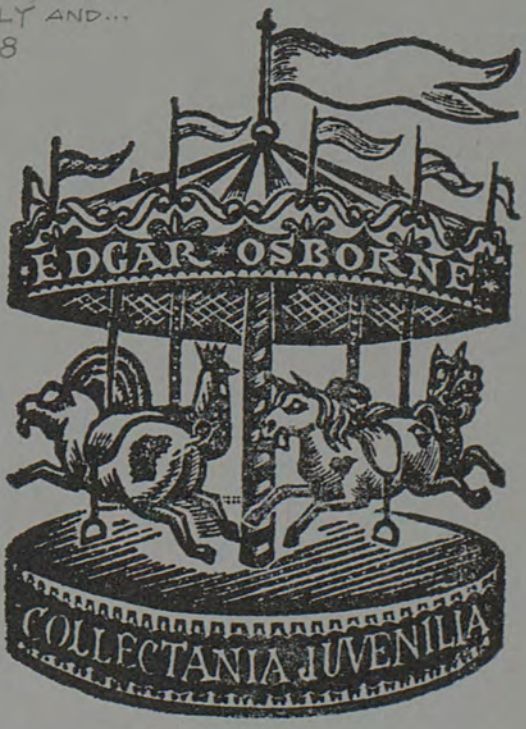

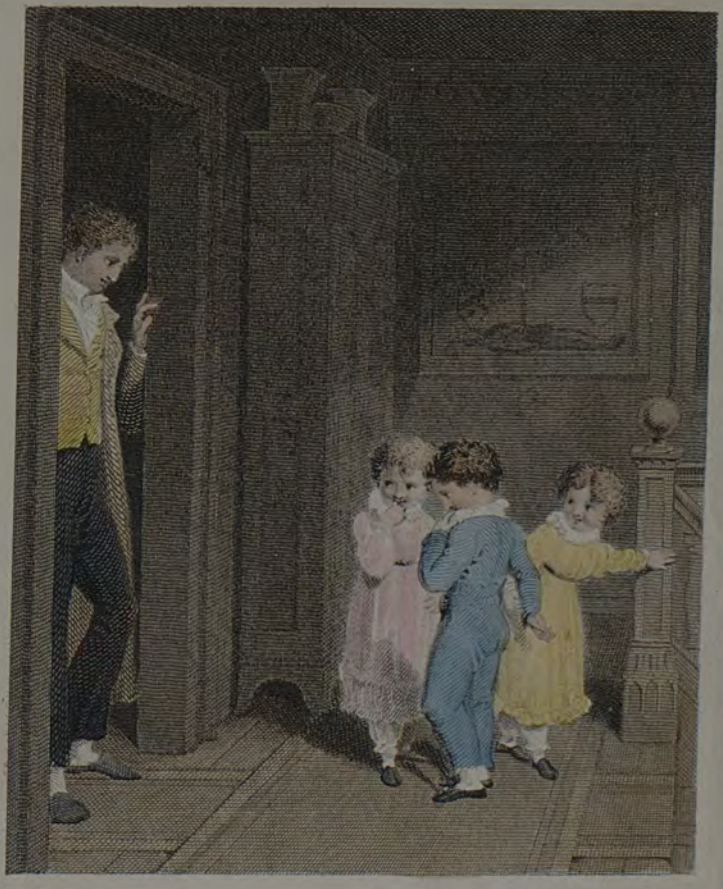

Drawn by R. Westall R.A. Engraved by Jas Mitchell

HIS APPEARANCE SILENCED THEM INTO MUTE BASHFULNESS

Page

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EMILY

AND HER COUSINS:

A TALE OF REAL LIFE,

FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

By M. BAKER,

(Formerly MISS HORWOOD,)

AUTHOR OF ORIGINAL POEMS FOR YOUNG MINDS—MORAL TALES—TRIFLES FOR CHILDREN, &c. &c.

Where there is shame, there may in time be virtue.

DR. JOHNSON.

LONDON:

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1828.

EMILY AND HER COUSINS.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne had been the parents of six children, five of whom died in infancy; this affliction, heavy as it was to them, was doubly a misfortune to Emily, their youngest and only surviving child, as it not only deprived her of the happiness of having brothers and sisters, but rendered her the sole care of an over anxious and fond mother. Mrs. Melbourne, in her great apprehension of losing this last darling, had unfortunately

treated her with so much indulgence, that she had been petted and spoiled almost from her birth.

Mr. Melbourne was one of those good-natured, easy-tempered men, who so often give way to what they disapprove, because they do not like the trouble of interfering where there is difficulty in succeeding; he had, it is true, frequently told Mrs. Melbourne, he was fearful she was pursuing a wrong plan for the future happiness of her daughter, and had expressed a wish for her to be sent to some good school, since there she would not only be under more restraint than at home, but would have the example of better behaved children to promote her amendment. The fond, though mistaken mother

had always urged so much objection to this plan, that it had been given up now for some time, and the little girl had past her tenth birthday, without having spent even one night from her father's house.

Though her parents were very rich, and lived near London, they kept but little company, and so great was their love of retirement, that they had scarcely any acquaintance in the immediate neighbourhood. Thus Emily had but few opportunities of profiting by being much with other little girls of her own age. Mrs. Melbourne had herself taught her to read, work, and spell, and masters attended to instruct her in French, dancing, and music, that is, when she chose to learn, for if she was idle, or out of

humour, she could generally persuade her mamma, by making some excuse or other, to let her omit her lessons; sometimes, indeed, Mrs. Melbourne perceived the silliness of these excuses, and would not admit them; in which case Emily had always a plentiful supply of tears at will, and would cry in so violent a manner, that the alarmed mother, seriously afraid she would go into fits, almost immediately gave way; the work and books were put by, even the masters often dismissed without giving their lessons, and Emily suffered to spend the day in total uselessness. Yet, though such was her conduct, she was not naturally an ill-disposed child, who would knowingly tell an untruth when she de-

clared that her lessons were too difficult, or that she was too unwell to bear the fatigue of dancing, or practising her music, she always believed that it was really the case. Thus habits of self-indulgence and a neglect of time were early acquired, that seemed to promise a life of future inutility and misery.

Her father could not but see that the faults of Emily rather increased, than lessened, and he at length became so seriously uneasy, that he resolved on sending her from home for at least a few months.

As Mrs. Melbourne decisively objected to a school, he wrote to an elder sister, who had lately arrived from a long residence in Ireland, and whom he had not yet seen since her return to

her native country. Mrs. Woodbrige was the mother of a large family, all of whom were grown up, married, and settled in different parts of England, excepting two little girls, one the same age, the other two years older than Emily.

Mr. Melbourne knew that his sister, through good management, had been very successful in forming the disposition, and in the education of her children; and, had it not been for her absence from England during the last five years, would have wished to have placed Emily under her care before. He now wrote to her a long letter, expressive of his uneasiness, begging that she would not delay the visit she had promised him, and earnestly requested her to endeavour to per-

suade Mrs. Melbourne, who was not informed of this letter, to part with Emily for at least the next six months.

Mrs. Woodbridge was exceedingly sorry to hear such an account of her little niece, and immediately resolved to comply with her brother's wishes; and, in a few days after the receipt of his letter, she arrived at his house. Mrs. Melbourne was delighted to see her, for besides having a great affection for her, she respected her very much for her amiable manners and the good sense she had shewn in the education of her children.—She had often indeed not only wished, but resolved, to act towards Emily in the same manner in which she had observed her sister to conduct herself towards her little girls; but

the terror she always felt of the child being really as delicate in health as she made herself appear to be, prevented her pursuing that course, which she so much admired in its consequences, and her judgment approved in itself.

Emily, who, from the ease with which her inclinations were generally indulged, required constant novelty to amuse her, was much pleased at the arrival of her aunt; and till her bed-time came, was as agreeable as possible; but the moment that the servant entered the room to attend her up stairs, she began to pout; declaring that she was not sleepy, and almost told her mamma that she would not go.

"My darling, you will be ill, if

you sit up," said Mrs. Melbourne; "and why should you want to be up later than usual to night?"

"Because my aunt is here," replied Emily.

"Your aunt is not going away to night, my dear," resumed Mrs. Melbourne; "so go to bed now, and then you can get up early in the morning, and be ready to walk with her on the lawn before breakfast; for I know she always rises in good time."

"Ah! but perhaps I shall want to lie in bed in the morning," said the perverse child; "besides, I like toss it up best."

"But, my love," said the tender mother, "you should not like to do that which is naughty, you know."

"How do I know that it is

naughty ?'' returned the little girl, (who, among her other faults, had learnt to argue with her parents, instead of obeying them,) "you never told me so last time when I asked to sit up, and then I staid till ten o'clock."

"You must remember that you were ill in consequence of it next day," said Mrs. Melbourne; "therefore, I must have you go to bed to night at your proper hour."

Emily's eyes were full of tears. "Well, my dear," resumed her mamma, the moment she perceived it, "don't cry, and perhaps, for a few minutes, or a quarter of an hour, I may allow you to remain."

Mr Melbourne, during this dialogue, had been anxiously looking at

his sister, to observe what effect this first exhibition of Emily's faultiness would have upon her.

Emily dried her eyes with amazing quickness, and was desiring the maid to leave the room, when her aunt took her hand, and said, "My dear little neice, you have asked to stay up to night, in order to shew your regard for me; I feel much obliged to you, because I wish you to love me very dearly; but I must say, that I should have been better pleased to have seen you obedient to your kind mamma, than to have you evince your affection for me, by disputing her commands, which you ought always to feel assured is for your benefit: now, go to bed, like a good little girl, and

you will find me on the lawn to-morrow at eight o'clock; where," she added with a smile, "I shall be much disappointed if I do not see you.

"You will excuse my interference," Mrs. Woodbridge continued, turning to her sister; "but as Emily professed her wish to set up was on my account, I felt myself at liberty to say to her what I thought upon the subject."

Mr. Melbourne again rang the bell for Susan, and Emily, evidently awed by a manner and language to which she was wholly unused, offered no further opposition, but went to bed.

Mrs. Melbourne had too much good sense not to acknowledge the propriety of what her sister had said,

and Mr. Melbourne took the opportunity to express his anxiety for Emily to accompany her aunt home, provided the latter was willing to take the charge of her. To this proposition Mrs. Woodbridge readily acceded, and they had just entered into a very interesting conversation on the subject, when Susan opened the door, to tell her mistress that Miss Melbourne was in bed, and wanted her mamma to come and kiss her and bid her good night.

"A custom," said Mr. Melbourne, addressing his sister, "regularly persisted in, whether her mother be engaged or not. You probably observed," he added, "that she bade both you and me good night before she left the room, but that she only whispered something to her mother;

which something, I doubt not, was to desire her to come directly she sent for her."

"I did notice it," replied Mrs. Woodbridge, "but, of course," forbore to remark on it: however the habit you speak of may proceed from affection, certainly such marks of love are not very desirable, as they must be frequently inconvenient, and the ceremony of taking leave for the night may surely be as well performed in the parlour as the bedchamber; I have always accustomed my children to that rule, though I make a point when at home of going into their room in the course of the evening: this I think a duty."

"But if I deferred going till it was more convenient to me," said Mrs. Melbourne, "Emily would keep

awake till I came; and as that might make her ill, I of course go directly."

"You will excuse me, my dear sister," said Mrs. Woodbridge, "but with regard to her keeping awake, I should advise you, on finding that she did so, to abstain from going at all, till she had broken herself of so bad a habit; depend upon it, if you persevered, she would leave it off in a very few nights."

The reply to this observation was prevented by the voice of Emily, who, impatient at the unusual delay of her mother, called, "Mamma! mamma!' in a half crying, pettish tone, that induced Mrs. Melbourne to quit the room immediately.

On her return, the subject of Emily's removal from home was

renewed; but ten minutes had scarcely passed away before the ringing of the little girl's bell caused a second interruption.

"What can that be for?" enquired her aunt. "Nothing to alarm you," replied Mr. Melbourne, "with a smile;" she has, perhaps, left her handkerchief, or some toy behind that she particularly wanted to take up with her, or she fancies that she cannot go to sleep, though she has scarcely tried to do so, in which case she generally contrives to thoroughly wake herself up; and really sometimes fevers and makes herself ill; she knows that her mother is afraid to refuse or punish her, and therefore she never takes the trouble to think for herself, or spare her the worry of

this perpetual calling for her, or ringing for the maid."

"This is indeed a sad list of faults," said Mrs. Woodbridge, "but as I have had more experience, though not more ability, my dear sister, than you, I shall not despair of making her, in a little time, as much a comfort to you, as she now appears the reverse: let me have her home with me; be assured I will take the greatest care of her, and do my best for her improvement; at least I will engage for so far as this, that she shall not receive improper indulgencies, nor cry herself into fits at their being refused to her."

Mrs. Woodbridge added much more to persuade the fond mother to part for a time with her troublesome pet, and Mr. Melbourne joining in these

arguments and entreaties, she was at length convinced of the propriety of Emily's removal from home. She therefore gave her consent, upon condition of being allowed to accompany, and spend the first fortnight with her.

Notwithstanding the rebuke she had received from her aunt on the preceding evening, Emily was delighted at the thought of the promised journey, and the visit she was to make to her cousins. She had been so long and so uniformly accustomed to a life of indulgence, that she had become wearied, even of enjoyment; and a listlesness, which is often the consequence of too much gratification, had begun to steal upon her. She knew that if she wanted to ride, or to walk, to play, or to

purchase new playthings, or any thing else that was possible to be granted, she had only to name which was the most agreeable to her; till at last she often did not care to do either, but preferred to lounge on a sofa, declaring "she had nothing to amuse her, and that she was miserable."

And here it is my duty to observe to such of my little readers as may, like Emily, have suffered themselves to become of a perverse temper, that it frequently happened when she did make choice of going out or staying at home, it was in direct contradiction to the state of the weather, preferring to ride or walk when it was wet, and to remain in the house and play when it was fine: if it happened to rain for two

or three days together, instead of submitting cheerfully to the disappointment it occasioned, and enjoying the means of happiness she had within doors, she would deprive herself of that consolation by fretting for what she could not obtain, and mope about the house the image of peevishness and discontent, making every body else almost as uncomfortable as herself.

For two days before her departure the little girl was all bustle and preparation; she was determined to take her best clothes, that she might astonish her cousins Fanny and Caroline with her superior finery: she knew that though her uncle lived in a very genteel style, he was not so rich as her papa, and had therefore not allowed his children so expensive a

wardrobe as was bought for her. It is but justice to say that, in the midst of all this joy and anticipated pleasure, she felt great sorrow at the thought of leaving her kind father, and indeed would not have consented to have gone at all with her aunt, had it not been for the promise of her mamma's accompanying her and remaining a fortnight.

I shall pass over the scene of parting, and the journey, and transport my young readers with Emily to the house of Mr. Woodbridge a distance of nearly one hundred miles: the travellers slept one night on the road, and arrived at about twelve on the following day.

CHAPTER II.

FANNY and Caroline ran out to meet them as the post-chaise drove up to the door, and after affectionately welcoming their mother and being introduced to their aunt, took each a hand of Emily and led her into the house; here they expressed the greatest pleasure at seeing her, and strove which should shew her the most attention.

Soon as the bustle of arrival was over, Emily, impatient to shew her finery, went with her cousins to their sleeping-room, in which her trunks were placed. Having unlocked them, she displayed their contents with a look of exultation

and pride, that ought to have been severely reproved, and would, no doubt, have been checked, had her aunt been present; but poor Emily had never been told, that to shew to another what was superior in value to that they themselves possessed, was often mortifying, and painful to their feelings, unless indeed done at their own request, or in a very delicate manner; and she was therefore so far to be excused for the idle vanity she shewed. There was, however, no danger of her wounding the feelings of these good little girls, who with smiles of pleasure and exclamations of admiration were gazing on the expensive muslins, laces, and ornaments, set before them.

Their judicious mother had early

taught them, so far from envying what they could not obtain, to be not only contented, but thankful for what they possessed; yet she had by no means wished them to be indifferent to an improvement in dress, should they be able to afford it, she only desired that they should consider it a thing of little importance, provided they could procure clothes and ornaments consistent with their rank and situation in life. For a person to consider dress a subject of great consequence, and to shew themselves vain of what they wore, she would say, was only to make themselves appear silly and contemptible, and not so attractive as a modest and sensible person attired much less expensively.

Emily was still busy in her display when the clock struck two. "Why, dear cousin," said Fanny, "we must not stay to look at these pretty things any longer now; we dine at three, and always change our frocks and put our hair in order at this time."

"Well, but it wants a whole hour to dinner yet," replied Emily; "surely, there will be time enough, if you go half an hour hence."

"You must not think we are tired of looking at your frocks," said Caroline, affectionately kissing her, "but mamma has desired us to be regular in changing our dress at two o'clock; and though we know that we could do so ten times over between this and three, yet, as she says it is

proper for us to be punctual, of course we always are."

"And do you always do as your mamma bids you?" enquired the disobedient child.

"As mamma bids us!" exclaimed both girls at once, with the utmost astonishment, "of course we do: pray don't you?"

"No," replied Emily "not when I don't like what she tells me and I can't see a reason for it; I wonder you don't ask aunt why she desires you to dress at two, when you dine at three, and can put on your things in a few minutes."

"Ask mamma her reason!" cried Fanny; "I hope I should never think of doing any thing so improper; I am very sure that mamma would never

give us any orders, but what are right and for our own good."

"And if it was necessary for us to know her reason, I am certain she would tell us, without our asking," rejoined Caroline; "it would therefore be very impertinent in us to enquire."

Emily did not reply, but she looked at her cousins as though she had suddenly discovered them to be of a nature totally different from any thing she had ever before seen, then putting the frock she held in her hand upon a chair, that, with several others, was already covered with the clothes she had unpacked, she threw herself across the middle of Fanny and Caroline's bed.

She would often, when at home in an idle or ill humour, tumble her own

or her mamma's bed in the same manner: she never had any thing, of course, to do with the making or the setting of it to rights again; she therefore never for a moment cared, or thought of the trouble she was occasioning the servants, who, seeing how much she had her own way in the parlour, did not dare to complain of her behaviour out of it; and though they outwardly flattered and caressed, they secretly despised and disliked her, whilst she considered them as being only born to wait on their superiors.

Fanny and Caroline, on the contrary, had been taught to know that their station in life being among the affluent was owing to no merit of their own, and consequently it was

no fault to be born among the poorer and lower classes, and had therefore always been accustomed to treat their inferiors with kindness and consideration, aware that if they strictly fulfilled the duties of their station, they were equally respectable with those on whom they attended; it was therefore, natural, that they should feel some degree of vexation at seeing their neatly-made bed thus disarranged; but they were accustomed not to let trifles discompose their tempers, or to make difficulties of what any exertion on their own parts might overcome; they therefore good-naturedly resolved not to say any thing to Emily in complaint, nor to expose her strange manners to any of the

servants by requesting their assistance, but to watch for an opportunity of putting the bed to rights, at least on the outside, themselves.

"We shall soon be drest, Emily," said Caroline, as she tied her sister's frock, "and then we can help you to fold: this chest of drawers is for you, and the sooner all these things are put away, the better, for they will get tumbled and dusty here."

"I never trouble myself about folding them," replied Emily, "I can just send one of the servants to do that for me." "But our servants are all busy," said Fanny; "besides, if they were not, mamma never suffers us to employ them in such things; she says, it is right for us to know how to fold and take care of

our own clothes, and to wait upon ourselves; and so we have found it; for, sometimes, we spend a few days with a very old friend of mamma's, who keeps but one servant; and if we were not accustomed at home to manage a little for ourselves, we should feel there very awkward and uncomfortable indeed."

"One servant!" exclaimed Emily, with a toss of her head and getting off the bed, "how shabby! how vulgar!" "No, my dear," said Mrs. Woodbridge, who had unperceived entered the room, "people are not always vulgar because their situation in life is humble, neither are they shabby because obliged to be economical in their housekeeping and other expenses; besides, as you

were told that this lady is a friend of mine, it was a little rude of you to make such observations, as though you thought your aunt would be intimate with shabby and vulgar persons: I am sure, if you reflect for a moment, my dear Emily, your good sense will convince you of the impropriety of what you said. You shall go with your cousins some day to see this lady, and then you will perceive that, by means of good management, and clever, amiable children, Mrs. Hamilton's house is more comfortable and better arranged with one servant, than many where they keep two or three."

Emily, who had stood in considerable awe of her aunt ever since the first night of her arrival at Mr.

Melbourne's house, did not reply, and Mrs. Woodbridge, anxious to conciliate as well as to retain her authority, told her that she must consider all that she said as meant for her improvement, and a mark of affection, as the better she loved her, the more desirous she should be to see her amiable and clever.

Fanny and Caroline were now drest, and began very diligently to refold the contents of Emily's trunks, good-naturedly refraining from asking her to assist them, lest she should be pained by shewing her awkwardness. The little girl, to whom every thing was new in the manners and character of her cousins, stood silently looking on, which Mrs. Woodbridge noticing, asked her to assist them.

"I don't know how," replied Emily.

"Perhaps not, but you would like to learn, would you not, my dear?"

"I should like it very well, ma'am; but I don't think I could."

"Instead of thinking yourself incapable, you should try," said her aunt," since endeavours will overcome many difficulties. Fanny, shew your cousin how you have folded that frock you have just laid in the drawer, and let her try to do it as you have done."

Fanny had taken particular pains in the folding of this frock; Emily noticed that she had done so, and she was much surprised at the readiness with which she immediately

complied with her mother's desire for her to undo it, and the pains she took in teaching her to refold it.

"My little girls," said Mrs. Woodbridge, "have each a set of drawers given them for their clothes, which they keep separate from each other's; now, Emily, you shall have the same. See, in this top drawer you shall have all your petticoats, stockings, and linen; in the next, you shall keep your frocks, tippets, and such things; and in the last, you must place what you have in wear; for instance, your afternoon frock, when you take it off at night, and your morning one, when you change it at noon: on the day before you have clean things, you must remember to look them out; see if they want strings or buttons sewed

on them, and have them aired; by which means you will be learning to think for yourself, instead of always depending on the recollection of others." "I am sure I shall never be able to think of all that," said Emily impatiently, "so it will be of no use for me try."

"If you give way to believing yourself incapable, when, in fact, you do not like the trouble," replied her aunt, "you must grow up in ignorance, and when you are grown up, how will you like to see other girls commended and admired for those little clever ways or attainments you might yourself have possessed, if willing to learn when you were young?" "Not at all," said Emily; "but if I can't help it, I am not to blame for that."

"But we are supposing that you can help it," replied her aunt; who was aware that Emily, when she disliked the instruction she was receiving, was never at a loss for perverse replies, and would obstinately persevere in any false argument her baby reason might suggest.

Fanny and Caroline had now put every thing nicely away, and Mrs. Woodbridge, as it was near three, desired Emily to dress herself, and left Caroline to assist her, taking Fanny down stairs with her, to arrange the point for after dinner.

Emily was by this time far from being in the best possible humour; she was so unused to admonition that she considered it more in the light of crossness, and scolding, and was

more inclined to feel resentment, than gratitude towards her aunt; poor Caroline's patience (though not easily exhausted) was severely tried, for the ill humour of Emily began to shew itself to her cousin as soon as Mrs. Woodbridge had quitted the room.

She first complained that her frock was tied too tight; then when it was done over again, it was too loose; the bows of the sash could not be placed to her mind; in short, every thing that the good-natured little girl did was found fault with, and obliged to be altered so often, that the dinner bell had rang some time before they were ready to go down.

"It's all your fault, Caroline," said Emily, in her usual style of

reasoning; "if you had put my things on right at once, we should have been in the dining-room by now."

"I tried to do them right at first," said Caroline meekly."

"But what is the use of trying, if you didn't do it right?" said the si lly child, who always supposed every body more likely to be wrong than herself."

Caroline had too much good sense to reply any farther; she saw that Emily was out of temper, and she knew that, if she answered her, it would only be to provoke a quarrel, however reasonably she might speak herself; besides, she had often been told by her papa, that where there

was an altercation, if one would resolutely be silent, the other must necessarily be so, much sooner than they otherwise would.

Upon entering the parlour, they found the rest of the family seated. Mrs. Melbourne was on the right hand of her sister, and Fanny had a chair next to her aunt; on the opposite side were two seats unoccupied; Caroline was leading Emily to the one next Mrs. Woodbridge, but drawing her hand from her cousin's, she went to Fanny, and told her, in a whisper, she had got her seat; Fanny, ever ready to give up where her own convenience was only concerned, immediately arose.

"What do you rise for, my dear?" enquired her mother.

"Emily wishes for this seat, mamma."

"Emily is to sit by me," said Mrs. Woodbridge.

"I want to be by mamma," muttered the little girl."

"But I wish you to sit next me," said her aunt;" so come round here directly, like a good girl."

"You would not be so mad as to keep the dinner waiting," observed her uncle; "if you like quarrelling for a particular seat, better than eating your dinner, we do not."

"Come, Emily, without more delay," rejoined Mrs. Woodbridge, who saw the necessity of keeping up her authority with the ill-instructed child."

Emily obeyed, but not with her usual silence; she could not forbear muttering, that it was very hard she might not sit by her own dear mamma.

"My dear love," said Mrs. Melbourne imploringly; "pray, be a good girl; see how your cousins behave, they are neither of them seated next to their mother, yet they do not fret nor look displeased."

"Perhaps they do not love her as I do you," replied Emily sullenly.

"I should think," said her uncle, "that they love their mother better than you do your's, for they always obey her implicitly, and seldom or ever give her uneasiness."

"Pray, dear cousin," said Caroline in a whisper, "make yourself

happy where you are; see how miserable my poor aunt looks at hearing you. I should hate myself, if I were to cause my mamma so much pain."

Mrs. Melbourne was indeed much agitated, partly from the mortification she felt at her little girl acting so differently from what Fanny and Caroline would have done in the same situation, and partly from apprehension of a violent flood of tears being the consequence of her sister persisting in making her take the seat placed for her.

The manners and well-regulated minds of her nieces fully confirmed the opinion she had before entertained of the abilities of Mrs. Woodbridge, in the management of young

persons; and she was thankful that Emily was so fortunate as to be placed where she could receive the benefit of such judicious instruction, as well as excellent example. The little girl (who was far from being naturally devoid of feeling,) looked at her parent; she could not mistake the expression of unhappiness and anxiety shewn in her countenance; almost for the first time in her life, she felt ashamed of her conduct, and, seating herself at the table, ate, her dinner without occasioning any further disturbance. Mrs. Woodbridge, (as I have before observed,) careful not to create a dislike to herself in the mind of her neice, by any contradiction she could possibly avoid, permitted her when the dessert

was put on the table, to change places with Fanny, upon condition that she did not tease her mother to give her what was improper for her.

Emily's fear of her aunt had very much increased during the last half hour; she saw that it was useless for her to contend, and did not dare to disobey; she felt a strong desire to eat some nuts, which though a fruit that disagreed with her, she had often persuaded her mamma to let her have, but she did not ask for any this day.

When the children had eaten the portion of the dessert allotted to them, they arose to leave the room; before they quitted it, Mrs. Woodbridge called Emily to her, and kissing her, said, "I am much

pleased, my dear, to see that you can do what is desired of you, when you make the endeavour; you may now go and walk or play with your cousins till tea time, after which they soon go to bed; in the morning, a young lady attends at nine, and remains till one, to instruct them; and if you are a good girl, she will, I am sure, be very happy to have you for a pupil too."

Though Fanny and Caroline were much shooked to see the uneasiness that Emily gave her kind mamma, they pitied the naughty child, for they possessed that tenderness of heart that made it impossible for them to see suffering, however merited, without feeling a portion of unhappiness themselves.

This amiable disposition evinced itself in the variety of efforts they made to amuse her, for Emily was out of spirits; she had not forgotten the scene at dinner time, and though she still felt sorry for having vexed her mamma, and was pleased with the commendation bestowed on her by her aunt, the habit of thinking herself right, and consequently ill-treated when reproved, was too strong to be so easily overcome.

It was a remarkably fine afternoon for the time of year, being the middle of March, and Fanny and Caroline proposed going, for an hour, on the lawn, with their balls and battledores; but Emily protested it was most unusually cold and damp, and her cousins

immediately yielded their wishes to hers, and at length succeeded in their endeavours to entertain her."

After tea, Mr. and Mrs. Woodbridge, and an old gentleman of the name of Grenville, who lived in the neighbourhood and had just called in, sat down to whist; Fanny and Caroline each took a book, Emily meant to do the same, but not finding any but what was more of an instructive than entertaining nature, (at least to her, who had scarcely ever read any thing but story books,) she took a spare pack of cards, and amused herself with building houses.

At the usual hour for retiring, Fanny and Caroline, who scarcely ever needed to be reminded of the

time, closed and replaced their books, and kissing their parents, bade them good night; but Emily, without considering the interruption she should occasion to the game at which Mrs. Melbourne was engaged, asked her to come up, as usual, to bid her good night, and see that she was comfortable; for the origin of this bad habit was a persuasion, on the part of Emily, that there was not a servant in her father's house, nor indeed any where else, that could place her pillow and the coverlid to her liking as mamma did.

"I will bid you good night here, my dear," said Mrs Melbourne, anxious to second the endeavours of her sister. I cannot leave the table at present."

"Then I shall keep awake till you come," replied Emily; "so you will come as soon as you can; won't you, mamma?"

"I cannot tell when, I am sure," said Mrs. Melbourne, determined at least, to make an effort at firmness; "besides, I wish to break you of this silly custom of lying awake, if I am not disengaged at the time of your going to bed."

"If you did not mean to come always, mamma," said Emily pouting, "you had better never have done it at all; you ought not to have used me to it, if you won't do it now the same as at home."

Mr. Grenville during this first speech, had laid down his cards, and raised his spectacles from his

nose to his forehead; he was an excellent-hearted old bachelor, extremely fond of children when they were good, and always very much disgusted with them when they were the contrary: though he possessed the manners of a gentleman, he was blunt in speaking his feelings whenever he saw ill conduct in the little creatures to whom he was otherwise very partial.

"Pray, young lady," said he fixing his eyes on Emily, "is it usual for you to tell your mamma what she ought not to do?"

"I am afraid, sir," interposed Mrs. Melbourne, "I have been too indulgent to her."

"That makes her conduct so much the worse, madam," returned

the old gentleman; "if you have been faulty in treating her with too much kindness, she ought at least to be grateful to you, however others may condemn it; it is not her place, at all events, to punish you."

"Punish mamma!" exclaimed Emily; "I am sure, sir, I don't understand you."

"Then, with mamma's leave, I will speak plainer," said Mr. Grenville, "don't you think that when a person feels shame and unhappiness, they may be said to be punished?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Well, then, it appears to me, that your mamma has been so fond of you, that she has treated you with too much indulgence; she says so indeed herself; the consequence is

that you speak and behave to her in so improper a manner, that she is made to feel ashamed of you, and therefore very unhappy. I ask you, whether you don't think this a very ungrateful return to make for so much anxiety to please you?"

"I only want mamma to come up, because I love her, and like her to do every thing for me, better than any one else."

"I dare say you do," said Mr. Grenville, "not only to come up stairs to you, but a thousand other inconvenient things; and you pursuade yourself that it all arises from your great love for her; but there is no one that would not believe your affections much stronger, if you were to study her comfort a little more,

and your own a great deal less; you ought always to believe that your mother knows what is best for you, and that she has your happiness at heart, even more than you have yourself, and believing this, you should do as she bids you, without one word of objection: so do as she directs you now, and I dare say, you will come and bid me good night as well as her, though it is very probable you think me a cross old fellow, and don't like me at all; but depend upon it, all I say, I mean for your good, and that you will find out some day, though you may not perceive it now."

"But I trust that she has good sense enough to know it at this moment," sir, said Mrs. Woodbridge.

"I will hope so too," replied Mr. Grenville, "for I love good children dearly; and as I permit none other to visit me, I trust I shall not do wrong in inviting her to my annual juvenile gala in the autumn; but I shall see my new acquaintance very often before that time, and shall be very particular to observe whether she has forgotten the lesson I have taken the liberty to give her, madam," he added, addressing himself to Mrs. Melbourne.

Emily thought she was at least in no danger of forgeting it, though she could not at that moment feel quite certain as to her intention of profiting by it.

In fact, the address of Mr. Grenville, and all that she had heard and seen since the first reproof from her aunt, was so new to her, that she was oftener bewildered by its novelty, than convinced of its propriety; the effect of this astonishment, however, rendered her obedient at the instant; she bade her mother good night, as required, and left the room with her cousins.

A servant attended them up stairs, to take care of the light and see them safely in bed.

In the chamber Emily was again doomed to be surprised; instead of ordering Mary to do whatever they required, she heard Fanny and Caroline request her assistance, and thank her for giving it.

She saw that the young woman behaved to them with perfect respect and attention, more, perhaps, than she had ever had shown to her, who had never scrupled to speak to her maid in a style of command and even sometimes behaved so haughtily on her hesitating to comply with her whims, as to remind her that she was only a servant.

She observed too, with surprise, that her cousins folded their frocks themselves, and put them in the drawer appropriated for them.

"Do you always take such care of your clothes?" enquired Emily; "surely it cannot be worth while; one would think you were obliged to make them last for ever, how often do you have new?"

To this rude speech Fanny replied, by telling her that they were allowed many new articles of dress every year, and that they regularly gave away those that the new ones were to replace.

"But if they are to be given away in that time, they would last, without taking all that trouble about them."

"Very true," returned Fanny, "but if we were to act from that consideration, mamma says, we should soon get into slovenly habits; besides, the better they are when we have done with them, the more pleasure we have in giving them away, because they are, of course, more valuable."

"And do you think so much

about other people, and such people as you give your old clothes to?" enquired Emily.

"And why should we not?" said Fanny; "if we were in their situation, and they in ours, I dare say we should wish them to think of, and serve us."

Emily had often been told of that great principle of religion, "the duty of doing as you would be done by," but she seldom had the opportunity offered her of performing it: Mrs. Melbourne was not uncharitable, but she in general sent her gifts by servants; or if she did visit the neighbouring poor, she never took Emily with her, fearful of her catching some disorder incidental to infancy, or at least of

wounding her feelings by the tale of distress, or view of wretchedness, the result of which might be injurious to the fancied delicacy of her health.

Mrs. Woodbridge, on the contrary, after ascertaining that there was no danger of the former evil, had often taken her children with her to the bed of sickness, and the abode of poverty, and had not only contributed herself, but had taught them to wish to spare some portion of their pocket money for the relief of the sufferers. Besides this part of the duty of doing as we would be done by, Mrs. Woodbridge's children had been taught to make it the rule of of their daily conduct with each other; hence they had early learnt

to subdue the pettishness of infancy, which might otherwise have grown into a quarrelsomeness of disposition, which would, of course, have led to a great many other and even greater evils.

Emily, having no companions to be cross with, and the servants not daring to complain of her, had lost the opportunity of such useful lessons; and her anxious parent, in her endeavour to secure to her the blessings of health and happiness, overlooked the best means to be used for the promotion of either; but sufficient impression had been made upon her mind by what she had been taught of this great precept, for her to feel the description that Fanny and Caroline now gave of

their visits with their mother to the cottages, and the happiness they experienced when permitted to make a coarser, but more useful, frock, or petticoat, to accompany those of their own wearing, when given away.

"I dare say," said Emily, in the course of conversation, "you are glad that you are the eldest, Fanny; because, I suppose, if at any time it happens that aunt can only take one of you, you always go with her, or if she has one thing better than another to give, it is you who have it."

"No, indeed, that is not the case," replied the good child; "mamma never makes any difference, if she can help it; and I love my sister too dearly ever for a moment to

wish that she should. We often go out separately, and as mamma decides which of us is the most proper or convenient to take, we of course never think any thing of it, though it happens that one of us go more frequently than the other."

"Suppose, Emily, that your brothers and sisters had lived," said Caroline, "would you have liked to have the least of every thing, because you were the youngest?"

"I am sure I should not," she replied; "for, you know, I could not help being the youngest, and I ought not to be punished for that?"

"It cannot be called punishment exactly," said Caroline, "to see your brothers and sisters happy, even though you might be a loser

by it. Emily did not reply, but she thought of what her cousins had said, till sleep closed her eyes, in spite of some inclination she felt, after the light was removed and all was still, to call and fret for her mother.

CHAPTER III.

In the morning, Emily arose in health and spirits, and after breakfast, went with her cousins to the school-room; here every thing was again new to her; she had never accustomed herself to regularity and order, and still less to diligence; the strict attention paid by Fanny and Caroline to their lessons, the exactness with which they repeated them, and the silent and respectful manner in which they received the instructions of Miss Harcourt, surprised her exceedingly.

So powerful is the influence of

example, that for the first two hours Emily was attentive to her lessons, and endeavoured to do as they did, but her habitual indolence after that time got the better of her, and she began to yawn over her book, and to lay her work in her lap: this day, however, passed much better than the last; Emily was more obedient, and being so, her mother was of course happier than on the day before; at night she went to bed without teazing her with impertinent and silly arguments, and no tears had been seen in her eyes.

As it would be impossible in one small volume to detail the progress of each day, it must be sufficient to say, that the novelty of Emily's new situation, did not lose its power

for the remainder of the week; Mrs. Melbourne, in that time, became sensible of the error she had committed, in so blameably indulging her, from apprehension of injuring her health; she now yielded her entirely to the management of her aunt, and, convinced that it would be for her improvement, was quite reconciled to the thoughts of parting from her. As the second week began to advance, she, however, felt it almost impossible to bear her from her sight; one morning she came into the school-room, urged by this desire to be with her, and at the same time anxious to be gratified by witnessing how much better Emily behaved, under Miss Harcourt's tuition, in the time of

lessons, than she had done at home; but poor Mrs. Melbourne was this morning to be disappointed, for Emily, among her other bad qualities, had a strong curiosity, which often shewed itself in a very improper manner.

Her mamma, on entering the room, had whispered an apology to Miss Harcourt, for the intrusion, by saying she wished to observe the behaviour of her little girl in a situation so new to her: as she turned from speaking to the governess, she saw that Emily's eyes were fixed on her with a look of enquiry and discontent; the child, however, did not speak, but Mrs. Melbourne was too much accustomed to her not to be able to guess, at least, at

what had vexed her. Strange as it may appear to my little readers, the fact was, Emily seldom or never saw her mother whisper to any one without wishing to know what was said, and would bring forward a great many ridiculous and improper reasons to justify this absurd desire to learn what did not concern her, and was often not right for her to be told; if she heard her mamma speak in a low voice to one of the maids, she would directly ask what was said.

"Nothing, my dear, that is of any consequence for you to know," replied Mrs. Melbourne one day.

"I don't know why," said the disobedient child, instead of being immediately silenced, "you should

say any thing, mamma, to Elizabeth, that I mayn't hear."

"I may have many things," returned her mother, "to say to Elizabeth, that may not be proper to tell you."

But Emily, instead of seeing her fault and being contented, kept repeating her importunities; and when Mrs. Melbourne, shocked at the impertinence and folly of her behaviour, endeavoured to convince her of it, she threw herself into so violent a passion of tears, that the fearful parent, as usual, filled with apprehension, instead of from that moment breaking her of the habit, encouraged it by soothing her into composure.

Mrs. Melbourne had been about

half an hour in the school-room, when a servant came to inform her that Mrs. Woodbridge was ready to go out with her; Emily saw her mother rise to leave the apartment without offering any opposition, till she had nearly reached the door; her resolution to be silent then failed her, and she enquired, in a half whimpering tone, where she was going.

"To call on a lady with your aunt, my dear."

"May not I go with you?" said Emily.

"No my love; it is not convenient."

"But why is it not convenient?" enquired Emily.

Miss Harcourt at this moment

looked at her with such an expression of surprise in her countenance, that the little girl's eyes were, for a moment, bent on the floor; but she was too much accustomed to teaze her parent, till she gained what she wished for, to give up so easily; besides, she had began, within the last two days, to be rather less pleased with the morning's occupation than she had been at first, and was glad of an excuse to escape it; and as her mamma reached the door the tears burst from her eyes, and ran down her cheeks.

"Emily! Emily!" said Mrs. Melbourne, with a strong effort to subdue her inclination to indulge her. "I thought you had given over these babyish ways, and meant to give

up what you ask for, when told it is inconvenient to grant it."

"Its very hard," muttered Emily; "I have scarcely been out with you since I came here."

"Well, but my dear, if I have not been able to be much with you myself, as usual, you have not been kept at home on that account; you have had a walk, almost every day, with your cousins."

"But I want to walk with you," said Emily.

"I shall be obliged to send mamma home, before the fortnight is over," said Mrs. Woodbridge, entering the room at this moment. "I cannot think of allowing her to remain here to be made unhappy by a naughty child, who thinks she knows

better than her parents, what is proper for her."

The door of the room had been open during the last five minutes, the servant having neglected to shut it, so that Mrs. Woodbridge had heard all that Emily said.

Emily's awe of her aunt had much increased during her visit, she having, every day, given some occasion for reproof and admonition from her; at the tone of her voice she started, and not only directly ceased speaking, but turned her head aside, that she might hide her tears.

Mrs. Woodbridge was glad to see this indication of shame, as well as apprehension of a lecture, or punishment; could she have had a choice, she would have much pre-

ferred to have attempted her reformation by more gentle measures; but Emily's habit of reasoning again, or, at least, attempting to do so, and believing herself capable of doing so, rendered it impossible (at present, at least,) to benefit her by any other means, than making her fear her authority, and dread the consequences of offending against it. Mrs. Woodbridge therefore merely said, "Sister, we will go now, if you please;" and they left the room together.

Emily could not but observe, that Fanny and Caroline had not even spoken to their mother, and that they were now going on with their lessons and work, with the same cheerfulness and good-will, as they

had done before. It so happened, that where her cousins sat, they were reflected in a glass on the other side of the room. Emily arose in a few minutes, to put a book she had in her hand on a shelf; in so doing she passed the glass, and glancing in it, was much struck with the different appearance she made to what they did: her lips pouted out in sulliness, her cheeks were perfectly white, and her eyes red and swollen with tears. She turned hastily aside and sat down in a corner, half angry and half ashamed.

Caroline and Fanny could not see her distress and mortification, without endeavouring to relieve it. Caroline went to her, and putting her arm round her neck, wiped

away the tears that were now flowing fast; Fanny followed her sister, "Dear, dear Emily," she said, "why do you make yourself and all of us so wretched? do, pray, be a good girl, and we will love you dearly, and do all that we can to make you happy; if you are ill, I am sure Miss Harcourt will excuse your staying here any longer this morning." Emily was now, in reality, greatly agitated, and sobbed aloud; and Miss Harcourt had some difficulty in quieting her; she, however, at length succeeded, and went with her, herself, to her chamber, where she made her lie down, and saw her fall asleep, before she left her.

Emily awoke refreshed; and a walk on the lawn restored her colour,

and removed the appearance of tears from her eyes, before her mamma and aunt came home; and Fanny and Caroline, who never told tales, but always endeavoured to hide the faults of others, made no mention of what had occured.

Emily saw that Miss Harcourt, though attentive, shewed a very different manner to her to what she did to her two other pupils; she could not help owning to herself that her cousins' behaviour were more likely to gain their governess's affection; yet, though conscious of this, she did not like it; on waking, therefore, next morning, and really feeling a little head-ache, from the violent crying on the day before, she resolved not to get up, that she

might avoid school, but desired the other children to tell her mamma that she was poorly, and would be glad to have her breakfast in bed.

Mrs. Melbourne, accompanied by Mrs. Woodbridge, was immediately by her side.

"Your are not absolutely ill, my dearest, are you?" said her mother.

"O no!" replied Emily, who indeed was looking very well; "but I shall be obliged to you to let me lie in bed this morning; I have got the head-ache."

"We will send you some breakfast, my dear," said Mrs. Woodbridge, "perhaps you will be better after taking some tea;" they then left the room. Emily eat an excel-

lent breakfast, and Mrs. Woodbridge remarking on that proof of health, and the state of the child's pulse, and some other circumstances, succeeded in quieting the mother's fears. Emily came down at about twelve o'clock. "Well, my dear, I am glad to see you much better," said her aunt; "but it was very unlucky that you could not attend school, as usual; was it not?"

Emily, conscious of what had been her principal motive for lying in bed, coloured exceedingly, at this enquiry, but she did not reply. Mrs. Woodbridge had suspected the truth, not only from her own observation, but from some remarks that had been made to her by Miss Harcourt, on the preceding day; and now, con-

vinced of the fact, she resolved to act accordingly. Emily was not asked to go into the school-room, and the day passed very much to her satisfaction.

The next morning she easily persuaded herself that she was not quite well, again, and sent down the same message by her cousins; Mrs. Woodbridge immediately informed Mrs. Melbourne of her suspicions, that Emily's illness was a dislike of school; and assuring her that there was, at all events, nothing to fear, entreated she would allow her to go up alone; after a little persuasion, this request was granted, and Mrs. Woodbridge, having mixed a small dose of salts, took it with her to Emily's bed side. "My

dear child," said she, "if you are so poorly as to have your illness continue for two days, it will be advisable for you to take some medicine; I do not think you sufficiently ill to send for a doctor, but it is certainly proper for you to have something to make you better."

"Thank you, aunt," replied Emily; "but I would rather not; I shall be quite well by to-morrow, I dare say."

"You thought so, yesterday, my dear; but you seem just as ill to-day."

"O no! indeed," said Emily, eagerly; "I am a great deal better, to day, than I was yesterday."

"You are willing to think so, because you do not like the medicine," replied her aunt; "but you must

not suffer your aversion to overcome your good sense; I must insist upon your drinking it, my dear, for it may be the means of preventing your being really ill."

Emily found it would be in vain to resist, without betraying herself; and was now heartily sorry for this the most serious departure from truth she had ever been guilty of; she took the draught, and Mrs. Woodbridge having seen her lie down again, told her she should have some gruel for her dinner, and she would now send her a little tea; and that she hoped, by nursing her up that day, she would be pretty well by the next. Poor Emily, (who was actually hungry,) heard herself condemned to a little tea for breakfast,

and water-gruel for dinner, with great dismay. She could not, by any mode of reasoning with herself whatever, avoid acknowledging that she deserved the punishment, as the consequence of her fault; she had often been told, that punishment must always be the natural consequence, sooner or later, of doing wrong; but, till now, she had never experienced the truth of this sufficiently to convince her that it was so. I am sorry to say, that Emily had, hitherto, paid so little respect to what her parents or teachers had said to her, that she had drawn a great deal of evil on herself; she might, otherwise, have escaped by submitting to the guidance of those, whose superior age and knowledge

made them, of course, better able to direct her than she was to govern herself.

Mrs. Woodbridge, desirous that she should profit as much as possible from her present state of mind, directed that no one should sit with her during the morning; and that she should remain in bed till one o'clock. Her mamma came, occasionally, to speak to her, but did not stay any time; thus Emily was left, for hours, to her own reflections; and I am happy to say that she made good use of these hours. She thought of all she had been told by her aunt, whilst at her father's house; and of all that she had heard and seen during her visit to her uncle's; even Mr. Grenville's admonition was not

forgotten; but, above all, she dwelt on the behaviour of her two cousins; on the kindness that they shewed to each other, and to herself; on their regular and orderly manners in the school-room, at table, and indeed every where, and in all that they did; she thought, too, of their extreme affection for their parents; and though she believed she loved hers as well, she could not but own, to herself, that she had shewn it in a very different manner: she had teazed and worried her mother in a thousand different ways; and had said it was because she loved her so much; whilst Fanny and Caroline had proved theirs by respectful attentions, implicit obedience, and by a constant, ready, and

earnest endeavour, to profit by the instruction they were the means of providing for them. She knew that she had often, when told she was wrong, (instead of feeling that the reproof was just,) thought herself unjustly blamed; and had been full of resentment. She now, however, wished that she had paid more attention to these admonitions, for they had been chiefly on the subject of giving way to self-indulgence; these lessons, it is true, had not always come from her mother; for she was, unfortunately, but too apt to believe the idle excuses made by the little girl, in order to do what she liked best; but there was one very old and respectable servant in Mr. Melbourne's household, who

saw, without the means of preventing it, the mischief that was daily increasing to the child, through the power she had gained over her parents. Old Sally would sometimes tell her when she was wrong, and what she ought to do, though it was all in vain; and once or twice she had ventured to speak of Emily's faults to Mrs. Melbourne; but she had not been heard in a manner to encourage her to do it again.

Emily arose at one, and found a basin of gruel, with bread in it, waiting for her in the parlour; going without breakfast had not lessened her appetite, and, in fact, she did not remember ever feeling so hungry in her whole life, as she did at this moment; but her aunt

was present, and she did not dare to murmur, even had she not been restrained by knowing that it was the consequence of her own fault and folly.

She had never before been made so clearly to suffer from her own conduct, or so evidently to have it brought to her mind, that it was from her own conduct; hence this one day had, naturally, more effect upon her, than all the half-measures which had been tried before, during the whole period of her life.

It seemed, indeed, as though this was to be a day of complete mortification to her; it happened that her uncle and aunt had a friend to dine with them; there was, therefore, not only something extra for dinner, but some fine preserves added to the

dessert, none of which Emily was allowed to touch, from fear of their disagreeing with her, after taking medicine; all this, however, Emily endeavoured to bear, by consoling herself with the resolution never to place herself in such a situation again, when she was really not ill. But a greater trial than this awaited her: having no brothers or sisters at home, to share with her the admiration or caresses of her mamma's visitors, she had, of course, the whole of those attentions people usually bestow upon children, given to herself; and as these commendations had, generally, been given to the smartness of her dress, or the prettiness of her person, she had always been very vain of both, and taken great pains with

her appearance, when she knew of any one coming; this feeling and habit shewed itself, even in this day of humiliation; she had curled her hair in the nicest manner, and had selected one of her best frocks.

After dinner, the subject of conversation turned upon education, and Fanny and Caroline were asked many questions, in examination, by the visitor, (who was a very old friend,) as well as by their father, nearly all of which they were able to answer correctly. Emily sat in a corner by the fire, but in the greatest apprehension of being called upon in her turn, by some enquiry addressed to her cousins, that there was scarcely a possibility of her being able to reply to it properly.

News had, that day, arrived, of a battle, and a map was placed on the table, to shew the children where it had been fought; this, naturally, led to enquiries of the young folks, as to their knowledge of the situation of countries; and Fanny and Caroline obtained great praise for the accuracy and quickness with which they pointed them out. Emily's terrors increased every instant, at this exhibition of the cleverness and knowledge of her cousins; and she thought, at that moment, she would have given all the finery she possessed in the world, to be able to do the same.

She looked at her aunt and at her mother: what a lesson the different expression of their countenances conveyed to the mind of Emily! The

eyes of Mrs. Woodbridge were fixed on her children, with a gaze of delight, affection and gratified pride; whilst those of Mrs. Melbourne, though they rested on her child, shewed only disappointment and anxiety. Emily forcibly felt the difference, and that she was the cause of it. "That young lady," said the gentleman, looking towards her, "seems as though she did not like to be left out of this little examination and treat; for, to me, it is a treat, to notice the improvement and abilities of my young friends."

"She is not well enough, sir," replied Mrs. Melbourne, eagerly. "Poor thing! I am sorry for her," said he; "but I shall have the

pleasure of a little conversation with her another day, I hope. It is really delightful, Mrs. Woodbridge," he added, "to see girls attend to the improvement of their minds, as your daughters do: half the young ladies I meet with, seem to think, that if they are smartly drest, and tolerably pretty, it is all that is required of them: poor creatures! when they become wives and mothers, they find out their mistake, if they do not before: I should just as soon think of wishing for a doll, as a pretty child, in a fine frock, with nothing else to recommend her."

Though this gentleman had only spoken in general terms, that is, of a number, Emily felt as though it was all meant for her; and conscious

she deserved it, the humiliation was too painful to be longer endured with firmness, in addition to her other feelings; and she hastily left the room, and went to her own. Mrs. Woodbridge, aware of what was passing in her mind, desired the children to follow her, and whispered an entreaty to Mrs. Melbourne to keep her seat.

Fanny and Caroline found Emily lying on the bed, weeping bitterly. "O! that I was clever as you are!" sobbed Emily as they tried to soothe her; "but that I shall never be." "And why not, dear Emily!" "Because I have no memory: I forget every thing that I learn, directly." "That is, because you don't love learning, I am afraid," said Fanny:

"Miss Harcourt says, it is in the power of every one to gain knowledge, if they chuse to take pains; but then they must like it well enough not to think it all a task; and, besides, if one person's memory is not so strong as another's, it may be improved." "And do you think mine could?" eagerly demanded Emily. "I dare say it could; but we will speak to Miss Harcourt about it." "How pleased my aunt looked at you both," said Emily, "whilst my mamma!—but I can't bear to think of it: I want her to look the same about me; but its too late, now; I am almost as old as Caroline, and know nothing at all." "O! but you soon will, cousin." "No! its too late," repeated Emily mournfully.

"What is too late?" enquired Mrs. Woodbridge, who had followed her daughters, kindly anxious to improve any opportunity that might occur for promoting the benefit of her niece. Fanny told her mamma, that Emily was anxious to learn, but fearful it was too late to begin. "My dearest Emily," said Mrs. Woodbridge, "I am truly happy in perceiving that you are not only sensible of your deficiencies, but desirous of supplying them; believe me, it is never too late to amend: you are of an age now, my dear child, to know that you are a responsible creature; that is, one who will have to give an account of the actions of your life in this world, to the great Being

who created you, when he shall think fit to take you from this state of existence. I will not say more to you, my love, on this subject, now; but to-morrow I will speak on it again; and endeavour to shew you how much may be done to make up for the past, by sincere endeavour, the assistance of kind friends, and a diligent use of time."

Mrs. Woodbridge was aware that the fit of shame and repentance that filled the mind of Emily, proceeded as much from mortified pride, as from any better feeling; but she knew, likewise, that, from whatever cause it came, it ought to be encouraged. It was, she knew, a considerable point gained, in her having became sensible of her ignorance and her

faults. Long indulged and bad habits are not to be overcome without the assistance of time. Mrs. Melbourne's plan was, therefore, not to set her down immediately to hard study, or great confinement, or restraint; but, rather, to strengthen the favourable impressions that had taken place, by leaving her, for the present, to the influence of good example; with this view, she told her, before she quitted the room, that, towards the latter end of April, (and it was now the close of March,) she should accompany her cousins in a visit of some days to Mrs. Hamilton's, who lived a few miles off: this promise, she thought, would, in some measure, reconcile her to the parting with her mother; and, as

she was fond of change, would help to make her new habits of life less irksome to her, especially as she had, several times, expressed to her cousins, a strong desire to see how it was possible for people to be comfortable, who were only able to keep one servant.

Mrs. Woodbridge now desired Emily to wash her eyes, and come down to tea, which would be ready in half an hour; and she then returned to Mrs. Melbourne, who had been scarcely able to keep the promise she had made, of not following to Emily's room. Emily did as she was desired, and on returning to the parlour, was treated with so much kind attention by her aunt, that she began to think she could

love her almost as much as she feared her.

Next day, Miss Harcourt received her very kindly, and she found that the more pains she took to learn, the more kind her governess appeared to her. In the course of the morning, Miss Harcourt read to them from some volumes of instructive tales, whilst they worked, explaining to them more fully their moral and tendency, in such a manner, that the lessons they contained should be particularly useful.

Thus passed this morning, and the next; on the third, Mrs. Melbourne was to return home; she had the satisfaction, in these last two days, to see a considerable improvement in the behaviour of her little girl,

though she occasionally shewed some symptoms of idleness and pettishness; and still used her silly and improper arguments when speaking with her mamma. But Mrs. Melbourne had, indeed, grown wiser herself, and had found out, that to argue with little girls, instead of desiring them to do what she knew to be proper, was only teaching them to contend, and dispute the authority to which they ought to yield immediate submission.

At length, the hour of parting arrived. This was, indeed, a trial; for though Emily thought but little of it, in comparison, whilst at a distance; when it did come, she found it scarcely to be endured. She thought of the indulgences of home, and all her good resolutions seemed

fading away: her mamma was not to come and see her again till September; in that time, her aunt had told her, she might, with diligence, learn so much, that she would be able to give her parents a delightful surprise;—the idea of doing so had been very pleasing to her, up to this moment; but now she began to think of the trouble she should have in acquiring the knowledge, she had been anxious for, and the old silly belief of want of memory, came to her mind.

"Do not fret, my dearest," said Mrs. Melbourne, her own eyes full of tears; "you distress me so, that I shall go home to papa quite miserable; and then, you know, he will be unhappy too."—"I want to go

with you," replied the child.—"That, my love, is quite impossible; it is necessary that you should remain here, for some time, first; every one here loves, and will be kind to you; and it must be your own fault if you are not happy."

"But I don't like to stay without you," repeated Emily, disregarding all that her mother said.

Mrs. Woodbridge, who was present, now thought proper to interfere: "This is not what I expected of you, Emily," she said; "I thought you would have acted with more feeling and good sense, than to give up all your plans of improvement, and distress your mamma in this way; you must know, that to leave you at all, is very painful to her, but to

leave you in this state of discontent must be a great deal more so: you must learn, my dear, to consider the feelings of others, as well as your own."

"Besides," added Mrs. Melbourne, forcing a smile, "you would not quit your cousins, just as they have planned, too, a number of little entertainments for you." "I would rather go home with you," said Emily sullenly.

"If that is all you can say," observed Mrs. Woodbridge, "I must beg your mamma will take no further pains to persuade you to do what is right; and I shall assure you, at once, that as I think she is the best judge of what is proper for you, and she has given you to my care,

for the next six months, I shall not think of parting with you now; and whatever opinion you have of me at present, I hope that, at the end of that time, you will be wise enough to thank me for preventing you following your own inclinations at this moment."

Emily perceived that she must give way, and a violent increase of tears was her only reply; but seeing her aunt's countenance assume a degree of severity, and knowing that what she threatened to do she always did, she made a strong effort to subdue her emotion. Mrs. Woodbridge seeing that she did so, gave her a little wine, and again spoke cheerfully and kindly to her; and by then the time came of actually

bidding farewell, and both she and Mrs. Melbourne bore it better than either had expected to do.

The next day, Emily fretted very much; but great pains being taken by all to divert her attention as much as possible, in the course of a week, she became reconciled to the change, and applied herself very diligently to writing, that she might have the pleasure of frequently sending a letter home herself, instead of merely conveying a message in those written by her aunt.

CHAPTER IV.

It was now the month of May: the visit to Mrs. Hamilton had been delayed, on account of a violent cold caught by Caroline, attended with a swelled face. In less than a week she was perfectly recovered; and on a beautiful morning they sat out, in Mr. Woodbridge's chaise, to the pretty cottage of Mrs. Hamilton. The house was white, and covered with a grape-vine, and there was a viranda at the door, over which the flowering shrubs were carefully trained; the little garden in front was well supplied with flower-roots; and the beds, raked clean, even, and wholly free

from weeds, exhibited a pattern of neatness and beauty.

A neat-looking servant opened the door, and testified great pleasure at seeing the Miss Woodbridges; "How do you do, Nanny, and how is Mrs. and Miss Hamiltons?" enquired Fanny. "They are all quite well, thank you, Miss; how glad they will be to see you! Mistress is in the parlour, but the young ladies are busy in the kitchen and the garden." They now all entered the parlour, and were received with great kindness by Mrs. Hamilton, to whom they introduced Emily.

Mary Hamilton now ran into the room, her hands held before her, for they were covered with flour; a large pincloth sewed up behind,

preserved her frock from getting greased or dirtied—"My dear Fanny, my dear Caroline," she exclaimed, "I can't tell you how glad I am to see you; and who is this young lady you have brought with you?"

Emily had not for a moment turned her eyes from their gaze on Mary; if she had seen an apparition, she could not have looked more surprised; a young lady to be making a pudding! and to come boldly in the parlour before them all, was beyond every thing she had ever thought of. "This is a cousin of Fanny and Caroline's," said her mamma. "I am sure, I am very glad to see her too," replied Mary; "but she must excuse my present

appearance; by and by she shall see me quite smart, and then we shall get better acquainted."

She had scarcely done speaking, when Betsy, Mrs. Hamilton's next daughter, came in, declaring that she had only just heard of their being there; she was busy in the garden when they came, gathering a few peas and a salad for dinner. "And we must both leave you for a short time," said Mary; "but mamma will be kind enough to amuse you till we come back; and away they went, with a light step and cheerful countenance.

"How lively Mary is," said Fanny to Mrs. Hamilton; "she seems always so happy." "And not only seems, but is really so, my dear,"

returned Mrs. Hamilton, "for she is an excellent child; Mary, the eldest of five children left in humble circumstances, is, at the age of fourteen, obliged to act as though she were a great deal older; instead of being discontented at having her time so much more occupied than many other girls of her age, she feels nothing a trouble that she can do on her part to save me expence or fatigue.

In about half an hour, Mary, with her pincloth off, and her hair out of paper, and looking altogether very neat and nicely, came into the parlour with the two youngest children, one three, the other four years old, and asked her visitors if they would not like a walk in the

garden before dinner. To this proposal they immediately assented.

The kitchen-window looked into the garden; and as they passed, they saw Betsy busy shelling the peas; the eldest of the little boys, a child but six years old, assisting her: the kitchen was beautifully clean; the tins shone like silver against the wall; and Nanny was cheerfully and diligently preparing the dinner.

"We visit no where," said Caroline, "that we like half so well as coming to see you; there's no ceremony about any thing; we don't seem to be any interruption to what you have to do, but always feel ourselves to be quite at home." "That is because you don't make yourselves

uncomfortable; you take all in such good part," replied Mary.

"Do you love flowers, Miss Melbourne?" said Mary, gathering her a few just breaking into bloom. "Yes," replied Emily, "I like them very much." "And so do I," said Mary; "and I suppose I like them the better for having the care of them: I often think, that if I were to walk in the most beautiful garden in the world, I should not feel half the pleasure that I do in looking at this little patch of flowers I have cultivated myself."

"But if you were rich enough to have a gardener, surely you would not do it yourself?" said Caroline." "Not so much as I do now, certainly," replied Mary; "but I must

still be doing something: I could direct, you know; and, perhaps, assist a little: in short, if I were ever so rich, I don't think I could bear to be idle." "You will never do for a fine lady, Mary," said Fanny laughing. "I really don't think I should," replied Mary; "mamma was telling us, the other day, of a little girl, whose parents were very rich, and had never taught her to do any thing for herself more than to learn a few lessons every day; and she had, therefore, so much time for play, that at last she did not care even to amuse herself; and the poor thing became quite moped for want of employment, and grew peevish, disagreeable, and unhealthy." "Riches

to that little girl, must have been a misfortune," observed Fanny. "That was because an ill use was made of them," replied Mary.

"I thought so too; but mamma said I was wrong, for there is no occasion for people of the greatest rank to be idle, unless, indeed, they prefer it; for there are means of occupation consistent with all stations in life."

Emily, during this conversation, was a silent, but attentive listener; she thought how much she resembled all that had been spoken of in condemnation; pride, peevishness, and idleness, were all among her faults; she remembered the rudeness with which she had spoken when first Mrs. Hamilton had been mentioned

to her by her cousins, and her aunt's rebuke came to her recollection; she felt humbled and mortified at the contemplation of her own erroneous opinions and deficiencies; she had thought that Fanny and Caroline were actually wonders, but Mary Hamilton seemed superior even to them; what then must she be? Emily sighed at the enquiry she made of herself; these little girls were all capable of performing duties of which she knew nothing, and of conducting themselves in a manner totally different from what she had done; she had heard them, all in their turn, praised for some qualification or acquirement, but she had been left out amid these commendations; and tears of shame and

sorrow now filled her eyes at these reflections. "O!" said Emily to herself, "will the day ever arrive; in which I shall be admired for something better than the smartness of my clothes, and the prettiness of my hair, and complexion!" for it was for such qualifications the poor little girl had been the most noticed.

They was returned to the house, and found Betsy busy laying the cloth; shortly after, the dinner was put on the table, consisting of a plain joint, and the pudding made by Mary. Emily, with fresh feelings of self-condemnation, saw the three babies, (as William, John, and Lucy, might be called from their ages,) seated in quietness and order at the bottom of the table, without

expressing the slightest dissatisfaction, at being placed so far from their mother; she saw them put their little hands before them, and stand up, whilst grace was said, and afterwards eat their dinner in silence, without shewing either greediness, or dislike of what was given them, both of which she well remembered herself to have been guilty of at their age. It was evident that all this comfort and order, in the little ones, was greatly the work of Mary; for the children watched her eye as though accustomed to be directed by her; and she several times heard her speak to them in a low voice.

Emily, as I have before said, was not naturally an ill-disposed child,

nor deficient in intellect; and her good sense told her that even the little children before her had learnt more of the value of obedience and good order in the three, and four years of their lives, than she had in the ten she had passed of her's.

After dinner, Mary and Betsy did all they could to amuse her; and by tea time, she found herself quite happy in every thing but the painful consciousness of her own inferiority.

Fanny observed the depression of her spirits, and fearing she was ill, took the opportunity when alone to ask her if she were not well. "I am quite well, thank you," replied Emily. "Then you are unhappy,"

said her cousin; "perhaps you are not used to this kind of visiting." "I am not, indeed," returned Emily, tears filling her eyes; "I wish I had, it would have been much better for me; every body seems to have something to be loved and praised for; but I am a poor little ignorant thing!" and her tears began to flow.

Fanny said what she could to comfort her; and Emily, in the fulness of her heart, told her all she had felt on the day before, and that she had been constantly repeating to herself the enquiry of whether the day would ever arrive in which she should have something to be admired for more than her prettiness or her finery. "I cannot get these thoughts and this question out of my

head," she added. "Perhaps it is better that you should not," replied Fanny; "because it will make you the more anxious to learn, and then you will soon get forward; remember what mamma told you, about being diligent for the future, instead of lamenting over the past."

Emily felt happier for this conversation with her cousin, and was much more cheerful after it; every hour that she spent in this amiable family, her conviction of her own errors became more firm and her resolution to amend them strengthened in proportion, and when the children did return home, Emily met her aunt with real pleasure, buoyant with the thoughts of diligently pursuing her lessons, and

hoping to make a rapid improvement under the judicious instruction of Miss Harcourt.

Mrs. Woodbridge received her neice in the most affectionate manner, and soon perceived the good effect of her visit to Mrs. Hamilton. Emily from this moment kept her resolution for the improvement of her mind and correction of her temper. It is true, that, at first, the old inclination to indolence would sometimes recover; but gradually these ideas faded away; her new pursuits, and desire of learning, grew into habits; and at the expiration of the four months, she found she had overcome each fancied difficulty, and acquired the most important of all knowledge, self govern-

ment, and a just arrangement of time: health was established in her frame and happiness in her mind, and when Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne (who had been kept in ignorance of the extent of her progress,) came to visit her, their emotions were such as my feeble pen is incapable of describing.

CHAPTER V.

It was now the day of Mr. Grenville's gala, as he called it, to his young friends; for though the parents, at their request, were admitted, they were more as spectators than partakers in the feast or entertainment. This gentleman had

been frequently at Mr. Woodbridge's during the last six months, and had kept his word in the assurance he had given Emily that he should be particular in his enquiries as to her improvement: and Emily was now welcomed by him in a manner so particularly kind, that she felt herself fully rewarded for the pains she had taken to obtain his good opinion. The children all met at a very early hour in the afternoon, and it was Mr. Grenville's whim, as it was the eve of his birth-day, that every one should bring him a present of something of their own making, for which he had gifts to bestow in return. Mrs. Hamilton had taught her children to draw, an accomplishment in which she

herself excelled; and Mary now presented a cake and a drawing, shewing how utility and ornament may be blended, and add value to each other. Betsy, being three years younger, had an equally appropriate gift to offer. Emily had knit a comfort for Mr. Grenville's neck in fancied worsteds, and it was so extremely pretty, and well done, that he would have it pinned against the wall, as a sort of drapery to a sheet of music, copied by her very neatly. After the offerings were all received and disposed of, they went on the lawn, where music was stationed, and began dancing.

When they had danced as long as they liked, they entered a tent large enough for the whole party: here

was a long table covered with the finest fruits, jellies, tarts, negus, &c ; benches were fixed round, and they all sat down to partake of the refreshments provided for them; during which, Mr. Grenville distributed his presents, or rewards, in return for what he had received. The good old man was never so happy as on these occasions; he had something droll, and yet so much in praise, to say to every one, that he was sure of a blush, and a smile, in reply.

All but Emily had now received something; she had been left to the very last. She was hurt; and a tear, in spite of her efforts to repel it, had fallen on her cheek and she felt the sensation of mortification and dis-

tress becoming too painful to be endured with apparent composure; her heart beat violently, and her eyes were bent on the ground. Only once during the terrible pause that followed the last bestowal of reward, had Emily looked up, and then she glanced at her parents, who were seated opposite to her; but that glance was enough; the expression of disappointment, and almost anguish, on the countenance of her mother, gave a pang of self-reproach to her heart; and she must have quitted the tent, had not Mr. Grenville, in the next moment, taken both her hands in his, and leading her to a seat next his own, said in his chearful voice, "Now, my pretty queen, though last, not least, your

turn is come: I warrant now, you thought I had forgotten you. But come, I have a little bird in my aviary, who is in possession of your thoguhts, and, it seems, knows a great deal about you."

"A little bird, sir!" said Emily. "Aye, a little bird: dont you know I have got a beautiful aviary; let us all go there, for I must give you this little bird as a return for the presents you have made me."

Emily was glad that she was to have any thing, though she could not help wishing she was to have something more to prize than a little bird. On reaching the aviary, the children expressed their admiration of the number, and beauty, and importuned Mr. Grenville with

questions as they gazed through the wires, "Which is the little bird, sir?" "Is it this, or that one?"

At length, Emily herself ventured to say, "Which is the little bird, sir, you are so good as to mean for me?" "There it is," replied Mr. Grenville, with great gravity, pointing to a high perch in one corner, that had not as yet been noticed, where, half hid by a branch of leaves, was a grey owl, as large as a peacock."

"That a little bird!" exclaimed at least a dozen voices at once, laughing at what they thought a good joke. "You may laugh as much as you please at my bird," said the old gentleman; "but I can tell you, there is more in it than you suspect, and my good Emily

here will think herself as well off as the best of you, and she shall have the prettiest little cage." "Little cage!" shouted the boys with a fit of laughter they could not repress, even Emily could scarcely forbear joining, though she thought this mirth at her expense a severe trial. "Away, you young rogues, every one of you, "said Mr. Grenville, hurrying them off;" and do you, John, he added, turning to a servant, "bring me the owl to the tent; it is a wise bird, and shall give them all a lesson."

The children were immediately quiet, fearing he might be angry with them, and they now re-entered the tent, where Emily was seated in a chair on his right hand.

Mr. Grenville now desired all present not to be frightened at the size of his owl, for it could not hurt them, and John now brought in the bird in a large open basket, and placed it before his master on the table. "There," said Mr. Grenville, "don't you know that it is the wisest of all birds; and I think that this has more wisdom and knowledge in it than any owl that ever lived, and my little girl shall have a little cage for her little bird yet. So saying he raised a wing, and discovered under it a small door, in the body of the supposed owl, and took from within six small beautifully bound volumes, and presented them to Emily, saying to those around him as he repeated the

titles of the books, "See, is there not more wisdom in my poor owl than you expected?"

It is only necessary to tell my young readers that the first he mentained was "Doctor Watts' Improvement of the Mind," the others were worthy to accompany it: he then opened the head of his owl, and drew from it a gilt cage of curious workmanship, made just big enough to hold the smallest and prettiest bird they had ever seen; a hole had been left through the pretended mouth of the owl to admit air, so that the little creature had not suffered from its short confinement. A small folded paper was so fixed between the wires, that it appeared almost to be held in the beak of the

bird. "Did I not tell you," said Mr. Grenville to Emily, "that I had a little bird who was in possession of your thoughts? when you read this," [giving her the paper,] you will find I spoke the truth; but as none of us like to tell what we think on some particular occasions, you must be allowed to read this paper to yourself." Emily unfolded it, and found written in a very small, but plain hand, the following words:—

"The day is arrived, so ardently wished-for at Mrs. Hamilton's, and EMILY MELBOURNE *has now something to be admired for, more valuable than beauty, more ornamental than the most splendid dress—she has not only become sensible of her faults, but she has amended them; and, in so doing, claims the highest praise and admiration that can be given."*

Emily, overcome with surprise,

pleasure, and gratitude, threw her arms round Mr. Grenville's neck and burst into tears. "Hey day!" said the old gentleman, "here, I have got myself into a pretty scrape; every body will be thinking I am ill-treating you, when I only mean to make you as happy as possible: come, give me this paper again, mamma and papa shall see it to-morrow; as for to-day, they must take my word in assurance, that it contains not a syllable but what will give them a great deal of pleasure." Mrs. Melbourne had hastened to her daughter and had now succeeded in drying her eyes. "Did I not promise you a little bird and a little cage," said Mr. Grenville, "and who can tell me I have not kept my word?

but I dare say the poor thing will now be glad of a larger house," and John placed a handsome large cage on the table, in which was an artificial bird made in imitation of the live one. Mr. Grenville then busied himself in exchanging the cages; which having done, he placed the paper with the mock bird in the gilt cage, and restored it to its place in the head of the owl; the books were again put into its body and John was ordered to be in readiness to carry the whole to Mr. Woodbridge's house when the family returned home.

Emily, recovered from her agitation, now seemed to tread in air; she longed for the hour when she was to shew the tribute she had re-

ceived of praise, to her parents, and yet she was so completely happy where she was, that she could not wish the time to be shortened.

Every thing past off in the most delightful manner. She was acknowledged queen of the day. The girls, too sensible and good-humoured to be jealous, twisted flowers into garlands and crowns for her hair; and the boys made a throne of a flower stand, with an umbrella for a canopy, and assisted her to climb it; in short all was laughter and enjoyment, and when they broke up to return home, they declared, that though the holiday at Mr. Grenville's was the best they had in the whole year, yet this was the happiest they had ever spent even there.

Several of the children, who came from a distance, were permitted to pass the night at Mr. Grenville's; among them were Emily and her cousins. The next morning, Emily, her cousin Fanny, and a young gentleman, named Frederick Wrightson, who slept in an adjoining apartment, all anxious to evince their gratitude to their kind benefactor, arose early, and posting themselves at Mr. Grenville's bedroom door, sang together the following little tributary stanza; which Fanny had been taught to repeat to her parents on similar occasions:

"This morning, Mr. Grenville dear,
You enter on another year,
We wish you comfort, peace, and health,
Increase of happiness and wealth:

And as the years revolve around,
May you still happily be found;
Our hope then is, that still you may
Enjoy each coming natal day."

Their voices sounding in concert, awakened Mr. Grenville; he listened attentively, and soon ascertained from whence the sounds proceeded; he put on his morning-gown, and opened his door, that he might the better hear their sweet voices, but his appearance silenced them into mute bashfulness: and looking at each other, they smiled, and sidling from the spot, scampered away. This was a trifling incident; but its novelty pleased Mr. Grenville much; he never forgot it, and the consequence was, that the children ever after were his particular favourites.

It is now only necessary to say that Emily shewed her gratitude to Mr. Grenville for his kindness, and respect for his good opinion, by taking the greatest care of the pretty bird he had given her, and by attentively reading and re-reading the well-selected books; and the worthy old man, who lived many years after this period, had never any reason to wish one word erased in the paper he had presented to her.

Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne were so anxious that Emily should still continue to profit by the instruction of Miss Harcourt and the judicious friends by which she was surrounded, that they parted with their house near town, and took one close to that occupied by Mr. Woodbridge. The

removal of Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne to the village in which he resided, was particularly agreeable to Mr. Grenville, who not only wished it on account of the pleasure of their society, but from having become extremely attached to Emily; he would often talk to her of the first day of their acquaintance, and Emily would tell him of all the vexatious feelings that possessed her mind before she learnt to be good and clever; one day, in particular, she was describing to him the uneasiness she experienced in the afternoon in which her cousins were called on to display their knowledge on news of a battle having arrived. "The maps were placed on the table," said Emily to her friend, "and Fanny and Caro-

line were requested to point out a number of different counties, whilst I sat trembling with apprehension, lest I should be asked some question too, knowing as I did that it was almost impossible I should be able to answer it." "You need have no such fears at this time, Emily," replied Mr. Grenville, "for you could not only answer such questions now as well as your cousins then; but you have since fought a battle yourself, and, what is more, have gained the victory too, and that the greatest of all victories, for, my dear little girl," he added, patting her on the cheek, "*you have conquered yourself.*"

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