

becca loved her with a sister's love. When the elder was twelve years old, and the other nine, Walter Jones removed his family from their native village. Though his daily occupation had been labour in the fields, yet he possessed great mechanical knowledge which he had often exercised to the advantage of the owner of a small cotton-factory in the neighbourhood. His occasional employer, Mr. Forrester, had entered into partnership with the proprietors of a large concern of the same nature in the county of Derby; and Walter was engaged to accompany him, and superintend the machinery of the extensive cotton mill he was now connected with. The steady worth of the man, added to the ingenuity of his talents, made him a valuable acquisition to his employers; they allowed him a salary that would maintain his family with comfort and respect, and fixed him in a neat little cottage in one of the most romantic dales of Derbyshire. For many miles around their habitation, the country was wild and mountainous: hills rising above each other, in savage grandeur; not a tree or house met the eye; and but for the excellent roads that intersected each other, there was not a vestige of the works of man: the voice of the shepherd calling his dog, and the answering bark of the faithful animal, the only sounds that met the ear. This scene, so solitary, was enlivened by the sudden opening of the mountains that enclosed the sylvan dale where our cottagers found their home. The descent to it on all sides was precipitous, and only one side passable; but the rocks that enclosed it were beautifully fringed with hazle and slender oaklings, and the mountain-ash grew amidst their clefts: points of grey rock started from the foliage, like village spires, marking, for many miles, amidst the wilds of the surrounding country, where this sequestered vale was hid. At its bottom wound the clear and lovely Wye, that mountain-river, whose banks here

were smiling meadows, luxuriant beyond imagination; their boundary, on one side, the water; on the other, the almost perpendicular rock.

This valley wound among the hills for several miles, and in a little collateral glen their cottage was situated: a small trout stream murmured past their door, divided from it by their useful garden, crowded with herbs and vegetables, pinks, lavender, and mary-golds; and which, increased by other mountain-rills, paid its never-failing tribute to the lucid Wye; on the banks of which was built the cotton-mill where Walter worked: it then terminated in an open country, which presented little hamlets and clusters of cottages, possessing all the population this part of Derbyshire had to boast.

This removal caused every circumstance of Maria's history to remain unknown to all but her foster parents: Rebecca knew not but that she was her sister; for the recollection of those incidents that had thrown her on the charity of her parents, were obliterated. Here in happy industry they lived—a family of love! Rebecca was a stout young woman; and at fourteen had the appearance of being two years older. Maria, in defiance of all Mrs Jones's care and nursing, was delicate; and though she sought to take her share of the labours of the house, the garden, and the field, with willingness, yet the fatigue which she suffered caused her kind protectress to exclaim, with a frequent sigh, "Ah weli a-day! *she* was not born to work!" Walter's situation was improved by his removal: he now possessed a cow, which, added to his garden, and the produce of a little field, almost supported his family. The two children were brought up in the strictest habits of economy and industry, and received some of the advantages of education: Maria attending school, where she made up the linen the two Rebeccas spun; her sister, whose health and activity enabled her to assist her mother, was only sent on Sundays, but