for it! no sooner did they hear it, than money and provisions were immediately sent over, as liberally, as if it was to their own countrymen they were giving it; and many a life was saved. It is my opinion, neighbour, that we never can be grateful enough for such generosity; and are in duty bound to remember it to them all the days of our lives.

Hobson. I had no notion of all this before;—did you know any people in that part of the country?

Tim. My father was bred and born in the county Galway, so that I have a good many far off cousins down in those parts; one of them was here, a while back, with me, and told me stories of their sufferings there, that would make any one's heart ache. A man and his wife, and seven children, actually died of hunger; two poor women were found, one day, picking up out of a river, a quantity of the rotted potatoes, that had been thrown there, because they were quite unfit for use. But the story that I remember best, which he told me, was one, of the Roman Catholic priest of a parish in the county *Clare*, to whose care, the English sent a quantity of provisions, to be distributed amongst the famishing people about him. He was an old man, about eighty years of age, and being very infirm, he was afraid of the people coming in crowds about him: and well he might, for on looking out of his window, he saw them flocking in from all quarters; he therefore got into a boat, which rowed off to a short distance from the beach, where he made the people collect, intending to send to each, tickets for such relief as he thought they required. This, however, was prevented by the eagerness of the crowd; those who had strength swimming off to the boat, and clinging to it, until they received the tickets for their famishing families; indeed, it was providential

they did not upset the boat in which the poor old man was.

Hobson. That must have been a melancholy sight, indeed, for think how famishing these poor creatures must have been, when they would even rush into the water, for sake of getting the food a few minutes sooner than they otherwise would have had it; what an excellent man the priest must have been, for he even endangered his own life for their sakes.

Tim. Many a one did that in those times, I heard of another gentleman, a man of high rank, and a clergyman too, I even heard he was a Protestant archbishop, who used to be up at four o'clock every morning, sending out the food to the western parts of Galway and Mayo, and employing himself busily all day, in various charitable ways, so that until night, he actually allowed himself no time for rest, except at meal hours; but as to that, it seems as if every class and every description of people, who had the means, were all equally anxious to relieve the poor. Clergy and laymen, Protestant and Catholic, the high ranks and the middle, all united in the one cause of charity, and all felt that they were brethren.

Hobson. But, besides the money that was sent from England, did not the people of Dublin themselves, contribute very liberally.

Tim. They collected £26,000, and though that seems but a small sum compared to the £299,000 from England, it must be considered,

that the latter was collected from every part of England, and the other was raised in Dublin alone; besides, the Irish nation is less wealthy than the English, and many, who at another time would have been able to contribute, not getting their rents from their country tenants, had not the means of doing it; and were even short of money for themselves. At home we had the will, but not the means, and hence it was from the English the great relief came; and to them are we for ever bound in gratitude, for the compassion they took on our suffering countrymen. Do you know that £298,000 is as much as would give seven millions of people, that is as much as the whole nation of Ireland, men, women and children eight-pence a piece, supposing they wanted it.

Hobson. Do you happen to know, Tim, which county got the most relief? for it strikes me, that in this way we should know the one that wanted it most.

Tim. I can tell you that, for I have the paper which states it: the relief was sent sometimes in money, sometimes in provisions, but in all cases, it was the clergy of every denomination, Catholic and Protestant, joined with the most respectable country gentlemen who distributed it to individuals; Clare got £22,000, Cork the same, Kerry £13,000, Mayo and Galway together £37,000, Limerick £11,000, Leitrim £5,000, Roscommon £10,000, Sligo £8,000, Tipperary £4,900;—besides many thousand

pounds laid out by Government in building fishing harbours on the western coast, making roads through wild parts of the country, and encouraging the fisheries. I am no great philosopher, neighbour, but I think it would be easy to prove, that even this great distress produced lasting good.

Hobson. Lasting good!—no, Tim, but lasting evil; for many a long day will pass before the poor forget what they suffered, or recover their health and strength; besides, many, you say, perished, and you know it is impossible to bring back the dead.

Tim. Yes, neighbour, those were evils; and I did not mean to deny that the distresses caused them; but see now the good that has been produced. If you do me a kind action, is it not a sign that you have a regard for me? again, if you save my life, am I not a monster if I afterwards forget it and prove ungrateful? See now if this is not the way the English and Irish feel to each other. Is it a small advantage, then, that two nations should thus have learned to love each other as brothers? and don't you think, in years hence, those harbours and roads, which, perhaps, would not have been made but for the scarcity, and which are so many lasting monuments of English benevolence, will be a benefit to our children's children?

Hobson. There is no denying what you say, though I never should have thought of it; but you said something about letters, or addresses,

which the English have written to the Irish nation. What is it they say to them? Is it telling them they have no more money for them?

Tim. I will read you what they say. Here are two letters—the first was written to warn them they were about to close their subscriptions, and the second was to tell them when they had done so.



ADDRESS

From the Committee of the British Subscription,
to the Peasantry in the distressed districts in
Ireland,

BRETHREN,

THE time is fast approaching when our supplies will cease, when we of this Committee must retire from the satisfaction of assisting you; and when, as we trust, the extraordinary distress, which alone could justify our interference, will have been alleviated.

We feel it to be, though almost the last, yet not the least act of kindness towards you, to apprise you a little beforehand of the approach of this period; and to conjure you, if our advice can have any weight, or our affectionate entreaties any influence, to cultivate that spirit of industry which can best guard you against continued want or occasional distress; together with that spirit of order and good conduct,

which will invite new means of employment among you, will increase your comforts and your resources, and (what we are persuaded will be a motive with your generous minds,) will best reward the exertions of your friends.

We will not attempt to tell you how your distresses have been felt in this country! how readily the British public, and many individuals in embarrassment themselves, have flown to assist them! But we may be permitted to assure you, that not the most suffering family or individual in any district has felt greater consolation in the relief afforded, than you have yourselves given to us, as often as we have heard of any of you preserved and comforted by our assistance.

May God preserve and cherish you,—may he give you the fruits of the earth and every other blessing in abundance, and may we, your brethren and fellow subjects, rejoice with you in your welfare, as we have sympathised in your distress.

For the Committee,

JOHN SMITH, Chairman.

London, August, 1822.

Hobson. That is, indeed, very kind hearted and good of them, and they say rightly enough, that industry is the only means of guarding against want, besides which, it is the high road to plenty. No doubt, many a thing may happen which a man's industry cant guard him

against, as in the present case of the wet season, but then he will always find he would have been much worse off if he had been an idler.

Tim. The idle man will come to ruin, even though all the world is thriving round him. But what the English mean here is, that, now the people have been relieved from their distress, they should endeavour to keep themselves out of poverty, by industrious, orderly habits; and in that respect they set us a good example, for, I am told, their cottages are neat, their women tidy, and every thing as different as possible from the slovenly way that an Irish cabin is usually kept. But here is their second letter to us.—

SECOND ADDRESS

From the Committee for managing the British Subscription, for the Peasantry of the distressed districts in Ireland.

BRETHREN,

THE time is arrived when we must once more address you, and must inform you of the actual close of our subscription, for the approach of which we endeavoured to prepare you.

No funds now remain at our disposal; and we entreat you for your own sakes, and for ours, not to deceive yourselves with the expectation of further supplies which cannot be sent, nor to wound us with representations of want,

which we should only have to lament our incapacity to relieve.

The funds confided to us by a liberal and benevolent subscription, were raised to relieve a pressing and extraordinary distress—to avert famine and all its sad attendants—and to restore you to your accustomed health and strength, and habits of life. To aim at great improvements was beyond our reach; but it was our duty, for your sake, to take care that as far as possible, relief should come to you through the medium of your own industry. After every call of distress has been by this Committee, diligently, and in due proportion to other sources of assistance, attended to, a sum has remained in our hands:—that sum we have determined to assign to objects either immediately incident to the late distress, or most likely (inasmuch as reviving or creating sources of employment can effect that purpose) in some degree to prevent your again experiencing the same sufferings. If success should follow these efforts, aided by your exertions, the produce of your industry would increase your comforts, and would afford a resource, whenever any disappointment in your own cultivation, or partial scarcity in your country, should again occur.

With this view, we have anxiously weighed every mode of making the money in our hands subservient to the most pressing of your actual wants, and to your future welfare. We have

selected the objects which have appeared most beneficial; and they have not been adopted without the concurrent and urgent recommendation of all your best friends, and our most respected advisers.

Such are the principles on which we have endeavoured to conduct and conclude the business confided to us. But our sentiments towards you, our wishes for your happiness as brethren and fellow-subjects, do not terminate with the conclusion of our trust. If you have interested the British people by your late severe distress, you have likewise endeared yourselves to them by your conduct under it,—by your thankfulness to God for every measure of relief; by your reception of our endeavours to assist you; and by the many acts of good feeling and virtue which your distresses have called forth.

And now comes our last word and our best wish. Farewell. May your welfare be increased by industry, by instruction, and virtuous habits. May your genuine character of kindness, loyalty, and fortitude, continue to make you respected and beloved by your fellow-subjects, and may God bless you.

For the Committee,

JOHN SMITH, Chairman.

London, 31st August, 1822.

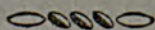
Tim. Don't you think, Hobson, that is a very feeling letter, and are they not quite right

in saying we must not expect that, every time we are in distress, they will do as much for us again? In fact, we have no right to ask, or to expect it of them,—for, as they say themselves, in their first address, nothing but the extremity or the present case justified them in their interference; that is, (I am sure they meant,) that they would not, otherwise, have been justified in sending away so much of their money out of their own country, where they have so many poor of their own to support.

Hobson. That is very true, Tim, a nation is like a family that must take care of itself, and if it does not do its best to supply its own wants, it has no right to expect that others should help it, it is only when it has done its utmost, and after all, falls short of its necessities, then it has fair claims upon a neighbour's assistance.

Tim. Well, Hobson, from all we have said, I believe you and I will agree, that we have no right to complain of our neighbours, the English; whether our claims have been fair or unfair, *they* have been noble hearted, and liberal to us beyond example, and we, and every other true-born Irishman, may well pray God to bless, preserve and prosper them, and in doing this, you know, we only offer up the same prayers for them, that they do for us. I am not given to tears like a woman, Hobson, and yet, I found something rising in my throat, when I read that last sentence of the address;

none but a Christian people could have uttered such a Christian wish; and I trust and hope, were they in the same distress, as that from which they relieved us, there is not a man amongst us, however poor, that would refuse his mite to this generous nation. He must have a black and a bad heart, who does not feel to them as a brother, and as it is our duty, not only to do to them as we wish to be done by, but to repay kindness with kindness, and love with love. I dont think him a true hearted Irishman or Christian, who would not say of our benefactors what they do of us, "May God preserve and cherish them, may he give them the fruits of the earth, and every other blessing in abundance, and may we ever be able to rejoice in their welfare."



CONCLUSION.

MATTERS however were, at this time, in a fair way for Tim Higgins' marriage.—The reader has, no doubt, already perceived how estimable was his character, and will not, it is hoped, think it extraordinary, that a man not yet forty years of age, in good health, and having a decent competence for the support of a family, should look among his female acquaintances for a virtuous sensible companion, who should cheer him after his daily business with her society, share all his joys, and lighten all his sorrows, if

it was the will of Providence to afflict, and hand in hand walk with him down the hill of life. We must not, however, do Tim the injustice, to suppose that he made up his mind hastily upon taking a wife, and as hastily made his choice; 'tis true, he found it rather lonesome to be going home to an empty house each evening, and he tenderly thought upon former happy days, when his wife's affectionate smile, received him on his return from his labour, and, added to the prattle of his little child, made him think his own cottage the most cheerful spot in all Ireland, and felt a longing desire for the renewal of such home enjoyment; but he was a prudent man, and having often seen how bitter is the disappointment, when husband and wife find each that the other does not improve on nearer acquaintance, he resolved to guard as much as possible against such regrets, by previously ascertaining, in every possible way, the qualifications and disposition of the young woman, whom he wished to call his own. In the first place, then, he found Kitty Dawson with as much beauty as made her agreeable to look upon, but she had the still farther and higher recommendation, of being brought up by an industrious and excellent mother, who had trained her to habits of cleanliness, industry, and above all, of religion. In the second place, he had the satisfaction of knowing, that the good seed fell in a kindly soil, and brought forth abundant fruit. I don't mean to say, that Tim

took any unhandsome means of ascertaining Kitty's temper and disposition: he knew her, and was in habits of acquaintance with her family, for at least three years, and during that period, had opportunities of seeing her at all times, and sometimes also, witnessing the way in which she bore those little ruffings and vexations of life, which come across all, but which none can bear with philosophy, except the well-regulated mind. He thought he had sufficient grounds for concluding that she was calculated, in this respect, to make him happy; he had also another way of judging of Kitty's merits — He was fond, as we have seen, of conversation; whatever came across his observation, he treasured up in his memory, and many a time, as he led her on to express her opinion, he had occasion to be pleased with her good sense, as well as her unaffected modesty. — On many occasions, I say, had he this satisfaction; but, perhaps, there was no one thing that confirmed him in his good opinion so much, as a conversation which arose out of one of his own stories, which he had heard during his journeys, and was relating to the little family circle one evening, that he called in to see them. — There lived in one of the towns of Leinster, a couple in humble circumstances, who loved each other very much; the wife young and lively, but affectionate; the husband staid and prudent, and unlike too many of his countrymen, remarkably thrifty. She desired to go to a fair about eleven miles distance, and

asked him to carry her there the next day, he told her the expense would be at least ten shillings, before they could return home, besides the loss of time; now, if you long very much to go, we must pinch ourselves for the next fortnight, and I hope, you will think little of it; she looked displeas'd, continued Tim, and said, she did not understand, why this economy was necessary; upon which, the husband said to her, my dear Jane, all I can earn at present, only suffices for the support of our family, and that you know is increasing. Whatever I spend more to-day than I can afford, we must feel to-morrow, or go into debt; and you know not, how one wrong step leads to another. Food and raiment is necessary, going to the fair is not necessary. We are already happy in each other, can we be more happy by going to a fair? Let us be contented, wait till to-morrow, and you will think I judg'd well to-day. It is ten to one, but some one of our neighbours will come home worse than he went out; but even though they should not meet with any accident, even though they may bear this expense without going out of their depth, we cannot; let us therefore make up in domestic happiness, what we want in money, and wait, till such expenses better become us. And what was Jane's answer, cried Kitty Dawson, with a look of interest and anxiety, as if she feared, that the remonstrance of this prudent husband had been slighted; I think I know how you, my child would have

acted, said Kitty's father, even though the request was as harmless, as it was the contrary : would you not have at once yielded to such affection and prudence? Ah, father, replied Kitty, you judge me right; Jane's duty was obedience, and it ought to have proved her cheerful pleasure, to assent instantly to her husband's wishes. And so she did, added Tim, she listened to him attentively, and with a smiling air replied, Yes, John, I own I had a wish to go to the fair, but now I have a greater wish to stay at home. I rejoice to hear it, interrupted Kitty, with generous ardour; I almost feared she would prove unworthy of so kind a husband.

Now, we do not pretend to know more than others, but Molly always said, that from this evening, Tim grew more frequent in his visits to Dawson's cottage, and more and more uneasy as often as a day passed without his being able to see her; and indeed it is not improbable, for in a few weeks, he opened his mind to her father, and afterwards to herself, and had the great satisfaction to find, that he was not indifferent to either. Kitty ingenuously told him, that she hoped always to deserve the good opinion he entertained of her, and to make up in affection, for the disparity of their years. Her father, however, could not conceal his honest satisfaction, that his dear Kitty was about to be united to such a worthy man. When I was young, Tim, said the old man, with great good humour, (for he loved a little harmless pleasantry,) there

were nine questions which a prudent man, who was going to be married, always expected to be answered affirmatively—and what were they, said Tim, smiling, for I doubt not I should hear as satisfactory an answer to them to-day, as ever you heard yourself, when you made choice of Martha your wife? You may judge for yourself, good man, replied the father, with affected seriousness, for you have already taken my daughter for better for worse, and the time for asking questions is past, however, you shall hear them, for they may be useful to others who are less hasty than yourself—they are

1st. Is the young woman with all her charms, a good house-wise, and can she dress her husband's diuner comfortably?

2d. Does she work well with her needle?

3rd. Does she know how to manage a dairy?

4th. Has she ever bred poultry?

5th. Is she good tempered and modest?

6th. Is she contented to wear plain clothes, shewing no fondness for finery above her station?

7th. Is she prudent, frugal, and pious?

8th. Are you sure she can bear to be contradicted?

9th. And do you think she will love you in spite of sickness and adversity?

These are the questions, Tim, continued Dawson, which I believe it would be well if every man would endeavour to answer before he does that which cannot be undone, and on

which the happiness of his whole life depends ; and to tell you the plain truth, for a man may have his joke and yet spake sincerely, I could say yes to every one for my Kitty. I believe it, said Tim, even though you were not to say it, for I could answer the greater number myself from my own observation. I am glad to hear you say it, said the old man, for you will yet know, I trust, that the praises of a daughter, when deserved, give joy to a father's heart.— Take her, Tim, with my earnest blessing ; may she prove to you as good a wife, as she has been to me a dutiful daughter.

It may well be supposed that Mr. and Mrs. Malins were not unconcerned spectators of all that was going forward : they rejoiced at the prospect which lay before Tim Higgins, and it is a mark of the interest they took in his happiness ; that they not only resolved to give a feast to some of Tim's friends on the occasion ; but also presented him with such articles as would make his home more comfortable.

On the wedding day, a number of the neighbouring farmers and cottagers, and amongst them Tom and Molly, and their children were invited to Mr. Mallins' house, where tables were spread in the lawn before the door, and a plentiful repast laid out. All were cheerful and happy, and it may be inferred, none more so, than our excellent friend Tim Higgins, *The Cottage Visitor*, and his bride, who received

the honest congratulations of their friends, not without thankfulness to that Being, who had made their cup to overflow with blessings.— When evening came, the party broke up at an early hour, and with grateful thanks to their kind host and hostess for the day's entertainment, took their leave, and returned to their houses. Tim, among the rest, a happy man, bringing his bride to his own comfortable cottage, and here may we hope they will continue to live for many a day, industrious, honest, and religious, leading a life of usefulness and of piety ; and never failing, as opportunity offers, to inculcate on all around, both by precept and example, the virtues they themselves possess.



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