

THE
BLIND CHILD,

OR

ANECDOTES

OF THE

WYNDHAM FAMILY,

WRITTEN FOR THE USE OF

YOUNG PEOPLE.

=====
BY A LADY.
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PREFACE.

IT has always been my opinion, that a person of genius, who dedicates superior talents to the instruction of young people, deserves the highest applause and the most enthusiastic admiration. To write with a constant attention to the limited understandieg or information of children; to restrain a lively imagination, and employ a mind capable of the most brilliant pursuits on subjects of a puerile kind, seems to be a sort of heroic sacrifice of gratification to virtue, which I cannot doubt is acceptable to the Supreme Being.

We have, in the present age, many striking examples of this kind. The names of Barbauld and Genlis will be sufficient to prove this, although with them many others might undoubtedly claim that immortal honour, which the union of genius with virtue ought always to bestow.

To rank with such characters as these, however it may be my ambition, will, I fear, never be my lot! But a noble emulation, whether or not it be successful, can never be despicable; and whatever are my talents, the desire of making them subservient to the cause of virtue, will, at least be approved by the candid and the good: to them I dedicate the following simple pages, happy, most happy, if they serve to awaken, in the rising generation, that lively wish for goodness they were intended to inspire.

My principal aim, it will be seen, is to repress that excessive softness of heart, which too frequently involves its possessor in a train of evils, and which is by no means true sensibility, that exquisite gift of heaven, which no one can esteem more highly than myself, though its abuse every day serves more and more to convince me, it can never be sufficiently discouraged and condemned. With this short explanation of the motives which have induced me to give this work to the public, I resign it with implicit obedience to the decrees of those who are much more able than myself to judge of its merits.

THE
BLIND CHILD.

MR. WYNDHAM, of whose family I am about to relate some Anecdotes, was an eminent merchant. He married an amiable woman, by whom he had four children. Their residence, during the winter, was in one of the best streets in the city of London, and in the summer months, at his fine estate in the country, on which he had built an elegant house, and where the riches his industry, and that of his father, had gained, were partly employed in decorating his grounds, and partly distributed with a liberal hand among the neighbouring poor. But it is not of Mr. Wyndham only I mean to speak, though his benevolence, his probity, and various virtues, might well employ a more able historian than myself. It is true, he will sometimes appear to great advantage in the following

pages: but since I address myself to a youthful class of readers, it is probable they will be more interested in what respects his children. It is their dispositions, their conduct, their manners, I mean to describe, and Mr. Wyndham will appear in a more amiable light as their father than any other. As a good mother too, Mrs. Wyndham will, I doubt not, excite many grateful comparisons in my young friends, who will read in her character those virtues which have been exerted by their own mothers; and not one sentiment of regret will, I hope, be awakened by a review of her actions, except in that feeling youthful bosom, which mourns the loss of an indulgent parent.

Mr. Wyndham's eldest child was a daughter, named Emily. She was, at the time when this history commences, just turned of fourteen, and at that age gave promise of every amiable and virtuous quality; I say gave promise, because at that time of life, the character cannot be decided. Neither had she been injudiciously brought forward according to the fashion of the times, which, hastening the summer of life, shortens the spring, and consequently denies a proper time for the unfolding of the silken bud, and forces an immature fruit, neither fair to the sight, nor pleasing to the taste. This reflection, excited by my subject, may, I hope, be

excused: for, should my young readers pass it over as unimportant *now*, it may hereafter recur to their memory, as neither untrue nor uninteresting.

Emily, with a form of the most delicate order, had been accustomed so early to habits of industry and exercise, that her frame had acquired a strength which nature had denied, and her countenance a bloom, which enlivened it with the most graceful vivacity. She was not a beauty, but she was perfectly agreeable. Her healthy appearance, her intelligent and modest smile, the ingenuous candour that shone in her eyes, gave her charms infinitely preferable to a cold regularity of features, because they were graces which rose from the heart, and could not have existed without a corresponding sweetness of disposition. In the mild countenance and elegant manners of Emily, you might read the excellence of her temper and the intelligence of her soul. In her eyes, as in a mirror, you saw reflected every motion of her heart: she was without disguise; and her natural graces were infinitely preferable to any which art and affectation could have taught her. But her character will reveal itself; and my young readers, though charmed with Emily, may be impatient to hear more of her brother and sisters. Mrs. Wyndham's second child was a son, near twelve

years of age. He was named Arthur, and he deserved equally with Emily the affection of his parents. He was naturally of a bold, impetuous disposition, which they had taken the utmost pains to keep within due bounds, and had so far succeeded, that, except in a very few instances, his behaviour was perfectly becoming. Sometimes, indeed, his natural impatience subjected him to inconvenience; but that Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham did not much regret, because it served to convince him how right they were, when they warned him against yielding to the eagerness of his temper. He had an excellent sense, great tenderness of heart, and a most affectionate disposition, which showed itself to peculiar advantage in his behaviour to his sisters.—To the second of them he was ever more mindful than to the others. Alas! she most needed his attention. She was nine years old. Her name was Helen; and when she was about a year old, she had the misfortune of losing her sight by a violent cold, so that she was now entirely blind; her fine dark eyes turned mournfully round without receiving a single ray of light.—She had become blind so young, that she had no idea of the objects before her: she knew not what was meant by the sun, the moon, or any thing that was talked of as beautiful; and what still more affected her tender heart, she knew not

the countenances of her father and mother ! What grief to them was this sad affliction ! with what anguish did they perceive the impossibility of giving her equal advantages of education with their other children ! with what ardour did they pray for the restoration of her sight.

The youngest child was also a girl. She was about seven years old, and was named Maria. She was very pretty, very gentle, and sweet in her temper, and entirely the favourite of all the family. Thus would Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham have been completely happy in their children, but for the misfortune of poor Helen : for which however they were partly consoled, by the tenderness and compassion it excited in her brother and sisters. At the time I have chosen for the commencement of these Anecdotes, Mr. Wyndham's family had just passed the winter in London, and were preparing for their remove to Belle-Ville, their seat in the country. The children were all extremely rejoiced and delighted with the thoughts of so pleasing an exchange. They were all busily employed in packing up their clothes, except Helen, who sat on a window seat in the nursery, attending to their conversation.

Arthur—Emily, sha'n't you be very glad to see your birds again ?

Emily—Yes indeed, brother: I hope the hard winter has destroyed none of them. I charged Jenny to throw the crumbs into the filbert-tree-walk; and I hope we shall find it well stocked with as many little pensioners as usual. But I have a much greater pleasure in expectation.

Arthur—What is that Emily?

Emily—Can you not guess, Arthur?

Arthur—O, I'll be hang'd if you don't mean seeing little Charlotte Neville!

Emily—But there can be no occasion for your saying you'd *be hang'd*, brother, even if you were wrong in your guess.

Helen (laughing)—I'm glad you told him of that ugly saying, sister; I don't like to hear him use it.

Arthur—If I like it, that's enough; you need not trouble yourselves to correct my language.

Helen—But I say, Arthur, that Papa does not choose you should use those words.

Arthur—Well, then, Papa can tell me of it without your assistance.

Helen—But not——

Emily—Hush, my dear Helen. Arthur don't be angry. Come, what were we talking of?

Maria—O, of Charlotte Neville;—and I shall be very glad to see her too. I shall then show her my new doll, and this pretty

coach Mr. Jones gave me, and this new book—look, what nice pictures there are in it—“*This is the house that Jack built.*”—Who was Jack, sister?

Helen—How her little tongue runs.

Arthur—But, Emily, to ask you rather a more important question than Maria's, do you know how Mrs. Neville is?

Emily—Ah, mama's last letter says, she is very ill indeed.

Arthur—And is not mama very sorry?

Emily—Certainly, for you know they have always loved each other. To lose Mrs. Neville, would be the same thing to mama, as it would be to Helen if I were to die; they have always loved like sisters.

Helen—To die! I don't understand that; I never could have thought of it!

Emily (to Arthur, with tears in her eyes)—Poor thing, how she affects me! She means, she can have no idea of it. Alas! how many ideas must she want in consequence of her blindness!

Helen—But, Emily, you don't answer me. Tell me, then, what it is to die!

Emily—You ask too hard a question for me to answer, my dear Helen: I can only tell you, that when a person dies, they have no longer any sense: they seem as if they were asleep, except that they do not breathe and they wake no more.

Helen—I do not quite understand ;—but I know enough to be sure, that it cannot be the same thing to mama, if Mrs. Neville was to die, as it would be to me if you died ; for if you were always asleep, you could not lead me about—you could not tell me such amusing stories. Now mama can walk by herself, and read stories, and what you call work. I can do none of all this. Oh, it is quite another thing !

Arthur—Don't talk so, my dear Helen ; you make us all sad.

Maria—And Emily is crying.

Helen—Where, where is she ? lead me to her, Maria.

Emily—I will come to you, my dear sister.—

Emily then ran to her, embraced her, and here the conversation ceased for that time : the next morning they all set off for Belleville, which they reached in the evening, and were too much tired to stir from the house that night. The next morning they rose very early ; the three girls were soon dressed ; and then they rapped at Arthur's door, which he opened, and they all went down together. Arthur, impatient and eager, in a few minutes found himself several yards before his sisters. He was closely followed by little Maria, who skipped from place to place like a young bird, and made many thousand ex-

clamations about flowers and trees. Emily, with Helen leaning on her arm, continued to walk more slowly on the terrace, which commanded a beautiful view, and where they held the following conversation :

Helen—I feel the air very warm and pleasant ; and how sweetly the birds sing.

Emily—'Tis a glorious morning ; the spring returns in all its beauty, and the birds enjoy the young leaves.

Helen—So, Arthur and Maria are run away ! I no longer hear their voices ; and you my dear Emily, how good you are to remain with me. If you will lead me to a bench, I will sit down, and you may run also.

Emily—No, my dear, I feel no inclination to do so. at I

Helen—That is so good ! You say so because you would not have me feel sorry^{ceive} keeping you here.—Yes, yes, I understand that ; and I ought never to feel unhappy since I have such kind relations. But, I hear^{ly}, you said just now, it is a *glorious morning* ; why cannot I have any notion of a *glorious morning* ? You talk of the sun, you say how *bright he shines* : why does he shine as you call it, in vain only for me ? I cannot help sighing when I think of it !

Emily—(embracing her). It makes me sigh too, my dear girl ; it makes me as sad as it does you. But do not say the sun

shines in vain for you: 'tis true, you cannot see him; but it is by his assistance the air is warmed and purified, that the birds are enlivened and caused to sing; that these flowers which you smell, are produced: thus, then, he shines not in vain even for you.

Helen—That is true; I ought not to be unhappy. But there are so many things I do not understand, so many words which have no meaning to me—The other day when you left the room, Mr. Thomson said to mama, “Miss Wyndham grows very handsome—she is charming.” No, Sir, mama said, she is not very handsome, but she is a very good girl. What did he mean by *handsome*? And why did mama say you were not so?

Emily—Mama was in the right: he said so.—cause he thought she would be pleased with it.

Helen—But how is that? Would mama be pleased with you for being handsome? Why then are you not?

Emily—No, mama is too just; she would not love me the better for being handsome; only foolish people are pleased with that.

Helen—Ah, then, Mr. Thomson I guess is not very wise to take mama for a foolish person!—But how is it you cannot be handsome?

Emily—My dear, I can no more make myself handsome, than you can make your-

self see. To be handsome, we must have regular features, a good complexion, and a fine shape. It is only God who can give these. They are given to many persons; but these are not always the most happy. They frequently become vain or proud with their beauty; they attend to nothing but its improvement; they learn nothing but how to dress themselves; they are idle, frivolous, and useless: while children, they are inattentive to their parents; when parents, they are careless of their children. These are my mother's ideas, almost her words. But this picture is not universal; some people render beauty more pleasing by good sense, by accomplishments, and by virtue.

Helen—I understand you in part; but I can have no notion of beauty.

Emily—Smell this flower, you can receive pleasure from its scent?

Helen—Yes, I can; It is delightful.

Emily—That bird—do you not like to hear him sing?

Helen—Yes, surely.

Emily—Well, then, the eye has sensations something like these; when it sees any thing beautiful it receives the same pleasure which you have in a pleasant scent, or an agreeable sound.

Helen—You have given me a very good notion of it, at least I think so. If ever it

should please God to give me my sight, I will tell you whether you had ever before given me any idea of its advantages.

She pronounced these words in so affecting a tone, that Emily could not help shedding tears ; and Helen, softened by their conversation, wept also. At that instant they were joined by Arthur and Maria ; they had run themselves out of breath, and were both laughing ; but their mirth was changed in an instant into gravity, when they saw the melancholy of their sisters.

Maria—What, you have been crying because we ran away from you ; is not that it ? Well, then, be comforted, you shall run too ; I will lead Helen.

Arthur—Hold your peace, simpleton ; would they cry because we left them ? No, no, we only disturb them !

Emily—How ! why do you think so ?

Arthur—Because we are such chatter-pies, and you are so grave and so good. Come, what is all this about ? Have you been weeping over the lamentable tale of Blue Beard, or the melancholy history of Cinderilla ?

Emily—What nonsense is that you are talking ?

Arthur—But you laugh—Well, that is all I wanted, so my nonsense has succeeded ; and Helen laughs too, that is right. Do you know it is almost breakfast time ? I fancy

we shall be expected. Come, Helen, lean on me ; Emily, take the other arm. Run before little kitten, and tell them we are coming in grand procession.

Helen—Arthur makes me laugh he is so droll.

They then went into the house and after breakfast was over, the children gave an account of their morning ramble. Helen was gone out of the room, and Emily remained silent. Mrs. Wyndham observing this, asked her how she found her birds and bees ?

Emily—I did not see them, Ma'am.

Mrs. Wyndham—How happened that, my dear ?

Emily—I was walking on the terrace with Helen, Ma'am, and she did not seem disposed to run to the filbert-tree-walk, it was so far, and we rose later than usual.

Mrs. Wyndham—What, then you were the only one with Helen : Arthur and Maria had run away ; was it not so ?

Emily—Yes, Ma'am, but——

Mrs. Wyndham—Nay, my dear, I shall not speak of this as a serious matter ; I dare say their volatile spirits only were the cause of their inattention. They should, however, have considered that you, who are particularly fond of the birds and bees, no doubt wished to see them as much as they could ; they ought, therefore, to have offered their assist-

to Helen. Had you been as inconsiderate, the poor child would have been alone.

Arthur—But, indeed, ma'am, I thought Emily and Helen would have followed us.

Emily—Yes, I am sure you did, Arthur and so we should, had we not insensibly engaged in an interesting conversation, which pleased me better than seeing my birds; therefore, pray ma'am, do not be displeased with my brother and sister.

Arthur (with warmth)—You are too good to us, Emily. As to Maria, she is excusable, as being a child; but I ought to have known better. I said, indeed, I thought you would have followed us; but the real truth is, I believe, that I did not think any thing about it.

Mr. Wyndham—That is right, Arthur; I like this candid avowal.

Mrs. Wyndham—'Tis a thousand times better than any excuse. Let no more be said on the subject, except that I give you a general caution to imitate the attention of Emily to Helen. Restrain, my dears, those lively spirits, which I delight to see, when they do not interfere with *her* enjoyments.—*Poor thing, she is blind!* and is thereby circumscribed in her pleasures: they all depend on our attention; and let me intreat you in this, as in all other circumstances, to do as you would be done by.

At the words, "*Poor thing, she is blind,*" and the pathetic manner in which Mrs. Wyndham pronounced them, the tears started into the eyes of Emily and Arthur, they each kissed a hand of their mother, and she uttered the promise their hearts made her, never to neglect the helpless object of their cares.—Helen just then returned, and they entered immediately on the employment of the morning.—Emily and Maria worked, while Arthur read aloud; and Helen, who, by great attention had been taught to knit, employed herself with that, and listened to her brother. He then withdrew to take his Latin and other lessons with his father. Emily then took a book, and afterwards Maria; then Miss Wyndham practised for an hour on the harpsichord, to which Helen listened with great delight: she was excessively fond of music, had an agreeable voice and could sing several songs. While they employed themselves thus, Maria wrote with her mamma. The children were then dressed, and Mrs. Wyndham ordered the carriage, and with her three daughters, set out for an airing. She bade the coachman drive to Mrs. Neville's, whom she was impatient to see, as the children were to embrace their little play-fellow, for whom they had brought several toys from London.

When the coach stopped at Mrs. Neville's door, little Charlotte came running out, and in the instant the young Wyndham's were out of the coach, they eagerly embraced her.—“ Oh, I am so glad to see you,” exclaimed Charlotte: “ mama said she thought you would call to-day.”—How is your mama to-day, my dear ?” said Mrs. Wyndham. “ Oh, very poorly indeed,” the little girl replied ; “ she is very weak too, and now she cannot walk with me at all !” —Mrs. Wyndham sighed deeply, and taking little Charlotte by the hand, was led by her into the parlour, where they found Mrs. Neville. Mrs. Wyndham embraced her with that cordiality which their long friendship demanded.—Tears started into the eyes of each.—Mrs. Neville's arose from the satisfaction she felt in seeing her friend ; Mrs. Wyndham's, from grief for the sad alteration a few months had made in Mrs. Neville's countenance. The children, struck by its mournful and interesting paleness, kept a pensive silence, and Emily's eyes were filled with tears ; she leaned down and caressed Charlotte. At length Mrs. Wyndham, conquering her emotion, broke silence.

Mrs. Wyndham—You expected me, my dear friend ?

Mrs. Neville—Yes ; I knew your kindness would lead you to me as soon as possible.—

How happy it makes me to see you ! I have a thousand things to say.

Mrs. Wyndham—I am also impatient to converse with you ; but do not fatigue yourself ; our arrival has flurried you. Tell me whether you think the children grown ?—That, you know, is one of the first questions a mother asks.

Mrs. Neville (smiling)—I know it by experience. My dear Emily, come to me ; how you are grown and improved !

Emily—You are always too good to me, my dear ma'am ; it delights me to see you and my dear Charlotte.

Mrs. Neville—Charlotte is happy, my dear girl, in your affection. But let me not forget my other friends.

She then kissed Maria and Helen, while Mrs. Wyndham took Charlotte on her knee.

Mrs. Neville—With what pleasure do I see her in your arms !—Ah, my friend !—

She stopped, interrupted by a sudden emotion, and Charlotte's little countenance was overspread with sadness, when she beheld her mama in tears.—“ Why do you cry, mama ?” said she ; “ you said you should be happy when Mrs. Wyndham came.”—“ Hush, little prattler,” Mrs. Wyndham said in a low voice. Mrs. Neville then recovering herself, proceeded—

Mrs. Neville—My dear friend, I have so much to say to you, and my mind will be so much easier when it is said, that you must gratify my impatience by allowing me to converse with you immediately.

Mrs. Wyndham—That shall be as you please ; but will not the fatigue—

Mrs. Neville—No, no ; I feel myself quite equal to it now. I know not how long it shall be so ; we ought never to defer till the next hour what we can do in this, especially when the hours of our life promise to be few.

She spoke this with a sweet smile ; but *Mrs. Wyndham*, overcome by the feelings of humanity, turned aside to conceal her tears.

Mrs. Neville—Charlotte, will you take Miss Helen and Miss Maria into your play-room ? you have several new toys.

Maria—Oh, and we have brought several new ones for her ; have we not Emily ? They are in that basket, mama ; may I open it ?

Mrs. Wyndham—Take them with you, my dear, and open the basket in the next room.

Little Charlotte seized Maria by the hand, and skipping about, led her into the play-room.—Emily arose to assist Helen.

Mrs. Neville—Miss Wyndham, when you have led your sister into the next room, will you return hither ?

Emily---If you desire it, ma'am, and ma-ma has no objection.

Mrs. Neville---I wish it much.

Mrs. Wyndham---Return, then, my dear.

Emily curtsied, and returned in a few minutes.

Mrs. Neville paused a minute—She trembled, changed colour, and seemed so much affected, that Emily's heart beat with apprehension for her. Mrs. Wyndham pressed her friend's hand, which she held in her own, and led her into discourse by talking of Charlotte's growth and improvement.

Mrs. Neville---She is, indeed, all my happiness in this world, the only tie, your friendship excepted, which holds me to it. My dear Emily, for how many years has your affection been one of my first delights!----With what pleasure do I still recollect a thousand instances of it! Have I not been sometimes ungrateful, petulant, and unkind? If I have, forgive me *now*.

Mrs. Wyndham---Ah, Charlotte! my friend, my dear friend!

Mrs. Neville---My heart has ever understood yours; it does so still! But I distress you. My dear Miss Wyndham, I requested you to stay, because I am convinced your discretion exceeds your years.---You have a good and feeling heart; cherish its kind affections. You are grieved to see me

thus wasted by disease, thus on the brink of another world. But, my dear young friend, to me the prospect is not dreadful ! Let the lesson I now give you sink deep into your heart : let it chasten and confirm your better thoughts. The prospect of death is no longer terrible to me. The *consolations of religion* are my support !

She stopped, exhausted by speaking ; for both Mrs. Wyndham and her daughter were too much affected to reply. She resumed her discourse after an instant's pause.

Mrs. Neville---Forgive me for speaking so much of myself ; it is to reconcile you to an event which soon, very soon must take place. My dear Emily, be not so affected ; recover yourself.

Mrs. Wyndham (embracing her with tears) —Ah, Charlotte, why do you speak thus ? Let me still hope that much may be done for you.

Mrs. Neville---No, do not hope it. And why should you even wish it ? why recal me to a world which, thank heaven, I am *now* prepared to quit ? Who knows if I might be so some years hence ? Be assured, however, nothing has been neglected : but all the medicine in the world can avail me no longer !

Emily, through her tears, stole a glance at her mother, and saw her change colour so

often, that she dreaded her fainting. A sudden motion alone spoke her apprehensions. Mrs. Wyndham saw it, and waved her hand to forbid her rising; then, by an immediate effort of fortitude, she said, calmly, "Let me not disturb your tranquility, my dear friend! May God grant me the same at the hour of my death!"

Emily's young heart, struck by these words, seemed to die within her; she hid her face with her hands, and burst into a flood of tears. Mrs. Wyndham and Mrs. Neville looked at each other, but took no notice of her emotion, which she soon conquered by a wish to emulate the virtuous fortitude of her mother. When they were all rather more composed, Mrs. Neville said:

"Allow me a few words more, though it distresses me to agitate it to you. One regret alone stands between me and a better world—my little Charlotte!" She stopped, and Mrs. Wyndham regarded her with earnest attention.

Mrs. Neville—She is so young, that my loss will be but for a short time lamented. But, alas! hereafter how severely may she feel it! The loss of a mother to a girl, is infinitely greater than she can conceive till she is herself a mother. Ah, who shall shield her innocence from deceit, and her youth from anguish!

Mrs. Wyndham—Ah, Charlotte! have you not a friend to whom you might confide this sacred and precious deposit?

Mrs. Neville—I have, indeed; but will she, can she accept—

Mrs. Wyndham—Can you doubt it? Have you not read my heart? Have you not always known the extent of its affections for you?

Mrs. Neville—I have never doubted it; but you have already so many duties, so much to employ you!

Mrs. Wyndham—By increasing our duties, if we discharge them properly, we increase our means of happiness. Beside, Emily is getting beyond childhood; she will, I know, be happy to share with me the care of your dear child.

Emily hastily arose; she threw herself with irresistible emotion on her knees before Mrs. Neville and her mother.

“Hear me, O! my dear mama!” she exclaimed; “suffer me, for I dare do nothing without your advice, suffer *me* to promise to be a mother to my Charlotte.—Do not think me presumptuous; I am young, it is true, but my heart, in this affecting scene, has been chastened and improved, more than it could have been by the experience of years. I promise, my *heart promises*, the most unlimited attention, the tenderest love!”

Mrs. Neville, affected beyond expression, caught the charming girl in her arms; and her mother, eagerly snatching her from them, prest her to her bosom. "But, Emily," said she, repressing her emotion, "do you seriously reflect on what you say? Recollect, that in future years your situation may change, you may be involved in difficulty; shall you still be able to keep your promise?"

Emily—Ah, mama, I shall be her mother! and who knows better than you the extent of those duties that sacred name imposes? If I am happy, Charlotte shall share my felicity; if I am in distress, will she refuse to divide my cares? Ah, no! I am sure of it; for will she not be my daughter?

Mrs. Wyndham—I have no longer any doubts. We have only to obtain Mrs. Neville's approbation. My dear Charlotte, it is true, Emily is young, but her heart is good, and Charlotte will still be under my eyes.

Mrs. Neville—Oh, do not suspect me of the slightest hesitation. This conversation has rendered me perfectly tranquil: it has removed a weight from my mind! but where shall I find words to thank both my dear friends?

Mrs. Wyndham—Cease, my dear friend I beg you to cease such expressions.—Never, never talk of thanks to us who are most happy to give you one moment of comfort.—But

this conversation has been too much for us all. Go, Emily, take a turn in the garden and then return to us with your sisters.

Emily obeyed.—She returned in about a quarter of an hour; Helen, Maria, and little Charlotte came with her. Mrs. Wyndham requested her to take care of them home, and excuse her to Mr. Wyndham, as she meant to spend the remainder of the day with Mrs. Neville.—They, therefore, took their leave, and as soon as they were in the coach, Emily placed little Charlotte on her knees, and kissed her with the tenderest affection: she asked her, if she would always love her, and received her promise to do so with extreme pleasure.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART THE SECOND.

MR. WYNDHAM returned in the evening, grave but not melancholy; her affection for her husband and her children would not allow her to render them uncomfortable, by indulging the grief she really felt for the increasing illness of her friend; she exerted herself to promote their innocent enjoyments, and while they sat round the work table at their different employments as usual, she would not sadden by a sigh their affectionate hearts; this was true sensibility, very different from that false and importunate feeling in which weak minds are so apt to indulge themselves.

In the evening Emily generally took her French lesson; she was reading the history of Charles the XIIth. King of Sweden, in French, and came at length to a very striking anecdote, which Mrs. Wyndham desired

her to read again in English--this she did very readily, as it was a common practice with her mother, to make her translate any remarkable passage as she read it--After a description of a battle, which the King of Sweden had gained over the armies of the Czar of Muscovy, which greatly exceeded the number of his own, this anecdote follows :

“ The Muscovites who were in number about thirty thousand, passed one by one, before less than seven thousand Swedes. The soldiers in passing by the King threw down their arms, and the officers laid down their ensigns and colours. Charles permitted all these men to re-pass the river, without retaining a single soldier prisoner. Then he entered victorious into Narva, accompanied by the Duc de Croi and the other Muscovite officers ; he returned to them all their swords ; and knowing that they wanted money, and that the merchants of Narva would let them have nothing on credit, he sent a thousand ducats to the Duc de Croi, and five hundred to each of the other Muscovite officers, who were astonished at this treatment, of which they could not have formed an idea --At Narva was written an account of this victory, to send to Stockholm and to the allies of Sweden, but the King retrenched with his own hand all that was too advantageous to him, and too injurious to the Czar.”

Mr. Wyndham--Emily is much improved; she reads French much better than she did, and translates with spirit. That is the great thing to be desired in learning a language; as to little common-place phrases, or mere conversation, they may be amusing, and they may at times be servicable; but a language can never be entirely useful, till one can translate it liberally and easily.

Mrs. Wyndham--I am quite of your opinion, and I dare say Arthur will study Latin with the same idea.

Mr. Wyndham--I hope so—he already ceases to *construe* and begins to *translate*; besides, to a dead language, what I have said, applies still more than to a living one.

Helen--Papa, what do you mean by a *dead* language?

Mr. Wyndham--A language, my dear, which is no longer spoken by any nation: formerly, Latin and Greek were the common languages of large countries; at present, they are only spoken by the learned of different nations, therefore they are called dead languages.—A living language means a tongue commonly used by a whole people. Such as at this time is the French, the English, the Italian, the German, and some others.

Helen--Thank you, Papa, I understand very well now

