

Family Reading.

NOTHING LOST IN THE TELLING.

From Parker's Parochial Tracts. "Now wasn't that shocking, mother?" "Wasn't that shocking, Frank?" "Why about the Walkers?" "I'm sure I don't know, Frank," replied Mrs. Wood, in the tone of one who was not attending very carefully to what was said to her.

"Well, mother, but wasn't it wonderful?" "Bless the child; wasn't what wonderful?" "Why what Mrs. Faddy told me about the pedlar, and the pie and the poison?" "I dare say it was, Frank; Mrs. Faddy's tales are apt to be wonderful."

"But don't you think it wonderful?" "What," enquired Mrs. Wood, as she laid down one iron and took up another, with a look of ignorance which betrayed a complete unconsciousness that Frank had been telling her a long story, the whole of which had been lost upon her.

"Why I do believe that you haven't listened to a word I said?" "I beg your pardon, Frank, but I am afraid I have lost the best part of it. I heard you beginning with Sally Faddy as your authority for your story, and so I thought more of my work than what you had to tell. When you have known Sally as long as I have, then you will do the same."

Frank looked vexed. "I can't think why you do like Mrs. Faddy, mother. She is very kind to us all."

"I don't dislike her, Frank. I dislike her gossiping ways, and her carelessness about truth very much, but I have a regard for her, and wish with all my heart that she would break herself of her fault. I was at school with her forty years ago, and I have service with her afterwards, and we have been neighbours ever since she came to take care of her aunt, so if any body knows Sally, I do; and I say again, Frank, that I have very kindly feelings for her, but I have seen a black spot spread and spread, till it has quite spoiled her whole character. She cannot tell a plain truth; she must always exaggerate; and always add something of her own inventing by way of increasing the effect of what she says to tell. The consequence of this is, that it is impossible to trust her about the simplest matter of fact; and without being at all an ill-natured or mischievously inclined person, she is the greatest maker of mischief in all Elmhurst."

"But, mother, every body knows how kind hearted she is, and how good to her neighbours, and how attentive to her tiresome, deaf, old aunt Fitchel?" "So she is, Frank, and she has many other good qualities besides, but nothing can make up for the want of truth."

"Do you think she means to deceive, mother?" "Not by any means, Frank. I am confident that nothing would tempt her to tell a lie to benefit or to shield herself. She believes as surely as you and I do that the devil is the father of lies, and that lying is the most offensive of all sins in the sight of God; and yet through love of talking, or desire of being the first to tell the news from some infirmity of vanity, or self-importance, she has allowed herself to embellish what she has to say with circumstances which are likely to attract the wonder of her hearers; she is so anxious to make the best, as it is called, of a good story, that her conscience has become dead to the sin of exaggeration; the habit has crept on insensibly by little and little, and she has probably no notion of the extent to which she habitually perverts the truth. Unhappily for her too, she has a great deal of spare time. You remember the words of the hymn, that

"Satan finds some mischief still For idle hands to do."

"And somewhere else I have read that 'Never was there idle brain But bred an idle thought.'"

"Between idle thoughts, and idle hands, it would be strange if poor Sally did not give vent to idle words. Now then, tell me shortly what was the shocking and wonderful thing to which I ought to have listened, and which I see you will not be satisfied till you have told me."

"Well, mother," replied Frank, "you know what a rough ill-tempered man pedlar Penson is."

"I know he is rough mannered, and has a gruff voice, and has very big black whiskers, and an angry-looking neck-loth, which looks something like a turkey's wattle; will that do?"

"No, mother; he must be very ill-tempered and wicked too. Do you know he called at the park farm the day before yesterday, and though he had all the trouble of opening his pack, and spreading out his wares on the kitchen dresser, not a thing could he sell, for just as the maids were going to buy, in came Mrs. Walker and said she wouldn't have his trumpery among her pulf' paise, and so he had better pack off with himself, and his pack too."

"Well, but Frank, that rather looks as if Mrs. Walker, and not pedlar Penson, was the ill-tempered person?" "You haven't heard the end of my story, that is, Mrs. Faddy's. Mrs. Walker was to have a dinner party that day, and so, being very busy, she might have been rather hasty, but she didn't bear malice and hatred in her heart, like this wicked pedlar, mother."

"But what did he do?" "I'm coming to that directly, mother. Penson did as he was bid, and packed up his things, and went out of the kitchen; but at some moment when their backs were turned, what do you think he did?"

"Drew the leg of mutton from the spit, I warrant ye," said Mrs. Wood with a smile, "and slipped it into the pocket of his rough coat."

"O worse than that, much worse," continued Frank, not remarking his mother's countenance; and then added gravely in a low voice, "He actually tried to poison the whole family."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Wood. "And was that proved?"

"Why, mother, when the apple-pie was carved at dinner, the very first time the spoon was put into the dish it brought up a paperful of needles (put in, no doubt to choke them), and three brass thimbles, and afterwards no less than nine thimbles were found among the apples!"

"Was that all?" enquired Mrs. Wood, but in a tone which made Frank feel that he was not nearly as much horrified as she ought to have been.

"No, mother; there was ever so much verdigris besides."

"Are you sure about the verdigris, Frank? Verdigris, I believe, is the rust of brass. I don't see why a pedlar should carry such an article in his pack; and though it is said to be very poisonous, he was not likely to carry poison about with him, for the purpose of putting it into the food of those who made no purchases of him. Are you sure about the verdigris?"

Frank colored up, and hesitated, for his conscience told him that he had not repeated what Mrs. Faddy had said quite correctly. He had caught her trick of exaggeration.

"But Mrs. Faddy told me that she dared say there was very much verdigris."

"I am afraid Frank, that she dares to say a good many things for which she has no authority: what she meant to infer in this case was that the acid of the apples had probably had such an effect on the brass as to produce verdigris; that might or might not happen; but at any rate she did not positively assert what you did. O Frank, beware of exaggeration. Remember what I said just now. Remember that anything which is more than truth is a lie."

"I was wrong, mother, very wrong, but indeed I did not mean to deceive."

"I know that; no more does Sally Faddy; but now look at her story; there is falsehood on the very face of it. If the pedlar wanted to choke folks who have left the needles in their paper? If he had wanted to poison them, would he have managed so clumsily as to put brass thimbles where they were sure to be seen?"

"Well, mother, I must say that one thing did strike me as very odd; it was this, Mrs. Faddy said, that the very same afternoon he called at the farm again, and actually made a claim to be paid for a paper full of needles, and a dozen thimbles, which he declared he missed from his pack. Mrs. Faddy spoke of this as a proof of his audaciousness, to me it rather looks as a proof that however so strange a thing had happened, he could not really have meant to poison the Walkers."

"Shall I unravel the whole mystery to you, Frank?"

Frank opened his eyes very wide, and exclaimed, "why I do believe you know all about it."

"I do believe I do," replied the mother laughing, "for Mrs. Walker called here this afternoon, and told me how when her back was turned, that little mischievous, spoiled boy of her sister had slipped the pedlar's thimbles into the pie-dish, and covered them with fruit, so that she laid the crust on without noticing them; how she had been so thoughtless as to tell the story in Sally Faddy's presence, and to add that 'it was enough to poison them'; how Sally had repeated the story as she had first heard it, and before it had been found out that it was the boy's mischief; and how Sally had embellished the tale with additions of her own, till, without having any malicious intention, and out of sheer thoughtlessness and love of gossip, she had actually imputed the crime of murder to pedlar Penson."

"And was that really and truly all, mother?" asked Frank, in a very disappointed tone.

"Yes, really and truly all," replied Mrs. Wood, imitating her son's manner. "But why should that make you seem so down-as't? Would it have been better, do you think, that all the Walkers should have been poisoned, and the pedlar hanged for poisoning them?"

"No, mother, not better; only (with a little hesitation) 'it would have made a better story.'"

Frank's mother looked very grave when she heard this, and said, "My dear boy you may depend upon it that if you allow yourself to think or speak in this way, you will soon fall into the same habit of sin as that which has done such infinite mischief to poor Sally's character. Surely you remember where it is written, 'Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people; and who it is that hath declared, that, for every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.' Once get in the way of repeating matters concerning your neighbours, and you will soon have no scruple in making the best of a good story, as it is called; in other words, you will get into the habit of breaking the ninth Commandment in more ways than I can tell; you an evil speaker, and a witness, and an evil speaker, and a slanderer. How should you like to have your character taken away as you, Frank, and Sally Faddy took away the pedlar's?"

Frank dropped his head and made no reply, for his conscience told him he was wrong. And Mrs. Wood said no more, for she wished her son to reflect on her words. And so he did, but somehow or other, through that kind of self-deceit by which the devil tempts us to continue in sins which we are inclined, Frank contrived to persuade himself that his mother had made too much of a little matter, and that it was only because that she did not like her neighbour Faddy, that she had spoken so strongly about making the best of a good story. Still his own mind was not quite at ease, when he thought how he had himself helped to impute evil motives to the pedlar.

The thought rushed into Frank's mind that the pedlar would have heard of the false reports which had been spread with respect to him, and conscience suggested to Frank that he himself had not been quite innocent in the matter. What if that great, strong, cross-looking, red-faced looking man should lay hold of him, and call him to account for what he had said? The very thought made Frank turn first hot and then cold, and then, as he afterwards expressed it, "all no how." As to facing the pedlar, it was out of the question. He dared not. What a relief when he spied a gap in the hedge, a few yards in advance! To be sure, he must come almost within arm's reach of the pedlar; but there was no help for it. On he dashed as quick as he could, and bounded through the gap when his imaginary enemy was about two yards off. "Look before you leap," says the proverb; but Frank had no time to think of proverbs; and the consequence was that in the very act of jumping the ditch on the other side of the hedge, his foot caught in a bramble, and down he went, head foremost, into a bed of nettles. Sharply enough they stung him, but at first he did not feel the pain, so terrified was he at hearing a gruff voice, which he recognised but too well, "Hillo, young one! what are you running away for? Come back!"

Come back! no not if his life depended on it. Up he got, set off at his topmost speed, dashed across the fields, never stopping, and never looking behind him (but nothing doubting that the pedlar was close at his heels), till he found himself quite breathless and exhausted in the village street.

Even here he did not stop running, for he felt as if he should not be safe till he got home; however, he could not keep up his former pace, and so as he passed one of the cottages he heard one of his neighbours say to some one standing near, "See, see! there's Frank Wood! how he runs! Poor boy! well to be sure it is a true saying, but news flies fast!"

"Bad news?" thought Frank to himself, "what can that mean?" But he did not stop to enquire.

"Frank! Frank!" cried a voice from the next cottage doorway that he passed, "How is she now? Has the doctor been? Joe says he saw him galloping down your way like mad, half an hour ago. What does he say? I hope things are not so bad as was thought?"

Frank stopped, for he was bewildered. A woman's quick eye saw that the enquiry had not been understood, and good-natured Mary Hilliard ran down to him and said in a sympathizing tone, "Ah, I see you have not heard. I am afraid your mother has met with an accident."

"My mother?" exclaimed Frank in an agony of dismay. "O do tell me what has happened."

"Indeed I don't know any particulars. I made sure you could tell me. It was Lovell's wife told me. She said how shocking it was that Mrs. Wood had been found lying in the gravel-pit in the cow-pasture, with both her legs broke!"

Frank stayed to hear no more. He felt as if he could hardly breathe, he was so spent, but on he ran. He could not cry. He could not speak. His throat was so dry, that when in a few minutes he spied Strah Lovel coming down the road, it was with great difficulty he put the question to her whether it was true that his mother's legs were broke.

"True enough I'm afraid, Frank! more's the pity! I leastwise say one of her legs broke in two or three places, and it is very well if the other isn't."

"But how do you know this, Mrs. Lovell. Have you been up at our house?"

"I'll no bless you, I haven't been from home all day; it was Martha that waits on Mrs. Fitchel that told me. She was going down to the shop for butter, and says she—"

"But Mrs. Lovell, how did it happen?"

"Aye, that's what it is. No body knows; and it seems so queer that she should have fallen into the gravel-pit. However, Martha was in a great hurry, and couldn't tell me more; but you'll pass Mrs. Faddy's on your way home, and she will be able to tell you all about it. Will you stop and take a drink of water.—You'll find me if you don't. Poor boy! Poor boy! You must keep up heart though. We all take what is sent us."

Frank drank the water eagerly, and hurried on. Before long he overtook Martha herself; but Martha was in what her mistress was wont to call one of her stupid ways. She had forgotten one of her errands. Mrs. Faddy had given her two; there was the butter, a pound, fourteen pence; and four-pence over, made the eighteen pence; but what was to have been done with the four-pence she could not remember; she could only remember one thing at a time; and she was so put about with respect to the errand or (she knew that Mrs. Faddy would send her back again as soon as she got home) that she couldn't call to mind all she had heard about Mrs. Wood's accident; only it was all true. John Lees, the cowman and his wife, were going to the doctor, and told her as how Mrs. Wood's leg was broke; and Martha added it must no doubt be very bad, for Mrs. Faddy said there was sure to be compound fractures.

Poor Frank knew no more about compound fractures than did Martha herself; but he heard enough to redouble his pace.

Once more, however, he was fated to be stopped. Mrs. Faddy was standing at her little wicket on the look-out for Martha, or any passing event, and Frank could not pass her without enquiring if it was all true.

"Oh yes, yes," said Mrs. Faddy, "not a doubt about it. Aunt Fitchel had it all from John Lees. He said he missed her as soon as he came down to the farm this morning" (this sounded very odd to Frank, who had seen his mother speaking to the cowman, just before he had set off for school), "and so he went to look for her, and they were the dreadful moans that led him to the gravel-pit."

dearly loved, lying in such a condition, gave poor Frank the much needed relief of tears, and in the midst of his sobs, he found himself better able to think and listen than before.

"But how did they know she was so much injured?" he asked.

"My aunt Fitchel said that John's very words were as how Mrs. Wood had broke her leg, and they found her crumpled up all in a heap in the gravel-pit. And I am sorry to say," added Mrs. Faddy, "that there is every reason to think that things must be very bad, for when soon after hearing it, I seen Dick Mudge going to the blacksmith's, and asked him what he had heard; he said he had not heard anything about it, but as he passed your back yard, his horse started, which made him look down, and he certainly did observe that the road thereabouts was all in a gore of blood!"

"All in a gore of blood!" This was the finishing stroke to the dreadful picture, the outlines of which had been already filled in. No wonder that on hearing this last circumstance, the poor boy's strength and resolution gave way, and that he sank down in a fainting fit at Mrs. Faddy's feet.

It was some minutes before he came to himself, and when he did, it was evident that he was about as able to walk home as to fly there. He reeled and tottered when he made the attempt, and was nearly fainting a second time.

Whatever were Sally's faults she did not want for good-nature, and she was wise enough to see that the kindest act on her part would be to get Frank home as quick as possible.

Luckily at that moment she discerned the butcher's cart approaching, and for some small remuneration induced the blue-frocked boy who drove it to carry her and her companion, whom she resolved to accompany (partly out of compassion, and partly, perhaps, in the expectation of learning all details and particulars of the accident), to the turnpike, where the road branched off in two directions, one towards the market town, and the other to Mrs. Wood's farm.

They were soon in the cart, and the turnpike soon reached. As the gate-keeper helped Mrs. Faddy to get down the following conversation took place:—"Thank you, thank you, John Hobson, I shall do well enough now; so; there, I am not as active as I was forty years ago."

"Few of us are, Mrs. Faddy; none of us I may say, unless it is Doctor Spint.—To my mind he isn't a day older than he was when I was a boy. How he does tear about the country, to be sure!"

"Aye, aye, John, but then he rides on matters of life and death. I dare say when he went up yonder," (shaking her head sadly, and pointing towards Mrs. Wood's house), "he lost no time."

"I don't know for that ma'am," answered John, looking as Mrs. Faddy thought, more than ordinarily stupid and puzzled, "for I never saw him go that way; but about an hour ago he came galloping down that way like a madman, on that blood-mare of his, that'll be the death of him or somebody else, and that's what my impatient master never can abide. My stars! but he near rode ever me; 'get out of the way you stupid, old, blundering, dawdling block-head: what do you shut your gate for?'—There's sixpence, and be hanged to you! I shall be too late for dinner, and there's a roast goose!" And he dashed by, never waiting for change, and was out of sight before I could call him back."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Faddy and Frank at the same moment, "do you mean that he didn't wait to go up to the farm?"

"Oh, my poor mother!" ejaculated Frank.

"Oh what brutes men are," ejaculated Mrs. Faddy, "a roast goose one way, and she dying, it may be, the other, and he to go after the goose!"

John Hobson looked so very stupid at hearing these exclamations, so bewildered, so dumfounded, that Mrs. Faddy saw it was hopeless to make further enquires, and so they hurried on.

And there, sure enough, were dark red stains, in spite of the large quantity of water which had evidently been used to obliterate them. No doubt the road had been all in a gore of blood. Mrs. Faddy gave a groan. Frank rushed forward towards the door opening into the back yard, and through which the blood had flowed. Who shall describe the revulsion of feeling which he experienced when the first object on which his eyes rested, was a fat pig suspended by its hind legs, in the manner in which pigs, just killed and cleaned, are usually suspended, while on one side stood John Lees, the cowman, and at a little distance was Mrs. Wood herself, very firm upon her legs, very well, very busy, and perfectly unconscious of the distress and sympathy she had occasioned.

Who shall adequately describe the joy of that meeting, or the mingled emotions which followed it? Deep was the thankfulness; and after a while, long and loud was the laughter when the origin of the dismal report was perceived. John Lees certainly met dear old Mrs. Fitchel as he was going to the doctor, the cow-doctor, and had told her that a cow of Mrs. Wood had had her leg broke. This Mrs. Fitchel had turned into an announcement "as how Mrs. Wood had had her leg broke." The poor animal had gone too near the edge of a deep gravel-pit; the sides were undermined, and gave way with her, and sure enough the leg was broke, and the butcher was obliged to make beef of her, but Mrs. Wood herself was as well as ever she was in her life.

A mistake had given rise to the report in the first instance; each person who had heard it had added some little exaggeration of his own, till it had grown up into the portentous tale which had filled Frank's mind with such dismal apprehensions.

punishment. If he had not been guilty of exaggeration with respect to Penson the pedlar, he would not have been afraid to meet him; he would not have run away instead of going straight home; he would have escaped the tidings that met him in village, and the miserable hour that ensued.

However, it was a lesson that lasted Frank for his life, and whenever he felt disposed to retail, "or make the best of a good story," he remembered the broken-legged cow, and was silent.

Whether Mrs. Faddy was equally benefited by the lesson, this history saith not. She was heard to sigh when she quitted the farm, and when she got home she was more than commonly cross with Martha about the odd four-pence.

From our English Files.

COLossal ORGAN FOR THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The committee, consisting of the Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley, Professor Willis, and Mr. Donaldson, have made their report upon the construction of an organ for the Crystal Palace, from which we extract the following:—"Having carefully viewed the building, the committee unanimously recommended that the organ should be placed in the building, and that they have prepared the scheme of such an organ as they think will be of sufficient power and comprehensiveness. In this scheme they have included all the modern improvements in the organ, and have employed a much greater proportion of reed stops and large pipes than has usually been thought necessary. They have also inserted two stops, commencing with pipes 64 feet speaking-length. Hitherto the longest pipe employed has been 32 feet, sounding two octaves below the lowest note of the violin. The magnitude of this organ is necessarily very great. The rough drawings which have been prepared for the guidance of the committee show that it will occupy an area of about 5,400 feet, so that, supposing it to be placed at the end of the transept, and to extend from one gallery to another in width, its depth will be about 50 feet, and its altitude may be about 140 feet from the ground. The internal structure of such an instrument is divided in stories, like houses, for the convenient support of the sound-boards and pipes. In the present case the feeders of the organ must be placed in a small steam-engine, and this, together with the feeders, should be disposed in an under-ground apartment beneath the organ. The space beneath the first floor of the organ may thus be entirely disengaged, being only occupied by the pillars required for the support of the organ, and by the wind-trunks. The position of the structure should be constructed substantially of stone, iron, or brick, and open on all sides with arches, and will thus form a part of the area of the transept. The pillars may be made hollow, to serve for wind-trunks, &c. The front of the organ must be an ornamental frame containing a select arrangement of pipes, and for the designing of this part the committee request that an architect be appointed to confer with them. In this front the large pipes will necessarily form a prominent and novel feature, from their unusual magnitude. The organ must be designed in a style to correspond in lightness and transparency with the general forms of the surrounding architecture. The interior of the organ should be symmetrically arranged, and in such a manner as to show as many of the pipes as possible at one view. The side and back of the organ may be constructed of iron, or of wood, and may be of iron, framework and glass, and thus spectators in the galleries will be enabled to inspect the interior, and see the mechanism in action. Nor is it unimportant, in a pecuniary point of view, to observe that it will probably, on completion, become highly remunerative, if not wholly, of iron, framework and glass, and thus spectators in the galleries will be enabled to inspect the interior, and see the mechanism in action. Nor is it unimportant, in a pecuniary point of view, to observe that it will probably, on completion, become highly remunerative, if not wholly, of iron, framework and glass, and thus spectators in the galleries will be enabled to inspect the interior, and see the mechanism in action. 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