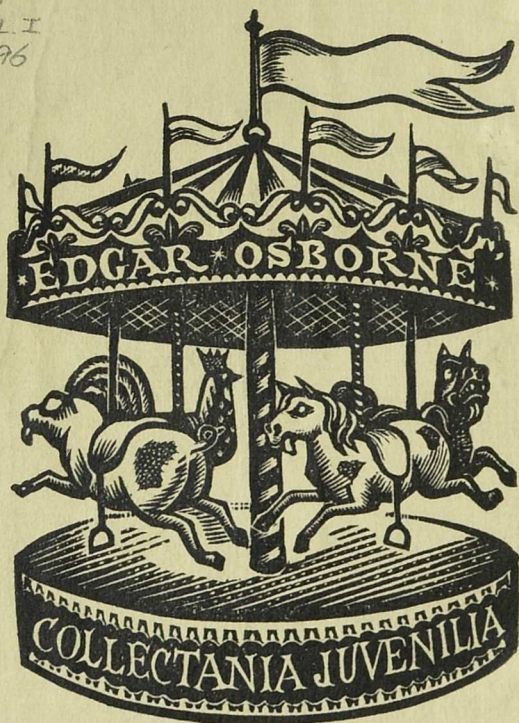


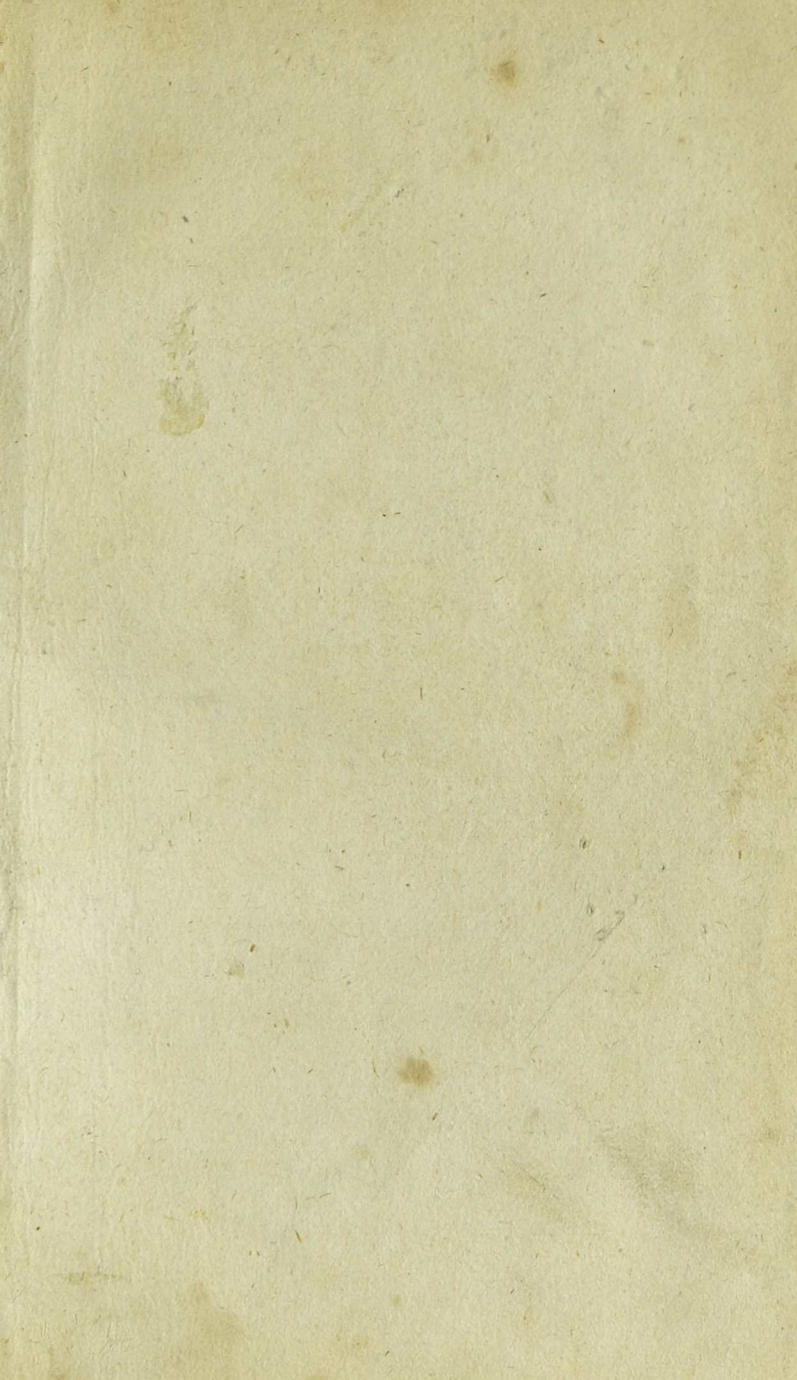


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VOL. I
1796



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I. 249



THE PARENT'S ASSISTANT;

OR,

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

PART. II.....VOL. I.

CONTAINING,

THE PURPLE JAR;

THE BRACELETS.

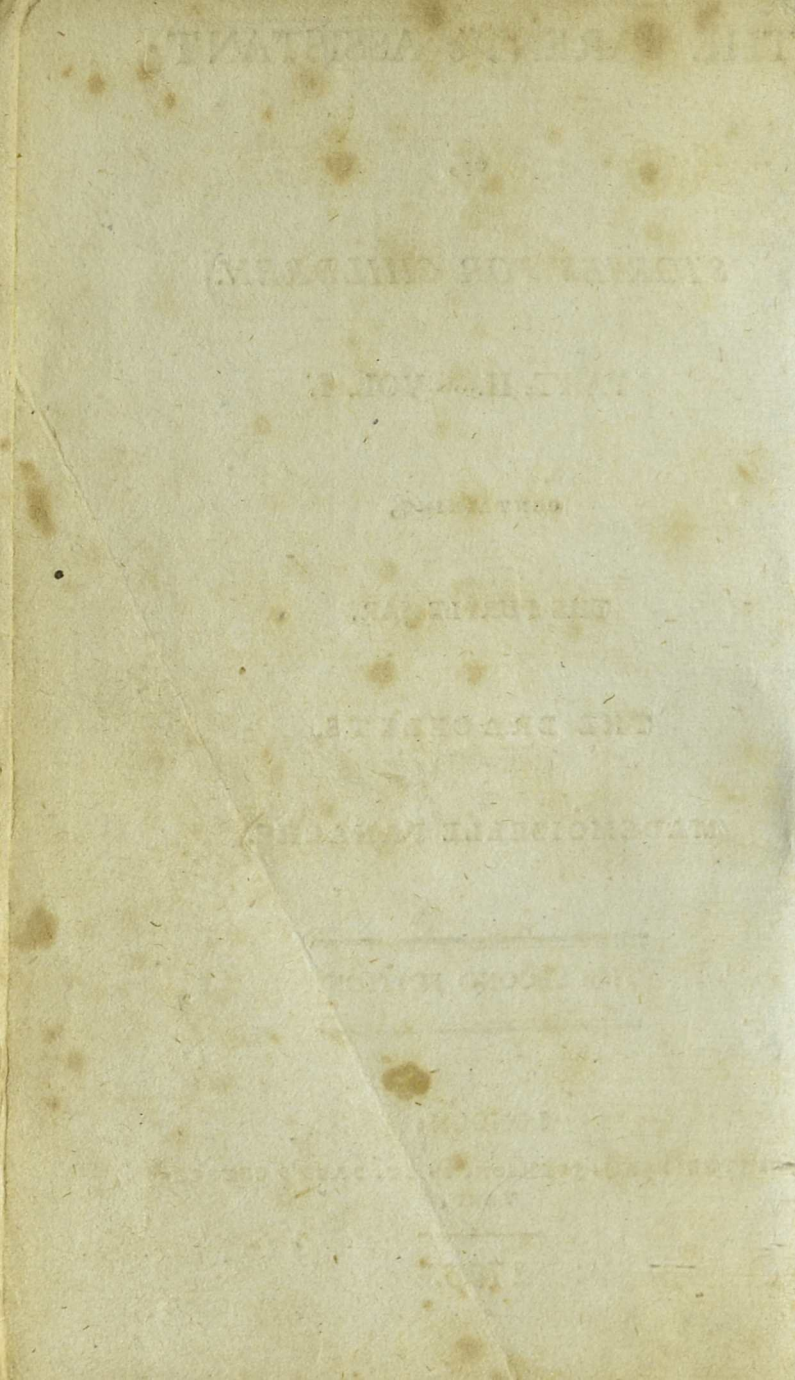
MADEMOISELLE PANACHE,

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1796.



THE PURPLE JAR.

ROSAMOND, a little girl of about seven years old, was walking with her mother in the streets of London. As she passed along, she looked in at the windows of several shops, and she saw a great variety of different sorts of things, of which she did not know the use, or even the names. She wished to stop to look at them, but there were a great number of people in the streets, and a great many carts, and carriages, and wheelbarrows, and she was afraid to let go her mother's hand.

“ Oh! mother, how happy I should
Vol. I. B be,”

be," said she, as she passed a toy-shop,
 "if I had all these pretty things!"

"What, all! Do you wish for them
 all, Rosamond?"

"Yes, mamma, all."

As she spoke they came to a milliner's shop; the windows were hung with ribbons and lace, and festoons of artificial flowers.

"Oh, mamma, what beautiful roses! Won't you buy some of them?"

"No, my dear."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want them, my dear."

They went on a little farther, and they came to another shop, which caught Rosamond's eye. It was a jeweller's shop, and there were a great many pretty baubles, ranged in drawers behind glass.

"Mamma,

“Mamma, you’ll buy some of these?”

“Which of them, Rosamond?”

“Which,—I don’t know which;—but any of them, for they are all pretty.”

“Yes, they are all pretty; but what use would they be of to me?”

“Use! Oh I’m sure you could find some use or other, if you would only buy them first.”

“But I would rather find out the use, first.”

“Well, then, mamma, there are buckles: you know buckles are useful things, very useful things.”

“I have a pair of buckles, I don’t want another pair,” said her mother, and walked on. Rosamond was very sorry that her mother wanted nothing. Presently, however, they came to a shop, which appeared to her far more

beautiful than the rest. It was a chemist's shop, but she did not know that.

"Oh, mother! oh!" cried she, pulling her mother's hand; "Look, look, blue, green, red, yellow, and purple! Oh, mamma, what beautiful things! Won't you buy some of these?"

Still her mother answered as before; "What use would they be of to me, Rosamond?"

"You might put flowers in them, mamma, and they would look so pretty on the chimney-piece;—I wish I had one of them."

"You have a flower-pot," said her mother, "and that is not a flower-pot."

"But I could use it for a flower-pot, mamma, you know."

"Perhaps if you were to see it
nearer,

nearer, if you were to examine it, you might be disappointed."

"No, indeed, I'm sure I should not; I should like it exceedingly."

Rosamond kept her head turned to look at the purple vase, till she could see it no longer.

"Then, mother, said she, after a pause, "perhaps you have no money."

"Yes, I have."

"Dear, if I had money, I would buy roses, and boxes, and buckles, and purple flower-pots, and every thing. Rosamond was obliged to pause in the midst of her speech.

"Oh, mamma, would you stop a minute for me; I have got a stone in my shoe, it hurts me very much."

"How comes there to be a stone in your shoe?"

"Because of this great hole, mam-

ma—it comes in there ; my shoes are quite worn out ; I wish you'd be so very good as to give me another pair.”

“ Nay, Rosamond, but I have not money enough to buy shoes, and flower-pots, and buckles, and boxes, and every thing.”

Rosamond thought that was a great pity. But now her foot, which had been hurt by the stone, began to give her so much pain that she was obliged to hop every other step, and she could think of nothing else. They came to a shoemaker's shop soon afterwards.

“ There ! there ! mamma, there are shoes ; there are little shoes that would just fit me ; and you know shoes would be really of use to me.”

“ Yes, so they would, Rosamond.

---Come

—Come in.”—She followed her mother into the shop.

Mr. Sole, the shoemaker, had a great many customers, and his shop was full, so they were obliged to wait.

“ Well, Rosamond,” said her mother, “ you don’t think this shop so pretty as the rest?”

“ No, not nearly; it’s black and dark, and there are nothing but shoes all round; and, besides, there’s a very disagreeable smell.”

“ That smell is the smell of new leather.”

“ Is it?—Oh!” said Rosamond, looking round, “ there is a pair of little shoes; they’ll just fit me, I’m sure.”

“ Perhaps they might; but you cannot be sure till you have tried them on, any more than you can be quite
sure

sure that you should like the purple vase *exceedingly*, till you have examined it more attentively."

"Why, I don't know about the shoes certainly, till I've tried; but, mamma, I'm quite sure I should like the flower-pot."

"Well, which would you rather have, that jar, or a pair of shoes? I will buy either for you."

"Dear mamma, thank you—but if you could buy both?"

"No, not both."

"Then the jar, if you please."

"But I should tell you, that I shall not give you another pair of shoes this month."

"This month!—that's a very long time indeed!—You can't think how these hurt me; I believe I'd better have the new shoes—but yet, that purple flower-pot!—Oh, indeed,

mamma, these shoes are not so very, very bad ; I think I might wear them a little longer ; and the month will be soon over : I can make them last till the end of the month ; can't I ?—Don't you think so, mamma ?”

“ Nay, my dear, I want you to think for yourself : you will have time enough to consider about it, whilst I speak to Mr. Sole about my clogs.”

Mr. Sole was by this time at leisure ; and whilst her mother was speaking to him, Rosamond stood in profound meditation, with one shoe on, and the other in her hand.

“ Well, my dear, have you decided ?”

“ Mamma !—yes,—I believe.—If you please—I should like the flower-pot ; that is, if you won't think me very silly, mamma.”

“ Why, as to that, I can't promise
you,

you, Rosamond ; but, when you are to judge for yourself, you should chuse what will make you the happiest ; and then it would not signify who thought you silly."

" Then, mamma, if that's all, I'm sure the flower-pot would make me the happiest," said she, putting on her old shoe again ; " so I chuse the flower-pot."

" Very well, you shall have it ; clasp your shoe, and come home."

Rosamond clasped her shoe, and ran after her mother ; it was not long before the shoe came down at the heel, and many times was she obliged to stop, to take the stones out of her shoe, and often was she obliged to hop with pain ; but still the thoughts of the purple flower-pot prevailed, and she persisted in her choice.

When they came to the shop, with
the

the large window, Rosamond felt her joy redouble upon hearing her mother desire the servant, who was with them, to buy the purple jar, and bring it home. He had other commissions, so he did not return with them. Rosamond, as soon as she got in, ran to gather all her own flowers, which she had in a corner of her mother's garden.

“ I'm afraid they'll be dead before the flower-pot comes, Rosamond,” said her mother to her when she was coming in with the flowers in her lap.

“ No, indeed, mamma, it will come home very soon, I dare say ;— and shan't I be very happy putting them into the purple flower-pot ?”

“ I hope so, my dear.”

The servant was much longer returning home than Rosamond had
ex-

expected ; but at length he came, and brought with him the long-wished for jar. The moment it was set down upon the table, Rosamond ran up, with an exclamation of joy : “ I may have it now, mamma ? ” — “ Yes, my dear, it is your’s.” Rosamond poured the flowers from her lap, upon the carpet, and seized the purple flower-pot.”

“ Oh, dear mother ! ” cried she, as soon as she had taken off the top, “ but there’s something dark in it—it smells very disagreeably—what is it ? I didn’t want this black stuff.”

“ Nor I neither, my dear.”

“ But what shall I do with it, mamma ? ”

“ That I cannot tell.”

“ But it will be of no use to me, mamma.”

“ That I can’t help.”

“ But

“ But I must pour it out, and fill the flower-pot with water.”

“ That’s as you please, my dear.”

“ Will you lend me a bowl to pour it into, mamma ?”

“ That was more than I promised you, my dear, but I will lend you a bowl.”

The bowl was produced, and Rosamond proceeded to empty the purple vase. But what was her surprise and disappointment, when it was entirely empty, to find that it was no longer a *purple* vase. It was a plain white glass jar, which had appeared to have that beautiful colour, merely from the liquor with which it had been filled.

Little Rosamond burst into tears.

“ Why should you cry, my dear ?” said her mother ; “ it will be of as much use to you now, as ever, for a flower-pot.”

“ But it won't look so pretty on the chimney-piece :—I am sure, if I had known that it was not really purple, I should not have wished to have it so much.”

“ But didn't I tell you that you had not examined it ; and that perhaps you would be disappointed ?”

“ And so I am disappointed, indeed ; I wish I had believed you before hand. Now I had much rather have the shoes ; for I shall not be able to walk all this month : even walking home that little way hurt me exceedingly. Mamma, I'll give you the flower-pot back again, and that purple stuff and all, if you'll only give me the shoes.”

“ No, Rosamond, you must abide by your own choice ; and now the best thing you can possibly do is, to
bear

bear your disappointment with good humour."

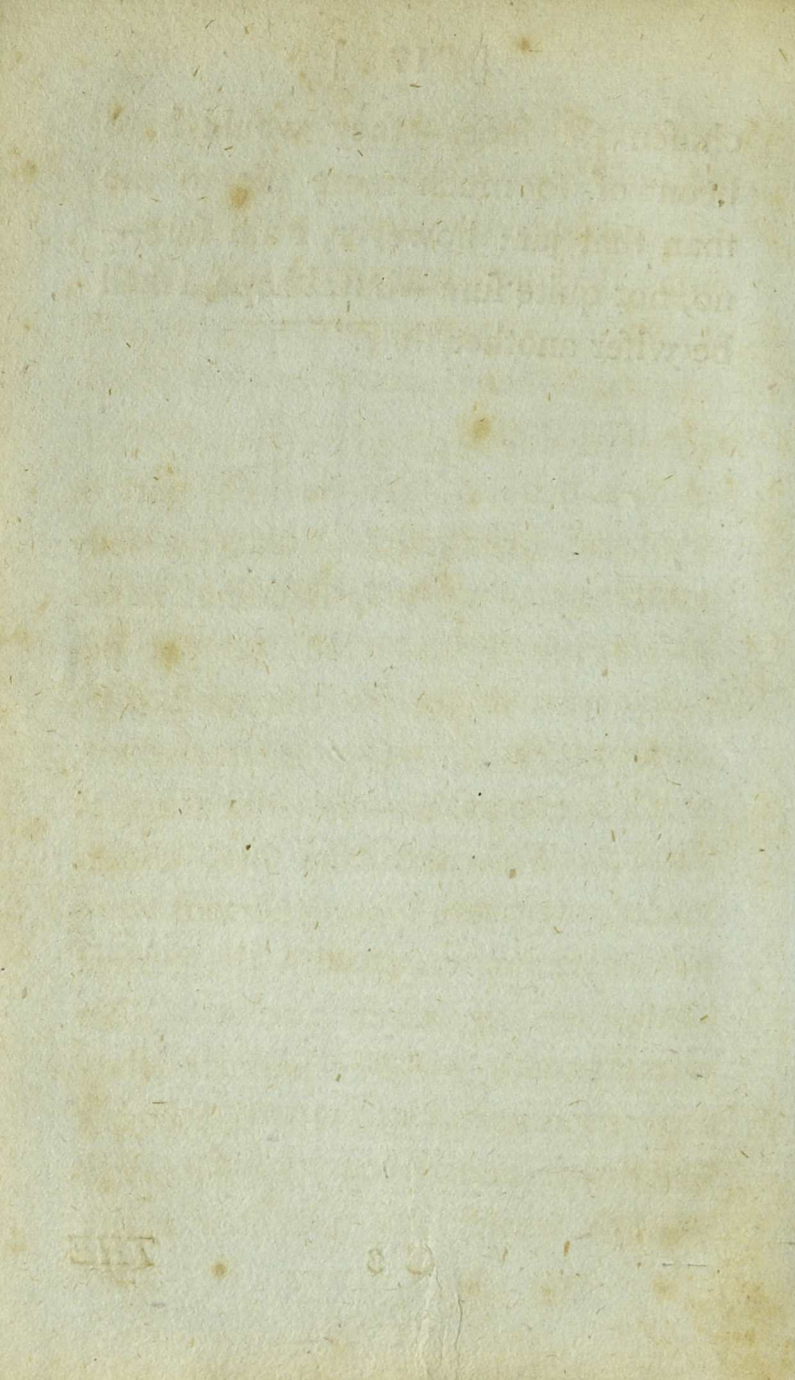
"I will bear it as well as I can," said Rosamond, wiping her eyes; and she began slowly and sorrowfully to fill the vase with flowers.

But Rosamond's disappointment did not end here; many were the difficulties and distresses into which her imprudent choice brought her, before the end of the month. Every day her shoes grew worse and worse, till at last she could neither run, dance, jump, or walk in them. Whenever Rosamond was called to see any thing, she was pulling her shoes up at the heels, and was sure to be too late. Whenever her mother was going out to walk, she could not take Rosamond with her, for Rosamond had no soles to her shoes; and, at length, on the

very last day of the month, it happened, that her father proposed to take her with her brother to a glass-house, which she had long wished to see. She was very happy ; but, when she was quite ready, had her hat and gloves on, and was making haste down stairs to her brother and her father, who were waiting at the hall-door for her, the shoe dropped off ; she put it on again in a great hurry, but, as she was going across the hall, her father turned round. “ Why are you walking slipshod ? no one must walk slipshod with me ; why Rosamond,” said he, looking at her shoes with disgust, “ I thought that you were always neat ; go, I cannot take you with me.”

Rosamond coloured and retired.—
 “ Oh, mamma,” said she, as she took off her hat ; “ how I wish that I had chosen

chosen the shoes—they would have been of so much more use to me than that jar: however, I am sure—no, not quite sure—but, I hope, I shall be wiser another time.”



THE BRACELETS.

IN a beautiful and retired part of England lived Mrs. Villars; a lady whose accurate understanding, benevolent heart, and steady temper peculiarly fitted her for the most difficult, as well as most important, of all occupations—the education of youth. This task she had undertaken; and twenty young persons were put under her care, with the perfect confidence of their parents. No young people could be happier; they were good and gay, emulous, but not envious of each other; for Mrs. Villars was impartially just; her praise they

they felt to be the reward of merit, and her blame they knew to be the necessary consequence of ill-conduct: to the one, therefore, they patiently submitted, and in the other consciously rejoiced. They rose with fresh cheerfulness in the morning, eager to pursue their various occupations; they returned in the evening with renewed ardor to their amusements, and retired to rest satisfied with themselves, and pleased with each other.

Nothing so much contributed to preserve a spirit of emulation in this little society as a small honorary distinction, given annually, as the prize of successful application. The prize this year was peculiarly dear to each individual, as it was the picture of a friend whom they all dearly loved—it was the picture of Mrs. Villars in a small
brace-

bracelet. It wanted neither gold, pearls, nor precious stones to give it value.

The two foremost candidates for this prize, were Cecilia and Leonora; Cecilia was the most intimate friend of Leonora, but Leonora was only the favourite companion of Cecilia.

Cecilia was of an active, ambitious, enterprising disposition; more eager in the pursuit, than happy in the enjoyment of her wishes. Leonora was of a contented, unaspiring, temperate character; not easily roused to action, but indefatigable when once excited. Leonora was proud, Cecilia was vain: her vanity made her more dependent upon the approbation of others, and therefore more anxious to please than Leonora; but that very vanity made her, at the same time, more apt to offend: in short, Leonora
was

was the most anxious to avoid what was wrong, Cecilia the most ambitious to do what was right. Few of their companions loved, but many were led by Cecilia, for she was often successful; many loved Leonora, but none were ever governed by her, for she was too indolent to govern.

On the first day of May, about six o'clock in the evening, a great bell rang to summon this little society into a hall, where the prize was to be decided. A number of small tables were placed in a circle in the middle of the hall; seats for the young competitors were raised one above another, in a semicircle, some yards distant from the table; and the judges chairs, under canopies of lilacs and laburnums, forming another semicircle, closed the amphitheatre. Every one put their writings,
their

their drawings, their works of various kinds, upon the tables appropriated for each. How unsteady were the last steps to these tables ! How each little hand trembled as it laid down its claims. Till this moment every one thought herself secure of success, but now each felt an equal certainty of being excelled ; and the heart which a few minutes before exulted with hope, now palpitated with fear.

The works were examined, the preference adjudged ; and the prize was declared to be the happy Cecilia's. Mrs. Villars came forward smiling with the bracelet in her hand : Cecilia was behind her companions, on the highest row ; all the others gave way, and she was on the floor in an instant. Mrs. Villars clasped the bracelet on her arm : the clasp was heard through the whole hall, and

and an universal smile of congratulation followed. Mrs. Villars kissed Cecilia's little hand; and "now," said she, "go and rejoice with your companions, the remainder of the day is your's."

Oh! you whose hearts are elated with success, whose bosoms beat high with joy, in the moment of triumph, command yourselves; let that triumph be moderate, that it may be lasting. Consider, that though you are good, you may be better; and though wise, you may be weak.

As soon as Mrs. Villars had given her the bracelet, all Cecilia's little companions crowded round her, and they all left the hall in an instant; she was full of spirits and vanity—she ran on: running down the flight of steps which led to the garden, in her violent haste, Cecilia
threw

threw down the little Louisa. Louisa had a china mandarin in her hand, which her mother had sent her that very morning; it was all broken to pieces by her fall.

“ Oh! my mandarin!” cried Louisa, bursting into tears. The crowd behind Cecilia suddenly stopped: Louisa sat on the lowest step, fixing her eyes upon the broken pieces; then turning round, she hid her face in her hands upon the step above her. In turning, Louisa threw down the remains of the mandarin; the head, which she had placed in the socket, fell from the shoulders, and rolled bounding along the gravel walk. Cecilia pointed to the head, and to the socket, and burst out a laughing: the crowd behind laughed too. At any other time they would have been more inclined to cry with

Louisa ; but Cecilia had just been successful, and sympathy with the victorious often makes us forget justice. Leonora, however, preserved her usual consistency. “ Poor Louisa ! ” said she, looking first at her, and then reproachfully at Cecilia. Cecilia turned sharply round, colouring, half with shame and half with vexation ; “ I could not help it, Leonora,” said she.

“ But you could have helped laughing, Cecilia.”

“ I didn’t laugh at Louisa ; and I surely may laugh, for it does nobody any harm.”

“ I am sure, however,” replied Leonora, “ I should not have laughed if I had——”

“ No, to be sure you wouldn’t, because Louisa is your favourite ; I can buy her another mandarin the next

next time that the old pedlar comes to the door, if that's all.—I *can* do no more—*Can* I?" said she, turning round to her companions.

"No, to be sure," said they
"that's all fair."

Cecilia looked triumphantly at Leonora: Leonora let go her hand; she ran on, and the crowd followed. When she got to the end of the garden, she turned round to see if Leonora had followed her too; but was vexed to see her still sitting on the steps with Louisa. "I'm sure I can do no more than buy her another!—*Can* I?" said she, again, appealing to her companions.

"No, to be sure;" said they, eager to begin their plays.

How many did they begin and leave off before Cecilia could be satisfied with any: her thoughts were

discomposed, and her mind was running upon something else ; no wonder then, that she did not play with her usual address. She grew still more impatient ; she threw down the ninepins : “ Come, let us play at something else—at threading-the-needle,” said she, holding out her hand. They all yielded to the hand which wore the bracelet. But Cecilia, dissatisfied with herself, was discontented with every body else : her tone grew more and more peremptory.—One was too rude, another too stiff ; one too slow, another too quick ; in short, every thing went wrong, and every body was tired of her humours.

The triumph of *success* is absolute but short. Cecilia’s companions at length recollected, that though she had embroidered a tulip and painted a peach better than they, yet that
they

they could play as well, and keep their tempers better: she was thrown out. Walking towards the house, in a peevish mood, she met Leonora: she passed on.

“ Cecilia !” cried Leonora.

“ Well, what do you want with me?”

“ Are we friends?”

“ You know best.”

“ We are; if you will let me tell Louisa, that you are sorry——”

Cecilia, interrupting her, “ Oh! pray let me hear no more about Louisa !”

“ What! not confess that you were in the wrong? Oh, Cecilia! I had a better opinion of you.”

“ Your opinion is of no consequence to me now; for you don't love me.”

“ No, not when you are unjust, Cecilia.”

“ Unjust ! I am not unjust : and if I were, you are not my governess.”

“ No ; but am not I your friend ?”

“ I don't desire to have such a friend !—who would quarrel with me for happening to throw down little Louisa—how could I tell that she had a mandarin in her hand ? and when it was broken, could I do more than promise her another ?—Was that unjust ?”

“ But you know, Cecilia——”

“ *I know*,” ironically, “ I know, Leonora, that you love Louisa better than you do me ; that's the injustice !”

“ If I did,” replied Leonora, gravely, “ it would be no injustice, if she deserved it better.”

“ How

“How can you compare Louisa to me!” exclaimed Cecilia, indignantly.

Leonora made no answer, for she was really hurt at her friend’s conduct: she walked on to join the rest of her companions. They were dancing in a round upon the grass: Leonora declined dancing, but they prevailed upon her to sing for them; her voice was not so sprightly, but it was sweeter than usual.—Who sung so sweetly as Leonora? or who danced so nimbly as Louisa?

Away she was flying, all spirits and gaiety, when Leonora’s eyes, full of tears, caught her’s: Louisa silently let go her companion’s hands, and quitting the dance, ran up to Leonora to enquire what was the matter with her.

“Nothing,” replied she, “that need interrupt you.—Go, my dear; go and dance again.”

Louisa

Louisa immediately ran away to her garden, and pulling off her little straw hat, she lined it with the freshest strawberry leaves ; and was upon her knees before the strawberry bed when Cecilia came by. Cecilia was not disposed to be pleased with Louisa at that instant for two reasons ; because she was jealous of her, and because she had injured her. The injury, however, Louisa had already forgotten : perhaps, to tell things just as they were, she was not quite so much inclined to kiss Cecilia as she would have been before the fall of her mandarin, but this was the utmost extent of her malice, if it can be called malice.

“ What are you doing there, little one ? ” said Cecilia, in a sharp tone : “ Are you eating your early strawberries here all alone ? ”

“ No, ”

“ No,” said Louisa, mysteriously ;
 “ I am not eating them.”

“ What are you doing with them ?
 can’t you answer then.—I’m not playing with you, child !”

“ Oh ! as to that, Cecilia, you know I need not answer you unless I chuse it: not but what I would, if you would only ask me civilly—and if you would not call me *child*.”

“ Why should not I call you child ?”

“ Because—because—I don’t know: but I wish you would stand out of my light, Cecilia, for you are trampling upon all my strawberries.”

“ I have not touched one, you covetous little creature !”

“ Indeed—indeed, Cecilia, I am not covetous ; I have not eaten one of them—they are all for your friend Leonora. See how unjust you are.”

“ Un-

“ Unjust ! that’s a cant word you have learned of my friend Leonora, as you call her ; but she is not my friend now.”

“ Not your friend now !” exclaimed Louisa ; “ then I am sure you must have done something *very* naughty.”

“ How !” said Cecilia, catching hold of her.

“ Let me go—Let me go !” cried Louisa, struggling ; “ I wont give you one of my strawberries, for I don’t like you at all !”

“ You don’t, don’t you ?” said Cecilia, provoked ; and catching the hat from Louisa, she flung the strawberries over the hedge.

“ Will nobody help me !” exclaimed Louisa, snatching her hat again, and running away with all her force.

“ What

“What have I done?” said Cecilia, recollecting herself; “Louisa! Louisa!” She called very loud, but Louisa would not turn back; she was running to her companions.

They were still dancing hand in hand upon the grass, whilst Leonora sitting in the middle sang to them.

“Stop! stop! and hear me!” cried Louisa, breaking through them; and rushing up to Leonora, she threw her hat at her feet, and panting for breath—“It was full—almost full, of my own strawberries,” said she; “the first I ever got out of my own garden.—They should all have been for you, Leonora—but now I have not one left. They are all gone!” said she, and she hid her face in Leonora’s lap.

“Gone! gone where?” said every one at once, running up to her.

“Cecilia!

“ Cecilia ! Cecilia ! ” said she, sobbing.

“ Cecilia,” repeated Leonora, “ what of Cecilia ? ”

“ Yes, it was—it was.”

“ Come along with me,” said Leonora, unwilling to have her friend exposed ; “ Come, and I will get you some more strawberries.”

“ Oh, I don’t mind the strawberries indeed ; but I wanted to have had the pleasure of giving them to you.”

Leonora took her up in her arms to carry her away ; but it was too late.

“ What Cecilia ! Cecilia, who won the prize !—it could not surely be Cecilia ! ” whispered every busy tongue.

At this instant the bell summoned them in. “ There she is !—There she

she is!" cried they, pointing to an arbor, where Cecilia was standing ashamed and alone: and as they passed her, some lifted up their hands and eyes with astonishment, others whispered and huddled mysteriously together, as if to avoid her: Leonora walked on, her head a little higher than usual.

"Leonora!" said Cecilia, timidly, as she passed.

"Oh, Cecilia! who would have thought that you had a bad heart?"

Cecilia turned her head aside, and burst into tears.

"Oh no, indeed, she has not a bad heart!" cried Louisa, running up to her, and throwing her arms round her neck: "She's very sorry!—are not you, Cecilia?—But don't cry any more, for I forgive you with all my heart—and I love you now, though

I said I did not, when I was in a passion."

" Oh, you sweet-tempered girl!—how I love you," said Cecilia, kissing her.

" Well then if you do, come along with me, and dry your eyes, for they are so red !"

" Go, my dear, and I'll come presently."

" Then I will keep a place for you next to me ; but you must make haste, or you will have to come in when we have all sat down to supper, and then you will be so stared at!—So don't stay now !"

Cecilia followed Louisa with her eyes, till she was out of sight—" And is Louisa," said she to herself, " the only one who would stop to pity me? Mrs. Villar told me that this day should be mine ; she little thought how it
would

would end!" Saying these words, Cecilia threw herself down upon the ground; her arm leaned upon a heap of turf which she had raised in the morning, and which, in the pride and gaiety of her heart, she had called her throne.

At this instant Mrs. Villars came out to enjoy the serenity of the evening, and passing by the arbor where Cecilia lay, she started; Cecilia rose hastily.

"Who is there?" said Mrs. Villars.

"It is I, madam."

"And who is *I*?"

"Cecilia."

"Why, what keeps you here, my dear—where are your companions? this is, perhaps, one of the happiest days of your life."

“ God forbid, madam !” said Cecilia, hardly able to repress her tears.

“ Why, my dear, what is the matter ?”

Cecilia hesitated.

“ Speak, my dear ; you know that when I ask you to tell me any thing as your friend, I never punish you as your governess: therefore you need not be afraid to tell me what is the matter.”

“ No, madam, I am not afraid, but ashamed. You asked me, why I was not with my companions ?”

“ Yes.”

“ Why, madam, because they have all left me and——”

“ And what, my dear ?”

“ And I see that they all dislike me: and yet I don’t know why they should, for I take as much pains to please as any of them ; all my masters
seem

seem satisfied with me; and you yourself, ma'am, were pleased this very morning to give me this bracelet; and I am sure you would not have given it to any one who did not deserve it."

"Certainly not: you did deserve it for your application—for your successful application. The prize was for the most assiduous, not for the most amiable."

"Then if it had been for the most amiable it would not have been for me?"

Mrs. Villars, smiling — "Why, what do you think yourself, Cecilia? you are better able to judge than I am; I can determine whether or no you apply to what I give you to learn; whether you attend to what I desire you to do, and avoid what I desire you not to do; I know that I

like you as a pupil, but I cannot know that I should like you as a companion, unless I were your companion: therefore I must judge of what I should do, by seeing what others do in the same circumstances."

"Oh, pray don't ma'am! for then you would not love me neither.— And yet I think you would love me; for I hope that I am as ready to oblige, and as good-natured as—"

"Yes, Cecilia, I don't doubt but what you would be very good-natured to me, but I am afraid that I should not like you unless you were good-tempered too."

"But, ma'am, by good-natured I mean good-tempered—it's all the same thing."

"No, indeed, I understand by them too very different things: you are good-natured, Cecilia, for you
are

are desirous to oblige, and serve your companions; to gain them praise, and save them from blame; to give them pleasure, and relieve them from pain: but Leonora is good-tempered, for she can bear with their foibles, and acknowledge her own; without disputing about the right, she sometimes yields to those who are in the wrong; in short, her temper is perfectly good, for it can bear and forbear."

"I wish that mine could!" said Cecilia, sighing.

"It may," replied Mrs. Villars, "but it is not wishes alone which can improve us in any thing: turn the same exertion and perseverance which have won you the prize to-day to this object, and you will meet with the same success; perhaps not on the first, the second, or the third attempt, but depend upon it that you will

will at last: every new effort will weaken your bad habits, and strengthen your good ones. But you must not expect to succeed all at once: I repeat it to you, for habit must be counteracted by habit. It would be as extravagant in us to expect that all our faults could be destroyed by one punishment, were it ever so severe, as it was in the Roman emperor we were reading of a few days ago to wish that all the heads of his enemies were upon one neck, that he might cut them off at a blow."

Here Mrs. Villars took Cecilia by the hand, and they began to walk home. Such was the nature of Cecilia's mind, that when any object was forcibly impressed on her imagination, it caused a temporary suspension of her reasoning faculties. Hope was too strong a stimulus for
her

her spirits; and when fear did take possession of her mind, it was attended with total debility: her vanity was now as much mortified, as in the morning it had been elated. She walked on with Mrs. Villars in silence, until they came under the shade of the elm-tree walk, and then, fixing her eyes upon Mrs. Villars, she stopped short—"Do you think, madam," said she, with hesitation, "Do you think, madam, that I have a bad heart?"

"A bad heart, my dear! why what put that into your head?"

"Leonora said that I had, ma'am, and I felt ashamed when she said so."

"But, my dear, how can Leonora tell whether your heart be good or bad?—However, in the first place,
tell

tell me what you mean by a bad heart."

" Indeed I do not know what is meant by it, ma'am ; but it is something which every body hates."

" And why do they hate it ?"

" Because they think that it will hurt them, ma'am, I believe : and that those who have bad hearts, take delight in doing mischief ; and that they never do any body any good but for their own ends."

" Then the best definition which you can give me of a bad heart is, that it is some constant propensity to hurt others, and to do wrong for the sake of doing wrong."

" Yes, ma'am, but that is not all neither ; there is still something else meant : something which I cannot express—which, indeed, I never distinctly understood ; but of which, therefore, I was the more afraid."

" Well

“ Well then, to begin with what you do understand, tell me, Cecilia, do you really think it possible to be wicked merely for the love of wickedness?—No human being becomes wicked all at once; a man begins by doing wrong because it is, or because he thinks it for his interest; if he continue to do so, he must conquer his sense of shame, and lose his love of virtue. But how can you, Cecilia, who feel such a strong sense of shame, and such an eager desire to improve, imagine that you have a bad heart?”

“ Indeed, madam, I never did, until every body told me so, and then I began to be frightened about it: this very evening, ma’am, when I was in a passion, I threw little Louisa’s strawberries away; which, I
am

am sure, I was very sorry for afterwards; and Leonora and every body cried out that I had a bad heart—but I am sure I was only in a passion.”

“ Very likely.—And when you are in a passion, as you call it, Cecilia, you see that you are tempted to do harm to others: if they do not feel angry themselves, they do not sympathise with you; they do not perceive the motive which actuates you, and then they say that you have a bad heart.—I dare say, however, when your passion is over, and when you recollect yourself, you are very sorry for what you have done and said; are not you?”

“ Yes, indeed, madam—very sorry.”

“ Then make that sorrow of use to you, Cecilia, and fix it steadily,
as

as you hope to be good and happy, that if you suffer yourself to yield to your passion upon every trifling occasion, anger and its consequences, will become familiar to your mind; and, in the same proportion, your sense of shame will be weakened, till, what you began with doing from sudden impulse, you will end with doing from habit and choice: and then you would indeed, according to our definition, have a bad heart."

"Oh, madam! I hope—I am sure I never shall."

"No, indeed, Cecilia; I do, indeed, believe that you never will; on the contrary, I think that you have a very good disposition; and what is of infinitely more consequence to you, an active desire of improvement:

shew me that you have as much perseverance as you have candour, and I shall not despair of your becoming every thing that I could wish."

Here Cecilia's countenance brightened, and she ran up the steps in almost as high spirits as she ran down them in the morning.

"Good night to you, Cecilia," said Mrs. Villars, as she was crossing the hall.

"Good night to you, madam," said Cecilia; and she ran up stairs to bed.

She could not go to sleep, but she lay awake, reflecting upon the events of the preceeding day, and forming resolutions for the future; at the same time considering that she had resolved, and resolved without effect, she wished to give her mind some more powerful motive: ambi-
tion

tion she knew to be its most powerful incentive.

“ Have I not,” said she to herself, “ already won the prize of application, and cannot that same application procure me a much higher prize?—Mrs. Villars said, that if the prize had been promised to the most amiable, it would not have been given to me: perhaps it would not yesterday—perhaps it might not tomorrow; but that is no reason that I should despair of ever deserving it.”

In consequence of this reasoning Cecilia formed a design of proposing to her companions, that they should give a prize, the first of the ensuing month (the first of June) to the most amiable. Mrs. Villars applauded the scheme, and her companions adopted it with the greatest alacrity

“ Let the prize,” said they, “ be a bracelet of our own hair ;” and instantly their shining scissars were produced, and each contributed a lock of their hair. They formed the most beautiful gradation of colours, from the palest auburn to the brightest black. Who was to have the honor of plaiting them was now the question.

Caroline begged that she might, as she could plait very neatly, she said.

Cecilia, however, was equally sure that she could do it much better ; and a dispute would inevitably have ensued, if Cecilia, recollecting herself just as her colour rose to scarlet, had not yielded—yielded, with no very good grace indeed, but as well as could be expected for the first time. For it is habit which confers ease ;

ease ; and without ease, even in moral actions, there can be no grace.

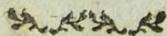
The bracelet was plaited in the neatest manner by Caroline, finished round the edge with silver twist, and on it was worked in the smallest silver letters this motto, TO THE MOST AMIABLE. The moment it was completed, every body begged to try it on : it fastened with little silver clasps, and as it was made large enough for the eldest girls, it was too large for the youngest ; of this they bitterly complained, and unanimously entreated that it might be cut to fit them.

“ How foolish ! ” exclaimed Cecilia ; “ don’t you perceive, that if any of you win it, you have nothing to do but to put the clasps a little further from the edge ; but, if we get it, we can’t make it larger.”

“ Very true,” said they; “ but you need not have called us foolish, Cecilia !”

It was by such hasty and unguarded expressions as these, that Cecilia offended: a slight difference in the manner makes a very material one in the effect; Cecilia lost more love by general petulance, than she could gain by the greatest particular exertions.

How far she succeeded in curing herself of this defect, how far she became deserving of the bracelet, and to whom the bracelet was given, shall be told in the History of the First of June.



CONTINUATION.

THE BRACELETS.

THE first of June was **now** arrived, and all the young competitors were in a state of the most anxious suspense. Leonora and Cecilia continued to be the foremost candidates ; their quarrel had never been finally adjusted, and their different pretensions now retarded all thoughts of a reconciliation. Cecilia, though she was capable of acknowledging any of her faults in public before all her companions, could not humble herself in private to Leonora : Leonora was her equal, they

were

were her inferiors ; and submission is much easier to a vain mind, where it appears to be voluntary, than when it is the necessary tribute to justice or candour. So strongly did Cecilia feel this truth, that she even delayed making any apology, or coming to any explanation with Leonora, until success should once more give her the palm.

If I win the bracelet to-day, said she to herself, I will solicit the return of Leonora's friendship ; it will be more valuable to me than even the bracelet ; and at such a time, and asked in such a manner, she surely cannot refuse it to me. Animated with this hope of a double triumph, Cecilia canvassed with the most zealous activity : by constant attention and exertion she had considerably abated the violence of her temper, and

and changed the course of her habits. Her powers of pleasing were now excited, instead of her abilities to excel; and, if her talents appeared less brilliant, her character was acknowledged to be more amiable; so great an influence upon our manners and conduct have the objects of our ambition.—Cecilia was now, if possible, more than ever desirous of doing what was right, but she had not yet acquired sufficient fear of doing wrong. This was the fundamental error of her mind: it arose in a great measure from her early education.

Her mother died when she was very young; and though her father had supplied her place in the best and kindest manner, he had insensibly infused into his daughter's mind a portion of that enterprizing, independent spirit, which he justly deemed essential
to

to the character of her brother: this brother was some years older than Cecilia, but he had always been the favourite companion of her youth: what her father's precepts inculcated, his example enforced, and even Cecilia's virtues consequently became such as were more estimable in a man, than desirable in a female.

All small objects, and small errors, she had been taught to disregard as trifles; and her impatient disposition was perpetually leading her into more material faults; yet her candour in confessing these, she had been suffered to believe was sufficient reparation and atonement.

Leonora, on the contrary, who had been educated by her mother in a manner more suited to her sex, had a character and virtues more peculiar to a female: her judgment had been
early

early cultivated, and her good sense employed in the regulation of her conduct; she had been habituated to that restraint which, as a woman, she was to expect in life, and early accustomed to yield; compliance in her seemed natural and graceful.

Yet, notwithstanding the gentleness of her temper, she was in reality more independent than Cecilia; she had more reliance upon her own judgment, and more satisfaction in her own approbation: though far from insensible to praise, she was not liable to be misled by the indiscriminate love of admiration: the uniform kindness of her manner, the consistency and equality of her character, had fixed the esteem and passive love of her companions.

By passive love we mean that species of affection which makes us unwilling

willing to offend, rather than anxious to oblige; which is more a habit than an emotion of the mind. For Cecilia her companions felt active love, for she was active in shewing her love to them.

Active love arises spontaneously in the mind, after feeling particular instances of kindness, without reflection on the past conduct or general character; it exceeds the merits of its object, and is connected with a feeling of generosity rather than with a sense of justice.

Without determining which species of love is the most flattering to others, we can easily decide which is the most agreeable feeling to our own minds; we give our hearts more credit for being generous than for being just; and we feel more self-complacency, when we give our love voluntarily, than
when

when we yield it as a tribute which we cannot withhold. Though Cecilia's companions might not know all this in theory, they proved it in practice; for they loved her in a much higher proportion to her merits, than they loved Leonora.

Each of the young judges were to signify their choice, by putting a red or a white shell into a vase prepared for the purpose. Cecilia's colour was red, Leonora's white. In the morning nothing was to be seen but these shells, nothing talked of but the long expected event of the evening. Cecilia, following Leonora's example, had made it a point of honour not to enquire of any individual her vote, previously to their final determination.

They were both sitting together in Louisa's room; Louisa was recovering from the measles: every one, during

her illness, had been desirous of attending her ; but Leonora and Cecilia were the only two that were permitted to see her, as they alone had had the distemper. They were both assiduous in their care of Louisa ; but Leonora's want of exertion to overcome any disagreeable feelings of sensibility, often deprived her of presence of mind, and prevented her from being so constantly useful as Cecilia. Cecilia, on the contrary, often made too much noise and bustle with her officious assistance, and was too anxious to invent amusements, and procure comforts for Louisa, without perceiving, that illness takes away the power of enjoying them.

As she was sitting in the window in the morning, exerting herself to entertain Louisa, she heard the voice of an old pedlar, who often used to come
to

to the house. Down stairs she ran immediately to ask Mrs. Villars's permission to bring him into the hall.

Mrs. Villars consented, and away Cecilia ran to proclaim the news to her companions; then first returning into the hall, she found the pedlar just unbuckling his box, and taking it off his shoulders. "What would you be pleased to want, miss," said he, "I've all kinds of tweezer-cases, rings, and locketts of all sorts," continued he, opening all the glittering drawers successively.

"Oh!" said Cecilia, shutting the drawer of locketts which tempted her most, "these are not the things which I want; have you any china figures, any mandarins?"

"Alack-a-day, miss, I had a great stock of that same china ware, but now I'm quite out of them kind of
G 2 things,

things ; but I believe," said he, rummaging in one of the deepest drawers, " I believe I have one left, and here it is."

" Oh that is the very thing ! what's its price ?"

" Only three shillings, ma'am."— Cecilia paid the money, and was just going to carry off the mandarin, when the pedlar took out of his great coat pocket a neat mahogany case : it was about a foot long, and fastened at each end by two little clasps ; it had, besides, a small lock in the middle.

" What is that ?" said Cecilia, eagerly.

" It's only a china figure, miss, which I am going to carry to an elderly lady, who lives nigh hand, and who is mighty fond of such things."

' Could

“ Could you let me look at it ? ”

“ And welcome, miss,” said he, and opened the case.

“ Oh goodness! how beautiful ! ” exclaimed Cecilia.

It was a figure of Flora, crowned with roses, and carrying a basket of flowers in her hand. Cecilia contemplated it with delight. “ How I should like to give this to Louisa,” said she to herself; and at last, breaking silence, “ did you promise it to the old lady ? ”

“ Oh no, miss; I didn’t promise it, she never saw it; and if so be that you’d like to take it, I’d make no more words about it.”

“ And how much does it cost ? ”

“ Why, miss, as to that, I’ll let you have it for half-a-guinea.”

Cecilia immediately produced the box in which she kept her treasure,

and, emptying it upon the table, she began to count the shillings: alas! there were but six shillings. "How provoking!" said she, "then I can't have it—where's the mandarin? Oh I have it," said she, taking it up, and looking at it with the utmost disgust; "is this the same that I had before?"

"Yes, miss, the very same," replied the pedlar, who, during this time, had been examining the little box, out of which Cecilia had taken her money: it was of silver."

"Why, ma'am, said he, "since you've taken such a fancy to the piece, if you've a mind to make up the remainder of the money, I will take this here little box, if you care to part with it."

Now this box was a keep-sake from Leonora to Cecilia. "No," said Cecilia, hastily, blushing a little, and stretching

stretching out her hand to receive it.

“ Oh, miss!” said he, returning it carelessly, “ I hope there’s no offence; I meant but to serve you, that’s all; such a rare piece of china-work has no cause to go a begging;” adding he, putting the Flora deliberately into the case, then turning the key with a jerk he let it drop into his pocket, and lifting up his box by the leather straps, he was preparing to depart.

“ Oh, stay one minute!” said Cecilia, in whose mind there had passed a very warm conflict during the pedlar’s harangue. “ Louisa would so like this Flora,” said she, arguing with herself; “ besides, it would be so generous in me to give it to her, instead of that ugly mandarin; that would be doing only common justice, for I promised it to her, and she expects it.”

Though,

Though, when I come to look at this mandarin, it is not even so good as her's was; the gilding is all rubbed off, so that I absolutely must buy this for her. Oh yes, I will, and she will be so delighted! and then every body will say it is the prettiest thing they ever saw, and the broken mandarin will be forgotten for ever."

Here Cecilia's hand moved, and she was just going to decide: "Oh! but stop," said she to herself, "consider, Leonora gave me this box, and it is a keepsake; however, now we have quarrelled, and I dare say that she would not mind my parting with it: I'm sure that I should not care, if she was to give away my keepsake the smelling bottle, or the ring, which I gave her; so what does it signify; besides, is it not my own, and have

I not

I not a right to do what I please with it?"

At this dangerous instant for Cecilia, a party of her companions opened the door; she knew that they came as purchasers, and she dreaded her Flora's becoming the prize of some higher bidder. "Here," said she hastily putting the box into the pedlar's hand, without looking at it; "take it, and give me the Flora." Her hand trembled, though she snatched it impatiently; she ran by, without seeming to mind any of her companions—she almost wished to turn back.

Let those who are tempted to do wrong by the hopes of future gratification, or the prospect of certain concealment and impunity, remember, that unless they are totally depraved, they bear in their own hearts a monitor.

tor, who will prevent their enjoying what they have ill obtained.

In vain Cecilia ran to the rest of her companions, to display her present, in hopes that the applause of others would restore her own self-complacency; in vain she saw the Flora pass in due pomp from hand to hand, each vying with the other in extolling the beauty of the gift, and the generosity of the giver. Cecilia was still displeased with herself, with them, and even with their praise; from Louisa's gratitude, however, she yet expected much pleasure, and immediately she ran up stairs to her room.

In the mean time Leonora had gone into the hall to buy a bodkin; she had just broken her's. In giving her change, the pedlar took out of his pocket, with some halfpence, the very box which Cecilia had sold to him.

Leonora

Leonora did not in the least suspect the truth, for her mind was above suspicion; and, besides, she had the utmost confidence in Cecilia. "I should like to have that box," said she, "for it is like one of which I was very fond."

The pedlar named the price, and Leonora took the box: she intended to give it to little Louisa.

On going to her room she found her asleep, and she sat down softly by her bed-side. Louisa opened her eyes.

"I hope I didn't disturb you," said Leonora.

"Oh no; I didn't hear you come in; but what have you got there?"

"It is only a little box; would you like to have it? I bought it on purpose for you, as I thought perhaps it

would please you ; because it's like that which I gave Cecilia."

" Oh yes ! that out of which she used to give me Barbary drops : I am very much obliged to you ; I always thought *that* exceedingly pretty, and this, indeed, is as like it as possible. I can't unscrew it ; will you try ?"

Leonora unscrewed it.

" Goodness !" exclaimed Louisa, " this must be Cecilia's box ; look, don't you see a great L at the bottom of it ?"

Leonora's colour changed ; " yes," she replied calmly, " I see that, but it is no proof that it is Cecilia's ; you know that I bought this box just now of the pedlar."

" That may be," said Louisa ; but I remember scratching that L with my own needle, and Cecilia scolded me for it too : do go and ask her if she

has lost her box—do,” repeated Louisa, pulling her by the ruffle, as she did not seem to listen.

Leonora indeed did not hear, for she was lost in thought ; she was comparing circumstances which had before escaped her attention : she recollected, that Cecilia had passed her, as she came into the hall without seeming to see her, but had blushed as she passed. She remembered that the pedlar appeared unwilling to part with the box, and was going to put it again into his pocket with the halfpence : “and why should he keep it in his pocket, and not shew it with his other things?”—Combining all these circumstances, Leonora had no longer any doubt of the truth ; for though she had honourable confidence in her friends, she had too much penetration to be implicitly credulous.—“ Louisa ;” she began,

but at this instant she heard a step, which, by its quickness, she knew to be Cecilia's, coming along the passage. ---“ If you love me, Louisa,” said Leonora, “ say nothing about the box.”

“ Nay, but why not? I dare say she has lost it.”

“ No, my dear, I'm afraid she has not.” Louisa looked surprised.

“ But I have reasons for desiring you not to say any thing about it.”

“ Well then, I won't, indeed.”

Cecilia opened the door, came forward smiling, as if secure of a good reception, and, taking the Flora out of the case, she placed it on the mantle-piece, opposite to Louisa's bed. “ Dear, how beautiful,” cried Louisa, starting up.

“ Yes,” said Cecilia, “ and guess who it's for?”

“ For

“ For me, perhaps ! ” said the ingenuous Louisa.

“ Yes, take it, and keep it for my sake : you know that I broke your mandarin ”

“ Oh ! but this is a great deal prettier, and larger than that. ”

“ Yes, I know it is ; and I meant that it should be so ; I should only have done what I was bound to do, if I had only given you a mandarin. ”

“ Well, and that would have been enough, surely : but what a beautiful crown of roses ! and then that basket of flowers ! they almost look as if I could smell them :—dear Cecilia ! I’m very much obliged to you, but I won’t take it by way of payment for the mandarin you broke ; for I’m sure you could not help that ; and, besides, I should have broken it myself by this time. You shall give it to me en-

tirely, and I'll keep it as long as I live as your keepsake."

Louisa stopped short and coloured. The word keepsake recalled the box to her mind, and all the train of ideas which the Flora had banished.---
 "But," said she, looking up wishfully in Cecilia's face, and holding the Flora doubtfully, "did you---"

Leonora who was just quitting the room, turned her head back and gave Louisa a look, which silenced her.

Cecilia was so infatuated with her vanity, that she neither perceived Leonora's sign, or Louisa's confusion, but continued shewing off her present, by placing it in various situations, till at length she put it into the case, and laying it down with an affected carelessness upon the bed, "I must go now, Louisa." "Good bye," said she, running up, and kissing her; "but I'll

I'll come again presently"---then clapping the door after her, she went.

But, as soon as the fermentation of her spirits subsided, the sense of shame, which had been scarcely felt when mixed with so many other sensations, rose uppermost in her mind. "What!" said she to herself, "is it possible that I have sold what I promised to keep for ever? and what Leonora gave me? and I have concealed it too, and have been making a parade of my generosity. Oh! what would Leonora, what would Louisa, what would every body think of me, if the truth were known?"

Humiliated and grieved by these reflections, Cecilia began to search in her own mind for some consoling idea. She began to compare her conduct with the conduct of others of her own age; and at length, fixing her com-

parison upon her brother George, as the companion of whom, from her infancy, she had been habitually the most emulous, she recollected, that an almost similar circumstance had once happened to him, and that he had not only escaped disgrace, but had acquired glory by an intrepid confession of his fault. Her father's words to her brother, on the occasion, she also perfectly recollected.

“Come to me, George,” he said, holding out his hand, “you are a generous, brave boy: they who dare to confess their faults will make great and good men.”

These were his words; but Cecilia, in repeating them to herself, forgot to lay that emphasis on the word *men*, which would have placed it in contradistinction to the word *women*. But she willingly believed that the observation

servation extended equally to both
 sexes, and flattered herself that she
 should exceed her brother in merit, if
 she owned a fault, which she thought
 that it would be so much more difficult
 to confess. "Yes, but," said she,
 stopping herself, "how can I confess
 it? This very evening, in a few hours,
 the prize will be decided; Leonora or
 I shall win it: I have now as good a
 chance as Leonora, perhaps a better;
 and must I give up all my hopes? all
 that I have been labouring for this
 month past! Oh I never can;—if it
 were but to-morrow, or yesterday, or
 any day but this, I would not hesitate,
 but now I am almost certain of the
 prize, and if I win it—well, why then
 I will—I think, I will tell all—yes
 I will; I am determined," said Ce-
 cilia.

Here

Here a bell summoned them to dinner; Leonora sat opposite to her, and she was not a little surprised to see Cecilia look so gay and unconstrained, "Surely," said she to herself, "if Cecilia had done this, that I suspect, she would not, she could not look as she does." But Leonora little knew the cause of her gaiety; Cecilia was never in higher spirits, or better pleased with herself, than when she had resolved upon a sacrifice or a confession.

"Must not this evening be given to the most amiable? Whose then will it be?" All eyes glanced first at Cecilia, and then at Leonora. Cecilia smiled; Leonora blushed, "I see that it is not yet decided," said Mrs. Villars; and immediately they ran up stairs, amidst confused whisperings.

Cecilia's

Cecilia's voice could be distinguished far above the rest. "How can she be so happy," said Leonora to herself; "Oh Cecilia, there was a time, when you could not have neglected me so!—when we were always together, the best of friends and companions; our wishes, tastes, and pleasures the same! Surely she did once love me," said Leonora; "but now she is quite changed, she has even sold my keepfake; and she would rather win a bracelet of hair from girls whom—she did not always think so much superior to Leonora, than have my esteem, my confidence, and my friendship, for her whole life: yes, for her whole life, for I am sure she will be an amiable woman: oh! that this bracelet had never been thought of, or, that I were certain of her winning it; for I am sure that I do not wish to win it

it from her : I would rather, a thousand times rather, that we were as we used to be, than have all the glory in the world : and how pleasing Cecilia can be, when she wishes to please !—how candid she is !—how much she can improve herself !—let me be just, though she has offended me :—she is wonderfully improved within this last month ; for one fault, and *that* against myself, should I forget all her merits ?”

As Leonora said these last words, she could but just hear the voices of her companions ; they had left her alone in the gallery—she knocked softly at Louisa’s door—“ Come in,” said Louisa, “ I’m not asleep ; oh,” said she, starting up with the Flora in her hand, the instant that the door was opened ; “ I’m so glad you are come, Leonora, for I did so long to hear
what

what you were all making such a noise about—have you forgot that the bracelet——”

“ O yes! is this the evening?”

“ Well, here’s my white shell for you, I’ve kept it in my pocket this fortnight; and though Cecilia did give me this Flora, I still love you a great deal better.”

“ I thank you, Louisa,” said Leonora, gratefully, “ I will take your shell, and I shall value it as long as I live; but here is a red one, and if you wish to shew me that you love me, you will give this to Cecilia; I know that she is particularly anxious for your preference, and I am sure that she deserves it.”

“ Yes, if I could I would chuse both of you—but you know I can only chuse which I like the best.”

“ If

“ If you mean, my dear Louisa,” said Leonora, “ that you like me the best, I am very much obliged to you; for, indeed, I wish you to love me; but it is enough for me to know it in private; I should not feel the least more pleasure at hearing it in public, or in having it made known to all my companions, especially at a time when it would give poor Cecilia a great deal of pain.”

“ But why should it give her pain; I don’t like her for being jealous of you.”

“ Nay, Louisa, surely you don’t think Cecilia jealous; she only tries to excel, and to please; she is more anxious to succeed than I am, it is true, because she has a great deal more activity, and perhaps more ambition; and it would really mortify her to lose
this

this prize, you know that she proposed it herself: it has been her object for this month past, and I am sure she has taken great pains to obtain it."

"But, dear Leonora, why should you lose it?"

"Indeed, my dear, it would be no loss to me; and, if it were, I would willingly suffer it for Cecilia; for, though we seem not to be such good friends as we used to be, I love her very much, and she will love me again; I'm sure she will; when she no longer fears me as a rival, she will again love me as a friend."

Here Leonora heard a number of her companions running along the gallery. They all knocked hastily at the door, calling "Leonora! Leonora! will you never come? Cecilia has been with us this half hour."

Leonora smiled, "Well, Louisa," said she, smiling, "Will you promise me?"

"Oh, I'm sure, by the way they speak to you, that they won't give you the prize!" said the little Louisa; and the tears started into her eyes.

"They love me, though, for all that; and as for the prize, you know who I wish to have it."

"Leonora! Leonora!" called her impatient companions; "don't you hear us? What are you about?"

"Oh she never will take any trouble about any thing," said one of the party, "let's go away!"

"Oh go! go! make haste," cried Louisa; "don't stay, they are so angry. I will, I will, indeed!"

"Remember, then, that you have promised me," said Leonora, and she
left

left the room. During all this time Cecilia had been in the garden with her companions. The ambition which she had felt to win the first prize, the prize of superior talents, and superior application, was not to be compared to the absolute anxiety which she now expressed to win this simple testimony of the love and approbation of her equals and rivals.

To employ her exuberant activity, she had been dragging branches of lilacs and laburnums, roses, and sweet briar, to ornament the bower in which her fate was to be decided. It was excessively hot, but her mind was engaged, and she was indefatigable. She stood still, at last, to admire her works; her companions all joined in loud applause; they were not a little

prejudiced in her favour, by the great eagerness which she expressed to win their prize, and by the great importance which she seemed to affix to the preference of each individual. At last, “where is Leonora?” cried one of them, and immediately, as we have seen, they ran to call her.

Cecilia was left alone; overcome with heat, and too violent exertion, she had hardly strength to support herself; each moment appeared to her intolerably long: she was in a state of the utmost suspense, and all her courage failed her, even hope forsook her, and hope is a cordial which leaves the mind depressed and enfeebled. “The time is now come,” said Cecilia, “in a few moments all will be decided.—In a few moments! goodness! how much

much do I hazard? If I should not win the prize, how shall I confess what I have done? How shall I beg Leonora to forgive me? I who hoped to restore my friendship to her as an honour!—they are gone to see for her—the moment she appears I shall be forgotten—what shall—what shall I do!” said Cecilia, covering her face with her hands.

Such was her situation, when Leonora, accompanied by her companions, opened the hall-door; they most of them ran forwards to Cecilia. As Leonora came into the bower, she held out her hand to Cecilia—“we are not rivals, but friends, I hope,” said she: Cecilia clasped her hand, but she was in too great agitation to speak.

The table was now set in the arbor;—the vase was now placed in the middle. “Well!” said Cecilia, eagerly, “who begins?” Caroline, one of her friends, came forwards first, and then all the others successively.—Cecilia’s emotion was hardly conceivable. “Now they are all in!—count them, Caroline!”

One, two, three, four; the numbers are both equal.”

There was a dead silence.

“No, they are not,” exclaimed Cecilia, pressing forward and putting a shell into the vase—“I have not given mine, and I give it to Leonora.” Then snatching the bracelet, “it is your’s, Leonora,” said she, “take it, and give me back your friendship.” The whole assembly gave an universal clap, and shout of applause

“I can-

“ I cannot be surpris'd at this from you, Cecilia,” said Leonora; “ and do you then still love me as you used to do?”

“ Oh Leonora! stop! don't praise me; I don't deserve this,” said she, turning to her loudly applauding companions; “ you will soon despise me—oh, Leonora, you will never forgive me!—I have deceived you—I have fold——”

At this instant Mrs. Villars appeared—the crowd divided—she had heard all that passed from her window.

“ I applaud your generosity, Cecilia,” said she, “ but I am to tell you, that in this instance it is unsuccessful: you have it not in your power to give the prize to Leonora—it is your's—I have

have another vote to give you—you have forgotten Louisa."

"Louisa! but surely, ma'am, Louisa loves Leonora better than she does me?"

"She commissioned me, however," said Mrs. Villars, "to give you a red shell; and you will find it in this box."

Cecilia started, and turned as pale as death—it was the fatal box.

Mrs. Villars produced another box—she opened it—it contained the Flora;—"and Louisa also desired me," said she, "to return you this Flora"—she put it into Cecilia's hand—Cecilia trembled so that she could not hold it; Leonora caught it.

"Oh madam! oh Leonora!" exclaimed Cecilia; "now I have no
hope

hope left: I intended, I was just going to tell——”

“ Dear Cecilia,” said Leonora, “ you need not tell it me, I know it already, and I forgive you with all my heart.”

“ Yes, I can prove to you,” said Mrs. Villars, “ that Leonora has forgiven you: it is she who has given you the prize; it was she who persuaded Louisa to give you her vote. I went to see her a little while ago, and perceiving, by her countenance, that something was the matter, I pressed her to tell me what it was.”

“ Why, madam,” said she, “ Leonora has made me promise to give my shell to Cecilia; now I don't love Cecilia half so well as I do Leonora; besides, I would not have Cecilia think
I vote

I vote for her because she gave me a Flora. “Whilst Louisa was speaking,” continued Mrs. Villars, “I saw this silver box lying on the bed; I took it up, and asked, if it was not yours, and how she came by it.”

“Indeed, madam,” said Louisa, “I could have been almost certain that it was Cecilia’s; but Leonora gave it me, and she said that she bought it of the pedlar, this morning; if any body else had told me so, I could not have believed them, because I remembered the box so well; but I can’t help believing Leonora.”

“But did not you ask Cecilia about it?” said I.

“No, madam,” replied Louisa, “for Leonora forbid me.”

I guess-

I guessed her reason. “ Well,” said I, “ give me the box, and I will carry your shell in it to Cecilia.”

“ Then, madam,” said she, “ if I must give it her, pray do take the Flora, and return it to her first, that she may not think it is for that I do it.”

“ Oh generous Louisa !” exclaimed Cecilia ; “ but indeed, Leonora, I cannot take your shell.”

“ Then, dear Cecilia, accept of mine instead of it ; you cannot refuse it, I only follow your example : as for the bracelet,” added she, taking Cecilia’s hand, “ I assure you I don’t wish for it ; and you do, and you deserve it.”

“ No,” said Cecilia, “ indeed I do not deserve it ; next to you surely Louisa deserves it best.”

“ Louisa !

“ Louisa! oh yes, Louisa,” exclaimed every body with one voice.

“ Yes,” said Mrs. Villars, “ and let Cecilia carry the Bracelet to her; she deserves that reward. For one fault I cannot forget all your merits, Cecilia; nor, I am sure, will your companions.”

“ Then, surely, not your best friend,” said Leonora, kissing her.

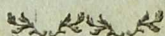
Every body present was moved—they looked up to Leonora with respectful and affectionate admiration.

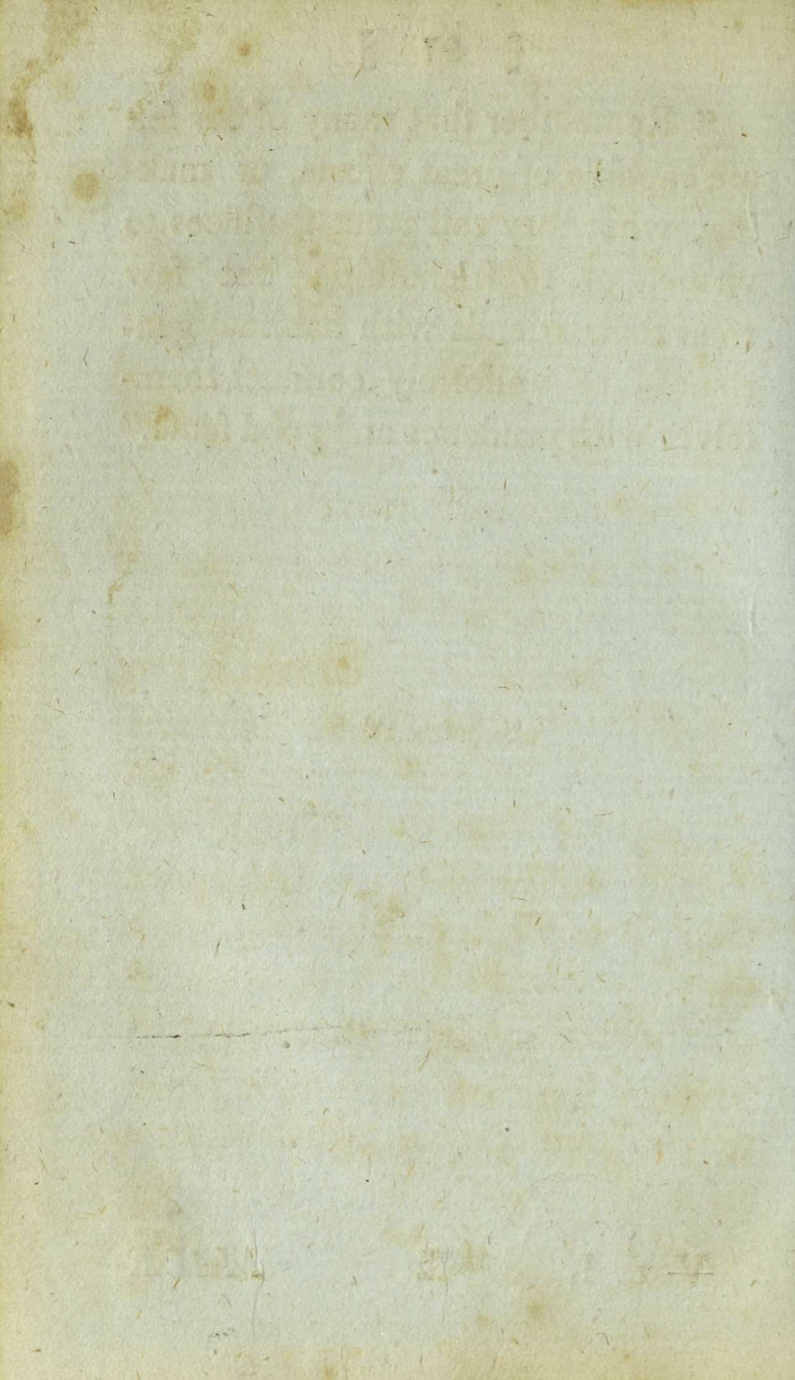
“ Oh, Leonora, how I love you! and how I wish to be like you!” exclaimed Cecilia, “ to be as good, as generous!”

“ Rather with, Cecilia,” interrupted Mrs. Villars, “ to be as just; to be as strictly honourable, and as invariably consistent.”

“ Re-

“ Remember that many of our sex are capable of great efforts, of making, what they call great sacrifices to virtue, or to friendship; but few treat their friends with habitual gentleness, or uniformly conduct themselves with prudence and good sense.”





MADemoiselle PANACHE.

MRS. TEMPLE had two daughters, Emma and Helen; she had taken a great deal of care of their education, and they were very fond of their mother, and particularly happy whenever she had leisure to converse with them: they used to tell her every thing that they thought and felt; so that she had it in her power early to correct, or rather to teach them to correct any little faults in their disposition, and to rectify those errors of judgment to which young people, from want of experience, are so liable.

Mrs. Temple lived in the country, and her society was composed of a few intimate friends; she wished, especially during the education of her children, to avoid the numerous inconveniences of what is called an extensive acquaintance. However, as her children grew older, it was necessary that they should be accustomed to see a variety of characters, and still more necessary that they should learn to judge of them. There was little danger of Emma's being hurt by the first impressions of new faces and new ideas: but Helen, of a more vivacious temper, had not yet acquired her sister's good sense. We must observe that Helen was a little disposed to be fond of novelty, and sometimes formed a prodigiously high opinion of persons whom she had seen but for a few hours. "Not to admire,"

mire," was an art which she had yet to learn.

When Helen was between eleven and twelve years old, Lady S—— returned from abroad, and came to reside at her country seat, which was very near Mrs Temple's. This lady had a daughter, Lady Augusta, who was a little older than Helen. One morning, a fine coach drove to the door, and Lady S—— and her daughter, were announced.—We shall not say any thing at present of either of the ladies; except that Helen was much delighted with them, and talked of nothing else to her sister all the rest of the day.

The next morning as these two sisters were sitting at work in their mother's dressing room, the following conversation began :

K 3

" Sister,

“ Sister, do you like pink or blue the best ?” said Helen.

“ I don’t know ; blue, I think.”

“ Oh blue, to be sure. Mother, which do you like best ?”

“ Why ’tis a question of such importance, that I must have time to deliberate ; I am afraid I like pink the best.”

“ Pink ! dear, that’s very odd !— But mamma, didn’t you think yesterday that Lady Augusta’s fash was a remarkably pretty pale blue ?”

“ Yes ; I thought it was very pretty ; but as I have seen a great many such fashes, I did not think it was any thing very remarkable.”

“ Well, perhaps it was not remarkably pretty ; but you’ll allow, ma’am, that it was very well put on.”

“ It

"It was put on as other fashes are, as well as I remember."

"I like Lady Augusta exceedingly, mother."

"What! because she has a blue fash?"

"No, I'm not quite so silly as that," said Helen, laughing; "not because she has a blue fash."

"Why then did you like her? because it was well put on?"

"Oh, no, no."

"Why then?"

"Why! mamma, why do you ask why?—I can't tell why.—You know one often likes and dislikes people at first, without exactly knowing why."

"One! who do you mean by one?"

"Myself, and every body."

"You, perhaps, but not every body; for only silly people like and dislike without any reason."

"But

“But I hope I’m not one of the silly people ; I only meant that I had no thought about it : I dare say if I were to think about it, I should be able to give you a great many reasons.”

“ I shall be contented with one good one, Helen.”

“ Well then, ma’am, in the first place, I liked her because she was so good-humoured.”

“ You saw her but for one half hour. Are you sure that she is good-humoured ?”

“ No, ma’am ; but I’m sure she looked very good-humoured.”

“ That’s another affair ; however, I acknowledge it is reasonable to feel disposed to like any one who has a good-humoured countenance, because the temper has, I believe, a very strong influence upon certain muscles of the face ; and, Helen, though you

are no great physiognomist, we will take it for granted that you were not mistaken ; now I did not think Lady Augusta had a remarkably good-tempered countenance, but I hope that I am mistaken ; was this your only reason for liking her exceedingly ?”

“ No, not my only reason ; I liked her — because — because——indeed, ma’am,” said Helen, growing a little impatient at finding herself unable to arrange her own ideas, “ indeed, ma’am, I don’t just remember any thing in particular, but I know I thought her very agreeable altogether.”

“ But, saying that you think a person very agreeable *altogether*, may be a common mode of expression, but I am obliged to inform you that it is no reason, nor do I exactly comprehend what it means, unless it mean in
other

other words that you don't chuse to be at the trouble of thinking. I am sadly afraid, Helen, that you must be content at last to be ranked among the silly ones, who like and dislike without knowing why.—Hey, Helen?"

"Oh no indeed, mother," said Helen, putting down her work.

"My dear, I am sorry to distress you; but what are become of the *great many* good reasons?"

"Oh, I have them still;—but then I'm afraid to tell them, because Emma will laugh at me."

"No, indeed, I won't laugh," said Emma—"besides, if you please, I can go away."

"No, no, sit still; I will tell them directly.—Why, mother, you know, before we saw Lady Augusta,
every

every body told us how pretty and accomplished and agreeable she was."

"Every body!—nobody that I remember," said Emma, "but Mrs. H. and Miss K."

"Oh, indeed, sister, and Lady M. too."

"Well, and Lady M—, that makes three."

"But are three people every body?"

"No, to be sure," said Helen, a little disconcerted; "but you promised not to laugh at me, Emma.—However, mother, without joking, I am sure Lady Augusta is very accomplished at least. Do you know, ma'am, she has a French governess? But I forget her name."

"Never mind her name, it is little to the purpose."

"Oh,

“ Oh, but I recollect it now ; Mademoiselle Panache.”

“ Why undoubtedly Lady Augusta’s having a French governess, and her name being Mademoiselle Panache, are incontrovertible proofs of the excellence of her education ; but I think you said you were sure that she was very accomplished ; what do you mean by accomplished ?”

“ Why, that she dances extremely well, and that she speaks French and Italian, and that she draws exceedingly well indeed ; takes likenesses, mamma ! likenesses in miniature, mother !”

“ You saw them, I suppose ?”

“ Saw them ! No, I did not see them, but I heard of them.”

“ That’s a singular method of judging of pictures.”

“ But, however, she certainly plays extremely well upon the piano-forte, and

and understands music perfectly. I have a particular reason for knowing this, however."

"You did not hear her play?"

"No; but I saw an Italian song written in her own hand, and she told me she set it to music herself."

"You saw her music, and heard her drawings;—excellent proofs!—Well, but her dancing?"

"Why she told me the name of her dancing master, and it sounded like a foreign name."

"So I suppose he must be a good one," said Emma, laughing.

"But, seriously, I do believe she is sensible."

"Well: your cause of belief?"

"Why, I asked her if she had read much history, and she answered, "*a little*;" but I saw by her look, she meant *a great deal*."

“Nay, Emma! you are laughing now; I saw you smile.”

“Forgive her, Helen, indeed it was very difficult to help it,” said Mrs. Temple.

“Well, mother,” said Helen, “I believe I have been a little hasty in my judgment, and all my good reasons are reduced to nothing: I dare say all this time Lady Augusta is very ignorant, and very ill-natured.”

“Nay; now you are going into the opposite extreme: it is possible she may have all the accomplishments and good qualities which you first imagined her to have: I only meant to shew you that you had no proofs of them hitherto.”

“But surely, mother, it would be but good-natured to believe a stranger to be amiable and sensible, when we know

know nothing to the contrary ; strangers may be as good as the people we have known all our lives ; so it would be very hard upon them, and very silly in us too, if we were to take it for granted they were every thing that was bad, merely because they were strangers."

" You do not yet reason with perfect accuracy, Helen ; is there no difference between thinking people every thing that is good and amiable, and taking it for granted that they are every thing that is bad ?"

" But then, mother, what can one do?—To be always doubting and doubting is very disagreeable : and at first, when one knows nothing of a person, how can we judge ?"

" There is no necessity, that I can perceive, for your judging of peoples characters the very instant

they come into a room, which I suppose is what you mean by 'at first.' And though it be disagreeable to be always 'doubting and doubting,' yet it is what we must submit to patiently, Helen, unless we would submit to the consequences of deciding ill; which, let me assure you, my little daughter, are infinitely more disagreeable."

"Then," said Helen, "I had better doubt and doubt a little longer, mother, about Lady Augusta."

Here the conversation ended. A few days afterwards, Lady Augusta came with her mother to dine at Mrs. Temple's. For the first hour Helen kept her resolution, and with some difficulty maintained her mind in the painful, philosophic state of doubt; but the second hour Helen thought

thought that it would be unjust to doubt any longer; especially, as Lady Augusta had just shewn her a French pocket fan, and at the very same time observed to Emma, that her sister's hair was a true auburn colour.

In the evening, after they had returned from a walk, they went into Mrs. Temple's dressing-room to look at a certain black japanned cabinet in which Helen kept some dried specimens of plants, and other curious things. Half the drawers in this cabinet were her's, and the other half her sister's. Now Emma, though she was sufficiently obliging and polite towards her new acquaintance, yet she was by no means enchanted with her; nor did she feel the least disposition suddenly to contract a friendship with a person she had seen

but for a few hours. This reserve Helen thought shewed some want of feeling, and seemed determined to make amends for it by the warmth and frankness of her own manners. She opened all the drawers of the cabinet; and whilst Lady Augusta looked and admired, Helen watched her eye, as Aboulcasem, in the Persian Tales, watched the eye of the stranger to whom he was displaying his treasures. Helen, it seems, had read the story, which had left a deep impression upon her imagination; and she had long determined, on the first convenient opportunity, to imitate the conduct of the "generous Persian." Immediately therefore, upon observing that any thing struck her guest's fancy, she withdrew it, and secretly set it apart for her, as Aboulcasem set apart the slave, and the

cup, and the peacock. At night, when Lady Augusta was preparing to depart, Helen slipped out of the room, packed up the things, and, as Aboulcasem wrote a scroll with his presents, she thought it necessary to accompany her's with a billet: all this being accomplished with much celerity, and some trepidation, she hurried down stairs, gave her packet to one of the servants, and saw it lodged in Lady S——'s coach.

When the visit was ended, and Helen and Emma had retired to their own room at night, they began to talk, instead of going to sleep.—“ Well, sister,” said Helen, “ and what did you give to Lady Augusta ? ”

“ I ! nothing.”

“ Nothing ! ”

“ Nothing !” repeated Helen, in a triumphant tone ; “ then she will not think you very generous.”

“ I do not want her to think me very generous,” said Emma, laughing ; “ neither do I think that giving of presents to strangers is always a proof of generosity.”

“ Strangers or no strangers that makes no difference ; for surely a person’s giving away any thing that they like themselves is a pretty certain proof, Emma, of their generosity.”

“ Not quite so certain,” replied Emma ; “ at least, I mean, as far as I can judge of my own mind : I know I have sometimes given things away that I liked myself, merely because I was ashamed to refuse ; now
I should

I should not call that generosity but weakness; and besides, I think it does make a great deal of difference, Helen, whether you mean to speak of strangers or friends. I am sure, at this instant, if there is any thing of mine in that black cabinet that you wish for, Helen, I'll give it you with the greatest pleasure."

"And not to Lady Augusta!"

"No; I could not do both; and do you think I would make no distinction between a person I have lived with and loved for years, and a stranger, whom I know and care very little about?"

Helen was touched by this speech, especially as she entirely believed her sister, for Emma was not one who made sentimental speeches.

A short time after this visit, Mrs. Temple took her two daughters with her

her to dine at Lady S—'s. As they happened to go rather earlier than usual, they found nobody in the drawing-room but the French governess, Mademoiselle Panache. Helen, it seems, had conceived a very sublime idea of a French governess; and when she first came into the room she looked up to Mademoiselle Panache with a mixture of awe and admiration. Mademoiselle was not much troubled with any of that awkward reserve which seems in England sometimes to keep strangers at bay for the first quarter of an hour of their acquaintance: she could not, it is true, speak English very fluently, but this only increased her desire to speak it; and between two languages she found means, with some difficulty, to express herself. The conversation, after the usual pre-

preliminary nothings had been gone over, turned upon France, and French literature: Mrs. Temple said she was going to purchase some French books for her daughters, and very politely begged to know what authors Mademoiselle would particularly recommend. "*Vat auteurs!* you do me much honour, madame—*Vat auteurs!* why, *Mesdemoiselles*, there's *Telemaque* and *Belisaire*."

Helen and Emma had read *Telemaque* and *Belisaire*, so Mademoiselle was obliged to think again—" *Attendez!*" cried she, putting up her fore-finger in an attitude of recollection. But the result of all her recollection was still "*Belisaire*" and "*Telemaque*;" and an *Abbé's* book, whose name she could not remember, though she remembered perfectly well that the work was published

" l'an

“ *l'an mille six cents quatre vingts dix.*”

Helen could scarcely forbear smiling, so much was her awe and admiration of a French governess abated. Mrs. Temple, to relieve Mademoiselle from the perplexity of searching for the Abbé's name, and to avoid the hazard of going out of her circle of French literature, mentioned *Gil Blas*; and observed, that though it was a book universally put into the hands of very young people, that she thought Mademoiselle judged well in preferring——

“ Oh!” interrupted Mademoiselle, “ *Je me trouve bien heureuse*—I am quite happy, madame, to be of your way of thinking—I would never go to chuse to put *Gil Blas* into no pupil's of mine's hands until they
were

were perfectly mistrefs of *de idiome de la langue.*"

It was not the idiom, but the morality of the book, to which Mrs. Temple had alluded; but that, it was very plain, occupied no part of Mademoiselle Panache's attention; her object was solely to teach her pupil French. "*Mais pour, Miladi, Augusta,*" cried she, "*C'est vraiment un petit prodige!*—You, madame, you are a judge.—*On le voit bien.*—You know how much difficile it be to compose French poesie, because of de rhymes, de masculin, feminine, de neutre genre of noun substantive and adjective, all to be consider in spite of de sense in our rhymes.—*Je ne m'explique pas.*—*Mais enfin*—de natives themselves very few come to write passably in poesie; except it be your great poets by profession.

---*Cependant, madame, miladi Auguste, I speak de truth, not one word of lies. Maladi Augusta write poesie just de same with prose.*---*Veritablement comme un ange ! Et puis,*" continued Mademoiselle Panache——

But she was interrupted by the entrance of the "little angel" and her mother. Lady Augusta wore a rose-coloured sash to-day, and Helen no longer preferred blue to pink. Not long after they were seated, Lady S—— observed that her daughter's face was burned by being opposite to the fire ; and after betraying some symptoms of anxiety, cried---" Mademoiselle, why will you always let Augusta sit so near the fire ? My dear, how can you bear to burn your face so ? Do be so good, for my sake, to take a screen."

" There

“ There is no screen in the room, ma’am, I believe ;” said the young lady, moving, or seeming to move, her chair three quarters of an inch backwards.

“ No screen !” said Lady S——, looking round ; “ I thought, Mademoiselle, your screens were finished.”

“ *Oh oui, madame, dey be finish ; but I forget to make dem come down stairs.*”

“ I hate embroidered screens,” observed Lady S——, turning away her head ; for one is always afraid to use them.”

Mademoiselle immediately rose to fetch one of her’s.

“ *Ne vous derangez pas, Mademoiselle,*” said Lady S——, carelessly. And whilst she was out of the room, turning to Mrs. Temple, “ Have

you a French governess?" said she, "I think you told me not."

"No," said Mrs. Temple; "I have no thoughts of any governess for my daughters."

"Why, indeed, I don't know but you are quite right, for they are sad plagues to have in one's house; besides, I believe too, in general, they are a sad set of people.—But what can one do, you know? One must submit to all that; for they tell me there's no other way of securing to one's children a good French pronunciation.—How will you manage about that?"

"Helen and Emma," said Mrs. Temple, "read and understand French as well as I could wish; and if ever they go to France, I hope they will be able to catch the accent, as I have never suffered them to
ac-

acquire any fixed bad habits of speaking it."

"Oh," said Lady S——, "*bad habits* are what I dread of all things for Augusta; I assure you I was particularly nice about the choice of a governess for her; so many of these sort of people come over here from Switzerland or the French provinces, and speak a horrid jargon.—It's very difficult to meet with a person you could entirely depend upon."

"Very difficult, indeed;" said Mrs. Temple.

"However," continued her ladyship, "I think myself most exceedingly fortunate; I am absolutely certain, that Mademoiselle Panache comes from Paris, and was born and educated there; so I feel quite at ease: and as to the rest,"

said she, lowering her voice, but only lowering it sufficiently to fix Lady Augusta's attention—"as to the rest, I shall part with her when my daughter is a year or two older; so you know she can do no great harm. Besides," said she, speaking louder, "I really have great confidence in her; and Augusta and she seem to agree vastly well."

"Oh yes," said Lady Augusta, "Mademoiselle is exceedingly good-natured; I am sure I like her vastly."

"Well, that's the chief thing: I would work upon a child's sensibility; that's my notion of education," said Lady S—— to Mrs. Temple, affecting a sweet smile—"Take care of the heart at any rate--there I'm sure, at least, I may depend on Mademoiselle Panache, for she is the
best

best creature in the world ; I've the highest opinion of her : not that I would trust my own judgment, but she was most exceedingly well recommended to me."

Mademoiselle Panache came into the room again, just as Lady S—— finished her last sentence ; she brought one of her own worked screens in her hand. Helen looked at Lady Augusta, expecting that she would at least have gone to meet her governess, but the young lady never offered to rise from her seat ; and when poor Mademoiselle presented the screen to her, she received it with the utmost *nonchalance*, only interrupting her conversation by a slight bow of the head. Helen and Emma looked down, feeling both ashamed and shocked at manners which

which they could neither think kind nor polite.

However, it was no wonder that the pupil should not be scrupulously respectful, towards a governess whom her mother treated like a waiting-maid.

More carriages now came to the door, and the room was soon filled with company. The young ladies dined at the side-table with Mademoiselle Panache; and during dinner Emma and Helen quite won her heart.—“*Voilà, des Demoiselles, des plus polies!*” she said, with emphasis: and it is true that they were particularly careful to treat her with the greatest attention and respect; not only from their general habits of good breeding, and from a sense of propriety, but from a feeling of pity and generosity: they could not bear
to

to think that a person should be treated with neglect or insolence merely because their situation and rank happened to be inferior.

Mademoiselle, pleased with their manners, was particularly officious in entertaining them; and when the rest of the company sat down to cards, she offered to shew them the house, which was large and magnificent.

Helen and Emma were very glad to be relieved from their seats beside the card table, and from perpetually hearing of trumps, odd tricks, and honors; so that they eagerly accepted Mademoiselle's proposal.

The last room which they went into was Lady Augusta's apartment, in which her writing-desk, her drawing-box, and her piano forte stood. It was very elegantly furnished; and at one end was a handsome book-case,

case, which immediately attracted Helen and Emma's attention.—Not Lady Augusta's; her attention the moment she came into the room, was attracted by a hat, which Mademoiselle had been making up in the morning, and which lay half-finished upon the sofa. “Well, really this is elegant!” said she; “certainly, Mademoiselle, you have the best taste in the world!—Isn't it a beautiful hat?” said she, appealing to Helen and Emma.

“Oh yes;” replied Helen instantly; for as she was no great judge, she was afraid to hazard her opinion, and thought it safest to acquiesce in Lady Augusta's opinion. Emma, on the contrary, who did not think the hat particularly pretty, and who dared to think for herself, was silent. And certainly it requires
no

no common share of strength of mind to dare to think for one's self about a hat.

In the mean time Mademoiselle put the finishing stroke to her work ; and observing that the colour of the ribbon would become Helen's complexion—" *Marveilleusement ! — Permettez, Mademoiselle,*" said she, putting it lightly upon her head—" *Qu'elle est charmante ! — Qu'elle est bien comme ça ! — Quite anoder ting ! — Mademoiselle Helen est charmante !*" cried the governess with enthusiasm ; and her pupil echoed her exclamations with equal enthusiasm ; till Helen would absolutely have been persuaded that some sudden metamorphosis had taken place in her appearance, if her sister's composure had not happily preserved her in her sober senses. She could not, however,

ever, help feeling a sensible diminution of merit and happiness when the hat was lifted off her head.

“What a very pretty coloured ribbon!” said she.

“That’s pistachea colour;” said Lady Augusta.

“Pistachea colour!” repeated Helen, with admiration.

“Pistachea colour;” repeated her sister, coolly: “I did not know that was the name of the colour.”

“*Bon Dieu!*” said Mademoiselle, lifting up her hands and eyes to Heaven: “*Bon Dieu! not know de pistachea colour!*”

Emma, neither humbled nor shocked at her own ignorance, simply said to herself, “Surely it is no crime not to know *a name*.” But Mademoiselle’s abhorrent and amazed look produced a very different effect upon
Helen’s

Helen's imagination: she felt all the anguish of false shame, that dangerous infirmity of weak minds.

“ *Bon !*” said Mademoiselle Panache to herself, observing the impression which she had made : “ *Voilà un bon sujet au moins.*” And she proceeded, with more officiousness perhaps than politeness, to reform certain minutiae in Helen’s dress, which were not precisely adjusted according to what she called *the mode* : she having the misfortune to be possessed of that intolerant spirit which admits but of one mode ; a spirit, which is common to all persons who have seen but little of the world, or of good company ; and who, consequently, cannot conceive the liberality of sentiment upon all matters of taste and fashion which

distinguishes well-bred, and well-educated people.

“ *Pardonnez, Mademoiselle Helen,*” said she: “ *Permettez*”—altering things to her fancy—“ *un petit plus—et un petit plus: oui comme ça—comme ça---Bien!---Bien!---Ah non! Cela est vilain---affreuse! Mais tenez, toujours comme ça; ressouvenez vous bien, Mademoiselle---Ah bon! vous voilà mise à quâtres epingles!*”

“ *A quâtres epingles!*” repeated Helen to herself. “Surely,” thought Emma, “that is a vulgar expression; Mademoiselle is not as elegant in her taste for language as for dress.” Indeed two or three technical expressions, which afterwards escaped from this lady, joined to the prodigious knowledge she displayed of the names, qualities, and value of ribbons, gauzes, feathers, &c. had excited

cited a strong suspicion in Emma's mind, that Mademoiselle Panache herself might possibly have had the honour to be a milliner.

The following incident sufficiently confirmed her suspicions:—Whilst Mademoiselle was dressing and undressing Helen, she regularly carried every pin which she took out, to her mouth.

Helen did not perceive this manœuvre, it being performed with habitual celerity; but seeing that all the pins were vanished, she first glanced her eye upon the table, and then on the ground; and still not seeing her pins, she felt in her pocket for her pincushion, and presented it—" *J'en ai assez bien obligée, Mademoiselle :*"—and from some secret receptacle in her mouth, she produced first one pin, then another, till Emma

counted seventeen, to her utter astonishment,—more, certainly, than any mouth could contain but a milliner's.

Unfortunately, however, in Mademoiselle's haste to speak, a pin, and an exclamation, contending in her mouth, impeded her utterance, and put her in imminent danger of choaking. They all looked frightened. "*Qu' avez vous donc !*"—cried she, recovering herself with admirable dexterity, "*Qu' avez vous donc !---Ce n'est rien.---Ah si vous aviez vue Mademoiselle Alexandre !---Ah ! dat would frighten you indeed !---Many de time I see her put one tirty, forty, fifty---aye one hundred, two hundred in her mouth---and she all de time laugh, talk, eat, drink, sleep wid dem---and no harm---nonobstant never happen Mademoiselle Alexandre.*"

“ And

“ And who is Mademoiselle Alexandre ?” said Emma.

“ *Eh donc !---famuese marchande de modes---rue St. Honorè---rivale célèbre de Mademoiselle Baulara.*”

“ Yes, I know ! said Lady Augusta, delighted to appear to know the name of two French milliners, without in the least suspecting that she had the honour to have a third for her governess.

Emma smiled, but was silent.— She fortunately possessed a sound discriminating understanding ; observing and judging for herself, it was not easy to impose upon her by names and grimaces.

It was remarkable that Mademoiselle Panache had never once attempted to alter any thing in Emma’s dress, and directed very little of her conversation to her ; seeming to have

an intuitive perception, that she could make no impression : and Lady Augusta, too, treated her with less familiarity, but with far more respect.

“ *Dear Helen,*” said Lady Augusta, for she seemed, to use her own expression, to have taken a great fancy to her ;” “ dear Helen, I hope you are to be at the ball at the races.”

“ I don’t know,” said Helen, “ I believe my mother intends to be there.”

“ *Et vous ?*” said Mademoiselle Panache, you, to be sure, I hope ;— your mamma could not be so cruel as to leave you at home ! *une demoiselle faite comme vous !*”

Helen had been quite indifferent about going to the ball, till these words inspired her with a violent desire to go there, or rather with a
violent

violent dread of the misfortune and disgrace of being left "at home."

We shall, for fear of being tiresome, omit a long conversation which passed about the dress and necessary preparations for this ball. It is enough to say, that Helen was struck with despair at the idea that her mother probably would not procure for her all the fine things which Lady Augusta had, and which Mademoiselle assured her were absolutely necessary to her being "presentable." In particular, her ambition was excited by a splendid watch chain of her Ladyship's, which Lady Augusta assured her "there was no possibility of *living* without."

Emma, however, reflecting that she had lived all her life without even wishing for a watch-chain, was inclined

clined to doubt the accuracy of her Lady's assertion.

In the mean time, poor Helen fell into a profound and somewhat painful reverie. She stood with the watch-chain in her hand, ruminating upon the vast, infinite number of things she wanted to complete her happiness---things of which she had never thought before. Indeed, during the short time she had been in the company of Mademoiselle Panache, a new world seemed to have been opened to her imagination---new wants, new wishes, new notions of right and wrong---and a totally new idea of excellence and happiness had taken possession of her mind.

So much mischief may be done by a silly governess in a single quarter of an hour!--But we are yet to see more of the genius of Mademoiselle Panache
for

for education. It happened that while the young ladies were busily talking together, she had got to the other end of the room, and was as busily engaged at a looking-glass, receding and advancing by turns to decide the exact distance at which rouge was liable to detection. Keeping her eye upon the mirror, she went backwards, and backwarder, till unluckily she chanced to set her foot upon Lady Augusta's favourite little dog, who instantly sent forth a piteous yell.

“ Oh ! my dog !---Oh ! my dog !” exclaimed Lady Augusta, running to the dog, and taking it into her lap---
 “ *Oh chere Fanfan !*----where is it hurt, my poor, dear, sweet, darling little creature ?”

“ *Chere Fanfan !*” cried Made-moiselle, kneeling down, and kissing the offended paw---“ *pardonnez, Fanfan !*”

fan !"—and they continued careſſing and pitying Fanfan, ſo as to give Helen a very exalted opinion of their ſenſibility, and to make her wiſer ſiſter doubt of its ſincerity.

Longer would Fanfan have been deplored with all the pathos of feminine fondneſs, had not Mademoiſelle ſuddenly ſhrieked, and ſtarted up.—“ What’s the matter?—what’s the matter?”—cried they all at once.—The affrighted governeſs pointed to her pupil’s ſaſh, exclaiming, “ *Regardez !—regardez !* ”—There was a moderate-ſized ſpider upon the young lady’s ſaſh—“ *La voilà ! ah la voilà !* ” cried ſhe, at an awful diſtance.

“ It is only a ſpider,” ſaid Emma.

“ A ſpider ! ” ſaid Lady Auguſta, and threw Fanfan from her lap as ſhe roſe—“ where?—where?—on my ſaſh ! ”

“ I’ll shake it off,” said Helen.

“ Oh! shake it, shake it!”—and she shook it herself till the spider fell to the ground, who seemed to be almost as much frightened as Lady Augusta, and was making his way as fast as possible from the field of battle.

“ *Où est il ?—où est il ?—Le vilain animal !*” cried Mademoiselle, advancing—“ *Ah que je l’écrase au moins,*” said she, having her foot prepared.

“ Kill it!”—“ Oh Mademoiselle, don’t kill it,” said Emma, stooping down to save it—“ I’ll put it out of the window this instant.”

“ Ah! how can you touch it?” said Lady Augusta, with disgust, while Emma carried it carefully in her hand; and Helen, whose humanity was still proof against Mademoiselle Panache, ran to open the window. Just as they

they had got the poor spider out of the reach of its enemies, a sudden gust of wind blew it back again; it fell once more upon the floor.

“ Oh kill it!—kill it, any body—for Heaven’s sake *do* kill it!”—Mademoiselle pressed forward, and crushed the animal to death.”

“ Is it dead?”

“ Quite dead!” said her pupil, approaching timidly.

“ *Avancez!*” said her governess, laughing—“ *Que craignez vous donc?—Elle est morte, je vous dis.*”

The young lady looked at the entrails of the spider, and was satisfied.

So much for a lesson on humanity.

It was some time before the effects of this scene were effaced from the minds of either of the sisters; but at length a subject very interesting to

Helen

Helen was started. Lady Augusta mentioned the little ebony box which had been put into the coach, and Miss Helen's very obliging note.

However, though she affected to be pleased, it was evident, by the haughty carelessness of her manner, whilst she returned her thanks, that she was rather offended than obliged by the present.

Helen was surprised and mortified. The times, she perceived, were changed since the days of Aboulcassim.

"I am particularly distressed," said Lady Augusta, who often assumed the language of a woman, "I am particularly distressed to rob you of your pretty prints; especially as my uncle has just sent me down a set of Bartolozzi's from town."

“ But I hope, Lady Augusta, you liked the little prints which are cut out. I think you said you wished for some such things, to put on a work-basket.”

“ Oh yes; I’m sure I’m exceedingly obliged to you for remembering that; I had quite forgotten it; but I found some beautiful vignettes the other day in our French books, and I shall set about copying them for my basket directly. I’ll shew them to you if you please,” said she, going to the book-case. “ Mademoiselle, do be so good as to reach for me those little books in the Morocco binding.”

“ Mademoiselle got upon a stool, and touched several books, one after another, for she could not translate “ Morocco binding.”

“ Which

“ Which did you mean?—*Dis—dis—dis or dat ?*” said she.

“ No, no, none of those, *Mademoiselle*: not in that row:—look just above your hand in the second row from the top.”

“ Oh no; not in dat row, I hope.”

“ Why not there?”

“ Oh *Miladi Augusta*, vous savez bien.—*Ce sont là les livres defendues*—I dare not touch one—*Vous le savez bien, Maladi, votre chère mère.*”

“ *Miladi, votre chère mère !*” repeated the young lady, mimicking her governess—“ pooh, nonsense, give me the books.”

“ *Eh non—absolument non—Croyez, moi Mademoiselle, de book is not good.—Ce n'est pas comme il faut ; it is not fit for young ladies,—for nobody to read.*”

“ How do you know that so well, Mademoiselle ? ”

“ *N'importe,* ” said Mademoiselle, colouring, “ *n'importe—je le sçais—* But not to talk of dat ; you know I cannot disobey Miladi ; de row of Romans she forbid to be touch, on no account, by nobody but herself in de house.—You know dis, Mademoiselle Augusta.—So en conscience,” said she, descending from the stool——

“ *En Conscience !* ” repeated Lady Augusta, with the impatient accent of one not used to be opposed, I can't help admiring the tendernefs of your conscience, Mademoiselle Panache.—“ Now would you believe it ? ” continued she, turning to Emma and Helen, “ now would you believe it ? Mademoiselle has had the second volume of that very book under her pillow this fortnight ; I caught her

her reading it one morning, and that was what made me so anxious to see it; or else ten to one I never should have thought of the book—so “*en conscience!*” Mademoiselle.”

Mademoiselle coloured furiously.

“*Mais vraiment, Miladi Augusta, vous me manquez en face!*”

The young lady made no reply, but sprang upon the stool to reach the books for herself; and the governess deeming it prudent not to endanger her authority by an ineffectual struggle for victory, thought proper to sound a timely retreat.

“*Allons! Mesdemoiselles,*” cried she, “*I fancy de tea wait by dis time; descendons;*” and she led the way.—Emma instantly followed her.—“Stay a moment for me, Helen, my dear.” Helen hesitated.

“Then you won’t take down the books?” said she.

“Nay, one moment; just let me shew you the vignette.”

“No, no; pray don’t: Mademoiselle said you must not.”

“Yes, she said I must not; but you see she went away, that I might; and so I will,” said Lady Augusta, jumping off the stool, with the red books in her hand.—“Now look here.”

“Oh no; I can’t stay, indeed!” said Helen, pulling away her hand.

“La! what a child you are!” said Lady Augusta; laughing;—“its mamma shan’t be angry with it, she shan’t.—La! what harm can there be in looking at a vignette?”

“Why, to be sure, there can be no harm in looking at a vignette,” said Helen, submitting from the
same

same species of false shame which had conquered her understanding before about the Pistachea colour.

“ Well, look !” said Lady Augusta, opening the book, “ isn’t this exceedingly pretty ?”

“ Exceedingly pretty,” said Helen, scarce seeing it : “ now shall we go down ?”

“ No, stay ; as you think that pretty, I can shew you a much prettier.”

“ Well, only *one* then.”

But when she had seen that, Lady Augusta still said, “ One other,” and “ one other,” till she had gone through a volume and a half ; Helen all the while alternately hesitating and yielding, out of pure weakness and *mauvaise honte*.

The vignettes, in fact, were not extraordinarily beautiful ; nor, if they had,

had, would she have taken the least pleasure in seeing them in such a surreptitious manner. She did not, however, see all the difficulties into which this first deviation from proper conduct would lead her. Alas! no one ever can!

Just when they were within three leaves of the end of the last volume, they heard voices upon the stairs.—“Good God! there’s my mother!—They’re coming!—What shall we do?” cried Lady Augusta; and tho’ there could be “*no harm in looking at a print,*” yet the colour now forsook her cheek, and she stood the picture of guilt and cowardice. There was not time to put the books up in their places. What was to be done?

“Put them in our pockets,” said Lady Augusta.

“Oh

“ Oh no, no !—I won’t—I can’t—what meanness !”

“ But you must. I can’t get them both into mine,” said Lady Augusta, in great distress. “ Dear, dear Helen, for my sake !”

Helen trembled, and let Lady Augusta put the book into her pocket.

“ My dear, said Lady S—, opening the door just as this operation was effected, we are come to see your room ; will you let us in ?”

“ Oh, certainly, madam, said Lady Augusta, commanding a smile. But Helen’s face was covered with so deep a crimson, and she betrayed such evident symptoms of embarrassment, that her mother, who came up with the rest of the company, could not help taking notice of it.

“ Are’n’t you well, Helen, my dear ?” said her mother.

Helen

Helen attempted no answer.

“ Perhaps,” said Lady Augusta, “ it was the grapes after dinner which disagreed with you.”

Helen refused the look of assent which was expected ; and at this moment she felt the greatest contempt for Lady Augusta, and terror to see herself led on step by step in deceit.

“ My love, indeed you don’t look well,” said Lady S—, in a tone of pity.

“ *It must be de grapes !*” said Mademoiselle.

“ No, indeed,” said Helen, who felt inexpressible shame and anguish, “ no indeed, it is not the grapes ;” turning away, and looking up to her mother with tears in her eyes.

She was upon the point of producing the book before all the company ; but Lady Augusta pressed her arm,

arm, and she forbore ; for she thought it would be dishonourable to betray her.

Mrs. Temple did not chuse to question her daughter farther at this time, and relieved her from confusion by turning to something else.

As they went down stairs to tea, Lady Augusta, with familiar fondness, took Helen's hand.

" You need not fear," said Helen, withdrawing her hand coldly, " I shall not betray you, Lady Augusta."

" You'll promise me that?"

" Yes," said Helen, with a feeling of contempt.

After tea, Lady Augusta was requested to sit down to the piano forte, and favor the company with an Italian song. She sat down, and played, and sung with the greatest ease and gaiety imaginable ; whilst Helen, incapable

capable of feeling, still more incapable of affecting gaiety, stood beside the harpsichord, her eyes bowed down with "*penetrative shame.*"

"Why do you look so woe-begone?" said Lady Augusta, as she stooped for a music book; "why don't you look as I do?"

"I can't," said Helen.

Her Ladyship did not feel the force of this answer; for her own self-approbation, could, it seems, be recovered at a very cheap rate; half a dozen strangers listening, with unmeaning smiles and encomiums, to her execution of one of Clementi's lessons, were sufficient to satisfy her ambition. Nor is this surprising, when all her education had tended to teach her, that what are called accomplishments, are superior to every thing else. Her drawings were next
to

to be produced and admired. The table was presently covered with fruit, flowers, landscapes, men's, women's, and children's heads; whilst Mademoiselle was suffered to stand holding a large post-folio, till she was ready to faint; nor was she perhaps the only person in company who was secretly tired of the exhibition.

These eternal exhibitions of accomplishments have of late become private nuisances. Let young women cultivate their tastes or their understandings in any manner that can afford them agreeable occupation; or, in one word, that can make them happy; if they are wise, they will early make it their object to be permanently happy, and not merely to be admired for a few hours of their existence.

All this time poor Helen could think of nothing but the book which she had been persuaded to secrete. It grew late in the evening, and Helen grew more and more uneasy at not having any opportunity of returning it. Lady Augusta was so busy talking and receiving compliments, that it was impossible to catch her eye.

At length Mrs. Temple's carriage was ordered; and now all the company were seated in form, and Helen saw with the greatest distress that she was farther than ever from her purpose. She once had a mind to call her mother aside, and consult her; but that she could not do, on account of her promise.

The carriage came to the door; and whilst Helen put on her cloak, Mademoiselle assisted her, so that she could not speak to Lady Augusta.

At

At last, when she was taking leave of her, she said, "Will you let me give you the book?" and half drew it from her pocket.

"Oh goodness! not now; I can't take it now."

"What shall I do with it?"

"Why, take it home, and send it back, directed to *me*—remember—by the first opportunity—when you have done with it?"

"Done with it!—I have done with it.—Indeed, Lady Augusta, you must let me give it you now."

"Come, Helen, we are waiting for you, my dear," said Mrs. Temple; and Helen was hurried into the carriage with the book still in her pocket. Thus was she brought from one difficulty into another.

Now she had promised her mother never to borrow any book without

her knowledge; and certainly she had not the slightest intention to forfeit her word when she first was persuaded to look at the vignettes. "Oh," said she to herself, "where will all this end? What shall I do now? Why was I so weak as to stay to look at the prints? And why did I fancy I should like Lady Augusta before I knew any thing of her? Oh, how much I wish I had never seen her!"

Occupied by these thoughts all the way they were going home, Helen, we may imagine, did not appear as chearful or as much at ease as usual. Her mother and her sister were conversing very agreeably; but if she had been asked when the carriage stopped, she could not have told a single syllable of what they had been saying.

Mrs.

Mrs. Temple perceived that something hung heavy upon her daughter's mind; but, trusting to her long habits of candor and integrity, she was determined to leave her entirely at liberty; she therefore wished her a good night, without enquiring into the cause of her melancholy.

Helen scarcely knew what it was to lie awake at night; she generally slept soundly from the moment she went to bed, till the morning, and then wakened as gay as a lark; but now it was quite otherwise; she lay awake uneasy and restless, her pillow was wet with her tears, she turned from side to side, but in vain; it was the longest night she ever remembered; she wished a thousand times for morning, but when the morning came she got up with a very heavy heart; all her usual occupa-

tions had lost their charms ; and what she felt the most painful was her mother's kind, open, unsuspecting manner. She had never, at least she had never for many years, broken her word ; she had long felt the pleasure of integrity, and knew how to estimate its loss.

“ And for what,” said Helen to herself, “ have I forfeited this pleasure ?—for nothing.”

But besides this, she was totally at a loss to know what step she was next to take ; nor could she consult the friends she had always been accustomed to apply to for advice. Two ideas of honour, two incompatible ideas were struggling in her mind. She thought that she should not betray her companion, and she knew she ought not to deceive her mother. She was fully resolved never to open
the

the book which she had in her pocket, but yet she was to keep it she knew not how long. Lady Augusta had desired her to send it home ; but she did not see how this was to be accomplished without having recourse to the secret assistance of servants, a species of meanness to which she had never stooped. She thought she saw herself involved in inextricable difficulties. She knew not what to do ; she laid her head down upon her arms, and wept bitterly.

Her mother just then came into the room.—“ Helen, my dear,” said she, without taking any notice of her tears, “ here’s a fan, which one of the servants just brought out of the carriage ; I find it was left there by accident all night. The man tells me, that Mademoiselle Panache put it into the front pocket, and said it was a present

sent from Lady Augusta to Miss Helen. It was a splendid French fan.

“ Oh,” said Helen, “ I can’t take it!—I can’t take any present from Lady Augusta.—I wish—”

“ You wish, perhaps,” said Mrs. Temple, smiling, that you had not begun the traffic of presents; but since you have, it would not be handsome, it would not be proper to refuse the fan.”

“ But I must—I will refuse it,” said Helen. “ Oh, mother! you don’t know how unhappy I am!”—She paused.—“ Didn’t you see that something was the matter, madam, when you came up yesterday into Lady Augusta’s room?”

“ Yes,” said her mother, “ I did; but I did not chuse to enquire the cause; I thought if you had wished I should know it, that you would
have

have told it to me. You are now old enough, Helen, to be treated with confidence."

"No," said Helen, bursting into tears, "I am not—indeed I am not—I have---But oh, mother!---the worst of all is, that I don't know whether I should tell you any thing about it or no---I ought not to betray any body; ought I?"

"Certainly not; and as to me, the desire you now shew to be sincere is enough; you are perfectly at liberty: if I can assist or advise you, my dear, I will; but I do not want to force any secret from you: do what you think right and honourable."

"But I have done what is very dishonourable," said Helen.—"At least I may tell you all that concerns myself. I am afraid you will think I have broken my promise," said she, drawing

drawing the book from her pocket, “ I have brought home this book.”— She paused, and seemed to wait for her mother’s reproaches: but her mother was silent; she did not look angry, but surprized and sorry.

“ Is this all you wished to say?”

“ All that I can say,” replied Helen. “ Perhaps, if you heard the whole story, you might think me less to blame; but I cannot tell it to you. I hope you will not ask me any more.”

“ No,” said her mother, “ that, I assure you, I will not.”

“ And now, mother, will you—and you’ll set my heart at ease again—will you tell me what I shall do with the book.”

“ That I cannot possibly do; I cannot advise when I don’t know the circum-

circumstances: I pity you, Helen; but I cannot help you: you must judge for yourself."

Helen, after some deliberation, resolved to write a note to Lady Augusta, and to ask her mother to send it.

Her mother sent it, without looking at the direction.

"Oh, mother! how good you are to me!" said Helen; "and now, madam, what shall be my punishment?"

"It will be a very severe punishment, I'm afraid; but it is not in my power to help it: my confidence in you does not depend upon myself; it must always depend upon you."

"Oh! have I lost your confidence?"

"Not lost, but lessened it," said her mother. "I cannot possibly feel the
the

the same confidence in you now that I did yesterday morning ; I cannot feel the same dependance upon a person who has deceived me, as upon one who never had : could you ? ”

“ No, certainly,” said Helen, with a deep sigh.

“ Oh ! ” said she to herself, “ if Lady Augusta knew the pain she has cost me !—But I’m sure, however, she’ll tell her mother all the affair when she reads my note.”

Helen’s note contained much eloquence, and more simplicity ; but as to the effect upon Lady Augusta, she calculated ill. No answer was returned but a few ostensible lines :—

“ Lady Augusta’s compliments, and she was happy to hear Miss Helen T. was better, &c.”—And, strange to tell ! when they met about three weeks after at a ball in town, Lady

Augusta did not think proper to take any notice of Helen or Emma. She looked as if she had never seen them before, and, by a haughty stare, for girls can stare now almost as well as women, cancelled all her former expressions of friendship for her "dear Helen." It is to be observed that she was now in company with two or three young ladies of higher rank, whom she thought more fashionable, and consequently more amiable.

Mrs. Temple was by no means sorry to find this intimacy between Lady Augusta and her daughter dissolved.

"I'm sure the next time," said Helen, "I'll take care not to like a stranger merely for having a blue sash."

“ But indeed,” said Emma, “ I do think Mademoiselle Panache, from all I saw of her, is to blame for many of Lady Augusta’s defects.”

“ For all of them, I’ll answer for it,” said Helen; “ I would not have a French governess for the world; Lady S— might well say, they were “ a sad set of people.”

“ That was too general an expression, Helen,” said Mrs. Temple, “ and it is neither wise or just to judge of any set of people by an individual, whether that individual be good or bad: all French governesses are not like Mademoiselle Panache.”

Helen corrected her expression; and said, “ Well, I mean I would

not for the world have such a
governess as Mademoiselle Pa-
nache !”



END OF VOL. I.

