

SB



37131 048 631956

I, 267

12/6  
up 7.9/0

5 plates  
2.6.

Cat 5

Frontispiece to 'Something New.'



William was very much struck with the sight; at this time it filled him with peculiar emotions. And shall this little bird, thought he, be able to find food both for itself and young; and shall I be afraid of Starving!

*London: William Darton, 58 Holborn Hill, 1820. see page 13.*

The bounty of Providence.

SOMETHING NEW

FROM

AUNT MARY.



BY MARY HUGHES,

*Author of "The Ornaments Discovered," &c. &c.*

---

LONDON:

WILLIAM DARTON, 58, HOLBORN HILL.

---

1829.

POUR LE BIEN DE LA PAIX

1763

PAR M. DE LA HARPE

DE LA PAIX

PAR M. DE LA HARPE

DE LA PAIX

1763

LI  
Is a  
neigh  
woma  
ley, w  
ing to  
the m  
who s  
and v  
about  
suppo  
hard f  
an on  
years  
severe  
she ha

THE  
LITTLE ADVENTURER.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

IN a small ill-furnished cottage in the neighbourhood of Bradford, lay a poor woman of the name of Margaret Cayley, whose life appeared rapidly drawing to its close. She had experienced the misfortune of being united to a man who spent most of his time in drinking, and who gave himself little concern about those who depended upon him for support. His poor wife had laboured hard for the maintenance of herself and an only child, a boy, then about twelve years of age; but the task had been too severe for her delicate constitution, and she had lain for some weeks stretched

on a bed of sickness, with no other nurse than her dear William, and little means of providing for either his wants or her own. She had often prayed to the Almighty that her life might be spared until her beloved boy was old enough to be able to act for himself, and the good principles which she had taken care to instil into his mind were sufficiently confirmed, to save him from the danger of being corrupted by his father's example. But the great Power, who rules every thing for the best, saw fit to put an earlier close to her sufferings than her maternal tenderness would have wished; and she already felt the hand of death upon her, when she called William to her bed-side.

As he bent over her, to hear what she said, for her voice was now become very weak and feeble, she took his hand, and pressing it tenderly, "My dear William," said she, "I have often told

you, that I should soon be obliged to leave you; and I now feel that the time is arrived. Do not cry, my dear boy, but listen to the very few words which it will now be in my power to say to you. I have scarcely been able to provide you with food and clothes, and you have often suffered from cold and hunger, when I could not relieve you. One thing, however, has been in my power, and, I hope, one which I have never neglected,—that of trying to make you a good boy, and of teaching you that honesty and industry are not only the sure road to peace in this world, but to everlasting happiness in that to come. You have always been, and I hope you will continue to be, a good boy; for, remember, my dear child, if you are so, we shall see each other again in another and a better world. It is likely you will often meet with people who may try to tempt you to do wrong; but, if you wish to see the mother again whom you have always

loved, let them not draw you into the paths of vice. Never be induced, for the sake of avoiding a little present pain, to tell a lie. Never be tempted to exceed the bounds of moderation, use improper language, or keep bad company; and, when you see your father do wrong, try to hide his faults, but never copy them. Remember these things, my beloved boy; it is the advice of your dying mother, who will never be able to speak to you more." As she finished, her voice failed, and her eyes closed.

William had struggled hard whilst she was speaking to restrain his tears, that he might not distress her, or lose a word she said; and he continued for some time after she was silent, expecting that she would open her eyes, and begin to speak to him again. But her spirit had taken its flight from its earthly mansion, and a cold and lifeless corpse

was all that now remained of the mother he had so tenderly loved.

William had never till now seen death; and it was long ere he was aware that his mother was really dead. But, when he felt the hand which had so often pressed his with tenderness, grow stiff and cold whilst yet he clasped it, the idea flashed across his mind that his mother had breathed her last. He called upon her, but he no more received her ready answer. He endeavoured to raise her eye-lids; but the eye which had so often beamed upon him with tenderness, was now dim and motionless: he kissed her lips, but they were cold and stiff, and no longer able to return his tender pressure. In an agony of distress, he gave a loud scream, as the conviction struck upon his heart that she was really dead; and, throwing himself upon the bed beside her, he clasped her lifeless form in his arms.

He had not lain long, when one of the neighbours who had heard his screams, came in to see what was the matter, and poor William was obliged to leave the remains of the only friend he had in the world.

During the time that his mother's corpse remained in the house, he seldom left it. Few people came near him, for there was nothing to tempt the selfish to enter the house of mourning; and those who were led there from humanity, were too much affected by his distress, to think of depriving him of the only satisfaction which he was now capable of receiving,—that of watching over all that remained of the being whom he had so fondly loved. At length the time arrived, when he had to attend her to her last long home; and he followed the humble train, a more deep and heartfelt mourner than is often seen at much more splendid processions. When

the grave was closed, William still lingered behind; and, as no one noticed that he had not accompanied them, he was soon left alone; when, sinking down upon the grave, he almost wished he could become an inhabitant of the same spot which contained the mother whose loss had left him destitute. He had never had another friend in the world but herself; and he clung to the spot which contained her ashes, and watered it with his tears.

At length, as the evening began to close in, one of the neighbours came in search of him, and forced him from the grave; but poor William's heart sank within him, when about to enter the house which no longer contained his tender mother. The only object that he saw there was his father in a state of intoxication; and, he turned away from the door, unable to summon resolution to enter. He wandered some-

time without knowing what to do, or whither to go. He was too young to work for himself; and his father, he knew, would only consider him an incumbrance. Besides, it was most painful to him to think of witnessing that parent's improper conduct, without having the least hope of his ever being any better.

At length the idea occurred to him, that he had heard of great numbers of children being employed in Manchester in the cotton manufactories; and he thought, if he could only manage to get there, he might perhaps be able to provide for himself. But how to do so was the difficulty. It was, he knew, nearly thirty miles from Bradford, and two-pence was all the money he had in the world. It was a long way to walk, but yet he thought he could do it by degrees; and the more he thought of it, the more he was resolved to try. He

determined not to go home again, or say a word to any one of his intention. He was already on the Halifax road; and he resolved to continue forward as long as ever his strength, or the night, would allow him. After he had walked about two hours, he began to feel exceedingly faint, and found it would be necessary for him to have something to eat. His purse was so low, that he was almost afraid to spend a halfpenny; but, as he knew he should have to pass the night under some hedge, or in a field, he determined to go into the first shop he saw and buy a cake, which would serve him for both his supper and breakfast. He soon came to one; and, after he had got his halfpenny cake, he looked at it with great anxiety, as he considered it was to serve him for two meals. He had often before, however, known what it was to give over eating before he was half satisfied. He therefore only ate a few bites of his bread; and, taking a

draught of water at the first spring he came to, he began to think of resting for the night. Fortunately for him, it happened to be very warm fine weather, so that he found no very uncomfortable bed by the side of a hedge. The thought of his mother seemed to recur to his mind with redoubled force as he ceased from exertion; and the tears, which had gradually dried, began again to flow. Both spirits and body, however, were completely exhausted; and it was not long before he was wrapt in a sound sleep.

Many, who have a bed of down to recline on, might have envied William his night's repose. He never once awoke, or was at all conscious of his situation, till he was roused by the bright beams of the sun beating upon his face. When he first opened his eyes, he was at a loss to recollect where he was. He had been dreaming of his mother; and had fancied he was wait-

ing upon her as he had so often done during her illness; and he immediately turned his eyes, on opening them, to look for her. No mother was there; but the scene around was gay and cheerful. The larks were singing over his head; and a variety of other birds were twittering in the hedge, and hopping about from spray to spray.

Just as William turned to look at them, he saw a little bird come to the side of its nest, and hold out its open beak; and the next moment an old bird, which William concluded was its mother, came flying to it, and popped a worm into its mouth. William was very much struck with the sight. He had often seen birds feed their young before; but at this time it filled him with peculiar emotions. And shall this little bird, thought he, be able to find food both for its itself and young one; and shall I be afraid of starving! My mother has often told me that our

Almighty Father constantly protects and watches over all his creatures, and that none are too mean for his care. I have seen that he provides this little bird with food ; and surely, if I love and obey him, he will not leave me to starve.

As these thoughts passed in William's mind, he knelt down and offered up a simple prayer, which his mother had taught him when he was a very little boy, and which he had always been in the habit of repeating night and morning. After he had done this, he felt his mind much more composed and cheerful than he had done ever since his mother's death ; and, taking out the remainder of his cake, he began to eat it with great thankfulness.

When he had finished his dry and scanty meal, he felt very much in want of drink, and rose to proceed on his journey, hoping that he might meet with a spring on his way, that would both

enable him to quench his thirst, and get himself washed. He had always been in the habit of washing as soon as ever he arose in the morning, and he did not feel comfortable without being able to do so.

He had not gone far, before he perceived that he was coming to a number of houses, which seemed like a village, and he was in hopes that he might there meet with some one who would have the goodness to spare him a little water. But, on his arrival, he found the houses closely shut up, and the inhabitants all fast asleep. There was a small brook, however, in which he managed to wash himself; but he found it difficult to get his mouth moistened, much less to take as hearty a draught as he wished, as he had nothing with which he could lift up the water, and had therefore no other resource than to lie flat down on the bank and put his mouth to it. This, however, served to

relieve him considerably, and he marched forward in good spirits. He found that he was much nearer the town of Halifax than he expected, for he very soon discovered the spire and chimneys through a cloud of rising smoke.

Just before he entered the town, his virtue was assailed by a most powerful temptation; for, on turning suddenly round a corner, he perceived a pail of nice smoking new milk standing without any one being near to guard it. To one who felt almost choking with the dry bread he had swallowed, and who had no prospect of any-thing better than a draught of cold water, no small degree of resolution was necessary to resist the opportunity now afforded of helping himself. But William had been brought up by his excellent mother in such a conscientious observance of what was just and honest, that the property of another was always held sacred by him. He looked at the milk, and thought

how much he should like to drink some of it; but the consideration that he could not afford to pay for it, even supposing the owner were willing to sell it, seemed to put this altogether out of the question, and he trudged forward, anxious to get out of the sight of what he longed so much to taste.

On his arrival at the town, he solicited a little water at one of the first cottages he came to; and the woman, after having given it him, began to question him about whither he was going. William told her simply the journey he had before him, and the object he had in view; and the poor woman, struck with compassion for so young a traveller, very kindly gave him a piece of oaten bread, and asked him to sit down till he had eaten it. This was a very grateful addition to poor William's slender breakfast, and still more so as it was seasoned with the voice of sympathy and compassion.

After thanking the woman for her kindness, the little traveller again set forward, and walked a considerable time before he thought of stopping. The woman at Halifax had told him that it was eight miles to Rochdale, and William was anxious to get there before he stopped to take any more refreshment. He began, however, to fear that he should not be able to reach the town before he was obliged to get something to eat, when the sight of a number of houses again cheered his spirits, and he went forward with renewed vigour. Still, however, the town seemed at a considerable distance, and his fainting stomach made him but little able to contend with fatigue. Fortunately, at this moment a man came past him driving an empty cart, and William asked leave to get in beside him. The permission was granted; and, jumping in, he was presently conveyed to the town of Rochdale.

The sight of so young a traveller, on a road which appeared perfectly strange to him, naturally excited the curiosity of the cart-man. William readily answered his enquiries by telling him whence he came, and whither he was going, as well as the object which he had in view. He mentioned the death of his mother as the cause of his leaving home; but he had resolved, on setting out, that he would never speak of his father, unless there seemed some better end to be answered by it than merely exposing his faults.

The man gave him but little hopes of success in his object of gaining employment, as he said the manufactories were nearly all shut up, on account of the badness of trade, and that many thousands of the inhabitants were nearly starving. The sanguine feelings of youth, however, made William hope that his fortune would be better than the man anticipated. He looked strong and

healthy, and was even a big boy of his age; so that he could not but suppose that any one who wanted a lad would be very glad to employ him. If once employed, he was very sure he should be willing to work; and he hoped, by his diligence and attention, to retain a situation, if he should be so happy as to obtain it.

After leaving the cart, which was going no further than Rochdale, William provided himself with another halfpenny-worth of bread, and ate it as he went along through the town; for he did not intend to sit down and rest till he again reached the country. On the first green bank, however, he sat down, and soon fell asleep. He had walked very nearly ten miles, and the scorching sun had now become very overpowering. When he awoke, he was at a loss to know how long he had slept; but he was sure it must have been a considerable time, for the sun had got pretty near

to the edge of the horizon, and the excessive heat was much abated. When he arose, he found himself exceedingly stiff and thirsty; but he had no doubt of soon being able to get a little water to quench the one, and walking, he believed, would be the best thing to remove the other.

He had still a journey of twelve miles before him; but he thought he should be able to walk so far that evening before dark, as would make his next day's journey a tolerably easy one. He did not go far before he met with a cottage, where he was refreshed with a draught of water, after which he set forward with great spirits, anxious to make the most of the fine cool evening. He now measured every footstep with interest, for he knew he had got more than half way on his journey, and he considered every step he took as relieving the labour of to-morrow

William's disposition was naturally cheerful and contented: he was always disposed to look on the pleasantest side of everything, and he now comforted himself with the idea that he should be able to reach Manchester with ease the next day; and, as he should immediately set about enquiring for employment, he was willing to flatter himself that there would be no doubt of his getting work the day after.

How he was to provide himself with food till that time, was his chief anxiety; for he was already hungry again, and he had only a penny with which to supply himself for two, and perhaps three, days. Should he be so fortunate as to meet with a person who would employ him, he could not but suppose that, when his story was heard, that person would willingly advance a few pence to procure him food till he should have some money due to him; and he easily persuaded himself that there could be no doubt of such an

one being soon found. With these calculations and plans, he continued to amuse himself till it was nearly dark; and, on applying to a man on the road to know how far he was off Manchester, he heard with satisfaction that he was only six miles distant. Here then was a very easy day's journey for the morrow, so that he eagerly sought for a place of safety, where he could repose during the night; and, after offering up a prayer of thankfulness to that Great Power who had so kindly supported him through the day, he laid himself down by the side of a hedge, hoping soon to quiet the calls of hunger by sleep.

But his long repose in the middle of the day made him less disposed towards it now; and he was so extremely hungry, that he did not know how he could possibly get the night over without food. To obtain any thing to eat now, however, was impossible, for there were no houses near;

and, were he even to walk forward till he came to one, it was so late, that it was not at all likely its inhabitants would be awake. At length, however, after a long time, sleep came to his relief; and he slept very soundly till the bright beams of the sun once more awoke him. He found his desire for food much less urgent now than it had been the night before, and he got up cheered and invigorated with the hope that he should soon reach his place of destination.

The faintness of the preceding evening however returned, and increased considerably upon him, before he met with any place where there was a chance of his being able to buy bread; and, before he had procured it, his appetite for eating it was almost gone. His exertions the preceding day had been very great, and his support very scanty; so that, though young and healthy, his

strength was not equal to bearing it without considerable injury. Still he comforted himself with the thought that he was not now far from Manchester, and there he fondly hoped his hardships would end. He went on weak and languidly, often obliged to sit down and rest for a considerable time; so that the day was far advanced before he was able to distinguish the smokey columns of the town he was so anxious to reach.

At length, the thickness of the atmosphere convinced him that a town was not far distant, and by degrees he was enabled to distinguish the tops of the high buildings. His spirits now began to revive. It was possible he might even that evening procure a promise of work on the morrow, and in that case he would venture to spend his last half-penny, and eat part of the cake that night. As he drew near the town, he

was struck with the number of very large buildings, which he soon convinced himself were those very manufactories from which he hoped to gain his support. He observed that nearly all of them appeared to be shut up, but he supposed that might be owing to the work being over for the day, the evening being pretty far advanced before he had got quite up to them. One, however, he saw had still the smoke issuing from the chimney, and, as he got near it, he heard a great noise within, as if from the working of machinery. Poor William's heart palpitated with pleasure, as the hope presented itself that he might here perhaps be able to obtain employment. He eagerly opened the door, and stepped modestly forward to an apartment where he saw some men engaged in weighing cotton. As soon as he was perceived, one of them asked him in a rough voice what was his business? William told him, in

a modest and respectful tone, that he was come to beg for work. "We have twice as many hands already as we have work for," was the man's stern reply; and immediately he set about weighing his cotton again. William had flattered himself that he could excite the compassion of those to whom he should apply by a relation of his simple tale; but this man's hard countenance discouraged all his hopes, and he stood hesitating whether he might again venture to speak, when the man turned round, and, in a still ruder tone than before, asked him what he staid there for; and desired him to be gone directly, or he would turn him out. Poor William, wounded to the heart with such language, and sick with fatigue, hunger, and disappointment, turned his tottering steps towards the door.

Here was a severe and cruel disappointment on his first attempt; for he

had never once calculated upon being repulsed in such rude and harsh language. Still it was necessary he should try again; and he therefore endeavoured to recruit his spirits, and proceed to the next building of the kind which he saw open. He wandered about a long time before he could find another which had the slightest appearance of work going forward within. At length he came to one much more extensive than any he had yet seen. As he approached the door he heard a bell ring, and in a few minutes afterwards a great number of children flocked out of one of the doors. They appeared rude, dirty, and disorderly; and, as William stood listening to their shocking and boisterous language, he could not help saying to himself, "What would my poor mother say, if she saw me amongst such company?" Then, recollecting himself, he added, "But it is not necessary that I should be wicked, be-

cause I see others so. They perhaps never had such a mother, to teach them better! As the idea of his mother thus arose to his mind, the tears of affection and regret filled his eyes, and he had to stand some minutes before he could repress them so as to enable him to speak.

He then went forward to one of the most orderly looking of the boys, and asked him if he thought there would be any chance of his getting employment in the factory in which he worked. The boy told him, he had heard that they were all to be paid off at the end of the week, for the factory was going to be shut up; but directed him where he would find the manager, who would give him more certain information. To him William proceeded as fast as his tottering and feeble steps would permit. But here he received the same account which the boy had given him; and his only comfort was, that it was spoken in

a gentler tone of voice than his first refusal had been given. This encouraged him to tell his simple tale, to which, however, the man listened with a look of great indifference; and then told him, that there was no chance of his getting work, as business was quite at a stand in the town, and that his best way would be to go straight to the poor-house, where they would either provide for him, or send him back to his own parish. William's feelings recoiled from the idea of a poor-house. His mother had ever impressed upon his mind a strong sense of independence, and he determined to sink rather than give it up. The evening now began to close in very fast; and he found it would be necessary for him to spend his last half-penny for bread, and then seek out some place where he could rest for the night.

He soon found a shop where he procured a cake, of which he ate a few bites before he left it, and then asked for a

draught of water. A little refreshed by this small portion of nourishment, he ventured to enquire of the woman of whom he had obtained it, if she could recommend him to any one who was likely to give him employment. "I have walked all the way from Bradford, (said he,) in hopes of getting work here, and have now neither money nor friend, so that I do not know what will become of me, if I do not get work soon."

"And what in the world made you come here in search of work," cried the woman, in a tone of astonishment, "when so many thousands are starving here already? I am very sorry for you, but it is very little, indeed, that I have for myself, much less to give away. Here is another cake for you, however, and I advise you to get out of this town as fast as possible, for there is not another in England which contains so much misery." Poor William took the cake, and thanked her as well as his full heart

would allow him, and then set forward in search of a sheltered hedge, where he could lie down for the night. But he had to wander far before he could find a spot where vegetation was allowed to spread her soft and verdant carpet. He could only see long ranges of houses, which exhibited nothing but dirt and poverty, whilst multitudes of squalid half-starved children played about the doors. If this be the large rich town of Manchester, thought William, how little do I envy those who live in it! These children look as though they had never seen a green field or breathed the fresh air in their lives.

At length he came to something more like country, as there were some fields and hedges to be seen; but there was nothing of that luxuriant vegetation to which he had been accustomed, or that refreshing purity of the air, which seems to give health as it is inhaled. He was too much exhausted however to be fastidious, and he laid himself

down with depressed spirits and aching limbs. With a full but confiding heart, he breathed a prayer for support and protection, and soon sunk into a profound sleep.

Before he awoke, the sun had risen to a considerable height. His first care was to look about him for water, wherewith to wash himself; and it was not long before he found a small brook which answered the purpose, after which he ate the remainder of the cake which he had purchased the night before, and then set forward on his now-hopeless task of procuring employment.

Many were the places at which he made application, but all with the same failure of success. He searched the environs of the town in every direction, and enquired at every manufactory which he found at work; but want of work was complained of in all.

The cake which the poor woman had given him the night before was his only support during the day, and, in addition to this scanty maintenance, he had an aching and desponding heart. He was often tempted to knock at the door of some of the large houses which he passed, and ask for a little food. But it was a thing that he had never done in his life, and he had often seen his poor mother suffer a great deal rather than apply to any one for charity.

The evening was not far advanced, however, before he was obliged to seek a sheltered spot where he might lay himself down, for he was so weak and exhausted that he could wander no further. Here he lay, almost too faint to be conscious where he was, till at length a sweet balmy sleep came to his relief, and in some degree supplied the place of food. The cravings of hunger, however, are too importunate to be long silenced, and William awoke early in the morning in

all the misery of absolute want. He perceived, on looking around him, that he was not far from the side of a canal, and he thought he would go and get a little water, which would at least be some relief. He got up with this intention; but, before he had gone many paces, his head began to turn dizzy, and he was obliged to sit down on a stone that was near him.

At this moment he heard the sound of a horse's feet, and turned with a despairing look to see if any one was coming who would be likely to give him assistance. He saw a horse approaching, dragging a canal-boat, and a man sitting on its back, whistling very merrily. I could once have whistled as well as any body, thought William, with a deep sigh! As the man came up to him he wished to speak, but his voice was so weak and faint that he could not make him hear; and the man whistled on, without seeming to notice him. Poor William saw him pass as if

he had lost his last hope, and had now no other chance but to lie down and die.

Just as the horse had got a few paces beyond where William sat, the man dropped his whip out of his hand, and, turning round, called to William, and asked him to pick it up for him. The poor boy rose and went forward to comply with the request, but, before he had taken many steps, his head became dizzy, every-thing seemed to swim before his eyes, a cold perspiration covered his face, and in an instant he fell lifeless on the ground.

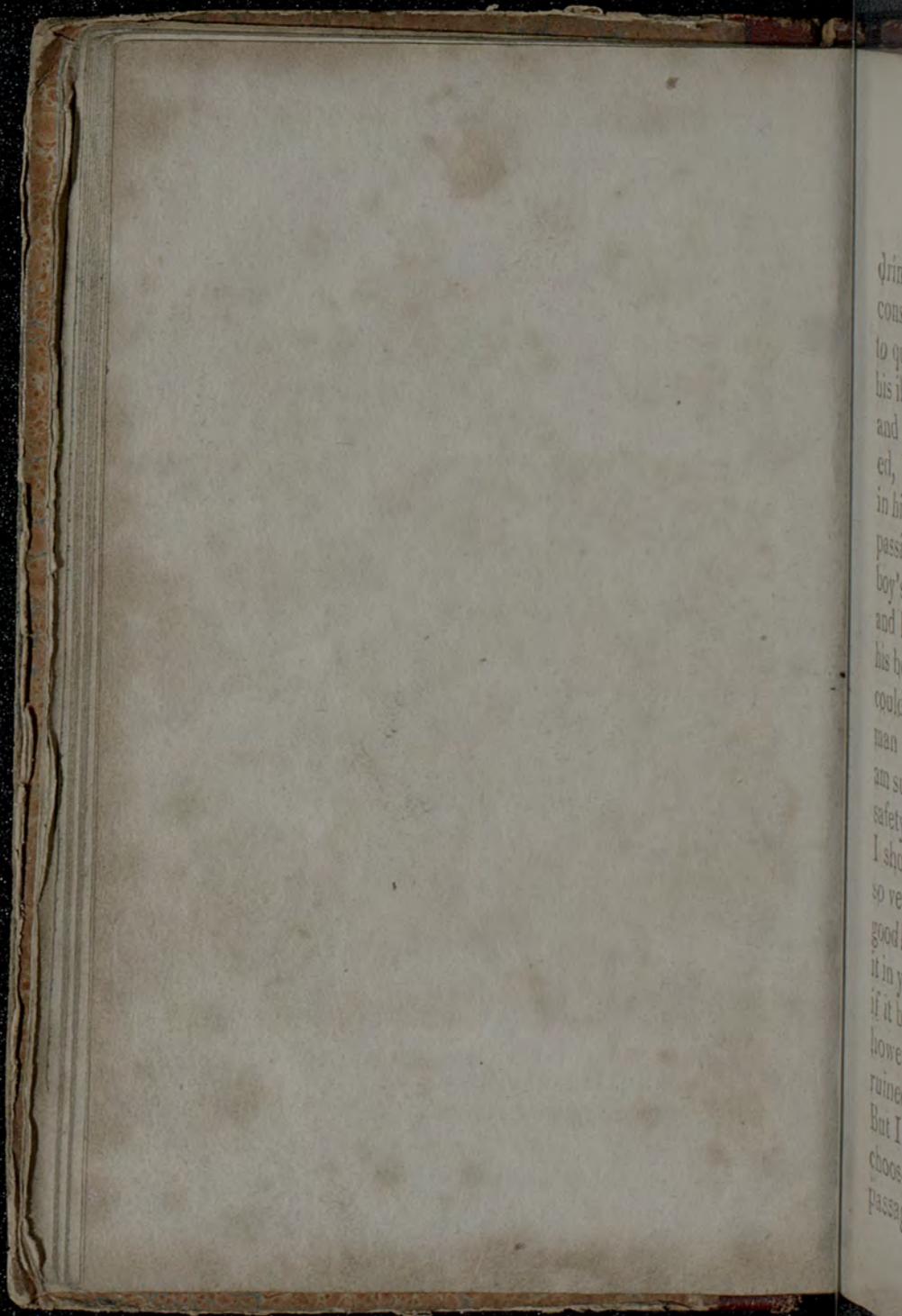
It was sometime before he again became conscious of anything; but, when he recovered, he found himself stretched upon the grass, and the man very humanely bathing his face with water. William raised his eyes, and gave a deep sigh; and the man, perceiving his consciousness return, asked him in a gentle voice to endeavour to

Humanity of the Canal Man.



It was sometime before he again became conscious of any thing; but, when he recovered, he found himself stretched upon the grass. *see page 36.*

*London: William Darton, 58 Holborn Hill, 1820.*



drin  
cons  
to qu  
his il  
and  
ed,  
in hi  
passi  
boy's  
and  
his bo  
could  
man  
am su  
safety  
I sho  
so ver  
good  
it in y  
if it b  
howe  
ruine  
But I  
choos  
passag

drink a little water. This revived him considerably, and the man then began to question him concerning the cause of his illness. William told him his short and simple narrative; and, as he listened, William saw the tear of pity glisten in his eye. This gentle token of compassion seemed to sink into the poor boy's heart with a renovating influence, and hope once more began to play about his bosom. "If you know any body that could employ me," said he, looking at the man with a supplicatory expression, "I am sure you may recommend me with safety. I am very willing to work, and I should be a strong boy, if I were not so very hungry." "I am sure you are a good lad," said the man kindly, "I see it in your face; and I will get you bread, if it be possible. There is no chance, however, for you here. This town is ruined, at present, for want of trade. But I am going to Liverpool, and, if you choose to go with me, I will give you a passage in my boat, and something to

eat; and, if you are not a coward, I have no doubt, after we get there, but I shall be able to procure you a ship, to go to sea. William declared that he was no coward, and that he should like to go to sea, or to do any thing that was honest, to obtain a livelihood. The man then took him into his boat, and gave him a little cold meat and bread to eat. It was very little, however, that he could take, for his stomach was too weak to receive much food at once. But the little he took evidently did him good, and the man advised him to lay himself down upon some balés of goods that were in the boat before he took any more. Then he again mounted his horse, and cracked his whip; and William gladly bid adieu to Manchester. The thought of having done a benevolent action seemed to give fresh spirits to the boatman's voice; and he whistled away very merrily. William's spirits too began to revive, and it was not long before he sat up and entered into conversation

with the man about the various passing objects. It was late the following evening before they reached Liverpool, and the boatman kindly offered to take William home with him for the night; and in the morning he promised to take him to a ship-owner whom he knew, and who, he was persuaded, would put him into one of his vessels. After a good night's rest, William arose in the morning with a mind full of hope and cheerfulness; and the kind boatman urged him to eat a hearty breakfast, as, he said, it would make him look stronger and more likely for work. William was very well inclined to comply with his request; and, after having made himself as clean and neat as he could, he told his friend he was ready to accompany him to the ship-owner. "And a nice clever little sailor you will make, I am sure," said the man, looking at William with an expression of great kindness. "I see you will be an active fellow; and that good open

countenance assures me you will be an honest one. William did not attempt to make many protestations, but he felt an inward consciousness that he would not disgrace his kind friend's recommendation.

They found the gentleman at home ; and, after some difficulty, the boatman procured an order that the boy should be admitted into a vessel that was just upon the point of sailing for Sunderland. The boatman congratulated William with great kindness upon his success, and, shaking hands very cordially with him, declared he should not be surprised some day or other to hear that the poor starving boy whom he had picked up by the side of the canal, had become a great and rich man. "If that should ever be the case," said William, his countenance glowing with animation, "one of my first cares would be to shew my gratitude to you." William

took possession of his new habitation, and, as the ship was already under-way, he scarcely knew himself to be on-board till the vessel began to toss and roll about in the sea. It was not long before he was visited by the sickness which generally attacks all young sailors. William would very gladly have kept his indisposition from being seen, particularly as he thought the master appeared a very coarse ill-tempered man; and he felt sadly afraid of being sent back again with the pilot, who had not yet left the vessel. But he had the satisfaction, at length, of seeing the pilot quit the ship; and he then felt himself in sure quarters for some time to come at least; and those only who have known what it is to wander about hungry and destitute, can tell what was this poor boy's satisfaction at knowing himself to be in a place where he was sure of being supplied with food and lodging. He had great difficulty in struggling with his sea-sick-

ness, which troubled him for several days; and he had scarcely got quit of it, when another and much more serious evil assailed him. The master of the ship proved to be a man very much addicted to drinking, and, when intoxicated, William found him to be a perfect savage.

As the youngest boy, William's business was that of attending the cabin; so that he was continually exposed to the master's passion and brutality. He anxiously endeavoured to anticipate the wishes of his captain, and prevent his having any pretence for being angry, but his utmost efforts often proved unavailing: for, who can guard against the passion of a madman? Blows and imprecations were frequently the reward of his utmost care. William often felt great difficulty in bridling his spirit when he was beat, particularly when conscious of not deserving it; and

he was often tempted to wish himself on-shore again, even though uncertain whether he might not once more be reduced to the situation of fainting for want. It happened one day that his master was more than usually intoxicated, yet, not satisfied with what he had already drank, he was still anxious for more, and desired William, who was in the cabin at the time, to reach him a bottle of spirits out of a small closet in which it was kept. William got the bottle; but, just before he had deposited it in his master's hands, the ship gave a sudden heave to one side. In endeavouring to keep his balance the bottle slipped out of his hand, and, rolling along with great force, was broken against an iron bar which lay in the way. Irritated beyond bounds at the loss of the liquor, and his blood inflamed with that which he had already drank, the inhuman savage seized a piece of thick rope and beat poor Wil-

liam till the blood ran down his back. The indignant boy disdained to complain; but he inwardly resolved, let the consequence be what it might, to leave the ship as soon as it got into harbour.

It was not many days before it arrived there, and William eagerly watched an opportunity of making his escape. He found one even more readily than he had expected; and he left the ship, determined to run the risk of any hardship which might assail him, rather than remain to be treated with such barbarous cruelty by this furious madman. Too young to be acquainted with the law of the land, William did not know that it was not in his master's power to force him back, as he was not an indentured servant; and his only anxiety, therefore, was to get beyond his reach. For this purpose he walked, or rather ran, with all the speed in his power, in a direction as contrary as pos-

sible from the place where the ship lay; and had gone several miles before he durst slacken his pace, or believe himself at all safe.

At length, fatigue obliged him to desist from so speedy a flight; and it was not till then that he recollected he had come away with no other clothing on than a canvas shirt and a pair of old trowsers. He was at first startled at the idea that he had brought off clothes which did not in right belong to him, for the things which he had on had been given to him as a more suitable dress than his own on his entering the ship; but, recollecting that he had left the clothes which he had then worn behind him instead, he felt persuaded that he could not be subject to any charge of dishonesty. Though it was very early in the morning when he left the ship, he had already had a very hearty breakfast of beef and bread, besides having

been well and regularly fed during their long voyage. His strength, therefore, was much better fitted for a walk of considerable length than it had been when he first set out on his travels. The mile-stone informed him of his having walked ten miles before he felt any great fatigue, and, on enquiring the name of the town to which he found he was approaching, he was informed it was Newcastle, and that he was not quite two miles distant from it. Though uncertain what might be his fate there, he hastened forward; and it was not long before he found himself mingling with a busy crowd, who knocked and jolted him about, without seeming conscious that they touched him. Too much fatigued to be disposed for such treatment, he was anxious to find a quieter part of the town, and, judging that such was most likely to be found at a distance from the river, he hastened from it as fast as possible. He had not

gone far, however, before his naked appearance and evident ignorance of the town excited the notice and surprise of a set of boys, about his own age, and they soon began to assail him with questions of "who he was," and "whence he came." William did not at first condescend to take any notice of them, but his forbearance only served to strengthen their familiarity, and they soon began to reproach him for his nakedness, and ask him if he had not been turned away from some ship as a thief. As this idea was suggested by one, another, happening to discover the traces of the wounds which he had received from his master through the holes of his tattered shirt, immediately declared that there was no doubt of that having been the case, as he still carried the marks of the rope's-end about him. This insulting declaration was too much for William's patience to bear, and he began to deal his blows

around with all the impetuosity of insulted feeling. How far he might have gone in this mode of vindicating his wounded honour it is difficult to determine, had he not felt his arm suddenly arrested by a gentleman, who, seizing hold of him, enquired what he meant by aiming such violent blows at those around him. "I should never have thought of striking one of them, sir," said William, "if they had not insulted me about my nakedness, and called me a thief."

The gentleman, without making any further remark, drew him gently along with him to a door which stood open at a short distance, and led him quietly into a parlour, where a lady was seated at a tea-table, with a beautiful little girl of about five or six years old at her side, drinking a cup of milk. The lady started as the little naked boy entered, and eagerly enquired of her husband

where he had met with the forlorn-looking little stranger.

The gentleman informed her, that, whilst standing at the window, he had observed the little fellow dealing about his blows like a perfect Hector, and had gone to enquire the cause of the battle. That the boy alleged it to be on account of his companions insulting him about his nakedness: "so I have brought him in," continued the gentleman, "to hear the cause of his being in so deplorable a condition. And now, my little fellow," added he, "let us hear who and what you are, and perhaps it may be in our power to serve you."

William, with all the simplicity of unvarnished truth, related his little history, and with the power which truth always possesses, at once made its way into the heart of his hearers. The scars on his back were a confirmation of the ill-

usage of his captain, and a sufficient reason for his having absconded from the ship.

“And what have you had to eat during your walk from Sunderland?” asked the lady, whose eyes were still moist with the tears which had started at the relation of his little narrative. “Nothing ma’am, (replied William,) I have not tasted a bit of food since four o’clock this morning.” In an instant the little girl, who had sat listening to what passed with great attention, got off her seat, and, coming forward with her cup of milk and a piece of untasted bread in her hand, “Here then, (said she,) is my supper for you. I do not need it half so much as you do, for I had a good dinner.”

William, who had spoken of the cruel treatment of his master with a dry eye and unfaltering voice, now felt himself

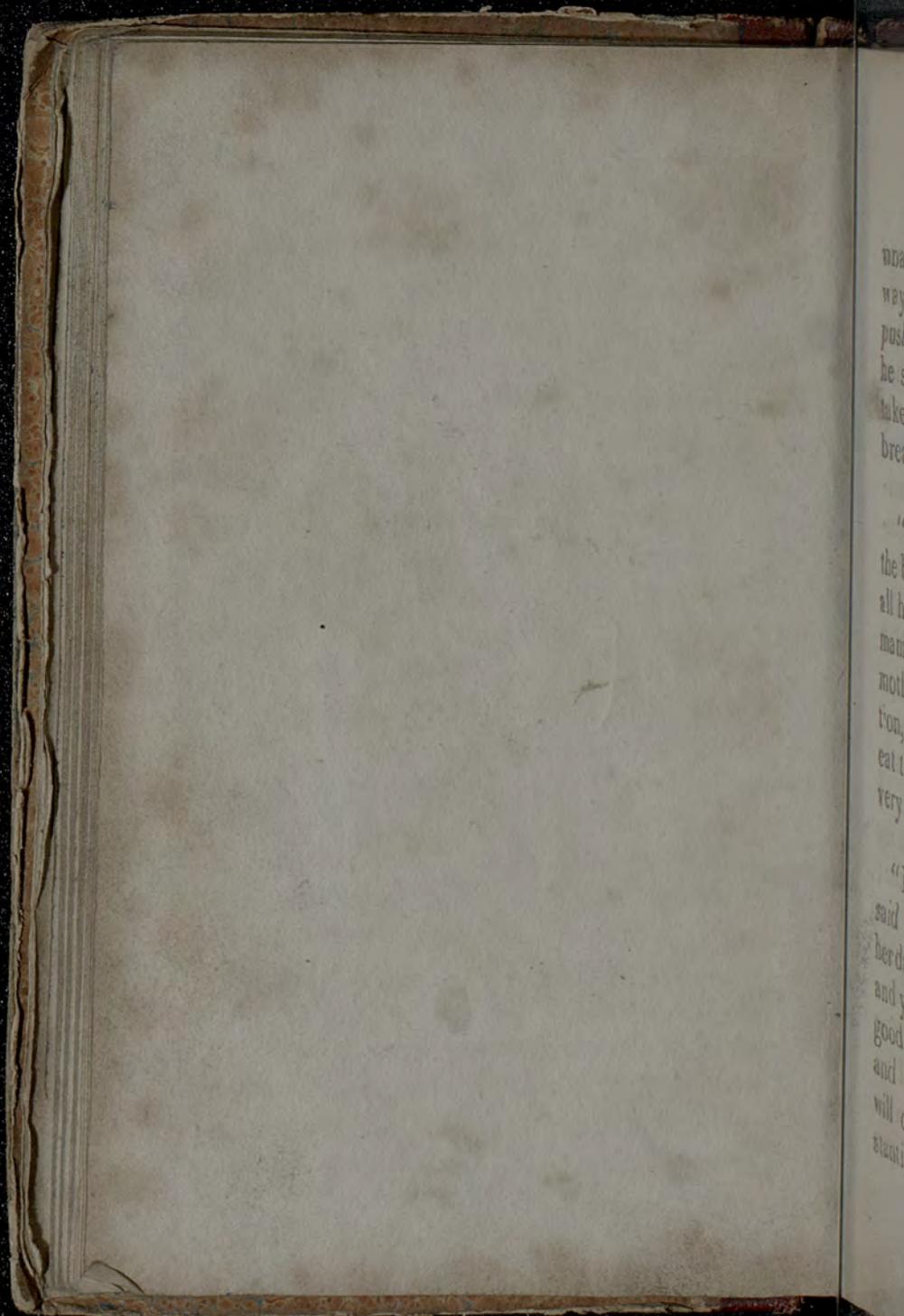
Bertha offers William her supper of Milk.



In an instant the little girl, who had sat listening to what passed with great attention, got off her seat  
"Here then, (said she,) is my supper for you"

*see page 50 and 51.*

*London: William Darton, 53 Holborn Hill, 1820.*



way  
push  
he s  
take  
brea

the b  
all h  
man  
moth  
tion,  
eat t  
very

said  
her de  
and y  
good  
and  
will o  
stantia

unable to speak his thanks in any other way than by tears. At length, gently pushing the milk and bread from him, he said, "No, young lady, I will not take your supper from you. A crust of bread will do as well for me."

"Oh! but you shall have it, (urged the benevolent little girl.) I am not at all hungry, and do not wish for it. Do, mamma," added she, turning to her mother with a look of sweet supplication, "do pray tell him to sit down and eat this bread-and-milk, for he must be very hungry."

"I am sure he must, my dear Bertha," said her mother, much pleased with her daughter's compassionate behaviour; and you may depend upon his having a good supper. So, sit down, my love, and take your bread-and-milk, and I will order poor William a more substantial repast." Mrs. Graham, for

that was the lady's name, went herself with William into the kitchen, and ordered him proper refreshments, which he scarcely had time to swallow, when a parcel of clothes came from a chandler's shop, for which Mr. Graham had sent an order; and, in a very few minutes, the poor naked boy was completely dressed in the habit of a sailor. "And now, my little fellow, (said Mr. Graham,) if I were to get you a kind master, might I depend on your being a good industrious boy." "Yes, sir," answered William, in a firm and manly voice, "you *may* depend upon me. I am very willing to work, and will do my best to serve those who are kind to me; and I am sure I shall never be ungrateful to you." It happened that Mr. Graham was himself a considerable ship-owner; and it was fixed that William should be put into one of his vessels, which was at that time in the port. The master was therefore sent

for, and the young stranger given to his charge, with strict injunctions to behave kindly to him. The captain was a humane good-tempered man, and undertook the charge with great pleasure. Before William left the house with his new master, he was taken by Mr. Graham again into the parlour, that Mrs. Graham and little Bertha might see him, now that he was so nicely fitted-out in his new clothes, and made so different an appearance.

When nearly naked, and both hungry and weary, William had interested them all by his frank, open, and independent countenance, as well as his gentle and courteous behaviour; it is no wonder, therefore, that they should be still more pleased when they now saw the little stranger under the advantages of being invigorated by a hearty meal, and dressed in a suit of new clothes. "How pretty he looks, mamma," said the little

Bertha, whispering into her mother's ear. "Did you ever see such a pretty boy?"

"He is indeed a fine looking little fellow, my dear," said her mother; "and, what is better, he looks as good as he is handsome. You must not forget us, William, (added she,) holding out her hand to William, who had received a hint from the captain that they must be going; and, when you return from your voyage, I hope you will lose no time in coming to see us."

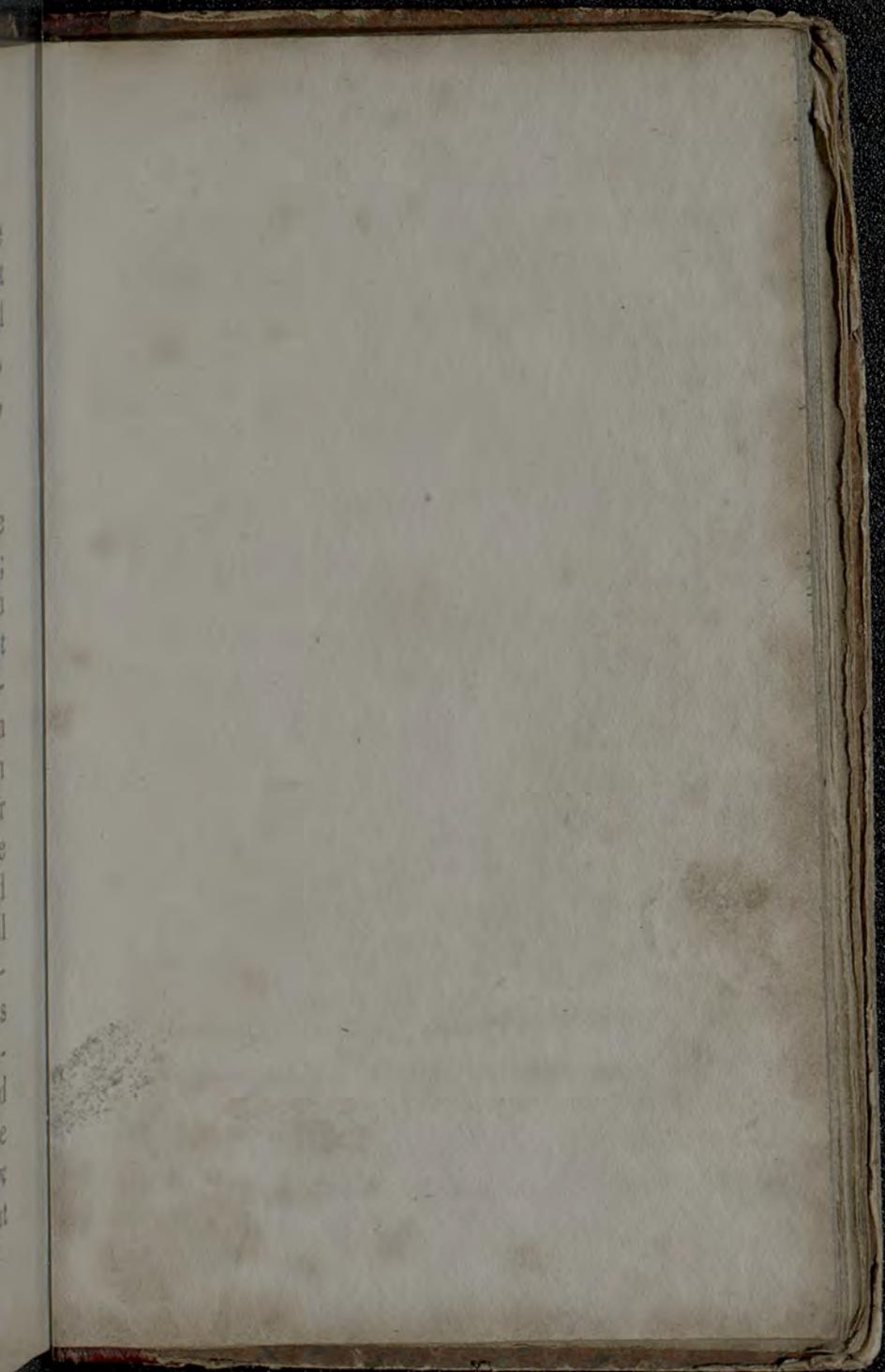
"Forget you, ma'am," said William, the tears starting into his eyes at the thought, "I could as soon forget my poor mother!" "I fully expect, (said Mr. Graham,) to hear a good account of you from your captain, on your return from America; and, if I am not disappointed, you shall be bound as my apprentice, and you shall always have a friend in me.

William's heart told him that he should not disappoint such an expectation; but he took his leave without any further professions, determined that he would leave his actions to speak for him.

Here, then, we see William placed in a situation abounding with comforts to which he had all his life been a stranger. During his mother's life, he had been in the habit of receiving the most affectionate tenderness from her, and had enjoyed every indulgence which was in her power to bestow. But extreme poverty had made those indulgences much more scanty than her wishes would have done; and he had often experienced severity from his father, from which it was not in her power to protect him. But here he was placed in a clean, comfortable ship, abundantly supplied with both food and clothing, and treated by his captain with almost parental kindness. The rest of the crew were also sober respectable men; and, though kept in

constant employment, he had no more work than was pleasant to him. It was not long before the ship set sail for Quebec in British America, where, after a speedy and pleasant passage, they arrived in health and safety.

William was much amused with the new scene which here presented itself; and often stored up circumstances in his memory, in the hope that it might be in his power, on his return to Newcastle, to amuse the little Bertha with the relation. The alacrity with which this sweet little *girl* had offered him her almost untasted supper, had even made a greater impression on his grateful mind than all her father's more substantial kindness; and the idea of her sweet entreating look, as she held it out towards him, dwelt continually on his remembrance. "Oh! how I wish I could get anything to take home to her, (he would continually say to himself.) How I should like to shew her that I thought



William longing to procure Bertha a basket.



— and thought how happy he should be could  
he procure one to take to the little Bertha.

*see page 57.*

*London: William Darton, 58 Holborn Hill, 1820.*

of her kindness when many thousand miles distant." He often looked at the pretty little bamboo boxes and baskets which are made for sale by the native Indians with longing eyes, and thought how happy he should be could he procure one to take to the little Bertha; but, alas! he had little chance of doing so, for he had not a farthing of money, and his clothes he did not consider as his own, and therefore did not think himself at liberty to exchange. Nor was his time any more at his own disposal. He knew it to be equally the property of his master; and did not feel that he had any right, even supposing he had an opportunity, of making money by serving another person.

One day he went, with two other boys, to row his master on-shore in the boat. On their getting to land, the captain told the two bigger lads to go with him up the country, and desired William to stay and watch the boat

till their return. After they were gone, William seated himself in the boat, and, with his arms folded across, he gave loose to imagination, which soon began to retrace the events of the few past weeks. In the course of a very short period he had experienced great fluctuation of fortune, and had partaken very largely both of pleasure and pain. The kindness which he had received from Mr. Graham's family had, however, left much more lively sensations on his mind, than any other circumstance of either joy or sorrow which he had experienced since the moment that he beheld his beloved mother expire. The pains of hunger, and the mortifications of ill treatment, were remembered ; but they were thought of more as a troubled dream than as reality : but Mr. Graham's encouraging voice of kindness, the gentle sympathy of his wife, and the sweet and endearing benevolence of his lovely little girl, remained on his mind with all their liveness of colouring, and

made his bosom glow with the purest and warmest feelings of gratitude. "Oh! how I wish that I had anything to take to the little Bertha as a token of my gratitude," was repeated for the hundredth time. As he spoke, his eyes almost unconsciously wandered around him, as if in search of something within his reach that might be worth taking, and, in their progress, they were arrested with the sight of something lying at the bottom of the boat near where his master had been sitting. He went to take it up, and, to his great surprise, found it to be a pocket-book, which he immediately concluded to be his master's, and which, he supposed, must have dropped from his pocket as he arose to get out of the boat. Here then was an opportunity of gratifying his wishes. His master had evidently no suspicion of having left his pocket-book behind him, or he would doubtless have returned immediately in search of it. William might ea-

sily, therefore, have taken out the money, for money he knew there was in the book, as he had that morning seen his master pay some out of it, after which there was still some remaining; and, if he destroyed the book, nothing would ever be known of the matter. But, though William felt conscious that this was in his power, he never for an instant thought of acting in such a manner. He did not even open the pocket-book to see what it contained. Its contents were of no importance to him; all that he had to do was to take care that it was safely restored to its owner.

It was some hours before the captain returned, and, as the kindness with which he was in the habit of treating William encouraged considerable familiarity, and being curious to know whether he was aware of his loss, William determined to wait a few minutes before he made a discovery of having

the pocket-book in his possession. He soon saw by his master's countenance that he was conscious of his loss, and, by way of hearing what he would say, he asked him if he were not well? "I am in very good health, William," replied the captain, "but not very well in mind, for I have come to a great loss. I have had my pocket-book stolen out of my pocket."

"Oh! I am glad it is no worse; that will soon be got the better of."

"Not so soon as you imagine, boy," returned his master, "for there was a good deal of money in it. Some of those thievish negroes have taken it out of my pocket, I am persuaded, for they are a sad set of rogues."

"Do not call them all rogues, sir," remonstrated William, "for I hope they are not all bad. Do you know

how much money you had in your pocket-book, sir?"

"Yes," returned the master, "I know every note and paper that was in it; and believe I could tell if any of them had even been moved."

"Then I hope you will find it all safe here," said the boy, his face glowing with pleasure at thus being able to restore the prize. The captain took the book out of William's hand, and immediately opened it to see if its contents were quite safe. Every thing was exactly as he had believed them to be, and he was at once convinced that the pocket-book had never even been opened. He eagerly enquired to whom he was obliged for this restoration of his property, and William told him exactly how it was. "Then you have given a most honourable proof of what I always believed," cried his master with

great warmth, "that you are a noble-minded fellow, and will one day or other be an honour to your country. But such behaviour must not go unrewarded," added he, putting his hand in his pocket and taking out half-a-guinea. "Here, take this, my boy, from me, as a present reward, and I am sure Mr. Graham will make a handsome addition to it when we get home."

"I am much obliged to you, sir," said William, refusing to take the proffered money, "but I wish for no reward for being honest."

"But you deserve one for all that," remonstrated the captain, "and I insist upon you taking it."

"I cannot, sir," said William, modestly, but steadily. "My mother always told me it was only my duty to be honest."

“Then take it as a token of my gratitude. You know when any body has done us a favour, it is only right for us to be grateful. You must therefore allow me the pleasure of shewing my gratitude.”

So kindly given, it was impossible any longer to refuse the proffered half-guinea; and the pleasure which William felt at the idea of having some money he could fairly call his own, proved it was not because he did not wish for it that he had so steadily refused to accept it. He now had obtained one of the objects of his highest ambition; he had acquired the power of procuring some little token of remembrance for the sweet little Bertha, which he hoped would prove that her kindness had not been thrown away upon him. It was not long before some groups of Indians, coming to the ship in their canoes with various articles of their own manufacture for sale, gave William an opportunity of selecting

what he thought was most likely to please the person for whom it was intended. A beautiful little basket was chosen as the prettiest thing he saw; and, though the crafty natives extorted from the inexperienced boy three times as much as it was worth, William gave his half-guinea, and was perfectly satisfied with his purchase. Plentifully supplied with every necessary article of life, he had himself no occasion for money but to supply him with some of its luxuries, and these he was very ready to forego for the higher enjoyment of testifying his gratitude to his benefactors. When those around him, therefore, were regaling themselves with tea and fruit, and many other things which the fare of the ship did not supply, William looked on without a wish to partake of the feast.

Their passage home was as speedy and pleasant as that to America had

been, and William's heart palpitated with pleasure at the idea of again seeing his kind friends. The sweet and cheering voice of conscience whispered that he had not disappointed Mr. Graham's benevolent expectations; and he felt that he could meet him with the full confidence of deserving his bounty. To his great satisfaction, the captain, who knew how much the Grahams were interested in the little stranger, gave William leave, on the arrival of the vessel in Shields harbour, to accompany the boy who was sent to inform Mr. Graham of their return. Away trudged William, with the little basket in his hand, and a heart as light as the birds which caroled over his head. He and his companion had both of them been for some time out of the practice of walking, so that a distance of eight miles was enough to make them feel fatigued. But to William it seemed to be necessary, to exhaust the exuberance of his

spirits. He leapt over every impediment which happened to lie in his way, ran up every hill, and bounded with the velocity of a roe down every declivity; till at length, by the time they had reached Newcastle, his exhilarated spirits had sunk to the common level, whilst his companion was almost worn-out with fatigue. On arriving at the house, the news of their being come was soon spread; and Mr. and Mrs. Graham, followed by the little Bertha, were presently in the lobby to meet them. The distinction of rank was almost forgotten by William in the warm glow of affection and gratitude. Nor was their manner at all calculated to check the warm effusion. An exclamation at his improved looks and increased stature burst from both Mr. and Mrs. Graham, whilst their smiling little daughter ran, and taking hold of his hand, "We have not forgotten you, William; we have of-

tên thought of you since you went away."

"And so have I thought of you, Miss Bertha, (said William;) and, as a proof that I remembered how kind you were to me when I came hungry and naked to your house, I have brought this little basket for you to put your flowers and fruit in."

"Oh! what a beautiful basket," cried the delighted child, taking the offering out of William's hand as she spoke. "Look! mamma, did you ever see any thing so pretty."

"It is pretty indeed, my dear," replied her mother, "but its greatest beauty arises from the proof it gives of William's gratitude." William's eyes sparkled with pleasure at these words; and his young heart breathed a prayer of thankfulness to his beloved mother,

who had taken so much pains to teach him what was right, and enable him to conduct himself so as to raise up friends in the most destitute and forlorn situation. But a higher pleasure than any that William had yet experienced now awaited him, for Mr. Graham now declared that, provided he found the captain's account of his behaviour during the voyage such as he expected, and he had no doubt he should, it was his intention to take him into his own house during the winter, that he might have an opportunity of going to school.

This declaration exceeded all William's fondest hopes from Mr. Graham's goodness. He had long most anxiously wished to have an opportunity of gaining some more education. He had never in his life been at any school, for his mother had never had it in her power to send him to one. She had done all however in her power to supply the

deficiency, by teaching him as much as she could herself. He could therefore read tolerably well, and was able to write a little; but he had too much good sense not to see the importance of learning more, and to be sincerely rejoiced at the prospect now presented to him. In addition to all this, the idea of spending the time that he was on-shore under Mr. Graham's own roof, was delightful to him beyond expression; and his heart swelled almost to bursting at the idea of his good fortune. It need scarcely be said, that the captain's report of William's conduct even exceeded Mr. Graham's expectations; and the story of the pocket-book was told with a degree of pleasure which did honour to the captain's heart. "This boy has dispositions which deserve to be fostered with the tenderest care," said Mr. Graham, as he listened with feelings of the most benevolent pleasure to the little narrative. "There are seeds placed in our

hand which promise an abundant crop of the choicest fruit, and it is our duty to foster and rear it with the tenderest care."

"He is a fine fellow," returned the captain, "and, from the moment he first entered the ship, I have never had occasion to say that he had done wrong. It is a pleasure to have him in the ship, and I look forward to the day when we shall all be proud to say we had a hand in bringing him up."

It was not long before William became a fixed resident in Mr. Graham's house, with every member of which he soon became as great a favourite as with the master and mistress themselves. For it was not to the higher branches alone that he testified his anxiety to oblige and please; the servants were also the objects of his respectful attention; and he gained their affection by a

thousand little offices of kindness : but the most distinguished object in William's mind was the little Bertha. This sweet child, whose dispositions were as amiable as his own, seemed to interest every feeling of William's heart. From the moment that his mother expired he had been without an object to interest his warm affections. But in her childish innocence he felt supplied. She was so mere a child, that the difference of their situations was not felt by either. Convinced that she could learn nothing from William but what was good and virtuous, her father and mother were always willing for her to be with him when he was at leisure to play with her, and nothing seemed so great a treat to either, as to be together. If she wanted her garden dug, or her plants watered, it was always as great a treat to William to do it as to her to receive the service; and, when the winter came on, and the weather grew cold and

frosty, nobody could induce Bertha to stay so long in the open air as William. He would teach her to slide, or make snow-men for her, and would contrive such a variety of ways to keep her amused and in exercise, that she would return into the house with blooming cheeks, and eyes sparkling with animation and health. The long winter evenings were passed over almost without Bertha being conscious of the progress of time; for she had constant amusement in listening to William's account of his adventures at sea, and the many curious things which he saw in America. But, above all, she delighted to hear his account of a barren island, which they had visited on their way home, which was inhabited by nothing but birds of various descriptions; and Bertha listened with eager curiosity to his account of the difficulty which they had to set down their feet, without crushing a nest of eggs or a brood of young ones.

At length the spring returned; and William had again to prepare for sea. He had spent the time he had been on-shore with profit and pleasure. He had made great progress in his education, and had increased his knowledge by reading a great many instructive books, with which Mr. Graham had taken care to keep him supplied. Though he had enjoyed himself on-shore so much, William, however, was very glad to return to sea again. He felt that it was his duty to work for the bread with which he was so liberally supplied, and he took pleasure in doing whatever he believed to be his duty. Besides, he had a good ship, a kind master, and an employment which he liked; and he took leave of his friends with the pleasing reflection, that their increased acquaintance had only served to strengthen the esteem and affection of both parties. "Do not forget me, William," was the little Bertha's parting

charge; and William felt that it would be as impossible for him to forget her, as it would be to cease to remember that he himself existed.

From this time little occurred in William's history worth recording, for a considerable period. The usual voyages were undertaken and executed, marked only by those various casualties to which sailors are always subject. The winters continued to be spent on-shore in prosecution of his studies at school, and in the acquirement of a variety of useful knowledge; for Mr. Graham perceiving William to possess an ardent thirst for information, very kindly determined to gratify it by every means in his power. William had attained the age of sixteen, when he had the misfortune to lose his captain, who had been almost equally as kind a friend as Mr. Graham himself. His death took place in America, and was

occasioned by eating fruit to excess. William attended him during his illness with the most anxious and tender solicitude, and received his dying breath, whilst the worthy captain expired, praying for blessings on his head. His death made a very serious difference in William's situation on-board of ship; for the mate, who succeeded in command, had always looked with a jealous eye upon our little hero, on account of the evident partiality which had been always shown him by both Mr. Graham and the captain. In consequence of this, he contrived to make William very uncomfortable during the whole of his passage home, and induced him, on his return to Newcastle, to venture to petition Mr. Graham to be removed to some other ship.

As Mr. Graham had a good opinion of the mate as a clever seaman, and one who was likely to manage the ves-

sel with advantage to his employer, and as he likewise saw that his unkindness to William arose from jealousy, he determined to comply with the boy's request, whilst the mate continued in the situation which he now held. He therefore had him immediately transferred to another vessel, which was preparing for a voyage to the Bay of Honduras, to take-in a lading of mahogany. But the more William saw of other captains, the more he had occasion to bless his good fortune for having sailed so long with such an one as he whom he had so lately lost. He was shocked at the want of principle so generally displayed, and particularly the habits of swearing and drinking, which were so generally practised.

On their arrival at the bay, William was exceedingly surprised to see the captain spend his time in complete idleness and dissipation, instead of hastening for-

ward to the place of their lading. The consequence was, that the time allowed for the vessel to take in her cargo was elapsed before he had taken any means for getting it. When a ship happens to be detained, in consequence of the neglect of the person who has to supply the lading, the owner of the vessel has a right to come upon the merchant for the expenses during the extra time which she is obliged to stay. These expenses it was the intention of William's captain to claim, as he did not expect, should the merchant hesitate in paying them, but that he could easily prevail upon the whole of the crew to swear to the justice of the demand. There was a something however about William, which made him suspect he would be conscientiously troublesome on the occasion, were he called upon for his evidence. For the purpose of gaining him over, therefore, he began to pay him very distinguished attention, which William had too strong

a conviction was intended to serve some selfish end to receive with much gratitude. Determined to act with uprightness and independence, William gave himself little trouble to investigate his motives; for he felt that he would never have power to tempt him to swerve from the paths of truth and honesty. It happened one day, that some Frenchmen came to the ship to offer various articles of their own making for sale; and many of the sailors flocked round them, anxious to become purchasers, to take home to some wife, mother, or sister, whom they had left behind. The idea of Bertha rose immediately to William's imagination; but nothing which they offered for sale held out half so strong a temptation to him to become a purchaser, as a beautiful little dog which one of them had with him. He knew that Bertha was remarkably fond of dogs; and this, which was not much larger than a squirrel, and which was

covered with a luxuriance of white silky hair, would delight her beyond measure. He eagerly asked the man if he would sell it. "Not unless I could get a good price for it," was the man's reply. William asked what sum he should call a good price; and was told a guinea. This was a sum far beyond William's reach; he had not half as much money in the world. He looked anxiously at the dog for some time; and then, recollecting the folly of coveting what it was impossible for him to obtain, he turned away, and walked to the other end of the ship. Before he had stood there many minutes, the captain, who had watched all that passed, came up to him. "William," said he, "I want a trifling favour of you, and, if you will promise to grant it, I will purchase that little dog for you."

"If I can do it with truth and propriety, sir," replied William, "you may

depend upon my obliging you, even with out a bribe."

"Propriety! There can be no doubt of the propriety," said the captain, speaking in a hurried manner, "for it is what will save Mr. Graham at least three hundred pounds."

"Only tell me how I can save Mr. Graham's money, or be of service to him in any way whatever," cried William eagerly, "and you will oblige me, sir, more than I can express."

"It is possible," returned the master, speaking with some hesitation; it is not impossible that the merchant may refuse to pay the demurrage, that is, as you well know, the expenses of the ship during the long time we have been detained waiting for our lading; and, in that case, it is likely it will all fall upon Mr. Graham."

“And is it in my power to prevent that?” asked William, with a look of extreme surprise.

“You may at least promise that you will not be the means of throwing it upon him.”

“I be the means of throwing any expense upon my benefactor!” cried William; “you surely do not suppose it possible that I could be so ungrateful, even if I had the power. But, I am not conscious that I could have any influence either one way or other.”

“You could do a great deal of harm by refusing to swear, should you be put upon your oath.”

“Swear!” repeated William, with a look of extreme astonishment. “To what?”

“To its having been the fault of the merchants that we have been detained.”

“And will any body pretend to say that was really the case,” asked William, fixing his eyes upon his master whilst he spoke, with a look from which his guilty conscience shrunk.

“If that should not be proved, the demurrage will fall upon Mr. Graham; and you will prove your gratitude to him by bringing upon him an expense of three hundred pounds.”

“But, why should I have any thing to do in the matter?” asked William, distressed at the idea of such an alternative, yet feeling it impossible that he could assert a falsehood. “Surely, nobody will think of applying to one of the youngest lads in the ship for information.”

“If the merchant should have any doubt of the justice of the claim, he will put you all to your oaths; and your refusal to take it will undo the business entirely. So it rests with you to consider how far you will choose to return your obligations to Mr. Graham, who has done so much for you.”

“It would be a poor reward for all that he has done for me, to take a false oath,” said William, with a look of contempt which made the unprincipled man shrink within himself. But, soon recovering, he tried another point of attack. “These things are all in the way of business. They are not looked upon by the world in the serious light you view them. They are like Custom-house oaths, and scarcely ever expected to be true.”

“A Custom-house oath, or one of any other kind, is a declaration in the

presence of our Maker that we are speaking the truth, and ought therefore to be considered by us as sacred," replied William, with unshaken firmness; and I am confident Mr. Graham would not have the three hundred pounds, if it could only be obtained by falsehood and perjury."

"Phoo! phoo!" returned the other carelessly, "three hundred pounds are not so soon made in these bad times, for anybody to be so willing to throw them away." At this moment, the French merchants having left the ship, the other men began to pass back and forward; and the captain, fearful of the purport of their conversation being overheard, moved off from William's side, and began to whistle carelessly. He kept his eye however fixed upon him; and observing that he continued to look wishfully at the tempting little dog, as the men to whom it belonged rowed to the shore,

he believed this to be the time for obtaining his end : he took out his pencil, and wrote upon a piece of paper, " Promise that you will never say it was owing to me that the ship was detained, and you shall have the dog for Miss Bertha immediately." He then put the paper in an apparently-careless manner into William's hand, and moved away to the other end of the ship. William felt little disposed to give any reply. It was impossible that he could agree to the captain's wishes, and he had no desire to irritate him by a refusal. The captain, however, had too far committed himself, not to be anxious upon the subject ; and, after waiting some time, to see what William would do, and observing that he set quietly about his work as if nothing had occurred, he at length went up to him, and said, " What do you mean to do ? Are you determined to refuse so good an offer."

“I will never say a word upon the subject, sir,” replied William, “either one way or other, unless I find it absolutely necessary, and then I shall tell the truth to the best of my knowledge. A bitter execration was the captain’s only reply; and, from that moment, the conscientious boy became the object of his bitterest hatred. William observed the change, and understood the cause; but, supported by the thought that he had done his duty, he determined to submit with patience to the hardships which he considered as tests of his virtue. He believed it was the captain’s wish to drive him to the desperate expedient of running away from the ship, as his only remaining chance of getting rid of him. But this William was determined not to be induced by his worst treatment to do. He well knew that it would be his master’s aim to injure his character with Mr. Graham; and he was resolved not to corroborate his report by anything

which would bear so much the appearance of guilt. No motive, however, less powerful than that of answering for his conduct to Mr. Graham, could have induced William to submit to the insults and indignities which were put upon him by his unprincipled captain; for, though gentle as a lamb under kind and generous treatment, his spirit kindled with indignation at injustice or cruelty. But the wish to maintain his character with those who held so high a place in his esteem, and had such strong claims on his gratitude, proved all-powerful, and he held out with unshaken constancy.

They were now all ready for sailing; and William looked forward with pleasure to the idea of returning to the friends he so highly prized. On the morning of the day on which they expected to sail, the captain called to him, and desired that he would get ready to accompany him on-shore. Though rather surprised at the order,

William hesitated not in obeying it ; and it was a very short time before they were both on the land. The captain immediately directed his course up the country, desiring William to follow him. After they had gone a considerable distance, they arrived at a hut inhabited by one of the merchants from whom they received the timber with which the ship was laden. The captain here desired William to sit down, and wait till he brought him some things which he wished him to carry to the ship. He then went away, and William waited hour after hour, impatient for his re-appearance ; but no captain arrived.

At length, when the day was pretty far spent, a negro arrived from the bay, who informed William that he had seen his master on-board the ship some hours ago. In an instant the truth flashed upon William's mind ; and he felt convinced that it was the captain's intention to leave him. He started up,

and, without stopping to make a single inquiry concerning the road he should take, he darted forward with all the speed in his power, determined, if possible, to reach the vessel before it sailed. But, unfortunately, his eagerness was greater than his prudence; and, after wandering till he was ready to drop with fatigue, he found himself only more and more involved in the wood. Despairing of disentangling himself, and almost worn-out with the efforts he had been obliged to make in order to force himself through the thicket, he would gladly have retraced his steps to the merchant's hut; but this was equally out of his power; and the night coming on, as it does in those countries, almost instantaneously, he had no other resource than to lay himself down, and wait with patience till the return of morning. It was not without considerable anxiety about the wild beasts, which are known to haunt the forests of the West Indies, that he ventured to lay himself down. But he

recollected how graciously he had been preserved through many dangers and difficulties; and he reposed himself in humble confidence in the same merciful Power, who watches alike every quarter of the globe. The sun, which bursts upon the sight in the morning as suddenly as in the evening it disappears, roused William from his humble bed, where he had slept in perfect safety.

There was not here, as in England, when in a similarly-destitute situation, any danger of his suffering from want of food. If he was so fortunate as to escape the wild beasts, there was no doubt but the forests would supply him with an abundance of support for so long a time as he might be obliged to stay in them, and he soon made a most delicious breakfast of a variety of fruits. He then again set forward, to endeavour to explore his way; but the most of the day was spent in as unavailing attempts as the evening before had produced.

At length the sound of knocking, like the cutting down of timber, met his ear from a distance, and served as a guide to direct his steps; and, after considerable labour and difficulty, he found himself approaching nearer and nearer towards it: and to his great surprise he found himself once more at the same hut in which his master had left him the day before. The same negro whose information had set him off in so great a haste, now undertook to conduct him through the wood. William traversed it with great impatience, anxious, if possible, to reach the ship before she set sail. But all his exertions proved unavailing, for the vessel had been gone some hours when he arrived. He was told, that the captain had reported that William had escaped from him without his knowledge, and had made a great pretence of seeking for him, for which purpose he had detained the ship till that morning; but at last, having de-

spaired of finding him, he had given orders to sail.

Appalled at the idea of his destitute situation, and still more distressed to think of the pains which he was sure would be taken to injure him in Mr. Graham's esteem, which his not appearing with the ship would greatly conduce to corroborate, poor William stood for some time the picture of distress and despair. There was not another ship belonging to Newcastle in the bay at that time; his own had been the very last of the season; and there was no other way for him but to endeavour to procure a passage in one of those which went nearest to the spot where he wished to be. On making application to the different captains, he had the satisfaction to find that he was much better known to them than he had any idea of; and, as to know William was to respect him, he had no

difficulty in convincing them that he was not to blame for the ship's sailing without him; so that they were any of them willing to allow him to work his passage in their vessels. The nearest port he could get to was Hull; but, as he did not apprehend there would be any doubt of his finding a ready passage thence to Newcastle, he comforted himself with the hope that he should not be long behind his own ship, and should then be able to answer for himself.

William could not but reflect with thankfulness on his good fortune, even amidst circumstances of the most unfavourable nature; and, when he considered that it was his own good conduct which had been in this, as in many other instances, the means of extricating him from his difficulties, his breast swelled with gratitude to those who had thus early trained his mind to virtue, and to the Omnipotent Power who had

given him strength to persevere in the path which they had pointed out.

The vessel in which he was to go to England had not yet received all her lading, and William gained great favour with both the captain and mate, for his judgment and activity in helping to stow the timber: indeed, he was so active and industrious on all occasions, that he soon became a universal favourite; and William was often assured, that, should he forfeit Mr. Graham's good opinion, he should be readily received into the vessel in which he then was. But, this assurance appeared but small comfort to poor William; for, should he lose Mr. Graham's favour, he felt that there would be little enjoyment in life remaining for him. But that it should be lost, after he got home and told his own story, he could not believe possible; for he felt so conscious of the inward integrity of his own heart,

that he could not for a moment suppose that he would not be believed. As his character was of the most essential importance to him, he was determined to relate to Mr. Graham simply and plainly the cause of the master's hatred. He knew that a knowledge of the truth might be the means of that gentleman's losing a considerable sum of money, but he judged of Mr. Graham's heart by his own, and felt that he would much rather resign the money than receive what was not justly his due. But, was he sure, even with this statement, to be believed? was a question which he again asked himself. Might it not appear like a story made up merely to exonerate himself; and might not the powerful influence of interest tend to blind even Mr. Graham's mind to the truth of his statement. As these ideas crossed his mind, he recollected the scrap of paper which the captain

had slipped into his hand, with an attempt to bribe him, by offering to purchase the little dog; and the moment he recollected it, he put his hand into his pocket. The paper was still there; and he now hoarded what he had before preserved by mere accident, as a precious document. Many and many a time he endeavoured to anticipate, whilst on his passage, the manner in which he might expect to be received on his return. He often struggled against severe attacks of anxiety, as a continuation of unfavourable winds kept them tossing about the Western Ocean, instead of steering their course with the rapidity with which his wishes would have carried them. At length, after a long and tedious voyage, they arrived at Hull; and William eagerly sought for a vessel to convey him forward. This he easily found; and, in the course of another

week, he found himself on the well-known quay at Newcastle.

It would be impossible to describe the agitation of feeling with which our poor little adventurer made his way up the streets which lead to Mr. Graham's house, scarcely better clothed than when he had first entered it. Without a single article of clothing, except what he had on at the time he left his own ship, a long and troublesome passage had almost entirely worn them out; and William felt that he indeed looked but too much like a graceless runaway. When he arrived at the door, his agitation would scarcely allow him power to raise his hand to the knocker; but, scarcely had he got hold of it, before the door opened, and Bertha appeared, who was just going out to pay a visit. "Do you want papa?" asked she, in a gentle voice; and looking with com-

passion at William's tattered garments. William's eyes filled with tears. He did not recollect that even a few months' absence, at his age, and particularly under the disadvantages of his present dress, it was not to be wondered that Bertha did not recognize her old friend and playfellow. "Shall I call my papa to you?" added she, in the same sweet engaging tone of voice. "Do you not know me, Miss Bertha?" asked the agitated youth, almost overpowered with the idea of being looked upon as a stranger by one who was rivetted in his heart's inmost core. Bertha looked at him for an instant, and then exclaimed, "William, William Cayley, is it you! Are you indeed come back! Oh! I knew you were not a naughty boy. I was sure you would not run away." And then, without waiting another instant, she almost flew into the dining-room, to announce the intelli-

gence. William had followed after her a few paces; and now stood in the lobby in the most extreme anxiety and agitation. In a few minutes Mr. Graham appeared; but his looks were cold and reserved. "Well! William, you have got back," said he, "and I hope have repented of your folly."

"I should repent as long as I lived, sir, if I had ever done any thing to displease you; but indeed, sir, I am innocent."

"Is it innocence to desert your duty," asked Mr. Graham, in a stern voice, "and particularly on such an errand."

"I never deserted my duty, sir," replied William, in a firm but respectful tone of voice. "I went up the country with the captain; he left me with orders to wait till he returned; and then sailed without me."

“William !” said Mr. Graham, in the same tone of voice, and a look of increased displeasure, “do not attempt to clear your own conduct by throwing the blame upon that of another. You went up the country with your captain, it is true ; but, did he give you leave to escape him there, and go off, for the purpose of theft.”

“Oh ! papa,” interrupted Bertha, “do not say that William would steal. I know, I am sure, he would not.” William’s countenance lighted up into a glow of gratitude and pleasure at hearing this warm assertion of his innocence. “Thank you, Miss Bertha,” said he, “for answering so kindly for me ; and I hope I shall never disgracey our good opinion.”

“You are indeed obliged to her,” said Mr. Graham ; “for she has stood your friend, notwithstanding the unfa-

yourable reports we have had of you from your captain, who assured me that you were so intent upon getting possession of a little French dog which you had seen, that you had left him without leave, for the purpose of watching an opportunity of stealing it."

A flush of indignation passed over William's face at these words; but, curbing the resentment which he felt, he endeavoured to speak in a composed voice, and said, "If you will allow me to speak to you, sir, a few minutes by ourselves, I hope I shall be able to convince you I do not deserve a bad character, even though my captain has given it to me."

Mr. Graham immediately took William into another room, and, closing the door after them, asked what he had to say. William told him, that he knew it would be the captain's wish to injure his character,

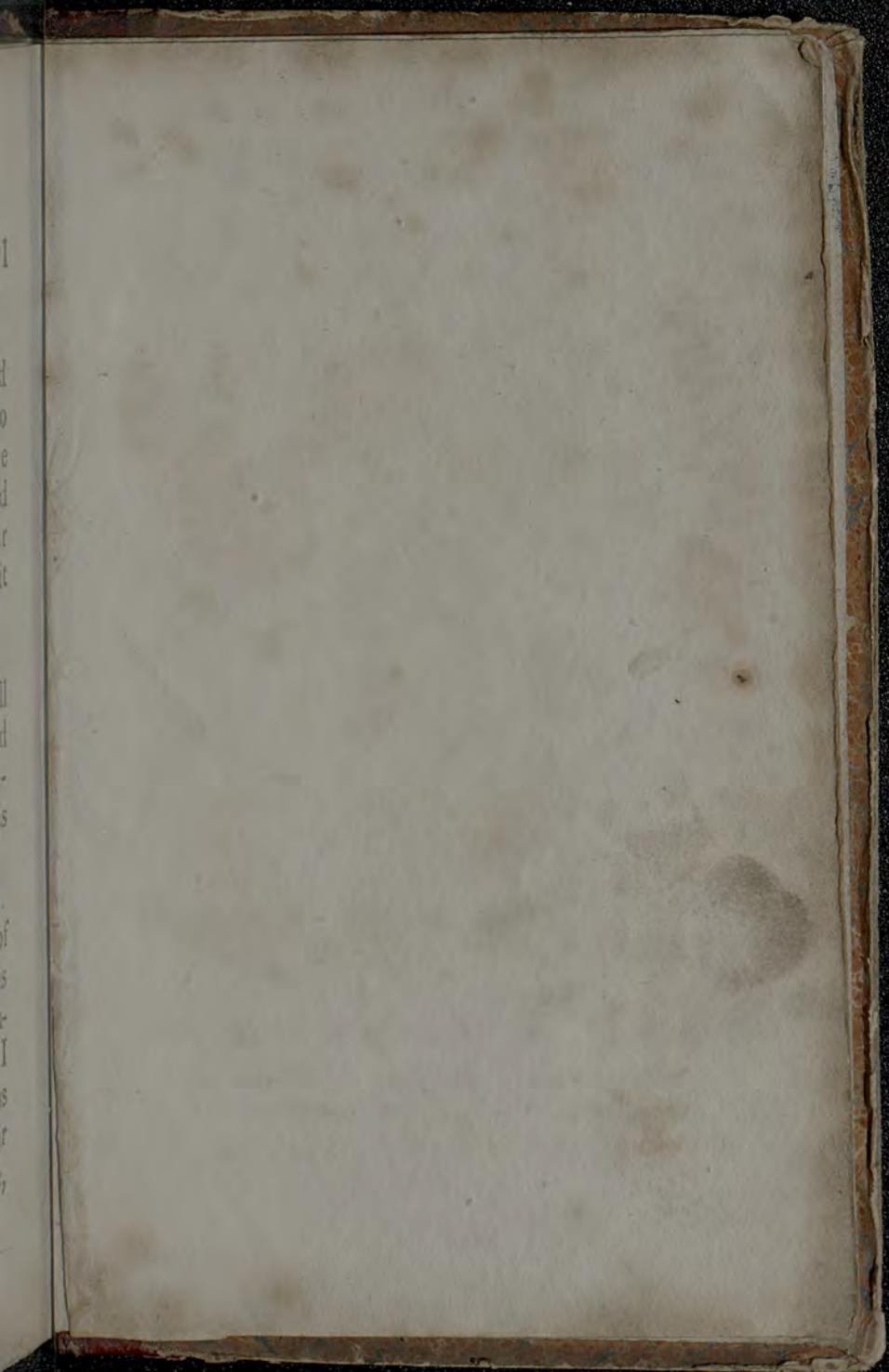
as he was well aware he had incurred his displeasure ; but he was persuaded, when Mr. Graham had heard the circumstances, it would rather raise than lower him in his opinion. He then, with the simple eloquence of truth, related the particulars of the offence he had given his captain ; and, with that power which truth scarcely ever fails to possess, at once carried conviction to the heart of his hearer, even before he had produced the written proof which he possessed of the captain's guilt. Mr. Graham looked at the paper, and then returned it to William in a careless manner. Indeed, he had no need of any such evidence to convince him of William's noble and independent conduct. Disguising his feelings, however, and assuming a grave countenance, he said, " And do you expect that I should be more reconciled to your conduct because it is likely to be the means of my

losing three hundred pounds, which I was just on the point of receiving."

"I did not suppose, sir," answered William, that you would like better to lose the three hundred pounds than have them; but I was persuaded you would rather that I spoke the truth than swear to a falsehood, however profitable it might be to you."

"And is this your gratitude for all that I have done for you?" continued Mr. Graham, without appearing to notice what William had said. "Is this the way you return all my kindness?"

William's heart filled at the idea of being thought to be ungrateful; and his eyes filled with tears as he said, "Indeed, sir, I am not ungrateful. I would not on any account be the means of your losing anything that was your right; and I would gladly, at any time,



Bertha enquiring if M. Graham is reconciled.



"Will you just tell me, papa," said she, "if you are pleased with William again; for mamma and I both want to know most sadly." *see page 105.*

*London. William Darton, 58 Holborn Hill, 1820.*

lay down my life to serve you. But I could not, indeed, sir, I could not, take a false oath, even for you."

"Nor would I for the world have you do so!" cried Mr. Graham with warmth. "You have behaved exactly as you ought; and from this moment, my dear William, shall I look upon you in the light of a friend, and your unworthy captain shall be immediately discharged from my service." As Mr. Graham spake, a gentle tap was heard at the door; and, on that gentleman's opening it, the little Bertha appeared. "Will you just tell me, papa," said she, "if you are pleased with William again; for mamma and I both want to know most sadly."

"How do you think I can possibly be pleased with him, Bertha," replied her father, again pretending to look grave, when he had it in his power both to save me three hundred pounds, and

get a very beautiful little dog for you, and he declined them both."

"Then I am sure," answered Bertha, without a moment's hesitation, "it was because it would not have been right for him to do either. I am sure he would like to get money for you ; and I know he would have brought me a pretty little dog, if he could have got one without doing wrong ; because he knows how much I should like one. But I knew very well all the time that the captain was not speaking truth, when he said William had run away from him to go and steal a little lap-dog."

"You have proved you knew your friend William better than I did," said her father. "I now find that he only wants a few more years over his head to be trusted in my most important concerns. As soon as he is old enough, he shall be made master of the ship

in which he is now an apprentice ; and I am persuaded he will soon, by his diligence, activity, and attention, gain me a great many more hundreds than he is now the means of my losing."

THE END.

