Emily and Henrietta;

OR,

A CURE FOR IDLENESS.

AN IMPROVING TALE.

Translated from the French,

By W. F. SULLIVAN, A.M.

EMBELLISHED WITH THREE ELEGANT PLATES.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY

Dean and Munday, Threadneedle Street.

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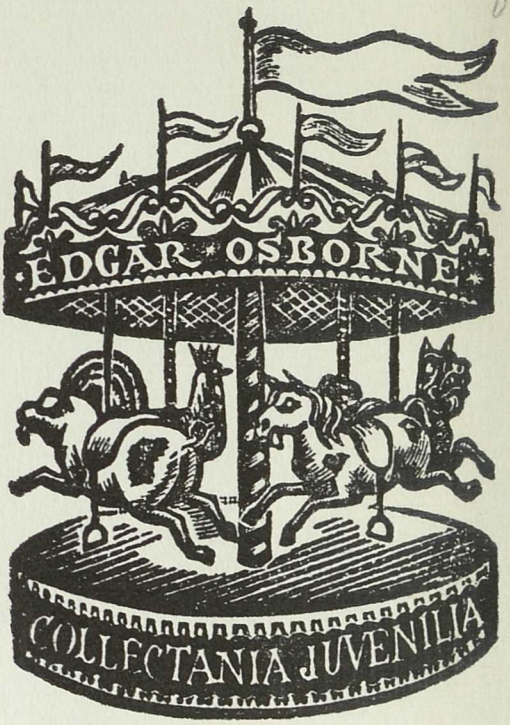

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page 33.

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BY

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TEACHER OF ELOCUTION AND BELLES LETTRES.

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1818.

EMILY AND HENRIETTA;

OR, A

Cure for Idleness.

Emily was an only daughter, and an heiress; her birth was noble, her person handsome, and her heart and understanding good. Her mother, who was a widow, loved her exceedingly, but wanted fortitude and strength of mind to give her daughter a proper education.

At nine years old, Emily had many masters, but she discovered little inclination to learn, except to dance; she submitted to her other lessons with extreme indolence, often abridged them, complaining she was fatigued, or had the head-ache. Her mamma was continu-

ally repeating—"I will not have her contradicted; her constitution is delicate—too much study will injure her health; besides, I believe she may easily procure a proper match, without any great superiority of talents; and it seems to me useless to torment her about such things."

Emily, thus humoured, soon became one of the most unfortunate children; her natural tendency to goodness declined, and her character grew more and more depraved: capricious, vain, and stubborn, she would not endure the least contradiction. Though unwilling to obey, yet she would command;—now disdainful, and anon familiar with the servants, she mistook arrogance for grandeur, and meanness for affability. Fond of flattery, full of whimsies, without any fixed inclination, and coveting every thing she saw, she was equally deficient in justice and moderation.

Unhappy girl!—she was truly to be

pitied! She was the prey of fretfulness and passion—defects that seldom unite: angry on the slightest occasion, and peevish without cause, she would afterwards torment herself for having been feeble and unjust. She wept and lamented, but wanted the power to correct her faults.

To add to her misfortunes, she had not a good state of health. She eat too much, not of proper, wholesome food, but of cheesecakes, tarts, and confectionary; consequently, she was continually afflicted with the head-ache and heartburn. Her mamma laced her too tight, till she could scarcely breathe, in order to give her a fine shape; but though her vanity made her bear this species of torment, she was tender to an excess. She seldom walked abroad; and never in winter. The wind, rain, the frost, sun, and dust, all were insupportable; and, to paint all her foibles at a stroke, she was afraid of riding in a coach, and

shrieked at the sight of a spider or a mouse.

Instead of growing stronger as she grew up, her health every day declined; the Physician whom her mother had consulted, told her there was no danger in her case, and it was only necessary to procure her as much amusement as possible; accordingly, her every wish was gratified, and every diversion sought; but whether at playhouse, opera, concert, or ball, or wheresoever else, she carried with her a lassitude and discontent which no amusement could dissipate.

All her fantasies were indulged, and she had regularly ten or twelve a day:— Thus, for instance, one night, when she was at Versailles, she would send to Paris for Leonard, to dress her doll's hair; and when remonstrated with, on the unreasonableness of the whim, she broke her doll, stamped, wept with rage, and had a nervous fit that was very dangerous.

Increasing thus from bad to worse, she at last became insupportable to herself as well as to others, and fell into a kind of consumption, from which every thing was to be feared.

Her mother sent in despair for a famous German doctor, whose name was Steinhaussen. He examined his patient with great attention; and then informed her mother, he would be responsible for her life, if she were left totally to his care. Her mother readily agreed to put her daughter into his hands. "Yes, madam," said the doctor, "but it must be *entirely*. I must take her to my *country-house*." How! *my child?*"— "Yes, madam, her lungs are attacked; and the first remedy I shall prescribe is to pass eight months in a *cow-house*."— "Well, I have that."—"No, madam, she must be brought to my own house, and put under the care of my wife."— "But, sir, you will allow her governess

and maid to attend her?"—"By no means, madam; you must not even see her for that space of time yourself. I must be absolute master of the child, and suffer no contradiction."

The fond mother accused the doctor of cruelty and caprice; while he, unshaken in his determination, left her without noticing her reproaches. Reflection soon brought her to herself, finding the other doctors had given up the case, while this one would become responsible for the cure, she sent to desire his instant return. He came; she consented, not without many tears, to commit her child entirely to his jurisdiction.

None can describe the rage and grief of Emily, when told she must go with Madame Steinhaussen, who was come to take her to her country-house. She gave herself up to the most violent despair, and they were obliged to place her forcibly in the carriage with Madame

Steinhaussen; who took her on her knees, and ordered the coachman to drive away, which he instantly obeyed.

About six in the evening, they arrived in the valley of Montmorenci, five leagues from Paris, and entered the house of Doctor Steinhaussen.

"Where are you dragging me? (cried Emily) into a *cow-house!*—Oh! what a smell!" "This smell, young lady, (replied Madame Steinhaussen, in a gentle complacent tone) is very healthy, and especially for you."—"Healthy, indeed! let us get out of this hideous place.—Show me the chamber where I am to lie?"—"You are there already—that is your bed, and this is mine, for I will fare the same as you do."—"I lie here!—I sleep in a cow-house!—in a bed like this?"—"It is a good mattress. This odour, which you dislike, is exceedingly salutary to persons in your state; it will restore you to health. My husband has placed you here, and here you must re-

main for the greater part of the time you stay with us."—

The unhappy Emily, suffocated with rage, fell speechless on the bed. The doctor's wife knew what ailed her by the swelling of her neck and redness of her face; she unlaced her, and took off her neck-riband, and the child began to breathe again; but it was only to scream in such a manner as would have frightened a person less determined than Madame Steinhaussen, who remained totally silent. At length, finding she still continued her shrieks and cries, she said to her, "I have undertaken, Miss, to nurse a sick and not a mad girl—so I'll wish you a good night. When you are perfectly quiet, I will return." "What! am I to be left to perish?" "No, one of my maids shall come to you; a patient, gentle, good girl. Catau! Catau!"

Catau heard her, and came running as her mistress went away; and Emily now was left alone with Catau—a strong,

robust, chubby German girl, who could not speak a word of French.

As soon as the young lady saw what they intended, she ran towards the door to get out; which Catau, to prevent her, locked, and put the key in her pocket. Emily, like a little fury, demanded the key. Catau did not understand, therefore could not answer her; and comparing the violence of her countenance with the feeble frame she beheld, she, with a smile, sat down very quietly to her knitting.

The tranquillity of Catau inflamed the choler of this young lady so much, that she lost all discretion and command of herself; and going up to her, she stepped one foot back, raised her arm, and applied the palm of her hand with all the little force she could, to the plump, broad cheek of Catau. This was a language she could not misunderstand; and roused by an attack so unexpected, she instantly resolved how to proceed—so,

taking off her garter, she seized the feeble Emily, and tied her hands fast behind her back. It was in vain to shriek and struggle, she had no power to disengage herself; so, convinced she must submit, she sat down with an agonized heart, and awaited the return of Madame Steinhaussen; hoping she would drive away the silent and phlegmatic Catau.

The doctor's wife at length came, and brought with her one of the most amiable children in the world. This was her daughter Henrietta, who was twelve years old. Emily ran, as soon as she saw Madame Steinhaussen, and showed her hands, and complained of the insolence of Catau; but she forgot to mention the slap in the face. Madame looked round at Catau, and asked the reason; when she, to the astonishment of Emily, replied in German, and justified herself in two words. The doctor's wife then addressed the young lady, and thus reproved her:—

"You see, miss, to what you have exposed yourself by pride and violence; you have made an unworthy use of the superiority which your rank gave you over this girl, and have forced her to forget the distinction which the accident of birth had placed between you. If you would have your inferiors never fail in the respect they owe to you, always treat them with gentleness and humanity."

The mistress then untied Emily's hands, who heard with surprise a language so new to her. More humbled than instructed by this lesson, yet she felt its justice; but spoiled by flattery and education, she was not at present capable of comprehending truth and reason in their full force. Madame Steinhaussen presented her daughter to Emily, who received her coldly enough; and presently after, supper was served. At ten o'clock, Catau undressed the sorrowful Emily, and helped her into

her mattress bed; where, being heartily fatigued, she found it possible to sleep very soundly, though on a hard couch and in a cow-house.

The next morning, the doctor came to see his young patient, and ordered her to walk an hour and a half before breakfast. This she thought exceedingly severe, and at first refused, but she was soon obliged to comply. They led her into a large orchard, and though it was the finest weather in the world, being the month of April, she complained of tender feet, the wind, and the cold, and wept all the way, but was still compelled to walk. She was then brought back to the cow-house, and, for the first time within a year, ate with a good appetite.

After breakfast, she opened the casket of jewels, hoping, that, by displaying her riches before Henrietta and her mother, she should obtain a greater degree of respect.

Full of this idea, with a significant

pride, she took from her drawer a beautiful pearl necklace, and tied it round her neck; put on her emerald earrings, and stuck a precious stone and diamond butterfly in her hair. She then marched in state, and sat down opposite Henrietta, who was at work by the side of her mamma. Her approach occasioned Henrietta to take her eyes off her work; she just looked for a moment coldly on her finery, and continued her occupation.

The young lady, astonished at the little effect her exhibition had produced, and still desirous of attracting Henrietta's notice, took a magnificent box of rock crystal, the hinges of which were set with brilliants, and offered her sweetmeats. Henrietta accepted a few sugar plums, but bestowed no praises on the fine box. Emily then asked her how she liked her box? "Why, for my part (she replied), I think it too heavy; a straw-box is much more convenient to carry." "A straw-box?" "Yes, like

mine. Look at this, don't you think it pretty?" "But do you know the price of mine? how much it cost?"—"Cost! dear, what signifies cost? Convenience is far better than cost."—"But the beauty of the work?"—"Yes, yours is more beautiful, and would set off a shop; but mine is better for the pocket."—"What! then you don't care for such pretty things?"—"Not, if they are unhandy or inconvenient."—"And don't you love diamonds?"—"I think a garland of flowers is better, when one is young."—"And when one is not young (said her mother); ornaments of all sorts are generally ridiculous."

Emily now became thoughtful; she felt a sort of melancholy, mixed with chagrin, she had never known before; but, as Madame Steinhaussen had impressed her with awe, she smothered her vexation, and continued silent.

She now, for the first time in her life, made a few reflections:—"Henrietta

(said she to herself) is only the daughter of a physician; she has no jewels, dolls, nor playthings, that I see; she is always busy, always at work; how comes it she has so much satisfaction in her face? Why is she so happy, while I have been weary of my life, as it were, ever since I was born?" As these thoughts occurred, she sighed. Though she was far from content, she was also far from being so discontented as she had been at Paris: the conversation of Madame and her daughter was interesting. She could not help respecting the first, and she began to feel a strong inclination towards the young Henrietta.

In the evening, she asked for her doll and playthings. She was informed, they had been left at Paris; but she should have them in a few days. She pouted a little; when Henrietta said, she would fetch something that she thought would divert her all the evening. On this she ran into the house, and presently re-

turned, followed by Catau, bringing two huge folios, full of engravings—one volume contained a collection of Turkish habits, and the other of Russian, by Le Prince. These Henrietta explained so well, and with such an engaging manner, that Emily was very agreeably amused. Before she went to bed, she kissed Madame and her daughter, and told the latter, that she hoped she would teach her something more in the morning.

Emily laid down without fretting, and slept well, and as soon as she awaked, called for Henrietta, who, being ready dressed, ran, and seeing Emily hold out her arms, leaped lightly on the bed, and clasped her neck. Our young lady now hurried on her clothes, and there was no occasion to persuade her to walk; she cheerfully took hold of Henrietta's arm, and boldly encountered the open air. When they came to the orchard, she saw and admired how nimbly her companion ran, and she endeavoured to run also. It

Henrietta being the nimblest, outstripped the butterfly, & turned it back to Emily,

page 21.

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was not long before Henrietta espied a charming rose-coloured and black butterfly, and proposed to her companion to catch it. The agreement was made, and the chase began. The girls separated. Henrietta being the strongest and the nimblest, outstripped the butterfly, and turned it back to Emily, whenever the latter failed to catch it; sometimes it flew in a zig-zag manner, then alighted on the shrubs and bushes; still it was pursued, and still it escaped. After various turns, it settled on a hawthorn bough, and Emily this time approached it gently, and with the greatest caution. Just as she got to the bush, stretching out her arms by degrees, and scarcely breathing, she tried to seize it, and thought at first she had it; but, alas! it was gone! it had slipped through her fingers, leaving the traces of its flight behind.

Emily fatigued, but not vanquished, still followed, till it conducted her and

her companion to a ditch, which separated their orchard from another: thither it flew, and thither Henrietta followed, but poor Emily was obliged to stay behind; she could not leap the ditch. She presently, however, heard the huntress proclaim her victory. Away she came running and jumping, and holding her captive lightly by the tip of its wings, while it in vain endeavoured to escape.

As soon as nine o'clock struck, Madame permitted the two young friends to breakfast together in a pretty little apartment belonging to Henrietta. Here Emily beheld objects totally new to her; —dried flowers preserved in glasses; variegated shells, butterflies, and other insects, were its ornaments. Emily made many enquiries, and Henrietta answered all her questions with her usual complacency, while the other listened with equal curiosity and astonishment.

"How have you gleaned all your

knowledge?" asked Emily. "I! (returned Henrietta). I know very little, and that only superficially—but I love to read."—"Read! (replied her friend) that's strange!"—"Not at all, I believe it is a very common thing. Shall I lend you some books?"—"If you please."—"Well then, I'll lend you The Conversations of Emilius, and The Children's Friend, which last is translated from the German by Monsieur Berquin, and is a very instructive and entertaining book." "From the German? That is your language, though I can hardly persuade myself you are a German, you speak French so well, you are only a year older than I am, and how have you learned so much already?"—"I read a great deal with my mamma; I am never idle, and I have thrown aside my doll this two years and upwards."

Henrietta ran, and fetched The Children's Friend, and gave it to her young friend, who received the present coldly;

and then Madame Steinhaussen conducted her to her old habitation, and left her to the care of Catau, promising to come to her in two or three hours.

Emily being now alone with Catau, and without her playthings, thought it best to drive away the spleen by reading. She ran over the pages at first with indifference, but, as she proceeded, she began to take a pleasure in what she read, and was surprised that reading could make the time pass away more agreeably than most other amusements.

While she was thus reflecting on this discovery, she heard somebody knock at the door of the Cow-house. Catau got up to open the door, and Emily saw an old countrywoman led in by a young girl about sixteen, who asked her, if she was Miss Steinhaussen? "No (said Emily), but I expect she will be here presently." The old woman then begged leave to stay for her; "for (said she) I must speak to her." Emily now per-

ceived the old woman was blind, and asked her, if she came to take the advice of Doctor Steinhaussen. "Truly, young lady (said she), I did not come of my own head, it was Miss Steinhaussen that sent for me." "Why?" asked Emily. The old woman answered by telling her she lived at Franconville—had been three years blind, and what fretted her most, was, that her grand-daughter, Agatha, the pretty young girl who conducted her, was beloved by a rich farmer of the village where Henrietta came from, but that she refused to marry him, because she would then have a family to manage, and could not take proper care of her poor blind grandmother; she could not then assist her, prattle to her, and lead her about, and that she would not consent to leave her to the care of a servant.

"Indeed (said Agatha), I should be a very bad girl, if I were to do so, for

you know, grandmother, I lost my father and mother, when I was quite young, and you have taken care of me, and brought me up ever since."—"And so, this dear child (continued the old woman), won't leave me. Miss Henrietta knows the whole story, and has been so kind as to send a chaise for me, that her papa may try, if he can do me any good; for I am told he has brought abundance of folks to their eye-sight again, who were all as blind as I am."

Henrietta came soon after, she kissed them both with the most lively affection, and asked them many questions, in a manner that showed she was interested in their welfare, and listened with concern to their answers. Then, taking the old woman by the hand, she said—"Come, Goody, come to my papa—he is just returned from Paris; let us consult him—let us hear what he says." In saying this, she obliged the old woman

to lean on her shoulder, and taking the young one in her other hand, she went with them towards the house.

This scene made a strong impression on Emily. Henrietta had never appeared so amiable before. She recollected every question put, and the concern visible in her countenance at their answers. The remembrance painted Henrietta in the most charming colours, augmented her love of her, and inspired her with a more lively wish to resemble her, than she had ever felt before.

Henrietta returned in about a quarter of an hour, in a transport of joy. "How happy am I (said she to Emily) that I had the thought to bring the good woman here; my father is certain he can restore her to sight; he will perform the operation of the cataract upon her in eight days; and has consented, at my request, to lodge and board her till she is cured. Imagine how happy I shall be when she is no longer blind—her

grand-daughter will marry the rich farmer, for she will not want her assistance then; and the piety and affection of Agatha will not deprive her of a good establishment, which she might never find again."

"Ah! my dear Henrietta (said Emily), I see how happy you are, and how much you merit so to be."—The entrance of the doctor and his wife interrupted their conversation. The doctor, as usual, questioned his patient concerning the state of her body, who answered, she was much better. "I am a little tired, it is true (said Emily), for I have run a good deal to day, but it does not make me so uneasy as I used to be at Paris, after having been at a ball or an opera." "I am not at all surprised at that (answered the doctor); the curvets you take about Paris, engender fevers; but in the country they produce a good appetite, and those streaks of wholesome red, which you see in the cheeks of Henri-

etta." The doctor then desired she might continue the same regimen till further orders.

Emily received a letter that afternoon from her mamma, which she showed to Henrietta, who immediately ran for pen, ink, and paper. "Here (said she), my dear Emily, here are the materials to answer your mamma." But, instead of taking them, Emily hung down her head, and blushed —"Alas! (said she) I cannot write."—"What! not at all? (said Henrietta.) I write a tolerable large hand." But, perceiving the humiliation of Emily, she was sorry. "One cannot be astonished, considering your ill state of health, that you are somewhat backward in your education (continued she), but it is now time to recover what you have lost." "I shall be glad so to do (said Emily); and, if any body now would teach me to write, I—" "My writing is not very bad; and, if you will permit me, I will be your instructress."

Emily answered her by throwing her arms about her neck, and kissing her; and it was agreed their lessons should commence next day.

Emily now began to blush at her excessive ignorance. She loved and admired Henrietta, who took advantage of the ascendancy she had acquired over her, to make her industrious, and willing to learn; setting her at the same time such an excellent example, and being herself so happy, so evidently happy, that Emily could not resist the desire she had to imitate her. She found likewise in her conversation, as well as in that of Madame Steinhaussen, something which became every day more and more agreeable.

In the mean time, Henrietta and Emily saw with pleasure the day approach, when the operation was to be performed upon the good old woman. The rich farmer, whose name was Simon, more than ever in love with Agatha, came to

desire Madame and her daughter to intercede for him with her. Her refusal, which had proved so well her affection for her grand-mother, made her still dearer to the heart of Simon. Madame Steinhaussen accordingly spoke to her on the subject, and she confessed she had a *very great* esteem for Mr. Simon.

Agatha gave her promise to marry Simon, if the doctor restored her grandmother to sight; provided he would let the good woman have an apartment in his house. Simon gladly consented, and full of affection for Agatha, floating between hope and fear for the success of the operation, waited with anxiety for the day of trial.

The interesting moment at length arrived, and Emily obtained permission to be present. Henrietta, about noon, conducted the patient into the doctor's apartment, who, penetrated with gratitude to her young protectress, returned her thanks in the most heartfelt and

expressive terms; and saying—"If it should please God to grant her the light of heaven once again, she should take almost as much delight in looking upon her, as in beholding once more her dear Agatha."

The doctor now commanded silence, and placed her in the arm-chair; the poor old woman begged she might have Agatha on one side of her, and Henrietta on the other. Simon, the young farmer, stood opposite, pale, and trembling; and Agatha, with her eyes hid in her apron, pressed her grand-mother's hand to her lips, and bathed it with her tears. Madame and Emily sat at some little distance, contemplating this little picture—this affecting scene—with tenderness and anxiety.

The operation now began, and the old woman supported the pain with fortitude. The doctor, slow and careful at every touch, at last exclaimed—"*It is over!—It is done!*" And instantly the

poor old creature cried out—"Good and gracious God! is it possible? am I no longer blind? Agatha! my child! my dear good girl! do I see thee once again?—And Miss Henrietta!—who—where is she?

Agatha, dissolved in tears, threw herself about her neck; Henrietta ran to embrace her; and the farmer, half wild, fell upon his knees before Agatha, crying out, "She is mine!—She is mine!" Emily could scarcely support this scene; she rose, she ran to Henrietta, and by her tears, in part expressed the sensations with which her heart overflowed.

Emily was at last convinced, that birth, jewels, and toys, do not yield content; and that, if she wished to be happy, she must be benevolent and good.—A witness of the pure satisfaction which Henrietta enjoyed—of the lively gratitude of the old woman—of the happiness of Simon and Agatha—and reading in the eyes of the doctor and his

wife, the pleasure they felt in possessing a child so worthy of their virtues, Emily almost envied the lot of Henrietta; while she felt her admiration, friendship, and love for her, ultimately strengthened and increased.

When these first effusions of the heart were over, the doctor, having bound up the grandmother's eyes, that the glare of light should not injure them, desired her to fix the day for the marriage of Agatha and Simon; and it was agreed, that it should take place in something less than three weeks. The doctor and his lady undertook to furnish the bride clothes: Henrietta begged leave to offer her a fine piece of chints-pattern cotton, which her mamma had given her the night before.

All day long, Emily heard nothing but the praises of Henrietta: the good old woman called her—"her heavenly protectress;" and when she thanked the doctor, she never failed to add—"But

it is to Miss Henrietta I owe all.—It was she found me out!—that brought me hither—that had me kept in the house!—She seeks out the wretched and the sick. She finds comfort for them. She makes them happy!"

Henrietta received these praises with as much modesty as feeling, and returned them all to her mamma:—"Without you (said she), your maternal love, your tender watchfulness, your precious instructions, I should never have enjoyed the happiness I do. Oh! my mamma, continue to correct the defects which I yet feel I have, that I may be more worthy of you, and give you a still greater degree of happiness."

Emily listened not in vain to such conversations: At night, when alone with Madame Steinhaussen, she fell on her knees, and with a look of expressive tenderness, said—"How, my dear madam, have you been able hitherto to support the company of a child, so very

different from your Henrietta? Have I not appeared odious?—I am certain I have."

"To be sensible of your errors (replied the good lady) is the best sign of amendment; besides, for some time past, you have conducted yourself infinitely better; every one remarks and applauds this excellent change in your behaviour."

"And yet, alas! (cried Emily) how infinitely distant am I from Henrietta—it was but yesterday that I was so far overcome by impatience and pettishness, as to make you two or three times lift up your eyes with pity and astonishment; nay, this very day, I was snappish with Marianne, and was going to scold poor Catau; neither have I yet had the justice to ask pardon of Catau for the degrading blow I had the misfortune to give her; and yet how good she is to me!—how patient! Poor Catau! is it possible that I could strike her! Let me beseech you, madam, to call her, that

she may know how sincerely I repent my rashness."

Madame Steinhaussen called, and the obedient girl instantly came. Emily approached her in a supplicating posture, saying, she was exceedingly sorry, and begged, in the most earnest manner, she would forgive the injury she had done her; and entreated, in a way that gave a charm to her words, she might be permitted to kiss the cheek she had so unjustly assaulted.

The mistress, at her desire, interpreted what she said to Catau; who, with a heart overflowing with affection and respect, durst not advance; but Emily beheld her watery eyes, and in a sympathetic transport, leaped upon her neck, and kissed her with inexpressible delight—she felt the ecstasy of repairing an injury. Catau departed, with the tears trickling down her cheeks, and said, in German, that Emily was a charming little girl.

As soon as Catau was gone, Emily went to her drawer, and took a pretty piece of muslin; which, showing to the doctor's lady, she said, "Look, madam, what I design as a present to Catau." "And why (said madame) did you not give it her now?" "Oh! (replied Emily) I would not do so.—She might have thought I wanted to pay her for slapping her face, which would have been a fresh cause of offence, instead of pleasure; for you know, madam, money cannot give satisfaction for injurious treatment; and how could her heart have pardoned me, if it had been purchased?" "You are very right, my dear—this is true delicacy; such sentiments ennoble generosity, and will give a charm to all your actions."

In the midst of this conversation, a courier arrived with a letter for Emily, from her mother, in which she entreated her to ask freely for whatever she wished; and desired to know what kind

of toys she should send to give her pleasure. Emily read the letter, and sighed; and after remaining a moment in thought, she begged of Madame Steinhaussen to write as follows:—

"I THANK you kindly, my dear mamma, for your goodness to me, but I do not love toys so much as I used to do; and since you command me, I will tell you what will give me most pleasure:—We have a very good, but poor, old woman here; it is true, her grand-daughter is to be married to a rich farmer; but perhaps he will not like to give her as much as her grand-daughter wishes—at least I fear so—and yet, mamma, I should wish the old woman might want for nothing. Madame Steinhaussen says twenty-five crowns a year would make her quite happy. Let me beg of you, my dear mamma, instead of the toys you are so good as to offer me, to grant me a pension of twenty-five crowns à

year for this good old woman. I should be glad too, to present her with a piece of cotton, to make her a new gown for her child's wedding. God bless you, my dear mamma; I get better and stronger every day. Madame is very good to me, and I should be entirely happy, if I were not deprived of the pleasure of seeing my dear mamma; her picture, however, is never off my arm: I always kiss it, and bid it good night and good morning, though I am often sad to think I am only five leagues from my mamma, and cannot see her. If it were not for that, I should be quite enchanted here; the country is so very pleasant. Please, mamma, to tell my nurse, that I am bringing up a fine young starling for her, for all she told Madame she was sure I had pinched Miss Henrietta, before this, above twenty times—she says so in her letter, and I am sorry I have deserved such a character; but one must be wicked indeed, who could pinch the sweet Henrietta.

Oh! Miſs, (replied the boy) I must not beat him, because I am the strongest.

page 51.

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Oh, mamma!—if you knew her!—she is so good: however, I hope, I shall never pinch any body again. Good bye, my dearest, best mamma—my heart at this moment kisses you.

EMILY."

The next day Emily received a kind answer; and, instead of twenty-five crowns a year, fifty were sent, along with the stuff for a new gown for her good old pensioner; this, in a transport of joy, she instantly carried to her; which benefaction completed her happiness. Her and Agatha's thanks—the praises of Madame Steinhaussen—and the tender caresses of Henrietta—gave a sensation to Emily, which, till that moment, she had never known.

Two days after this, Simon and Agatha were married. The wedding was kept at Madame Steinhaussen's; tables were spread in the orchard, under the huge shade of walnut-trees, dispersed

here and there over the green sward, which was enamelled with daisies and cowslips, and banks of primroses and violets. The neighbouring peasants were invited, and the doctor's wife herself did the honours of the bride-table.

After dinner, they danced upon the lawn till night; and Emily, who highly partook of the universal gaiety, said to Madame Steinhaussen, "The balls of Paris never gave me half so much pleasure; but at present I should think them insupportable," "It is certain, (answered her worthy instructress) that true content is best known in the country; which, when we have once tasted, the pleasures of town become insipid, tiresome, and tumultuous.

In the month of July, Emily found the country still more delightful. She frequently took long walks in the fields, and sometimes by moonlight, with her beloved Henrietta and her mother; and, as she by this took pleasure in being

employed, she was no longer sensible of the wearisome anxieties of indolence; but henceforward employed her time assiduously and advantageously;—she read, she wrote, she worked, and learned of Henrietta to draw and preserve herbs; who also taught her their names. The pocket-money which her mamma sent her every month, she spent in relieving distress wherever she met with it. Adored by every body, and satisfied with herself, each day added to her happiness; no longer was her countenance clouded and robbed of its natural beauty by that air of unhappiness it formerly wore; her eyes became bright and animated—her cheeks had a glow of freshness—she could walk, run, jump; and acquired more grace and agility in four months, than the most unremitting care and art of all the dancing-masters in Paris had in their power to bequeath.

In the beginning of the month of August, the doctor thought proper to let

her quit the cow-house, and she was removed into a neat little chamber, which had been fitted up on purpose for her. This was a most agreeable change for her; the cleanliness of every thing around her, the convenience of the furniture, and the beautiful prospect of the valley, towards which her window opened, were enchanting.

"Be pleased to tell me, madam, (asked Emily) why this little chamber is so pleasant? and why the one I had at Paris, though much larger and finer, had often the contrary effect?"

"There are many reasons (answered Madame Steinhaussen); your chamber at Paris looked into a dull garden, surrounded with high walls; besides, when you came hither, you were only acquainted with false pleasures, such only as vanity, folly, and fashion, seek. As these are but imaginary, they soon fatigue—you were therefore cloyed and disgusted with them; and as you had no

knowledge of true pleasure, you could not make a proper estimate of the conveniences and allurements which simple independence can procure; and, having nothing to desire, you had nothing to enjoy. Things the most tasteless to those afflicted with *ennui*, are objects of delight and amusement to the uncloyed mind, while every thing becomes insipid and even tiresome, if we do not use them with moderation, or if we acquire them with too little trouble, as a very common instance may prove:—

"Thus, you love flowers, and especially the violet—yet, why do you, and most young people, prefer that flower to any other?—I will tell you—because it is less common than the primrose, or the cowslip—because its head is hid beneath the leaves—and you must search for it, ere you can possess it; were it profusely scattered over our meadows—we should regard them no more than the daisy, or even the grass."

Emily felt the full force of these wise reflections, and returned her most grateful acknowledgements to Madame Steinhaussen; who had, in fact, full right to her eternal gratitude, since it was she who first taught her to reason, to think, and to feel!

Emily remained two months longer with the doctor; in which time, her character became more perfect, and her health thoroughly fortified—she even braved the open air; and a shower, or a brisk wind, no longer incommoded her, nor gave her cold.

It now drew towards the middle of October, and sometimes the morning wore a frosty appearance—nothing dismayed, she would, with her friend Henrietta, take a scamper for nearly an hour before breakfast; when she would return, all in a beautiful glow, and eat with an appetite which evinced that her constitution was renovated and strengthened.

Madame Steinhaussen, one morning,

now called Emily aside, and told her she was going that day to restore her to the arms of her affectionate and longing mother, "but let me caution you, my dear Emily, when you return, to keep a distant and polite reserve towards the domestics of your mamma's establishment. I no longer dread your relapsing into your former *hauteur* and unnecessary arbitrary command over your inferiors, and particularly to those whose condition in life must render them subservient to your pleasure. Ever treat them with affability—thank them for the attention and obedience to your desires—let your commands wear the air of a request—but let not your condescension and affability towards them degenerate into familiarity with servants. If you do not mix in their idle tattle, and listen only with indifference, and without noticing them, they will be silent before you; but, on the contrary, if you once become familiar with such people, you will soon relapse,

and destroy both your understanding and your heart. Nobility of birth is only an imaginary distinction—'tis education establishes a real inequality amongst mankind. A rational, enlightened, well-informed person, cannot be intimate with one who is rude, ignorant, imprudent, and full of prejudices; nor would hold any conversation with a chamber-maid, unless she came to ask a favour. We ought, indeed, to listen with attention and respect to every one who wants our assistance, and confides in us for help."

This was the last admonitory caution Madame Steinhaussen found necessary to impress upon Emily's mind; who promised, with tears of affection and respect, to treasure up the salutary lessons that good lady had taken such time and pains to inculcate.

And now the hour of parting arrived! The parting from her young friend and companion, her esteemed and beloved Henrietta: many were the tears shed

on both sides, and it was with difficulty they were at last separated; nor would Emily be persuaded to enter the carriage that was now waiting to convey her to Paris, till she had exacted a promise from Henrietta, guaranteed by Madame, that she would visit her once a month, and spend a few days at her house in Paris:—"For, (said she) all the gaiety and dissipation of the metropolis cannot now afford me the smallest amusement, and I shall feel truly miserable, if deprived of whatever must constitute the chief happiness of my life—the friendly intercourse of my true friend, my affectionate and ever to be esteemed companion, my beloved Henrietta."

Catau was in tears, awaiting at the door, and all the servants belonging to the doctor, wishing Emily health and every happiness, the carriage immediately drove off on their way to Paris.

They had not proceeded a league from the Doctor's house, when Emily

expressed a wish to go on foot a mile or two, as the weather was remarkably fine and mild for the time of year. "Walking is far preferable, in my opinion, to jaunting about in carriages (said Emily to Madame); it circulates the blood much better, and one has an opportunity of viewing to advantage the surrounding country." Madame Steinhaussen immediately complied with so reasonable a request; she ordered the coachman to stop, while they alighted, and then to follow at a little distance, while they proceeded briskly forwards.

They had not gone half a mile, when they saw a little boy beating another much older and stronger than himself, who was satisfied with only warding off the blows, without returning them. Emily went up to them, and asked the boy who suffered the other to beat him, if the little one was his brother? "No, miss, (said the young peasant) he is one of our neighbour's," "He is a spiteful

little urchin, (returned Emily) and why do you let him beat you without returning his blows?" "Oh! miss, (replied the boy) I must not beat him, because I am the strongest." "Here is a generous little boy, Madame, (observed Emily to the doctor's lady) I must enquire if his parents are poor: What age are you?" "Eight, miss."—"And what is your name?" "Augustine, at your service, miss."—"Have you a father and mother?" "Oh, yes! God be thanked; and a little brother Charley, who is only five years old. That is our cottage, yonder."—"He is a good little boy (said Emily): have I your leave, Madame?" "Certainly, my dear," said Madame. Emily then pulled out her purse, and presented the boy with a crown, which he received with many thanks and bows, saying—"I'll run home with this to my mammy:" and away the little fellow scampered.

As they walked on, Madame Stein-

haussen said to Emily: "Did you perfectly feel the sublimity, the force of this boy's reply—*I must not beat him, because I am the strongest?*" "I think I did, Madame, (said Emily) he had compassion on the weakness of that angry little fellow." "Exactly so (replied Madame), and in consideration of his weakness, excused his passion and arrogance." "Then (returned Emily) he acts like your great dog Turk, that lets the little spaniel and the pug-dog bite him without minding them?"—"Or as a certain servant belonging to me acted, when a naughty little girl, who shall be nameless, slapped her face."—Emily blushed, and said: "I am sensible of my past ill conduct, and this poor boy's behaviour is a double reproof to me, Madame."

"This generosity (added Madame Steinhaussen) is so natural, that it is found among the most uncivilized nations, and even in the lowest classes. A

defenceless person is in greater security in Malabar, under the protection of a Nagre child, than of the greatest warrior, because the robbers of that country never attack unarmed travellers; but, on the contrary, pay the greatest respect to old age and infancy. Judge then, from these examples, how despicable that person must be, who is without a virtue so natural to him—that it is possessed by an untaught child—by savages—and even by the brute creation.

"Some wanton, cruel wretches once threw a little dog into a lion's den, in the expectation of seeing it instantly devoured. The royal brute, far from seizing it in his devouring jaws, smelt to it, turned it over, and at last took the little trembler close to his shaggy breast. In short, an intimacy commenced between them, and they became inseparable companions. At the death of the dog, the lion's behaviour was equally singular:—he looked at him, turned

him over, and finding all his endeavours to restore him were fruitless, he set up a dismal roar; and from that time obstinately refused all nourishment himself. He would not part with the little animal, but kept moaning over it in the most piteous manner; till at last the generous, noble beast, overcome with grief, fell a victim to the friendship he had formed."

Emily now said, she had walked sufficiently, and the coach immediately drew up, when they seated themselves, and proceeded on their journey. They arrived at Paris about four o'clock.

The mother of Emily received her daughter with transport, though she could scarcely recollect her. She was grown exceedingly, both in height and plumpness, and a lively animated freshness was spread over her cheeks; her mouth and her teeth, the former of which had a pale sickly hue; and the latter, which were dull and discoloured by eating of sweetmeats and other trash,

were, by the constant use of simple water alone, and a soft towel, restored to a vivid coral, and a transparent ivory. Health and activity were in every movement. Her mamma, in the excess of her joy, gazed at her, pressed her to her bosom, kissed her, and endeavoured to speak, but could not give vent to her feelings, till they burst forth in a flood of tears.

Madame Steinhaussen for a while enjoyed a sight so pleasing; at last, turning to the fond parent, she addressed her as follows:—

"You gave her to me, Madam, dying—I return her to you in the full force of health; and, what is far better, I return her good, gentle, and rational; with an equal temper, and a feeling heart; worthy of her fortune, and capable of making you—herself—and every body happy. She yet, however, is young, and so liable to relapse, if not properly treated, that much, very much, still depends upon yourself, Madam. If

you would prevent such fearful consequences, you must take care to follow the same undeviating plan my husband has pursued with so much success."

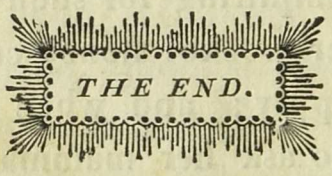
Emily's mother testified the most lively sense of gratitude to Madame Steinhaussen. She then took pen, ink, and paper, from her bureau; she wrote a note on her banker, and presenting it to the doctor's wife, said, while the tear of grateful acknowledgement glistened in her eye, "Accept, dearest Madam, this small token, as Emily's remembrance to her worthy little companion left behind, and whose absence and society she so much regrets.—It is a present from my daughter, exclusively for your's. Nor will Emily be satisfied, but most certainly relapse, unless the presence of your amiable child still help to strengthen and confirm those virtuous principles she was the first to inspire, and whose example proved the greatest stimulus. The doctor and I shall settle our ac-

counts; but no remuneration whatever on my side, can repay the obligations which I owe your worthy family."

The winter passed away without any of those colds and disorders which indolent people suffer from the sudden exposure to air. Notwithstanding the short days, every fair opportunity was embraced by Emily to enjoy the open air, and a ride upon the Boulevards. Frequently would she alight, and amuse herself with the various ludicrous scenes that continually were exhibiting. Very few places of public resort did she frequent; she had acquired a distaste for such tumultuous and unmeaning pleasures; and during the short months, she was occupied in reading, improving her mind, and enquiring for such deserving objects as her pocket-money could conveniently supply; and when deficient, it was only to ask her mamma, and explain the motive, when her request was immediately granted.

The next spring, Emily's mother purchased a seat in the valley of Montmorenci, and the neighbourhood of the doctor. Emily ever preserved the utmost gratitude and respect due to Madame Steinhaussen, as well as the most tender and inviolable friendship for her dear Henrietta,

Her person soon became charming: she acquired knowledge and understanding. She was rational, mild, and benevolent; and beloved by all who knew her. Her mother, when of a suitable age, found her a husband worthy of her; and they continued to live in mutual happiness, and all the heartfelt endearments of connubial love.



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