

good-sized pot hung above, heaving and sputtering with the broth for the evening meal, and Ben's wife, a country-woman of about four or five-and-thirty, who had once been an exceedingly pretty girl, and retained abundant traces of former beauty, was peeping into the black vessel to see that all was going on right within.

Ben and his wife had married early, and three children of many were still left to them : a stout, well-grown boy of about fifteen, known in history as young Ben ; another boy of about eight, usually called little Charley, a rosy, curly-headed, cheerful urchin, full of fun and mischief ; and a girl of about thirteen, very like her mother, who was knitting blue worsted stockings for her father at the moment he entered, while her elder brother was cutting out the soles for wooden shoes, and the urchin was teasing the familiar cat till pussy put out her claws and took to the defensive. Round about were shelves, upholding various kinds of wares, well garnished in most instances, especially with neat, white plates and dishes, and manifold wooden bowls and spoons.— Every one started up, or turned round to welcome home the father of the family. The girl laid down her knitting, the son