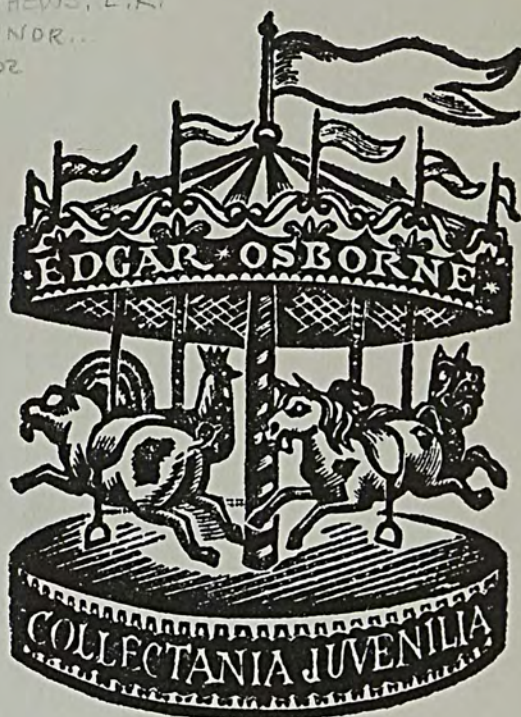
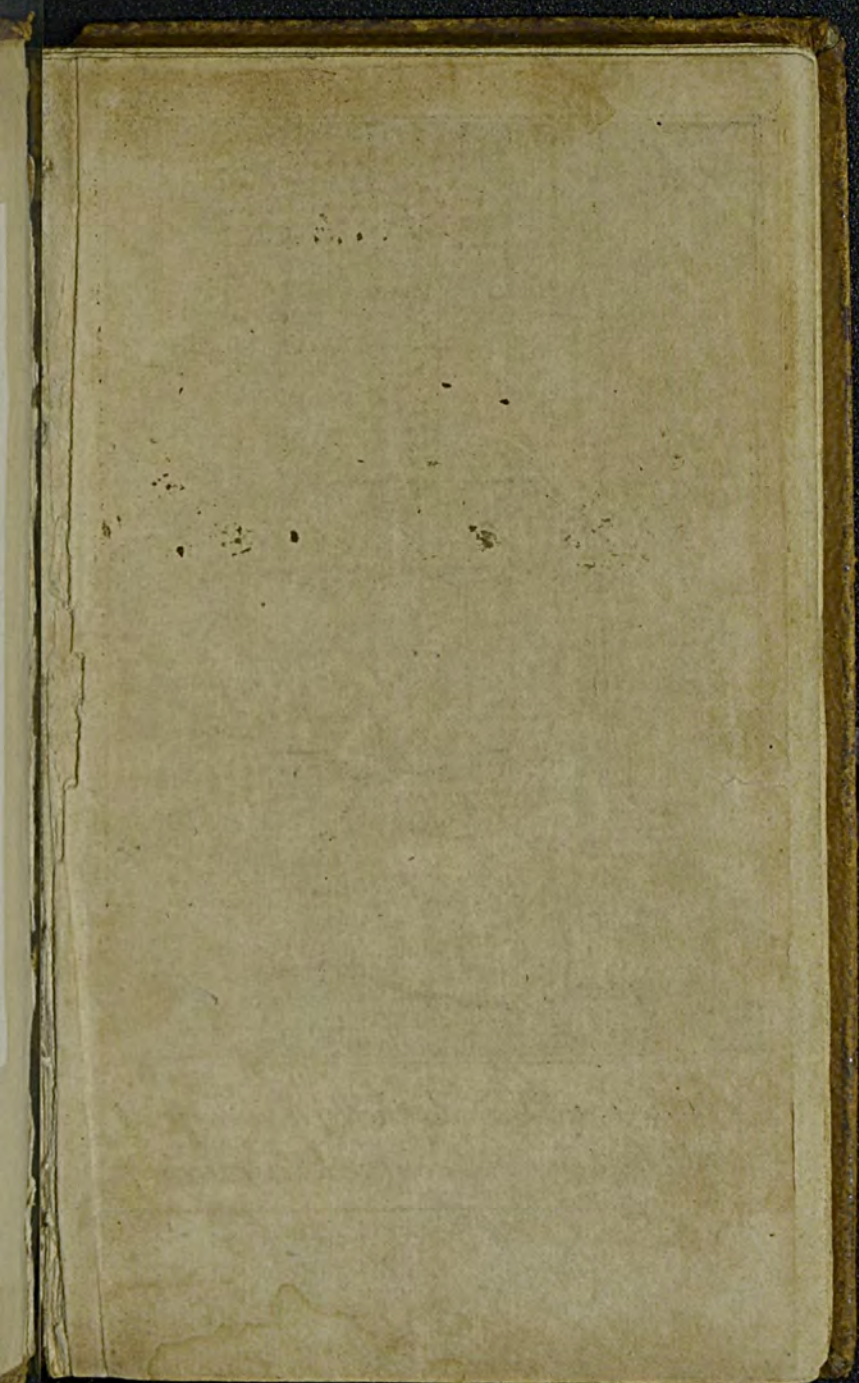




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*He who is idle and wholly unoccupied,
will ere long be occupied in mischief.*

ELLINOR:

OR,

THE YOUNG GOVERNESS.

A MORAL TALE.

Interspersed with Historical Anecdotes, &c.

By Mrs. C. MATHEWS.

Work :

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THE HISTORY OF

THE UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

FROM 1776 TO 1800

BY JAMES M. SMITH

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

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1800

ELLINOR.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

ON a beautiful spring morning, when the dew-drops yet trembled on the luxuriant vegetation, called into life by the great Parent of light and colour, the Sun, Ellinor Montague leaned from the window of her Mother's chamber, where she had passed the night in anxious watchings, to inhale the pure breeze of early morning. She was wearied with bodily fatigue;

and her heart sickened with the dreadful suspense she endured respecting her revered parent, who to every eye but Ellinor's, appeared sinking into the grave. *She* had intervals of hope: she trusted that, with the blessing of heaven, her unwearied attention to preserve the existence of her beloved mother, would be crowned with success. Alas! the moment was near, which proved how fallacious were her hopes and wishes. As Ellinor leaned from the window, and surveyed the extensive scene which lay before her, a retrospective sigh escaped her bosom, and tears of anguish bedewed her cheeks. She remembered what delight a view, like the one she now contemplated, had been wont to inspire her. Once, the opening bud—the glow of early

morn—the simple wild flower—the brightly coloured insect, was a never-failing source of amusement and instruction, and gave to her mind indiscrivable rapture: Now, her eyes, humid with tears, wandered over the beauties of nature, but rested on none but melancholy objects. The village church, the new-made grave, now arrested her attention, and drew from her bosom the profoundest sighs. “Alas!” sighed Ellinor, as she gazed wistfully on those melancholy emblems of mortality, “perhaps, ere long, I shall follow the remains of my thrice honoured mother, to the cold and silent tomb. What then will be my fate? What will become of my dear Sophy? Who will shelter us from the bitter grasp

of poverty? Where shall we find a protector?" This sentence escaped the lips of Ellinor in a low and mournful voice, but it caught the ear of Mrs. Montague, who feebly raising herself on her pillow, called Ellinor to her bed-side: "Come hither my love," said she. Ellinor instantly approached, and tenderly taking one of her Mother's hands, asked in a tone inexpressibly affectionate, what were her commands. "My dearest Ellinor," said Mrs. Montague, "I feel that I must shortly die; but I have long contemplated death, not as an EVIL, but a BLESSING: Peace, my Ellinor, will soon be mine; nor should I experience one pang in bidding adieu to the world, but for you, my Ellinor, and my poor little Sophy." Ellinor burst into tears.

“Ellinor! Ellinor!” exclaimed Mrs. Montague, “destroy not by weak and childish complaints the hopes I have formed of your fortitude; repress your tears, my love; stifle your emotions; and listen with firmness to the dying words of your *Friend* and *Mother*. You know how incapable I am of leaving you a sum of money adequate to the necessities of life: you know likewise, that our family is what is called *great* and opulent; but you know not, my beloved, that there is no trust to be placed in relations: you must depend on God, and on YOURSELF for support; you must call into *action* the talents with which you are endowed; you must be *industrious*. Let not the proud name of Montague withhold you from pursuing any employment,

however menial, which is *virtuous*: honest industry, my Ellinor, will add glory to any family, however great: You are now seventeen; you are blessed with a good constitution, good sense, and a good education: These are treasures of infinite value. To your care, Ellinor, I commit my poor Sophy; be to her a *mother, preceptress, and friend.*" At this moment little Sophy (attracted by her mother's voice,) entered the room. "Are you worse, dear Mother?" said she. "No my love; but we must soon part. I am going to heaven, Sophy: When I am laid in the grave, be good and dutiful to your sister, as you have been to me. And now, my dearest children, receive my blessing: May he who is a Father to the fatherless, be your pro-

tector." Mrs. Montague sunk back on her pillow, and expired without a groan. Ellinor had never witnessed death before : she saw it for the first time in the being most dear to her : but she remembered *that* Being's commands, and supported herself with fortitude, even in this trying scene. Ellinor's relations were at a great distance from her ; she therefore was obliged to order the funeral herself, which was conducted in the most prudent manner ; and having seen her beloved mother deposited in the grave, she discharged all demands on her mother's affairs ; and at the end of a fortnight, was perfectly at liberty to pursue any line of life most conducive to her advantage.

Ellinor, after every thing was settled, found herself possessed of no

more than two hundred pounds, which having placed in the hands of a banker of known respectability, and being told a family in the neighbourhood were in want of a governess for their children, determined to apply for the situation.

Ellinor dressed herself with the nicest care; and having entrusted Sophy to Mrs. Eastbourn, the farmer's wife at whose house they lodged, waited on Lady Selby.

Lady Selby was instantly interested with her appearance: the only objection she made was to her extreme youth. "I think, my dear, you are too young," said she, "to undertake the education of children." "Try me only for a short time, Madam," answered Ellinor, "and if I do not acquit myself with discretion, then discharge me. I am

a poor orphan; I have a little sister to maintain by the labour of my hands."

Lady Selby was a kind hearted woman; her mind was naturally inactive; and ill health had added to its indolence. She was pleased with the countenance of Ellinor, and considering it as a sufficient recommendation, would have instantly hired her, but her sister, Miss Rusport, at that moment entering the room, interrupted her. "Dear, Lady Selby," said she, "what are you about? Do you know the young woman to whom you are going to entrust the education of your children?—Pray child," she continued, turning to Ellinor, "what is your name?" "Ellinor Montague." "Where do you live?" "My sister and myself, madam, lodge at

farmer Eastbourn's." "What are your parents?" "Alas! I am an orphan." "Can you produce a character?" "No, Madam." "Without some one will avouch for your honesty and integrity, child, you must not hope for a situation in this family." "Come, come, sister," said Lady Selby, "you are too severe in your examination; the poor girl is in distress, and I shall feel a pleasure in relieving her: I hope and trust she will prove herself worthy of the confidence I repose in her." "Your Ladyship is perfectly at liberty to act as you please, but you must excuse me if I say in this instance you have permitted false humanity to conquer your judgment. I am astonished at you venturing to take a girl into your house whom nobody knows;

some low-born beggar." If Ellinor had a fault, it was that of family pride. A glow of indignation now crimsoned her cheek; and the thought of who and what she was rushed upon her mind with incredible force; but in a moment she checked those blamable sensations, and in a calm and dignified tone of voice, replied; "Be not alarmed on that account, Madam; if birth and family give me a title to the name of gentlewoman, I am one. Sir William Montague is my uncle. My mother, Madam, who has scarcely been dead fourteen days, was the widow of Captain Montague; the pension on which she subsisted, died with her. From a family dispute, we have long ceased to be in habits of intimacy with my

uncle. I have a young and beloved sister to support, which must be done by industry." The name of Sir William Montague silenced the impertinence of Miss Rusport, and Lady Selby engaged Ellinor to come on the morrow, and commence her task as governess.

Ellinor quitted Selby-Grove with an agitated heart, and oppressed spirits. As she wandered slowly towards her now melancholy home, where no kind mother waited to greet her arrival, tears of tender recollection bedewed her cheeks; and she frequently turned her eyes towards the church-yard, of which she had a distant view, where rested the shrouded remains of her honoured parent.

When she arrived at the farm, little Sophy ran out to welcome her

return. "I am glad you are come, dear Ellinor," said she; "do not let us again be separated; I have been so impatient during your absence." "Then you have been guilty of a fault, my beloved Sophy," replied Ellinor, "and if you hope for content, you must curb that impatience of disposition, which our dear departed mother so often lectured you for: Nay more, you must conquer your feelings, so as to be able to bear my absence not only *patiently*, but *cheerfully*. It is necessary for *your* welfare, and for *mine*, that we part; but I shall not be far distant from you, my Sophy; I shall see you frequently; and good Mrs. Eastbourn will be kind and tender to you when I am away."

It was with the utmost difficulty

Ellinor brought little Sophy to submit to this arrangement, but she at length consented, and in the morning parted from Ellinor, who with streaming eyes and trembling limbs, directed her steps towards the church-yard, and kneeling at her Mother's grave, offered her prayers to heaven for fortitude and protection.

This duty being performed, Ellinor hastened to Selby-Grove, where she was affectionately received by Lady Selby, and introduced by her to her young pupils, Frederick, Amelia, Lucy, and Clara.

CHAPTER II.

FREDERICK, though the first named, was the youngest of the children. From want of proper attention to his education, and from the faulty sentiments he had imbibed from the conversation of Miss Rusport, his aunt, (whose favourite he was) he was proud, obstinate, and cruel. Amelia was a good natured, volatile, ignorant girl; scarcely acquainted with the qualities, or nature of any thing she saw; to romp with the servants, dress her doll, and run about the pleasure-grounds, constituted her highest amusements. She

was very passionate when irritated, but easily soothed, and soon convinced of her error.

Lucy was, like most other children, possessed of many faults, and some virtues. Clara was meek, sensible, and feeling; her heart sympathized with the misfortunes of her fellow-creatures, and yearned to relieve their wants.

Miss Rusport, (the sister of Lady Selby,) we have already spoken of. She was one of those *superficial* characters so often met with in life: She knew a little of many things, but EXCELLED in none. Yet naturally vain, she imagined herself sufficiently clever to direct the whole world: To this was added an haughty and imperious spirit, which made her behold with the most sovereign contempt, every being

whom circumstances had constituted her inferior.

The morning after Ellinor's arrival at Selby-Grove, she commenced her task as governess. From seven to eight, the hour when the children were accustomed to take their breakfast, she appropriated to reading; the intervening time between that and dinner, was to be given to the study of French, the needle, &c.; the afternoon was dedicated to music; and the evening to rational amusement, instructive conversation, and healthful exercise.

When Ellinor entered the school-room, she found Lucy, Frederick, and Clara, waiting her coming; but Amelia was not there. "Where is your sister, Miss Lucy?" asked Ellinor. "I declare, Madam, I

don't know ; but I suppose in the garden." A servant was despatched for Amelia, who soon entered with a countenance beaming with good humour, and glowing with health. " You are fond of walking, Miss Selby," said Ellinor. " Very fond, Madam: I detest the thought of being confined to dull study, while the weather invites one to the fields and gardens, where it is so delightful to skip and play with one's doll." " True, my love, all this is very pleasant when enjoyed with reason, but the distribution of our time is a duty we cannot too strictly adhere to. There are times and seasons for all things. To be idle and unemployed, is a sign not only of a weak head, but of a bad heart. And as it is one vile abuse of time which is given us for action, and ac-

tion of the utmost moment; so it is one sure method to lead us into other and worse abuses. For he who is idle and wholly unoccupied, will, ere long, be occupied in mischief. You must therefore take care that you employ your time; but then you must take as much care to employ it innocently; and by innocent employment is meant all the proper duties of your station, and all those inoffensive and short relaxations which are necessary either to the health of your body, or to the enlivening and invigorating your mind. You must be anxious to employ it in the best and noblest uses; in subservency to your own eternal welfare; that is, with a constant eye to the glory of God, and the good of mankind; for here-

in consists our duty, and for this end was our time given us.

“ Alfred the Great was one of the wisest, the best, and most beneficent monarch's, that ever swayed the sceptre of this realm; and his example is highly memorable. Every hour of his life had its peculiar business assigned it. He divided the day and night into three equal portions of eight hours each; and though much afflicted with a very painful disorder, assigned only eight hours to sleep, meals, and exercise; devoting the remaining sixteen, one half to *reading, writing, and prayer*; the other to public business. So sensible was this great man that time was not to be dissipated; but a rich talent entrusted to him, and for which he was accountable to the great Dispenser of it.”

“Have you any more of these stories, Madam?” asked Clara. “A great many, my dear,” replied Ellinor, “which, during our leisure hours, I will repeat to you.” “Do you allow us to talk to you, Madam?” said Amelia; “I thought we were to be as dull and silent as we were with our former governess, who scarcely permitted us to breathe in her presence.” “I not only allow you to talk with me, my dear, but to ask whatever questions you please. When any thing occurs you do not perfectly comprehend, come to me, I will endeavour to give you an explanation. Come, Master Frederick, favour me by reading this short lesson: Why do you hesitate?” “I don’t choose to read,” said Frederick, haughtily. “Then you must be compelled,” replied

Ellinor. "I am Sir Frederick Selby's son, and wont be controlled; my aunt says I am a gentleman."
"You are Sir Frederick Selby's son, my dear, but not a gentleman: *gentlemen* are polite and well-informed; you are uncivil, and deride instruction."

Unintimidated by this repulse, Ellinor proceeded with her instructions to the children. She was shocked at the ignorance and want of information which Amelia evinced, but hoped much from her pliability of temper. She was delighted with Clara; and determined if possible, to conquer all the prejudices of Frederick.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER dinner, Ellinor gave her pupils lessons on the piano forte, which being concluded, she was about to leave the room, when the entrance of Miss Rusport prevented her. "Can you sing, child," asked Miss Rusport, in an haughty tone of voice. "A little Madam," replied Ellinor. "Sit down to the piano then, and give me a song." Ellinor blushed, curtsied, and obeyed. The feelings which pressed upon her bosom, rendered her voice tremulous, but infinitely touching; and she sung the following stanzas with pathos and sensibility.

C

A I R.

GONE are those days, for ever fled,
When Pleasure wing'd the roseate hours;
When *Hope*, by sportive Fancy led,
Shed o'er my soul her tranquil pow'rs.

The purple morn, the op'ning spring,
No more can sooth my pensive heart;
Nor all the sweets the zephyrs bring,
One ray of gladness e'er impart.

The early bud, the dew-gem'd flow'r,
The wood-lark's wild melodious song,
Pale ev'ning's soft and peaceful hour,
My soul distracts, my griefs prolong.

A solemn gloom those scenes pervade,
That erst were won't delight to yield;
For low beneath the turf is laid,
The fairest flow'r in Beauty's field.

The last stanza was sung by Ellinor in a tone of exquisite sensibility; and at its conclusion, no longer able to repress her tears, they flowed in torrents down her cheeks. "Bless me, child," exclaimed the unfeeling

Miss Rusport, “ you will absolutely give me the vapours, and make the children as dull and melancholy as yourself. Miss Rusport’s self-love and vanity were unconquerable; her desire for admiration boundless; she looked on the beauty which Ellinor possessed in a superior degree, with envy; (a passion which occasions those, who are so unfortunate as to feel it, a never-failing source of misery;) she dreaded her as a rival and competitor; and determined by endeavouring to make her situation unpleasant, to induce her to leave it. But Ellinor, though she keenly felt the cruel and unfeeling conduct of Miss Rusport, had too much reason and philosophy in her composition to permit the despicable conduct of Miss

Rusport to draw her from her duty. Ellinor having concluded her song, quitted the room to walk with her pupils; passing the poultry-court, she paused to observe some particularly fine ducks. In the middle of this extensive court was a large oblong pond, surrounded by heath and rushes; this our party approached; Amelia and Lucy ran before; Clara remained with Ellinor. "Don't you see something among the rushes, Amelia?" asked Lucy. "Yes, but I am sure I do not know what it is," said the volatile Amelia, "ask Miss Montague." "Look Madam," said Lucy, "what we have found." "It is a duck's nest my dear," replied Ellinor, "and is well worth your observation. The materials of which it is composed are singular—long grafs, heath, and the birds own fea-

thers. In colder climates, still greater care is taken to preserve their offspring. There the approach of the nest is guarded; it is lined with a layer of long grass and clay; within that, a layer of moss; and lastly, a warm coat of feathers or down. The eider-duck is particularly remarkable for the warmth of its nest. The external materials of the nest are such as are in common with the rest of the kind; but the inside lining, on which the eggs are immediately deposited, is at once the softest, warmest, and lightest substance with which we are acquainted. This is no other than the inside down which covers the breast of the female in the breeding season. This the female plucks off with her bill, and furnishes the in-

side of her nest with a tapestry more valuable than the most skilful artist can produce." "Well, who should have thought it," said Amelia. "I vow I am quite pleased to listen to you Madam; but where did you learn all this?" From books," replied Ellinor; "and from the conversation of the well-informed and learned." "But how are the writers of books acquainted with those things," asked Lucy. "Partly by the same means," replied Ellinor, "and by accurate observation." Ellinor returned to the house with her pupils; and having seen the servant who attended them, place them carefully in bed, left Selby-Grove to visit little Sophy. The farm was not more than a mile from Selby-Grove; and as the evening was beautifully serene, there

was no danger or impropriety in Ellinor's going alone.

Sophy, who fondly loved her sister, laughed and wept alternately when she saw her, hung round her neck, and imprinted innumerable kisses on her lips. Ellinor vainly strove to repress the tender recollections which stole upon her mind, and she mingled her tears with those of her sister's. "How have you passed the day my sweet Sophy?" said she. "O, it has been so long and so tiresome, my dear Ellinor, I have dressed and undressed my doll a score times; and last night, when I went to bed without you, I thought so much of our dear, dear mother, that I thought my heart would have burst. Pray dear Ellinor, leave Lady Selby, and return to your

poor Sophy. I shall never be able to live without you."

"It is equally painful to me to be separated from you, my Sophy, but our welfare demands this sacrifice, and it must be made. By contending with our feelings, Sophy, we shall obtain a lasting good; by indulging them, we shall be guilty of injustice to ourselves. A few days will reconcile us to what is now so painful; but you must have some employment, my Sophy. Every morning, at five o'clock, I will visit you, and give you lessons to employ the remainder of the day. God bless you, my dear sister, be good and you will soon be happy. From this time, Ellinor dedicated from five to six in the morning, to the improvement of Sophy; and the

proficiency that good child made in every useful and elegant accomplishment, amply rewarded her cares.

Each day that passed, raised Ellinor in the estimation of Lady Selby, and excited more deeply the envy of Miss Rusport. This last consideration, at times, gave Ellinor infinite uneasiness; but as she well knew there is no situation without its attendant disagreeables, she determined to struggle with the hauteur and ill humour of Miss Rusport, and trust to time and patience for happier days. The influence which Miss Rusport had obtained over the mind of her little nephew, was alarming; through her suggestions, he frequently treated Ellinor with great rudeness; and though not more than six years old, his ob-

stinacy of temper appeared incorrigible. His disposition was not only violent, but cruel; he loved to torture harmless and inoffensive creatures, that were not capable of resisting his unfeeling conduct. This trait in his character, Ellinor determined, if possible, to conquer; as she knew it to be of infinite consequence to his future peace and comfort. Frederick had a kitten, of whom he pretended to be very fond, but as those animals are of a revengeful disposition, though amusing when pleased, Frederick soon incurred its displeasure. By some means he had procured a pair of slippers belonging to Amelia's doll, and thinking it would be very droll to see his cat in them, resolved to tie them on its feet. The poor little creature resisted his endeavours to fasten

them, which only increased Frederick's ardour to carry his point, as he felt a cruel pleasure in the cries and writhings of the poor animal. At length he succeeded in his wishes; but the cat, tortured with the pain the shoes inflicted on him, flew at his master, and scratched him in so terrible a manner that he screamed with the agony which the wounds inflicted, and Ellinor being in an adjoining room, alarmed by his cries, hastened to his assistance. The blood streamed from his hands, and the pain was terrible. Ellinor applied some soothing ointment to them; and when the violence of the pain was a little abated, took this opportunity of representing to him, the folly and cruelty of his conduct. "I pity your sufferings," said she, "my dear, but consider them a just

punishment for your fault. It is ungenerous, it is unfeeling, it is offensive in the sight of our Creator, to misuse the works his bounty has provided us. By nature we are their superiors, their masters; but surely it is mean and unworthy of us to become their tyrants. Not the lowliest animal that crawls the earth, nor winged insect that flutters in the sunny ray, but is subservient to some great purpose. The Deity has given all this fair creation for use, amusement, and contemplation, but not for our abuse." "I am determined," sobbed Frederick, "Tabby shall suffer for this." "That will be adding injustice to cruelty," said Ellinor; "if a great man were to beat you without your having given him offence, would not you resist his blows?" "Cer-

tainly," replied Frederick. "And can you blame an animal for acting as you yourself would act? Call reason and humanity to your aid, my dearest Frederick, and you will be convinced what I say is right." 'The cruel,' saith Dr. Dodd, 'are a scandal to their species; and, in truth, are but savage beasts that walk upright on two feet, when, like their fellow-brutes, they should tread on all fours.' While cruelty, my dear Frederick, debases our nature, *humanity* exalts it.

"I remember an historical anecdote, which I never read without feeling an enthusiastic pleasure; and which I will, with your permission, my dear, repeat to you.

"One Guydomen, a Viscount, having found a great treasure in the dominions of Richard First, surnamed Cœur de Lion, for fear

of the king, fled to a town in France for safety. Thither Richard pursued him; but the town denied him entrance. Going, therefore, about the walls to find the fittest place to assault it, one Bertram de Gurdan, or as others call him, Peter Basile, shot at him with a poisoned arrow from a strong bow, and therewith gave him a wound in the arm; (in the eye, saith Fuller) which being neglected at first, was suffered to rankle, or, as others say, being handled by an unskilful surgeon, in four days brought him to his end. Finding himself past hopes of recovery, he caused the party that had wounded him, to be brought before him; who, being asked what had moved him to do this fact, answered, "That king Richard had killed in the wars, his father, and two of his brothers, with his own hands; and therefore he

would do it if it were to do again." Upon this insolent answer, every one thought the king would have adjudged him to some terrible punishment; when, contrary to their expectations, in a high degree of clemency, he not only freely forgave him, but gave special charge he should be set at liberty, and that no man should presume to do him the least hurt; commanding besides, to give him an hundred shillings, (a great sum in those days,) to bear him away.

" 'Tis actions such as these, my dear Frederick, which ennoble human nature, and do honour to the Creator. Never then, for the future, degrade yourself by inhumanity, but emulate the example of the noble Richard; and, like him, pardon even your bitterest enemies."

CHAPTER IV.

BY the time that Ellinor had been settled in Lady Selby's family three months, her judicious manner of treating the children was evident in the reformation of their faults: Not that they were entirely eradicated; for Amelia was still too volatile, and fond of play. Frederick frequently evinced signs of hauteur and cruelty; and Lucy was often seized with fits of indolence; which is a great misfortune for any child to possess; as youth is the most fit period of existence to receive improvement, and those precious moments once neglected are never to be recalled. Lucy disliked her needle, and detested her book: Her pronunciation was therefore inelegant,

and her emphasis false. Ellinor took great pains to conquer these faults—She continually pointed out to her the disadvantages which must result from the want of such a necessary accomplishment as good reading. One morning she had read particularly bad, and Ellinor (who, though extremely vexed, suffered not her temper to be ruffled) gently reproved her for her inattention. “What am I to do, Madam,” said Lucy, “it is in vain to struggle against nature; I am sure my voice and ear are both faulty.” “Admitting what you say to be true, my dear,” replied Ellinor, “you need not despair; if you are industrious and persevering, you will most assuredly conquer these imperfections. My dear Lucy, to strive with difficulties and conquer them,

is the highest human felicity; the next is to strive and deserve to conquer them.

“Demosthenes is an immortal instance of the noblest perseverance. He was extremely affected with the honours he saw paid to the orator Callistratus, and still more with the supreme powers of eloquence over the minds of men; and not being able to resist its charms, he gave himself wholly up to it; from henceforth renounced all other studies and pleasures, and during the continuance of Callistratus at Athens, he never quitted him, but made all the improvement he could from his precepts. The first essay of his eloquence was against his guardians, whom he obliged to refund a part of his fortune. Encouraged by this event, he ventured to speak before the people, but with very ill

success. He had a *weak voice*, a *thick way of speaking*, and a very *short breath*; notwithstanding which, his periods were so long, that he was often obliged to stop in the midst of them for respiration. This occasioned his being hissed by the whole audience. As he withdrew, hanging down his head, and in the utmost confusion, Satyrus, one of the most excellent actors of those times, who was his friend, met him; and having learnt from him the cause of his being so much dejected, assured him that the evil was not without remedy, and that his case was not so desperate as he imagined. He desired him to repeat some of the verses of Sophocles and Euripides to him, which he did. Satyrus spoke them after him, and gave them such graces by the tone, gesture, and spirit with which

he pronounced them, that Demosthenes himself found them quite different from what they were in his own manner of speaking.

He perceived plainly what he wanted, and applied himself strenuously to the acquiring of it. His efforts to correct his natural defects of utterance, and to perfect himself in pronunciation, seems almost incredible; and prove that an industrious perseverance can surmount almost all things. He stammered to such a degree, that he could not pronounce some letters—among others, that with which the name of “RHETORIC,” the art he studied, begins. These obstacles he overcame at length by putting small pebbles into his mouth, pronouncing several verses in that manner without interruption; and accompanying it with walking, or going

up steep and difficult places; so that at last no letter made him hesitate, and his breath held out through the longest periods. He went also to the sea-side; and whilst the waves were in the most violent agitation, he pronounced harangues both to strengthen his voice, and to accustom himself by the confused noise of the waters, to the roar of the people, and tumultuous cries of public assemblies. Demosthenes took no less care of his action than his voice. He had a large looking-glass in his house, which served to teach him gesture; and at which he used to declaim before he spoke in public. To correct a fault which he had contracted by an ill habit of shrugging up his shoulders, he practised standing upright in a very narrow pulpit, or rostrum; over which

hung an halbert in such a manner, that if, in the heat of action, that motion escaped him, the point of the weapon might serve at the same time to admonish and correct him. His application to study was no less surprising. To be the more removed from noise, and less subject to distraction, he shut himself up in a small room under ground, sometimes for months together; and there it was, by the light of his lamp, that he composed those admirable orations, which were said by those who envied him, to “smell of the oil,” to imply that they were elaborate. Demosthenes heard them, and only told them in reply, “It is plain that yours did not cost you so much trouble.” He rose constantly very early in the morning, and used to say he was sorry when any work-

man was at his business before him. We may further judge of his extraordinary efforts to acquire excellence of every kind, from the pains he took in copying Thucydides's history, eight times with his own hand, in order to render the style of that great man familiar to him. And his labour was well bestowed; for it was by these means that he carried the art of declaiming to the highest degree of perfection of which it was capable; whence it is plain he well knew its value and importance. When he was asked three several times what quality he thought most necessary in an orator, he gave no other answer than "Pronunciation:" Insinuating thereby, that qualification to be the only one of which the want could be least concealed, and which was most ca-

pable of concealing other defects; and that pronunciation alone could give considerable weight even to an indifferent orator; when without it, the most excellent could not hope for much success. As to Demosthenes, Cicero tells us, that his success was so great, that all Greece came in crowds to Athens, to hear him speak; and, he adds, that merit so great as his, could not but have that effect.

“From the example of this great man, I hope my dear Lucy will be convinced, that with care and application, she may conquer the defects of her voice and pronunciation; resolve to do it, my love, and you will conquer.”

CHAPTER V.

LADY Selby was charmed with the alteration in her children, and imputed their improvement to the assiduous instructions of Ellinor. Miss Rusport beheld with envy the progress which the young governess made in the affections of her sister; and though she could not be insensible to the evident improvement they had made, she endeavoured in every respect in her power to depreciate the meritorious Ellinor in the opinion of Lady Selby.

“I vow, my dear sister,” said she one day, “I am absolutely shocked at the alteration which has taken place in my nephew’s disposition.

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The child once conducted himself towards the domestics with that easy dignity, which is befitting the heir of Sir Frederick Selby; but now he is really familiar with them." "Indeed!" said Lady Selby, "I am sorry for that, but cannot say I have discovered any impropriety of the kind." "It was but this morning," replied Miss Rusport, "I saw him in deep conversation with the butler." At that moment Ellinor entered the room. "My sister has been saying, Miss Montague, that she saw Frederick this morning in deep conversation with the butler—now, though I do not wish my children to be haughty and imperious to their inferiors, I should be extremely sorrow they should be familiar with them." "I should be equally so with your Ladyship,"

replied Ellinor. "I sent Master Selby to the butler to entreat pardon for a fault he had committed."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Miss Rusport, colouring with indignation, "did you dare to let my nephew degrade himself by such an action." "I beg your pardon, Madam," said Ellinor, coolly, "the action for which Master Selby entreated pardon, was the one which degraded him; no concession he can make can possibly sink him lower." "There is nothing which he could commit, Madam," cried Miss Rusport, "which could warrant such a meanness. Beg a servant's pardon! I have lost all patience. Lady Selby, I hope you will immediately discharge Miss Montague, as unfit to superintend your children's education, and let

her carry her plebeian manners, and plebeian ideas elfewhere."

Sir Frederick Selby, who had been for fometime abfent on a vifit to a friend, at the conclufion of this fpeech, entered the room. Compliments of reception being paff, Ellinor arofe to take her leave. "Stay, Mifs Montague," faid Lady Selby, "and do me the favour to explain your motives for a conduct which has fo much irritated my fifter, but which I hope was perfectly juft." "Since your Ladyfhip allows me to plead my own caufe, I obey," faid Ellinor. "Before we walked this morning, Mafter Selby requested the butler to give him a bifeuit." "I would obey you with pleasure, Sir," faid he, "but have unfortunately miflaid the key of my pantry, and am afraid I fhall not be able to oblige you till you return

from your walk." "I will have one now," said Frederick. "You shall, Sir, if I can find the key." "You have not lost it," exclaimed he; "Sir, It is all a lie!" (I beg your Ladyship's pardon for using such a term before you.) The poor old man, who I understand has long lived in Sir Frederick's family, lifted up his hands and eyes in amazement. "Your honoured father, Sir," said he, "would have scorned to have treated me thus: But go, you are a *naughty boy*, while your father is a gentleman." "And am not I a *gentleman*?" "No, Sir." "You shall repent this insolence, old man," exclaimed Master Selby, in a haughty tone of voice; "severely repent it." Unsuspected by my young pupil, I, Madam, had been a hearer of all that had passed,

and at the conclusion of this speech made my appearance, and insisted on his asking the butler's pardon. This the butler strenuously objected to; but I was preremptory, and the necessary concessions were made. Had I not acted thus, Madam, I should have conceived myself guilty of an injustice to your child. Had he been a duke's son, I would have acted exactly as I have done now." "But will never have an opportunity of doing so again," screamed Miss Rusport; "for surely, surely, Lady Selby, surely, Sir Frederick, you will no longer allow a young woman who has permitted your heir to ask pardon of a servant, to remain beneath your roof." "Most assuredly I will, Madam," replied Sir Frederick; "and glory in the thought, that the education of my children is entrusted to a Lady, who

will, by her advice and example, teach them their duty." "I am sorry, Sir Frederick, you do not see the affair in the same light I do," answered Miss Rusport; "and wish you may not repent the confidence which you repose in this young woman." "I am fully sensible of the honour Sir Frederick confers on me, Madam," said Ellinor, "and shall endeavour to deserve the confidence reposed in me."

The children now entered the room to welcome their father's return home. They approached to pay him their duty; he kissed each of the girls, but seemed not to observe Frederick. "You have forgot me, papa," said he; "you have caressed my sisters, but have not said a word to me." "When you are deserving my love, Sir," said his father, "I shall most certainly no-

tice you, till then you must be content to remain uncared for. I cannot possibly think of embracing a boy who fancies it is the kindness, respect, and affection, due to an old and faithful servant, and who, at the moment, his conduct places him on a level with the most despicable part of his species, presumes to call himself a gentleman. Your young friends from Worthington-Place are to spend to-morrow with your sisters, while you must remain in the school-room. For the present you must not be allowed to associate with them, lest your bad example should corrupt their manners." Frederick wept, and entreated to be admitted one of the party; but in vain: he could obtain no mitigation of his punishment, and was therefore obliged to submit. Early on the following day, the young party

arrived at Selby-Grove. Every heart, but Frederick's, throbbed with pleasure; every countenance beamed with delight—Amelia played with her doll—Miss Worthington plucked the sweetest and most beautiful flowers, and wove them into wreathes. Henry Worthington, who was a young poet, was busy in composing an elegy on the death of a young friend. Lucy Selby, Fanny and Henrietta Worthington, danced on the lawn, while Ellinor, seated near the happy groupe, surveyed them with unsophisticated delight. Clara had been for some time absent; but Ellinor supposing she was gone into her poultry-yard to feed her pigeons, which she was particularly fond of, felt perfectly easy. But when an hour was past without her returning, Ellinor arose to inquire why she had withdrawn,

and stepping up stairs for her cloak, which she usually kept in a closet adjoining the school-room; on entering it, her attention was attracted by hearing the voice of Frederick, who, in reply to something which had been said to him, exclaimed, "who shall, or who ought to controul me, some day I shall be a rich man; nay, I am very rich already, for did not my grandfather, Lord Rusport, leave me thirty thousand pounds. I wonder what right Miss Montague has to make me ask pardon of a servant, and then my father to correct me for telling an old man he told a falsehood. O! I could cry my eyes out." "Pray compose yourself, my dear Frederick," said Clara, "and do not grieve me by using such silly expressions; how often have you been told, it is neither wealth or titles that ennoble man,

but virtue, good sense, and humanity. Come, don't weep, I have left the company below on purpose to play with you, or read to you." "I won't play, nor hear you read," pettishly exclaimed Frederick. Clara endeavoured to sooth her brother, and offered to give him several of her most favourite toys, but he refused her offers in terms at once, rude and unfeeling. Ellinor mourned the obstinacy of this child's disposition, and lamented the false pride which swelled in his bosom. She beheld with *admiration* the affectionate behaviour of Clara. She determined to commend it; but, at the same time, blend with her praises, some gentle reproofs; for had she not, through the most innocent and feeling intentions, transgressed the wishes of her father by endeavouring to amuse Frederick,

whom he wished to punish? When Ellinor entered the room, Clara blushed deeply, and a conviction that she had not acted perfectly right, flashed across her mind. "Come hither, my dear Clara," said Ellinor; Clara drooped her head and obeyed. "When I tell you my love," continued Ellinor, "that during the last ten minutes I have been in the work closet, you will know that I have been a witness to the recent conversation between you and your brother. The sisterly affection you have displayed, the magnanimity with which you have resigned the society of your young friends and their amusements, to divert and console your brother who is in disgrace, claims my warmest admiration. But my dearest Clara, there is no virtue when carried to an *excess*, but becomes a *fault*. You have erred, my dear

girl, in permitting your sisterly affection to overstep the duty you owe to your father's commands. The future welfare of Frederick, dictated the correction your father wished him to endure; you, prompted by the feelings of a warm and generous heart, have endeavoured to frustrate the wishes of your father (which is a great fault) by exerting your talents to amuse his mind; but as I know your actions to result from the most amiable cause, and therefore, I most sincerely love and forgive you." Clara imprinted a fervent kiss on the hand which Ellinor held towards her, and silently attended to what farther she had to say. "For you master Selby," continued Ellinor, "your conduct excites my most decided disapprobation; the fault you committed

this morning, I was willing to think resulted from a quickness of temper, and not from the badness of your heart ; but many hours have elapsed since, and yet you deliberately persist in conceiving your conduct perfectly right. What, or who are you, Sir, that you shall presume to insult with impunity, a being formed like yourself, with this advantage, that he is aged and experienced, while you are young and ignorant. You are continually boasting that you are the *son of Sir Frederick*, what of that, there are thousands of your fellow-creatures whose rank and fortunes are as superior to yours, as your's is to the butler. But I will recite a anecdote from history, which will prove the extreme folly you have been guilty of, in *boasting of your riches*.

One day, when Alcibiades was

boasting of his wealth, and the great estates in his possession, Socrates carried him to a geographical map, and asked him to find Attica. It was so small, it could scarce be discerned upon the draught: he found it, however, though with some difficulty. But upon being desired to point out his own estate, 'It is too small,' says he, 'to be distinguished in so little a space.' 'See, then,' replied Socrates, 'how much you are affected about an imperceptible point of land!' Thus it is with you, Frederick," continued Ellinor, "you imagine, because you are possessed of a few thousands, that you are superior to those you see around you. Mistaken child! how often must you be told, that it is not wealth, or titles, that give dignity to man. Like Alcibiades, you are

puffed up with pride, because you are the possessor of a few dirty acres, which, in the great scale of creation, are as nothing."

Attended by Clara, Ellinor now returned to her young friends, whom she found busily employed, (Henry Worthington excepted,) in pursuing a beautiful insect, which flew from shrub to shrub, still eluding their grasp, till Amelia struck it down with her handkerchief, and it lay on the ground nearly motionless. "Beautiful little creature," said Clara, "I am sorry you have struck it down, Amelia; it will certainly die." Clara was right; the insect almost immediately expired. Clara shuddered; Amelia drooped her head, and the big tears fell from her eyes.

Ellinor was pleased at the sensi-

bility she expressed. "My dear Amelia," said she, "let this incident teach you never more to seek amusement from the *captivity* or *death* of any created being. *Cruelty* and *peace* can never assimilate— You have pursued this little insect with the hope of possessing it; your wishes have been crowned with success; but your success is only productive of misery: To gratify an idle wish of pleasure, you have deprived a being of life." Amelia wept. "Since the poor little animal is free from pain, and grief will not restore it to life," continued Ellinor, "dry your tears, Amelia, and let us examine its structure." Ellinor took the insect in her hand. "This little insect," said she, "is named the Libella, or Dragon-Fly: observe its horny and lucid eyes; the

beautiful transparency of its silvery wings; the vivid colour of its body, and its forked tail. These insects, beautiful as they are, are produced from eggs, which are deposited in the water, where they remain for sometime without seeming life or motion. When the insect breaks the egg, it commences life in the form of a worm: it has six legs, and strongly resembles the Dragon-Fly in its winged state. They creep or swim in the water, but do not move very swiftly. Their sight is amazingly quick, and on the approach of any one, they immediately sink to the bottom. The creature is enclosed in a transparent sheath, which, when the change it is to undergo, begins to take place, opens on the head and back, and the creature by degrees is emancipated from its confinement, and be-

comes the beautiful fly we are now beholding. Though the creature is perfectly formed before it leaves the sheath, yet it cannot at first use its wings, till the air has given to them dryness, strength, and elasticity.

“ This little creature is an insect of prey; and, though we admire and suppose its sportiveness, when on the *wing*, perfectly innocent, it is in fact ‘going about seeking whom it may devour.’ It presents no bad lesson; its form, so beautifully fascinating to the eye, ought to teach us how little confidence there is to be put in external appearance; since loveliness, too often, conceals a deformed mind.”

The day passed in the utmost harmony, and the Worthingtons’ returned home highly delighted with the “Young Governess;” who,

(from their having spent the last twelve months in a distant county,) they had never seen before. "Indeed, Madam," said Fanny Worthington, "you will be charmed with Miss Montague; she corrects with such grace and gentleness, and yet so forcibly convinces one of a fault, that it cannot fail of leaving an impression on every mind not absolutely callous."

Mrs. Worthington listened attentively to Fanny. Business of the utmost importance, called Mr. Worthington into Ireland: she particularly wished to attend him, but trembled to leave her children at a public school: for though Mrs. Worthington was well aware there are many public seminaries for females, where the greatest pains are taken to form their morals; yet she

preferred private tuition, and wished to place her children under the care of an accomplished female, who had not too many pupils to attend to. She doubted not but Lady Selby would willingly grant her permission to leave her two daughters and her son at Selby-House, till her return from Ireland; and early on the following morning, waited on that Lady to prefer her request. Lady Selby readily complied; and in a few days after, the Worthingtons' were settled at Selby-House. Ellinor almost trembled to take the charge of Mrs. Worthington's children: She was unacquainted with their dispositions, but sedulously endeavoured to discover them. Henry Worthington had entered his eleventh year—the delicacy of his health had hitherto prevented his

parents from placing him beneath the jurisdiction of a tutor. His indulgent father had been his only preceptor and governor; from want of proper controul, he had acquired habits of indolence, but his manners were gentle, his mind sensible and romantic. Henry Worthington possessed genius; and, young as he was, looked on nature and on nature's works with the eye of a poet, and a painter; but too often permitted the common occurrences of life to pass unregarded. Miss Worthington, and Henrietta, were both his seniors. Fanny was a very good and very sensible girl: she was nearly fourteen: she was well-informed, intelligent, and amiable. Like her brother, she was an enthusiast in poetry: She had read and studied the best authors;

and no girl of her age was better qualified to speak of their merits or demerits, better than Fanny; but that her extreme diffidence withheld her from offering her opinion. From Miss Worthington, and from Henry, Ellinor had nothing to fear; but she soon discovered that Henrietta was a dangerous child; she was proud and cunning. The morning after the Worthingtons' arrived, Ellinor and her pupils met, as usual, in the school-room, and were soon joined by the young strangers. An expression of pensiveness sat on the countenance of Henry, and a tear trembled in his eye. Ellinor inquired the cause of a sorrow so strongly evinced, and was informed by Miss Worthington, that Henry grieved for the death of a friend, whom he sincere-

ly loved. "I shall never be happy again I am sure," said Henry; "if half my fortune would restore my beloved friend, how gladly would I sacrifice it." "And is it possible, my dear," answered Ellinor, "that you would act in opposition to the will of God! He who created us must surely know when to call us to himself. How unlike are you to the great Archbishop Fenelon; who, when he beheld his pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, (to whom he was most tenderly attached) a corpse, exclaimed with the most devout resignation, "There lies my beloved prince, for whom my affection was equal to the tenderest regard of the tenderest parent. Nor was my affection lost: he loved me in return with all the ardour of a son. There he lies, and all my

worldly happiness lies dead with him—but if the turning of a straw would call him back to life, I would not for ten thousand worlds be the turner of that straw in opposition to the will of God!” Henry was charmed with the noble resignation evinced by the great Fenelon, and wished to imitate his example; but was too inactive to arouse himself from the pensiveness into which grief had thrown him. “Dear Miss Montague,” said he to Ellinor, “I am highly delighted with the anecdote you have been pleased to repeat, but the lassitude which has taken possession of my mind, is such, that I find it impossible to be dissipated.” “Employment, my dear Henry,” said Ellinor, “is the best antidote against sorrow; there are scarcely any calamities to which its

influence does not extend. Earnest employment, if it cannot cure, will at least palliate every anxiety." "I will endeavour, dear Madam," said Henry, "to profit by your kind advice." Ellinor was charmed by the manner in which Henry received her advice, and she doubted not, but he would reap improvement from it. The task of forming the minds of children, is of the utmost moment—Ellinor felt this; and determined nothing on her part should be wanting to make her pupils worthy and respectable members of society. She struggled with many difficulties, but was resolved to conquer them—the hauteur of Miss Rusport was, at times, almost insupportable; and a young woman possessing less fortitude than Ellinor, would not have remained in a family where a part of it studied to make

her uncomfortable. But the good and virtuous Ellinor resolved to brave any disagreeables, rather than forego a situation which enabled her to support her beloved sister, who had no friend to whom she could look for assistance, but Ellinor. Ellinor with indefatigable industry, fulfilled the duties of her situation in the Selby family, and at the same time attended to the education of Sophy. All her leisure hours were dedicated to the improvement of her beloved sister—not a single moment of her time was mis-employed. If she conversed with her pupils, it was on subjects of importance to their happiness or improvement of their minds. When the weather prevented her from visiting Sophy, she constantly committed her instructions to paper, so that even se-

paration did not prevent her improvement. Sophy amply repaid the anxious attentions of her, more than her sister, by the rapid progress she made in every branch of education.

CHAPTER V.

ONE evening Ellinor, and her young pupils, walked to Eastbourn-Farm. They found Sophy in deep contemplation by the river side; her countenance expressed intense thought, and they were at her side before she observed them. "What are you thinking of, my dear Sophy?" asked Ellinor. "I was thinking from whence all the rivers in the world can proceed," replied Sophy. "Can you tell me Ellinor?"—"Rivers have their source," replied Elli-

nor, "in high mountains or elevated lakes."—"And by what means are they supplied so constantly," inquired Sophy. "Philosophers," answered Ellinor, "who have searched into the secrets of nature, have formed various hypothesis on this subject, but have obtained no certain information. Some assert, and with much degree of probability, that the evaporation which arises from the sea, is more than sufficient for supplying the greatest rivers and maintaining the purposes of vegetation. I will recite a passage from a very elegant writer on this subject.

'The sea supplies sufficient humidity to the air, for furnishing the earth with all necessary moisture. One part of its vapours fall upon its own bosom, before they arrive

upon land. Another part is arrested by mountains, and is compelled by the rising stream of air to mount upwards towards their summits. Here it is presently precipitated, dripping down by the crannies of the stone. In some places, entering into the caverns of the mountain, it gathers in those receptacles, which being once filled, all the rest overflows; and breaking out by the sides of the hills, forms single springs. Many of these run down by the vallies or guts, between the ridges of the mountains, and coming to unite, form little rivulets or brooks; many of these meeting in one common valley, and gaining the plain ground, being grown less rapid, become a river, and many of these uniting, make such vast bodies of water, as the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube.'

“Natural history,” said Henry—
“must be very pleasant when attained, but I do not think I should ever have patience to study it.” “I know no employment more delightful,” replied Ellinor; “but the habits of indolence which you have acquired, my dear Henry, makes you survey every thing where industry is necessary, as disgusting.” “I acknowledge my fault, Madam,” replied Henry, “I love to gaze on the clouds, observe the beautiful insects that skim upon the waters, and mark the opening bud, and brightly tinged petals of the wild flowers; these are occupations which delight me.” “These are innocent amusements,” answered Ellinor, “and capable of being made subservient to your advantage. You must endeavour, Henry, to become acquainted with the names and qua-

lities of every thing you see, else a few years hence you will be pointed at as an ignorant young man, who, from want of early application, is uninformed of every thing with which he ought to be acquainted. If you wish to be a poet, Henry, it is likewise necessary you should be a philosopher." "I do not see," pertly exclaimed Frederick, "why a gentleman's brains should be crowded with the contents of old musty books; one might as well be the poor wretch who is obliged to earn a livelihood by teaching others." "An ignorant man of fortune, my dear," mildly replied Ellinor, "is of all other beings the most contemptible. Neither an intelligent mind, nor elegant conversation, is expected to be met with in the man of business; but the *gentleman* who is deficient in these,


will be sneered at by his inferiors, and despised by his equals."

Poor little Frederick, whose head was filled with ideas of his own consequence, listened to the conversation of Ellinor with an indifference bordering on contempt. His aunt, the worst enemy he ever had, by her precepts, destroyed the good instruction he so constantly received, and Ellinor was fully convinced advice was thrown away on this unhappy child. While Frederick neglected every thing but his play. Henry Worthington, by mere dint of perseverance, had conquered that habitual indolence he had acquired under the tuition of his fond father, and was making rapid improvement in every pleasing and useful study. Amelia was still lively, but her spirits were under the guidance of reason. The society of Fanny

Worthington contributed much to her improvement, and Lady Selby, beheld with rapture her progress towards perfection. But as there is no sensation of pleasure unattended with pain, the happiness Lady Selby experienced at the pleasing alteration in her eldest daughter, was allayed by the evident dereliction from every good and amiable quality which Lucy evinced. This unhappy change Ellinor attributed to her intimacy with Henrietta Worthington, who evinced by her conduct, the most unworthy principles. Ellinor exerted every effort in her power to eradicate from the mind of her pupils these evil propensities, and (so deeply was this wicked child skilled in the arts of cunning and dissimulation) Ellinor continually flattered herself she would become a convert to good.

Henrietta had frequently pilfered from the sweetmeat-closet, and from the hot-house, without being discovered. Lucy was always her partner in theft, and partaker of their ill-gotten sweets. It happened, at this time, that there was a peculiarly fine pine-apple in the hot-house, which was designed by Lady Selby as a present to a friend. The fruit had attracted the particular attention of Henrietta, and she was resolved, notwithstanding she knew to what use it was appropriated, to become its mistress. At an hour when she thought herself unobserved, she stole into the garden, and looking cautiously round, approached the hot-house. Lady Selby, at this moment, was concealed from her observation by some beautiful shrubs, and being convinced, Henrietta, by her manner, was on no

good errand, remained still, observing, though not observed. Henrietta entered the hot-house, and having plucked the pine-apple, hid it beneath her frock, and retired with the same caution she had approached. Lady Selby retired to the house, vexed at the discovery she had made, but resolved not to say any thing for the present. When the cloth was drawn and the dessert placed on the table, she commanded one of her servants to send the gardener to her. The poor fellow, who by this time had discovered the loss of the pine-apple, entered the room with a sorrowful countenance. "Did your Ladyship want me?" "I have changed my mind respecting that pine-apple which I intended to have sent to Lady Wilbourn, and must therefore request, gardener, you will bring it hither."



"I would most willingly obey your Ladyship, but the pine is stolen!"

"Stolen!" exclaimed Lady Selby, "impossible; surely no one in my family would be guilty of so despicable an action—you must immediately account for its absence, or prepare to leave your place." As

Lady Selby uttered this, she fixed her eye on Henrietta, who sat playing with an apple. "Confess the truth," continued her Ladyship, "and I will pardon you; but if you presume to utter a falsehood, you shall be discharged my service."

"Did your Ladyship ever find me tell you a falsehood?"—"Never."

"Then your Ladyship will believe me when I assure you I know not what is become of the pine; and what is more, that I have of late found many fruits stolen from the

hot-house.—If your Ladyship will allow me, I will point out the young Lady who has made free with your Ladyship's fruit before now, and, I dare say, has done the same thing now." "The young Lady!" exclaimed Lady Selby, "surely neither of my children would be guilty of such a meanness. Tell me, I beseech ye, which of you have degraded herself by such an action." For a moment all remained silent; when Henrietta, getting off her seat, approached Lady Selby, and accused Lucy of the theft. Lucy asserted her innocence, but Henrietta persisted in the falsehood, declaring she saw her enter the hot-house and pluck the pine-apple. "O, Henrietta!" exclaimed Lucy, bursting into tears, how can you dare assert such an untruth: My dearest mother, I am unworthy

your love; I am unworthy to associate with my sisters, or Miss Worthington. I have frequently partaken of fruits and preserves, which"—(Lucy paused)—She felt too generous to accuse Henrietta, and repented having said so much. "I know all you would say, Lucy," said Lady Selby; "you have been a very weak and very wicked child, in permitting Henrietta Worthington to seduce you from your duty. I saw her steal the pine-apple. Were her parents at Worthington, she should be immediately sent to them, lest her conduct should contaminate the rest of my children and family; as it is, she shall be confined to the most melancholy room in the house, without the privilege of instruction, and deprived of those amusements which are allowed to

just and honourable children.”
“Frederick partook of the fruit, though he knew how I came possessed of it,” sobbed Henrietta.
“This is no extenuation of your fault, Henrietta,” said Lady Selby, “but he shall be severely punished.”
“And why punished!” exclaimed Miss Rusport, “for eating a paltry pine-apple that was taken from his father’s hot-house.” “You may go,” she continued, turning to the gardener. “Stay,” said Lady Selby, “the whole family shall witness his disgrace.”

Then ringing the bell, she ordered two footmen to take him to his chamber, strip him of his fine clothes, and put on him others, formed of the coarsest materials: Henrietta was treated in the same manner by the female domestics; and thus equipped, the unworthy

children were led into the great hall, where Sir Frederick, (whom his lady had informed of the affair) attended by her ladyship and all the family, (Miss Rusport excepted,) waited to receive the culprits. Sir Frederick surveyed them with a severe countenance; then turning to Henrietta, he addressed her in the following words.

“You, Henrietta Worthington, have transgressed the laws of God and man—you have broken through the rights of hospitality, and made yourself amenable to the laws of your country. Unhappy child! your future days must be clouded with sorrow, unless the most deep and heart-felt contrition takes possession of your heart. Go, and endeavour by prayer and penitence to deprecate the vengeance which

awaits on crimes like yours. Your Creator's pardon once obtained, fear not but you will receive that of your fellow-creatures: but to procure this, your future days must be unfulfilled by any mean or disgraceful action. For you, Frederick, my heart bleeds at the dreadful idea that your crimes have not only rendered you obnoxious to society, but despicable in the eyes of your family, and disgraceful to your ancestors; and above all offensive to your Creator. Take him away," continued Sir Frederick, "and never let him presume to enter my presence till he is fully sensible of his past conduct, and willing to amend it."

Henrietta and Frederick retired in disgrace to their separate places of confinement, while Ellinor and her pupils walked into the garden

to dissipate the uneasy sensations which the wicked conduct of Henrietta and Frederick had inspired. Miss Worthington was most sensibly affected at the criminality of Henrietta: "Dearest Miss Montague," said she, "it is impossible for me to express the full extent of my feelings on this subject; I am at once, grieved and angry." "I am pleased to discover those marks of sensibility which you and my other dear pupils express," answered Ellinor. "There is no *evil* from which good may not be extracted. The ignominy in which those unhappy children are held, the punishment they so justly receive, will, I trust, leave a lasting impression on your minds, and convince you, that *crimes* are sure, at sometime or other, to be detected

and punished." "Alas!" said Miss Worthington, "I can never cease to grieve for my unhappy sister, since her punishment will end but with her life. After what has past, who will love or regard her." "All good and charitable people," replied Ellinor: "But then she must not only be sensible of her fault, but lead a life of strict virtue. I have often dwelt with delight on that part of the Vicar of Wakefield, where the good Dr. Primrose receives and pardons his penitent daughter; I dare say, Amelia, you can repeat it." "Indeed, Madam, I cannot; I blush to reflect how ill-spent my time has been; but for the future, each moment shall be improved." Ellinor commended this praise-worthy resolution and requested Miss Worthington to recite the passage alluded to.

Miss Worthington obeyed with modest diffidence.

‘The kindness of heaven is promised to the penitent. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner, than many persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; for the single effort by which we stop short in the down-hill path of perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue than an hundred acts of justice.’ “Is it possible,” said Clara; “is this doctrine just?” “Most just,” replied Ellinor. “Why then, Madam,” said Clara, “we may sin with impunity, if, at the same time, we resolve to repent.” “God forbid we should be guilty of so rash an action,” answered Ellinor; “since, when we begin to err, we know not where

our error will end. One fault leads to another, till, by degrees, what was at first venial, becomes a crime of the greatest magnitude." "There is," said Henry, "something at once just and beautiful in the pardon which is held forth to the penitent; but, as the scripture says, we ought not to 'sin that grace may abound.'" "True, my love," said Ellinor; "it would be one of the most dangerous speculations in the world; and therefore it is our duty to shun even the appearance of guilt."

When the party returned to the house, they found Lady Selby earnestly perusing some letters she had just received, one of which contained a very affecting incident; and, as it tended to evince the uncertainty of life, even to the young

and blooming, she determined to read that part of the letter to her family. Lady Selby was too just to deprive the *erring* of instruction when it was in her power to impart it: She therefore ordered Frederick and Henrietta into her presence. They entered the parlour with their eyes swollen with weeping, and their heads drooped on their bosoms. Neither Sir Frederick or his lady took the least notice of them. Miss Worthington, Amelia, Henry, and Clara, wished to speak to those unhappy children, but dared not.

“ My dear children,” said Lady Selby, “ you were well acquainted with the beautiful Maria, and Emily.” “ O yes, Mamma,” said Amelia; “ I have often envied their extreme beauty.” “ Envy is

a vile passion, Amelia, and expressive of a weak mind." Lady Selby delivered a letter into Ellinor's hands and requested her to read it. Ellinor read as follows.

' You know, my good friend, how often the uncertainty of life has employed my pen; how often I have inculcated it as a stimulus to virtue, and a warning against vice; since death leads to happiness or misery :

' An affecting circumstance has happened here, which I wish to relate. Maria and Emily were, as you know, two of the most lovely young women within the circle of your acquaintance: Their beauty and accomplishments have long been the topic of conversation, in the gay and fashionable society which they frequented; they were

surrounded by every luxury which the most unreasonable could desire, and received a tribute of flattery to their charms, such as might have gratified the vainest. The delight of their fond mother, she indulged them in every wish of their unexperienced hearts. About a week since, a splendid ball was given by the officers of ———, at which the lovely Maria and Emily were invited. The day arrived, and was spent in preparations for their making an elegant appearance at the ball; the evening drew near; the lovely sisters were decked in all the brilliancies of dress and fashion. Emily, the youngest, was already arrayed; one moment her eyes elicited the fire of youth and health, and the blush on her cheeks

showed the bright glow of the damask rose; the next, an ashy paleness overspread her countenance. She complained of a violent pain in her stomach, and was advised by Maria to apply to her mother for some cordial restorative. Racked with the most excruciating pain, she quitted her chamber, entered with difficulty the drawing-room, and dropped in strong convulsions at her mother's feet. Alarmed by the shrieks which the unhappy parent sent forth, Maria flew to the drawing-room, where she found the once beautiful Emily, the fondly beloved sister of her heart, in the agonies of *death*. From that moment, Emily never breathed a syllable, and died the next morning, at ten o'clock. To paint the speechless agony of for-

row the poor Maria endured, is beyond the power of language.

‘The third day after Emily’s death was appointed for her funeral. It was impossible to prevent the noise and bustle which bringing her lifeless remains over the stairs occasioned, from reaching Maria: She heard the death-like sound, uttered a piercing shriek, and instantly expired in the arms of her distracted mother *.’

Ellinor paused at the conclusion of this last sentence: her voice faltered; she could proceed no further. Every hearer was affected.

* These affecting incidents are strictly TRUE—The young ladies were nearly related to the Author, and have not been dead three years.

with the melancholy end of Maria and Emily. Lucy and Henrietta were particularly interested: the latter declared she would for the future "learn to live as she would wish to die." In short, every one present expressed a conviction of the necessity there is of living in a constant preparation for death, except Frederick: he remained silent. The fate of Maria and Emily had left such an impression on the mind of Ellinor, that she found it impossible, when retired to her chamber, to sleep; she therefore composed the following

ELEGY.

The midnight breeze sighs hollow through the
glade,
And wearied nature's wrapt in soft repose;
Pale melancholy courts the gloomy shade,
To tell her mournful tales of many woes:

Now let the muse her solemn station seek
On yon fall'n ruin, desolate and drear ;
In sacred song, with resignation meek,
Breathe her sad numbers to the humid air ;
Chant the slow requiem o'er the new-turn'd mound,
And strew with cypress-wreathes this consecrated
ground.

O death ! insatiate monster ! mortals dread !
Why drink the heart's-blood of the young and
gay ?

Why come in cunning guise, with silent tread,
To crop those maids—sweet as the vernal day ?
Delicious beauty ! evanescent flower !
How soon thy envy'd glories fade away !

The grave's chill region all thy charms o'er-
pow'r,
Mingling thy lovely form with common clay ;
Whilst *thou, thrice halloved virtue*, stands confest,
Unaw'd by death's stern frown, for ever blest.

Chaste as the lily, gay as the vermiel rose,
Light as the rein-deer, sprightly as the fawn ;
The lovely sisters every charm disclose :
Pure as the silver tints at early dawn.

Allur'd by pleasures bland, (enchanted call !)
They fought the mazy, gay, fantastic train !

Smil'd at the concert, grac'd the festive ball,
Their young hearts throbbing to the tuneful
strain.

Whilst *innocence* was theirs, and sportive mirth,
And *filial tenderness*, and innate worth.

Maria ! Emily ! lamented nymphs !
 Who lately bloom'd in all the pride of youth ;
 Fair as the Houri, elegant as Sylphs :
 Matchless in beauty, innocence, and truth :
 Where are your charms ? in death's dark
 chambers laid ;
 Cold as the turf that pillows your remains ;
 Pale as the marble vase, or twilight's shade,
 Expos'd to howling winds, and drenching rains.
 Dimm'd is the radiant lustre of those eyes,
 Seal'd with the sleep of death, their peerless beauty
 lies.

Yet, round their urn, spring's earliest sweets
 shall bloom,
 (O much beloved ! O much regretted twain !)
 And pious mem'ry, loitering near their tomb,
 Pour the sad death-song's sorrow-breathing strain :
 What tho' no trophy'd honours round them
 shine,
 Love's holy tear shall gem the turfy sod ;
 Maternal tenderness sigh o'er their shrine,
 And resignation point our hopes to God.
 To innocence like theirs, ecstatic bliss is giv'n ;
 Virtue's unerring, sure reward is heav'n.

Ellinor, in her elegy, had not
 given these young ladies more
 praise for the virtues they possessed,
 than was justly their due—they
 were gay, but theirs was the gaiety

of innocence: No malignant passions destroyed the tranquillity of their bosoms: their lives were short, but lovely. The eldest had not attained her eighteenth year, when she died.

The sudden death of Maria and Emily, had such an effect on the mind of Henrietta Worthington, that what *love* of *virtue* could not bring to pass, *fear* did. She was continually thinking how terrible it would be to die in an unprepared state; and therefore studied to be good and virtuous.

As to Frederick, his mind was so poisoned with pride and other bad passions, that neither precept or example, seemed to have any effect on him. He frequently disobeyed the commands of his good parents—behaved with haughty insolence to his inferiors, and told

falsehoods. Those crimes never go unpunished. Frederick had acquired a habit of going to the side of a beautiful lake, on the pleasure-grounds of his father, and paddling in the water, though he was cautioned to avoid it. This poor thoughtless child, who heeded neither admonition or advice, at length lost his life by his own folly. Lady Selby had one day given him particular orders not to approach the lake: she kindly represented to him the danger he incurred; and told him she should be much displeased, if he disobeyed her commands.

Her Ladyship was no sooner retired to her dressing-room, than Frederick, unmindful of his mother's commands, repaired to the side of the lake; and seating himself on the bank, began to paddle

for small fishes: In an instant, a dizziness seized him in his head, and he fell in. The old butler, (whom Frederick so often treated with contempt and derision,) happened to be passing the lake, and, unmindful of danger, leaped into the water, bore Frederick to the shore, and hastened with all the speed his age and infirmities would admit, with his burthen, to the house. It was some time before the family could restore Frederick to life; after much care, he recovered, but was never well from that day, and died in less than three weeks after. During his illness, he expressed the utmost contrition for his past follies, and hoped that every child would learn from his fate, that wickedness and disobedience to parents, never go unpunished.

Lady Selby submitted to the loss of her son with the most devout resignation; and Miss Rusport, whose grief was at first violent, soon became reconciled to his death. Sophy, the Worthingtons' and Selbys', improved daily under the care of Ellinor; whose conduct procured her many friends, and who experienced those pure emotions of tranquility which ever attends on conscious rectitude. She lived five years in Lady Selby's family, and had the satisfaction of seeing her pupils some of the most accomplished young ladies in the county where they lived. Lady Selby wished her to remain in the family as a friend, but Ellinor preferred a life of labour, to a life of dependence; and therefore accepted an offer made her from a noble family, of becom-

ing a governess to their daughters. This family travelled; and Ellinor had now every advantage of knowing her native country, and improving her mind by observations on the peculiar customs, antiquities, and histories of the different counties she passed through.

To the enjoyment of these rational pleasures we must now leave her; with the hope that the remaining circumstances of her life, together with an account of what she saw in her travels, will, on some future day, be given to the world.

FINIS.

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