

**MY MOTHER'S GOLD
RING. FOUNDED ON
FACT. NUMBER 1**

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My mother's gold ring. Founded on fact. Number 1 by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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Number One.

MY MOTHER'S
GOLD RING.

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Fourteenth Edition.



Boston:
PUBLISHED BY FORD AND DAMRELL.
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1833.

TO THE READER.

THIS is the first of a series of stories, of which it possibly may be the beginning and the end. The incident, which is the foundation of the following tale, was communicated to the writer, by a valued friend, as a fact, with the name of the principal character. Another friend, to whom the manuscript was given, perceiving some advantage in its publication, has thought proper to give it to the world, as Number One; from which I infer, that I am expected to write a Number Two. The hint may be worth taking, at some leisure moment. In the mean time, pray read Number One: it can do you no harm: there is nothing "*sectarian*" about it. When you have read it, if, among all your connections and friends, you can think of none, whom its perusal may possibly benefit—and it will be strange if you cannot—do me the favor to present it to the first little boy that you meet. He will,

no doubt, take it home to his mother or his father. If you will not do this, throw it in the street, as near to some dram-seller's door as you ever venture to go: let it take the course of the flying seed, which God is pleased to intrust to the keeping of the winds: it may yet spring up and bear fruit, if such be the will of Him, who giveth the increase.

THE GOLD RING.

I HAVE one of the kindest husbands : he is a carpenter by trade, and our flock of little children has one of the kindest fathers in the county. I was thought the luckiest girl in the parish, when G—— T—— made me his wife ; I thought so myself. Our wedding-day—and it was a happy one—was but an indifferent sample of those days of rational happiness and uninterrupted harmony, which we were permitted to enjoy together, for the space of six years. And although, for the last three years of our lives, we have been as happy as we were at the beginning, it makes my heart sick to think of those long, dark days and sad nights, that came between ; for, two years of our union were years of

misery. I well recollect the first glass of ardent spirit, that my husband ever drank. He had been at the grocery to purchase a little tea and sugar for the family; there were three cents coming to him in change; and, unluckily, the Deacon, who keeps the shop, had nothing but silver in the till; and, as it was a sharp, frosty morning, he persuaded my good man to take his money's worth of rum, for it was just the price of a glass. He came home in wonderful spirits, and told me he meant to have me and the children better dressed, and, as neighbor Barton talked of selling his horse and chaise, he thought of buying them both; and, when I said to him, "George, we are dressed as well as we can afford, and I hope you will not think of a horse and chaise, till we have paid off the Squire's mortgage," he gave me a harsh look and a bitter word. I never shall forget that day, for they were the first he ever gave me in his life. When he saw me shedding tears, and holding my apron to my face, he said he was sorry, and came to kiss me, and I dis-

covered that he had been drinking, and it grieved me to the heart. In a short time after, while I was washing up the breakfast things, I heard our little Robert, who was only five years old, crying bitterly; and, going to learn the cause, I met him running towards me with his face covered with blood.

He said his father had taken him on his knee, and was playing with him, but had given him a blow in the face, only because he had said, when he kissed him, "Dear papa, you smell like old Isaac, the drunken fiddler." My husband was very cross to us all through the whole of that day; but the next morning, though he said little, he was evidently ashamed and humbled; and he went about his work very industriously, and was particularly kind to little Robert. I prayed constantly for my good man, and that God would be pleased to guide his heart aright; and, more than a week having gone by, without any similar occurrence, I flattered myself, that he would never do so again. But, in a very little time, either the Deacon

was short of change, as before, or some tempting occasion presented itself, which my husband could not resist, and he returned home once more under the influence of liquor. I never shall forget the expression of his countenance, when he came in, that night. We had waited supper a full hour, for his return: the tea-pot was standing at the fire, and the bannocks were untouched upon the hearth, and the smaller children were beginning to murmur for their supper. There was an indescribable expression of defiance on his countenance, as though he were conscious of having done wrong, and resolved to brave it out. We sat down silently to supper, and he scarcely raised his eyes upon any of us, during this unhappy repast. He soon went to bed and fell asleep; and, after I had laid our little ones to rest, I knelt at the foot of the bed, on which my poor misguided husband was sleeping, and poured out my very soul to God, while my eyes were scalded with the bitterest tears I had ever shed. For I then foresaw, that, unless some reme-