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Little Hannah Lee.

A WINTER STORY.

LITTLE HAWKAY

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LITTLE HANNAH LEE.

A

Winter Story,

FROM

“ Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.”

ADAPTED TO CHILDREN.



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1823.

THE HISTORY OF THE

LITTLE NARRATIVE

OF THE

INDIANS

A NARRATIVE OF THE
LIFE AND DEATH OF
A LITTLE NARRATIVE
INDIAN WHO WAS
CARRIED OFF BY
THE ENGLISH IN
1670 AND LIVED
AMONG THEM FOR
SEVERAL YEARS
UNTIL HE WAS
RESCUED IN
1675

LITTLE HANNAH LEE.

A HUSBAND and wife were sitting by the fire one night. It was winter, but it was not very cold; and they had a nice bright fire. They lived in a little cottage by the side of a large common, a great way from any other house. Once there had been a great many other houses just by, and people to live in them: but they were all gone away: nobody

was left except the husband and wife, sitting that night by the table in the kitchen. The clock was clicking, and the fire blazing; the table was covered with a clean cloth. The man had put his spade away, for it was Saturday night. The Bible was open on the chimney-piece, for very soon they were going to read; and the milk and oat-cake were ready on the table, for after that they were to have their supper: but, in the mean time, they were waiting for somebody.

Who were they waiting for? For their daughter Hannah, who was out

at place, at a farmer's on the other side of the hill. She was a good girl, and they loved her very much. She came every other Saturday night: but this night she was coming to bring them some of the money of her wages; for her father was growing an old man. His hair was white, and his wrinkles deep; and her mother was often ill, and looked pale, and stooped in her walk. Hannah would often cry, as she lay in her bed at night, to think they were sadly changed; but she was glad that she should soon be strong enough to earn them money to live upon, when they could not work for

themselves. Then she had a brother, only two years younger than herself, but a great deal stronger: he would soon be able to earn more money than she could.

The pony was in the shed; the little cow stood by his side; and both were eating their hay, munch, munch, munch. The old man stood at the house-door, listening to them, and looked out at the stars and the moon. The night was still and clear: it was almost as light as day. The snow was hard to walk upon, and it shone like diamonds. The wife was still sitting by the fire; when the

husband turned his head, and began talking to her about their pretty Hannah. "I wish she were come: she is rather late. The snow is hard, and the walking very good; but still I wish she were come." Just then rose a loud blast of wind, and shook the cottage, and shook the tree that stood by, and made it creak and groan. The father turned his face and looked out again, and saw that the night was suddenly changed. The moon was under a cloud; the stars seemed dim a little, many of them were quite gone; and a thick mist and cold white sleet were driving all about the sky; and every mi-

nute it grew darker and darker, and the snow fell thicker and thicker. He stood and looked for a little while, then took his hat and his great stick, whistled up his old dog, who was lying on the hearth, and went out upon the common to look for his little Hannah, who was to come that night. The poor mother was left alone.

And now, where was little Hannah? She had left her master's house, as soon as she saw the moon rise, and had been running along, up hill and down hill; sometimes singing, and sometimes stopping to look

at the stars, and calling them by their names. Then she would run on again, thinking how soon she should be at home, and how glad she should be to see her father and mother, and the old dog, and the pony, and the cow.

She was come to the edge of the common when the snow began to fall ; and she began to run very fast, that she might make haste to get home. But presently the snow fell so thick, that she could not see her way : it beat in her face, and it made her very cold ; and at last she was quite out of breath, and quite tired,

and down down she fell, and began to cry.

Poor little girl! what will she do now? and where do you think her father was? He was coming along the common in the snow, looking for her; but was not able to find her. He was tired and crying too, and almost lost; for he was old. But there is a great God in heaven, the father of us all, who sees us wherever we are, by day or by night, in light or in dark, and knows every thing that happens to us. You would have thought that nobody could see her, nobody hear

her, there was such a darkness and noise, while the wind howled, and the snow fell, and covered poor little Hannah all over. There she lay, and thought she should die: and where should she go then? To the church-yard to be buried. Yes, dead people are buried in the church-yard; but not their souls. Souls cannot die; and we must all appear before the good God of heaven, and Jesus Christ our Lord. Little Hannah thought of this, and began praying to God as she lay in the snow.

But I have told you before, that Hannah had a brother, little William.

William was twelve years old, but he was a stout, tall boy. He used to go home one Saturday, and Hannah went the other ; for he lived in the same farm-house that she did. When Hannah Lee set off this night, William was out on the hills, looking after some sheep. He had seen the storm coming ; and when he came back to the house, and found his sister gone, away he went directly along the road, and over the hill, on to the common, to find her. He knew the path that Hannah must have taken, across a little brook, and over a little bridge. When he came to the brook it was quite full

of snow, and there was nothing to be seen of the bridge but a little bit of the top rail. The wind was blowing so hard he could scarcely stand, the snow came so thick, he could not see at all: it covered him thick all over, and every step he took, he sunk up to the waist, sometimes up to the shoulders. He thought that his poor sister might have fallen down into the brook, and his heart was cold within him; but still the brave boy struggled on, for if she was to be found, he might save her still. And there was but this one way of helping her:—he called out her name, again and again, Hannah

Lee! Hannah Lee! and he made his dogs listen to it, for he had two dogs with him; and then he sent them out into the snow, and whenever they came back, still he called Hannah Lee! and sent them out again.

And so the dogs went about, looking for her every where. One of the dogs was so tired, that he came up close to William's feet, and lay down, and would not go away; and the other dog left off barking, and did not come back. Then poor William thought that Hannah must be dead, and down he fell upon the snow. He could not speak, nor

think, nor even cry. At last he heard a barking; and the dog that was by him heard it and ran away. William got up, for now he was sure that the dogs had found Hannah. He went after them: he pushed along through the deep snow, and presently fell down by the side of his sister.

He kissed her lips, her cheeks, her forehead, and her eyes that were quite shut, and her hands that were quite stiff; but he kept her fast in his arms, and warmed her all he could; and presently her head fell back upon his shoulder, and she gave

a long, deep sigh. "She is alive, thank God!" said poor William; and now he prayed to God that she might not die, but that her father and mother might see her again. He carried her along in his arms, as easily as if she had been a little lamb. The storm was over; the wind blew not: it grew lighter. The dogs jumped, and barked, and played in the snow.

Hannah began to grow better. He set her down for a moment in the snow, and wrapt her up in his cloak; and then he carried her on again. At last she said: "Where is

my father? you may be sure he is looking for us." And just then they saw the old man coming to them. Oh! how glad Hannah was to see him. She was strong enough now to stand, and poor brother William began to be very tired; so Hannah walked now, and her father and William helped her towards the house.

Very soon they came to the garden-gate, and they saw the fire-light shining through the window, and called out to tell the mother they were safe. But nobody answered a word: the poor mother had been so

frightened, that she could not hear nor speak for a long while. But they laid her on the bed, and little Hannah lay down by her; and, in about an hour, they were all well and happy, sitting by the fire, talking about the storm, and giving thanks to God, who sees us wherever we are, in the wind and the snow, by day and by night.

THE END.



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