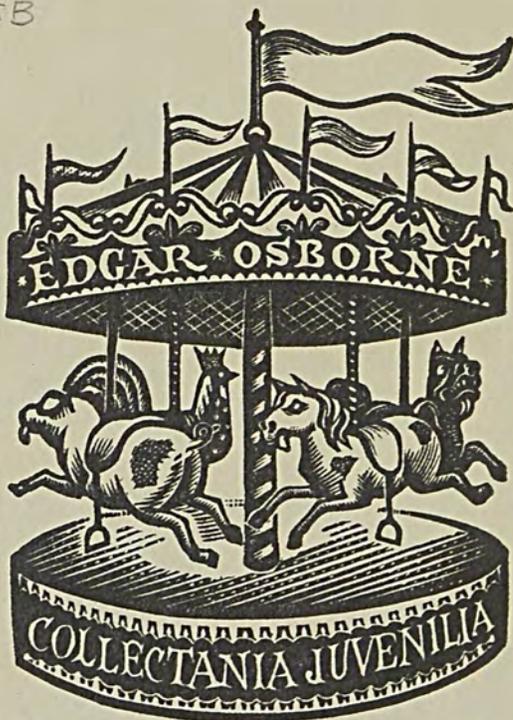




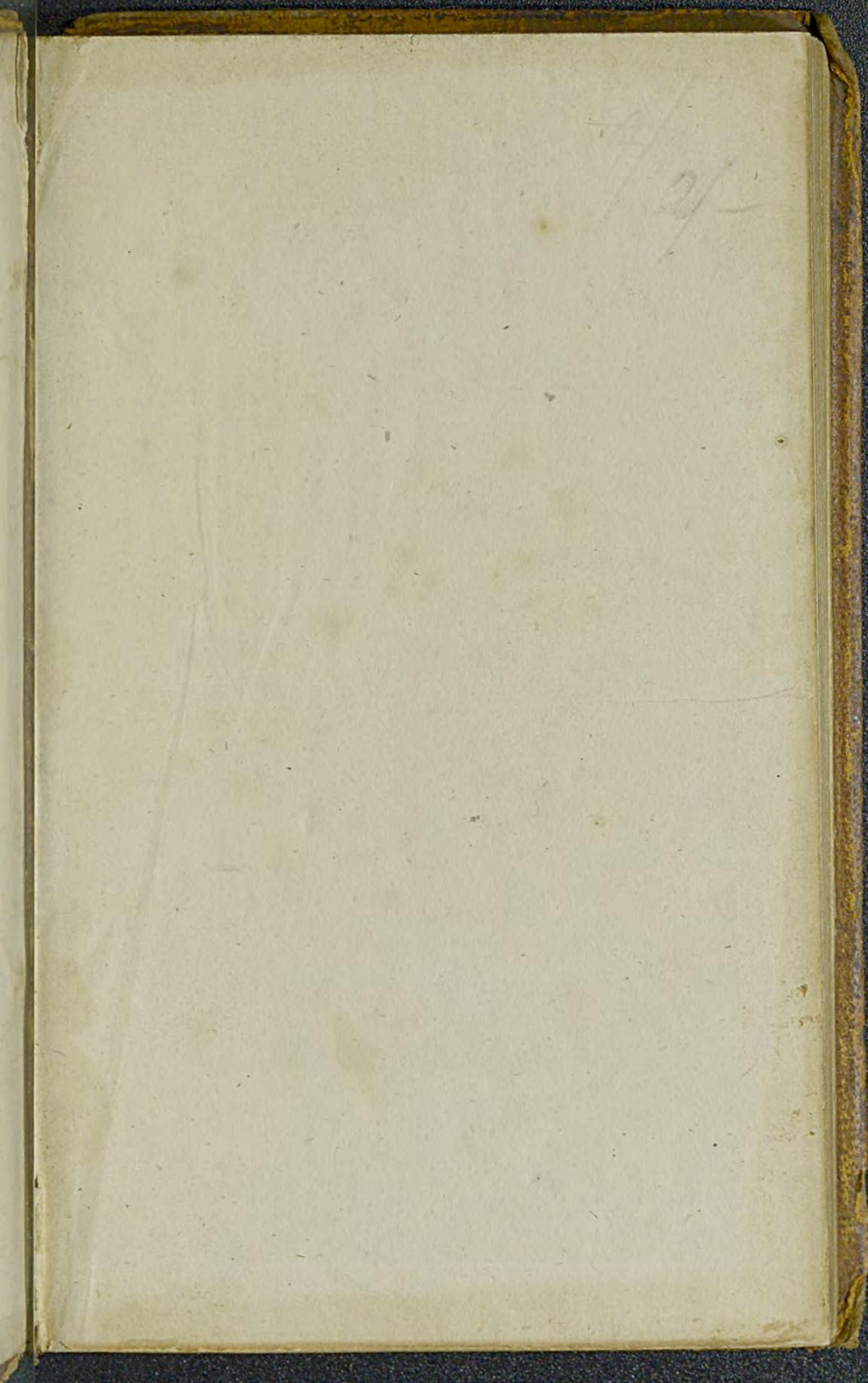
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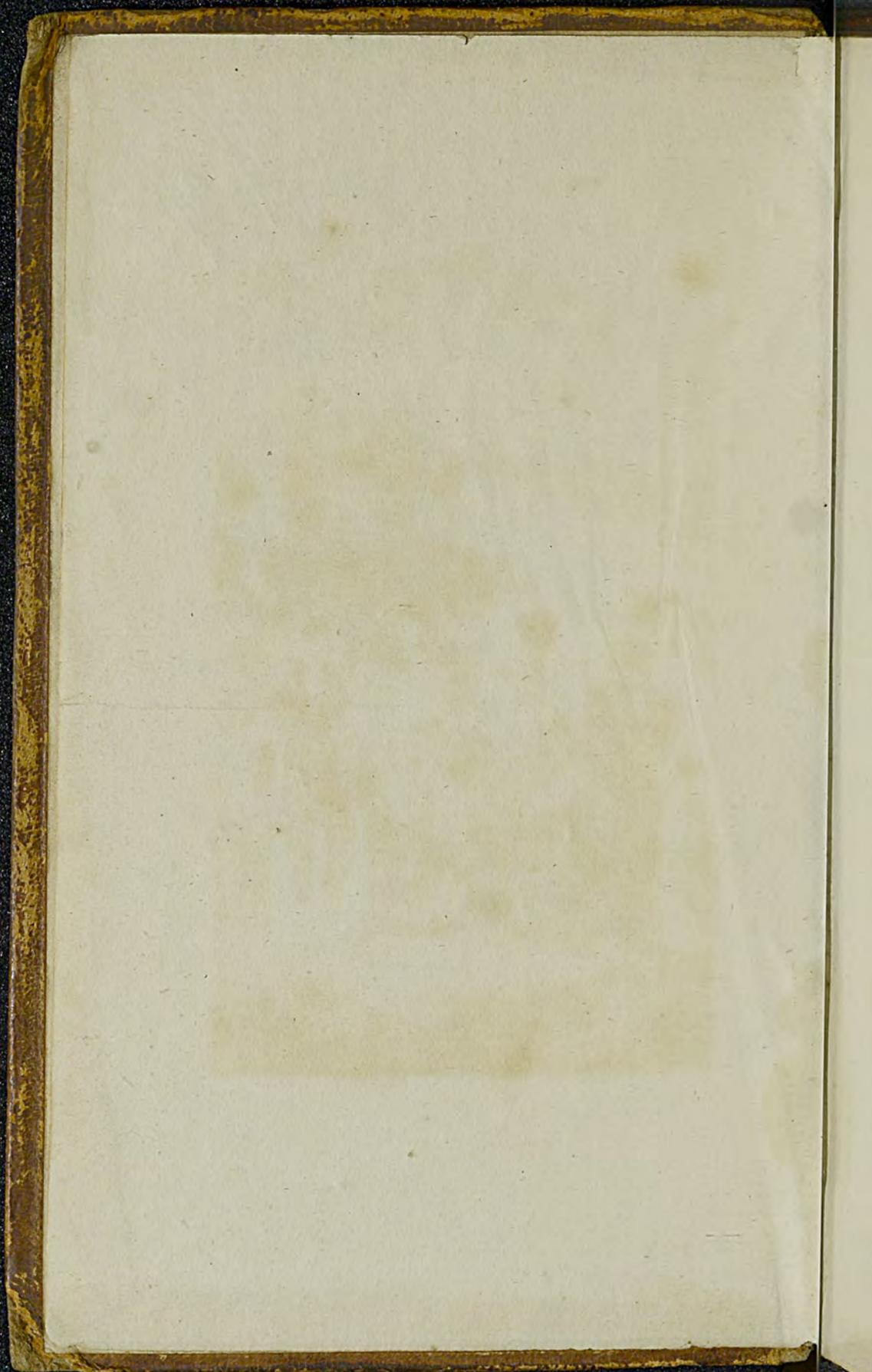
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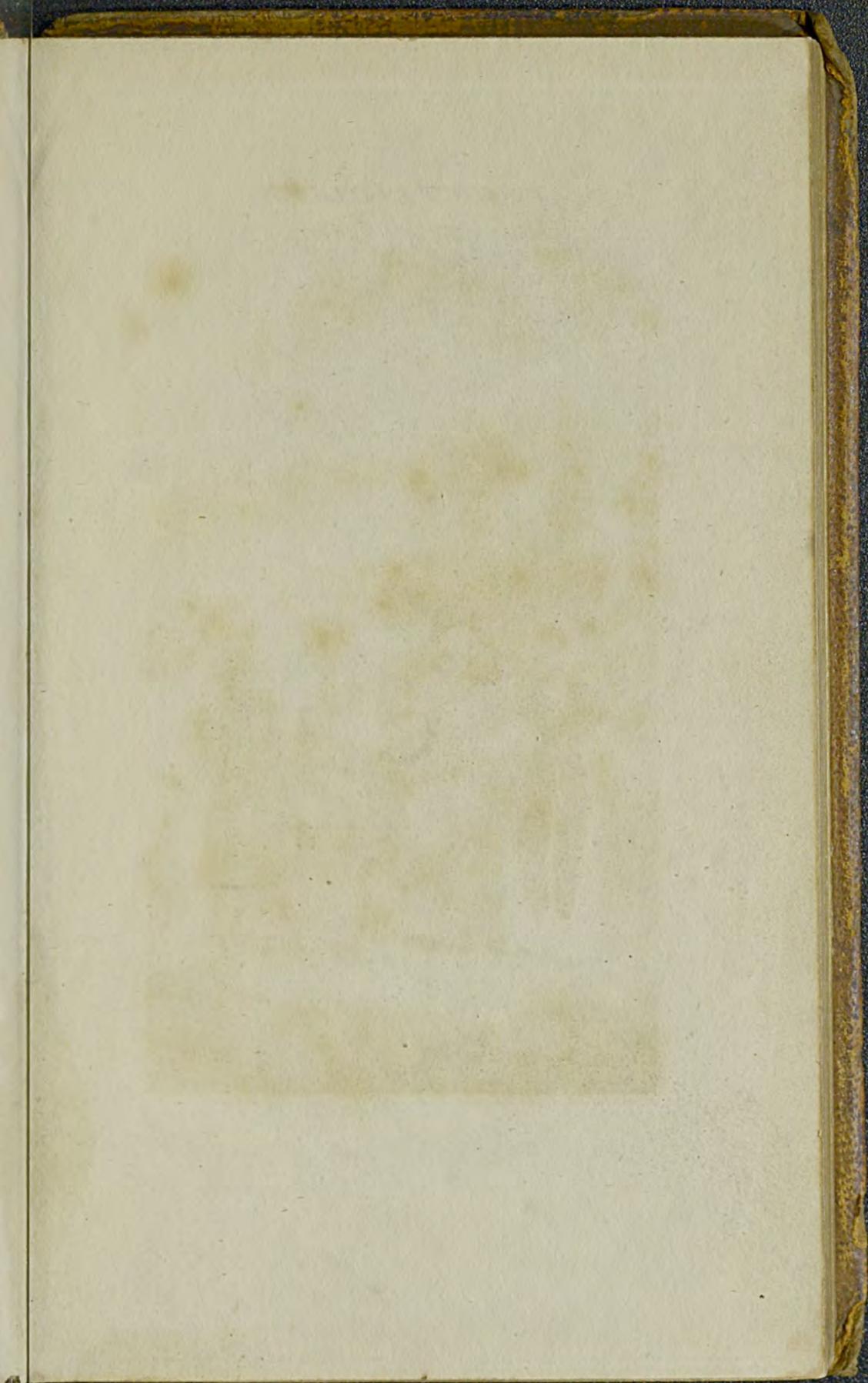


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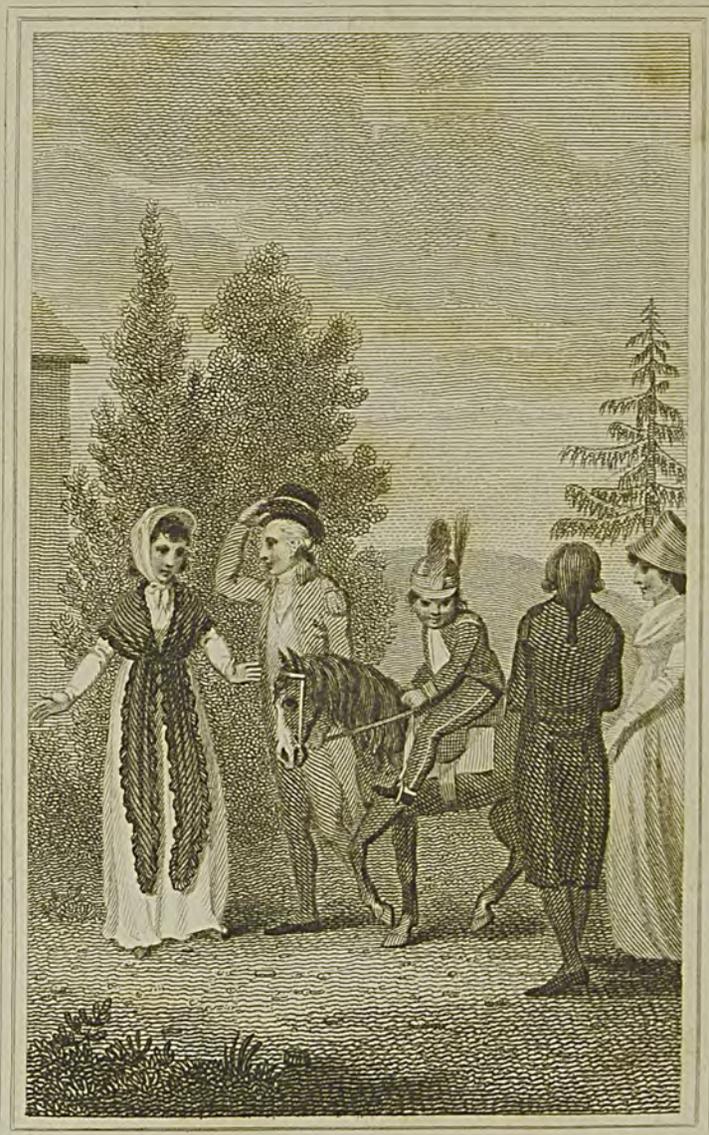
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FRONTISPIECE.



J. Holt sculp.

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
*WILLIAM SELWYN.*

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BY MISS SANDHAM,

AUTHOR OF THE TWIN SISTERS, AND OTHER  
WORKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

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“ All truth is precious, if not all divine.

COWPER.

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## PREFACE.

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IT is my intention in this moral tale, to point out how far our happiness, as to this life, depends on our connexions in it; the education we receive, and our mutual endeavours to promote the happiness of each other.

In the characters of Madame Dubarre, and her daughter Madeline, my readers will perceive a contrary disposition; and while the independent ideas they possessed were not.

improper in themselves, the pride and rancour of heart with which they were expressed, made them a bane instead of a blessing; since the thankfulness due to the wise Disposer of our life and situation, and from whom we equally receive the advantages of fortune, or the abilities to procure one, was not in their hearts. While we can rejoice at another's felicity, we cannot be altogether destitute of happiness; but those who envy the advantages possessed by others, above themselves, will find all their own comforts embittered by it.

What a pity that such a disposition should ever be mistaken for

emulation, when their sources and effect are so different! Pride is the fountain of envy; and an humble opinion of ourselves, the source of emulation. We wish to know more than we already know, or to do more towards the general good, and this promotes emulation; but the envious man is always satisfied with what he does himself, and cannot bear that another should excel him; his mind is ever on the rack, and when he sees others possessing favour or happiness beyond his own, his only resource is to affect to despise what he cannot obtain, and to endeavour to mortify and bring down to his own level whoever is superior

to himself, either in fortune or talents. Happy will it be for my readers if they are prevented from giving way to this evil, which brings its own punishment along with it, while it renders all around them uncomfortable; till the breast which contains it is made still more miserable by seeing that the shafts it has endeavoured to throw have missed their aim.

In the Benson family will be seen the blessing of attentive parents, (and if your's are such, my young friends, Oh, be thankful to them!) and in Constance, the advantages of good-temper and forbearance; and while I allow neither of these blessings are

in your power to obtain, endeavour to act as she did towards her mother and sister, should it be your lot to receive the treatment she did; remembering that to complain, is only to add to your discomorts, and increase your sense of them.

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
WILLIAM SELWYN.

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CHAPTER I.

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“ Plants rais’d with tenderness are seldom strong,  
Man’s coltish disposition asks the thong.”

COWPER.

“ I Wish Master William would get better,” said Mary, the nurse-maid, as she came into the kitchen, from carrying him some broth; “ I am sure, if he does not, I must leave my place, for I can do nothing to please him.”

“ What, won’t he take the nice broth I made him?” said the cook.

“ Oh, no,” returned Mary, “ he says, it is fat and nasty; and because *he* says so, mistress says the same, and now he must have some gruel, with a little wine in it.”

“ He don’t know what he would have,” said the cook, “ nor his mother either ; I am sure nothing can be better than this broth ; I have not patience to be always messing about so.”

While this conversation was passing below, William Selwyn was endeavouring to persuade his anxious and too partial mother, that he was a great deal worse than yesterday. “ *Then* I could eat a little,” said he, “ but now I can’t touch a bit ; and you would not let me eat when I could !”

“ Oh ! my dear boy, don’t say so,” said his tender parent, “ you know Mr. Manning said that roast veal was not good for you ; and you would not have it boiled.”

“ I wanted some eels, and that I must not have,” returned the boy, “ I know very well that whatever I like, you don’t mean I should have.”

“ As soon as it is fit for you, you shall have it ; and before too, if I was not afraid it would make you worse,” replied his mother. What is there I would not get for my dear child, but for that reason ? see here is some nice wine to put in the gruel as soon as Mary brings it.”

“ Oh, how my head aches !” replied the boy, without at all attending to what his mother said ; “ nobody’s head ever ached like mine,

and my legs ach so: Oh, my head, my head!"

In this way did he lay and complain, tossing the bed-clothes backwards and forwards, while his mother stood covering him up with them, as fast as he threw them off, till at last he fairly dashed them on the ground; saying "I am so hot, and *you* try to make me warmer."

"No, my dear, but you will take cold if you strip yourself so."

"I wish I *could* take cold, and *die*," said he; "for I have no comfort of my life."

Just as he uttered these words, his father entered the room, "Oh, William," said he, "are you in one of your fretful moods again! You wicked boy, to wish yourself dead! believe me, your situation would be much worse! What do you think can become of one who is continually fretting and murmuring as you do?"

"He is in so much pain, my dear," said his mother, afraid her darling should be found fault with; "you *must* excuse him, he does not know what he says."

"Oh, yes, he does," returned his father, "and he knows how to work upon you also; but he'll wear *you* out bye-and-bye, and then

who will he have to nurse him! every body else is tired of him."

"My head is so bad," said William, very mournfully.

"It is no wonder," said his father, "when you put yourself in such passions, and throw the clothes about the room, will that make it better? fie upon you. I am ashamed of you, William!"

The maid now entered with a basin of gruel, which the cook had not taken much pains to make good, as he had found fault with her broth.

"Now, my dear William, take some of this," said his mother; "see me put the wine into it."

"I can't drink it now," said William, "if I had had it before"—

He was going to add more, but seeing his father still standing by the bed, he remained silent, and suddenly burst into tears.

"His spirits are so weak," said his afflicted mother; "indeed, Mr. Selwyn, you are too harsh to him; he can't bear to be spoken unkindly to."

"*You* are much too indulgent," said his father, "and your mistaken kindness will ruin

him; he has exhausted himself in this last peevish fit: that is the cause of these tears; and if you had exerted your authority, and commanded him to lie still, instead of uttering such loud complaints, you would have acted much more judiciously; and if you do not alter your conduct towards him, I must myself take the office of chief nurse; for I cannot have all his future days injured by your false indulgence."

William kept sobbing on, while his father thus continued:—"I have seen so much of this fretful complaining temper, that I dread to see it encouraged in children; and besides, what good does it do them? Are people at all the better for it? On the contrary, they are never easy without others are pitying them; and if they do not find every one subservient to them, and ready to listen to all their complaints, they immediately pronounce them void of feeling and compassion."

Mrs. Selwyn remained silent, still holding the gruel in her hand; and William, after his sobs were over, appeared willing to take a little; which his mother gladly perceiving, she put a pillow at his back, and a dressing gown over his shoulders, and placed the basin before him; while his father sat down to watch his

behaviour. His tears had made his eyes swell, and his hand trembled from the agitation he had thrown himself into.

“ I will feed you,” said Mr. Selwyn, while his mother looked as if she wished no one to have that office but herself; and William ate nearly half the basin-full without finding fault; while his father lifted the spoon to his mouth with the utmost tenderness. William was too sulky to thank him for this attention, or to say that the gruel was good; and his looks were directed to his mother, who interpreted them in her own mind, as if wishing her to hold the basin instead of his father.

“ Is your head better *now*, my boy?” asked Mr. Selwyn, very good-humouredly.

“ Not much;” said William, in a very opposite tone; “ I don’t want any more; I’ll lie down.”

“ So do, my dear,” said his mother, who had moved to the other side of the bed, and was smoothing his pillow.

“ It would have been more becoming of you, had you thanked me for giving it you,” replied Mr. Selwyn.

“ When he is a little better, he will thank you,” said his mother, “ but he is so weak *now*.”

“ Not too weak to utter his complaints,” returned his father ; for he was already beginning as soon as his mother was near him— “ Oh, my head ! Oh, my back,” and “ *How* you do hurt me, mamma !”

“ How ? my dear ! What do I do ?” said she, still more anxiously.

“ Let *me* lay his pillow for him,” said his father, “ I shall place it best !” and he carefully put the head of his unthankful son upon it, and then covering him over, he drew the curtains, and insisted on Mrs. Selwyn’s leaving the room, and accompanying him in a walk round the pleasure ground, while Mary, the maid, was to sit by their son.

The anxious mother very reluctantly obeyed ; and whispered Mary, that if the child did not sleep, she was to call her.

They were no sooner out of the room, than William opened the curtains, “ Is my mother gone ?” said he.

“ Yes, sir,” replied the maid, “ but I hope you’ll go to sleep, and then I shall do as well as her to sit by you.”

“ That you won’t,” replied William, “ for I hate *you* ; and papa was very cross to take her away ; he knows I can’t sleep without she is by me.”

“ And what do you hate me for, Master William ;” said Mary, “ I am sure I have done no *harm* to you !”

“ Where’s mamma ? Go and tell her, I want her.”

“ I shan’t, Master William ; you know your papa will be angry if I do, and you cannot *love* your mamma, or you would be glad she should take a little fresh air, after being *stew’d* up in this room with you so many months.”

“ Hold your foolish tongue ;” said William, “ I’ll tell her how cross you are to me.”

“ You had better not say any thing about *me*,” replied Mary, in an angry tone, “ for I will tell her, and your papa too, what you say ; and then let them judge who is to blame : if you want any thing, I’ll give it you ; if *not*, be still, and go to sleep.”

“ I want my mother,” said William, “ go and call her.”

“ You are enough to tire any body’s patience,” returned Mary ; “ don’t I tell you she is gone for a walk, and hopes you’ll go to sleep in her absence : here *you* complain of your head ; and what your papa says is very true ; it is your *fretful* temper makes it ach.”

“ *You* keep talking so,” said William,

“ that if I could go to sleep, you would hinder me.”

“ Goodness me! Master William, if you was not to say any thing to *me*, you may be sure *I* should not speak; so now do *you* be quiet, and I’ll be silent enough, I’ll warrant you.”

“ I wish mamma was here,” replied William, “ my head is so bad; but hold *your* foolish tongue, I want none of your advice.”

In this way he kept grumbling on, till finding Mary persisted in her silence, he dropt asleep.

In the mean time Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn walked within sight of the house, while the latter cast many an anxious look towards the room her son was in. “ I hope he is asleep,” said she, “ I don’t see Mary moving about.”

“ I dare say he is,” said Mr. Selwyn, “ for he seemed greatly inclined to it; but now let me ask you a question or two: Do you wish to see your son happy or not?”

“ Dear Mr. Selwyn, to be sure I do! Don’t I do every thing to make him so?”

“ Your efforts then have a quite contrary effect,” returned he; “ you have humoured and indulged him so much, that he is scarcely

to be borne with, now he is on a sick bed, and what will he be when he is well?"

"Oh, Mr. Selwyn, you know people are apt to be fretful when ill."

"Not unless they indulge such an humour when *well*," replied he; "you are certainly increasing the foundation of our son's future unhappiness."

"Dear Mr. Selwyn, when he is so ill, what would you have me do? Must I have no feeling for him?"

"Do you think *I* have none," he asked.

"*You* don't know what it is to be ill," said his wife.

"Oh, my dear," returned Mr. Selwyn, smiling; "you surely forget yourself; have I not suffered much from severe illness; and cannot you remember the fever I had four years ago? I speak from experience, that in the midst of all my illness, if I gave way to fretting and complaining, I found myself worse; the talking of it, made it appear so; and I found others more willing to attend upon me, when I was pleased and thankful for what they did, than when I found fault with every thing they brought me. Now we are looking forward to William's inheriting this estate, and

the fortune I possess from my father; but if he continues what he is now, what will he be? a peevish, fretful valetudinarian! expecting every one to be subservient to his will, and knowing nothing of contradiction, or the mutual services of men to men, he'll expect all flattery and obedience; and this he will meet with from none but sycophants, and money-hunters, who, for the sake of living at *his* expense, will humour all his frailties, and laugh at him when they have done it. If he marries, it will in all probability be to some ignorant female, who, if she pretends to be fond of him, must persuade him he is ill, since she finds he likes to be thought so. No man or woman of sense will associate with him; and if he has children, they will be brought up as he is now, unless he sees his error before it is too late."

While Mr. Selwyn was thus expressing his fears on his son's account, Mrs. Benson, a sister of Mrs. Selwyn, approached with a fine little girl, between two and three years old, and a nurse-maid, who carried her. She came to inquire after William, and after the usual salutations, little Emma was noticed.

"How do you do, my dear sweet one?" said Mrs. Selwyn, "you beautiful little crea-

ture! I wish my sweet William was as healthy as *you* are."

Emma, who had already been used to her aunt's praises, stretched out her little hands to go to her; and she was immediately received with the most lavish expressions of admiration.

"My dear sister," said Mrs. Benson, "I wish you would not admire my little one so: you will make her *vain*."

"Oh, no, not so young," replied her indulgent aunt; "she can't have such notions already."

"I believe it is possible," returned Mrs. Benson, "and I must beg you not to encourage it."

"How foolish," said Mrs. Selwyn. "Will my little girl have a pretty flower, as pretty as herself?"

The child looked at her mother; "If your aunt is so good as to give you one," said Mrs. Benson, "you *may* have it; but I am glad to see you are a good girl, and remember what I said. I told her," continued she, "that if she gathered a flower, or cried for one, without my leave, I should be angry."

"Oh, she has minded what you said," replied Mr. Selwyn, "I will therefore reward

her with this rose, and a kiss into the bargain."

"Thank you, sir," said the little girl, very prettily.

Again Mrs. Selwyn broke out in encomiums on her neice's behaviour.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Benson, as they walked on, Mr. Selwyn carrying the child in his arms; "I must not bring her here, if she is to hear these strong commendations. If this is the case, she will never be satisfied with my simply telling her she is a good girl, and that I am pleased with her. I am particularly careful that my nurse-maid should not use such extravagant expressions, for the reason I have given before. I have been quite disgusted at their language, which I believe is often used to insinuate themselves into the favour of their parents."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Selwyn; "but such fulsome flattery is very unacceptable to me."

Mrs. Selwyn now gathered a flower, and held it out, to draw the child's attention, who again put forth her hands to go to her aunt. "Dear little creature!" said she, "let her come!"

The child was resigned to her arms, and in a few minutes, finding that her aunt indulged all her wishes, she began to cry for another flower, which grew near their path.

Mrs. Benson immediately called the maid, who was walking at a distance, and taking Emma in her arms, said, "You know I told you, you should go home if you cried, or was troublesome; and *now* I must keep my word. Kitty must take you home."

"No, no, she will be good," said her aunt.

"I hope she *will*," returned her mother, "but I did not bring her here to disturb *us*. She has been indulged with several flowers already, and now cries for more. Take her home, Kitty; I can depend on your behaviour to her." Then kissing the child, who was already quiet, she added, "I hope I shall find you quite good when I come home presently."

The maid took her away, in spite of the remonstrances of her aunt, who then asked Mrs. Benson to go into the house, and see William. "I hope he is asleep," said she, "but you won't disturb him."

"If he *is*, my dear," said Mr. Selwyn, "I think it is best not to take your sister in: your going into the room may awake him."

Mrs. Selwyn replied, she would slip up and

see; and returned with the joyful intelligence that he was asleep.

Mrs. Benson then took her leave, and Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn resumed their conversation. "I must now tell you my intention," said he, "in regard to our son, that as soon as he is sufficiently recovered, I mean to send him to school."

Mrs. Selwyn looked as one thunderstruck. "What," said she, as soon as she could speak, "in such an ill state of health as he is! and *you*, who always preferred an home education! What can you mean, Mr. Selwyn? Did not you always say, what a pleasure it would be to instruct him yourself?"

"This is very true, my dear," he replied, "but allow me to say, your ill-judged partiality counteracts all my plans. You are always persuading the boy he is ill."

"*Persuading* him, Mr. Selwyn, does not every one see that he is so? His constitution is naturally weak."

"It was not so during his infancy," returned Mr. Selwyn, and he is now ten years old, and you know, or at least *I do*, how backward his education is; for the last two years you have been doing all you can to make him ill, ignorant, and ill-natured."

“ Oh, Mr. Selwyn, what are you making me, when it is the whole study of my life—”

“ Hear me out,” replied he; “ your intentions may be otherwise; but the conduct you pursue with him will have the effect I describe. I have watched you both with anxiety for some time; and if I ever gave him a lesson to learn, you had always some excuse for him: his head or his stomach ached, and thus, while he supposed you kind in begging him off from what he thought a trouble, he was taught to dread my approach as coming to teize him with lessons: so you could but see him happy, (that is, pleased with your indulgence,) you did not care how little improvement he made.”

“ I am sure, Mr. Selwyn, he used to read to me whenever he was well enough, and he often liked it; and he is forward in his writing, and what does it signify, if he should not be a *learned* man?”

“ I never expect him to be *that*,” replied Mr. Selwyn; “ but he must know something more than reading and writing, to be a gentleman.”

“ But why *should* he go to school?” asked Mrs. Selwyn; “ I shall never have a moment’s happiness, knowing—”

“ How you have indulged him at home,” said Mr. Selwyn, interrupting her; “ but the school I have fixed on for him, is a private one, and where they take but a limited number, and the children are treated as one large family.”

“ I hope it is near us,” said Mrs. Selwyn, her eyes full of tears, “ that I may see him often.”

“ Where *I* shall see him at least once a month,” returned Mr. Selwyn; “ it is within a morning’s ride.”

“ And may not *I* go too?” inquired Mrs. Selwyn, no longer able to restrain her tears.

Mr. Selwyn could not resist these; and he replied with kindness, “ certainly, whenever I go, if our visits don’t make him unhappy.”

“ Oh,” exclaimed she, “ his *happiness* will be to see us.”

“ I would not wish him to think so,” replied the prudent father, “ and I hope you will not tell him so.”

As Mrs. Selwyn proceeded sorrowfully to the house, he earnestly begged her not to mention to their child what he intended. “ When he is better, which I hope, if you are not *too attentive* to him, will be in a few days, I will inform him of it myself,” said he.

“ Ah, poor boy !” thought Mrs. Selwyn, “ it will be a melancholy hearing for him !” and, with her handkerchief in her hand, she again sought the room of her son, whom she found still asleep ; but at sight of him, her tears flowed afresh, till Mr. Selwyn, who had followed her thither, led her to her dressing-room, and there, by every argument in his power, endeavoured to sooth her mind. When she was more composed, they returned to William, who was now awake. His first question was, why she had left him ?

“ Your papa *made* me,” said she, “ my dear, or I would not have gone ; but you have slept nicely ; and now what will you have to eat ?”

As soon as he had made his choice, Mary was dispatched for it to the cook, to whom she again uttered her complaints of “ the humoured brat !” and not without insinuating, that it was her mistress’s folly had made him so.

## CHAPTER II.

---

“ Man is the genuine offspring of revolt,  
Stubborn, and sturdy as a wild ass's colt.”

COWPER.

HAVING introduced our readers to the hero of our tale, and given them some idea of the character of himself and his parents, I shall forbear to inform them of every slight minutia of his amendment; but proceed to the time when, by the strict attention his father paid him, in whose presence he was not at liberty to complain so much, William Selwyn grew much better, and the various ways this good parent found to amuse without fatiguing him insensibly drew his attention from his pains and aches, which gradually wore off as his mother had not so frequent opportunities of reminding him of them: and instead of pressing him to eat every

time she thought he wanted it, his father often allowed him to wait till he asked for it himself; "and now," said he to his mother, "he can thank you for bringing it to him, but before he expected you to be much obliged to him for eating it."

"His appetite is returning," said his mother, ever anxious to make an excuse for her darling boy. In a day or two after this the apothecary advised his being taken into another room, and sitting up great part of the day; Mrs. Selwyn expressed a thousand fears lest it should be too much for him; but assisted by his father, he supported the fatigue of going into her dressing-room without making any complaint. Mrs. Selwyn was quite overjoyed at once more seeing him there, till the thought of his going to school, as soon as he recovered, came across her mind; and had not the presence of Mr. Selwyn, and the promise she had given him, and above all, the fear of the effect it might have on her son prevented her, she would have uttered many a lamentation as she looked forward to the melancholy day.

Mrs. Benson now called a second time, and brought a boy with her of the same age as William, and both were introduced to him in the dressing-room. After the usual congratulations

on William's amended health, Mrs. Benson said, "John has brought a few pictures to amuse you, will you look at them?"

"Oh he is very good," replied Mrs. Selwyn, "are you not very much obliged to your cousin my dear? but I am sure he is," added she "only he is just now too weak and poorly to say much about it."

"I will open them myself," said William, as he laid his hand on a large roll John Benson drew out of his pocket: "what are they about?" and as he opened each, his mother was called upon to look at and explain it to him; nor would he allow her to converse at all with her sister; the whole of her attention, and that of her visitors, had she had twenty others, must all be engrossed by William, or he would not have been pleased: and Mrs. Selwyn was too anxious to gratify him, to care whether any body else was so or not. William was *all* she thought of, who displayed the pictures one by one, and made his remarks upon them; and she even expected her sister to be as much delighted with what he said as she was herself.

"I never allow my children to engross my attention when I have company," said Mrs. Benson, who now and then took the liberty of

finding fault with her sister's conduct in regard to William.

"But you don't know what it is to have but one; and that one very ill," said Mrs. Selwyn.

"I know what it is to have a sick child," said Mrs. Benson, "and that it is a great misfortune when they cannot amuse themselves without intruding on the time of others."

"Why, *you* give up your whole time to *your* children, sister," replied Mrs. Selwyn.

"To their instruction I do, and when we are alone," said Mrs. Benson, "but not to their amusement; when I have devised an entertainment for them, and put them in the way of playing with it, I never interfere, except I hear any dispute among them, and not always then."

"But my boy is but *one*," replied Mrs. Selwyn, "he cannot play by himself."

"I know many that can," said Mrs. Benson, "my little Herbert for instance, he is too ill to be much with his brothers and sisters; he has amused himself with these very pictures for an hour or more without wanting other playthings or company: I don't think him well enough to attend to his lessons, but I cannot keep one of

the others from their's to play with him, though I am careful he should have every thing he wants."

"You have such a family sister," said Mrs. Selwyn, "that you cannot be so attentive to them all, as I am to one."

"Allow me to say that I think I am much *more* attentive," said Mrs. Benson, "for I look to their future happiness as well as the present; few people are aware of the influence early habits have on the mind; I know that nothing can ultimately, or materially alter the nature of man; but certainly much of their future time is tinged with that colour, if I may so speak, that they had imbibed in childhood, if used to such peculiar care and attention at that age, they expect it ever afterwards, and are hurt and mortified if they don't meet with it; and if accustomed to fare daintily, and their appetites pampered, they are disgusted at what one, brought up in a plainer way, would think very good; and if encouraged to complain of every little pain and ach they feel, how do we see that all their lives long they expect the same, and are peevish and fretful at whatever crosses their wishes: in short the smaller circle their scheme of happiness is brought into, the more likely are they to attain it. There goes an illustration of what I

am saying," added she, pointing to the window.

"Poor creature!" said Mrs. Selwyn, "a woman with *five* children, I really believe."

"Yes," returned her sister, "I passed her as I came here, she has one at her back, and another in her arms; both it is probable were born in a barn, and have scarcely had a house over their heads since they were in the world: there are two boys, neither of them so old as John, and a little girl still younger, each with a pack at their back suited to their size, and which in time will most likely enable the girl to carry her children as her mother now carries hers. The woman told me she was the wife of a travelling scissars-grinder, and that they had walked eight miles to day, and she hoped to reach four more before night, when she should dress them a bit of supper under a hedge, and all sleep in a barn; they look healthy, and not one of them are ragged. The woman has no bonnet, but a nice warm cloak and hood which keeps out all the cold; and the baby has the most comfortable little cap of double knitting over her linen one which I have seen a great while, and which her mother told me some *good* lady had given to her: all the whole family look remarkably happy."

“ Poor things, how *can* they be *so!*” said Mrs. Selwyn.

“ They have never known any other way of life,” returned Mrs. Benson, “ and I was led into a train of reflections after I had left her, on thinking that we were all of the same nature, and formed of the same materials ; this family originally were born with the same feelings as the finest lady in the land, whose children are brought up with the greatest care, and the weight of a loaf of bread would be thought too much for them, while these little things seem to feel no inconvenience from what you and I most likely would think a great burden.”

“ To be sure,” said Mrs. Selwyn, “ it is all as we are brought up.” Here their conversation was interrupted by William, who had been endeavouring to draw his mother’s attention to himself the whole time, and when he found he could not succeed any other way, he began to cry, and say his head and his stomach were so bad that he must go to bed.

“ You will take your draught first, my dear,” said his mother, quite alarmed at his complaining ; “ let your aunt and cousin see how *well* you can take it, and that will make you better.”

“ I can't take it now,” said William, “ I am am so *very* bad.”

“ But it will make you *better*,” said his mother again, “ how I wish I could take it for you, and that it would do *you* as much good.”

“ I am sure I wish so too,” replied William, almost smiling, and for a moment forgetting his complaints in the idea.

“ Oh! I know William *is* better,” said his cousin John, “ he can look a little good-humoured now; you will not have many more draughts to take,” added he, “ and it does not look so nasty as what our poor little Herbert takes every day.”

“ No, that it is not I am sure,” said his mother, willing to catch at any thing as an incitement for her son to do what she thought absolutely necessary, as she would have given up her intreaties, “ come, my dearest, Herbert takes it like a good boy, your aunt says, let her see that you can do the same.”

“ He is not half so bad as me,” said William, “ and I have had so *much* of it.”

“ Oh! so has *he*,” replied John, “ for you know he has been a great deal worse than *you*.” Here a dispute would have arisen between the

two boys, had not a look from Mrs. Benson silenced her son; and Mrs. Selwyn still continued her intreaties to William to take what by this time she had poured out. Sugar-plumbs, tamarinds, oranges, preserved fruit, and whatever her store-room would produce, was brought out for him to take which he chose, to put the taste out of his mouth.

“What does Herbert take?” said he to John, willing to prolong the time, and gratified at seeing the attention of the whole party engrossed by himself.

“Sometimes a piece of orange, or a tamarind,” said his aunt, “but had he as many things as you have, he would be too long in choosing; and his physic and all is taken in a much shorter time than you have been *talking* of it.”

Again Mrs. Selwyn entreated, and Mrs. Benson declared she could wait no longer, but desiring her son to take his hat, she was leaving the room.

“Do not let your aunt go and tell little Herbert that you would not take your physic, my dear,” said Mrs. Selwyn, scarcely attending to her sister’s “good morning.”

“Let her stay a moment then,” said he, as Mrs. Benson stopped at the door, and the eyes of John were fixed upon him, he swallowed

it down after making many wry faces ; when Mrs. Benson, without one word of praise, which both William and his mother expected, repeated her farewell, and shut the door : the commendation, however, which his aunt would not bestow, his mother amply reiterated ; and William was again fatigued ; his head, and his stomach ached ; and he was led back again to his chamber and laid upon the bed, till tired of that situation, he desired to return from whence he came.

Mrs. Benson walked home with her son, quite grieved at the ill-judged kindness of her sister to William, and she could not help noticing to John the improper way his cousin had behaved.

“ I believe,” said he, “ that thinking so much about it makes the physic worse, mamma ?”

“ It is very true, my dear,” returned she, “ and you will find it so all your life, that whatever is disagreeable, is rendered more so by anticipation ; your poor cousin has never been taught this.”

On returning to her own house she was met by two little girls older than Emma, who told her they had each learnt their lesson for the afternoon ; “ and we may now play in the garden with John, may not we ?”

“Has not John a lesson to learn?” asked their mother.

“Yes, I have, mamma; but I shall soon learn that, after our dinner, and before papa is ready to hear me.”

“After dinner is a *bad* time to learn a lesson,” said Mrs. Benson. “If you take my advice, you will do it *now*.”

“I should like to go with my sister,” said he, looking very wistfully.

“Ah, John, you have forgotten the lesson I thought you had learnt from your cousin, this morning! Don’t you remember what you said just now; that it is best to do things at *once*. Will it be so easily done *then*, think you?”

“Oh, yes, mamma, I shall soon learn it.”

“Well, my dear,” said his affectionate mother, “you shall learn the truth of your former assertion by experience;” well aware that this was the best instructor, “and as your going with me this morning, occasioned your not getting your lesson at the proper time, you must remember, that if your father finds you deficient, the punishment will be, not to accompany me the next time I go out.”

“Oh, he shall not find me so, mamma!” said John, glad to have obtained her consent.

“ I shall learn it in time :” and away he tripped with his sisters, while Mrs. Benson went to visit her dear little invalid.

The time was short between this and the children’s dinner hour, and John had not half finished the path he was making in his sister’s garden, before he was called to it.

After they had eat their meal, his sister Mary reminded him of his lesson ; and now, instead of returning to the garden, which was his usual custom after dinner, he had to take the book ; and while his mind was more intent upon what his sisters were about, he heard the bell ring, as a signal for him to attend his father in the library. With a lesson half learnt, and the recollection of his mother’s advice, which he had not followed, he walked slowly along the passage, with his eyes fixed upon the book, till he stumbled up against her.

“ Ah, my dear John,” said she, “ did I not tell you *right* this morning ?”

“ Yes, indeed, mamma,” said he, blushing as he spoke. “ I cannot learn my lesson, and I have no excuse to make.”

“ And do not attempt to make any,” said she ; “ a frank confession is far better. I hope

this day's experience will teach you a better lesson, and perhaps a more useful one, than that which you have neglected to learn."

"Oh, what a good mother I have!" thought John, as he proceeded to the library: "I hope I shall always follow her advice."

When he appeared before his father, he found his brother Charles there already; but John's looks declared what he was about to utter. However, his father took no notice; but telling them to proceed to business, they each read, wrote, and cyphered, and when John produced the book from which he should have learned his Latin lesson, he was obliged to tell his father that he could not say it; and the reason why he could not: "My mother told me of it, too," said he, "but I thought I could learn it in less time."

"My dear boy," said his father, "your candour in owning yourself wrong, prevents my being angry with you; and, for the future, I hope you will remember, that to do things methodically, (that is, at a fixed time each day, and in order,) is much the easiest and best. You have had as much time, or more, to learn your lesson in after dinner; but because it was not at the time you have been

accustomed to do it, your mind was occupied about something else."

Here John again mentally exclaimed, "Oh, what a good *father* I have! I hope I shall always follow *his* advice!"

"The punishment, you know, is a double lesson to-morrow morning."

"Yes, sir," replied John, with great submission; "and I am much obliged to you for not being displeased with me."

Some little boy or girl may be ready to say, when they read this, "it is like a story in such a book," but let them ask themselves, "is it not like *me*?" and if any such circumstance has ever occurred to them? and let them recollect, if they acted as John did, or endeavour to do, if unluckily they should hereafter be in the same situation.

## CHAPTER III.

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“ And some, that seem to threaten virtue less,  
Still hurtful, in the abuse, or by the excess.”

COWPER.

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WE shall now return to William Selwyn, to whom, as he continued to mend in health, his father was daily more attentive; and after many cautionary remonstrances from his mother, lest it should be too early, or too cold for him, had him into the garden, that he might gain strength from the air, which was then filled with all the fragrance of “ the breathing spring.” But William was far from being grateful to Providence for restoring him to health, or to his father, for his kind attention to him. His illness had been occasioned by the perverseness of his temper, and the fond indulgence of his mother, more than

any thing else; and her extreme willingness to attend to all his complaints, only made him more ready to impose upon her tenderness. After a fortnight had been spent in this way, and walking in the garden every day, he could no longer find himself tired when he came in; or conceal his appetite for whatever was placed on the table at dinner time. His mother saw it with pleasure; yet a secret dread that his father's determination would soon be put in execution, made her forbear to notice his recovery: and such was her foolish fondness, that she almost fancied she could prefer his being always ill, rather than that he should be taken from her to go to school; but at length the fearful moment of mentioning the subject arrived; and as they were sitting after dinner, which William had particularly commended, his father asked him if he did not think of returning to his lessons, now he was so much better?

William looked at his mother to answer for him, as on such disagreeable occasions he had been accustomed to the excuses she was always ready to make; but, contrary to his expectation, she was silent, and *he* remained so likewise: but his brow began to be clouded,

and the repetition of the question from his father did not dissipate it.

“ I don't know,” said he, after waiting again in vain for his mother to speak ; “ my head achs very much in a morning *now*.”

“ And so it always will, I am afraid,” returned Mr. Selwyn, “ when the book is talked of ; but what do you expect to know when you grow up ? Can you bear the thought of being an *ignorant* man ?”

“ Oh, papa, I shall have time enough to learn : besides, I am *not* ignorant ; I can read in any book, and can write pretty well.”

“ What,” said Mr. Selwyn, “ can you be satisfied with that, and *boast* of your learning ? Why, my boy, the very way you mention, your being able to read and write, proves your ignorance as completely as any thing you could say. Don't you know there are many other things to be learnt ?”

“ Yes, papa, but why should *I* learn them ?” was just coming from William's lips, when his mother's anxiety burst forth with the usual excuse, “ you know he is so sickly a child, Mr. Selwyn ; his health would suffer, was he to be kept to his books as some boys are.”

“ I doubt that,” replied Mr. Selwyn ; “ but

sickly or not, you cannot expect him to be always tied to your side. He *must* mix with other boys; and he *must* know more than he does now; or he will not be a fit companion for those in his own rank of life."

"He has companions in his cousins," said Mrs. Selwyn.

"His cousins will be ashamed of him in a very little time," replied his father, "if he does not know more than he does already. They are improving every day, and their father has the pleasure of seeing them as desirous of instruction as he is willing to give it."

"Poor little Herbert," said Mrs. Selwyn, "cannot improve much: he is like our poor William, a great sufferer from illness."

"He is," returned Mr. Selwyn, "but I believe, that though he is two years younger than William, he knows more than he: his mother has heard him read, and read to him whenever he was capable of attending to it, notwithstanding he was in a sick chamber; but William is now recovered, and yet he has no inclination to improve. Speak the truth, William," continued he, "had not you rather remain without knowing more than you do, than take the trouble of learning it?"

"I don't know," said William, in a very

sullen tone; for the foregoing conversation had not flattered his vanity. That his cousin Bensons should be ashamed of him, mortified him greatly; for his mother had often told him, *he* would have a great deal more money than they, and that their father's fortune, which was small, when divided among so many, would be nothing to what he would have when a man. "I shall not want to make my fortune by my learning," added he.

"Are you thinking of your *fortune*?" replied his father, very sternly. "I will tell you this, William, that let a man have what fortune he may, he makes but a very poor figure unless his education is adequate to it; and it is my determination not to let you have a *fortune* (as you call it) without an education; therefore, if you are looking forward to the one, you must endeavour to possess the other; for money is of no use to an ignorant man but to help him betray his folly."

William was again silent; he had never heard his father express himself so earnestly before; and again his mother took his part.

"I dare say William would not wish to be ignorant," said she; "and as he gets better in health, his desire of improvement will return."

“ I hope it will,” said his father, “ if he ever had a desire that way ; for next Monday week I intend he shall go to school.”

Mrs. Selwyn turned pale at this intelligence, though she had reason to expect it ; and William’s colour rose as her’s receded. He looked all astonished, first at his father and then at his mother, as if to say, “ can you bear this ? is it true ? have I heard right ?” and he wished, yet dreaded to have the words repeated.

“ Next Monday week I shall take you to Mr. Newton’s, at Rewbeck, about twelve miles from hence,” continued Mr. Selwyn. “ I tell you *now*, that you may have time to prepare yourself.”

William was ready to cry, and his mother could scarcely suppress her tears. “ I could have wished his health had been a little more established,” said she. “ I fear his constitution will not bear the change.”

“ My father don’t care for *that*,” exclaimed William. “ If I was to die at school, I *must* go.”

“ Poor fellow !” said Mr. Selwyn, very mildly, on observing the angry tone this was spoken in. “ You don’t know what you say ; it is as much for the sake of your health as

your education that I have determined to send you there: I know *that* will be taken care of, and I shall see you often myself, to judge of its improvement, and if you should be *really* ill, I should be as anxious as your mother to have you with us: but remember, you are not to come home on every fancied indisposition."

Mrs. Selwyn wiped her eyes, and William, who was too proud to shed tears, sat in sullen silence; while his father deeply sighed at this proof of stubbornness in his only son. "You will prepare his clothes, my dear," said he, "and get him every thing that is necessary; and observing her distress, he added, "recollect, it is to a private school he is going, and where there are only sixteen boys."

"I hope he will be well," returned she, "but it is little more than a week for him to get perfectly recovered."

"I think that he is so *now*," replied Mr. Selwyn, "unless this unfortunate intelligence should occasion a relapse; but I don't intend to alter my plan unless absolutely necessary, and I must be the best judge of that."

"I know," said Mrs. Selwyn, "that you are very determined, but William will be re-

conciled to it, I hope. Why don't you speak, my dear?"

"I don't know *what* to say," replied William, a little softened.

"No, I dare say not," she returned; "it came so unexpectedly upon you; you was not prepared for it."

"It would at any time have been an unpleasant piece of intelligence, I know," said his father, and I am willing to make every allowance for his feelings on the occasion; but let me ask you one question," continued he, addressing his son: "Do you not think that, as your father, and one who is anxiously desirous of your future welfare, I must be a better judge of what will promote *that*, than yourself?"

There was an earnestness and affection in his manner that would have subdued the heart of any but one so obstinate as William's, and which was rendered still more so by the ill-judged partiality of his mother, who had a long while suffered him to think that she *alone* loved him, because she indulged him in every wish.

William remained silent; and Mr. Selwyn appealed to his mother for a reply. She could

not deny the reality of his affection, because she had seen many proofs of it, of which William was not yet sensible; and she could not but allow the superiority of his understanding; and therefore, though she sighed at the conclusion to be drawn from thence, she gave a full affirmative.

William looked more inclined to believe *her*, than his father; while Mr. Selwyn replied, "the point is settled then with *you*; though I fear William is still inclined to doubt: I must therefore wait till time and experience shall convince *him*, that what I am about to do, is as great a testimony of my love as I can possibly shew him."

"Oh, Mr. Selwyn, he does *not* doubt your love for him," said his fond mother; "and when you go to see him at school as often as you say you will, he will be convinced that nothing but affection for him could take you there."

"And won't you *both* come?" said William, somewhat melted at the thought of school.

"Yes, my dear, your father says I shall come every time he does."

"You *have* talked about it before then," said William, in an inquiring tone.

“ Yes, I have known your father’s intention some time, my dear.”

“ And why did not you tell *me* ?” he inquired.

“ Oh, he was the proper person to do that,” returned his mother. “ But when we think of it, my dear, there is nothing so extraordinary in it: every boy goes to school when they are well enough, and their fathers can afford it.”

William saw his mother rather more reconciled to it, and involuntarily became so himself. “ I hope I shall be well,” said he, “ and have some time to *play*; I am sure *all* school will not agree with me.”

“ There is no reason to fear your not having plenty of time for your amusement, as well as improvement,” said his father, smiling at this remark; “ and you will have other boys to play with, far better than being shut up at home, with your mother and the maids.”

“ Did *you* go to school when you was a boy, papa ?” asked William.

“ Yes, that I did; and liked it much better than being at home for a constancy; yet when I went there for the holidays, it was ten thousand times pleasanter for having been to school.”

“*That* I believe,” said Mrs. Selwyn, “and I hope William will find it so likewise.”

The conversation now began to be on other topics; and before they parted for the night, Mr. Selwyn had the satisfaction of finding both William and his mother better reconciled to the expected change than he could have hoped, from the great reluctance with which the intelligence was at first received.

William’s first thoughts in the morning, were of the school, and he longed to see his mother alone, that he might judge whether she was really so well reconciled to it as she appeared to be the evening before; but when they met at breakfast, his father was already at the table, who, after the usual salutation, asked him, if he had dreamt of Mr. Newton? “and what do you think,” added he, “of accompanying your mother and me to his house this morning; she will then have an opportunity of inquiring of Mrs. Newton what will be necessary for you to bring; and *you* will see the place you are going to, and the gentleman to whom, in all probability, you are to be obliged for much of your happiness as you advance in life; that is, if you attend to his instructions.”

The novelty of the visit seemed to engage

William's attention, and his mother remarked, that it would be pleasant for him to see Mr. Newton, before he went to continue with him. "It is a charming morning for a ride," continued she, "and I hope your father and I shall have many such after you are settled there."

"As often as is eligible," returned Mr. Selwyn, smiling, "but we must not give William room to expect us more than once a month after the first week, or he will be always expecting us, instead of attending to his lessons."

The carriage was quickly ordered, and as soon as they had finished their breakfast, the whole party stepped into it, not without various emotions in the breast of each. Mr. Selwyn was happy that he had carried his point with so little outward opposition, though he doubted not that there was much arising in the hearts of both his companions. Mrs. Selwyn was anticipating the time when she should go with William and return without him; and judging what his feelings would be at that time by her own, she could scarcely forbear repining that it should come; and William's were of so mingled a kind, it would be difficult to describe them. Though sorrow and fear

prevailed, there was no small degree of curiosity to see the house, the master, and more particularly the boys with whom he was to associate. "How many boys did you say there were, papa?" he inquired.

"Sixteen," answered his father, "and among them, some I dare say, whom you will like better than the others."

"I shall like those who are good-natured," returned William.

"To find them so, you must be so *yourself*," resumed his father; "nor must you expect to find them desirous to give you pleasure, unless you endeavour to please *them*. You must also remember, that though to your mother, myself, and the servants at home, you have always been the object of attention, you will not be so more than the other boys, where you are going: you will fare as the rest, and share with them in the care and attention of Mr. and Mrs. Newton, and which I hope you will endeavour to deserve, and to be grateful to them for it; remembering how much you will be obliged to them."

"Why, don't you pay them for it, papa?" said William, whose pride rose at the idea of an obligation.

"Oh, William," replied his father, "if I

thought that any human means could subdue that proud spirit of yours, I would rather put you to some school where you would not be taken so much care of; that you might feel your inability to help yourself, and, if possible, be humbled by it: but I know human nature too well to hope *that* that would be the case. —'Tis true I do pay Mr. Newton for his care of you; and what right should I have to expect it if I did not? But all the money I am worth would not recompence them for the trouble you will give them, if you continue to think so highly of yourself. I wish I could convince you that *my* having money does not make either *you* or *me* a bit better in the eyes of discerning people; but rather the worse if we value ourselves upon it. It is the manners, the temper, and the education of a man that raises him in their estimation. Mercenary people may like your money, but depend upon it that is *all* they will like; and no longer than they can be benefitted by it, will they suffer you to suppose they regard you for any thing else. The attention, therefore, which Mr. Newton pays you, and which is to make you liked for your *own* sake, is beyond all pay; and when you have a proper sense of the value of it, you will be grateful, but not be-

fore. I will add, that I had much rather see you industriously supporting yourself, and valued for your good temper and pleasing manners, than a rich man, proud of your money."

William, though he could not enter into his father's feelings, was struck with the force of his expressions; for it was not the first time that he had heard these sentiments from his mouth; though his mother had often excited the contrary ones, and which needed only encouragement to shew themselves in full vigour.

On their arrival at the school, they were introduced to Mrs. Newton, and shewn every part of the house, the school-room, and playground; and William and his mother examined every part with the most accurate attention. He hardly ventured to look at the boys, who guessing he was to be a new scholar, eyed him with curiosity; and William thought he heard them whispering together about himself. There was but one vacancy, and Mr. Newton agreed that William should fill it, though he was somewhat younger than he usually took his scholars, and there were only two who were of his age.

Mrs. Selwyn proposed their taking one of these young gentlemen home, for a few nights, that William might get acquainted with him; but this Mr. Newton would not hear of, as he never allowed them to leave the school between the vacations, except absolutely necessary.

Mrs. Selwyn and William heard this with regret, as they concluded there was no chance of their seeing each other, but at school, till the holidays commenced, after he was once placed there.

Every thing being settled, and the day fixed for his reception, the party again entered the carriage, to return home. A deep silence continued for some time after they were in it; each occupied by their own thoughts of what they had heard and seen; and not till his father asked him how he liked it, did William venture to give his opinion. He then said, the house was pleasant, but the school-room and play-ground very small.

“Large enough for sixteen boys,” said Mrs. Selwyn, “and their bed-rooms are very comfortable. I hope, my dear, you will make yourself happy there,” continued she. “I inquired of Mrs. Newton, and find they are all children of people of consequence. Is not that

desirable, Mr. Selwyn, that William should form such acquaintance, rather than with people beneath him?"

"Not so much as you think," said he, "unless William's disposition should alter; for I am afraid none of them would make them his friend, but for a very mean cause; that he will cringe and be servile to them; as I often observe, those who are proud of their own rank in life, are the most apt to bow to those who are still higher, or who have more money than themselves: what they value so much in themselves, they think highly of in another, and are generally parasites, and treated as such by every generous mind."

This remark again silenced Mrs. Selwyn, and William continued to ruminate on what he was to expect at school, till they were met by Mr. Benson, who was taking his morning's ride. He stopped the carriage, and Mr. Selwyn told him where they had been, and received his congratulations on the event.

"And *you* also, my dear William," said he, "I congratulate *you* on it, as you will see more of the world, and not enter it at eighteen or twenty years old, as ignorant of what it really is, as you are now, and would continue to be, were you kept constantly at home."

This speech was not much relished either by William or his mother, who thought she was to hear nothing but disagreeable things that morning.

As soon as they had parted from their uncle, and the carriage drove on, William remarked, that his uncle did not send his cousins to school; "and why not," said he, "if he thinks it such a *very* good thing?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Selwyn, with some asperity, "*he* thinks himself so clever, that he can give them every instruction; besides, *his* fortune would not allow of putting so many boys to school."

"His *fortune* might be adequate to it," returned Mr. Selwyn, "but he has both abilities and time to bestow upon his children; and in his wife, he has every assistance that her precept and example can afford."

"It is a pity," replied Mrs. Selwyn, quite angry at this speech, which she thought more cutting than any she had already heard, "it is a pity, that *you* had not married my sister instead of me, Mr. Selwyn, as you think so highly of her."

"No, my dear," he replied, very good humouredly, "not for *Benson*; and as he has so many children, and I only one, her exam-

ple is more extensive where she is; and I don't wish to change wives, though I *am* sometimes afraid that mine will spoil both her own happiness and that of my boy's, by taking a wrong method to promote it."

## CHAPTER IV.

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“ Yet much depends, as in the tiller’s toil  
On culture, and the sowing of the soil.”

COWPER.

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ON their return home, they found Mrs. Benson and her eldest daughter just going from the door, but on seeing the carriage, they waited till Mrs. Selwyn got out, and entered into the house with them.

“ I am come,” said Mrs. Benson, “ to ask William to spend the day with us to-morrow; as he is now well enough to get out, it will do him good.”

“ He is going to school next week,” said his mother, in a melancholy tone, “ and I don’t know that I can part with him before that time; besides, if he should take cold!”

“ I think there is no danger of that, now

the weather is so warm," returned her sister; "and I should think he would like to spend one day with his cousins before he goes to school: but how long has this been settled? I am quite glad you have gained resolution to part with him; for I think both his health and your own will be the better for it."

"His father proposed it;" said Mrs. Selwyn, "and my resistance would have been of no use, or I could have wished it had been deferred a few months, till his health was quite established: but I have seen Mrs. Newton this morning, and am better satisfied, as I have every reason to hope she will be attentive to him."

"Is it to Mr. Newton's he is going?" said Mrs. Benson, "He is a lucky boy, to meet with a vacancy there. They are generally full, and their promises are two or three deep."

"I dare say Mr. Selwyn has thought of placing him there some time;" returned her sister, "and had spoken to Mr. Newton, though I have not known it long."

William and his father now entered the room, and Mrs. Benson repeated the purport of her visit.

Mr. Selwyn said, he thought he had better go, as he thought it would be some time before he saw his cousins again: and Elizabeth

Benson told him her brothers had a new whip, top, and hoop to shew him. "And I and my sisters have something new also; for it was our examination yesterday," added she, "and we have all had prizes, because papa found we had not forgotten our quarter's lessons."

"I wonder whether Mr. Newton has such examining days?" thought William, but expressed pleasure at the idea of seeing their different rewards, and his mother could not deny his going; though she secretly resolved to accompany him, if she could in any way be invited.

"I do not ask either Mr. Selwyn or *you*," said Mrs. Benson, "because it is the children's day, and they succeeded so well in their tasks yesterday, that Mr. Benson has given them a holiday as well as their prizes, and he is himself going out."

"But I have a great mind to come without being asked," said Mrs. Selwyn; till her husband reminded her that he had asked Mr. Vernon to dinner that day.

"Oh, is *he* coming?" said William, quite off his guard; "I am sure I'll go to my cousins then; for I *hate* that old man."

"And I have a great mind you should *not* go," said his father, "for making such a rude

and ignorant speech. Were it not that you are so soon going to school, I would confine you to your room all the time Mr. Vernon was here."

"I am sure mamma hates him too," replied William, somewhat abashed by the reproof; "for I have heard her say so, and that she wished he would never come into the house."

"Dear, why?" said Elizabeth Benson, and was going to make some farther remark, but a look from her mother checked her; while Mrs. Selwyn looked very foolish, and said, she did not know that she had ever said so, unless it might be when she was very busy in her dressing-room, and had been called down to him; but she did not *mean* it.

"There's the thing!" said Mr. Selwyn, "but to say you hated him for that, was rather an harsh expression; and which you find William has not forgotten."

"He never says any thing to *me*," said William, "but to ask me when I shall go to school; and when I shall know as much as my cousins? He does not consider how ill I have been."

"Well, we have found out *your* reason for disliking him," said Mr. Selwyn, "and I will venture to say, it is the same which operates

with your mother; however, it has no weight with *me*, and I hope when you have been a twelvemonth with Mr. Newton, and made a suitable improvement, you will like Mr. Vernon better, for he is a man that notices the improvement of children, and is always ready to commend them for it; in the mean time I hope you, and your mother also, will remember he is *my* friend, and treat him as such, even though he should come when she is *again* busy in her dressing-room."

"*But* now," said Mrs. Selwyn, willing to excuse herself if she could, and addressing her sister, "do not *you* sometimes find his visits an interruption? I am sure you must, with your numerous family, and he calls *so* often."

"I endeavour that he should be as little so as possible," returned Mrs. Benson, "and he always desires me to tell him if I am engaged; but I find him a very pleasant companion, as well as my children; for he has always some anecdote to relate illustrative of their lessons, and takes such an interest in their concerns, that they are always glad to see him. But it is time we should go home. Elizabeth, tell your cousin we hope to see him early to-morrow, and that the boys shall walk out to meet him between ten and eleven,"

This being settled, Mrs. Benson and her daughter left the house, and as they were walking home, Elizabeth said, how much she wished to say that she liked Mr. Vernon; and was glad her mother had said it for her.

“ I knew what you was going to say, my dear,” replied Mrs. Benson, “ but you are yet too young to give your opinion when people older than yourself are conversing; and though it is right to acknowledge the kindness of a friend, it is not pleasing to see a girl of your age forward to speak; particularly when it is to contradict another person.”

“ I am glad, mamma, that *you* don't hate him, if my aunt *does*; for I love him dearly!”

“ Your aunt does not hate him in reality,” said Mrs. Benson, “ but she very often uses too strong expressions when she is put out of her way; and this is what you know I am often cautioning you and your brothers against, and it is the want of such caution when young, that makes your aunt so often err in this particular.”

“ How is it then, mamma, that *you* don't?” asked Elizabeth. “ Did your mamma caution *you* and not *her*?”

“ These are questions, my dear Elizabeth, which I should be sorry to hear you put to

any other person, as they might think you a pert, forward girl; but to myself, I allow you to speak openly, that I may check you when wrong. Your aunt *had* the same care as myself in her education, but it is not always that the instruction of the kindest parent is attended to; and her father treated her with as much indulgence as she does William, and would not see her faults, though my mother acted otherwise."

"Ah, she was like yourself, my dear mamma!" said Elizabeth, in a grateful tone, and sensible of the blessing of having such a parent; "but now, if I *may* ask another question," continued she, "don't you think you love *us*, and that your mamma loved you, as well as my aunt does William?"

"Yes, my dear, I am sure of *that*, but being properly regulated, our love has shewn itself in a better way; but your aunt cannot act otherwise than she does, as it is her natural disposition, and she cannot see that she can express her love for William in any other way; and now let us drop this conversation; remember that you are cautious in repeating it to any one else, or they will think you impertinent in thus speaking your opinion of your aunt. You must respect her, because she is

so; and recollect that she is always kind to you, and your brothers and sisters."

They had now reached home, and all the little ones came running out to meet them.

The next day William and his cousins were true to their appointment, and they entered Mr. Benson's house, determined to spend a pleasant day together; though the first subject they discussed, was William's going to school. "Has your father told you of it?" said William.

"Yes," said John, "and we all think you must like it better than being at home. You will have other boys to learn with, and be put in a class, I dare say; besides, you can *play* with them, so much better than by yourself."

"If I am but well," said William, with a blush; "perhaps I may like it better than I expect; but my mother fears my health will suffer for it."

"My father thinks *not*," said John, "for when you get other employments, you won't have *time* to be ill."

Poor William had been so accustomed to hear his complaints the subject of conversation with his mother, that he wondered how it could be that he should not have *time* to be

ill. "You do not know," said he "how my head aches every time I look in a book, and what a pain in my side I have when I stoop forward."

He was proceeding with the catalogue of his disorders, and which his cousins listened to with some degree of risibility, or they would have been weary at the first mentioning of them, when their father came into the room, and asked what they were going to play at; or whether they would take the poney, and ride and walk a few miles with him?"

"It will not *hurt* me, will it?" said William, when the latter was proposed to him. "My mother said I must not over-heat myself."

"I shall ride very slowly," said his uncle, "and you shall mount the poney and ride the first two miles with me, and John and Charles shall ride in their way home."

This plan seemed to please the whole party, till Mrs. Benson suggested it might be a longer walk than her sister would like William to take; and it was agreed that he should stay at home with herself, the girls, and Herbert, "who will," said she, "do the best in their

power to amuse him in their brother's absence, and the boys will not be disappointed of their ride."

William was inclined to think this rather rude, and determined to complain of it to his mother when he got home.

The boys prepared for their ride, expressing their wishes that he could accompany them; "but when you come from school," said Charles, the second boy, who was nine years old, "you will be able to ride and walk with us wherever we go."

"I shall have a horse of my own *then*," said William, rather proudly; "for my father will buy me one if I ask him."

He was now conducted by his aunt to the chamber of the invalid, a little boy of eight years old, whom he found surrounded by his sisters, and employed in colouring some pictures, according to their direction, and in imitation of others which his father had given him.

"Here is the History of Little Fanny," said Elizabeth, shewing it to her cousin, "which my father gave Mary:" a little girl of six years.

"And I have the History of Henry," said Herbert; "will you look at mine?"

The stories were then read, and their different dresses displayed; and afterwards two other new books belonging to Elizabeth, and Jane, who was between four and five.

“ I will lend you *mine*,” said Elizabeth, “ when I have read it myself, if you are not afraid it will make your head ach.”

A look from her mother, and a frown from William, convinced her she had again been too forward to speak. “ I beg your pardon, cousin,” said she; but the offence was not so soon forgot as apologized for, and William brooded on it all the day, resolving that if he could not find any thing to say in revenge for it, he would tell his mother, (which was his usual custom,) and she should do it for him.

This was the prevailing fault of Elizabeth, that she would say whatever came in her head, though seldom *meaning* to offend; and never, like William, premeditating on what it was to be; but as the thought arose, it was immediately expressed, without her considering it might vex some one or other: but as this was far from her desire, she could not imagine it would have that effect till she saw, when too late, that she had unintentionally done it. Her mother knew more of human nature, and had often noticed that a too ready wit, if

exercised in this manner, gained more enemies than friends; and that there were more people who could better bear to be spoken seriously to, on their faults and follies, than to have them made the subject of a joke; and while she observed the growing propensity to ridicule others in her daughter, she trembled for its consequences. As a child, and the eldest, she had been allowed to converse freely with her father and mother, and often to give an opinion, which their fondness for her made them more ready to admire the readiness with which she uttered it, than to examine the propriety of it; or what was likely to ensue from their giving her such liberty so early. But as Elizabeth grew older, her mother saw her error, and was watchful of every opportunity to check that which she before encouraged, and now found it difficult to suppress; for as she had been accustomed to see her father and mother smile at what she said, and Mr. Vernon always talked to her so as to give her an opportunity of saying something to entertain *him*, she began to think that there was more cleverness in her remarks than in other children's; and was little aware that it required great partiality in her hearers long to find

amusement in the conversation of a girl of her age, (little more than twelve,) how forward soever she might be in her education; and that to all others, her manners would be offensive and disgusting.

After William had looked over the pictures, he began to help little Emma to dress her new doll; when his elder cousins came in, accompanied by Mr. Vernon, who never considered himself as an intruder in the children's apartment, and therefore entered it without notice. William blushed to be found so employed, and pushed the doll away, that it might not be seen; but Elizabeth saw his motive, and it was on the tip of her tongue to notice it aloud, but she recollected he was not in a very good humour with her already, and for once kept silence; but Mr. Vernon had perceived it also, and, willing to shew that such an attention to the amusement of children does not appear ridiculous, except to those who think it necessary to be cross and ill-natured, to keep up their *dignity*, he said, "don't be ashamed of your employment, young gentleman, I think it a very good one."

Elizabeth now burst into a laugh; and William looked still more angry. He could not

but believe that Mr. Vernon was laughing at him also, and this confirmed him in the dislike he had the day before expressed.

“ Really, Miss Benson, I mean what I say,” continued the old gentleman, “ and I see nothing to laugh at.”

“ I laughed because my cousin tried to hide the doll, sir, and not at what *you* said,” replied Elizabeth.

“ But you would have laugh’d at *neither*,” returned he, “ if you had known what good manners are, or a little more of the world and human nature.”

William’s countenance brightened to hear his cousin thus reproved, and her mother thanked Mr. Vernon for his remark. “ I hope Elizabeth will remember it,” said she; and indeed, as Elizabeth herself thought, she was not likely to forget it; for she had not an idea but what Mr. Vernon would have laughed with her, as he always did; and the pleasure which her mother shewed that he had not, struck her forcibly, and for a few moments she continued quite lost in thought.

Mr. Vernon said no more to her, but turning to William, he himself took the doll with little Emma on his knees; “ and now,” said he, “ I will tell you a story, to prove that the

greatest men in the world have not been ashamed to join in the play of children:— Agesilaus, a Grecian general, famous both for his benevolence at home, and his intrepidity abroad, was one day caught riding round the room on a stick, with his little son; and instead of being ashamed to be seen thus employed, he said to his friend, ‘say nothing of this till you are yourself a father:’ meaning that he could not enter into the pleasurable feelings of amusing a child till he had one of his own. Now had this child been a girl instead of a boy, it is probable this *great* man would have helped her to put on her doll’s clothes; therefore don’t be ashamed, Master Selwyn, of what you have been doing to assist Emma, while you have such a precedent before you. Elizabeth has never read the Grecian history, or she would not have laughed.”

“I did not laugh at William’s doing it,” said she, “but at his endeavouring to hide it.”

“I have told you already what I think of it, young lady,” said Mr. Vernon, rather gravely; “but,” again addressing William, “I hear, Master Selwyn, that you are going to school: I give you joy of it, and hope, when you come home again, you will be able to tell me what

*you* have read, and that you will like it as much as I am told you dislike it now."

William thought he never liked Mr. Vernon so well, and would have mentioned his fears lest school should not agree with him, but he feared Elizabeth would laugh again; he therefore only said, "I hope I shall, sir," and then rose to join his cousins, who seemed impatient to get him out of the room.

"The poney is not unsaddled," said John, "and my father thought you would like to ride round the field before he went into the stable."

"Yes, I should," said William; "but let me have my great coat on first."

He was soon equipped, and was leaving the room in a great hurry, when Mr. Vernon reminded him he was going to his father's to dinner, and asked if he had any message he could deliver for him?"

"None, sir, I thank you, but that I am very well; and if I should not see you again before I go to school, sir, I would say good-bye to *you*."

"You are a very polite, young gentleman," said Mr. Vernon, "and I heartily wish you the same. I shall carry a good account to your mamma, of your proceedings this morning."

When William and his cousins were in the field, the girls and little Herbert observed them from the window; and were surprised to find William rode better than they expected; but Mrs. Benson was fearful he should stay too long in the open air, as his mother had so disused him to it; and after he had rode two or three times round the field, beckoned them to come in, and the fear of taking cold made William readily relinquish the pleasure he would otherwise have felt from an amusement so new to him. After this, the boys played battledore and shuttlecock in the hall, and Elizabeth joined their party; while the three little ones walked out with the maid, and Herbert accompanied them, drawn in a garden chair. His brothers were usually his charioteers, but as they were engaged with their cousin, he gave up their attendance, and joined the little ones in their party.

At an early hour they dined, and William was quite astonished at his own appetite. "If I eat so when I go to school," said he, "I think I shall be quite well."

"You have had more air and exercise to-day," said his uncle, "than you have been accustomed to lately, and your increase of appetite is a proof it agrees with you. This

will be the case at school, and therefore you have reason to hope you *will* be well there."

"But I shall have a long time to sit in the school," said William; "four or five hours in the morning, and again in the afternoon; I am afraid *this* will not agree with me."

"Mr. Newton will be the best judge of that," said Mr. Benson, while the boys secretly smiled at William's fears for his health; though had they been brought up as he was, and heard their mother daily expressing the same alarm, they would have been equally fearful. Such is the effect of early habits, and the impression which the society we meet with in our first years makes on the minds of all men.

In the afternoon their amusements were of a quieter nature, and Mrs. Selwyn came early in the evening, in the carriage, to fetch her darling home; whose absence for a day she could scarcely support, and whose fears, lest his cousins, who were in such rude health, should be too boisterous for him, increased as the hours of his stay.

William was rather sorry to see his mother enter, as he could not play with such freedom before her; and his apprehension of fatigue strengthened as he observed her anxious looks

towards him ; and no sooner was he seated by her side, and returning home, than all his symptoms of illness returned. Encouraged by her questions, his head and his side began to ach, and she blamed herself for letting him go ; and as soon as they arrived, and he had answered his father's inquiry of how he had spent the day, he was put to bed, with orders not to rise in the morning till his mother had seen him.

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CHAPTER V.

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“ 'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,  
Our most important are our earliest years.”

COWPER.

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THE next day William and his mother were obliged to acknowledge he was well, as he could find nothing to complain of: and his father seemed so determined on keeping his resolution of sending him to school at the time appointed, that they both thought it best to yield without opposition; and he accompanied him thither early in the following week, after having taken a sorrowful leave of his mother, who shed nearly as many tears as himself on the occasion, and promised to visit him at the end of the first fortnight. His father behaved with all possible tenderness to him during their ride, and, by every argument he made

use of, proved the benefit he would find in the change; and had the pleasure of leaving him apparently reconciled to his new situation, and in better spirits than he could have expected. With this intelligence he cheered Mrs. Selwyn on his return, and then devoted the first week of their son's absence to her amusement, and happily succeeded in drawing her attention to other objects.

They dined twice at Mr. Benson's, and the fond mother found her sister ready to enter into her feelings at parting from her son. Mrs. Selwyn noticed the children also more than she had usually done, and even offered to take little Herbert home with her, as she thought he wanted more amusement than the rest; but this Mrs. Benson could not hear of. "Not," said she, with a smile, "that I fear you will not take care of him, but that you will take *too much*. My little boy must not be nursed too much, and *you* I know are so tender in your attentions, that you would spoil him for what he would meet with on his returning home again."

This was a polite way of declining the offer, and Mrs. Selwyn, though she suspected the cause, could not be displeased.

Mrs. Benson knew the false tenderness she

shewed towards her own son, and feared the effect might be the same on Herbert as it had been on William, and she did not wish her child to think himself worse than he was, or that he was ill-treated if he was not made of consequence to the whole family.

“ Little Emma, then,” said Mrs. Selwyn ; “ you cannot be afraid of my spoiling *her* ; and as yet her lessons are not begun. You will not refuse me the pleasure of her company ? Let me take her home ; for you cannot think how melancholy I am without my dear William ! ”

Mrs. Benson would, if she could, have made some excuse here also ; for she was equally afraid her sister *would* spoil Emma, but she knew not how to refuse a request which seemed to give mutual pleasure both to the child and her aunt : she therefore consented, on the condition that Mrs. Selwyn would return with her the next day but one, and dine with them then also.

Emma was delighted at hearing she was to go home with her aunt, and walk in her pretty garden, gather the flowers, and play with cousin William’s play-things. She chattered all the way home, and expressed great plea-

sure at the thought of sleeping in her cousin's bed.

The next day Mrs. Selwyn's whole attention was to amuse her little visitor, by way of amusing herself, and had Emma been her aunt's guest for a few days longer, Mrs. Benson would have found her fears realized; but though much pleased to go to her aunt's, she was not less so at returning home again, and ran to the nursery, and to her brother Herbert's room, to tell all she had seen and enjoyed during her visit. When she came into the parlour, her aunt called upon her to relate some occurrence of the last day, and expressed so much admiration of her simple narrations, that the little Emma never felt herself of so much consequence before; and was at last obliged to receive a reprimand from her mother for talking so much.

Mrs. Selwyn, to whom Emma's eyes instantly appealed, would have taken her part, had not Mr. Selwyn checked her, by saying, "Your sister, my dear, is the best judge of how she wishes her children to behave."

At length the wished-for day arrived; the fortnight was elapsed, and Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn sat off to see their son, who was

nearly as impatient as themselves for its arrival.

The carriage stopped at the gate just as the boys were leaving the school-room for the play-ground, where they spent half an hour before their dinner.

William perceived the carriage, and the colour mantled in his cheeks, as he left his companions to run towards it, and the same expression of pleasure was in the countenance of both his parents, who saw his approach, and congratulated each other on his looking so well. "My dear William," and "My dear mother," were responsively uttered; and as soon as the servant had let down the steps, William mounted the carriage, and Mrs. Selwyn folded him to her bosom. His father also tenderly embraced him, saying, "my dear boy, I need not ask you how you are; your looks declare you quite well, and I am truly glad to see it."

Mr. Newton now appeared, and the delighted parents hastened to thank him for his care of their son. He very politely led them to the parlour, where was Mrs. Newton and a young lady, who was their visitor.

Refreshments were ordered, and William

sat on the sofa, by the side of his mother, whom he thought he never loved so well as at this moment. She made every inquiry of Mrs. Newton respecting his health, and how it came to be so mended in such a short time. "The air of this place must be particularly good," said she. "I declare I never saw him look better."

The whole party smiled at this unequivocal testimony in favour of school; and Mrs. Newton said, she thought it was owing to his having a due proportion of air and exercise.

"What, has he taken no medicine, ma'am, since he has been here?" inquired Mrs. Selwyn.

"No," said Mrs. Newton, "I did not consider it as at all necessary."

"And *you*, mamma," said William, "will believe that I am glad of this; for you know I can't bear it."

"I am glad you have not wanted it, my dear," returned his mother, equally delighted; "but I am quite surprised at the change your short stay here has already produced. I have had a thousand fears about you, and cannot express the pleasure I feel at seeing you so well."

A tear which fell from her eye witnessed what she spoke, and William pressed her hand with almost equal emotion.

Mr. Selwyn's inquiries were of a different nature; they were directed to Mr. Newton, and concerned his improvement in the school exercises, and what was his opinion of his son's abilities? His answers were as satisfactory as could be expected from so short a trial. They afterwards walked round the garden and pleasure-ground, in which William kept close to which ever of his parents happened to be disengaged; telling them in short whispers, that he was very happy at school, and that he liked the *Honourable* Master Mason best as a companion, who was a few years older than himself, but that they slept in the same room, and were in the same class; "for he does not know much more than myself," continued he; "because his mother kept him at home till her death. She was so ill, and very fond of him, that she could not bear to part with him. His mother is dead now, and he has been here a twelvemonth."

William asked for nothing, for at that time he had no wants, which were not all supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Newton; but he expressed a wish to his mother, that he might be allowed

to come home, "just for *one* day, before the holidays commenced."

"You must speak to your father on that head, my dear," said she; "but I fear he will not alter what he said when first you came."

But William could not find an opportunity of making this request unheard by Mr. Newton; who, after waiting in vain to hear what Mr. Selwyn would say, replied himself, by reminding William, that he never allowed a boy to be absent from the school between the vacations, unless in cases of severe illness; "but you had forgot this, I dare say," said he, very kindly.

"Yes, I had, sir," said William, holding down his head, and a cloud arose on his brow for the first time since his parents had been present. Mrs. Selwyn perceived it, though at a distance, and guessing the cause, was inclined to think her husband too rigid in his determination, till she heard him say to Mr. Newton, "I perfectly remember this is one of your rules, sir, and therefore forbear to make the request; but the holidays will soon be here," continued he, and turning to his son, and taking his hand, he added, with affection beaming in his looks, that the account he had heard that morning of him, had given him

the sincerest pleasure; "and I hope," said he, "that when we come to fetch you home, I shall hear nothing that can lessen it."

William's countenance again brightened; and as the first dinner bell had rung, his father reminded Mrs. Selwyn, it was time for them to take their leave; lest," said he, "we should break in upon Mr. and Mrs. Newton's hours, which are too well employed, and too much for *our* advantage, for us to wish to do that."

The carriage was then drawn up, and the mother and son parted very heroically. "It is but a month to the holidays, mamma," said he, "and then I shall come home."

He saw them in the carriage, and was nearly returned to the house with Mr. Newton, when he recollected his cousins, and ran back to inquire for them, and send them his love.

Mrs. Selwyn had her handkerchief to her eyes as they were driving off, and which William no sooner perceived, than he felt his own moisten; but he summoned all his resolution, and begged her to tell them, he was very happy, and that they would not know him when he came home, his health was so much mended. He then returned immediately to Mr. Newton, who waited for him at the door,

and sat down to dinner with the rest of the boys; and though he did not eat quite so much as he usually did, no notice was taken of it, and he returned to the business of the school with increased alacrity, from the praise his father had given him in the morning; so sweet is deserved commendation.

Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn conversed all the way home, on his amended looks and manners, and his mother could not help confessing that if it was only for the benefit of his health, it was better for him to be at school.

## CHAPTER VI.

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“ For ever aiming at the world’s esteem,  
Our self-importance ruins its own scheme.”

COWPER.

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MRS. SELWYN was eager to communicate the good news of her son’s amended health and improvement to her sister, and the next morning ordered the carriage to Mrs. Benson’s, whom she found perusing a letter she had just received. When she had heard all Mrs. Selwyn had to tell her, and expressed her pleasure and congratulations on it, she added, “ you will be surprised when I tell you this letter is from our sister Caroline.”

“ What, from Madame Dubarre ?” returned Mrs. Selwyn, “ she wants you to advance her some money, that she may return

to the Continent with her husband, I suppose."

"No, you are quite mistaken there," replied Mrs. Benson; "they are determined to remain in England, he has so many pupils; and *her* shop gets on so well at Cheltenham, that they mean to continue *there*."

"Was ever any thing so unfortunate," said Mrs. Selwyn; "I have just heard that Lady Moor is going there for the summer; and William tells me, that the father of his particular friend at school lives in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham. I am sure I hope they won't know she is *my* sister."

[But as it is necessary the reader should become acquainted with it, I will here interrupt the discourse to inform them, that Madame Dubarre was the younger sister of these ladies, and having been adopted and educated by a very partial aunt, she offended her greatly by marrying a French emigrant, when she was little more than twenty years of age; and that this connexion had estranged her from all her family; but when they heard of the various distresses this imprudent marriage had thrown her into, and that she had a large family, with only what her husband obtained by teaching

the French language, to support them, her sisters had sent her often something to supply her wants; though her aunt would not be prevailed on to give her the least countenance. After a time, Madame Dubarre opened a shop in the millinery line, to assist her husband in gaining a livelihood; and as their distresses were lessened, she wrote but seldom to her sisters, particularly as Mrs. Selwyn had expressed much displeasure at her marriage, notwithstanding she had, by Mr. Selwyn's desire, greatly assisted them at the first; till Madame wrote that her husband's pupils increased, and that her shop was frequented by many ladies who knew his merit, and pitied their situation.]

“Whether they do or not,” said Mrs. Benson, in answer to the speech above mentioned, and which evidently arose from Mrs. Selwyn's pride, “we must not forget it. I am glad they are still going on well, and in the state France is in, after so long a war, I should think it folly for them to leave a good situation to return to it; particularly as it does not appear he has any near relation there, or any estate, or portion he could claim as his own.”

“I dare say he was some poor mean fellow,” returned Mrs. Selwyn, “whom Caro-

line admired for his handsome person; a tailor, or valet perhaps, who thought at the time so many of the French nobility were received here, he would pass for one of *them*."

"I do not hear," replied Mrs. Benson, "that he passed himself for any other than he really was. He certainly is a man of education, and his manners, Mr. Benson says, who you know has *once* seen him, are those of a gentleman; and the increased number of his pupils, and the esteem he is held in by them, prove that he is not wanting in moral conduct."

"This may be very true," replied Mrs. Selwyn, "but I cannot say I should like Lady Moor, or William's friend, to know I had a sister a *milliner*."

Mrs. Benson laughed at her distress, and said, it might be the loss of some custom to their sister; for as her ladyship was fond of dress, there was no doubt but curiosity would lead her to the shop, if she knew how they were connected.

"For goodness sake, don't say any thing about it to her," answered Mrs. Selwyn, colouring with emotion; "for you know what a proud woman Lady Moor is, and she would give herself a thousand airs. Her children too,

would despise poor William, and your family, if they knew they had an aunt in that situation."

"If the knowledge of *that*," replied Mrs. Benson, and colouring from an emotion of a different sort, "could have such an effect upon them, I do not think their acquaintance at all desirable; nor would I wish my children to cultivate it, merely because they have a title in their family."

"I don't say that alone would be my reason for doing it," said Mrs. Selwyn, "but you know it is pleasant to have a *genteel* acquaintance, and to be treated with civility and attention by them."

Here their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the gentlemen, whose sentiments on the subject agreed with those of Mrs. Benson, and were expressed in the same way; and Mrs. Selwyn, as she feared another reproof from her husband, contented herself with silently hoping none of their genteel acquaintance would hear of this shabby connection, and that William's friendship for the *Honourable* Master Mason would not occasion his being asked to spend any time with him at his father's house, as she feared Mr. Selwyn's rigid notions of right and wrong would not suffer him

to be in that neighbourhood without acknowledging and visiting his aunt. But, alas! a much severer mortification awaited her; for Mr. Selwyn's health, which she could never consider as *bad*, because he was not always complaining, grew so much worse as to make medical advice necessary, and a journey to Cheltenham, and to drink the waters there, was immediately prescribed. This was perhaps one of the greatest blows Mrs. Selwyn's pride could have met with. It was at the very time Lady Moor was to be there; and to complete her distress, William was soon coming home for the vacation, and consequently he must go with them, and then he would meet his young friend, and his being related to the milliner and French master would not be hid. The agitation of her mind almost made her as ill as Mr. Selwyn, and she fancied herself a great deal worse. The Cheltenham waters were also recommended for her; that had she thought of remaining at home on account of her own illness, this scheme would have proved abortive. She determined therefore to talk to Mr. Selwyn on the distressing subject, and, if possible, find out his opinion upon it. "You know my sister Caroline lives at Cheltenham," said she, "but I have not seen her for so long

a-time, that I don't think I have any reason to call upon her; particularly as we find, from Mrs. Benson's letter, she is not in want of our assistance; and we never were much together when younger."

"Does William know that he has an aunt there?" asked Mr. Selwyn, without seeming to notice her intended apology.

"No, I dare say not," replied she; "how should he? for I have never mentioned it to him."

"Had your sister's husband the title of Marquis, or Count, annexed to his name, and a superb chateau in France, from whence he was driven at the revolution, you would not have scrupled to inform him of it," replied Mr. Selwyn.

She blushed, and answered, "I don't know that I should; for what use would it have been if he was not likely to see them?"

"The connexion may be of use to him *now* though," said Mr. Selwyn, "for I intend him to learn French under M. Dubarre; it will be some employment for his vacant hours,"

Poor Mrs. Selwyn could ill conceal her chagrin. "What!" said she, "after he has been confined so long at school, and had so

much to attend to *there*, will you make him take lessons in his *holidays*?"

"Remember," replied he, "how many holidays he had before he went to school at all! His education is very backward for his age, and now his health is so much better, he must lose no more time."

"Continual study," interrupted Mrs. Selwyn, "is good for no one's health."

"But a French lesson every other day will not hurt it," replied he; "and besides, by conversing with the children of his aunt, who are, I dare say, *all French*, he will gain more than six months' lessons at school."

"And do you mean he should associate with *them*?" asked Mrs. Selwyn, still more astonished.

"Why not?" said he. "If they are pleasant and well educated children, and if their parents can allow them time to visit?"

"That, I dare say, they *cannot*," returned Mrs. Selwyn, with a sneer. "No doubt the boys are always employed in writing out French tasks, and exercises for their father; and the girls in the shop, with their mother. I wish, with all my heart, she had never engaged in it; there would have been no ne-

cessity if she had not married so much beneath her."

"It must have been a great fatigue to her at first," replied Mr. Selwyn, determined not to understand her, "as she had not been used to business, but now I dare say she is quite reconciled to it."

"*Reconciled!*" said Mrs. Selwyn, "if she had known what belongs to her family, she would never have entered into it. My aunt may well take no notice of her."

"Oh, then you think that she would have been less disgrace to her family, if she had sat down in want and wretchedness, and suffered all the care of supporting their children to devolve upon her husband, rather than endeavour to assist him by putting her hand to trade!"

"I mean that she would have been less so, if she had not *married* as she *did*, Mr. Selwyn," replied she, almost angry at his sarcasms.

"She might not have had so many difficulties to struggle with," said he; "but as for the disgrace, I do not see any; as she is *lawfully* married, and to a man of good education, and genteel manners. So far from thinking them any disgrace to *me*, I intend to

countenance them all I can ; and though my influence is but small, I may assist, though I cannot patronize them ; and their situation in life shall not prevent my making them my companions, if I find them agreeable, and at leisure to visit me. You now know my determination," he continued, " and I would wish you to make the same. Depend upon it the laugh will be more against you for endeavouring to hide the relationship, than for declaring it."

Mrs. Selwyn, though she could not heartily subscribe to this opinion, found she could not contradict it, and that it would be of no use to dispute it ; she therefore acquiesced, and the next time they met, she told Mrs. Benson to prepare what she had to send to her sister, for that she should make a point of seeing her, and doing all she could to assist her, if she found she wanted any thing. But again her pride was greatly mortified, when, with Mr. Selwyn's consent, she offered to take Elizabeth with them, and it was refused ; and Mrs. Benson said, she could not let her go from home for so long a time.

" Why not ?" said Mrs. Selwyn. " I see how it is ; though you don't think William and I shall be disgraced by our French rela-

tions, you don't wish your daughter to be introduced to them."

"Not at present," said Mrs. Benson, "though if I was going there myself, as *you are*, I hope I should act as you intend doing; but you know I never like my children, particularly at Elizabeth's age, to be long absent from myself."

"But her lessons may go on just the same," replied Mrs. Selwyn, "for Mr. Selwyn intends William should take some of M. Dubarre, and thinks it will be a great advantage to him to hear his cousins converse in French; and Elizabeth may do the same, and he can teach her every thing else, you know."

"There *are* lessons which every moment, and every rising disposition calls for," returned Mrs. Benson, "and which only a parent will take the trouble to give."

"I don't know what you mean," replied Mrs. Selwyn, not a little displeased. "If you think it necessary to be always finding fault, I cannot agree with you."

"Far from it, my dear sister," said Mrs. Benson. "I know that human nature needs many allowances to be made for it; but in my view of things, even what some would call its *virtues*, require to be properly regulated, or

they exceed the bounds which can alone render them worthy of that name. Elizabeth has a disposition which requires a constant guard, and she has neither judgment or experience to direct herself; it is therefore my duty to keep watch for her."

"You have strange notions," said Mrs. Selwyn; "but you do not always mean to keep her under your own eye, I suppose."

"Certainly not; but at her present age, it is best she should be there."

The truth was, that Mrs. Benson was more afraid her daughter should become the companion of Mrs. Selwyn than of Madame Dubarre; of the latter she knew but little, but as a girl, when she was completely spoiled by the vain partiality of her doating aunt, who considered her as a prodigy of beauty, wit, and sense, till her unfortunate marriage quite altered her conduct towards her, however she might retain the same opinion; but Mrs. Selwyn she knew too well to entrust Elizabeth to her care. She was lavish in her praises of whatever gave her pleasure, and foolishly attached to the circles of high life, though she had seldom an opportunity of joining them; and as much afraid of whatever militated against her making the appearance she wished.

With such a disposition Elizabeth, at her age, would have been most likely to accord, as they are generally the faults attendant on young and ignorant people; and Mrs. Benson persisted in her refusal of letting her daughter join their party, though she forbore to give any other reason than those she had already mentioned.

## CHAPTER VII.

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“Faults in the life breed error in the brain,  
And these reciprocally those again.”

COWPER.

---

AT length then we are to behold Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, with their son, settled for a month or six weeks at Cheltenham; and no sooner was their journey commenced, (which was the day after William came home for the holidays,) than Mr. Selwyn informed him, he had a relation at Cheltenham, and how she was situated. “You will therefore be introduced to some *new* cousins,” said he, “whom I hope you will treat with civility and regard, if they are deserving of it.”

William looked all astonishment at this intelligence, and surveyed his mother as if to gather from her countenance what reply he

should make. He did not perceive much pleasure in her face at the idea of the introduction, and his mind instantly reverted to his school-fellow. "I shall see Master Mason at Cheltenham," said he; "his father lives within a few miles of it, and he has invited me to visit him."

"Perhaps he will not be able to renew his invitation when his father is consulted," replied Mr. Selwyn. "He may not admit just what visitors his son may choose."

"I should think he would not object to any of his school-fellows," said Mrs. Selwyn.

"We don't know," said Mr. Selwyn, very mildly. "Since *you* seem to object to William's associating with *your* nephews and neices, because they are the children of a French master and a milliner, perhaps *he* may have the same objection to *his* son's visiting *their* nephew."

Mrs. Selwyn appeared much piqued at this reply. "Surely, Mr. Selwyn, I cannot yet tell what the children are," said she.

"Very true," he replied, still more shrewdly; "it is only from the situation of their parents that you judge them proper, or improper acquaintance; and it is the same criterion you use in regard to Master Mason."

William now discovered that his introduction to his cousins at Cheltenham was not desired by his mother, and he determined to follow her example in his conduct towards them. He did not yet know that it was a *sad* disgrace in the eyes of the world to have poor relations, who were at the same time independent, by their endeavours to support themselves; nor had he been long enough conversant in that world to find that his fashionable acquaintance would slight him on that account; but his mother feared this, and she determined, since her husband was so obstinately bent on noticing the Dubarre's, to avoid as much as possible the entering into parties; notwithstanding Lady Moor had called on her previous to her leaving home for Cheltenham, and expressed great pleasure that they were so soon to follow her, and hoped she should see her often, and have an opportunity of introducing her to all her acquaintance.

They were no sooner settled in the house which had been taken for them, than Mr. Selwyn made his wife write a note to her sister, to inform her of their arrival, and their wish of seeing her that evening or the next morning. "You may as well do the thing

genteelly, my dear," said he, in a good-humoured tone. "You *are* to see her as a sister; therefore take the first opportunity of receiving her as such."

The servant returned with a verbal message, that Madame Dubarre hoped they were well, but was too much engaged to wait on them that evening.

"Too much *engaged* even to send a written answer," said Mrs. Selwyn.

But he endeavoured to apologize for this, by saying, she might not know the etiquette of things, or was too busy to attend to it.

The travellers retired early to rest, and the next morning Mrs. Selwyn arose full of expectation of seeing her sister; and the breakfast was scarcely removed, before a knock at the street-door announced her approach.

The servant ushered in "a lady," and Mrs. Selwyn rose to meet her; while William stared with impatience to see his new aunt; and his father, with a scrutinizing yet imperceptible glance, surveyed her whole figure, and narrowly watched the behaviour of both her and Mrs. Selwyn, while he drew William's attention to something passing in the street.

Madame Dubarre's dress was modest and becoming, plain yet genteel; and her face,

which was very handsome, bespoke an intelligent and sensible woman; but there was an air of distant gravity about her that amounted nearly to haughtiness, as she curtsied on her entrance, and remained silent.

“Do I address my sister Caroline?” said Mrs. Selwyn, remembering her husband’s admonition, and forcing a smile as she held out her hand towards her.

“I was once that sister,” said Madame Dubarre; “but I do not know whether I am still to be considered in that light.”

“I should have thought my note of last night would have *informed* you,” replied Mrs. Selwyn, almost as haughtily as herself.

Mr. Selwyn now thought it right to interfere, while the pleasing impression made by Madame’s first appearance was nearly banished by her haughty air; and turning to her, he said, “Mrs. Selwyn is come to Cheltenham, madam, with a determination to recognize her sister; nor do I know that the relationship has ever been forgotten, though circumstances have hitherto prevented a personal acknowledgment of it.”

Madame Dubarre curtsied again, and he led her to a chair.

Mrs. Selwyn resumed her’s, and renewed

the conversation by mentioning Mrs. Benson, and delivering a letter from her.

“My sister is very good,” said Madame, apparently softened by Mrs. Selwyn’s address, and inquired after her health, and that of her family. On being answered they were all well, she looked towards William, who still stood at the window, and asked of Mr. Selwyn, if he was his son? “Yes,” said he, “and he only waits for an opportunity to be introduced to you, and to pay his respects to you as his aunt.”

“Oh, sir,” said she, interrupting him, “that is very unnecessary. I shall think you mean to ridicule me, if you talk in this way; it is so long since I have received any respect of that sort.”

“You must remember, madam, that you have given us no opportunity of shewing it,” returned Mr. Selwyn, rather gravely.

“I do not know, sir,” said she, with continued spirit, “that uniting myself to a worthy, amiable man, could withhold it from me.”

“Not that circumstance could not, madam,” returned he; “but since you resort to a subject I did not mean to think of just now, you must allow me to say, that perhaps your doing

it contrary to the inclination, and without the knowledge of those whom you were related to, might for a time *suspend* it; but we did not meet to recur to past events, and I am sure Mrs. Selwyn did not request a visit from you this morning to awaken any unpleasant reflection. She wished to converse with you as a sister and a friend, and on your *family*, as supposing that would be the most interesting topic."

"That I am sure I did," resumed Mrs. Selwyn, "and to express my readiness to forget all former animosities."

"My sister was quite right, sir," said Madame, "in supposing my family the most interesting to me, and I am *proud* on this occasion to say, that I have never once regretted choosing the protector I did; he has been uniformly kind and attentive to me, when none of those relations you allude to would notice me."

"It would have been very unlike the character you give him, madam," said Mrs. Selwyn, "if he had *not*, when your choice of him was the only reason of their acting so."

And here let me set my youthful readers right, in regard to Madame Dubarre's unbounded acknowledgment of her husband's

regard. It *was* pride, as she avowed, that at this time made her declare she had not once repented marrying him ; for she could not bear that her sister, whom she thought despised and neglected her on that account, should think it otherwise. Yet she had passed many a bitter hour through it, and though Monsieur was all she had described him to be, she had severely felt the deprivations their union had occasioned, and the various difficulties they had to struggle with, before their circumstances were so good as they were now ; besides the mortifications she often met in her business, as well as the caprice and ill-humour of her customers. Some whom she once considered as greatly her inferiors, now gave her to understand that they conferred an obligation on her by using her shop ; and others, whom she had known as her equals while unmarried, would now purposely enter to buy things, that they might have a good stare at her, as they termed it, without acknowledging her as an acquaintance ; and though the same pride which felt hurt at their conduct, kept her from letting her mortification be seen, the secret wounds it received was more galling from the very concealment.

Such were the effects of Madame Dubarre's

imprudent marriage, and which would have been still more severely felt, had he not really been what her youthful imagination supposed him, and what at this moment her desire of appearing quite happy and contented before her sister, had induced her to describe. But Mr. Selwyn saw her motive, and smiling, said, he hoped Mrs. Selwyn and himself should soon have an opportunity of judging for themselves.

“Don't let prejudice sit on the bench then,” said she, with an expression of countenance that again made her look pleasing.

“Mr. Selwyn intends William should take lessons of him,” observed his mother, “if Monsieur has time to attend to him.”

“Oh, he will *make* time,” answered she, with a smile. “He is indefatigable in his business, and so am *I*. I doubt not I shall be wanted twenty ways at once while I am here. Some good lady will want a cap or a bonnet, which only *I* can take the order for.”

“I did not know,” said Mrs. Selwyn, returning her smile, “that you were such an adept in your business; or that you had any taste for millinery.”

“Nor *I*,” returned her sister, with a half suppressed sigh, while a smile still played on

her features; "but no one knows what they can do till they try. My genius was not called forth when we were formerly acquainted; but necessity, you know, or rather have *heard*, is the mother of invention; for *you* have not been in a situation to prove the truth of this proverb, as I have done; but I have *invented* several head-dresses which are much approved, and shall be happy to display my taste in your service, if you will condescend to visit my shop."

"I shall certainly come," returned Mrs. Selwyn, very kindly, whose pride at that moment was lost in the recollection of her youthful days, when Caroline was the life of their family parties, and the one for whom they formed the fairest hopes, as she was the handsomest and most agreeable.

Mrs. Selwyn and Mrs. Benson were both engaged to the gentlemen they afterwards married, before their father's death, who, in consequence of the adoption of Caroline by her aunt, had left her a smaller portion of his fortune than the others. After they had lost him, the two elder sisters lived with their aunt, till they married, both on the same day, twelve months after; but Caroline had taken

the imprudent step before mentioned a short time previous to their marriage; she was five years younger than Mrs. Selwyn, who was twenty-four, and Mrs. Benson just of age when their father died.

It was twenty years since these sisters met, but Mrs. Selwyn was by far the most altered, and she could not help remarking the difference. "It is strange," said she, "that *you*, who have had so many changes of situation, should not be more altered; while *I*, who have had none, look so much worse."

"Changes then, my dear sister, you will allow," said Madame Dubarre, very pleasantly, "do not make an alteration in the person, whatever they do in the manners."

"It has not in either with you, Caroline," said Mrs. Selwyn, "for you seem as lively and full of spirits as ever you were; but *I* have had very ill health."

"My situation," returned Madame, "has required good spirits; and I have not wanted for health."

"It appears," said Mr. Selwyn, "that where peculiar exertions are wanted, the greatest power is given us; and our portion of health and spirits are regulated by the occa-

sion we have to make use of them; and if any one doubts this, I shall produce Madame Dubarre as an instance."

Mrs. Selwyn then inquired into the number of her children, their ages, and employments; of which William attentively listened to, and Madame told them she had had ten children, but had lost four. "My eldest," said she, "is sixteen, and with the assistance and advice of a lady, who keeps an excellent school, which Monsieur attends, she has been educated for a governess, and chiefly through her kindness, as she took her into the school at nine years old, and has given her every advantage. The next is a boy nearly fifteen, whom his father has educated to assist him in the schools he attends; and his sister, who is one year younger, is of great use to *me*, as she is very fond of work, and would, by her own choice, never be out of the shop. The rest are quite young; two boys and a girl under seven years old; and this is the account of *my* family," said she, "who have each been the source of much pleasure and pain to me, particularly when I look forward to their future destinies."

After a little more conversation, in which

Mrs. Selwyn again promised to come and see her, she took her leave, with so much gracefulness, that Mr. Selwyn was still more pleased with her. "What a pity it is," said he, "that she should be confined to a counter! I am quite anxious to see the man who could induce her to forego the many advantages she once possessed."

"I thought my aunt Benson very handsome," said William, "but this aunt is a great deal more so."

"And she looks so much younger than she really is," said Mrs. Selwyn. "I can scarcely believe it is so long since we met; but her distresses have not lowered her pride any more than her spirits, for I thought her amazingly *stiff* on her first entrance."

"We must make some allowances for *that*," replied Mr. Selwyn, "as she did not know how you would receive her; or what might be your motive for sending for her. I think she soon *unbent* when she found it was not curiosity alone."

"Poor thing?" said Mrs. Selwyn, whose affection for her sister now began to revive. "I remember when she was in the bloom of youth and beauty; the darling of my aunt, and

the admiration or the envy of all who knew her. I cannot think what could induce her to throw herself away as she has done."

"There must be something very attractive in the man," said Mr. Selwyn, "for whom she left all her friends to share with him distress and poverty; and which I believe, for the first eight or ten years of their marriage, they experienced pretty largely."

Mrs. Selwyn then retired to dress, and William and his father walked to the pump-room.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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“ Still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh.”

THOMSON.

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THE next day Mr. Selwyn took an opportunity of calling on M. Dubarre, when William was with him. The house was small, and a private door, with a brass plate on it, distinguished his residence. They passed the shop, which was full of ladies, and knocked at the house-door, which was opened by one of the younger children, who replied to their inquiries, that his father was not at home; and Mr. Selwyn left a card with his address, begging M. Dubarre to call upon him as soon as convenient.

As they walked from the house, William said, “ that was one of my cousins, I suppose :

I should have liked to have gone in, and seen them all."

"But suppose your friend, Master Mason had found you there," returned his father, "don't you think you would feel greatly ashamed?"

William feared he should, but he was not so ingenuous as to own it; he therefore tried to change the conversation, but it soon reverted to the same subject, and the probable consequences of an introduction to these new found relations engrossed their chief attention.

When they returned home, they found Lady Moor had called on Mrs. Selwyn, and renewed her invitation to join her parties. "I must introduce you to all my acquaintance, my dear Mrs. Selwyn," said she, "or you will be quite stupified *here*. When we are at home in the country, we must submit to solitude in the best manner we can; but here we *can* mix a little with the world; I beg we may not be recluses."

"Oh," thought Mrs. Selwyn, "what will she say when she comes to know of my sister!"

"I have already found out a very fashionable milliner," continued her ladyship, "and I am told she is a respectable woman, and the wife of a very deserving Frenchman. You

must lay out some money with her, and let the world see we can make as good an appearance as themselves, though we *are country ladies.*"

Mrs. Selwyn's countenance exhibited the most varied emotions during this speech, but her visitor was too much engaged by the *importance* of the subject to observe it. At one time Mrs. Selwyn thought she had found out "the horrid truth," and only said this to try her; and at another, that as it must be known, she had better disclose it with firmness herself. She blushed and hesitated. "Is it Madame Dubarre you speak of?" said she.

"Yes, yes, the same: what *you* have heard of her already?"

"She is *my* sister, ma'am," replied Mrs. Selwyn, in a voice half stifled with emotion.

"Bless me, you astonish me! Is it possible!" exclaimed Lady Moor. "I should never have thought it. She is very handsome." But in the surprize she expressed, she did not consider the tacit observation she was making, that Mrs. Selwyn was *not* so; "but, my dear Mrs. Selwyn, *how* came she to be your sister?"

"Because we had the same parents," replied Mrs. Selwyn, a little recovered from the

embarrassment this mortifying confession had occasioned.

“ But *how* came she to be in such a situation, I mean ?” continued her ladyship. “ I declare I am so astonished, I don’t know what I say.”

“ She married her French master, when she was about twenty,” returned Mrs. Selwyn, “ unknown to any one, and disoblged all her family by doing so.”

“ How extraordinary ! And have you never seen her since ? and did you not know she was here ?” inquired her ladyship. “ Do tell me all about it. I can easily imagine what a distressing circumstance it must be.”

“ O, yes, I knew she was here,” replied Mrs. Selwyn, “ and you may suppose this was the last place I should have come to on that account, had not Mr. Selwyn’s health required it.”

“ And have you seen her since your arrival ?” asked her ladyship, determined not to let her curiosity be unsatisfied, if she could help it by asking questions.

“ Yes, Mr. Selwyn thought it right, for you know he is very particular in his conduct, and made me write a note the very evening we arrived, and she called the next morning.

She appears perfectly happy in her situation, and speaks in the highest terms of her husband."

"I have heard an excellent character of him," said Lady Moor, "and that she is a complete mistress of her business."

Mrs. Selwyn blushed again. "She would have had no necessity to make herself so," said she, "had she continued unmarried; for she was doated on by her aunt, who had adopted her, and intended to leave her all her fortune."

"And is she dead?" asked her ladyship.

"No," returned Mrs. Selwyn, "but she has disinherited my sister, and has not taken the least notice of her since. She is now very old, and living in Cumberland with a distant relation, to whose family she has transferred all her affections, and no doubt will leave them all she has."

"Well, I cannot help thinking of Madame Dubarre's being your sister," rejoined her visitor. "I don't know what you can do, since Mr. Selwyn will have you acknowledge her. To be sure you could recommend her to others if she was not your *sister*; but *that does* make such a difference."

My readers may perhaps wish to know why

the relationship, which they might suppose would rather increase than lessen the desire of serving her, should so alter the case; and I must confess myself inadequate to giving a reason consistent with what is right. All I could urge would be to promote that assistance; yet the world are so misguided by appearance, and its good opinion, (not, alas! of their morals or conduct,) but of their situation, and a rank in life is so anxiously sought for by all its votaries, that Mrs. Selwyn's recommendation of her *sister*, in the way of business, might appear to them as if she was not able to assist her herself, or that they were originally of a low mean family, who had always been used to get their living in a similar manner.

After Lady Moor had learned all the intelligence she could gain respecting this wonderful piece of news, she left Mrs. Selwyn, and entirely forgot to press her joining her next evening party, and having entered the carriage without recollecting it, though it was her intention when she called, she would not return to renew the invitation, as she thought she might have a better opportunity of relating the circumstance to her numerous friends, than if Mrs. Selwyn was present.

A few days more had elapsed, when Mr. Selwyn reminded his wife of her promise to call early on her sister ; and recommended her then taking the carriage for that purpose, “ and William shall go with you,” said he. “ The most fashionable young gentlemen attend their mammas to the milliners.”

They both blushed at the hint thus implied of their pride being hurt at the visit, and entered the carriage not with the most agreeable sensations, and were soon at the shop. On entering, there was no one but the daughter Madame had mentioned as being of great use in the business. “ Is your mamma at home, my dear,” said Mrs. Selwyn, as she took a seat. A blush upon the face of Madeline shewed that she guessed who this new customer was, and she answered, that she would call her immediately ; but before she left the shop, Madame entered, and taking her station behind the counter, Mrs. Selwyn said to her, “ you see I am come at last ; I said your’s should be the first place I visited.”

“ And for that reason,” returned Madame Dubarre, “ I fear you have kept within longer than you otherwise would ; but I hope you have not hurried yourself on my account.”

There was so much malevolence in her

countenance as she spoke, that for a time all the beauty William had so much admired, seemed entirely gone.

Mrs. Selwyn was evidently much hurt by her ill humour, but she made no reply, till Madame went on, saying, she was very much obliged to her for this visit; it certainly was a great condescension.

“ I did not think it any,” said Mrs. Selwyn, “ but will *you* be equally *so*, and shew me some articles I want ?”

“ Oh, yes, it is my *office*,” replied Madame, with a sarcastic air, “ what would you like to see.”

“ Why, in the first place, as there is no one who requires your attendance *here*, I should like to see your husband and children.”

“ I am not used to make a shew of them,” returned Madame, with something of a returning smile, “ as they are articles I don't wish to dispose of, but *this* is my second daughter; Madeline, come forward, and shew yourself to your aunt.”

She instantly obeyed; and not at all abashed, curtsied to Mrs. Selwyn, who very kindly noticed her, and said, she had heard what an excellent little shop-woman she was.

“ Master Selwyn, I suppose,” said Madame,

looking towards William, "is *not* to be introduced; though *my* children are all to pass in review!"

"I think he paid his respects to you when first you met," replied Mrs. Selwyn, "and it may be, he waits for a more favourable opportunity to renew them, than he has hitherto met with this morning."

This was spoken with meaning, and Madame coloured with indignation as she listened to the well deserved reproof. "See, my dear, if your father and sister are at home," said she to Madeline; "perhaps *your aunt* will condescend to walk up in the drawing-room!"

"Oh, any where," replied Mrs. Selwyn, anxious to avoid the visible ill humour of her sister; but before she had moved, some other ladies came into the shop, and she could not but remark the sudden change in the countenance and manners of Madame; her face was instantly dressed in smiles, and she was all courtesy and good manners, while she was receiving their orders and shewing them what they wanted.

Mrs. Selwyn sat for some time in silence, and then desired Madeline would shew her some lace, which she immediately did with a taste and civility equal to her mother's. Her

aunt made a considerable purchase, which was not unnoticed by her sister, though still engaged with the other ladies, and it evidently put her in a better temper. The smile continued on her lips after they had left the shop, and she thanked her sister on receiving the money with a grateful air; "and now," said she, "will you walk up stairs? I fear Monsieur is out, as he is engaged at so many different places of a morning, but Constance is at home; go, my dear, and see."

Madeline returned, saying, that her father was not gone out; and he immediately followed her. He was an interesting and genteel looking man, and his manners particularly prepossessing. He said, that hearing Mrs. Selwyn was there, and after the kind condescension of Mr. Selwyn in leaving his card, he could not quit the house without paying his respects to her, and begged her to apologize to that gentleman for his not having yet called, which nothing but his multiplied engagements could prevent.

"My sister will walk up stairs," said Madame; she is so good as to wish to see the children."

He politely offered her his hand, and conducted her to the drawing-room, saying, she

did the family honour ; while Madame went to assemble them together.

When Mrs. Selwyn was seated, she said, “ give me leave to introduce my son to *you*, sir, with whom I hope you will be better acquainted during our stay at Cheltenham.”

Monsieur bowed to William, who had followed his mother up the stairs, but was prevented making a reply to what he addressed to him, by the entrance of Madame Dubarre with her youngest child in her arms, followed by her eldest daughter leading two others, and Madeline and her elder brother completed the group. “ Now then,” said she, “ we are all together, and this is my eldest daughter Constance, introducing a young person of peculiar grace and elegance to her aunt, who, had there not been an air of pensive seriousness in her manner, could have almost persuaded herself she saw her mother in her younger days again before her. The young lady curtsied to the admiring glance of Mrs. Selwyn, and Madame hastened to introduce Maurice, her eldest son, a formal stiff young man ; “ and Madeline,” continued she, “ you have already seen. This little one I hold in my arms is George, and *these*,” pointing to the others, “ Charles and Jane ; and thus,”

added she, "you see *my jewels*," alluding to the well known anecdote of Cornelia, in the Roman history.

"And very *bright* ones they are," returned Mrs. Selwyn, fixing her eyes on Constance, who had taken the little one from her mother's arms, and was setting him on his feet. "I scarcely know what to say to all my new found relations; William, come and speak for me, and shake hands with your cousins."

The hero of our tale had not been enough used to the world to make a polite speech on the occasion, but he did as he was commanded, and said he was glad to see them, and that he hoped to know them better in a little time; for at that moment the politeness of his uncle, and the beauty and good humoured looks of the children, made him forget the difference in their situations.

The little boys following the example of their eldest brother, said they were much obliged to him; and Mrs. Selwyn, addressing Constance, said, she hoped to see her often during her stay at Cheltenham; "if your mother is too much engaged," added she, "*you* must supply her place. I am sure Mr. Selwyn will be glad to see you."

"The young lady curtsied, and returned

her thanks, while Monsieur expressed himself greatly obliged by this attention to his daughter.

On observing an instrument in the room, Mrs. Selwyn asked who played on it?

“ Only Constance,” returned he; “ as we hope it will render her more fit to undertake the tuition of some young ladies, should she be fortunate enough to gain such an employment; and as she has left school these last six months, her master has kindly lent us this instrument, that she might not forget what she had learnt of him.”

“ And she is a proficient, I dare say,” said Mrs. Selwyn.

“ A very poor one, ma’am,” returned Constance; “ it is more my business to understand the theory of music than the practice of it.”

“ I doubt not but you are very well versed in both, my dear,” replied her aunt, “ and I hope to hear you very soon; and if your father and mother has no objection, and your brother can accompany you, I shall be happy to introduce you to Mr. Selwyn this evening. Are you engaged; and will not your brother think William too young for his companion?”

Maurice bowed, and said, “ the acquaintance must depend on Master Selwyn, and not

on himself." While this unexpected invitation brought the colour into the cheeks of all present, though from different causes; Maurice, Constance, and their father blushed from pleasure, while their mother could scarcely bear her sister should behave so differently from what she had taught her family to expect, and she even felt a rising jealousy that her children should be treated with more attention than herself.

Madeline blushed from mortification that she was not included in the invitation, and the little ones from surprise that a lady should come and ask their brother and sister out to tea.

"Madame and I can have no objection," said M. Dubarre; "and if you will be so kind as to apologize to Mr. Selwyn for my waiting on him at so unseasonable an hour, I will myself call in the evening to fetch them home."

Mrs. Selwyn begged to see him to tea also; but his many engagements, he said, would prevent his having that pleasure, or calling till it was time for his son and daughter to leave them. The same excuse, he said, must also be pleaded for his leaving her at present, as he had some pupils then waiting for him; and taking a polite leave, and again express-

ing himself obliged by the notice she had taken of his children, he left the room.

Mrs. Selwyn said she must also hurry away ; and telling the young people she should expect them at seven, ordered the carriage, and returned home.

## CHAPTER IX.

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“ Envy, that canker of the human breast !”

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MY young readers will not perhaps be surprised if I relate what passed among the Dubarres, after their visitor was gone ; as I fear it is too often the case where some part of a family is noticed and the other not.

“ It is a fine thing to be a young *lady*,” said Madeline, with a sneer, “ and go to boarding-school, and learn music. I wonder your aunt does not send the carriage for you.”

“ I think she might as well have asked you to *dinner*,” said her mother.

“ But you know we have dined, mamma,” said Caroline.

“ *She* did not know *that*,” returned Madame.

“ My aunt did not think proper to ask *me*,” resumed Madeline; “ no, *I am* ‘ the *little shopwoman* !’ It is the young lady only who is to be received at my aunt’s. What *will* the young lady wear? I suppose the *shopwoman* may exercise her taste, and make her up something which will receive additional grace by being worn by her. Yet as you do not go in a carriage, you cannot be *very* smart.”

“ I should not wish to be smart,” replied Constance; “ it is not necessary.”

“ Oh, no, an elegant simplicity becomes *you* best.”

Constance looked at her mother in vain, to check the ill nature this was spoken with; but alas! it too well suited with her own frame of mind to receive the reproof it ought. “ Well, never mind, Madeline,” said she, “ you are much more usefully employed, if you are contributing to the support of the family, than in playing a few pieces, or singing to amuse one who would look shy upon you, but in her own house, and when she has no company; unless indeed Constance should have the honour of being invited, to add to their amusement.”

“ I thought, mamma, my education was given me, that I *might* afford amusement to

my friends," said Constance, "and teach others to do the same."

"Yes, but it will be some time before *you* will have any to teach, I believe," returned her mother, still more displeased, because she saw Constance was not at all so. "There are so many governesses now, that I think Madeline has chosen the most profitable employment, though it may not be so genteel."

"Would you wish me to relinquish my pursuit, and follow her's, mamma?" asked Constance, with great mildness, "now I *have* received an education adequate to what I intend?"

"Oh, no, follow your *own* pursuits, I beg; we want no learned or musical ladies in our shop."

I am really sorry to offer such a character as Madame Dubarre to my reader's attention; yet there are such in the world. All may not possess the power of pleasing in so eminent a degree as she did; yet the passion of envy and jealousy will poison every advantage, and is truly pictured in the fiend which eats his own bowels; or, in other words, "the envious man is his own tormenter." Their taunts and sarcasms will in time lose their effect, but their

own unhappiness is increased in proportion as they find they cannot make others so.

The young people went as invited in the evening, and the behaviour of Constance was so mixed with modesty and good sense, as gained her great favour with Mr. Selwyn. Their father called as he had proposed, and engaged either himself or his son should attend William three times a week, to give him lessons in the French language.

“ I think Constance well suited for the situation she is intended for,” said Mr. Selwyn, after they were gone; “ she has a mind and judgment well informed, and can converse on other subjects than dress and accomplishments, though it is with modesty she expresses herself; but her brother is too formal; he is more like a sober Dutchman than the lively Frenchman. Their father,” continued he, “ is a man of sense and politeness, but he cannot instil the same into his son.”

Mrs. Selwyn and William agreed with him in the praises of Constance, and the latter declared, if all his cousins were like her, he should like them very much.

After this Mrs. Selwyn repeated her visits to her sister very frequently, but always found

her so capricious and ill humoured, that at length she ceased to endeavour to conciliate her affections; and Mr. Selwyn, who was at first inclined to make every excuse for her, now saw her in such a light that he no longer wished it.

If Mrs. Selwyn went into another shop with any of her acquaintance, she was sure to hear of it the next time she saw Madame Dubarre; and though in her first or second visit to her she had exerted more than her usual good humour, she now answered her with equal acrimony.

But the account of these sallies of wit and ill temper cannot be desirable to relate. I shall therefore pass them over in silence, only observing that Constance became a greater favourite with her uncle and aunt. The latter could not bear to be long without a companion, and Constance was often invited to take an airing with her, and to dinner afterwards; though had she known the unpleasant life her neice led with her family, on account of this kindness, she would have been unwilling to have caused her so much trial.

“There is nobody but Constance noticed now,” said her mother. “You reserve all

your pleasantry for your aunt, I suppose, since you shew none at home."

"I have nothing to call it forth here, mamma," returned her daughter.

"Oh, no, you *despise* us *hard-working* bodies. You are a fine lady, and have time for visiting."

"I wish I was where I should *not* have time," replied Constance, "but since my aunt is so good as to ask me,—"

"O go, by all means go; and *be* a toad-eater."

"I don't know what that is," said Constance, with much mildness.

Her mother then perceived a piece of work she held in her hand; "what is *that* for your aunt too?" said she.

"I had no work with me one afternoon," replied Constance, half afraid it would increase her mother's anger, "and she gave me this to finish for her, which *she* had began."

"Yes, I dare say your aunt finds it very convenient to have you to work for her; but at least I think you might confine your civilities of that kind to when you are with her, knowing *I* have so much for you to do at home. But *all* your time must now be devoted to

your aunt, I suppose ; and what will you get by it ? After she leaves Cheltenham, you will hear no more of her."

Constance in vain replied, that she was ready to do any work which she had for her to do ; and Madeline, who heard the conversation, spitefully rejoiced in the reproof her sister had met with.

As Mr. Selwyn became more acquainted with M. Dubarre, he was still more pleased with him, and anxious to know in what way he could be of service to him.

Monsieur mentioned his eldest daughter, and said, that if he knew of any family to whom he could recommend her as a governess, he thought she would be found capable of what she undertook.

" I think so likewise," said Mr. Selwyn, " but she does not appear happy ; perhaps it is her desire to get out, and cease being a burden to you, which makes her less cheerful."

Monsieur sighed, and hesitated. " I believe, sir, it is her earnest wish to procure a situation ; yet I must say, I prefer seeing her so, than if she was light and frivolous."

" You are certainly right, sir," replied Mr.

Selwyn, and both for your sake and her own, I shall do all in my power to assist her."

Monsieur bowed, and their conversation at this time ended; but Mr. Selwyn, who was a man of much observation, soon perceived Constance was an object of envy at home, from what he had heard Madame say, whom he occasionally visited in the shop, and though he forbore to question the young lady herself, he observed that she scarcely ever mentioned her mother, while her father was the theme of her highest praise. He told Mrs. Selwyn, it was his intention to look out for a situation for her niece as soon as possible, but did not mention his conjecture respecting her, as he feared it might lead her to speak to Constance on the subject; and thus draw her into a fault, to complain of her mother, or to speak of her errors, which is certainly wrong in any child, and is productive of no good to either party, as it only makes the sufferer more quick in discerning those errors, and the observations others are apt to make on the subject, increases their irritability. No endeavour at reconciliation can be of service, as it gives the parent room to think their children have complained;

and of course increases, rather than lessens their resentment against them.

But we must now return to William, the hero of my tale: Accustomed to take all his opinions from those of his mother, he thought of and acted towards his aunt as she did. At first he was inclined to admire her, but when he saw ill nature and malevolence so often taking possession of her features, he could no longer call her handsome, and Constance was alone the object of his attention. She was so pretty, and did every thing to oblige him without the cringing civility that is too often practised by those who wish to get into favour, that Constance without endeavouring at it, so *very* much, did it more completely. She was always ready to play to him, to assist him in his French lessons, and to contribute to his amusement; and this in a great measure added to Mrs. Selwyn's predilection for her; for William was still the chief object of his mother's attention; but as Mr. Selwyn's health was much mended from drinking the waters, she entered more into company, and Lady Moor had so spread the news of her near connection with the milliner, and in a way so *friendly* to her feelings, that she was not mortified as she expected to be on

joining her parties. Madame Dubarre was never mentioned, and Mrs. Selwyn's dress, carriage, and fortune, were such as rendered her an object of attention.

William did not visit with his mother, and therefore Constance was a very agreeable companion to leave with him; and Mr. Selwyn generally preferred the society of his niece and his son to that of larger parties; though he promoted his wife's visiting, as he hoped it would give her less time to indulge William, and to fancy him ill. M. Dubarre also often looked in of an evening, in whose company he always found pleasure; and the conversation of his uncle and cousin afforded William much improvement as well as amusement. Maurice he found reserved and unpleasant, but Constance, though so many years older than himself, was all he could wish, and he had nearly forgot the school-fellow he expected to meet at Cheltenham, till his father told him he had met with Mr. Mason at the library, and found an old acquaintance in him, though they had not met for many years; and on the next day that gentleman called, and brought his son with him.

Mrs. Selwyn was quite delighted with this addition to their acquaintance, and the boys

expressed as much pleasure at meeting again as their fathers.

Mr. Selwyn insisted on their staying dinner; and William and his friend walked out together, while the gentlemen went to the library, and Mrs. Selwyn retired to dress.

As they passed the shop of Madame Dubarre, William hoped that none of the family would be near the door, that he might not be obliged to speak to them, and luckily he saw no one; but on returning the same way, they met Maurice, who stopped as if he was going to speak; but William looked confused, and hurried on, appearing not to see him, while he stood looking after him with a contemptuous sneer; and at the house-door stood Constance, waiting to be let in. She no sooner saw William, than she smiled, and was coming forward to ask after her aunt, when he turned away his head from her also, and led his friend across the road.

“Why that young lady was coming to speak to you,” said Mason, “the *pretty milliner*, as she is called.”

“She is not a milliner,” said William, hardly knowing what he said, from the confusion he was in.

“Is not she?” replied his companion: “her mother *is* then; and she is much admired. Why did you not stop and hear what she had to say?”

“Oh, she had nothing to say to *me*,” returned William, while Maurice, on perceiving him equally inattentive to his sister as to himself, now broke through his usual reserve, and burst into a loud laugh, which William heard, and his distress was increased by it. “Let us go to the library,” said he, “and look for my father. I am afraid we shall be too late for dinner.”

Mason hurried on with him, not guessing at the real reason of his haste, and they reached home in very good time.

When he was alone with his mother the next day, William related the circumstance to her, and said, “I shall dislike that Maurice worse than ever now; sometimes he will not speak a word, but as if it was taken out of a book, and now he burst out in a laugh; and Constance too, I wish we had not met with *her*, ‘the pretty milliner,’ as Mason calls her. I would not have him know they are my cousins, for the world; he would tell all the boys in the school, and I should be thought nothing of;

for you know, mamma, if you are not of some consequence, it is better not to go to school at all."

"But you *are* of consequence, my-dear," said his mother, "and your father a man of *large* fortune, or he could not afford to put you there; but I admire you for your spirit, and would not wish you to think otherwise, though these are *my* relations. Had not my sister behaved so imprudently, she need not have been what she is now, but might have married a man of twenty thousand a year. It certainly puts us in a very awkward situation, having such a relation in the place; but I hope, as Mr. Mason lives out of the town, he will not know it."

"Know what?" said Mr. Selwyn, who just then entered the room.

"Of our connexion with the Dubarres," said she, rather ashamed, and fearful of a contradiction to the sentiments she had just uttered.

"And why should he not?" asked Mr. Selwyn. "If he dislikes to visit us on that account, cannot we do without his acquaintance?"

"Oh, yes; but on William's account, I

mean, as you know what school-boys are, Mr. Selwyn. They have *so much* pride!"

"Not *more* than our own," said he.

"And would you wish him to be without *any*?" asked Mrs. Selwyn, "and not desirous of keeping up an appearance in the world?"

"I would wish him not to be a slave to it," he replied. "But what has given rise to this wish of your's?"

"Oh, William met Maurice and Constance yesterday, when he was walking with Mr. Mason; and Maurice behaved so rudely—he *laughed* at him, do you know?"

"Did Maurice do this?"

"Yes, *that* stiff formal gentleman," returned she.

"And was Constance present?"

"Yes," said William, "but she did not laugh. Mason called her the pretty milliner,"

"Well, she will be here to-night," replied his father, "and then I will know from herself what this terrible affront is."

William had rather his father would make no further inquiry about it; but he was in too great awe of him to say so; and for the first time since he had known her, he was sorry to see Constance enter the room.

After tea, Mr. Selwyn asked her if she saw his son yesterday, in the street?

"Yes, sir," returned she, with a smile.

"And was your brother with you?"

"He was, a few paces before me, sir; I was at our own door."

"And what did William say to him, which occasioned him to laugh so much?"

"He said *nothing*, sir," said Constance, with an heightened colour.

"What did he not speak either to him or you?"

"No, sir, he had another young gentleman with him; my brother thought he was ashamed of us, but I was sorry he took so much notice of the neglect as to laugh at it."

"So am I, indeed," replied Mr. Selwyn; "though it was worth laughing at too. And what did *you* do?"

"When I saw that he crossed the street to *avoid* me, I did *not* speak to him."

"And what do you think of your cousin now, Constance?" asked her uncle, while William sat in silent confusion, and his mother reddening with anger, that he should be thus called to account.

"O sir," replied she, smiling, "I do not think much about it. I shall know how to

behave when I see him with any body another time; and when he *chuses* to notice me, I would wish to recollect he is your and my aunt's son."

"Good girl! I admire your spirit. I wish he may ever claim your attention for his own sake."

"He will, sir; I know he will," said Constance, taking the hand of William, who could no longer refrain from tears. "He *will* remember that we have had a great many pleasant hours together, and I am sure, —"

"Promise not too much," said Mr. Selwyn, "you don't know my son yet. While you contribute to his amusement, he appears a very different creature; but he would be afraid to acknowledge himself obliged to you, before a boy he fancies his superior."

William now hid his face upon the table, and Mrs. Selwyn, almost as distressed as himself, was moving towards him, when a look from her husband prevented her.

"He was afraid to speak to Maurice and you," said Mr. Selwyn, "lest he *should* be laughed at, and he *was* laughed at by your brother, who could as well as yourself see through his motive for not doing it; and when that young gentleman comes to know how he

was situated between you both, he will laugh more at his manœuvring to hide the relationship between you, than he would have done had he frankly owned it.

William attempted an awkward apology, but Constance needed none; and Mrs. Selwyn grew more comfortable as she saw smiles returning to the face of her son.

The next day they dined with a large party at Mr. Mason's, and William was shewn the house and grounds by his young friend, who deemed this one of the pleasantest days of his life, because his pride was gratified in making this display; and William again stood in need of the check of his father, to prevent his giving way to the same foolish vanity.

After this visit Mr. Mason called but seldom on Mr. Selwyn; for though he expressed a wish to renew their acquaintance on their first meeting, their sentiments were so different, that they felt little pleasure in each other's company; but Mrs. Selwyn could not help attributing this appearance of neglect to his having heard of their connexion with the Dubarres, and was much chagrined, both on her own account and William's, whom she feared would suffer from it on his return to school.

## CHAPTER X.

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“ Diffusing kind beneficence around.”

THOMSON.

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THE time now drew near for Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn to return home, and he proposed taking Constance with them, to introduce her to her aunt Benson, and in hopes of finding a situation for her in their own neighbourhood. To this Mrs. Selwyn could not object, and M. Dubarre heard it with unfeigned gratitude; for he too well knew how uncomfortable home was made by the increasing jealousy of her mother and sister. He therefore went home to prepare them for the offer, and to persuade the former to receive it in a more becoming way. She certainly could have no objection, but her envy rose higher at the favour shewn

her daughter. "And why is so much notice taken of *her* alone? What have the rest done, that *they* have never been asked?" said she.

"They are all otherwise engaged, are they not?" returned her husband, "and some of them too young?"

"Yes, poor things; only *one* is brought up a fine lady; and the others, because they have not had such advantages, are thought nothing of."

"What an unhappy light you see every thing in!" said he. "Will Constance be a fine lady when she can once get into a situation? or does she now pretend to be such? If she has received a good education, what use would it be to her if her manners were not agreeable to it?"

"You know she will never come into the *shop*," replied Madame.

"And it has often been both your wish and mine," said he, "that she should not; for was she to spend her time there, the education she has received would be soon forgotten; nor would she be so likely to be taken as a governess."

"Oh," said she, "I was not bred to a shop, but I have been obliged to take to one!"

Monsieur made no answer to this speech, but went to seek Constance, and tell her of Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn's invitation. "It is likely," added he, "that a situation will be found you in their neighbourhood, which will enable you to support yourself, and is so much what you wish."

This he said because Madeline was in the room, and observed the same envious disposition in her countenance as he had before seen with regret in her mother's; while Constance was expressing her joy at this unexpected favour, Madame entered the room, with an open note in her hand "They do not wait for an answer," said she, "I suppose they think we shall be *happy* to wait on them."

Monsieur read as follows:—"If Madame Dubarre will bring *all* her family to dine with her sister before she leaves Cheltenham, Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, and William, will be happy to see them; and as they are aware Madame cannot leave home any other day, they have fixed on Sunday for that pleasure, when they hope to talk over the plan of Constance returning with them to Burrow's Hill; and propose leaving this place on the following Wednesday."

“ It is very polite,” said Monsieur, “ and I should think was meant to give us all pleasure.”

“ Are we *all* to go;” said Madeline, “ the little ones and all?”

“ It is so expressed in the note,” said he; “ and I hope your mother will make no objection to taking them.”

“ As it is to be on Sunday,” said she, in a very ungracious manner, “ and they will be all ready, I don’t know but I may; or I am sure I should not take the trouble to dress them merely to spend a few hours at their aunt’s.”

Monsieur then promised to leave an acceptance of the invitation as he passed the house, and the thought of their *own* visit on the following day, in some measure, prevented the discontent and ill humour which was ready to burst forth from Madeline and her mother at Constance’s good fortune.

Madeline contrived what they should all wear, and looked out the prettiest cap and lace for the little one, and nothing else was talked of by the children.

Constance began to pack up her books and music, and what ever she thought she should want, either to take with her or to be sent after her, should she be so fortunate as to

meet with a family in which she could remain. She redoubled her attention to her mother, in hopes of not leaving her entirely destitute of good will towards her; and after having been to church on Sunday, the whole family repaired, highly delighted, to Mr. Selwyn's, where they were received with equal kindness and hospitality.

The day passed much as might be expected, reserve and a distant civility between the two sisters; and much respect and attention on the part of Constance and her father; a stiff formality in Maurice, and an awkward boldness in Madeline, who was only at ease and in her element in the shop; while the little ones were at first very shy, and after becoming a little more acquainted, very rude; when the maid came for them early in the evening.

Constance, who knew her mother never left them altogether to the care of a servant, went home with them, and assisted in putting them to bed, and afterwards returned for the remainder of the evening.

During her absence, Mrs. Selwyn talked of the projected plan of taking her home, and Madame could not but express herself obliged.

Mrs. Selwyn had made each of the little ones a trifling present before their departure;

and to Maurice and Madeline, she presented a one pound note; and one of ten pounds to her sister. "I shall see *you* again, my dear," said she to Constance, "but as you may wish to prepare a little for your journey, accept of this for that purpose;" slipping a note of half the value into her hand.

Madame was now quite in good humour, and expressed her thanks as warmly as her daughter, and as she returned home, she could not help owning to Monsieur, that she was sorry she had behaved so capriciously towards her.

"I am always sorry, my dear," replied he, "to see talents like your's warped by pride and ill temper."

The next morning William took his last lesson from his uncle, whom his father very handsomely paid for his attendance; knowing, as he said, that he had given him more than double attention, and William had made a greater progress in the language than could be expected in so short a time.

On the day before their journey, Mrs. Selwyn called on Madame Dubarre, and found her quite a different woman from what she had been in her former visits to her. The unexpected generosity she had lately experienced

from her sister melted down her pride for a time, while that of Mrs. Selwyn's rose higher at having it in her power thus to shew her that she was not influenced by her conduct; she took a kind leave of all the family, wishing them every welfare; and hearing from Constance that all her things were packed and quite ready, she proposed her returning with her to dinner, and sleeping there, that she might be ready to set off with them the next morning.

Madame could not object to her doing so, and Constance took an affectionate leave of her younger brothers and sisters, and tenderly embraced Madeline and her mother, on whose bosom she shed tears, though Madame had so often excited them by a different cause. Her mother was softened, and, returning her embrace, said in a low voice, "my dear, I have need to beg your pardon for the harsh things I have said to you."

"No, no, my dearest mother, do not forget your daughter!" was all the tender hearted girl could utter, and then repeated her entreaties for her to write as often as she could spare time.

Madeline parted from her without any emotion, except that of secret pleasure at the re-

moval of one who was so much her superior ; but she bade her " good bye," and said, " I suppose we shall soon see you back again."

Her father and Maurice were out, but knowing that when they understood she would not return there any more, they would call at her aunt's, she followed her to the carriage, with weeping eyes, though not before she had spoken a kind farewell to the workwomen belonging to the shop, and the servant, who all wished her well and happy.

As she expected, her father and brother called on her that evening, whom Mr. Selwyn ordered to be shewn into the parlour, thinking it would be more agreeable to them to meet for the last time without any witnesses, and Constance went down to them.

Her father was truly affectionate, and Maurice unbent from his usual reserve to wish her success in her undertaking.

" My dear girl," said Monsieur, " let me hear from you frequently, and write without reserve. Remember I am your father and your friend, always ready to share in your pleasures, and to lessen your griefs, if in my power. I hope you will soon hear of a situation, and let no objection on your part prevent your taking it, if Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn think

it eligible. I can depend upon them, but I should be sorry you should, by being particular in your choice, give them room to think you wished to encroach upon their goodness longer than is necessary. I know my daughter too well to suppose she would do that." And then slipping a five pound note into her hand, which, by his looks, he told her not to thank him for, he once more affectionately embraced her, putting up a silent petition that she might be always thus worthy of his love. Not willing to quit the house without seeing Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, he struggled to overcome his parental feelings, and went with her up stairs, to bid them, as he said, "once more adieu," but as to expressing how much he was obliged to them for the interest they took in his daughter's affairs, he found it impossible to hide his emotion—he hurried out of the room. Maurice took a formal and solemn leave, and followed; leaving Constance bathed in tears.

The next day the Selwyn party left Cheltenham, all much benefitted by their stay, and pleased with what they had seen.

Mr. and Mrs. Benson were at their house to receive them, and as, in the very few letters which had passed between them, Mrs. Selwyn had not mentioned Constance, they

were surprised to see a stranger with their brother and sister, and had not the least idea who she was. William would have disclosed the secret at once, but Mrs. Selwyn wishing to know their unbiassed opinion of her, desired she might not be introduced by name till the next day. "We have brought a young lady with us, whom I hope to keep in our neighbourhood," said she. "To-morrow I will tell you what are her plans, and till then you must excuse my giving you her name; but don't you think Mr. Selwyn looks quite well again; and William also?"

"I thought William had recovered his health at school," said Mrs. Benson, "but I am glad to see Mr. Selwyn has also recovered his."

A supper had been provided, and having given orders that a bed should be prepared for Constance, the whole party sat down to spend the evening together. Mrs. Selwyn had much to talk of, and her sister had to tell of all her children, and that dear little Herbert was considerably better.

Constance listened with peculiar attention to her account of her cousins, though she asked no questions; and when the conversation became general, and was addressed to her, both

Mr. and Mrs. Benson were much pleased with what she said. When they parted for the night, Mrs. Benson told her she hoped to see her the next day, with her sister, and that they should become better acquainted.

Constance curtsied, and replied, she was much obliged; and could not help acknowledging to herself the superiority of this aunt to Mrs. Selwyn, "though but for the latter," thought she, "I should never have known her."

The next morning was spent in unpacking, and Constance placed every thing in her room and drawers in exact order. Her aunt was very kind in wishing her to think herself at home, and that she should want nothing to make her comfortable; and Constance began to think her halcyon days were arrived.

In the afternoon the whole party went to a late dinner at Mr. Benson's; William, his mother and Constance in the carriage, loaded with toys and presents for the children, and his father on horseback.

Elizabeth was eager to see this new comer, whom her father and mother had mentioned in terms of high approbation, and the boys were equally anxious to see their cousin, and what he had brought for them from Cheltenham.

Herbert was now able to be in the parlour with the rest, and they were repeating their afternoon's lessons, when the ladies made their appearance, and William followed, lugging a large basket, which he was anxious to open and distribute its contents.

The books and work were all put away, and after the first salutations, Mrs. Benson, followed by Elizabeth and Herbert, led the ladies to the drawing-room, where she said, "I hope you will now, my dear sister, tell me by what name I am to call this young lady, and how I can be useful to her."

"Her name is Dubarre," said Mrs. Selwyn, much pleased at the surprise it occasioned, "and she is your niece."

"I am, indeed, glad to find a relation in her," said Mrs. Benson, "and had I not been more than usually stupid last night, I might have known it by her likeness to what her mother was at her age; and now then I may, without scruple, inquire after *her* family, which I forbore to do last night, except in general terms, thinking this lady a stranger. Tell me all about them."

Mrs. Selwyn said, they were all well, repeated the number and ages of their sister's children, and that she was in a very great way

of business; "but our Constance," said she, "has never been in the shop, and has been at a very good school till within these eight months, and intends, as soon as we can hear of a situation for her, to undertake the education of some young ladies, as a private governess." She then spoke in the highest terms of her father, and added, that her sister appeared in very good spirits.

"This is a very favourable account," said Mrs. Benson, "and the specimen you have brought with you of her family, is very prepossessing. Elizabeth, my dear, embrace your cousin, and I hope, if she will allow you her friendship, that it will be of service to you."

"I am much pleased," said Elizabeth, "to have a female cousin; not but what my cousin William is very good to bring me this pretty work-bag from Cheltenham, (which he had slipped into the room, and presented to her while the ladies were talking,) but I am still more obliged to my aunt for bringing me *her*."

Constance kissed her cheek, and said she thought she was the obliged person.

Elizabeth then begged her to accompany her into the parlour, where were her brothers

examining the whips and tops, and other playthings of all sorts and sizes, which William had brought. "John and Charles," said she, "this is our *cousin*; could you have thought it?"

"Oh! have you found out the secret?" said William, "who told you?"

"My aunt said so herself," said Elizabeth; "and I am sure I shall love her dearly!"

"I do already," said William; "she has been very good to me at Cheltenham."

John and Charles left what they were so attentively viewing, and followed them to the drawing-room, to hear more of the stranger they had been so *strangely* introduced to; and as Mrs. Selwyn had asked to see the other children, Herbert was dispatched to the nursery, to fetch Mary, Jane, and Emma, who were all presented to their new cousin; and Constance could not help wishing she might meet with such a family to have the care of; they behaved so well, and seemed so fond of each other.

At dinner, she was introduced to her uncle, Mr. Benson, who treated her with still greater attention when he knew her situation, and what she wished to be employed in. "Every intelligent parent," he said, "felt themselves

obliged when they saw a young person like her, who had received a good education, and with every advantage, willing to undertake the arduous task of instructing their children off their hands, and that was it in his power to offer her a sufficient recompence for the trouble, he should beg her to seek no farther than his own house for a situation of that sort.

Constance blushed, and looked at Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn to reply for her.

“ I cannot spare her yet,” said the latter; and Mr. Benson said, he well knew how to appreciate her value, and should be sorry not to reward her as she deserved, and which he was not ashamed to say, his income would not allow; “ neither,” said he, “ should I be doing justice to my present governess,” meaning his wife, “ whose merits I have so *long* known, to turn *her* off at a minute’s notice and take another.”

Mrs. Benson smiled, and said she could not give up her office; and Constance could only say, she should be happy to meet with just such another family.

In the evening she again joined the children in the garden, and her ardent imagination reverted to her own brothers and sisters, whom she could not without regret compare with the

little Bensons. These had every advantage which an attentive father and mother could give them; while those at home, too much left to the care of the servants or their own pursuits, were generally finding fault with each other, or rudely playing, which ended in a quarrel; the eldest continually usurping authority over the younger ones, while their mother seldom attended to their disputes, but told them not to trouble her, as she had enough to do without listening to them.

Constance, therefore, after her return from school, was generally the arbitress between them; but she could not break them of a disposition which rendered them disagreeable to themselves as well as to others. "Why cannot you," she would say, "be kind to one another, as well as be always finding fault." But their mother was too often doing the same, and they had no better example. She soon saw what was Elizabeth's prevailing fault, and after they were better acquainted, would do all in her power to discourage it, for she had felt so much from the same disposition in her mother, as made her dread the consequence of it in her cousin. "Did you know," said she, "the unpleasantness of having others think you ill natured, while in fact you are

not so, you would not give way to an humour which, after you *have* expressed, I can see you are sorry for. To give *pain* to any one, I should hope was far from giving you pleasure."

"That it *is*," said Elizabeth, "but when people are affronted, and no affront is intended, what am I to do then?"

"Think before you speak," said Constance, "and avoid what you know will give offence, though you may by so doing lose the opportunity of expressing a joke."

## CHAPTER XI.

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“ Let discipline employ her wholesome arts.”

COWPER.

---

THE day appointed for William to return to school now drew near, and both his mother and himself felt the approaching separation. Constance endeavoured to cheer the spirits of her cousin, as thinking it would have the best effect on those of his mother, and talked to him of the boys he would meet, the school sports, and above all, the improvement he would make in the next half year; and when the day came, she and her aunt accompanied him to the school, whither Mr. Selwyn had rode over the day before, and seen Mr. and Mrs. Newton. He parted from his son with regret, but with the highest hopes of his ad-

vance in improvement, from his increased knowledge of Mr. Newton. "I shall come and see you soon," said he, "and it will not be long before the holidays are here again."

William shook his head, and his mother wiped her eyes. My dear aunt," whispered Constance to her, "for William's sake, don't weep."

"He is my only child," said she, "my darling!"

"And *not* going far from home, my dear madam; only where he will be rendered still more worthy of your love; consider how much it is for his good."

"I know it; I know it," said she; "but *had* he been a girl—Oh, what pleasure to keep her always at home, and *you* as her governess!"

"You don't know that *I* should allow *that*," answered Mr. Selwyn; come, come, be content; you allow William's health and education is improved since he went to school; why should you wish to deprive him of these advantages?"

"I don't, Mr. Selwyn," replied she, "indeed, I think it best he should go; but it is so *hard* to part with him."

"Then he must not come home *again*,"

returned he, very good humouredly, "if the pain of his leaving you is greater than the pleasure his return occasions."

"Oh, no, no!" said Mrs. Selwyn, "he must go, and he must come home again. I *shall* behave better the next time."

"*He* behaves better than *you* now," said Mr. Selwyn, "and I am glad my boy is more of a man than to shed a tear;" though one stood in either eye, which his father would not observe, and William turned hastily round to conceal them, and then taking his mother's hand, said, "come, mamma, I am ready; it is not so far but that we may meet again."

They then ascended the carriage, and Mr. Selwyn again gave his son due praise, and saw them drive off, not without emotion of the tenderest kind.

When they arrived at the school, William found his friend Mason already there, and till that moment had forgot their meeting with Constance at Cheltenham, and when he remembered it, hoped that Mason would not do so likewise; for fond as William was of his cousin, he could not get over the false shame occasioned by her situation in life, so as to behave this last time of their being together, as he would have done had not Mason been

present. She remembered the former circumstance, and regretted to see a similar conduct in William to that he seemed so ashamed of when his father reproved him. Mrs. Selwyn saw it also, but was more desirous that nothing should distress her son just at the moment of parting, and after they had walked round the play-ground, to notice some improvement there, she proposed returning to the parlour; and Mr. Newton, out of compliment to her, as he found her acquainted with Mason's father, asked him to walk in likewise, but this was not what Mrs. Selwyn wished.

Refreshments were brought in, and Mr. Newton, who had been introduced to Constance as a niece of Mrs. Selwyn's, offered her some, and addressed her by her name.

Mason had thought he recollected her before, but now became quite sure, and asked William in a low voice, if she was not the pretty milliner they had met at Cheltenham? "and is it true," said he, "that her mother is your father's *sister*?"

"My *mother's* sister," answered William, much confused; "but I will tell you all about her another time."

"Why did you not speak to her at Chel-

tenham then," said he, "and introduce me to her? she is *very* handsome; you must do it now."

Mrs. Selwyn's eyes were often directed towards her son and his companion; and she guessed the subject of their conversation by their looking so much at Constance; she began therefore to speak about the carriage, and asked Mr. Newton's leave to ring the bell, that it might be ordered. When it was ready, William approached to say farewell to his mother, with Mason close behind him, and then exerting all the resolution he was master of, he took the hand of Constance, saying, "before I say goodbye to you my dear cousin, Master Mason wishes to be introduced to *you*."

Constance curtsied, and with one of her sweetest smiles bestowed on William, shewed how well she thought of him for thus getting over a false pride. There was no occasion for her to speak her approval; William saw it in her looks, and felt quite happy in having deserved it.

Mrs. Selwyn would have been much better pleased if this introduction had not taken place, and would willingly have said something in *extenuation* of having *such a relation*

to Master Mason, whose good opinion, though a mere boy, appeared of consequence from the connexion he had with so many great people, but she was fearful of lessening her neice in the opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Newton.

Constance bade her cousin adieu, and in a whisper added, "I shall tell your father of this, I know it will give him great pleasure."

Mrs. Selwyn again said, "farewell," and they were soon at home, where Constance took the first opportunity, when alone with Mr. Selwyn, to tell him of the conquest William had made over his pride; and he was, as she said, very much pleased to hear it.

This amiable girl was now introduced to Mr. Vernon, who had been from home till this time; and he was as much pleased with her as the rest of the party, and often recommended her as an example to his friend Elizabeth. I should exceed the limits of my book, was I to be too minute in the detail of what I have further to relate. I shall, therefore, only say that Constance spent the next six months between her two aunts, to whom she every day appeared of more value. Mrs. Selwyn almost forgot in her society, her daily complaint of illness; her visit to Cheltenham, and the company she saw there,

had given her mind a new turn ; and she began to think there were other pleasures than that of always complaining.

“ I have not the continual anxiety about dear William either,” said she, “ as I had when he was at home and always ill.”

She saw him occasionally, and often heard from his father that he was well and happy. Constance was also a great acquisition to Mrs. Benson's children, and could she have done it without neglecting Mrs. Selwyn, who was her first friend, she would have been always there, as while assisting Mrs. Benson in giving them instruction, she found much herself ; and the strict notions of morality and rectitude which that lady endeavoured to instil into them, taught Constance what plan to pursue when she should have children under her care. There was a firmness, yet kindness, in Mrs. Benson's treatment of them, which, while it promoted peace among themselves, rendered them not the less fond of her, or less happy in her company. The libraries of Mr. Selwyn and Mr. Benson were of great use to Constance, and she constantly devoted four hours in the day to her private studies ; from being an early riser, she had more time to herself, and yet could de-

vote great part of the day to the amusement of her aunt, who was fond of hearing her read aloud, or when at Mr. Benson's she assisted her aunt in instructing her cousins. Herbert, from being so often an invalid, claimed her peculiar attention; and he was so fond of her, that he made a greater improvement in the lessons she gave him than any of the rest. She often heard from her father, and wrote to him, who told her that the young ones at home sadly felt her absence, as they had now scarcely any instruction but what they could gain at a day school; it was not in his power to attend to them himself, from his numerous engagements, and that he sometimes thought he would give up attending some of his pupils, that he might have more time to bestow upon them. But had it not been that she feared an objection from her mother, Constance would have returned home that she might attend to them herself, at least till a situation was found for her: many had been heard of, but Mr. Selwyn either objected to the family, or the terms, and would not let her leave them till one more eligible was found; and when she expressed her fear of intruding on them, he told her not to be distressed on that account; "besides," said he, "William is

coming home again, and I depend on you to forward him in his French lessons, a language I wish him to be well grounded in." She wrote also to her mother, and sometimes received affectionate letters from her in return, and at others they abounded in acrimonious expressions, just as her capricious humour directed. Constance lamented she could see the same temper prevailing; and the thoughts of home, and the neglect of the education of her younger brothers and sisters, was the only check to the comfort she experienced with her uncle and aunts. Mrs. Selwyn, who was by no means wanting in generosity, often made her handsome presents; and Mrs. Benson was equally kind, which gave her an opportunity of sending home whatever she thought would be most acceptable; and knowing that her mother had but little time to work for the children, she often made such articles of clothes as she thought would fit them, and added them to her packets.

When William came home from school he was so grown, that she scarcely knew him, and he expressed great pleasure at finding her still with his parents; and was no longer the little humoured boy we at first described. The

servants all remarked the change, and Mary, whom we have mentioned in the first chapter, now took a pleasure in waiting on him, and keeping his chamber in the greatest order; and in relating to the other servants the change there was in him: "he thanks me *now*," said she, "for whatever I do for him, and has just the manners of his pretty cousin."

William was made happy, and rewarded for his improvement at school, by having the horse he had so often wished for, bought for him; and he rode with his father or his cousins every day.

Elizabeth Benson was a greater favourite with him, as she became more like Constance, and attended to her advice; and now she found William more like other boys, she did not make him so much the object of her ridicule. These, with her two elder brothers and William, spoke French whenever they met; and Constance was the corrector of whatever was amiss in their expressions, for which she instituted a forfeit of a penny each time; and which, by mutual consent, was devoted to the support of a school which Mrs. Benson and Mrs. Selwyn had established in the neighbouring village, for the children of the labourers who worked in

their grounds, and where Constance and her cousin often attended.

In a few months more a situation was heard of, in every respect proper for Constance, about ten miles nearer home, and in a family of fortune, who had five daughters, and the eldest not more than ten years of age. Mr. Selwyn went with her himself to the house, and his strong recommendation, together with her own agreeable manners, determined Sir John and Lady Nugent to engage her. A handsome salary was allowed her, and the apartments in one wing of the house given up to her and the young ladies, with two maid servants to wait upon them; that Constance had only to attend to their instruction, and they soon made such improvement, as to render their parents quite satisfied with their choice of a governess.

Constance's letters to her father and mother made him quite happy; but she was grieved to hear from his replies, that her mother was in a very declining state of health: and when she had been three years with Lady Nugent, obtained leave to go home for a few weeks, she found her parents both much altered, though their circumstances were more comfortable, she feared that their health had been sacrificed to make them so?

Madeline was grown quite a woman, and had formed an acquaintance with a young tradesman in the town, who was well established, and to whom her father consented she should be married. By the persuasion of Constance, Madame gave up her business to them, and Jane was old enough to be taken into their shop, and received as much pleasure in assisting them as Madeline had formerly done in their mother's.

Maurice was grown pleasanter in his manners, and attended more pupils than his father, who now devoted his time to the care of his wife, and endeavouring to lessen the *ennui* occasioned by sickness, and the change from a large way of business to a private life. George too, who was the youngest child, he intended to educate for a school; and Charles, who was now twelve years old; and the eldest of those Constance had left at home as little ones, became, through the interest of Mr. Selwyn, a midshipman in the navy, a line of life he had always wished to be in.

About this time also, the aunt of Madame Dubarre, whom she had so severely offended by her marriage, died at a very advanced age, and contrary to all their expectations, left each

of her neices a thousand pounds, bequeathing all the rest of her large fortune to the relations she lived with; and this sum made Madame more happy than the possession of the whole would have done without her knowing the want of it; and its coming so unlooked for added to its value.

Before her return to Lady Nugent, Constance had the pleasure of seeing her father and mother comfortably settled in a small well furnished house, with Maurice and George as their companions, and two servants, who seemed to vie with their master in their attention to Madame.

Madeline was, to her own way of thinking, happily married, and Charles, much pleased with his situation at sea. On going back, she was received with great pleasure, and in a few days afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, who occasionally visited Sir John and his lady, were invited to a family dinner, and as it was the vacation, William accompanied them, now a pleasant and agreeable young man, nearly seventeen.

When the ladies retired after dinner, and as it was only their own party, Constance took the opportunity to relate to her aunt the changes in her family, and expressed her hope

that now she was free from the hurry of business, her mother would recover her health.

Mrs. Selwyn was still very kind to her, and her uncle, by the most marked attention, shewed the sincere regard and respect he had for her talents.

## CHAPTER XII.

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“ With gentle yet prevailing force,  
Intent upon her destin'd course.”

COWPER.

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IN a few months time William and the eldest Benson went to the university, and were entered at the same college; after which Mr. Selwyn requested Lady Nugent to spare their niece to them for a few days. This could not be refused; and Constance, with great pleasure, returned once more to those aunts whose kindness she had so often experienced. She found Elizabeth Benson, now eighteen, a very agreeable sensible girl, still the favourite of Mr. Vernon, and much benefited by his well timed remarks, and the instructress of her younger sisters.

Herbert had out-grown his complaints, and was a fine boy of fifteen, and Charles had been at Woolwich about a twelvemonth. The four girls were the constant companions of their mother, who, for the sake of Elizabeth, went more into company than she formerly did, and sometimes allowed her to stay a week or two with her aunt, Mrs. Selwyn, where it was her constant care to do as her cousin had done before her.

While here, Constance received from her father a good account of her mother's health. He expressed himself quite happy, and nothing more was wanting to render her completely so; but she had yet another act of kindness to experience from her uncle and aunt, which increased her affection and gratitude beyond what she could express. On the last day of her being with them, as they were sitting after dinner, Mrs. Selwyn said to her, "you are now twenty-one, I think, my dear Constance; it is time you should be put in possession of your fortune."

"Oh, my dear aunt, I had *that*, I think, when I became acquainted with *you*," returned she, "and through your and my uncle's recommendation, became settled in Lady Nugent's

family; and I assure you I think it a very *good one*."

"But I have here a small sum to beg your acceptance of," said Mrs. Selwyn, holding a paper to her; "it is the unexpected legacy my aunt left me; and Mr. Selwyn is as desirous as myself that it should be your's. Indeed, he was the first to mention it. Our fortune is quite sufficient for us, and will be for our son after us; and he also is much pleased that this should be your's."

"You are too good to me, my dear aunt," replied the grateful girl, overcome with a sense of their goodness; "and *you also*, sir: what have I done to deserve such kindness?"

"My dear Constance," said he, very kindly, "do not over-rate what is so easy for *us* to do. Your attention to William and your aunt, while under our roof, merited more than *this*, and be assured you have our sincere thanks and esteem for it."

"Oh, sir," replied Constance, with tears, which she could not restrain, "*you have mine*, I am sure, and I hope my future conduct may evince how much I am obliged to you; but while I am with Lady Nugent, it is impossible I should want it, sir."

“ That is what I am thinking of,” said he, “ and therefore if you will allow me to be your agent, I will place it where the interest can accumulate till you have occasion for it.”

“ If you please, sir,” said she, “ it will increase the obligation I already owe you ; and as I have the happiness of knowing my parents are not in any want of it, I would rather it was disposed of so, than any other way ; that when I leave my present situation, it may prevent my being a burthen to them.”

This was therefore settled, and the rest of the evening was spent in grateful attention to her kind benefactors by Constance, and the pleasure arising from a generous action which only those who are enabled to perform can enter into.

The next morning Constance returned to Lady Nugent's, and her usual avocations, and there found a young gentleman, who was a nephew of Sir John's, and who was to succeed him in the title and estate, just returned from his travels. He was about twenty-eight years of age, and what her ladyship called “ a complete Sir Charles Grandison ;” he was polite and attentive to his unclè and aunt, and equally so to Constance. The idea of her being governess to his cousins

did not in the least lessen her in his opinion, but rather increased the attention with which he observed her, as he was struck with the manners and well chosen knowledge of the young ladies; he wished more particularly to examine the source from which it had been derived, and soon found, after he had been about three months in her society, that Constance was just the woman he should like to marry. Having learnt that she was neice to Mr. Selwyn, he went over to make proposals in form to that gentleman.

Nothing could be more pleasing to Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, or the rest of the family, who all spoke of her in the highest terms; and as Constance could have no objection to his person or character, there seemed no obstacle to her happiness. The more they conversed together, their pleasure in each other's company increased; and Miss Dubarre was no longer looked upon as the governess of the young ladies, but the friend of Lady Nugent, and the intended wife of their cousin; and whatever dislike Sir John and his lady might at first have felt to his forming the connexion, they acknowledged that they had no right to control him in such an important event, and were

perfectly satisfied with the conduct and behaviour of Constance, though they might have wished her fortune larger.

Happiness now seemed to await Constance's acceptance, but as there is none in this life without alloy, her's received a check in a letter from her father, informing her that they had been too sanguine in the hope of her mother's recovery; she was much worse, and the physician who attended her, gave no hopes of her getting better, though he did not pronounce her in immediate danger. This intelligence determined Constance to go to her directly, and attended by her uncle's servant, she left her friends at Rock-place, the name of Sir John Nugent's seat, and arrived at Cheltenham in a few hours. Her fair prospects were already known to her father and mother, who cordially rejoiced in them.

"*You* are indeed worthy of every good, my dear Constance," said her mother, "it was not that I was not sensible of your worth, but I am ashamed to say, I was jealous of it, which made me act as I too often did towards you; my mind was continually recurring to the scenes I left when young and handsome like *you*; and though it was my own choice, and your father,

now dearer to me than ever, has never given me a moment's cause to repent it; yet I could not bear to see you so fitted to appear in those scenes, and without that vanity which at your age turned *my* brain. You were superior to me, and I could not bear it."

"Oh! my mother, do not talk so!" said Constance.

"I will, and I must say it," returned she; "but you *are* I hope going to move in a much higher sphere, the due reward of all your merits. I am glad I have lived to see it, and that I can now hear of your felicity without being jealous; surely, that cursed envy would not return, if I was to recover and hear of your being noticed and admired on your marriage!"

"My dear mother, I only wish to be admired by my husband!" replied Constance, blushing; "I am not formed for a gay life; nor is it his disposition either, or he would never have chosen *me*: we are well suited in that respect."

"Well, my dear child," said her mother, "I should like to live to see you married, if it pleases the Almighty; but if not my best wishes are for your happiness."

Madame Dubarre lingered a few weeks, dur-

ing which time her affectionate daughter never left her bed-side. Madeline visited her as often as her business would permit; and Jane came whenever she could be spared: but none was equal to Constance, or so good a nurse; and her mother now seemed as fond of her as before she had disliked her. And after she had closed her eyes, her father, who was nearly inconsolable, at the earnest entreaty of Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, accompanied his daughter to Burrow's hill: here they were soon visited by the intended husband of Constance, whose attachment to her was not lessened by absence. He had during that time been looking for a house in the neighbourhood of his uncle, and of which, as soon as it was proper, after the death of her mother, he made her the mistress, who in every part of her conduct fully justified the opinion all her friends had formed of her. She did not enter into gay life, though she visited London every year; and when in the country, she was the benefactress of all who needed. At the request of her husband, M. Dubarre took up his residence at their house, after Maurice had married a young woman of Cheltenham; and his son Charles, who was in the navy, was soon raised to the rank of first

lieutenant, and then to captain, by the interest of his brother-in-law; who also provided handsomely for George, by placing him with an eminent lawyer.

William Selwyn often visited his cousin, Mrs. Nugent, and in the course of a few years, married the eldest daughter of Sir John; and when, on his father's death, he succeeded to his estate, he endeavoured as much as possible to live as he had done, and to follow his example in every respect. His mother survived Mr. Selwyn many years, and continued to live with her son; and her partiality to her grandchildren was equal to that she felt for him at their age, though from the attention their mother paid them, they were not so liable to be spoiled by it.

John Benson married another of the Miss Nugents; and Elizabeth was united to a man of fortune, and removed to a distant country. Mrs. Benson died before her sister; and Mr. Benson found the only consolation this world could offer him, in the society of his younger children, who still continued with him, Mary, Jane, and Emma. His eldest son, as he was to have the estate, and received a good fortune with his wife, entered into no profession; but

Charles continued in the army, and Herbert, whose health was still delicate, practised the law.

I shall add but little more respecting Constance, who was the mother of several fine children, and was truly happy in their's and her husband's affections. She still remembered Madeline, and often sent her presents; but the evil which was so prevalent in their mother, remained in full force in her sister's breast, who could not receive any kindness from her with civility; and while she boasted that her own industry and abilities had procured her every thing she wanted, was inwardly pining with mortification at the good fortune of Constance. She had instilled the same disposition into Jane's mind, who was at one time boasting among her young companions how well her sister was married; and at another, saying that she thought herself much better off to depend on her own exertions, than to be looking out for a rich husband to support her. Their father paid them one visit before his death, but returned full of grief at the reception he met with, and the displeasure Madeline expressed that he should accept of an asylum in the house of Mr. Nugent, whom she insinuated was ashamed both of him and his family.

“I am *ashamed* of you;” said her father, “nor can I think it right that he, or your sister, should any more endeavour to conciliate your affections, since all their attempts have hitherto proved fruitless. I must leave you to the punishment your fault brings with it; and can only wish you may see your error before it is too late.”

In William Selwyn my readers may see the benefit of having their faults properly corrected; had *his* not been so, he would have continued proud and selfish; and instead of being useful in his situation in life, his large fortune would have made him a greater evil in the neighbourhood, because he would have had it more in his power to do ill, and to distress his fellow creatures; as it was, he became an useful member of society, a pleasant companion among his equals, and a blessing to those below him.

THE END.

I am rejoiced of you, said her father,  
 nor can I think it right that he or your sister  
 should any more endeavor to conciliate your  
 affection, since all our attempts have hitherto  
 proved fruitless. I must leave you to the  
 conduct of your mother and sister, and can  
 only wish you success, your sister before it is

the last. In William's case, my readers may see the  
 necessity of having their rights properly corrected;  
 he has not been so, he would have continued  
 in his old selfish and partial way, and would  
 in the situation in his history, perhaps would  
 have made him a greater evil to his neighbors  
 than good. He would have been a blot in the  
 world; as it was no because an useful member  
 of society; a pleasant companion; a source of  
 advice, and a blessing to those who were

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