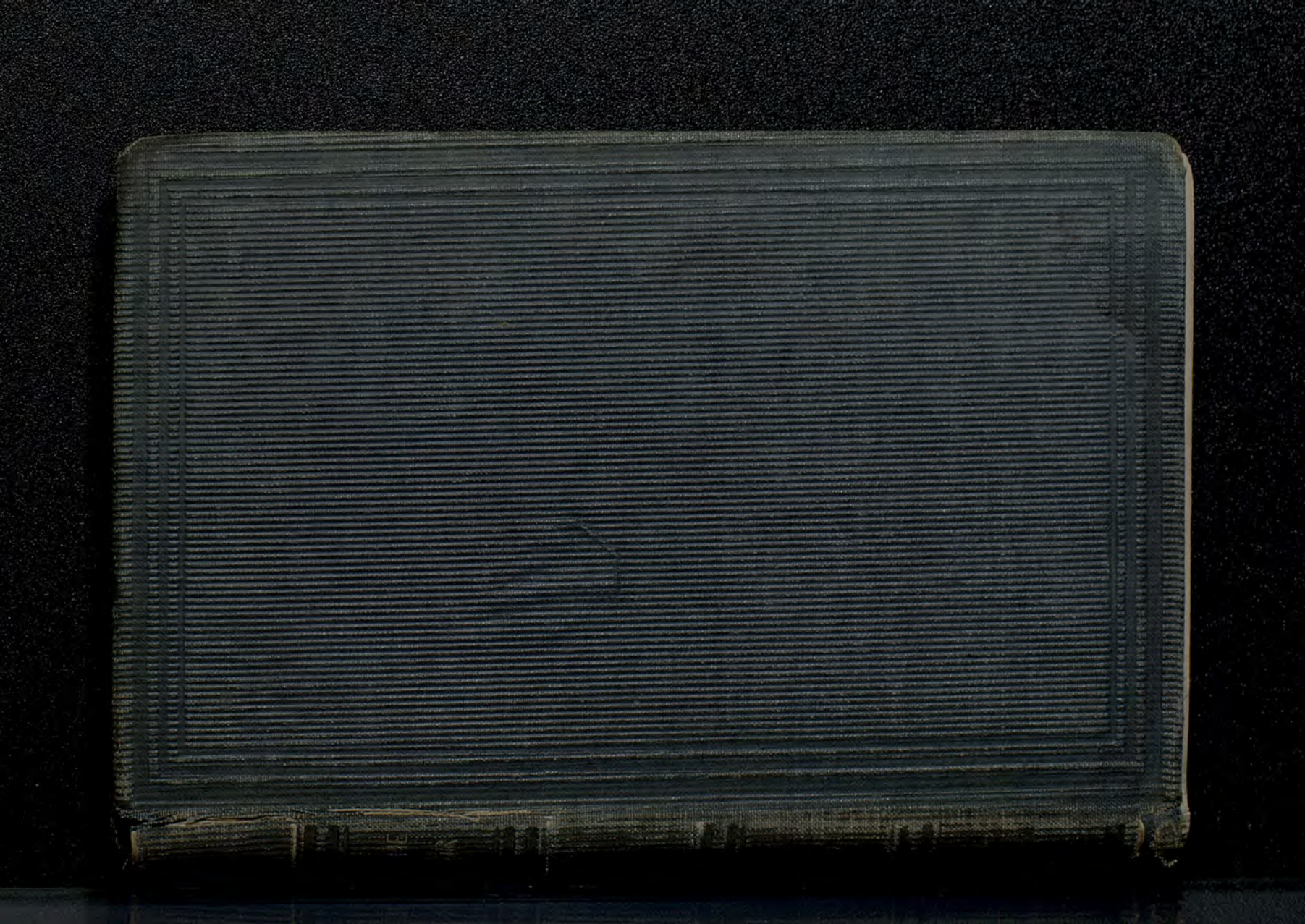

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Page 115.

ELLEN THE TEACHER.

ELLEN,

THE TEACHER.

A TALE FOR YOUTH.

BY MRS. HOFLAND,

AUTHOR OF

"THE OFFICER'S WIDOW,"—"THE SON OF A GENIUS,"
"DAUGHTER OF A GENIUS," &c. &c.

A NEW EDITION.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

LONDON:
JOHN HARRIS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.
1841.

497654

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

ELLEN.

CHAPTER I.

"I SHOULD like very much to be a teacher, mamma," said Ellen Delville to her mother, one morning after she had been saying her lesson to the kind parent who instructed her.

"Yet I fear, Ellen, you are little aware of the duties required in a teacher," returned Mrs. Delville.

"Oh, yes, mamma, I know I must be a woman first, and wear gowns—and—I must know a great deal more of my French and music, and I must learn to draw and embroider."

"Yes, Ellen, and *more* than all this."

"I must read a great deal of history, and learn to reflect upon it, and write about it; and I must be perfect—quite perfect in my

grammar, mamma, and write sensible letters. Then, mamma—"

"*Then*, Ellen, you will be considered a clever young woman; but if along with these accomplishments you have not made other attainments, of equal importance at least to others, and of infinitely more consequence to yourself, you will not be competent to the very arduous task you are so willing to undertake."

"I have forgotten to mention geography, but of course I meant it should be one of my studies, mamma."

"I suppose so; but the farther acquisitions to which I alluded apply to your temper and disposition; these are of the highest moment, and they call for daily observation and correction: the heart needs a school, as well as the understanding."

"Surely, my dear mamma, you do not think I am a cross girl like Lucy Petty, who is always quarrelling, or else sullen and silent?"

"You are not like Lucy, certainly."

"And I hope I am not passionate — I mean not *very* passionate: I never go into a rage like Betsy Burns, and tear my books, and scold the maid. Though, to be sure, I believe I—am I passionate, mamma?"

"Your own conscience is at this moment informing you, that although restraint and a better education have hitherto prevented you from becoming so very degraded as poor Betsy, yet you are frequently inclined to be *very* angry on trifling vexations; to be *very* sorry for petty grievances; and foolishly to expect in both cases, that every person around you should feel as you do."

Ellen replied only by a conscious sigh; her face was overspread with blushes, and, looking wistfully towards her mother, she appeared at once to acknowledge her error, and inquire how she should amend herself. To this silent appeal Mrs. Delville replied—

"It is to Almighty assistance, my child, that we must all owe the power which con-

quers the errors of our nature; you must devoutly pray for humility and patience; and in the exercises of piety you will doubtless find help: but it is likewise your duty to watch over the first beginnings of passion, and check them so early in your own mind, that they may not rise to that height which distresses and offends those around you, and awakens bitter repentance in yourself."

"I am always very sorry when I have been angry, mamma, even when people have done wrong: when brother Tom spoiled my baby-house, and I was cross, though it was quite natural I should be cross, yet I was very sorry in my own mind for what I had said to him."

"I know you were, my dear, for shame always follows passion; it is ever the companion of guilt, in minds that are not absolutely brutalized by the frequent commission of error: it was certainly natural that you should be troubled when you saw your baby-house injured by your brother's carelessness;

but when your anger caused you to utter positive falsehoods, to declare that Tom had done the injury on purpose, and that—"

"Oh, mamma, don't repeat what I said in a passion; you know how it grieves me!"

"I was going to show you, that the sense of the injustice you committed was the cause of the shame you afterwards felt; and a very little consideration will prove the folly, as well as sin, of giving way to passion: it makes the injured party become the injurer, whereby they lose all the rights of retribution. Had you been calm, Tom (who, although careless, is truly affectionate and good-natured) would have been very sorry for his own conduct, and have become guarded against the repetition of an error to which he is subject; but your intemperance transferred the sense of injury to him — he felt himself unjustly accused, and forgot your loss in the pain your punishment inflicted; thus you awakened resentment instead of repentance, and instead of inspiring affection

and inculcating virtue, which you might have done, you excited anger and disgust towards yourself, and neglect and derision of your cause."

Ellen remained in silent rumination for some time; then looking up, with tears in her eyes, she said, "Oh, mamma! how good you are in teaching me with so much patience! I see that I have a great deal to learn before I am completely mistress of myself; but do you think I shall ever be patient and mild as you are, and not scold at the time I am angry, but speak quietly when the time is past to those whom I consider faulty?"

"Undoubtedly! if you both pray for Divine assistance with sincerity, and watch over yourself with vigilance and resolution."

"Then, perhaps, in time I *shall* be fit for a teacher, mamma?"

"You may be fit for one, my love: but the task you now covet will be found so very arduous, that, I apprehend, long before the

time arrives, you will have a very different perception of the occupation from that you have at present."

"Oh, no, mamma, I want to be just like you, and to teach other little girls as you teach me. I hope, mamma — I hope you have a *pleasure* in teaching me?"

"I have, my dear, for you are fond of learning, and are tolerably quick; but yet there are many times when a sense of duty is my only inducement to the employ. There are times when I am indisposed to this species of exertion; — times too when you are dull, and others when you are negligent; and in these cases teaching is a very irksome employment. How much worse would it be if I had many children of this description! to which might be added the habitually indolent, the obstinate, and ill-natured."

"But I would not teach *them*, mamma; I could not bear naughty children: I mean those who were always naughty, or stupid, or foolish."

"Yet surely your greatest merit as a teacher would consist in softening that which was stubborn in some *hearts*, and inspiring industry and application in some *minds*, hitherto careless and ignorant. The end of all instruction is *improvement;* you would not be employed to inform the *wise*, nor to amend the *good*, you know."

"True, mamma; I begin to understand you: I suppose teachers are to children the same as the clergymen are to grown-up people; and you know the Bible says, our Saviour came 'not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance;' so, the worse children are, the more need they have of teachers."

"Yes, my dear, but even the best call for a guide. You know the same blessed book informs us, that every creature is prone to evil, and cannot approach a God of purity but through a Mediator and Redeemer; it says also, that 'those who have not the spirit of Christ are none of his;' and these facts clearly point out the necessity there is,

that those who profess to teach others, should be themselves 'taught of God;' that they should be humble, pious, and enlightened, as to the essential truths of religion, in the first place; and that their accomplishments should be considered the superstructure of an excellent foundation, which, however elegant or decorative, is yet only secondary to the great design."

"I fear, mamma, I shall never be good enough for a teacher," said Ellen after a mournful pause.

"In every situation of life there are claims upon our exertions; and presumption is not less blameable than despair: you must, therefore, hope and strive to be equal to those duties your station in life may call for, my Ellen."

As Mrs. Delville spoke, the tears rose in her eyes: but as she endeavoured to conceal them, Ellen, though deeply hurt, had too much native delicacy to appear to notice them; she had been aware that for some

time past her mother had suffered both in spirits and in health, but she felt that she was too young to be made acquainted with the cause, farther than that she knew Mrs. Delville was not on good terms with her mother; and this Ellen justly concluded must be a severe affliction to one so affectionate and duteous.

Mrs. Delville was the daughter of a lady who possessed many good qualities, but they were alloyed by an uncommon share of family pride and obstinacy of temper. She was left a widow early in life with two daughters, the eldest of whom married, agreeably to her wishes, a neighbouring baronet, a man of family and fortune; but he was dissipated and worthless, and after involving himself in pecuniary embarrassments, he procured a situation in the West Indies, where he shortly fell a victim to the yellow fever, leaving his widow and infant son to return to the protection of Mrs. Seymour, her mother.

Before this period, Elinor, the second daughter, had formed a predilection for Captain Delville, a young gentleman of prepossessing manners and respectable connexions, but small fortune. Mrs. Seymour, occupied with incessant cares for her eldest daughter, suffered this affair to proceed, rather from negligence than approbation, until the parties had become so attached to each other, that when she forbade their union, it appeared impossible to yield obedience to a command which seemed to them capricious and cruel, because it had been delayed until their engagement had attained a kind of solidity, very distinct from those volatile attachments too common to youth.

Mrs. Seymour grew more decided the more she perceived that the evil had originated in herself, and determined to make up in resolution what had been deficient on her part in attention. All the old people of her acquaintance praised her firmness; all the young ones lamented her obstinacy; while some of a

more conciliating disposition, who loved the young lady and respected her mother, endeavoured to remove the impediments of the match, which Mrs. Seymour declared to consist of two causes: in the first place, she disapproved of Delville's profession, as incompatible with matrimonial comfort; and in the second, as she could give her daughter a fine fortune, she expected her to marry a person in at least equal circumstances.

Captain Delville was attached to his profession; but he fondly loved the amiable young woman to whom he had devoted himself, and, as it was now a time of profound peace, it was possible to leave it with honour; he, therefore, after due deliberation, agreed to resign it; but this was not the way to improve his fortune: of course the other objection remained in full force, especially as Mrs. Seymour declared, "that if he engaged in any mercantile speculation he would for ever forfeit her regard, as she never could bear to become the mother of a man in trade."

It was in vain that their mutual friends descanted on the high character of the British merchant, especially when united with the honour of a military man, on the *one* hand, or on the *other*, pointed out the sufferings of her eldest daughter, whose union to rank and fortune had produced only misery and disgrace: the more she suffered on the returning Lady Selby's account, the more she was disposed to feel the disappointment of Elinor's humble choice; and she declared positively, that if she married Delville, she would never give her either countenance or protection, and would leave her without a shilling.

Elinor loved her mother, and her heart was naturally so gentle and yielding, that for a time she submitted to be governed by her will, and forbore all intercourse with the captain; but when she found that her loss had deeply affected him, that for her sake he had actually renounced his profession, and that he earnestly desired to marry her, notwithstand-

ing the malediction which left her portionless, her affection for him overcame her sense of duty and fears for future life, and she ventured to marry him as soon as he had formed such a connexion in business as appeared adequate for their future support, hoping that in time her mother would relent.

For some time Mr. Delville's business went on very prosperously, under the management of his partner, on whose knowledge and conduct he necessarily depended; but his wife saw with great concern that he did not, as he ought to have done, remove the continuance of that necessity, by applying the powers of his own mind to the cultivation of that knowledge now so necessary to his welfare. He was tenderly attentive to her and his children, who consisted of a daughter and a son, who was only one year younger than his sister; the Ellen and Tom to whom we have introduced our readers.

In time the easy carelessness of Mr. Delville's manners produced that evil which his

more provident lady had foreseen; as, when his partner, Mr. Dudly, judged it proper for their mutual advantage to take a voyage to Russia, he attended little to the affairs at home, and executed the orders transmitted to him so ill, that every employer was offended, and his partner highly irritated. Delville would not bear reproof; he felt it rather as an officer than a tradesman, and resented that as an offence which he ought to have accepted as advice; the consequence was an abrupt dissolution of partnership, and with very scanty materials he commenced the voyage of life as a merchant anew, without pilot, and almost without hands.

At this period the character of Mrs. Delville assumed a new and more elevated form; hitherto mild, gentle, and engaging, she had appeared rather amiable than strong, interesting than useful; but she now felt herself called upon for peculiar exertion as a mother and a wife; and conscious that she possessed talents which promised utility, she busied

herself in assisting her husband to arrange his affairs, examine his resources, secure his friends, and multiply his connexions. She had frequently perceived, with a kind of grateful regret, that her society could allure him from his counting-house, and she, therefore, determined for a time to partake it with him; a scheme she was the better enabled to practise, because her children were arrived at a period when they no longer claimed her cares as a nurse, yet did not need much from her as a governess. Her situation was trying and delicate; for she found her husband more ignorant of the routine of business than she had supposed possible, and grievously indolent; yet the very consciousness of his unfitness for it rendered him peculiarly tenacious of his own authority; so that while she conducted everything in *fact*, she was condemned to affect ignorance, to apply for instruction, to praise exertion which never existed, and flatter powers it was nearly impossible to awaken.

By degrees this "labour of love," obtained its end, and Mr. Delville grew habituated to spend a portion of his time in the way his duties prescribed; and with the consciousness of those attainments habitual attention procured, came also a portion of pleasure in the use of them, and of pride in the exhibition. Mrs. Delville had "borne her faculties so meekly," that his self-love had never been wounded by their display to any one; but he was conscious of her powers, and he thought it possible that, with such an assistant at home, he too might take a journey with advantage. His lady was of a different opinion, but she considered every circumstance which engaged his mind in its proper pursuit of so much consequence, that she dared not oppose any scheme connected with it, and therefore consented, thereby tying herself still more closely to a confinement which had already proved prejudicial to her health, and threatened to undermine her constitution.

CHAPTER II.

NATURALLY generous, open, and unsuspicious — averse from the labour of inquiry and the habits of caution, Mr. Delville's journey was productive only of much personal expense, and eventual injury to his business: since he accepted orders from every one who would give them, he became the prey of the designing and unprincipled; while his apparent negligence, and the expensive habits he assumed, rendered the upright, regular tradesman unwilling to trust a man of this description with commissions that called for punctuality and despatch. On his return he was exhilarated with the prospects opened to him by an immense accession of business; he increased his domestic establishment, engaged a foreign clerk at a preposterous salary for the department his

wife had so prudently and happily filled, and acted in every respect like a man who had established the way which leads to riches.

Mrs. Delville's extreme anxiety and unremitting exertion during the absence of her husband had so sensibly impaired her health, that she was happy to return to those occupations more congenial to her wishes and engaging to her heart; but after devoting herself so long to actual business, she was not inclined to the gaiety of dissipation, or the vacuity of idleness; and as soon as she found her strength somewhat returned, she entered on a task agreeable to her feelings—the education of her children.

Ellen, the eldest, was a sprightly, sensible child; quick, both in her parts and her temper—one of those children who are calculated to give much *pleasure* to their preceptors, when properly taught, and much *pain* when neglected or misled. She resembled a luxuriant plant, that under good training becomes useful and beautiful, but if suffered

to vegetate carelessly, degenerates into a cumbersome weed. Tom was a boy of much promise, though of inferior capacity; he was possessed of a most excellent temper and disposition, and though not so fond of learning as his sister, was by no means deficient in intellect, when he applied his mind properly to the object before him; but his overweening fondness for play, and for the society of boys of his own age, unfitted him from being the partner of Ellen's studies.

Under these circumstances, Mrs. Delville judged it expedient to place Tom at the grammar-school in the town where they resided; for he was now in his seventh year, and called for the cares of a master. To Ellen she devoted her powers, which improved the more they were exerted: in the diligence and talents of her little girl she was fully rewarded, more especially as she perceived that the errors of her temper abated with the expansion of her mind, and that the sensibility of her heart was every day rendered

more and more subservient to her understanding, her duty, and affection.

It was not possible for two children to love each other more fondly than Ellen and Tom; yet as *she* was naturally endued with that exquisite sense of real or supposed injury which is denominated touchiness; and Tom with that perfect ease which amounts to carelessness, and consists in a negligence equally of his own and other people's property and valuables; it was no wonder that frequent frays arose between them, which, although conducted without much violence, because they generally passed in the presence of their mother, were yet objects of great attention and importance to her, both as they revealed the character, or rather seeds of character, in her children, awoke her fears for their future welfare, or taught her how to amend the conduct and disposition of each party, and strengthen their mutual affection for each other. She endeavoured to render Tom's good temper compatible

with his sister's activity of mind, and anxiety to attain knowledge: and to her quickness and application she sought to unite his obliging manners and endearing pliability of humour.

But while these cares occupied her time, they could not prevent her mind from being frequently engrossed by fears for the future. She had now been married more than eight years, and during that period had made many fruitless attempts to regain the tenderness of her mother, who now bestowed all her maternal affection on her widowed daughter, and her little son, Sir Charles Selby; who, although he came to her protection a portionless as well as fatherless child, yet being almost from his birth a baronet, she considered a person of great importance, and was so anxious to restore him to his family estates, that she became careful even to covetousness in saving money to pay off the mortgages upon them, and in laying up a fortune for her darling, worthy of his title. It was

probably in pursuance of this plan, that she persisted in refusing the humble solicitations of her youngest daughter for forgiveness; since she was aware, that if she received her into favour, it would naturally be expected that she should bestow upon her at least a part of the portion she had given so liberally in Lady Selby's case. Thus her maternal feelings were sacrificed rather to her meanness than her obstinacy; although her friends, who knew her to be remarkable for the latter foible, ascribed her conduct to that alone.

Lady Selby herself was far from seconding her mother in either fault: she had been married, when little better than a child, to a man who had no other recommendation than the apparent splendour of his alliance; that quickly vanished, and during the period in which she was a wife, she had experienced such a variety of suffering from the vicious profligacy and unprincipled extravagance of her husband, that she was inclined to look upon the humbler lot of her sister with envy,

rather than contempt. It was generally believed that Mr. Delville was tenderly attached to her sister; that he was a most domestic husband, and apparently a thriving man in his profession: but even where that was doubted, and people gave hints of approaching misfortune, every one spoke kindly of him; and therefore Lady Selby felt inclined towards him as a sister, while for his lady she felt all her early affection. But it was in vain that she endeavoured to bring her mother to consent to any interview with the proscribed Elinor, and in her endeavours she frequently found that she lost more for herself than she gained for the offending party; since she was frequently reminded of her own dependence, and given to understand that if she had not been the mother of Sir Charles, she would not have been treated with the consideration she now experienced.

That grandmothers spoil children is almost proverbial, though perhaps not justly so, since there are doubtless many ladies so situ-

ated, who faithfully discharge the duties of mothers to their offspring; but it will be generally supposed that Mrs. Seymour was one of the indulgent grandmothers. It is, however, only justice to this lady to say, that the pride she took in this boy induced her to seek for his real good, and that she was anxious to procure for him the best possible education, although her fondness for him would not suffer him to leave her house; she therefore at a proper age sought to find him a tutor.

At this period Lady Selby had gained an indirect method of correspondence with her sister, who lived only ten miles distant from her mother's mansion; and she informed her how anxious she was to find a proper person for her son, whom she described as a boy of excellent disposition; saying, that "hitherto she had by private admonition counteracted those seeds of pride and selfishness which her mother had sown in his young mind; and she therefore felt extreme solicitude to procure him a tutor who would pursue her de-

sign, and add his power to hers;" concluding with these words,—"This affair is of the more importance to me, Elinor, because I find my health declining very fast; I have never been well since I was in the West Indies, and I feel assured that although my decay is very gradual, it is certain: surely, my beloved sister, I shall embrace you before I depart; but if my mother persists in denying this, remember that my affection was unchanged, and give me a proof of yours by endeavouring to provide a Christian preceptor for my child—that child who may live to be a blessing to *yours*, notwithstanding present appearances show him only as their rival."

The more extensive acquaintance with the world which Mrs. Delville possessed, than her mother and sister, (who lived for the most part in retirement, since the widowhood of the latter,) enabled her soon after to hear of a young gentleman brought up for the church, whose character and acquirements seemed eminently to fit him for the delicate

and arduous office; and she soon after procured him an introduction to her, from a quarter which would be certain to ensure her approbation: and so well did the affair turn out, that he was engaged at a salary beyond his expectation, and treated with the respect due to his virtues and his office. On this occasion she received a most warm and tender letter of thanks from Lady Selby, who again adverted to her own weak state, and so earnestly wished for an interview with her sister, that Mrs. Delville, who was exceedingly affected by her situation, determined to see her, and consulted with her husband on the means of accomplishing it unknown to her mother, fearing that it would be bitterly resented as an act of disobedience in them both.

Mr. Delville was warm-hearted, but imprudent; he wished immediately to have taken his wife to her mother's house, and to have demanded an interview with their sister; or he proposed to go over, and if Lady Selby

was able, he would bring her to his own house, "where," said he, "we can nurse her and comfort her ourselves; your mother can make us no worse than we are." Mrs. Delville shook her head: her duties were at variance with each other; her heart was deeply wounded; she remained irresolute and silent, her husband tenderly awaiting her decision.

"If I were mamma," said Tom in a whisper to his sister, "I would go up to the house as bold as a lion, and see aunty in spite of everybody."

"And so frighten her to death at once," said Ellen.

"No, that I wouldn't. I would say all I could to comfort her and make her well again; and I would kiss cousin Charles for once, though I never saw him—that I would."

"Yes; but don't you think mamma loves my aunt better than you or I? She knows that if she went in that way, she would make grandmamma angry with her sister, now she is ill, and that would be very dreadful; per-

haps she would send her out of the house and deny her forgiveness. When you and I have done wrong, how unhappy we are till we are forgiven; and how dreadful it would be for my aunt to *die* while her mother was angry."

"I did not think of that, to be sure."

"But you should learn to *think*, Tom."

"If you were ill and in distress, Ellen, I should run to see you without thinking; and so would you run to *me*, the same as you did when I fell over the garden wall: you ran as fast as you could into the street without your bonnet, and cried too much more than I did, when you saw how I bled."

"No, Tom, it is a different case; there was no need of thinking *then*. I had nothing to do but to run and offer you assistance; but if my running might have injured you,—might have shamed you, or in any way have increased your pain, my love for you would teach me to *think* before I went, even if I wanted to go ever so much. In that case it

would not have been *love*, but *impatience*, that made me run. Mamma says, that self-control is necessary in everything."

"I dare say you are right, Ellen; I suppose I shall learn that when I learn mathematics; but those things don't come naturally, you know."

While this conversation took place in a corner of the room, Mrs. Delville had decided on the plan of her intended visit. Knowing her sister took a daily airing in the environs of her mother's house, she determined to throw herself in the way, as if by chance; thus gratifying her sisterly feelings, without infringing on the respect due to her mother's commands. This scheme succeeded to her wishes: the affectionate sisters were once more locked in each other's arms; torrents of tears flowed from the eyes of each, and for a short time Mrs. Delville forgot the self-command habitual to her, and which told her to restrain those feelings which might be injurious to the delicate health of her sister.

In a few moments she was called to notice the situation of the invalid, who appeared nearly fainting. On perceiving *her*, she had alighted from her mother's carriage to embrace her sister, and receive an introduction to Mr. Delville, whom she now beheld for the first time, and whom she was prepared to love; she became so ill as to be unable to stand, and he therefore carried her in his arms to a seat in her mother's grounds, at no great distance, towards which she pointed, and where her son and his preceptor were sitting: the latter respectfully withdrew; but the former in extreme alarm hung over his mother, looking wistfully by turns at her and her conductors. Mrs. Delville, even in this moment of distress and confusion, thought she had rarely beheld a countenance so ingenuous and amiable as this youth's presented; he was now about eleven years old, and exhibited all the sensibility and intelligence desirable to that period of opening life, when affection seems a substitute for knowledge—

a species of rational instinct that inspires us with power to perform our highest duties.

The consoling voice of her child recalled the exhausted powers of the suffering mother; but on opening her eyes she said only, "Charles, this lady is your aunt, your *dear* aunt: give her one kiss, and then leave us." The boy threw himself on Mrs. Delville's neck, the tears sprang to his eyes, and he uttered some incoherent inquiries respecting his cousins; but on observing his mother look anxiously towards him, he sprang away, and was quickly out of sight.

The conversation we first recorded took place at the time when Mrs. Delville was in search of a tutor for her sister's son, and was in a state of anxiety, both respecting her husband's affairs, and her sister's health. From the time we now speak of, this fatal interview with Lady Selby, may be dated the misfortunes of poor Ellen. It was spring, and a sudden shower came on while Mrs. Delville remained with her sister: the ex-

treme alarm she experienced, on account of the invalid, whom she assisted her husband to convey to the carriage, induced a carelessness as to her own state, that would not have occurred at any other time; her mind, agitated by the affecting sight of her declining sister; the distant view of her native mansion, which she was forbidden to enter; and her transient glance of that young relative who had *innocently*, but as she justly feared, *effectually* usurped the natural rights of her own children,—all together absorbed her so completely, that she did not perceive how much she was herself drenched by the shower until she regained the post-chaise which waited for them about a mile off. Mr. Delville was likewise much, though differently, affected by what he had seen; the consciousness of his wife's many virtues, and his own proper estimation of them, had long ago induced him to condemn the conduct of her mother, as vindictive and merciless in the extreme. In fact, he thoroughly de-

spised her, and only repressed his indignation and opinions out of pity for his wife; but on perceiving what appeared to him new instances of her cruelty, in the fears of Lady Selby, and of her injustice in making Sir Charles her apparently *sole* heir, his mind was filled with vexation; and, fully occupied with repressing it, he perceived not the pale looks and shivering limbs of his suffering partner, until they arrived at home. Then, indeed, he was exceedingly alarmed, for he was a man of ardent feelings, and most tenderly attached to his wife. He procured the best medical assistance immediately, and learnt with almost frantic distress, that a fever was inevitable. For several days poor Mrs. Delville was considered in immediate danger; but at length she struggled through, and her happy husband and delighted children beheld her restored to their prayers. But there was still so much of languor and lingering disease in her constitution, that her less sanguine physician pronounced her

recovery to be still incomplete, and recommended extreme attention to her health, and particularly to her feelings, as the only means to ensure her perfect re-establishment.

Mr. Delville was one of those people who in the moment of alarm are ready to call on heaven and earth to help the object of their solicitude, and sacrifice life itself for their assistance; but when danger is removed, have no fear of its return, and take little pains to guard against it: they can do *great* things for a short time, but have not the quiet firmness of patient affection, which calls for a train of almost imperceptible kindnesses, effective in time to the highest purposes, but ever unobtrusive during their action. Ellen was naturally much of her father's disposition; but so wisely and happily had her mother's cares been bent to the improvement of her mind, that she now showed an attention to her, so judicious as well as affectionate, combining so much native energy with acquired circumspection, patience, and gentle-

ness, that she became the chief nurse and comfort of her mother during this trying period.

It had been generally supposed, that the severe illness of Mrs. Delville would have been productive of forgiveness and reconciliation with her mother; but as it was not, several creditors of Mr. Delville, who began to perceive at this time that he was losing money from his connexions abroad, began to be pressing with him for payment, and he became very much embarrassed. Unfortunately, whenever he was pressed for money, he repaired to his wife's chamber, either to ease his mind by complaining to her, or to consult with her on the mode of relieving the present exigency: thus she became acquainted with all his difficulties, at the very time when she was least able either to assist him by active services, or bear the pressure on her spirits, already weakened by the fever she endured. In a short time she became sensible that her weakness tended fast to

mortal decay; but such was her love to her husband, that she could not bear to add to his present troubles by revealing her belief in an event which would be so distressing to him, nor even deny him the little consolation his conversations with her from time to time were able to produce. Conscious that her days were numbered, she commended her soul earnestly to Him who gave it; yet, tenderly attached to her family, she neglected no possible means of conferring on them every good yet in her power to bestow; and the conversations she held with Ellen were all of a nature tending to strengthen her mind, enlighten her in religious truths, and confirm her in wise resolutions. She likewise wrote to her mother, as from a death-bed, humbly and earnestly entreating her countenance and support to her children when she should be no more; but to her bitter sorrow this letter was returned unopened. The messenger said, "that Lady Selby was then so weak as to be unable to leave her room,

where she was constantly attended by her mother, who said she insisted upon her servants bringing her no other message or letter upon any consideration."

This cruel renunciation seemed to transfer the office of forgiveness from the mother to the daughter; and most truly did the dying Elinor perform it, not only in her own person, but by teaching her children, as far as they were able, to love and respect their grandmother, one whose care of her during infancy, and the good qualities she had displayed during different periods of her life, she delighted to dwell upon; while she threw a veil over that part of her conduct which appeared unnatural severity in her own case. As, however, nearly all hope of future provision was at an end for her own children, at least till a near view of the grave might soften her mother's heart, and induce her to provide for them in her will; she took especial pains to fortify them for that change in their situation in life, to which the present derangement of

their father's affairs pointed but too faithfully. She reminded Ellen of the time in which she had expressed a wish to become a teacher, and earnestly inculcated the necessity there was in her to continue her application to study, and her self-instruction in those points to which she had heretofore called her attention. The poor little girl, now approaching her eighth year, heard, and registered her mother's words deeply in her heart. She dreaded a something to which she could not give a name, for the idea of parting with her mother was too terrible to be admitted. Every moment that she did not spend in the presence of her beloved parent was passed upon her knees; and so earnestly had she prayed for her recovery, that she could not help believing that her prayers must be answered. In her sorrows and her petitions Tom bore an ample share at times, but his more volatile spirits, and his occupations at school, exempted him from much of her suffering.

Early in autumn the poor children and their distracted father wept together over the grave of this excellent woman. We will not attempt to depict their sorrows; those only can estimate them who have drunk the same cup of affliction; but hard indeed must that heart be which does not sympathize with grief so affecting.

CHAPTER III.

Great care and medical skill had enabled poor Lady Selby to linger through the summer, but she had kept her room some weeks at the time of Mrs. Delville's death. Life hung on so slender a thread, a breath of air seemed ready to divide it; and the death of her sister, incautiously mentioned in her presence, dissolved the feeble hold she held on existence; and the very day on which Delville and his weeping babes consigned the

remains of one sister to the dust, the other died.

Long prepared for the latter event, Mrs. Seymour directed her whole care to consoling the poor boy, who thus lost his only parent. No preparation can reconcile youth to the belief of death; it must be witnessed to be known; and even then how does affection cling to the long-loved form, and fancy that a miracle will restore its animation! — Though he wept abundantly, yet it was not till the day of the funeral that Charles seemed to abandon himself to sorrow: and so terrible were then the agonies he experienced, that all the remonstrances of Mr. Allport, his tutor, and the entreaties of his grandmother, seemed for many hours ineffectual. Nor was the storm followed by a calm, save that of deep despondency. For some days he avoided all company, he loathed food, and was evidently ill. Mrs. Seymour was now most seriously distressed: she forgot alike both her daughters in her fears for him, and with trembling

anxiety besought him to take comfort, and to inform her what she could possibly do to relieve or amuse him.

"I do not want to be comforted," said the boy. "I would rather have somebody to cry with me, to feel as I do."

"My dear, we all feel as you do; I cry with you, but that does you no good."

"No, madam, you do not feel as I do: you *cannot*, for you have long expected this, and you are not a child; but — oh, grandmamma! there are some children in the world, dear, *dear* children, that feel just as I do; if we were together, we would cry to one another, and perhaps comfort one another."

"How came you to think of this, Sir Charles? who has dared to put this into your head?"

"My mother, madam, — my *mother* herself; she who has gone to heaven, and is perhaps at this moment embracing her sister there—she said—Oh!"—Sobs and tears pre-

vented farther utterance; but Mrs. Seymour now learnt, that although her eldest daughter had during her illness been silent to *her*, yet she had strenuously laboured to give Mrs. Delville and her family a strong interest in the heart of her son. Mrs. Seymour well knew, that from her very infancy Lady Selby had been timid and yielding, almost to a fault, but of a most amiable and generous disposition. As she became weakened by disease, she felt herself of course less equal to contending with her mother for the rights of her sister; and perceiving her resolution increase in proportion as she attached herself to the young baronet, she resigned all hopes of benefiting her sister but through the medium of her son, who, she knew, would have abundant means of doing it, and whose influence with his grandmother she wished to continue for the best possible purpose.

Sir Charles persisted so tenderly to entreat his grandmother on behalf of his cousins, and

seemed so much to need the consolation young society was best calculated to impart, that at length she was induced to promise him she would send for little Tom Delville; saying, that as to the girl, she was determined to have nothing to do with her, as the sight of her would put her continually in mind of her disobedient mother.

It may be perceived that Mrs. Seymour had encouraged a belief in herself, that the late Mrs. Delville had acted with much more disobedience than she really had. Instead of opposing the tendency to obstinacy which was inherent in her disposition, she had encouraged it, by perpetually repeating to herself, that "her daughter had offended her;" and without ever taking it into the account, how far that daughter was excusable in the first instance, how anxiously she had laboured to reconcile her in the second, or how far it was *her* duty to forgive even a positive and unmitigated offence, she justified her own conduct to herself so as to confound her own

sense of right and wrong, erase from her bosom all maternal affection and pity, and habituate herself to consider her daughter an alien, and her children strangers. Thus that sentiment which originated in prudence and maternal love, degenerated into wilful cruelty, and rendered a person once highly respectable, decidedly blameable, and eventually wicked; for a hardhearted and unnatural parent is surely sinful.

When Mrs. Seymour at last consented to the proposed measure, for the comfort and satisfaction of the only being she loved, it was concluded between her and Mr. Allport, who decidedly assisted the kind project of his pupil, that this gentleman should ride over, and request Mr. Delville to send his son for a short time on a visit to Sir Charles. Report had already informed Mrs. Seymour of the sad situation in which that gentleman's affairs now stood; that his creditors, conceiving all hopes of fortune from her to be now at an end, had surrounded him on all

sides; and that he had been condemned to shake off the deep sorrow he had felt for the loss of her daughter, and encounter the embarrassments into which his imprudent confidence and mismanagement had inveigled him. She therefore concluded (but very falsely) that he would embrace her proposal with eagerness, and even seek to palm his daughter upon her; and she gave Mr. Allport directions how to proceed in this case.

When the good tutor arrived at this house of mourning, he found Mr. Delville sitting in a little parlour, surrounded by books and papers, which he appeared to be at once unwilling and unable to investigate: his children were near him; their appearance was forlorn, and their inquiring looks seemed to say, "Who will show us any good?" Affected with their innocent sorrow at a season of life when gaiety is so natural, Mr. Allport looked kindly towards them, and opened his mission to their father with that air of respectful sympathy due to sorrow like his.

Mr. Delville heard him with an air of fretful impatience, while the children listened to him with astonishment. When he concluded, there was a pause of some minutes; at length Mr. Delville said abruptly, "Tom, my boy, would you like to go to your grandmother's, and be made a little footboy to Sir Charles Selby?"

"No!" said Tom, "I shouldn't like to be anybody's footboy; I should like very well to play with him, but not to be his *servant*, papa."

"You are right, my dear little fellow; nor will I force your inclinations; your grandmother has robbed me of an angel, but her malice shall not tear my children from me."

"Indeed, sir, you are under a mistake in this affair," said Mr. Allport mildly; "Sir Charles, my pupil, is a most amiable, excellent boy, and he wishes for your son, only to prove his affection: himself a bitter mourner for his mother, he conceives that in mutual sympathy with his cousin they will obtain

mutual relief; surely you will not stand in your son's light so far as to refuse his return to that home in which he has a natural claim? Trust me, sir, your son has more friends than one under the roof."

Mr. Delville was about to reply, when Ellen rushing forward, and falling on her knees, as she embraced those of her father, exclaimed, "Pray, pray, dear papa, let poor Tom go to his cousin; I am sure he will be kind to him. I am sure that mamma would like him to go; and this gentleman is a *good* man; he will teach him Latin, and everything — oh! let him go, papa!"

"Perhaps, Ellen, you would wish to leave me yourself?"

"No, no, papa; I don't want to leave you, nor does Tom *want* to go, but only it would be a good thing for him, you know."

Poor Tom, hanging on his father's hand, appeared one moment resolved not to leave him, the next to rely on Ellen's assertion, to whom, since his mother's death, he had been

accustomed to look for consolation and advice. He was just beginning to express his affection and willingness to obey his father, when the servant, rushing into the room, exclaimed, "Oh, sir, sir, there is an execution in the house!"

Mr. Delville, clapping his hand on his forehead, sank down on the nearest chair; the children, shocked, and wondering what it meant, as if by an involuntary motion, rushed into each other's arms, and wept aloud. Mr. Allport inquired in much agitation, if there was any possible way in which he could be of service, lamenting his limited power, but freely offering all the little he possessed.

"You can do nothing for me," said the distressed man, wringing the friendly hand held out to him; "my affairs are now at the crisis; my pride must submit to accept protection for my children: no! I cannot part with Ellen; she is the image of her mother. Tom — Tom — give me a kiss, my child, and go—go with this gentleman; you cannot be ill

used — no ! there does not exist a fiend that could use *you* ill, my sweet, *sweet* boy."

Again he sank, reduced by the severity of suffering to infantine weakness. Mr. Allport, almost tearing the poor clinging boy from his arms, bore him to the carriage; while Ellen, scarcely knowing which most to deplore, her father's sufferings or her own loss in her brother's society, locked the door, and, sitting down on the carpet, indulged the sorrow that overwhelmed her.

When Mr. Delville had somewhat recovered himself, he rose, and, taking her upon his knee, kissed her tenderly, and, with a tone of self-reproach, said, " I believe, Ellen, it was my duty to have parted with you instead of Tom : it is better for a boy to be thrown on the world than a girl ; and as, alas ! there is little prospect for you besides poverty and labour, it was more fitting that Tom should encounter it than you."

Poor Ellen was so completely sunk in her spirits, that she was hardly able to reply ;

but she remembered how frequently her mother, when in the weakest state, had exerted herself to talk to her father: she therefore wiped her tears, and forcing a smile, said, "Indeed, papa, it is much better that Tom should go, for many reasons."

"Pray name them, child; for I cannot see one."

"Why, in the first place, it was *he*, not *I*, that was sent for; and in the *next*, he is the best-tempered child that ever was born, you know; and if grandmamma should be cross with him, or the little baronet should be proud to him, Tom will only laugh it off; and I, — I am afraid I should cry, or else scold, or some way not be quite patient; besides, you know, papa, I am older, and I shall so much sooner be able to take care of myself."

"In what way, my love?"

"Oh! I shall be a teacher."

"That will be many years hence, Ellen."

"Not so *many*, papa, you know: though women are not so wise as men, and do not

gain so much real good knowledge in their education, yet they frequently learn much quicker; and when you put me to school, I shall be very diligent, and learn as quick as I can, in order that the governess may make me a teacher; and when she gives me money, I can send it to you, or else to poor Tom, you know. I hope I shall soon, very soon be a great girl, and do everything; for my Father who is in heaven will help *me*, when *I* help my father on earth, you know."

"Ah, Elinor! Elinor!" exclaimed the widowed Delville, "thou wert invaluable in this world, and thou art so *yet;* thou blessest me from heaven."

His affecting gratitude was interrupted by the officers of the law, who demanded admittance; and in a few minutes, this sole retreat was, like the rest of his house, stripped of its furniture. Ellen beheld with horror proofs of her mother's industry and ingenuity in the hands of a rude multitude, who answered her looks of wild surprise with

those of pity or curiosity. Her brain seemed bewildered, and she felt as if she were in a dream; she neither comprehended the right nor the necessity of thus taking her papa's furniture, and rendering his house a desert: but she was fully aware that he was now about to become very poor; and she endeavoured, as well as she could, to recall her scattered senses, and regain that self-possession she had been ever taught to exercise. She restrained her tears, and, taking hold of her father's hand, stood by him with the air of one that was giving, rather than begging support; conscious that he must suffer much more than she, and therefore ought not to be troubled with her sorrow, her heart throbbed violently, but she uttered neither word nor sigh, and her father, knowing the acuteness of her feelings, and how much she was inwardly struggling to repress them, for *her* sake roused himself to endure the dreadful scene with fortitude. Leading her out of the house, he committed her to the care of a

friend in the neighbourhood, and then returned with a firm step to meet the many difficulties which surrounded him, determined that though he must feel them like a man, yet he "would also bear them like a man," for his children well deserved every exertion he could make for their present relief and future welfare; he had yet one Ellen left to love him.

CHAPTER IV.

The complicated affairs of Mr. Delville were at last wound up; and it appeared that he would never be able to pay the whole of his debts, unless some remittances were received from abroad, of which at present there was little prospect: thus he was not only thrown on the world without any means of support, but with an accumulation of debt, which it would take many years of his life to pay, in any ordinary means of employing it.

Yet, as he had utterly abandoned his property to his creditors, and had not in any instance been guilty of intentional fraud—as he was a man whose moral character as a husband and a father stood high, and who was generally pitied for the loss of his excellent wife, all his creditors agreed to accept that which was forthcoming of his property, and wait patiently for what should farther arise ; considering it an equal folly and cruelty to imprison a man for the want of money, which he was by that very means rendered incapable of earning, however anxious to do it.

Bitter were the tears frequently shed over poor Ellen by her father, as he reflected on the forlorn situation to which they were both reduced; and notwithstanding his long-nourished indignation against Mrs. Seymour, he was yet sometimes on the point of entreating her pity and protection for his helpless girl, especially as he found it impossible to procure any employment from the commercial

men where he resided, and had not the means of travelling to any other place. His own clothes, and those of his late wife, were all the property he had, and for some weeks himself and Ellen were maintained in lodgings by the sale of them; being frequently invited by their acquaintance to visit them, but rarely going out; choosing rather to share the morsel still left them in liberty than expose themselves to observation and oppressive compassion.

There had been several times little letters and messages sent to them from Tom, which indicated his present residence being rendered very comfortable to him by the kindness of his cousin Charles and Mr. Allport; but they had not yet seen him; when one day he broke in upon their homely meal, and running up to his father, exclaimed, "Oh sir, oh dear father, there it is, and much good may it do you! 'Tis the *permission;* cousin Charles almost broke his heart till he got it; it took all Mr. Allport's money, and all the money

that the pony sold for, to buy it; and Charles is so glad."

As Tom spoke, he laid a paper on the table, which, after welcoming him, his father took up, saying, "I cannot conceive what you mean by a permission, my dear."

"Why, papa, a permission to fight for King George, to be sure, as you used to do. I know it's what I should like of all things, especially at sea."

With trembling eagerness Mr. Delville unfolded the paper, and found it was a lieutenant's commission. Most warmly and devoutly did he return thanks to God, and spoke of the kindness he had received as the greatest that could possibly be granted, since it not only effectually served him, but in the way decidedly to his inclinations, which had led him, as well as early habits, to a preference of the profession. Joy once more sparkled in the eyes of the children, and Tom's improved looks became the subject of Ellen's congratulations, and thereby led him

to observe her pale ones: he next adverted to their melancholy lodgings and shabby appearance, and, in despite of his pleasure in the good news that he had brought, his eyes filled with tears. He inquired after the old servants; and on finding they were all gone, his heart seemed to sink within him, especially as he recollected that his grandmother had repeatedly declared she would have nothing to do with Ellen; and he was aware that, now Sir Charles had recovered his health, and in a great measure his spirits, she would not be prevailed on to retract her resolution.

Poor Tom's visit was necessarily short, as he had merely been permitted to accompany a servant who was sent on an errand to the town. The commission had been procured through the medium, and principally by the money, of Mr. Allport; and it was earnestly desired that the *manner* in which he acquired it might be kept a profound secret by Mr. Delville. With many thanks and embraces, smiles mingled with tears, and hope chastened

by sorrow, the little family again parted; and the moment after Tom set out, Mr. Delville, as if inspired by a new species of existence, began the necessary preparations for joining his regiment, which was at a considerable distance. Ellen was his first care, and having heard of a cheap school in the neighbourhood of a sea-bathing place, which was very little out of his road, and not far from his destination, he hastily resolved to take her thither, and comforted her by saying he would often come over and see her.

To go to school, and to improve herself, was doubtless the first wish of Ellen's heart; she had likewise a large portion of that curiosity so natural to youth, and which impelled her to desire to travel; but she could not, without a severe pang, tear herself from the place which contained the remains of her beloved,—her almost idolized mother; and often did she look, with many a bitter sigh, towards the tower of that distant church, near which that mother slept in peace; for

her heart felt as if it too were buried there. She perhaps felt her present distress the more acutely, because she suffered it for the first time *alone:* her father's whole mind appeared occupied by the novelty of his situation; and in recurring to scenes long past, and occupations desired, although forgotten, he appeared to lose the memory of his recent sufferings.

On the morning of the following day, Ellen was introduced to that lady whom she had resolved to honour as a governess, and love as a parent. Miss Collinson received her father with a kind of half-politeness, which seemed to indicate her entire independence, and a sense that she *accepted*, rather than *desired*, the pupil he brought her. This appeared natural to Ellen, because her ideas of the obligation this lady would confer upon her were such as seemed to entitle her to exact profound respect from her pupils. It did not appear in precisely the same point of view to her father, and his

heart ached for Ellen: but he recollected that he knew of no alternative; time pressed, and he should not probably meet with any situation which, taken altogether, was equally eligible; he therefore tenderly bade her farewell, and departed.

Ellen soon found herself in a large room, surrounded by nearly forty girls, most of whom were several years older than herself; not one of whom, however, made any overtures towards acquaintance. When she had wiped her eyes, and endeavoured to look towards them with that confidence which seems to expect the kindness it is willing to bestow, she felt surprised, and somewhat hurt; but recollecting that a proneness to take offence had been one of the errors against which her mother had guarded her, she determined to wait the manifestation of goodwill with patience, and accept it with gratitude.

After a time, two great girls entered the school-room, having, it appeared, been playing duets together in another room. One of

them asked her companions if they had seen the new girl, not observing Ellen: the moment she was pointed out to her, she looked at her with a penetrating stare, and a glance of contempt at her dress, saying, "I thought she had been an officer's daughter; she looks like a sergeant's, I think."

Poor Ellen blushed deeply — less for her own rusty mourning, than the rudeness of this speech; but she was relieved by the kindness of the other young lady, who, taking her hand, began to speak of her journey; and by the attention she showed, a large part of the school was led to pay her some degree of respect.

Ellen soon found, that in the absence of the governess and teachers, these two girls, who were older and born of richer parents than the rest, were in fact the leaders of all the others; they seldom agreed with each other, and their quarrels made parties, which induced eternal disputes, to the great loss of time during hours of study, and to the em-

bittering of that time which was devoted to recreation.

Ever fond of learning, and possessing a fine taste, Ellen flattered herself that she should make a great progress in all that she undertook: but she found, to her extreme mortification, that every idle girl, in this large circle, was made her enemy, from the hour her acquirements and her resolution were known to them; and the words, "That's the clever miss," "Here comes the walking dictionary," and "La! what a genius!" were continually meeting her ear: and even when they were spoken before the teachers, they neither met with reproof nor discountenance. There were four of these; and out of them two were so grossly ignorant of the first principles of grammar, that Ellen might have instructed them; and the other two held themselves so high, as to be utterly unapproachable to girls of her age. The governess was rarely in the school-room; when she entered, it was for the purpose of inspect-

ing their dress or their persons; and she devoted the greatest part of her attention to those who were remarkably handsome or well-formed, in order that they might look well when they walked first, or went in procession to church.

Owing to the distressed circumstances of her father, Ellen had been provided with poor mourning; she was, therefore, always overlooked by Miss Collinson on these occasions; though she was a pretty girl, tall and slender, and possessing the air of a gentlewoman in no common degree. She was undoubtedly much hurt by the neglect she experienced; she frequently reflected how often she had been angry at little slights in those who loved her, and how much she was obliged to bear with here from those who did *not* love her; she therefore wisely resolved to conquer all remains of a temper so injurious to others, and unworthy of herself; and so fully did she succeed, that even among the most careless observers, she was esteemed a thoroughly

good-tempered girl, notwithstanding "she was a genius, and all that."

It so happened, that she was one day searching her trunk to the bottom, when one of the teachers was in the room; in consequence, she informed Miss Collinson, that the "poor girl in black," as she denominated Ellen, had a number of handsome white frocks, with beautiful lace tuckers, in her box. On hearing this, Miss Collinson immediately informed Ellen, that she must either leave off her mourning, or have some new black frocks bought; adding, "you may do which you please."

To abandon her mourning appeared cruel and shocking to Ellen's ideas, but to involve her father in an unnecessary expense was still worse; she recollected that the *one* was only the *appearance* of slighting her mother, from which her conscience fully acquitted her, whereas the *other* might be a serious injury to her father; she therefore dressed herself in white, and from that time found herself

much more an object of consideration, and would, doubtless, have been in great danger of being rendered vain of her person, from the praises now bestowed, if her poverty had not befriended her; as it happened to be discovered that the little pocket-money she had brought was expended; and therefore, though her governess now honoured her with a smile, the teachers regarded her with contempt, and her companions treated her with derision.

By the masters alone Ellen was duly appreciated: the gratitude she displayed for their instructions, her aptitude at learning, and the close application she had used in studying her lessons previous to practising them, at once saved their time, and gratified them as amateurs of the arts they professed; and as they spoke of her progress from time to time to Miss Collinson, she was at length induced to attend to her, and perceiving the extent of her acquirements, she began to look upon her in a very different point of view, and in a short time the dejected little girl

held up her head; the forsaken Ellen became the show-girl, and of course the hated and courted favourite of the community.

Ellen had now been something more than a year at the school; and in that period had seen her father twice, and heard repeatedly from her brother, who enjoyed the blessings of education under the care of Mr. Allport, and partook all its comforts with his cousin, the baronet. Ellen was well aware that *his* lot in life was far happier than *hers;* but this circumstance never excited any other emotion in her mind but that of thankfulness to God, that one so dear to her was so well provided for. In the beginning of the second year she received a hasty letter from her father, informing her that he was ordered abroad, and inclosing a remittance for her governess, which barely answered the demands of her bill; leaving nothing for Ellen, nor informing her in what manner he should discharge the necessary demands for the future.

From this time a degree of gloom was

perceptible in the attentions of the governess towards Ellen, which increased greatly when, on the lapse of six months, no letter arrived from Mr. Delville; but deepened into a terrible darkness, when another half-year passed likewise in silence on the one part, and conjecture, hopeless conjecture, on the other. The wretchedness of poor Ellen was indescribable; she dearly loved her father, and felt assured that if he were alive he would not have failed writing to her; and knowing he was engaged in actual service soon after he left England, she concluded he must have been killed: agonizing sighs and scalding tears burst from her eyes when her imagination depicted him as wounded and dying, without a friend to soothe him, a child to comfort him, or perhaps one kind hand to wrap the wounds which tortured him. Sometimes her feelings were so acute, that, forgetting whatever she was doing, or by whom she was surrounded, she would exclaim, "O, my father, my poor father!" and weep bit-

terly. This circumstance induced Miss Collinson to conclude that she had by some means really ascertained that her father had perished, although no public notice had taken place to authorize the belief; but when she questioned Ellen as to this fact, it only doubled her agonies, though she denied all knowledge of it. Miss Collinson therefore concluded that she knew it; and the pity she might have felt for her misfortune, was lost in the anger she supposed due to her duplicity. Had she possessed discrimination and judgment, she might have seen, that to an imagination so vivid and sensibility so acute as Ellen's, the bare suggestion of an evil so great as the loss of her only parent was sufficient to awaken the most poignant anguish; and instead of concluding, as she rashly did, because she was a child of deep reflection and extraordinary powers, that therefore she was capable of reasoning upon her own singular situation, and dissembling the truth in order to ensure herself a home, she would have

known that the strongest understandings are generally united to the most artless openness of conduct, and that cunning is the refuge and characteristic of weakness and defective cultivation.

When the third vacation had passed, the anger of the governess knew no bounds, and the name of Delville never passed her lips without some opprobrious epithets. Ellen was reminded every day that she ate the bread of charity, in order that it might not be that of idleness. Miss Collinson now forbade her to take any farther lessons of the masters, and kept her so constantly employed at her needle, that she had no time to practise either music or drawing, or to read her French: these privations she felt peculiarly afflictive, because she considered learning as the future medium of her livelihood; and as she was conscious of being far more advanced than many girls of twice her age, she was aware that even now she might be of great use to the younger girls; and after revolving this

long in her mind, she at length presumed to mention it to one of the teachers. A loud laugh of derision was all her answer, except, "Upon my honour you are very obliging, Miss; I will certainly report your wishes to Miss Collinson, who herself will be glad to learn from Ellen the Teacher."

From this time Ellen obtained that as a term of reproach, which she would gladly have embraced as one of utility; and every proud miss, or little pet, pointed with scorn at "Ellen the Teacher." At length the term reached the ears of her governess, who, on hearing the cause, ordered her instantly into the kitchen: observing, that "if she wanted variety in her employments, she might pick parsley and wash potatoes."

Ellen had been of late so great a slave to her needle, that her health had sunk under the monotony of an employment which gave her too much time for reflection on her forlorn and hopeless situation; and although the degradation intended in the present instance

cut her to the heart, yet it was not eventually bad for her. Ever active, and desirous of perfecting whatever was committed to her charge, she became really of so much use to the cook, that she experienced from her that kindness which is the solace of life to the unhappy, however humble the hand that administers it. But, alas! this situation, bad as it was, did not long retain the little good that rendered it endurable: the old cook was discharged, and a new one introduced, who founded her own pretensions to approbation on the power of making all within her vortex wretched; and none equally so with the little girl who waited upon her, and whom she made so very a drudge, that Miss Collinson herself took her out of the kitchen, observing, that her hands would soon be rendered unfit to hem a bit of muslin.

In fact, the coarseness of her late occupations had rendered her fingers clumsy, and she had the misfortune to run a thorn

into the finger on which she was now obliged to wear a thimble, in order to make some sheets for the use of the servants. It was very hard to sew, under the best circumstances, for a child of eleven years old, but in Ellen's case every stitch was a separate torture. On noticing how little she had done, the governess was very angry, and ordered the cook to send her meals into her room, in order that no time might be lost, as she was determined to have all the sheets finished in a fortnight. Ellen held up her swelled finger as a proof of her inability; but it was only regarded with a look of disgust, and an assurance "that her fingers were all alike, as clumsy and ugly as possible."

The new cook took care that poor Ellen's allowance of victuals should be as scanty as possible; she had heard enough of the history of this unfortunate child to induce her to think that she was a burden on her mistress; and she believed that it would establish her own character for prudence and economy, if

she curtailed the few comforts remaining to the forlorn and helpless orphan.

Many, many times, as she pursued her task, did Ellen endeavour to lift up her heart in prayer to Him that seeth in secret; but the remembrance of her mother, now mouldering in the grave; of her father, who she feared had perished on a foreign shore; of her dear brother, far distant, a stranger to her sorrows; and all the comforts once enjoyed in her elegant and cheerful home, rushed on her heart, and seemed to check her very prayer. At these moments she felt ready to fear that Heaven itself had forsaken her, but she did not abandon herself to despair; she recollected that her blessed mother had told her an excessive sensibility was the fault of her nature, and that it was her peculiar duty to struggle against it; and although fully aware that the evils under which she now suffered could not be called ideal, since they united pain and hunger to labour and grief, she yet felt assured that she was called to exert forti-

tude and patience in the same manner in which thousands of her fellow-creatures are.

When the Sabbath came, it was indeed a day of rest to Ellen, though it continued one of confinement; for she was not allowed to leave her chamber until the ladies were gone to walk in the evening, when she was permitted to take a turn in the garden. Creeping out like a guilty creature, she sought the solitary spot where she could sigh unheard and unreproved; she sat down on a seat under a high wall, and casting her eyes upwards, she fervently prayed that the merciful Creator would call her to that state of felicity he had bestowed upon her mother. Her hands were uplifted, her eyes fixed, her heart absorbed, when a voice sweet and clear, greatly resembling that of her departed parent, distinctly called "Ellen!"

She started from her seat, and falling on her knees, covered her face with her hands, listening as if every faculty of her soul were concentred in her hearing.

"Ellen—sister Ellen!" said the voice.

Ellen started on her feet—"Speak, dear Tom, where are you?—oh, speak again!"

In a moment a packet was thrown over the wall, and fell near her feet; the voice cried, "Good night,—I will come again," and he seemed to run hastily away. Ellen caught the precious packet, and stuffed it in her bosom; she escaped unheeded to her chamber: but alas! on arriving there the light had so far declined, that she found it impossible to decipher the letter it contained, and which, she doubted not, would convey some intelligence respecting her father: her anxiety was inexpressible; she durst not ask for a candle, lest the letter should be taken from her; and she felt that even if her worst fears were verified, she should have a melancholy satisfaction in shedding in secret the tears due to her father's memory.

All night Ellen pressed a sleepless pillow; and as two of the maids slept in the same garret to which she was now consigned, the

sun had arisen some hours before she had an opportunity of reading her letter: when at length she had the satisfaction of doing so, she found that her brother, like herself, was ignorant of the fate of their father; but that he could not learn from any circumstance that he was really dead, or parted from his regiment, although he had been much engaged, and reported as wounded by the Gazette. Tom said, "that he had been forbidden by his grandmother to write either to her or his papa; but that as both Charles and he thought it right, he had ventured to do so, as they were all come to the neighbouring watering-place to stay some time." He concluded by begging her acceptance of a pretty huswife, which poor Ellen would at this moment have gladly exchanged for a slice of bread, but which she beheld with pleasure, not only as his gift, but a very strong proof that he was entirely free from that poverty under which she so cruelly laboured, being an expensive and elegant thing.

To know that any human being, however divided, however situated, does indeed partake our joys and participate our sorrows, is never-failing as an increaser of the first, and a consoler in the second. Ellen now felt, that though afflicted, she was not wholly destitute; if father and mother were gone, yet one kind, tender heart remained, that beat in unison with her own; she had a brother yet, and, though powerless to help, he yet fondly loved her; prosperity on his side, and adversity on hers, had not shaken his affection; and as she mused on his character and her own, and considered the difference in their ages and their attainments, she concluded that it was much better that the sorrowful portion in their little history had fallen to her share rather than her brother's. "Yes," said she, fervently clasping her hands, and pressing the loved letter to her lips, "yes! it is much better that I should bear the burden than poor Tom, my dear mother's darling, my father's pride; O God! Thy will be done."

Thus did the mind, matured by early sorrow, and strengthened by the exercise of its powers, render the medicine of sorrow the food of virtue and piety.

CHAPTER V.

Ellen endeavoured to pursue her task with renovated spirits; but the pain she suffered from her finger was now so great, that it proceeded more slowly than before: in despite of the relief she had experienced, her sufferings from time to time overcame her resolution, and she was many times on the point of rushing from her solitary prison into the presence of her governess, and on her knees imploring her pity, and a cessation from work: but the remembrance of the cruel taunts she had already received, the certainty that her dependant, or rather mendicant, situation would be again repeated to her, and

her father's name used with every opprobrious epithet, withheld her, and with new resolution she plied the cruel labour. But all her efforts this day produced so small a portion of work, that when one of the teachers looked in upon her at night to take cognizance of it, she declared, "that she would report her idleness to Miss Collinson, who would doubtless order her to be punished for it."

"I have done my very *very* best," said Ellen.

"Have you, Miss? then I shall do my very *very* best, in ordering you neither supper nor breakfast till you have done *better* than best."

With these words the young lady left the room, which was soon afterwards entered by the housemaid, who was a good-natured girl, and whose looks of pity led poor Ellen to think she could make a friend of her; but she hesitated whether to beg of her to procure her a piece of bread, of which she felt in great need, and a poultice to her finger,

which she concluded would cure it. So rigidly had her mother instilled right principles in her mind, that although she knew herself to be treated with cruelty, she yet thought she had no right to any property of Miss Collinson's not given by herself, and was aware that to persuade a servant to an act of disobedience would be unjustifiable. When, however, she saw Betty take out her bonnet, and prepare for going into the neighbouring village, she thought it could not be wrong if she prevailed upon her to purchase her something, as this was continually done by the boarders, and she therefore produced her pocket-book, entreating her to dispose of it, and purchase her some salve for her finger; adding, with a tremulous voice, "and, if you can, Betty, I should be glad of a roll or two."

"Most like you would, God help you!" said Betty, looking at her shrunken form and pallid face with deep commiseration; "but, lack-a-day! 'tis a pity to part with this

pretty thing; I dare say 'tis a keepsake from somebody."

"'Tis from my brother; but I am sure, if he knew what I suffer, he would readily forgive me for parting with it, especially as I cannot work while my finger is in such a state."

Betty had no time to reason: she hastily departed, and Ellen remained alone, endeavouring to endure the present with patience, and prepare for that which might await her. On finding, however, that she became more and more hungry, she thought it advisable to go to bed, hoping, though with little prospect, that she should lose both her hunger and pain in sleep.

Just as she was stepping into bed, the same teacher who had so incautiously punished her came up, and told her instantly to come down into Miss Collinson's parlour. The moment she had given her orders and departed, a second stepped in, desiring her to make haste. On perceiving the difficulty

she had to get on her clothes, partly from weakness and trepidation, and partly from the pain in her hand, she stopped to help her, and with great compassion lamented over her finger, which was become, at this time, from neglect, and the use she had been compelled to make of it, a very serious wound.

The voice of compassion was so new and so welcome to poor Ellen, that she burst into a flood of tears; and eagerly seizing the hand held out to help her, covered it with kisses. At this moment she was on the point of revealing her little secret, for she felt it lie a burden on her heart, which was naturally open as the day. Just as she began to speak, she recollected that Tom had as much a share in it as herself: and that in revealing his clandestine visit, he might be led into disgrace with his grandmother — poor Betty too might suffer — it was now become her duty to be silent for *their* sakes, and she therefore checked herself.

In the midst of these thoughts, which rose

tumultuously in her mind, she was hurried into the presence of Miss Collinson; and the softened tone of feeling she had recently experienced, was exchanged for indefinable dread and confusion, on hearing herself addressed in a voice of fury with these words:—

"Pray, Madam, when and where did you see Sir Charles Selby?"

"Sir Charles Selby, Ma'am?"

"No hesitation, Madam; none of your tricks; your cleverness, your genius, Miss, will not avail you; answer me this instant, where did you see him?—if you dare to tell me a falsehood, I will punish you severely."

"I never do tell falsehoods, Ma'am," said the trembling girl, with somewhat more firmness.

"Then where did you see him?"

"I never saw Sir Charles Selby in my life."

"You never did, hey!"

"No, indeed, Ma'am, I *never* did."

"Perhaps you never saw this pocket-book?"

"O yes, Ma'am, it *is*—I, I mean it *was* mine; I gave—"

"Oh, you hesitate, do you, Miss? you hesitate whether to go on with the string of falsehoods you were beginning to utter—oh, you wicked little thief, you abominable liar! what punishment is there bad enough for you?"

With these words Miss Collinson sprang from her seat, and laying her hand on the thick clustering ringlets that hung on Ellen's forehead, she dragged her by the hair into a closet at the far end of a long passage, repeatedly striking her with the utmost violence, and declaring that the next morning she would send her to the workhouse, for she was determined to harbour no longer a vile vagabond, whose father was, doubtless, a common swindler, who had imposed on her good temper;—pushing her, head foremost, into this dismal recess, she locked the door, telling her, "that she might stay there all night, if nothing bad came to take her away;

but she should not wonder at anything which might happen to such a wicked wretch." With these words she stalked off, leaving Ellen writhing in such agonies of pain from various sufferings, that it was some time before she could collect her thoughts. When, however, her pangs subsided, her fears returned, and she felt assured that Miss Collinson would be her death. She remembered that, now her father was gone, no one cared whether she lived or not, except poor Tom, who was himself supported by charity, and was unable to interfere in her behalf; and she wished most ardently it was in her power to beg of him not to grieve for her, as death would deliver her from many sufferings.—The thoughts of her beloved brother again softened the severity of her feelings, and she once more wept. After shedding tears freely, her spirits became more calm, and she began to see, that instead of exercising patience and faith in God's mercy, she was giving way to sinful despair. Kneel-

ing on the cold floor, she once more held up her poor bruised hands to Him who seeth in secret, and, in the stillness of midnight, poured forth an artless prayer; concluding with an apostrophe to her departed mother, beseeching her, that, "if it were possible, she would prove her innocence, and protect her from violence." The extreme exhaustion she now felt was so great, that she was obliged to lie down on the hard floor; on which such a chilliness came over her, that she really believed herself dying, and thought that her Almighty Father thus answered her prayer, and restored her to her mother: in this awful moment she endeavoured to recommend herself again to Heaven; but her mind became confused, her words inarticulate, and all sense, recollection, and motion forsook her.

At length Ellen was sensible of sounds, and light swam before her eyes; something pleasant and refreshing was presented to her lips, which she swallowed with avidity; it felt warm to her stomach, and, by degrees,

re-animated her limbs; she shook herself, and was sensible of much pain; the occurrences of the night returned to her memory, and, looking round, she perceived she was laid upon Miss Collinson's own bed, and that lady and the kind teacher were both looking at her with great anxiety: it was now broad daylight.

By degrees Ellen recollected that she had been told that in the morning she should be sent as a vagabond to the workhouse; and although she had heard it with that carelessness as to the future, which was natural to one whose circumstances are at the worst, yet it now struck her as an object of terror, and, anxious to take advantage of the pity evinced for her at the present moment, she addressed a few words, indicative of her desire that they "would not treat her as a vagabond;" a term to which her active imagination affixed every possible idea of wretchedness and infamy. Miss Collinson heard her speak with great satisfaction, and in a soften-

ed tone of voice said, "If you will confess, Ellen, I will see what I can do for you."

"I have nothing to confess," said Ellen: "I did no wrong; the parcel was thrown over the wall for me, and I took it, as I was told to do by my brother."

"Your brother!—Ah, Ellen, this won't do: your brother may be the thief, to be sure!"

"He is not a thief!" cried Ellen, with indignation, that neither her sufferings nor fears could suppress; "no, he is a good, honest boy as ever was born; ask grandmamma—ask cousin Charles if he is not."

"What cousin Charles?" said the teacher, warmly.

"Sir Charles Selby, with whom he lives, and who gave papa his commission, and is so kind to Tom."

"Did you not tell me last night that you did not know Sir Charles Selby?"

"No, indeed, Ma'am; I told you I had not seen him, which is the truth, for I never did *see him;* but I think he was with Tom

on Sunday night. I never *saw* him, but he is my *own* cousin, and my only cousin; and I assure you I love him dearly, and am very grateful to him, for all that."

"You have been a very foolish girl not to mention this at first; it would have saved you from a great deal of anger," said the teacher.

"How could I?" said Ellen, reproachfully; "you know there was no time for *me* to speak; nobody would hear *me;* and, besides, I was frightened; you *know* I was."

Miss Collinson sighed from her very heart.

"But, Ellen," resumed the teacher, "you know perfectly well that every letter and parcel which comes into this house is examined either by your governess or one of *us;* therefore you ought to have had yours examined; it has frequently occurred to you before, therefore it ought to have been done now."

"I wish very much it had been as it *used to be;* but *then,* you know, Miss Masters, I was a young lady. I durst not come

out of my garret to ask you to look at it; besides, I was afraid of injuring poor Tom, who was in distress as well as myself, you will perceive, if you read this letter."

As Ellen spoke, she drew her brother's letter from her bosom, and presented it to her governess. It was impossible to read the affectionate epistle of the artless boy, without feeling in what a painful situation these innocent orphans were placed; and Miss Collinson, already deeply repenting the unwarrantable passion she had indulged, especially as she was aware her own interest was concerned in it, gave much praise to Tom's letter, and spoke of him with so much admiration, that Ellen, in hearing her, experienced a pleasure that almost obliterated her sufferings — her eyes glistened with delight, and, by a natural motion, she endeavoured to rise up: but her effort was succeeded by a shriek so violent as to alarm her hearers, who were certain that nothing less than the most terrible suffering could have produced

it. As soon as she was able to speak, she informed them that she was sensible of the most violent pains in every part of her body; and they had no doubt, from her description, but that she was seized with a rheumatic fever, from having lain so many hours in a state of insensibility on the stone floor of the closet, where Miss Masters had found her, apparently dead.

Miss Collinson was now in that state to which passionate people so frequently reduce themselves, she knew not which way to turn; shame and distress encountered her on every side. It appeared next to impossible that Ellen should recover without medical assistance; and if she died, she was well aware that a reproach would ever rest on her character, since Betty, from whom the pocket-book had been wrested with difficulty, would speak freely of what was past; and, on the other hand, should she procure medical help of the best kind, and even wait on the patient herself, still it would be impossible to

obliterate the impression the torn locks, black eyes, and bruised arms of Ellen must make upon any respectable gentleman of the faculty.

After various consultations which the fallen chief was now obliged to hold with her assistants, it was at length agreed that Ellen should explain her bruises as proceeding from a fall: and Miss Masters was deputed to require this from her, as the condition on which assistance was to be granted.

"How strange," thought Ellen, "that she who but a few hours ago expressed such indignation and horror at falsehood, and on a bare surmise punished it so severely, should have reduced herself not only to practise it, but to cultivate its practice in one committed to her care. Ah, my dear mamma, how much I am indebted to you for the pains you used to take to keep away this frightful vice from my bosom!" Then turning to Miss Masters, she said, "I cannot, my dear Miss Masters, tell any stories about this

affair; but I can hold my tongue. *You* know, and everybody knows, I have sufficient self-command for that."

Miss Masters shook her head, and, after a pause, observed, "the school would be *ruined;* but, to be sure, it was only what the governess deserved."

"I should be very sorry for that," said Ellen; "for though I have been as wretched for a long time as any one could be, yet I ought to remember, that Miss Collinson did not turn me out to starve; and though she beat me cruelly last night, yet she did it under a belief (I suppose) that I had stolen the little pocket-book, though a moment's thought would have told her I had been too close a prisoner for that: but, after all, we must forget and forgive; so, if you will nurse me, dear Miss Masters, I will try to get well without any doctor, and I will guard myself from screaming; and though I may suffer for a longer time, yet I doubt not but I shall do very well at last."

Affected with this true generosity and Christian forgiveness, Miss Masters did not suffer any kindness in her power to be withheld from the patient Ellen, whose fortitude and docility brought her better through the illness that had seized her than could be expected; and during her confinement, the bruises she had received were likewise healed; but her finger could only be now cured by a surgeon, and it was all that her kind nurse could do to save it from mortification. Miss Collinson, several times in the course of her confinement, proposed to send for her brother, as a comfort to her; but Ellen always declined it; for knowing Tom to be ardent in his affections, and careless of consequences, she felt assured that he would visit her at the hazard of disobliging his grandmother: and besides, she was well aware, that the sight of her in her present state would wring his tender, honest heart with the bitterest sorrow, and she would purchase her own gratification at the price of his sufferings.

When, at length, poor Ellen was able to crawl down stairs, she began to gain strength from taking short walks in the garden, and became extremely anxious to enter on some employment; and Miss Masters, who had necessarily neglected her own department, was very willing to permit her assistance. From being neglected and scorned, she now stepped, by a kind of tacit consent, into the honours due to an invalid, to which her pallid looks and meagre figure fully entitled her. She had been always remarkably fond of geography, and was so thoroughly versed in it, that she was found a very competent teacher; and being unable either to practise music, drawing, or sewing, she devoted her time wholly to it, and in a very short time added a knowledge of the globes, seldom acquired at her age, to that she already possessed. One day, as she was intently solving a problem, two gentlemen, who had called to see a pupil, entered the school-room, (it happened during the play-

hours,) and they were much struck with the appearance of Ellen, whose pale looks, as she bent over the spheres, gave her the appearance of one wasted by long study and philosophic investigation. Ellen, absorbed in her pursuit, and accustomed to the general noise of a large party, did not perceive them, and went on till she had perfected that which she desired; when a blush, arising from the pleasure of victory, animated her pale but intelligent countenance, and her eyes, sparkling with delight, were lifted up, and met those of the two gentlemen.

This was a happy circumstance for the poor girl, as they immediately began to converse with her on the subject of her studies; and on their expressing surprise at her proficiency, she, with great modesty, ascribed it to the sad state of her finger, which prevented her from attending to any other occupation.

It so happened that one of the gentlemen was a surgeon, and he immediately requested

to see her finger; the state of which shocked him exceedingly, as he was convinced she had been many weeks in extreme suffering, and which, in his opinion, indicated carelessness in those to whom she was intrusted. A very little inquiry served to convince him in how very humble a view she had long been regarded by her associates, and his heart was truly moved with compassion for her forlorn situation, which he determined to relieve as far as he was able; and he began the good work by dressing her finger properly. This operation was necessarily exceedingly painful; but poor Ellen bore it not only with patience, but gratitude; she regarded it as the medium of independence — the key by which she should be enabled yet to overcome the difficulties by which she was surrounded, and attain the object of her moderate but anxious wishes.

The good surgeon called upon her every day, until the finger was so nearly cured, that she might safely manage it herself;

and during this period she continued to teach geography, assist in teaching grammar, and looking over the accomptants, to which she added a general inspection of the young ladies' clothes; training the little ones in their reading and dancing, and in such various ways contributing to their improvement and pleasure, that it appeared surprising how her efforts could have been the object of scorn but a few months before. Her grandmother had left the neighbouring watering-place, during Ellen's illness, without permitting poor Tom to visit her openly; and the affectionate boy had again vainly visited the play-ground for that purpose, and would have quitted the place in great affliction if he had not fortunately met with poor Betty, who informed him that his sister could not write to him on account of her finger, but would do it when she could with safety to them both.

As soon as Miss Collinson learnt that Mrs. Seymour was returned to her own dis-

tant mansion, and was, therefore, not likely to see her grand-daughter in her sick and disfigured state, she wrote to her, lamenting, in a pathetic manner, the terrible expenses she had incurred for Miss Delville, the entire cessation of all remittances from her father, and concluded with entreating her to pay the bills inclosed: a second letter was written, reiterating the request, and pleading with great truth the hardships of her own case, and the nearness of the relation for whom she made the request. To the second letter she received an answer, written by Mrs. Seymour's butler, informing her that his mistress would not attend to any applications made in behalf of the child in question, whose father, though now a prisoner in France, had, she believed, the means of payment, which could be ascertained by an application at the War-Office.

To the War-Office Miss Collinson applied, and there learnt that money would be immediately advanced to Mr. Delville's order,

but not without; and there was reason to believe he had been dead some months, as his health was known to be bad at the time he was taken prisoner.

From these vexatious and irritating accounts, the temper of Miss Collinson, though not urged to its former fury, was kept in a state of such acerbity, that all the pains Ellen took to render herself useful, various and advantageous as they now were admitted to be, yet served not to allay the storm continually brooding in her breast. When the following vacation arrived, and Ellen's services were no longer required, her anger was more loudly expressed, and bitter were the taunts and revilings she daily endured. Again her spirits sunk; and health, which had so lately revisited her wasted form, was again forsaking her, when a circumstance occurred, which, though it increased her sorrow almost to distraction, yet delivered her from the corroding pangs of suspense, and brought her wretchedness to a crisis.

Before we enter on this circumstance, it may not be amiss to say, that the name of Sir Charles Selby was written in the little pocket-book given by Tom to Ellen, and which being seen in Betty's hand, and forced from her by her mistress, led to the punishment of Ellen in the manner already related.

CHAPTER VI.

Although Miss Collinson had been forbidden to renew her application to Mrs. Seymour, and was satisfied that that lady would never take any farther notice of her pupil, the forsaken Ellen, she yet thought proper to address one more letter to her, stating that she had gained no redress at the War-Office, and repeating with much bitterness the awkwardness of her situation, in being obliged to maintain a child with whom she had no connexion, and who, she added,

"from the badness of her temper and disposition, had been a source of perpetual trouble to her since the unfortunate hour in which she entered her dwelling, which she was determined she should henceforth exchange for the poor-house, which was her proper home." To this letter Mrs. Seymour herself replied, by inclosing a draft on her banker to the amount of the bill sent her three months before; saying, at the same time, it was the last she should ever pay for Mr. Delville's daughter, whose character, she was sorry to learn, was such as to preclude all farther intercourse between them.

Miss Collinson exultingly showed the draft and the letter to Ellen at the same time: scarcely had her eye glanced gratefully on the former, when, with speechless horror, she perused the letter. Such was the extreme perturbation she felt, so new and terrible was the sensation that overpowered her, that she fancied she had never known sorrow till now: her head swam, a faintness came over her, and

she ran into the garden for air; but scarcely had she arrived there, when a servant told her that a gentleman who had the appearance of an officer desired to see her immediately.

In extreme agitation, she flew as fast as her trepidation would permit to the parlour-door; but hardly had she opened it, when she found herself closely embraced by her brother, who was grown almost out of knowledge, and to her utter surprise, and even alarm, was dressed in the uniform of a midshipman, and accompanied by a naval officer.

As soon as Ellen was able to speak, she inquired with extreme solicitude "where he was going? and who had sent him to sea?"

"My grandmother, to be sure," said Tom; "and I am heartily glad of it. I shall meet my poor papa somewhere, I don't doubt, and I shall get prize-money to bring to you, Ellen; for I know you are a good girl, in spite of what anybody says."

Tom shook the tears out of his eyes as he

spoke, and looking earnestly in the troubled countenance of Ellen, he said, "You are grown very tall, but you look ill, and some way as if you had been unhappy: indeed, how could you be otherwise, with that cruel toad who gave you such a bad word—Oh that I were a man, dear Ellen, for your sake!"

Poor Tom now, unable to restrain himself, wept freely, and Ellen looked to his conductor for an explanation of his words.

The lieutenant told her, though in a roundabout and almost unintelligible manner, that her "governess having given her a bad character to her grandmother, she had spoken of her in such a manner to Tom, that he had turned mutinous; whereupon the old lady had determined to wash her hands clean of 'em both, and that as Tom was very willing, she had rigged him out for sea, and left him now to his fortune; and he believed *she* was intended henceforth to drive before the wind, as well as her brother, if so be no kind soul would lend a hand to save her."

Ellen tremblingly inquired after Sir Charles. "Oh," cried Tom, wiping his eyes, "never fear, Ellen; cousin Charles is at college *now*, but he won't be there for ever, and when he comes home I 'm sure he 'll take care of you. Grandmamma wouldn't have packed me off in such a huff if he'd been at home: but I 'm glad she did, for I love the sea dearly; only I don't like to quarrel with *her* or anybody else, nor do I like to be undutiful toward her, only she made me; but I forgive her now I 'm going—yes, I forgive her with all my heart: tell her so, Ellen, if — if I should get killed, for it would then comfort her; yes, tell her Tom died friends with her."

The bare idea of such an event in this moment of awakened affection was too much for Ellen to endure: she wept in absolute agony, and holding him to her heart, seemed as if she could never, *never* again endure to be parted from the only human being endeared to her. The worthy man who beheld this sight felt too much sympathy in their sorrows not to

endeavour to shorten them as soon as he was able: and in a little time Ellen ceased to listen to that dear voice, which had recalled to her memory a thousand tender recollections; she no longer felt those arms around her which had so lately promised the support she so much needed; she was alone, silent, solitary — not only an insulated, forsaken being, but left to the mercy of one who added the injury of that injustice which is the greatest man can show to man, to the cruelty of scorn and long-continued insult.

Miss Collinson returned to the parlour a few minutes after the stranger departed. Ellen felt a degree of involuntary horror, mingled with violent indignation, rise in her bosom at the sight of her; she saw her at that moment the destroyer of all her hopes of happiness, and of him who was to her dearer than life itself—her mighty wrongs seemed in her enraged sight to justify reproach, even to her she was bound to obey; and all the passions of early life were rushing to her

heart and her lips; but at the very moment when she opened her mouth to give utterance to her feelings, the remembrance of her mother's counsel darted into her mind, and fearful of trusting herself, she fled hastily to her chamber, which she did not leave till the following morning, though mingled sorrow and anger prevented her from tasting repose.

Miss Collinson, conscious of what must be passing in her mind, was by no means surprised at the pale looks and swollen eyes she exhibited the next morning at breakfast; but, as she regarded them in the light of tacit reproaches, she thought proper to assume the air of the offended party. In fact, nothing is more common in the world, than for those who have wronged another to add insult to injustice; so true is that saying, "The injured may forgive, but the injurer never forgives."

"Pray, Miss Ellen, who is to pay me for your next quarter? I suppose we have quite done with Mrs. Seymour?"

"Yes," said Ellen, "quite, *quite* done," sobbing.

"Then you cannot expect me to keep you?"

"I hope you will not — I am ready to go to the poor-house this very morning."

"Highty tighty! very grand, indeed, Miss! you are quite a tragedy queen, it appears; but your pride and airs will soon be pulled down, I believe; you 'll cut a very pretty figure carding wool, I fancy."

The conversation was interrupted by the servant, who said an old sailor desired to see Miss Delville. "Let him step here; Miss Delville shall have no more private visiters in this house."

An honest tar with a wooden leg made his appearance, and said, "he had just stepped on, by command of Lieutenant Holmes, to tell Miss that the Calypso, with her brother on board, got under weigh about five in the morning, and had now sailed with as fine a breeze as ever filled sails."

Ellen silently ejaculated a prayer for his safety.

"He has sent ye a little matter by way o' remembrance, Miss: for that matter, it be no other than his watch; though I told him, says I, it be folly to send it to she; being a woman, has no use for them things."

Miss Collinson eagerly held out her hand for the watch.

"By your lave, Madam, the timepiece be for Miss. I promised to 'liver it to her own hand."

"Beggars have no need of watches."

"Beggars! it don't become a poor fellow like me to spake, to be sure: but saving your presence, the daughter of a man who has the honour to serve his Majesty, be she poor or rich, shouldn't be called a beggar. — God help her! she ha' out-grown her rigging, I see; but she be somebody's child for all that, an' a fine one too."

Miss Collinson rose with fury in her looks, and, almost choked with rage, commanded

both the sailor and Ellen to leave the house. The latter instantly took fast hold of the arm of the former, whom she endeavoured to pull towards the door, saying, as well as she was able, "Take me to the workhouse — pray take me; I have no right to stay here; I know I haven't."

"Fair and softly — if so be as how you must go, my dear, why, Will Watkins 'ill convoy you safely — though 'tis a poor harbour for a brave man's child." Here the poor fellow stopped a moment to brush off a tear that rolled down his brown face; "I scorn to behave ill to a woman, be she what she may; so I hopes you 'll return the prize at any rate, and give me this boat's tackle, without any more jaw."

"I shall part with nothing; she is in my debt more than all her clothes and this paltry watch is worth."

"It is true — oh, very true!" said Ellen.

"Then come along, darling; Will Watkins's locker is low, but not empty, thanks

to his honour the lieutenant; so come along, swab the spray from your day-lights, pretty one; and depend on 't, though you may go to the workhouse, you 'll never meet such a breeze as that there *vulgar* body 's after blowing at us."

With these words honest Watkins stamped away, holding fast by the hand of his companion, which he had drawn under his arm with a violence that pained her.—When they were out of the house and garden, and not till then, Ellen trembled at the thoughts of what she might have to encounter; and the boisterous manners of her new friend, whose uncouthness had hitherto been lost in his kindness, alarmed and distressed her. Like most other children of talent and studious habits, she was retiring in her manners, and modest almost to timidity, and for four years she had been shut out of all society, except that of the house she had just quitted; so that, although she could not be supposed to regret that which she left, yet it will be

readily imagined that her fears of what she might have to encounter were very terrible.

In reviewing the conduct of Miss Collinson, it had appeared to Ellen so extremely cruel and unjust a thing to deprive her of her good name, and thus for ever cut her off from her grandmother's favour, and cause poor Tom to participate in the calamity, that she could not help looking upon her as a species of monster, whose character was so execrable, that it was utterly impossible ever more to esteem, and whose commands it would be henceforth impossible to obey; and any kind of situation in the world appeared, therefore, better than a residence under her roof. Her awakened fears now told her, that it was but too probable that she might have to live with people who, to the barbarity of Miss Collinson, added the rudeness incident to vulgarity; and that she was now for ever shut out from those acquirements and employments which had hitherto formed the pursuit, and been the solace of her life. She

was entering on a world for which she was totally unfitted, alike by birth, habit, inclination, and faculties; and as these appalling thoughts came over her, the hurried steps she had taken were checked, and after a time she walked with still greater languor, and at length stood still: her companion, observing this, seated her on a stile, and hallooing in her ear—"Come, cheer up, my little hearty!" hobbled away as fast as he was able.

Ellen scarcely regretted his departure; for she wished to be alone, that she might weep freely; and having done so, she felt relieved, and looked around her. The morning was fine, and the beautiful meadows among which she was seated were green as emeralds, and emitted a delightful odour that cheered and invigorated her senses; their hedges were spangled with innumerable flowers, and inhabited by singing-birds, that joined in sweet chorus, as if to hail the sun, now climbing towards meridian splendour; just below her ran a gurgling brook, whose

little rippling waves sparkled with the sunbeam, as they broke over innumerable pebbles. Ellen was ever alive to the beauties of Nature, and the sweet scene around her, by degrees, soothed and composed her mind: and although she felt as if she were now left without a single tie to any human being, especially when she cast her eyes towards the distant sea, and remembered that every breath of air which fanned her face filled the sails that bore away her beloved brother, yet she felt as if the Almighty hand, which sustained all around her in life and beauty, would sustain her also. She devoutly addressed herself in earnest supplication to God, for his aid and protection; she recalled to her mind all those gracious promises in the Scriptures, which are peculiarly addressed to the helpless and friendless: she remembered our Saviour's assurance, that "He who clotheth the lilies of the field, and in whose sight not a sparrow falleth to the ground unnoticed," would be the guardian and preserver of all

whose faith and obedience laid hold upon His promises; and she determined to show submission to the Divine will, by cheerfully conforming to the duties of that station in which He now thought proper to place her.

This happy and beneficial train of thought was interrupted by the honest sailor, who now returned with a load of gingerbread and oranges, which, with more kindness than wisdom, he had brought her. Ellen accepted them with lively gratitude, which evidently delighted him, and he sat down on the grass to watch her eating, greatly adding to her pleasure by pointing out a very decent woman who was coming towards them, and who, he told her, was his landlady, and the sister of the mistress of the poor-house, to whom she would conduct her and recommend her. Ellen felt much gratified by finding herself in company with a female, who, on her part, seemed no less pleased to show her kindness, saying, "That for William Watkins's sake, she would have gladly taken her to her own house; but

it being a public-house, she thought it was not so proper for a young Miss like her, and that she had no doubt but that her sister would keep her snug in her own little parlour, till such time as the overseers passed her on to her own country; and then she supposed there would be plenty o' fine folks ready to take such a nice girl as she."

Poor Ellen did not rightly understand this; but she felt that if she were to be sent to the place where she was born, she should have the sad satisfaction of weeping over her mother's grave. Her heart, however, sunk at the idea of parting from these kind and generous people at the time when she was becoming reconciled to them; and this sense of her forlorn situation increased still more, when she was taken into the poor-house; for the mistress, after welcoming her sister, and hearing Watkins's account of the affair, treated her with the greatest kindness, and promised to make up a little bed for her in a corner of her own room.

The honest conductor of poor Ellen shortly

departed, but not till Watkins had emptied the last of his stores into her lap, and promised "to beat the garrison about Madam Collinson's ears the next day, if she persisted in refusing her clothes." Ellen endeavoured to make him desist from this attempt; her high sense of honesty, in the payment of all debts, would have led her to make any sacrifice on that account to any person, but she felt more particularly led to insist upon being out of debt to Miss Collinson, because she scorned obligation where she could not feel respect: and though she had attained calmness, she could not yet regain esteem for that lady. The remembrance of her own free forgiveness, and the patience with which she had suffered rather than injure *her*, rose to her mind, and combated the endeavours she used to restore her to her accustomed regard; and she therefore sought to forget her injuries, seeing she could not reconcile herself to them when they were present to her memory.

When her warm-hearted though humble

friends were withdrawn, Ellen, agreeably to the resolution she had made, desired the mistress of the house to give her some work; with which she complied by reaching down a reel, on which she desired her to wind some thread from the bobbins. Ellen had never seen this done, and she handled the reel awkwardly, but showed such a disposition to do it, that Mrs. Jones took a pleasure in teaching her, and lamented that the duties of her station obliged her to leave such a handy little girl.

The degree of calm Ellen now felt, from finding her situation so much better than she had dared to expect, was but of short duration: she was condemned in the course of the day to observe suffering it was impossible to relieve, vulgarity it was disgusting to witness, and severity, or kindness, alike exerted in vain, to succour or amend. She found herself derided by some, and disliked by all, as an intruder who would share that portion of kindness each sought to inherit, and every one felt assured she could not

merit, because she was a *lady* (a term here used to express only idleness and dependence); not but there were some who appeared to feel the purest pity for her situation, and to check the rest in their expressions of contempt; and though their manners were unpolished, yet their sensibility and good-will soothed and consoled her.

The unaffected submission, and the conciliating disposition of Ellen, so won upon the upright and good-tempered Mrs. Jones, that she heartily hoped she would not be removed from her care until a situation, really suitable for her, should be obtained. She turned this subject over frequently in her mind, and not knowing to whom she could better address her wishes than to the surgeon who visited the sick occasionally, she determined on making an errand to him the next day, in order to gain a friend before the overseers should have their next consultation. This gentleman heard her account of the little girl with surprise and interest; but how was

that interest heightened, when, on visiting the workhouse, he saw before him the very child he had so humanely cured at Miss Collinson's school, and whose talents and unassuming deportment had so often been remembered by him with pleasure and admiration! To this gentleman Ellen was obliged to relate the most prominent features of her short but eventful life; which she did with the utmost delicacy towards Miss Collinson, for whose real welfare and success in her school she had the greatest desire, ever holding in her mind the blessed advice of Him who told us to return good for evil: and she felt more particularly called upon for delicacy at this time, lest anything which might appear to the disadvantage of Miss Collinson should proceed from a spirit of revenge in her. Mr. Carr, the surgeon, heard her with great attention: and when she ceased to speak, asked abruptly, if she had got her clothes?

Ellen blushed excessively, conscious of the figure she must cut in the eyes of a gentle-

man. Her wardrobe had long been very low, and she had not had it in her power to make even the most of it of late; so that she was well aware, even if Miss Collinson was induced to restore it, she should still cut a very shabby figure. Mr. Carr seemed to read her thoughts and her wants; for, taking out his purse, he put five guineas into her hand, saying, "I believe I must lend you a little matter to purchase a few frocks with; perhaps Mrs. Jones can find a decent person in the house who will assist you to make them."

"You are very, *very* good," cried Ellen, her eyes glistening with grateful tears; "but indeed, Sir, I fear that — I mean, I fear my poor father will be a long, long time, before he comes back."

"Never mind that, you will repay me yourself; I mean to place you in a school, with a friend, who will take you, at my recommendation, as a teacher, and in due time advance you a salary."

"Oh, I should be most happy, and I would do my very best; but I fear I am too young!"

"Do not entertain such fears: you are tall, and must provide yourself with clothes that shall make you look more womanly: the lady to whom I shall introduce you will give you the care of little ones at first; and you must improve yourself, so as to enable you to rise — but I have no time to lose, so good-b'ye; my housekeeper will provide you linen and other necessaries; the little I have given you is for those things which require taste and workmanship."

Mr. Carr departed, leaving our poor little girl so grateful to him, and to that God whose immediate delegate she believed him, that poor Mrs. Jones was obliged repeatedly to awaken her from her ecstasy, by reminding her what a great deal she had to do. Once roused, Ellen displayed her ingenuity and industry in forwarding the joyful work; and, with the good woman's assistance, was soon attired in a modest and genteel manner. On the day week

that Mr. Carr had seen her, he called again, and, alighting from a gig, took out a portmanteau, which he gave to Ellen, desiring her to lose no time in packing up the rest of her clothes in it, as he should only give his horse a little corn, and set out with her immediately. Ellen hastened to obey him; but it was impossible for her to help noticing the things he had so kindly provided for her, and which included every thing necessary for her personal comfort and respectability: one moment she gazed on the clothes, as Mrs. Jones displayed them before her; the next, she ran to the door to bless and thank the generous donor; but, overpowered by her feelings, she could only take his hand in silence, and gently press it. The good man was much affected; he tenderly kissed her, and assured her that while she continued a good girl, she should never want a friend in him, but added, in a hurry, "his time was very precious."

That time was again intruded upon; for

even after Mrs. Jones had bade her a most affectionate farewell, a cry was heard of "Stop! stop!" and Mr. Carr, checking his horse, beheld the old sailor coming up as fast as his wooden leg would permit: he had been several times to see Ellen, but could not help, he said, coming to bid her farewell; besides, added he, "I ha' brought you a little matter of a book, proper for the voyage, let the wind lay as it may, my pretty one."

Ellen reached out her hand, and received with pleasure of a mingled kind a neat little pocket Bible, heartily shaking, as well as she was able, the rough hand that presented it. Mrs. Jones, who was still watching her from the door, now came forward, saying, "Ah, Watkins! I am glad you be come, for Miss can see now that I gives you her keepsake safely; see here, man, the very first money as she got she bought this 'bacco-box with it for you."—Ellen blushed at this discovery: she felt afraid that she had done wrong to apply the money lent her for other purposes,

to what was, in fact, a gratification to her own feelings, for she had been early taught to be just before she was generous. In the approving glance of Mr. Carr she read an acquittal that was precious to her heart; and, with a smile and a tear, she once more bade farewell to her humble abode.

Their journey was sixteen miles, and during part of the way, Mr. Carr gave her some account of the family where she was going, and advised her how to conduct herself. He likewise spoke to her of his own family and connexions, and gave her an interesting account of a family of nephews and nieces of his, who were orphans, and, like herself, under the necessity of earning their own living, as it was not in his power, he said, to provide for them farther than in assisting their education: he said, the lady to whose house they were now going, was a distant relation of his, and he was in hopes that she would take his youngest niece on easy terms for a year or two, in which case they would

be companions; and, added he, "I shall then have a double inducement for riding over now and then. My niece is older than you, Ellen, but not so forward in her learning; if you take pains with her, you will make me your debtor, and do essential service to a very amiable orphan."

Ellen's words were not heard, though her lips moved: her heart was too full for articulation; but how fully did she resolve, if ever it were in her power, she would prove her gratitude!

At length the carriage drew up to the door of a beautiful mansion — Ellen's heart beat violently — she feared, she hoped, she expected—in a few minutes it ceased to throb; a kind voice had bade her welcome, and the penetrating eye which had scanned her seemed satisfied with the survey; she was introduced to a family of about twenty, who were just arrived since the vacation, of whom nearly half, with pleasure and respect, received her as Miss Ellen their Teacher.

CHAPTER VII.

Delighted to find herself in the society of persons of congenial pursuits and talents, warmly attached to all who sought or accepted her love, and enthusiastically grateful to the benevolence which received and fostered her, Ellen now appeared like a plant on which every element shed its most benignant influence; her tall meagre form became well-proportioned and graceful, and her sunken cheeks grew plump, and glowing with animation; while her mind, matured by suffering, now displayed the power so hardly acquired, and gave effect to the talents Nature bestowed, and education had improved. With unceasing diligence she applied herself to the task before her; ever bearing in mind the early and excellent advice of her mother, whose memory she cherished with the most lively esteem and affection, and whose precepts she now reviewed with equal pleasure, love, and

admiration. Although naturally lively, her early misfortunes, and her incessant anxiety respecting her father, had given an air of gravity to her features, which was of use in her present situation, as her extreme youth might otherwise have diminished that respect necessary to be observed to a teacher. Mrs. Saunderson, the good lady under whose protection she now resided, always endeavoured to support her authority amongst her own scholars, without exacting from her any affectation of consequence unnatural to her years. She was a clever, sensible, and good woman, who thoroughly understood the important task of female education, to which, for several years, she had devoted herself with great success; and having studied the general tempers and wishes of youth, she was aware that their attention is ever awake to superior talent, and their reverence truly excited by virtue. Under this impression she had listened to the entreaties of her worthy relative, the surgeon, and to the pleadings of

her own kind heart, when she ventured to engage our poor Ellen as a teacher.

Happily, the views of this lady were seconded by a worthy person, who had long resided with her in quality of assistant, and who was partly led by the natural kindness of her temper to desire to benefit a friendless orphan; and partly from desire to find herself without a rival in the partner of her cares, she happening to be one of those people, who, with many good qualities and dispositions, are yet not conciliating to those whose consequence and endowments clash with their own. Such was Miss Samson; and as it was impossible for a girl in her thirteenth year to be put in competition with an experienced woman of thirty, Ellen not only experienced the utmost kindness, but support, from her; and though she treated her as if she were her mother, she took care that no other person should behave to her as if she were a child.

The gratitude and activity of Ellen were

in proportion to the benefits she experienced, and the happiness she enjoyed; and she contrived, in various little attentions, to repay the services both of her generous governess and Miss Samson: to the former, by strict attention to everything contributing to her interest; and to the latter, by lessening her toil, and applying her facility in work of various kinds for her use.

She had not been many months at school, before Mr. Carr brought his niece, Maria, who was precisely what he had described her; an amiable, ingenuous girl, with a good understanding and capacity, but, although two years older than Ellen, greatly her inferior in knowledge. Similarity of circumstances drew the girls into a close intimacy, which was still farther augmented on Ellen's side by the gratitude she owed Mr. Carr; and finding there was in Maria a kind of listlessness which produced averseness to learning, she determined, for her uncle's sake as well as her own, to endeavour to conquer

it. Maria was clever with her needle, and conceiving it her duty to be industrious, she had for a considerable time sewed with unremitting ardour; and it had become so much her habit, that she did not like to relinquish it for any other employment. Ellen easily convinced her reason, that there was a necessity for doing other things; but it was not easy to make other things agreeable to her: she got a lesson in French, or geography, as a task she wished to get over, or a kind of play it was her duty to make haste with, in order that her regular employment might begin again; and on observing this disposition, Miss Samson positively asserted, that although she might be useful in some situations in life, she never would be good for anything in that department which her kind uncle designed for her.

Ellen hoped otherwise; for she had observed in her a decided taste and approbation of mental acquirements, though she seemed unwilling to bestow on them the time and

trouble necessary. She spoke to her on the subject with so much warmth and affectionate solicitude, that Maria declared she would give herself up entirely to her guidance; and Ellen seized the moment to assure her that it was her earnest request that she would devote herself entirely to the various studies prescribed for her by Miss Samson, and determine never either to touch or think of work, farther than the care of her own clothes.

"Surely," exclaimed Maria, "you cannot think sewing an useless accomplishment to any woman?"

"Indeed I do *not;* I do my best to inculcate a proper knowledge of the needle, and every other domestic accomplishment connected with it, such as neatness, order, and ingenuity, in every child committed to my care; but you must be aware, Maria, that it is your duty, and mine, to teach *many* things, of which this is, though very essential, only one, and one which may be acquired at a trifling expense, by any child. Mothers can

teach it with little trouble: even servants can teach it; once acquired, it is always known; of course it requires the least possible application of mind and memory; and as you are perfect in it, you have no time to lose in securing other valuable and necessary knowledge."

"Well, I will take your advice, Ellen; but I *do like* working, and it is certainly a good thing to be industrious."

"Certainly: but industry applies still more to work of the head than the hand; sewing is an amusement to me, as well as to you—a relief from fatiguing application: do not suppose I wish to check your industry; no! I wish to throw it into a channel more consistent with your situation and your duties; and I will venture to assure you, that the pleasure of possessing knowledge fully repays the toil of acquiring it."

"To you it may, Ellen, because you are clever; Miss Samson says you are a girl of genius: but I may fag, and think, and read,

and still be good for nothing but sewing at last."

"Indeed, Maria, having a genius is all a joke: do you think my genius would have taught me French, without beginning at the lowest rules, as everybody else does?—I believe the conjugation of the verbs cost me the same trouble it does other people; but perhaps I used more resolution. I don't remember my genius giving me any assistance in getting the multiplication-table; but my affection did, for I got it to please my dear mother."

"But you could not draw without a genius, Ellen?"

"I believe genius is requisite for a great painter; but all persons endued with a good eye, and determined to attend to what they are doing, may learn to draw respectably, which is all that is required from you. The same observation will hold good with music; but I would not have you pursue that; you cannot give it the time necessary for pro-

ficiency, without slighting those things which are more essential. Never allow yourself to think you have not the power necessary for attaining what you have in view, nor ever think you have attained sufficient while any thing remains unlearnt: in the mean time, be determined to use your utmost exertion, if only for a limited time; suppose we say one month from this day."

"With all my heart; but now suppose at the end of the month I am not one bit better?"

"In that case," said Ellen, smiling, "you shall be released from your engagement, and be deemed a mere semstress for the rest of your life."

It will be readily believed, that in a month's time Maria had made a sufficient progress to give her that inward confidence and effectual encouragement which Ellen sought to instil; and from that time she made such a regular improvement, as greatly to delight her good uncle, who from time to

time visited the school, and at the second vacation gave Ellen an invitation to visit him along with his niece. During the time she spent there, which was Christmas, a large party was one day present; and a lady, who had three little girls, remarked, that "she was sorry, for her own sake, that Mrs. Saunderson's school was always full;" adding, "to be sure, my children are so little, that an inferior school would do very well for a few years, and I would send them to Miss Collinson's here in my own neighbourhood; but they say she is such a terrible creature in her temper: besides, I am told she starves the poor things, and teaches them next to nothing. I once heard that she really killed a poor little girl who had no friends; but I hope this is not true—I cannot believe *that*."

"Oh no, Ma'am, pray don't believe it," cried Ellen eagerly; blushing, as she spoke, from the consciousness that her youth denied her the right of speaking in a large party, except when she was personally addressed.

"Do you know Miss Collinson, my dear?" said the lady, who was much interested in the inquiry, from having a large family, whom she was, from prudential motives, anxious to educate cheaply, provided she could do it consistently with her affection.

"Yes, Ma'am," said Ellen with modest firmness, "I know her very well; and I assure you it is a mistake that she uses the children ill, or neglects their learning: she keeps four clever teachers for them; and though she does not stay much in the school-room, which probably gave rise to the report, she takes care that the assistants do their duty."

"And you think they are not starved?"

"I am sure they are not: her table is plain, because her terms are low, but there is quite sufficient indeed: she is not a covetous woman, Madam, but you know she cannot afford to be very generous."

"True, my dear, but she can afford to behave well; and I am told she is very violent when she is angry."

"I believe, Ma'am, she is conscious of her weakness, and therefore seldom visits the school-room."

"You are a good advocate, Miss; were you ever in her school?"

"Yes, Ma'am, for four years: it is scarcely one since I left her."

"Indeed! I am sure your attainments do *her* honour. I really think I shall be tempted to take my little girls to her: but allow me one more question; did you ever hear or see anything, when you were there, of a little orphan, whom she was said to use with great cruelty, because she had no friends to stand up for her, or pay for her education?"

Poor Ellen's face, neck, and even hands, were now dyed with crimson; she tried to speak, but the words died on her tongue, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

"Ah!" said the lady, "you can say nothing to this charge, I perceive; you probably know too much; but, however, I do not wish you to tell school tales."

"She can at least prove *one* thing," said Mr. Carr, anxious to relieve her: "and that is, that the little friendless girl was not murdered; and that she has the magnanimity to forgive her persecutor, to be silent as to her own injuries, and to defend even her enemy in those points in which she was free from blame."

Every eye was instantly turned on Ellen with surprise and admiration: but so far was she from conceiving that she had done more than a simple act of justice, that she felt it would have been right if the company had been informed how much she had been indebted to Miss Collinson at the period alluded to; as that might have been considered, perhaps, in mitigation of her severity; for though Ellen was, of course, well aware that no circumstance could justify such conduct, yet it might, in a certain degree, palliate its guilt. She had ever, in reconsidering the past, felt more hurt at Miss Collinson for injuring her in the opinion of her grandmother,

than for the personal punishments she had inflicted on her; as she deemed the one an effect of ill-humour, the other of malevolent design: but time, which had softened her vexation, had enabled her to see that this act likewise might proceed from irritation, and perhaps pecuniary pressure; and as the most fatal part of it, in the first place, was sending her brother to sea, which she no longer considered a great misfortune, she had been enabled to forgive the whole affair, and, in the true spirit of Christianity, sincerely to wish her late governess success.

Other conversation being introduced by Mr. Carr, no more was said; but the lady actually placed her children with Miss Collinson, whose school had declined exceedingly in the last year, and who was at this time humbled and mortified by the reports which had gained ground respecting her establishment. She heard with astonishment that Miss Delville's recommendation had induced this lady to bring her children; and the

gratitude, which of course succeeded her surprise, was much increased, when, in the course of the following week, she received six other pupils, whose parents were biassed by the example of the first lady, who was a person of much influence. Bitterly did Miss Collinson now lament that she had driven from her house, and her heart, that excellent girl, who could thus reward good for evil; and the first proof she gave of her repentance was to write a long letter to Mrs. Seymour, in which she took shame upon herself for having vilified so admirable a character, and described her, with truth, as one that would do honour to any family.

This letter was returned unopened, and, like many other passionate people, she found how much easier it is to make a wound than to heal it — to scatter poison than to administer an antidote.

Full of sorrow and mortification, her next step was, to lament the bad success of her letter to the lady in question, and, as far as

it was necessary, explain its contents to her. Grieved to find such an injury had been given, in addition to other sufferings, to one for whom she had conceived a strong predilection, the lady undertook to forward another letter to Mrs. Seymour, through the medium of Sir Charles Selby, with whom her eldest son was acquainted at college, and which she doubted not the favourite grandson would present faithfully. Accordingly it was sent, but without effect so far as regarded the grandmother. Such a representation was, however, given of Ellen to her young cousin, that not long after she returned to school, she received a letter from him at Oxford, assuring her of his love and protection, and particularly promising never to lose sight of her dear brother, for whom he professed the truest regard; and he concluded by requesting her acceptance of a twenty-pound bill, which he inclosed, desiring that she would give him all the particulars of her situation, and inform him how he could be useful to her.

Those only who have been placed in the isolated, forlorn situation of our poor Ellen, can form any idea of the pleasure this letter communicated to her affectionate but long-bereaved heart: no wonder she wept over it with delight. It appeared to her as if a friend from heaven itself had been sent to illumine her path, and point out the hopes of future happiness. Much improved as her situation had lately been, yet many a time had the sight of other young people, rejoicing in the presence or the expectation of their friends, cut her to the heart; and often, in the silence and solitude of night, had bitter tears trickled down her cheeks, as she retraced the sorrows of her early life, the clouds that hung over its future prospects, and especially the total friendlessness of her situation;—she felt herself cast on the charity of the world; and while she thankfully accepted the portion of good offered her by strangers, yet she was deeply sensible of the superior blessings afforded by a permanent home,

and the comforts of having parents, friends, and relations, who might love and protect her. In this one letter she almost fancied she had gained a host, although she had never yet beheld the amiable and generous writer.

Ellen did her best to answer the letter properly; but while she sincerely thanked her good cousin for his gift, which she accepted with modest frankness, she had no small pleasure in assuring him, that she was now enabled to earn her own living by the unremitting exertion of the little talent she possessed; and that she hoped his kind remittance would enable her to repay the generous friend, who had procured her present situation, the money he had advanced for her in a time of very great distress.

According to her intentions, as thus expressed, she immediately wrote to Mr. Carr, inclosing the bank-bill, which she informed him was the gift of her cousin, and which she entreated him to accept in part of payment: at the same time she declared, neither

time nor money ever could repay her obligations to him. On shewing this letter to Mrs. Saunderson for her approbation, that lady gave it freely, saying "she was glad to find in her a sense of justice so prompt;" observing, at the same time, that "Miss Collinson, she believed, had an older claim upon her." Ellen, blushing, acknowledged the fact, and, with a sigh, said she believed it was her duty to settle with that lady *first*. According to this improved determination, she inclosed fifteen pounds in a letter to that lady, who soon after sent her back her clothes, and the watch which had been her dear Tom's parting gift, and which she received with tears of joy. But what added much to her pleasure, was finding among her packages a letter from this dear brother, which gave her a very pleasant account of his present situation, the hardships of which did not appear to affect him so much as she had feared they would, and the pleasures of which yet preserved their first charm in his eyes.

Again and again the eyes of Ellen glanced on her recovered present, as if loth to part with it, and yet aware that she had no right to possess property while she remained in debt. Mrs. Saunderson relieved her, by saying, "Ellen, it is time for you and me to have some settlement; I think we may as well do it now."

"Madam," said Ellen, "I thought — I understood you had the goodness to accept my services for my board: I know they are very inadequate, but—"

"That was, doubtless, my agreement with Mr. Carr; but having found you much better, and more useful, than I expected, I may be allowed to treat myself, and you, by adding a little stipend to your board: for the first two years of your residence with me, I shall give you ten guineas a-year; for the two following, fifteen; and from that period, thirty guineas per annum. I shall now pay you for a year and a half, which, with the five pounds you have, will enable you to re-

turn Mr. Carr the money he advanced, which I know was twenty pounds. This payment will, of course, leave you poor; but as you are a good manager, that will not signify."

"It will make me happy, most happy," said Ellen, gratefully seizing the hand of her benefactress, and eagerly kissing it: then, with a heart lightened of all its present cares, she once more addressed Mr. Carr and inclosed the remittance.

Mr. Carr accepted the payment of the money, of which the increasing claims of his orphan kindred made him feel the want; but, in answering Ellen's letter, he begged her to accept from him a five-pound note, as an earnest of his obligation to her for the extraordinary care she had displayed towards his niece; and at the same time he presented her with a handsome bonnet and pelisse, which he knew would be highly acceptable to her.

The kind intentions of Mrs. Saunderson, thus displayed, rendered Ellen, if possible,

more anxious than ever to merit her kindness; and, to this end, she denied herself the gratification most dear to her, that of pursuing the knowledge of music, devoting every moment of her time to instruction. The good effects of her care and her example were felt throughout the school: girls of her own age were led to imitate her industry, and the younger felt proud of having her for their instructress, and were led to contemplate in her the possibility of early attainments; while Mrs. Saunderson and Miss Samson vied with each other in their respective departments how to render her as happy as she was deserving, and frequently made her such little presents as would enable her to dress with propriety, and save her from all pecuniary mortification.

The greatest pleasure Ellen derived from this change of her circumstances, was the power she experienced of contributing her mite to the relief of poverty and sickness, whenever it was presented to her considera-

tion, and of evincing gratitude towards those who had served her; and the first time Mr. Carr appeared after her acquisition, she with great delight placed a pound of fine tea in his gig for Mrs. Jones, and another of tobacco for old Watkins: nor did she forget the cook, and poor Betty, who had been her first friends: and most happy was she in being the means of procuring each of them good places through the medium of Mr. Carr, who never hesitated to recommend any person to whom she gave a good character; being persuaded that her sense of justice was such, that she would not suffer even her benevolence to mislead her.

In proportion as Ellen increased in power and influence in the school, so she exerted herself to increase the good dispositions and virtuous propensities of those under her: she led them to making subscriptions for the poor, and to devoting portions of their play-hours to works of charity; and by portioning their time, inspired them with a love of

order, punctuality, and business, that could not fail to be beneficial to each individual in future life. Of the time allotted to the poor, she likewise made a division; part of it being devoted to the making elegant trifles, which were disposed of at the repositories to produce money, and the other to the making useful things for children out of the old clothes which were incapable of being mended. Thus charity and economy went hand in hand; and in the pleasure of bestowing actual relief, of literally clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, a taste for intellectual gratification was inspired, selfish pleasures despised and abandoned at an age when they are generally predominant, and a spirit of universal good-will and affection to each other rendered prevalent; since nothing is so strong a bond of union as one general interest, and each in this happy family looked to her neighbour for the furtherance of some particular good then occupying their attention; and even the youngest among them

was allowed to form a part of the society, and assist, according to her abilities, in forwarding the good work before them.

Ellen had resided in this situation three years, and had advanced some months in her sixteenth year, when one day she was called into Mrs. Saunderson's closet, with an air of such seriousness, though not displeasure, as to give her some degree of alarm.

"I have something of great importance to communicate to you, my dear Ellen: but it is nothing alarming; so pray sit down, and don't look so frightened."

"Excuse me, madam; alarm is but too natural to one who has a brother at sea, and a father in prison, if—if he lives at all."

"It is for the sake of two persons so dear to you, that I am induced to mention the proposal that has been made to me respecting you; for otherwise, Ellen, you are so dear to me, and I am persuaded you love me so well, that it is not likely any paltry consideration of interest should part us."

"Part us!" exclaimed Ellen: "Oh, madam, do not send me from you, and be assured I will never leave you."

"Yes, Ellen, you *must* and will leave me; for it is our duty to part, though a painful one to both. The lady you met with at Mr. Carr's, about two years ago, has never forgotten you; and an opportunity has offered of recommending you as a proper governess for the children of General Sir Francis Conduit, whose lady and family have lately arrived at the neighbouring town of ———, for the benefit of sea-bathing. The General is now abroad; he is a man of great bravery and worth, and being likewise very rich and well connected, enjoys extensive influence, which may enable him greatly to benefit your dear relatives."

Ellen sat a long time silent, revolving the matter in her mind: at last she arose, saying, "You have already decided for me, madam, and your decision was undoubtedly right. I *must* go; but parting is so very,

very painful, that pardon me if I feel unequal to speaking of it. Oh, madam, you have been everything to me; in you I lose my mother again."

"But yet, my dear child, you have the least share of the sorrow; since I not only part with one whom I dearly love, but have likewise an irreparable loss in my assistant."

"No, madam," said Ellen, her countenance brightening: "there, at least, I have the consolation of relieving you. Maria Carr is worthy of your encouragement, and fully equal to the situation I quit; she has been the object of my most anxious care, and her present state of improvement is my rich reward; how much will it be increased if you permit her to replace me!"

"Then, my love, be happy; I can rely on your recommendation, and will put Maria in your place; she has had the advantage of your example, and will, I trust, prove worthy of the anxiety you evince for her."

Maria heard of the change which was

intended to take place in the family, with blended emotions of sorrow, joy, and gratitude; but with the rest of the young ones, it was learnt with sorrow unmixed; and although they all loved their governess dearly, and had a sincere regard for Miss Samson, yet they broke out into an universal cry, as if some terrible affliction of the most irreparable nature had befallen them, clinging round Ellen, and beseeching her not to forsake them, assuring her again and again, that they would be good and attentive, and never give her any trouble if she would remain with them. In this moment of awakened feeling, she might have said, in the language of the apostle, "What mean ye thus to weep and to break my heart?" for her heart was indeed ready to break, and she felt as if no selfish view whatever could have induced her to resign a situation so peculiarly dear. Mrs. Saunderson, with the truest affection, exerted herself to keep up Ellen's spirits; and when the first flow of

grief had subsided, to show her pupils how necessary it was for even the best affections of the heart to be under the control of reason, lest they inflict pain where they desire to bestow consolation, pointing out to them all Ellen's good qualities as objects for their emulation rather than incentives to their regret.

The eventful day arrived, and Ellen, amid mingled tears, prayers, thanks, and blessings, left an abode so justly endeared to her. The lady who had so kindly recommended her, conducted her to Lady Conduit's, who received her with the utmost affability; shortly afterwards introducing her to three lovely little girls, the eldest of whom was eight, the youngest five years old. They appeared at first shy and fearful; but on looking more nearly at Ellen, their fears gave way, and they were even desirous of attracting her attention, and engaging her love. Ellen perceived many significant looks pass between the two ladies,

from which she feared that Lady Conduit was disappointed in finding her so very young; and as she thought they would converse more at their ease in her absence, she gladly accepted the invitation of Louisa, the youngest, who proposed shewing her the library, and taking her to see grandmamma, who was very poorly, but would be glad to see her. She rose, and, as she followed her little conductor, heard Lady Conduit exclaim, "'Tis an extraordinary girl at fifteen; yet, she is but a girl, you know:" to which the other replied, "Try her, my lady; only try her."—Ellen tripped hastily away; but her heart ached, and for a moment the tears again rushed to her eyes: she felt as if she had left certain comforts for uncertain honours.

CHAPTER VIII.

In a short time Ellen felt not merely satisfied, but happy, in her new situation; and not only the elegant suavity of Lady Conduit's manners, but the steady approbation with which she viewed her conduct, proved to her that all fears on the score of her youth had subsided. She was also treated by the dowager Lady Conduit with great kindness. This truly excellent woman was much an invalid from rheumatic complaints; but her temper was cheerful, her mind highly improved, and her company remarkably entertaining. She resided with her daughter-in-law during the General's absence, and participated, with natural anxiety, in all the hopes and fears incident to his situation, as he was now fighting his country's battles in Spain. It frequently happened that they spoke of the situation and troubles incident to a soldier's life in

Ellen's presence, and would observe how often her complexion varied, and the tears filled her eyes. This led them to inquire the nature of her interest in the army; and when they found how long her father had been a prisoner, they determined on endeavouring to effect his release; but, fearful of disappointment, knowing how many brave men had died during their captivity, they did not give hope until they should have ensured it on a rational foundation.

Besides the family already mentioned, there was a personage who, although very little, was of great importance: this was the youngest child, the son and heir of the baronet, whose large estates were entailed on male issue, and who had for many years waited in vain for a son, and had not yet had the satisfaction of seeing him, as he was not born till three months after the General's departure. He was a lovely little fellow, just entering his third year, a period of life when children are singularly engaging; —

their half-uttered words, lively gestures, and animated actions, which supply to them language and expression, render them so interesting and entertaining, that persons of the coldest hearts and most phlegmatic dispositions generally express pleasure on seeing them; whilst in those of sensibility and tenderness, they awaken delight almost to transport. Ellen's amusement in this child was consequently great; and when the hours devoted to study were over, there was a never-failing cry of "Opy door for ittle Frank," heard at the school-room entrance, and he became the plaything pupil of the hour. He was a very sharp child, and soon became expert in finding out the ivory letters of his youngest sister: and every acquisition he made was reported as a prodigy of learning, and helped to fill the affectionate letters of his fond mother to his far-distant father.

The evenings of Ellen were soon delightful to her, as they were always spent with the ladies, and the polite and enlightened society

which occasionally visited them, and which was constituted of the select few with whom people superior both in rank and mind could properly associate. Lady Conduit was not only an elegant but a very beautiful woman, and was yet very young, and altogether an object of so much attraction, that she found it consistent with her delicacy, as well as the inviolable regard she felt for her husband, to withdraw as much as possible from the world during the painful period of his absence; and of course her time was devoted to her family and the General's mother, for whom she felt, and from whom she received, the truest affection; for that lady, having no daughter of her own, naturally considered her son's wife as such in the most endearing sense of the connexion.

To such a family Ellen was therefore valuable, not only as one who fulfilled the most important duties towards their beloved children, but increased their circle of domestic society. Lady Conduit was fond of music,

and an excellent performer on the harp: Ellen now found time for practice, and, with the advantage of her ladyship's instructions, soon attained such a proficiency as enabled her to accompany her patroness on the piano-forte. An excellent library, supplied with all the modern publications of worth and celebrity, was amongst her highest enjoyments; and her time passed in such various and delightful occupations, that she was compelled to acknowledge that her situation was indeed greatly improved, and her good governess heard it with the sincerest pleasure.

But to no one did the happiness of Ellen give more pleasure than Mr. Carr, who frequently saw her at church, but not at the General's house, he being (as Ellen thought unfortunately) rather at too great a distance to be employed professionally by the family. The good-will this gentleman bore her was amply returned; and to her great satisfaction, before she had resided six months in this family, she was enabled to procure a situa-

tion in the army, as assistant-surgeon, for one of his nephews, the brother of her friend Maria.

The conversation she held with the ladies respecting this young man led them to inquire concerning her own brother; and perceiving how tenderly she loved him, they were struck with the delicacy and gratitude of a girl who could not beg for herself, yet ventured, in despite of her native timidity, to entreat for another. She had scarcely left the room when the elder lady called for her writing materials, and addressed a letter on behalf of poor Tom to an old friend whose power and will to benefit him she could not doubt.

When Ellen arrived at her present destination, she naturally inquired after the inhabitants of that house in its vicinity where she had spent so many wretched days — where her affections and her talents had been called upon in vain to atone for her poverty. She found that Miss Collinson was on the point

of marrying into a distant county, and that her school was to be given up to that young lady from whom she had received such kind attentions, and with whom she gladly renewed her acquaintance, though it admitted of but few personal interviews, as their residence was four miles distant from each other. One fine morning, some time after the event we have mentioned took place, Ellen's pupils having taken a ride in the coach with their good grandmamma, she took the advantage of devoting the morning to a visit to her old residence, where she was received with the greatest pleasure by Miss Masters, and a few who yet remembered her; but the pleasure of this visit was exchanged for melancholy recollections and sorrowful conjectures, when this young lady presented her with an old letter which she had found among the papers of business left by the late governess, and which appeared to have been written by her father from a French prison, and committed to the care of some of his comrades who

meditated escape. He lamented in it his bad health, his utter incapacity to make the proper remittances for his daughter, and earnestly entreated Miss Collinson to apply to Mrs. Seymour on her behalf, recommending her with great tenderness to the pity and protection of her governess as a motherless child.

From various circumstances, the young ladies concluded that this letter had not reached the school until Ellen had left it; and that Miss Collinson was at the time either under the dominion of anger or shame, either of which would induce her to suppress it. Ellen was undoubtedly glad to receive such a proof of the existence and the affection of her father within three or four years; but many new fears, and feelings of love and sorrow, were naturally awakened by it; and she returned home full of solicitude, reflecting on the peculiarity of her situation, and retracing the griefs and disgraces of her early years.

In her way it was necessary to pass the stile where she had sat so long when on her way to the poor-house; and here her sensibility was again called upon by seeing old Watkins sitting smoking his pipe: his pleasure at seeing her was so great, that she almost dismissed her cares on perceiving she had the power of making a fellow-creature so happy. "Ah, Miss," said he, "many's the time I've thought to come and see you, knowing as how you 'd be glad to see me; because for why, you were always sending me a remembrance when a packet came athwart you. But I don't like to sail in the wake of those booby sarvants that flutter about great houses; being neither a shark nor a butterfly myself, you see I can't keep company with they: and my mind always misgave me that I should meet you some day in these moorings, especially when I found the fire-ship had steered off from the school, and that you 'd been to see dame Jones at the poor-house."

"I have had great pleasure in hearing of you from time to time," said Ellen, "and am truly glad to see you now, indeed I am, Watkins."

As Ellen spoke, she laid her hand in the rough palm of the honest tar, who, gazing on it, exclaimed, "I thank God, this is as it should be: when I first see'd this hand, I thought 'twould break my old heart if it were made to pull the ropes and drudgery at a workhouse — and I don't doubt but the time 'ill come when it 'ill hoist a sail wi' the richest and proudest she i' the land."

Ellen smiled and shook her head; but her heart said, "If it were so, Watkins should be amply provided for."

The old sailor walked with Ellen till she arrived near home, when he bade her farewell, wiping away a tear of mingled pleasure and pain as he turned homewards. On entering the library, Ellen found Lady Conduit alone, with a letter in her hand. "My dear girl," said she hastily, "I am glad you are

come home; this letter contains news of your father."

At this moment a servant entered with an air of joyful importance. "Madam," said he, "Colonel Cameron is in the drawing-room; he brings news of my master—*good* news, my lady."

Lady Conduit threw the letter on the table, and flew up stairs with the impatience so natural to her situation; and poor Ellen remained alone in a state of the most anxious incertitude: many times did she cast a longing eye towards the half-open letter, which could in a moment have relieved her suspense; and as often did she determine to look no more, fearful of braving temptation.

Time passed; poor Ellen was forgotten in the nearer pleasure of hearing from a beloved husband, and she was summoned to dinner still in the same anxious state. She entered the room with a pale and harassed countenance, and found the little girls jumping round their mamma, and singing that

"papa was coming home;" while the good old lady sat in silent thanksgiving to Heaven, tears and smiles contending in her face.

"This is indeed a joyful day to us all!" said Lady Conduit, looking at Ellen, and perceiving the expression of anxiety in the countenance.

"I truly rejoice in *your* happiness, my lady; but pardon me if I request you just to say—"

"Admirable, excellent girl! you are not a half-formed character, Ellen, young as you are: I perceive that you still remain ignorant of the contents of the letter, which in my haste I forgot to tell you to read—it contains information that will delight you: your poor father is on the point of returning: Sir Francis has been so happy as to procure an exchange which liberates him."

Overcome with various sensations Ellen was unable to speak; she could only weep her thanks and her joy, and silently pray for her benefactor.

In the course of the following hour she learnt that the General was expected to arrive in London the following night, and that it was his lady's intention to meet him there: the more the happiness of meeting this dear relative was spoken of, the more anxious the fond mother became to share the transports of her daughter; and at length, notwithstanding her infirmities, which were somewhat better of late, she determined to accompany her.

The delightful bustle of preparation superseded every other thought; and though the happy mother a thousand times pressed her children to her breast, and told them of their father, yet she did not perceive that little Francis had lost his usual vivacity, and exchanged the ruddiness of health for the glow of fever. She committed him to Ellen's especial care, and with the first dawn of the following day set out for the metropolis, where she purposed remaining one week, in order that the General might pay his respects to his Sovereign; after which she meant to hasten down and present her lovely family,

and especially his unknown boy, to his paternal embrace.

Soon after they set out, the nurse-maid informed Ellen that the child had been restless and moaning all night, as if he were cross because he was left. She immediately arose, went to his room, and finding him extremely hot, and particularly averse from the light, as if his sight were weak, it struck her that perhaps he had caught the measles, and she lost no time in sending for medical assistance. Unfortunately the child had been kept too cold, from his indisposition being unnoticed in the joyful confusion of the preceding day: the eruption did not therefore make its appearance, while the fever increased to the most alarming degree. The child, in a state of perpetual restlessness, would not remain in his bed, or any other situation in which sufficient warmth could be procured, and continued crying out that "he was hot and in a fire," while his head and face were swollen, and his eyes became entirely closed; but he never would leave Ellen a moment, nor would she part with her precious burden,

and after various attempts to keep him in bed, she at length determined on sharing it with him. Accordingly she got into his bed, and on finding she was with him the poor little fellow became more composed; and from the warmth she thus communicated, after some hours of extreme anxiety, she had the satisfaction of perceiving a slight eruption in some parts of his body, and his breathing, which had been dreadfully oppressed, became easier. Convinced, even before the physician visited them again, that she was doing right, she continued to lie with him until his whole body was covered, and then she felt anxious to remove; but the poor child clung round her neck with so much fondness, that she was compelled to remain in her painful situation.

On being assured that the complaint was really the measles, she had despatched an express entreating one of the ladies instantly to return: but the moment she apprehended a favourable issue, she sent another to assure them that all was well: and this assurance was confirmed by the physician. She did not, however, relax in the least from her pain-

ful duties, although lying in bed both day and night, in so much heat, and under so much anxiety of mind, rendered her seriously unwell; but she was amply repaid, when, on the evening of the fifth day her interesting invalid cried out, "There is a window come into my eye!" and soon after, "Francis would like some breakfast!" Ellen then told him she must get out of bed to give it him; to which he assented; but such was the weakness to which she had thus reduced herself, that, on attempting to rise, she actually fainted, and the poor child, in great terror, inquired, "if she was dead, and would never speak to poor Francis again?"

It will readily be supposed, that the alarmed family, notwithstanding the assurances they had received, lost no time in hastening homewards; and accordingly, on the afternoon of the sixth day, the General and his lady reached their home, committing their worthy mother to the care of their servants,—as she was not equal to travelling so quickly as she had done, owing to a return of her complaint. At the time of their

arrival, the sweet boy, who recovered with facility proportioned to the severity of the attack, was sitting up in his own little chair, and eating some pudding: the physician was with him, and Ellen sat near him. As he held her hand, though her head was resting on a pillow, the ravages of the disease were visible on his face; but his features were animated, and his beauty evident, notwithstanding his late sufferings. He gave a cry of joy on seeing his mamma, but would not forego Ellen's hand, till she told him to "give it to dear papa."—"But will he love Francis like you do?"—"Yes, my boy," cried the brave soldier, bursting into tears, as he clasped the lovely child in his longing arms, and with looks of unutterable delight hung over him; feeling, as he gazed, that all his toils and dangers were overpaid by the luxury of a moment so rich in joy.

But who shall describe the sensations of a wife—a mother so situated—released from a thousand fears so often felt for two objects so infinitely dear, and restored to each other at a moment so full of interest? Fervently

did she thank the all-wise Disposer for the preservation of both, and especially for the more immediate act of his mercy; and then turning her swimming eyes to the physician, she told him how deeply she felt indebted to his skill and care in the restoration of her son.

"That you are thus happy, my lady," said the good doctor, "is a matter of sincere rejoicing to me; but I must disclaim all title to your praise on this account. Your child has been in great danger; extreme care, and particular application of it, was necessary for him: and he is indebted for it to the affection, and I may say the skill, of this young lady, who, as you may perceive, has wasted her own strength to recruit his. I have no hesitation in saying, that so far as he owes life to a human being, he owes it to her."

"Excellent girl! how can I repay you?" said the General, for a moment quitting his boy to look on *her*; while Lady Conduit tenderly kissed her, and observed, "Such attentions were only what she expected from one whose character she knew how to appreciate justly."

The little girls now came in for their share of love and admiration, and all their newly-acquired talents were drawn forth for the happy father's approbation; who, in their modest manners, artless affection, and actual advance in knowledge, found new cause for approving the conduct of their young governess; and in a few days their grandmother arriving, added her sentiments of love and esteem of Ellen to the rest of the family, who at present exhibited a feast of felicity to the philanthropic eye but rarely equalled, and which was fully participated by Ellen. About a month after the General's arrival, he one day sent little Francis to her with what the child called a very big letter, and which, on opening, she found to be a commission, presenting her father with a company, together with a note, informing her that he would probably be with her in less than a month, and requesting her to present this reward of her own good conduct to him on his arrival.

Ellen not only kissed and thanked the dear little donor of this generous gift, and

blessed the hour in which she beheld him, but she hastened to thank his noble-minded parents. She found their usual sitting-parlour empty, and therefore ran to the room of the good old lady, with whom they often sate. She too was out; and Ellen was returning with disappointment in her looks, when she was met by a chambermaid, who told her that a carriage was broken down in the lane just by, and the General, his lady, and indeed all the house, were gone out to see if they could do any good.

Ellen forgot even *her* good, in the apprehension that evil had happened to another; and she eagerly inquired, "If any one were hurt."

"There be a lady, I suppose, that be bruised a bit," said the girl, "and William did say as how she 'd a been killed positive; but, as luck happened, there was a young sailor coming up to our house that managed to get her out, and so saved her life."—At this moment the family, together with the unfortunate lady, her servants, and the sailor, all re-entered the house. Betty ran down

stairs, partly from curiosity and partly from humanity, leaving Ellen to follow or not, as she thought proper. Not apprehending she could do any good, she was fearful of being intrusive, and was therefore slowly withdrawing to her room, when Betty reappeared shewing the sailor she had spoken of up stairs.

"This gentleman do ask for you, Miss Delville."

Ellen looked: she beheld a fine tall young man, whose face brought her poor father to her mind—could it be her brother? was it possible this should be poor Tom?—Oh no!

But it *was* possible!—Tom, poor banished Tom, her early defender, her kind companion, her generous brother, held her in his arms, shed the tear of fond affection on her forehead, and told her again and again how dear she was, and had ever been to him. Nay, more; he called her his excellent sister, whose conduct had honoured and benefited him, since he owed the lieutenancy he now held solely to her goodness.

Ellen could scarcely hear him, so much was she employed in gazing upon, and tracing

in his features the traits of infancy, over which, hard service in various climates, and the change of five years, had drawn a veil of deep but manly brown. She perceived a scar on his forehead, which awoke a sigh; on her inquiry "how he gained it?" he naturally laid his hand upon it, when to her great alarm she saw it was covered with blood, which she now perceived had flowed upon her own dress.

"'Tis a mere scratch," said Tom, giving his hand a shake, and wrapping his handkerchief round it: "a chaise upset hard by, and I smacked my hand through the window, to pull out a little old woman, I take it; but she was so muffled up, I couldn't see what she was made of:—never mind it; but tell me, dear Ellen, if you have ever heard anything of our poor father?"

Sweet was the tale Ellen could now tell of this dear, long-lost parent, the reward of whose captivity she now held in her hand. After some hours of delightful conversation, her brother informed her that it was his intention to proceed immediately to their native

place, for the purpose of seeing his beloved cousin, Sir Charles, from whom he had lately heard, and who lamented exceedingly that the restrictions of his grandmother had prevented him from essentially benefiting Ellen, whose conduct he knew to be highly meritorious, and for whom he felt the most lively esteem, but with whom he had been forbidden to renew his intercourse, in a manner that could not be disputed, since she no longer wanted assistance.

Tom had scarcely ceased speaking, when the General entered the room, and sincerely congratulated the young people on their mutual felicity. He pressed the young man to stay as long as he could with him; but this he thought proper thankfully to decline. Sir Francis then said, the old lady whose misfortune had made her his guest, requested him to inform her preserver, that she had both the power and will to assist him, and begged he would name some way in which she might prove her gratitude; to which Tom, with characteristic warmth, replied, "As to reward for a kind turn done to one's

fellow-creature, I have no notion of it; and, thanks to your honour's mother, I am provided for, and Ellen wants nothing; so pray, General, have the goodness to tell the old lady to give all she has to her own relations; very likely some of them are poor enough; I don't like people to forsake their own flesh and blood on any account."

"Yet," said the General, smiling, "you take little care of your own, if I may judge by the state of your hand."

"I 'll get a plaster, and the lady shall pay for it," said Tom, "and that 'ill satisfy her conscience."

When this was done, he set out on his journey, promising to return soon; and Ellen, exhausted even by the happiness she had experienced, kissed her young charge, and like them sought an early pillow; but not till she had, with devotion kindled anew by gratitude, thanked God for the blessed occurrences of this eventful day.

CHAPTER IX.

The lady who owed her deliverance to the prompt assistance of our young sailor, whose courage and humanity had struck her as very extraordinary, was evidently a person of family and fortune, and appeared a worthy woman in Lady Conduit's eyes, from the anxiety she evinced to prove herself grateful. She had received very little personal injury, but being in delicate health, and far advanced in years, the fright she had undergone brought on a nervous fever, and the medical gentlemen who were called in declared her to be in great danger; on which she instantly despatched one of her men-servants for her nearest relation, with whom she wished to hold some important conversation.

Lady Conduit, ever generous and humane, attended to the unfortunate lady with equal courtesy and compassion; and the dowager, feeling particular sympathy for one so advanced in life, often sat by her bedside, and

endeavoured to amuse the tedium of confinement by conversation, or bestow consolation by reading portions of the Scriptures, or of devout books, calculated to increase the faith and brighten the hopes of the departing Christian. In these times of friendly visiting, she so frequently mentioned the young governess as a most extraordinary person, that she excited the curiosity of the invalid, who inquired after her in such a manner as to draw forth as much of her history as was known to her ladyship, and excited as much desire to see her as could be expected in a person weak as she was.

Ellen, ever ready to fulfil offices of benevolence, as soon as she knew she was invited, readily presented herself at the bedside of the invalid, intending to spend the night there; but, to her surprise and mortification, when the lady saw her, she expressed a species of angry terror, and called out with all the vehemence she had strength to show, "Take her away! for God's sake take her away!"

Lady Conduit said, she had observed that the patient had been a little delirious all day,

and that the sight of a new face had doubtless rendered her worse. She spoke to her, and the lady appeared soothed; but added, in a low voice, "I just now fancied my daughter appeared to me; did you see anything in the room?"

"I saw only a young girl, who is here yet, a Miss Delville, my children's governess: I think you would like her to sit with you; she could not alarm you."

The patient groaned deeply.

"It was the brother of this amiable girl who saved your life; a brave, noble youth: I am sorry he has left us, but she will atone for the loss."

Again the patient groaned, but did not answer.

Ellen, surprised and hurt, was slowly withdrawing, when Lady Conduit said, "Do not go; Mrs. Seymour will be better soon, and she will then wish for you."

"Seymour! ah, no, my lady, I now understand it all; I never heard the name before, or I should have known that my presence was painful."

"What do you mean, Miss Delville? why are you so agitated, my dear girl?"

"This lady is my mother's mother — I fear she hates *me* for *her* sake; and yet she was the best, the very best of women; indeed she was."

"No, no, not *hates*," cried the patient in agony that choked all utterance, and threatened life itself.

Ellen instantly returned, and threw herself on her knees by the bedside, endeavouring by every consoling expression and action in her power to soothe the perturbed spirits of her grandmother, and, to a certain degree, she succeeded; but her fever, previously high, now became terrible; she was frequently abstracted and delirious, and often addressed her daughter, as she then supposed Ellen to be, in the most affecting manner, accusing herself of hard-heartedness towards her and her little ones, whom she described as famished and deserted. As her delirium subsided, she appeared sensible of Ellen's presence, and capable of deriving comfort from her attentions: but her eyes were every moment turned towards the door, as if in

eager expectation of some one who could administer to her comfort, and whom at length she explained to be her grandson, Sir Charles Selby, for whom she had sent.

After several hours of extreme anxiety, in which her illness increased to a height that defied the powers of medicine, during which time Ellen never left her for a moment, and all the worthy family were assembled round her bed, the young baronet, accompanied by Tom, arrived. On hearing that he was below, she instantly entreated him to come up, and begged that the General would accompany him, as well as her grandson, Lieutenant Delville. They all entered the room at the same moment, and the young men were deeply affected by the spectacle before them. At the sight of them Mrs. Seymour's agitation grew excessive, and in her extreme eagerness to inform them of her wishes she nearly lost the faculty of speech, and gasping for breath, with great difficulty exclaimed, "Charles, I have left you all—all—all—"

Sir Charles would have thanked, would have assured her something; but by one

terrible effort she threw out her arms, half raised her languid head, and in an eager and convulsive voice cried out, "Divide! divide! divide!"

Dropping on his knees, and seizing her hand, the young man said, "I *will divide.*"

Her head sank on the pillow, her hand feebly waved towards them all, and the words, "Bless, bless," issued from her lips — they were followed by the silence of Death, who set his awful seal on features still expressive of recent and terrible agitation; affording to all an awful but instructive warning against the dominion of long-nurtured and vindictive passions.

From this distressing sight the long-divided and equally worthy relatives turned for comfort to each other; and Ellen beheld with grateful pleasure her cousin and benefactor in Sir Charles.

CHAPTER X.

After the interment of Mrs. Seymour had taken place, Sir Charles requested the General to act as trustee for his cousins, and considered them as fully entitled to share the property left by his grandmother; declaring, that even if she had not relaxed in her anger, it was his intention so to have shared it with them; and this declaration was fully believed by all parties, because his conduct had been ever consistent with such kindness.

Although Ellen's acquaintance with her grandmother had been short, awful, and eventful, yet, on reflection, she was truly thankful that it had taken place: since it had afforded her an opportunity of manifesting her willingness, at least, to pay every duteous attention to her, and had enabled her to wipe off the prejudice against her, caused by Miss Collinson's letter. She considered the circumstances of the case as indi-

cative of providential interference, and with deep humility adored that Mighty Arm which had led her through the "clouds and darkness" of obscurity, poverty, and suffering, not only to a quiet resting-place, but an abundant fortune, ensuring every elegance of life, and the dearest of its enjoyments, — the power of blessing others.

In a short time after this great change had taken place, Ellen had the satisfaction of receiving once more her long-lost father. The hardships he had undergone, during his long imprisonment, had so much altered him, that she did not know him until he spoke; but they were happily of a nature that soon gave way to the beneficial effects he experienced in altered circumstances and his native air; while the wisdom learnt in the school of adversity remains a permanent blessing to his heart, and a sure guide to his conduct. In surveying his dear children, especially Ellen, and reflecting on the hardships of her early years, and the noble use she made of them, rendering her severest misfortune blessings, he is led to reflect with

grateful affection on the admirable mother, who at so early a period of her existence implanted useful, virtuous, and religious precepts: and often will Ellen and he converse with pious tenderness on this unfailing subject of mutual interest, and resolve, with the Divine assistance, so to continue their path through this world as to lead them to hope, with humble confidence, that they shall rejoin her in that which is to come.

When Sir Charles Selby attained his twenty-first year, the division of property spoken of took place; and the only strife between the young people was, which should be most disinterested. As Tom was impatient to return to the duties of his profession, he soon after left them: and Ellen then, for the first time, proposed quitting her invaluable friends and dear pupils, who parted from her with regret, softened by the sympathy they experienced in her happiness, and promising to visit her in a month or two. She removed to the house of her late grandmother, accompanied by her father, who was deeply affected on his first arrival, by wit-

nessing the spot which had proved so fatal to his beloved wife, and being obliged to retrace places endeared by mutual pleasures and pains. Ellen was spared from this sorrow, by finding in all around her the charm of novelty and beauty; and she was therefore the better enabled to soothe and amuse the mind of her dear father, whose health and welfare were the objects of her unceasing care, and whom she guarded with a vigilance rendered the more acute from a fear that her newly-recovered treasure might be soon wrested again from her tender and duteous arms.

Ellen at this time proved, that her silent promise, though made only to her own heart, was binding: poor old Watkins, to use his own phrase, found in her house "a quiet and warm berth" for the remainder of his days; and Mrs. Jones exchanged her troublesome office for the more eligible one of being housekeeper to the girl she had once received, but not treated, as a beggar; while her sister thankfully accepted the situation she quitted.

Ellen had ever maintained the most friendly intercourse with Mrs. Saunderson, who heard with sincere joy the improvement of her situation, and stole a few days at Easter to visit her. When she departed, Ellen prepared to receive the good General and his dear family; amongst whom little Francis was naturally her best beloved. The kind of exertion she was now called upon to practise was so entirely new to her, that she was at first a little timid; but the encouraging smiles of her friends soon reconciled her to herself; and, as they justly observed, "young as she was, everything around her indicated that propriety and regularity which might be expected from one who ever rendered her pleasures subservient to her duties."

The General's family had been with her only a few days, when they were joined by Sir Charles Selby, who was a most agreeable as well as excellent young man, and who appeared highly interested in his new-found, though long-valued cousin; and the predilection he appeared to feel for Ellen was very

agreeable to her father, who was desirous of leaving her in the hands of a kind protector, should he be called again to the duties of his profession.

All fears of an event so much dreaded by Ellen were, however, closed the second week of the good family's stay. The sweet cry of peace was once more heard in the land. When the blessed tidings were indeed brought home to this happy family, Lady Conduit and Ellen alike rushed involuntarily into the extended arms of the husband and father, and with thankful hearts, and glistening eyes gave glory to the Lord of Hosts. But the joy felt, the gratitude experienced by this happy and united family, was of a nature to extend its sensations; and various plans instantly arose through the circle, how to communicate good to all around them. Sir Charles, with a liberality natural to his age, exclaimed that he would instantly make a feast on the lawn; on which Sir Francis declared he would give a donation to every soldier who should be in the neighbourhood, and who would doubtless press to partake of

it. "I will double your gift to those who have been prisoners," said Captain Delville. "And I will give new gowns to every woman who is the mother of a soldier," exclaimed the old lady. "Surely," said Lady Conduit, "I can do no less to the wives of soldiers, for who can feel more for them than I do?—but, Ellen, what are you for doing? there is not a more benevolent or patriotic heart than yours in the whole company, though you are silent on the subject now."

"I wish," said Ellen, "to select from the neighbouring poor such children as have been hitherto neglected in their education, and form them into a school, which I will superintend myself. I wish my little seminary to open on the day when peace is proclaimed, in order that this auspicious era may be deeply impressed upon their minds; and I particularly wish that the spirit of the Prince of Peace should be instilled into their young hearts, so that quietness, good-humour, obedience, and every other social virtue, may spring from them, and spread through the circle to which each may belong; and I am

persuaded no little good may arise even from so small a beginning."

"You are perfectly right, my dear," said her father; "and most happy shall I be to devote the remainder of my days to assisting you in this excellent undertaking, for which, not only nature, but experience, has qualified you; and I am certain every wise and good person will approve the method in which you thus show your desire to give glory to God, and good-will to man, at this period of universal joy and thanksgiving. And I humbly hope, that both in this world, and that which is to come, many will be found to rejoice, that both in poverty and riches you were to them an excellent friend, as 'ELLEN THE TEACHER.'"

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.