

A decorative border with a repeating pattern of stylized leaves and small flowers, framing the entire text area.

LITTLE ABEL;

OR,

The Young Orphan.

AN AFFECTING TALE.

EMBELLISHED

with handsome Engravings on wood

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

A. K. Newman & Co. Leadenhall-street.

Price Three-pence.

FRONTISPIECE.

Mary Fuller.



Death of Little Abel's Mother.

LITTLE ABEL;

OR,

THE YOUNG ORPHAN.

AN AFFECTING TALE.

WITH THE
STORY OF AMELIA.



LONDON :

Printed for

A. K. NEWMAN & Co. LEADENHALL-STREET.

1821.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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STORY OF AMERICA

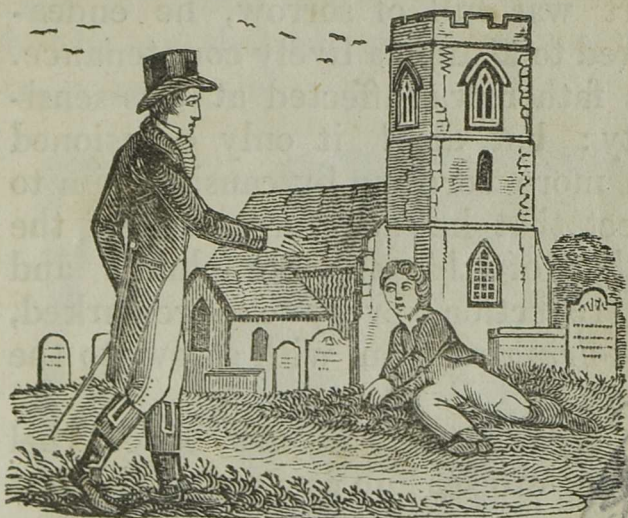
LONDON:

Printed by

A. H. NEWMAN & CO. LEADENHALL STREET.

1831.

LITTLE ABEL.



LITTLE Abel was scarcely turned of eight years old, when he had the misfortune to lose his mother. It afflicted him so much, that nothing could restore him to the gaiety so natural to young children. Mrs. Donaldson, his aunt, was forced to take him to her house, for fear his sadness should still aggravate her brother's inconsolable distress.

They went, however, frequently to

see him; and, at last, the time was come for going out of mourning, Abel therefore quitted his; and, though his heart was full of sorrow, he endeavoured to assume a lively countenance. His father was affected at this sensibility: but, alas! it only occasioned him more sorrow, by causing him to reflect that he had for ever lost the mother of this amiable child; and this reflection, every one remarked, was bringing him with sorrow to the grave.

It was a fortnight now, since Abel had been to see him as usual. His aunt always urged some pretext or other during that time, as often as he wished to go. The truth was, Mr. Donaldson was dangerously ill. He durst not ask to see his child, from apprehension that the sight of his condition might too much affect him. These paternal struggles, joined with the former depression of his spirits, so exhausted him, that very soon there was no hope remaining of his cure. He died, in fact, upon the day before his birthday.

On the morrow, Abel, having waked betimes, tormented Mrs. Donaldson so much for leave to go and wish his father joy, that she at last consented; but he saw that his mourning was now to go on again.



“And why this ugly black,” said he, “to-day, when we are going to papa?—Who is dead now, aunt?”

His aunt was so afflicted, that she could not speak a word.

“Well then,” said Abel, “if you will not tell me, I will inquire of my papa.”

At this she could no longer refrain from weeping, but burst out into a flood of tears, and said, "It is he, it is he himself that is dead."

"What, my papa dead!" answered he: "O Heaven! take pity on me. My mamma first dead! what will become of me? O my papa! mamma!"

These words were scarcely uttered, when he fell into a swoon; nor could his aunt, without much difficulty, bring him to himself again.

"Poor child!" said she, "do not be thus afflicted. Your parents are still living."

ABEL. Yes; but where?

MRS. DONALDSON. In Heaven, with God. They are both happy in that place; and will at all times have an eye upon their child. If you are prudent, diligent, and upright, they will pray that God may bless you; and God certainly will bless you. This was the last prayer that your father uttered yesterday, when dying.

ABEL. Yesterday! when I was thinking of the pleasure that I should have in seeing him this morning.—

Yesterday! Then he is not buried yet? O aunt, pray let me see him! He would not send for me, fearing to afflict me; and perhaps I, on the contrary, should have afflicted him. But now, as I cannot possibly give him any pain, I would once more behold him, for the last, last time! Pray let me go and see him, my dear aunt!



MRS. D. Well then, we will go together, if you promise to be calm, You see my tears, and how much I am grieved for having lost my brother. He was always doing me some good

or other: I was poor, and had no maintenance but what his bounty gave me: notwithstanding which, I yield myself, you see, to Providence that watches over us. Be calm, then, my dear child!

ABEL. Yes, yes! I must indeed be calm. But pray, aunt, carry me to my papa, that I may see at least his coffin,

Mrs. Donaldson then took him by the hand, and instantly went out: the day was very dark and even foggy. Abel wept as he went on.

When they were come before the house the mutes were at the door, and Mr. Donaldson's late friends and neighbours were standing round his coffin. They wept bitterly, and praised the integrity of the deceased. Little Abel rushed into the house, and threw himself upon the coffin. For some time he could not speak a word; but at last raised his head a little, crying out, "See how your little Abel weeps for having lost you! When mamma died, you consoled me, and yet wept yourself; but now who will console me for

your loss? Oh! my papa! my good papa!"

He could utter no more: his sorrow almost strangled him. His mouth was open, and his tongue seemed motionless. His eyes, at one time fixed, and at another rolling in their sockets, had no tears to shed. His aunt had need of all her strength to pluck him from the coffin. She conducted him



to a neighbour's house, begging her to keep him till his father's burial was over; for she durst not think of carrying him to see it.

Very soon the bell was set a tolling. Abel heard it; and the woman to whose care he had been trusted, having quitted the apartment for a moment, he availed himself of the opportunity, got out, and ran that instant to the church-yard, whither the funeral was gone. The minister had finished, and the



grave was filling up;—when all at once a cry was heard of, *Bury me with my papa!* and Abel jumped into the grave.

The mourners were affected at it: Abel was drawn out all pale and

speechless, and in spite of his resistance, carried home.

He was, for upwards of three days, continually fainting; and his aunt could not bring him to be composed, even at intervals, except by speaking to him of his dear papa. At length his first excesses of anguish were allayed: he wept no longer, but was very sorrowful.

A worthy merchant heard of this deplorable affair. He had not been without some knowledge of the father; therefore he repaired to Mrs. Donaldson, that he might see the little orphan. He was very much affected at his sadness, took him home, and was a father to him. Abel soon considered himself as really the merchant's son, and every day gained greater ground in his affection. At the age of twenty, he conducted all the business of his benefactor with so much success, that in reality the merchant thought it his duty to assign him half the profits of it for the future; to which recompense he added his beloved daughter.—Abel hitherto had

maintained his aunt out of the little perquisites belonging to him; and, by this event, he had the further happiness of making her quite easy for the remainder of her days. But never did his father's birthday come about, but he was seized in some sort with a fever, on recalling to his memory what he once had suffered at that season; and to those sensations which then affected him, did he impute the principles of honour and integrity that he ever afterwards cultivated during the whole of a long life.

THE END OF LITTLE ABEL.



AMELIA.



AMELIA, when scarcely six years old, was very fond of her mamma, and wished continually to be with her. On a certain day, Amelia's mother intending to go to market, the little girl entreated to accompany her thither. "You will only be troublesome to me, child," said she. "No, no; I hope I shall not be troublesome to you," said Amelia; and pressed so

much, that her mamma at last consented to give her leave.

They set out, therefore, both together. As it chanced, their house was in the country, and the paths proved bad. Amelia frequently was forced to walk behind her mother, when the ruts would not permit them to have hold of one another. They were now come very near the town; and as it happened, the road was crowded with a multitude of people passing every way. The little girl was often separated from her mother; but this gave her no uneasiness, as, after two or three such accidents, she had rejoined her with ease; but the nearer they approached the market, the more she perceived the crowd to augment. This should necessarily have made her more watchful of the way her mother went; and yet, a sort of puppet-show which was exhibiting, had charms sufficient to detain her. She stopped short to gaze at Punchinello. In the midst, however, of her entertainment, she turned round, but could not see her mother; she ran on, called out,



and scrambling up a bank, at once looked over all the people's heads; but it was in vain. She could not see her, could not hear her voice; and now the little maiden, being frightened, durst not mix among so great a crowd, that jostled one another. So she got into a corner, called out, Mammy; mammy! and burst into a flood of tears.

The people that went by, looked at her. "There is a little girl," said one of them, "in a piteous taking!"—"What is the matter with you?" asked

another, "I have lost my mammy!" "Oh, never mind it," answered he. "You will find her out again, I warrant you." A third said, "Do not cry, my little girl. She will not come to you the sooner for that." Thus said many, and they all went on about their business.

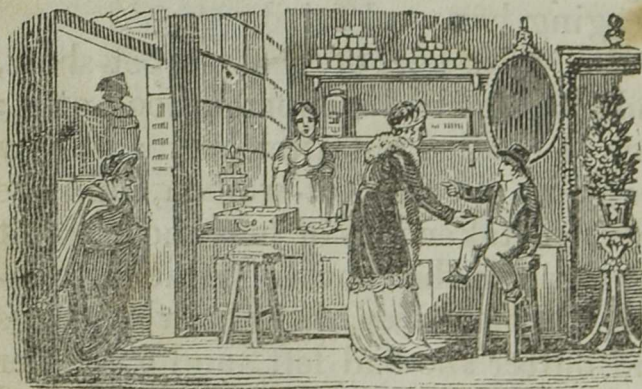
By good luck, at last, however, an old woman who sold eggs and butter, and was lame, and therefore could not walk without a crutch, was going by, but seeing her in such distress, stopped and pitied her. "And which way was your mother going, little dear," said the woman, "when you lost her?"—"She was going to the market," said Amelia. "Well, be comforted," replied the first; "and come along with me. I will take you to the market. You will find her there, no doubt." Amelia gave her hand to the good old woman, and soon reached the market. As they entered, she perceived her mother, gave a cry of joy, and up her mother came immediately. She took the little girl into her arms, and said, "You frightened



me exceedingly, my dear, by wandering from me:" and the child fell a-hugging her, and cried.

She told her of the puppet-show, and that she had stopped to look at it; how she called out after her, and how the good old market-woman, and she only, had taken pity of her, and brought her through the crowd. Amelia's mother thanked her, bought what eggs and butter she had left, and gave her more than she asked. Amelia kissed her ten times over; and while going home, would talk of nothing but the good old market-woman.

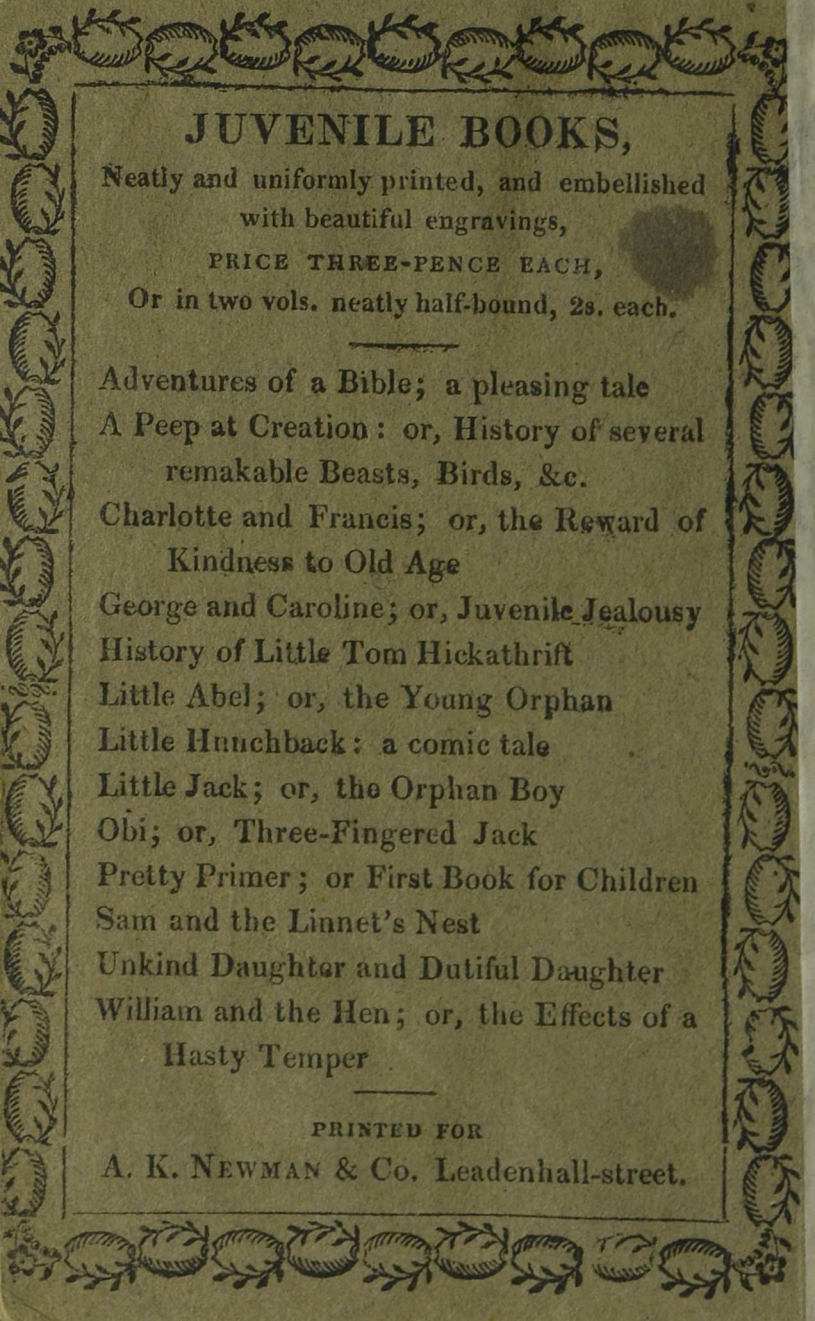
When the first fine weather came, Amelia begged her mother to go see Goody Dunch, which was the market-woman's name: and she consented, took a loaf of bread, and half a pound of tea, with sugar in proportion. Goody Dunch's dwelling was a wooden one: it was not large, but very clean and comfortable. In the front there was a little grass-plot, shaded on every side by fruit-trees; upon which, Amelia danced till evening with a niece of the Dame's, who was as kind and good-natured as her aunt.



Amelia's mother always bought Goody Dunch's eggs and butter, but

complained that she rated them at too low a price; while Goody Dunch would have it that she was paid too much. Amelia and her mother gave the good old woman all the assistance in their power; and when in her turn the old woman could be serviceable to Amelia or her mother, she would put on her cloth apron, take her crutch, and come quite out of breath, but very joyous.

Thus they did each other mutual service: but the good old woman had the greatest reason to rejoice that she had taken pity on a little girl in trouble. In the act of helping her, she did not think that her good heart would gain her such a world of happy hours.



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