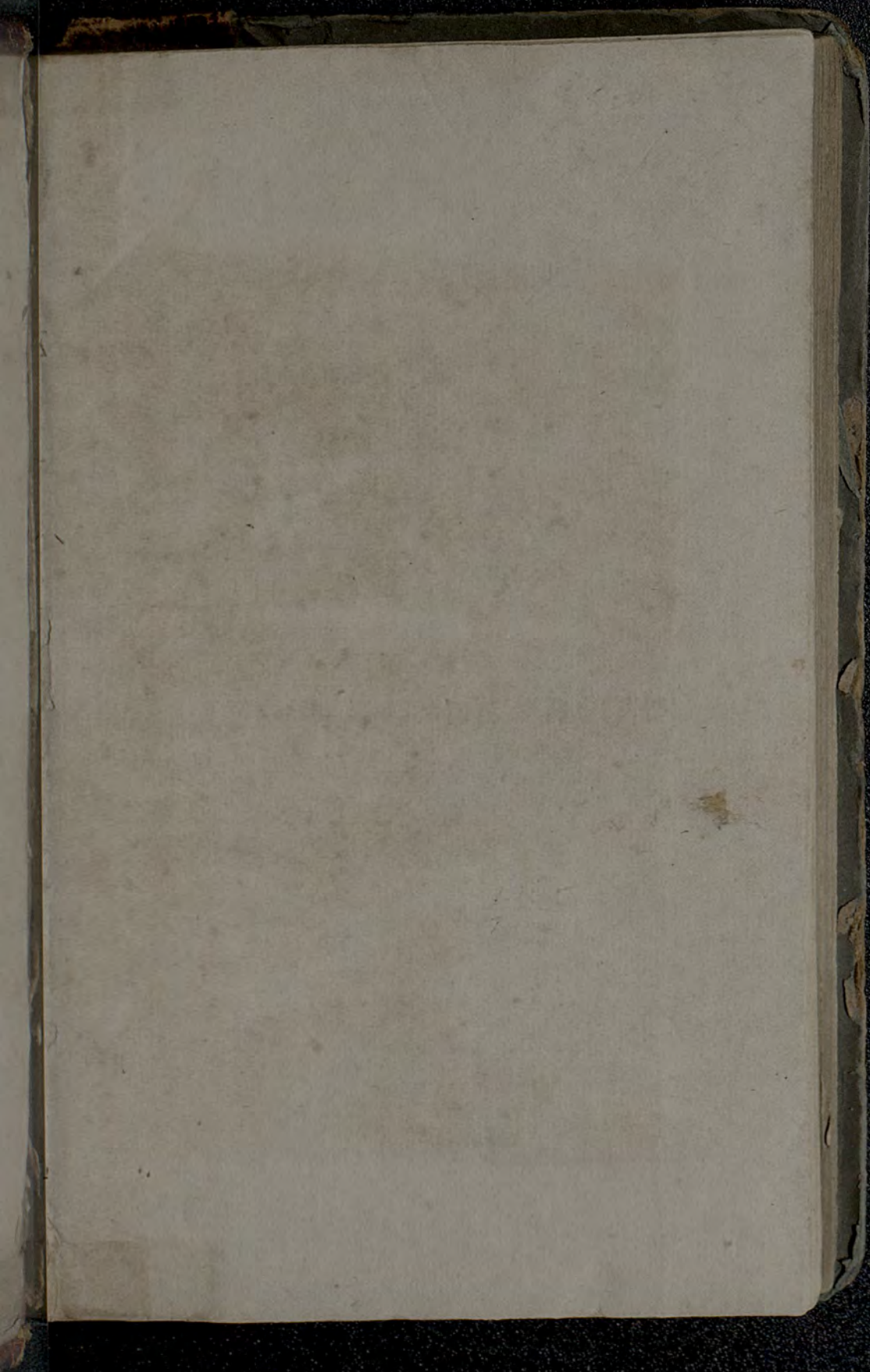


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1809



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J. SWAN & SON,
Printers, No. 76, Fleet Street,
LONDON.

EDUCATION;
OR,
A JOURNAL OF ERRORS.

BY
EMMA HAMILTON.

“ C'est le balancier qui vous gêne,
“ Mais qui fait votre sûreté.”

FLORIAN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS, SUCCESSOR TO E. NEWBERRY,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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BY

JOHN HAMILTON

THE JOURNAL OF ERRORS OF THE
EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE
OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA
IN THE
ARTS AND
SCIENCES
AND
IN THE
MORALS
AND
MANNERS
OF THE
PEOPLE
OF THE
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OF
AMERICA
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CHAP. I.

ONE cold, frosty morning, in the month of December 1806, the wheels of a hired post-chaise were heard rattling up the long avenue that leads to Aldborough-house; a boarding-school of no mean repute, and, at the period we have chosen, superintended with credit by a Mrs. Mason, more remarkable for the easiness of her disposition and unrestrained liberality in pecuniary concerns, than for any of those great and shining qualities which, if desirable in the mistress of a seminary, are rather calculated to command the admiration than to secure the affection of her pupils.

To the young people under her care, Mrs. Mason was, in point of tenderness, a mother; and,

if she often judged amiss, and at all times listened to the voice of indulgence rather than to that of justice, let us not say that she was the less deserving of our esteem, or presume to cast a censure upon those who, not insensible to her failings, were nevertheless induced, by the excellence of her general intentions, to intrust her with the care of their children.

But enough of this, for the post-chaise has reached the hall-door; the ringing of a bell, the barking of dogs, give notice of its arrival. A lady of prepossessing appearance announces herself as Mrs. Marchmont, just arrived from Lisbon; and, after making earnest enquiries concerning the health of a Lady Paulina Lambourne, is ushered into the large wainscoted parlour, that, for many years back, and under different administrations, has been invariably appropriated to the reception of those who visit Aldborough-house. A variety of drawings, curiosities in cut paper, and specimens of needlework adorn the walls of this apartment, and not only serve to display the accomplishments of the seminary, but are regularly pointed out to the newly-arrived boarder, as objects proper to divert her youthful sorrows for the moment, nor yet as wholly unworthy of exciting her future emulation. All these, however, were for the present lost upon Mrs. Marchmont, who, throwing herself into an elbow-

chair, drew it close to the blazing fire, and quietly awaited the entrance of Mrs. Mason. Ere long she made her appearance, and the two ladies had scarcely exchanged the compliments incident to a first interview, when the door was suddenly flung open, and a young lady, of about ten years of age, whose animated countenance beamed the liveliest joy, bounded into the room:—but, upon seeing Mrs. Marchmont turn round, abruptly stopt, and running towards her governess, threw herself, weeping, into her arms.

“My dear child, my sweet love!” said Mrs. Mason, “what is the meaning of this?”

“Lady Paulina expected to see the countess, ma’am,” said a sort of teacher who had attended her into the room.

“The countess! and who in the world could be so foolish as to tell her it was the countess?”

“Why, they told me,” said Lady Paulina, for it was herself, “they told me, all in a hurry, that she was come from Lisbon!”

“Who, my dear; your mamma?”

“Yes; they said there was a lady....”

“And here *is* the lady, my dear child....*Mrs. Marchmont*, who left your papa and mamma the other day, and has brought letters, and parcels, and I know not what, all for you!”

"Yes....but I expected to see mamma!"

"And so you will, much sooner than was talked of; they are coming in the spring. Ask the lady herself: she saw both your papa and mamma the day she left Lisbon."

"I did indeed," said Mrs. Marchmont, leaning over the little girl, and taking her passive hand. "Lady Glenmore gave me her letters only half an hour before I embarked. She was in perfect health: your papa, no longer an invalid; and both very happy in the prospect of returning to England."

"There's good news for you!" said Mrs. Mason; "there's good news for you, my sweet love!"

"Besides," continued Mrs. Marchmont, "I have a letter for you, in which you will find all confirmed by your mamma herself. See what a large packet! I received it from Lady Glenmore on the day of its date, when she made me promise to deliver it in person."

Paulina, sobbing, took the letter, and read it, still leaning on her governess, who, in the mean time, as well as her guest, preserved a strict silence. Mrs. Mason was the first to speak:

"What large sheets of paper, and all full! what a good mamma! it is almost worth while, I think, to be separated from one's friends, when one is sure of receiving such testimonies of their affection."

Mrs. Marchmont shook her head: Paulina, without noticing the observation, folded up the letter, and, almost immediately after, throwing her arms about Mrs. Marchmont, "Mamma bids me love you," said she; "but you have got her picture and papa's too, she says, and why wont you give them to me?"

"Here they are," said Mrs. Marchmont; at the same time tenderly returning Lady Paulina's embrace, and putting the miniatures into her hand.

Paulina looked at them alternately; but with neither was she perfectly satisfied. "*Her mamma was much prettier—her papa never looked so cross.*" Nevertheless, she testified a great desire to show them to her friends, and accordingly disappeared, after obtaining a promise from Mrs. Marchmont *not to go away* during her absence.

The lady of the house now insisted upon the discharge of the post-chaise. It would be impossible, she said, for her dear child to part so soon with her new acquaintance, especially as they had become such good friends. Mrs. Marchmont very readily acceded to the proposal; the postillion was dismissed, with orders to return the following day at noon, and Mrs. Mason went out of the room to make some household arrangements.

Paulina soon returned: she was already delighted with Mrs. Marchmont, and had, besides, a thousand questions to ask with regard to those left behind at Lisbon.

Nor had she few communications to make in her turn; likewise, complaints to prefer, especially against the French teacher, and her aunts, Lady Bodborough and Mrs. Horton. Of the latter she observed that they were strangely neglectful of her mamma's wishes, signified to them at parting. "For," said she, "it was *settled* that I was to spend the holidays at one of their houses always: instead of which, this christmas, Mrs. Horton chuses to go to Bath, and Lady Bodborough, she will only have me on Saturday and Sunday, because they are forced to be in town, and Miss Duval is gone to see her friends.---A pretty way indeed of spending the holidays!"

"But, my dear Lady Paulina," said Mrs. Marchmont, "you are happy with Mrs. Mason?"

"Yes indeed! in the holidays! when all but two or three are at home! Not that I want to go to that old, dismal house in Grosvenor Street; no, indeed! Papa wished me to stay there, that is, with my aunt Bodborough, when they went to Lisbon; but mamma would not hear of it, because of Miss Duval, my cousins' cross governess---and

my aunt herself, who is such a severe woman, and sometimes so horribly ill-natured; so it was settled that I should come here, to mamma's old school. And so here I have been, two whole years, except sometimes, and last summer, when my cousins had the measles, and I spent six weeks at Woodlands."

"The house in Dorsetshire?"

"Yes; I went down there with Mrs. Mason, in the holidays, and had my brother with me: he scalded his leg, and so we nursed him, which was a little stupid; but I did just as I liked; and when Cotham got well, we went out a great deal, and that was very pleasant indeed!--I shall see him on Sunday---it would be *such* a pleasure in any house but that!"

Mrs. Marchmont enquired, "*What house?*"

"Lady Bodborough's: that is, my uncle's; but we call it *hers*: I suppose, because *she* manages."

Paulina's attention was here diverted by the entrance of her governess. Mrs. Marchmont had regarded her earnestly as she spoke, and with a countenance not always expressive of entire satisfaction. Should the reader also be inclined to censure our heroine for speaking thus lightly of a near connexion, we beg leave to offer some apology for her conduct, in the unrestrained licence with which, in

this respect, she was indulged by Mrs. Mason, who sometimes would unthinkingly suffer herself to find amusement in listening to Paulina's remarks, when her first care should have been to check, in herself, the sentiment which rendered them in any way acceptable to her feelings. Indeed, Mrs. Marchmont was not a little surprised to observe, during the course of her visit, that, whenever the conversation happened to turn upon such points as regarded the interests of Paulina's family, she was suffered, unnecessarily, to introduce Lady Bodborough's name; to mention it without affection, and even with disrespect. Mrs. Mason frowned, indeed, and once or twice attempted to change the subject; but Paulina knew her ground, and by persisting to condemn her aunt on every occasion, together with the more experienced remarks which she from time to time introduced, left no doubt with her new friend, that governess and pupil had alike imbibed the same prejudices, and were not unaccustomed to compare their reciprocal opinions.

CHAP. II.

AFTER two hours spent in keeping up that sort of conversation, which, just serving to pass away the time, affords neither instruction, nor yet any great share of amusement, dinner was announced, and after dinner, the arrival of some neighbours, Mrs. Mason's particular friends, gave variety to the scene, and infinite pleasure to Paulina, who was accustomed to find in their lavished praise and unceasing attentions, food for the little sparks of vanity and pride which her young heart had already learned to cherish.

To her new acquaintance, they were far less interesting, who, more than once regretted, during the course of a long and tediously-spent evening, that the vehicle which had conveyed her from town, had been dismissed before she had been able to ascertain whether Mrs. Mason had invited company.

And here it may be expedient to premise, that it was for no idle purpose this lady arrived in England; nor merely to deliver a letter and a case of miniatures, that she visited Aldborough-house.

About eighteen months before the period now spoken of, and at Lisbon, she first became known to Lady Glenmore, who required no further testimony of her merits, than the amiable character and highly cultivated talents of a young lady, in whose respectable family she was at that time residing as governess.

When the term of their abode at Lisbon drew nigh, Lady Glenmore saw, with a satisfaction not wholly disinterested, that Miss Meredith, the young lady in question, was about to form a matrimonial connexion: this, by precluding the necessity of any farther care on Mrs. Marchmont's part, left her at liberty to enter into another engagement. Then, and not till then, was Lady Glenmore enabled, for the first time, to reflect without anxiety on Paulina's advancing years, her want of solid acquirements, the necessity of giving her an instructress, the numberless advantages that must attend the choice of such a one as Mrs. Marchmont. Overtures were accordingly made; and the lady asked, if she could once more submit to encounter the drudgery and confinement attendant upon early education. She replied, with a frankness belonging to her character, that, if Lady Paulina had been still younger, she would have accepted the charge with more willingness. To the delight of receiving this assu-

rance, the anxious mother shortly added that of seeing her set sail for England, fraught with injunctions to seize an early opportunity of introducing herself to the little girl: under promise too, of endeavouring to gain her confidence, to win her affections; whilst all arrangements, in regard to her education, strictly speaking, should in a manner be deferred till the following spring, when the earl and countess themselves proposed, once more, to settle in their native country. In the mean time, Paulina was to know nothing of the projected plan, and this was a point on which Lady Glenmore would listen to no representations whatever. She had, from her daughter's earliest childhood, observed in her a jealousy of authority, an impatience of control, that seldom, she fancied, had yielded but to sentiments of affection, and these, she hoped, a very short time might inspire her with, towards her intended governess; provided that all prospect of future constraint were guarded against, and not the slightest reason afforded for a suspicion that the person in question was ever to bear any other relation to her than that of her mamma's "*much esteemed friend.*"

Romantic as these views might appear to Mrs. Marchmont, she had, as we have seen, been at last prevailed upon to second them; and now that her

journey was accomplished, and every thing began to wear so promising an aspect, it may naturally be supposed that it was not with indifference she beheld the attention which Paulina had hitherto bestowed upon her, instantaneously, and almost totally, diverted by the arrival of Mrs. Mason's visitors. Their powers of attraction too, successful as they appeared to be, were such as it would be contrary to her character, and inconsistent with the end she had in view, ever to employ. Constrained therefore, for the present, to remain in the back-ground, she gave up all present hope of improving her acquaintance with her future pupil, and, endeavouring to abstract her thoughts, as much as possible, from the weighty business on her hands, accepted a place at the card-table till supper.

Paulina sat up late, because it was "*holiday-time*;" was suffered to partake of the supper for the same reason; and could assign no better plea than that it was "*holiday-time*," for hinting that she should not rise till long after her usual hour the next morning: and, at last, when Mademoiselle Laponte, the French teacher, was summoned, and talked of a lesson in music that must be got over before breakfast, she was so offended at the reference, that, without taking leave of any body, she went to bed out of humour.

At an early hour, however, the next morning, she was in Mrs. Marchmont's apartment; divested of all ill-will, and very eager to talk of her papa and mamma; but, ere a quarter of an hour had elapsed, the music master's arrival was announced, and the eternal French teacher, whose office it was to preside at the lesson, appeared, to claim Paulina's immediate attendance.

It was to no purpose that she remonstrated, that she appealed to her new friend for interference: Mademoiselle Laponte chose to have her own way, and Mrs. Marchmont seemed inclined to think her right; so that, any further altercation becoming needless, Paulina at last gave up the point, but with such evident reluctance, that it might be questioned by many whether the degree of profit that would accrue from a lesson, taken with so much ill-will, could possibly compensate the trouble of contention.

Two hours after, Paulina brought her work into the parlour; but, for this time, her ill-humour still remained upon her: she had undergone the mortification of being detained to repeat her French lesson, and not all Mrs. Mason's attempts to restore her complacency had any other effect, than to draw forth her complaints of Mademoiselle Laponte.

"She may do it herself!" cried she at last, throwing her work on the table, and at the same time rising to quit the room; "I shall do no more for all the teachers in the world!"

What's the matter now, Lady Paulina?" said Mrs. Mason; "Who has offended you now?"

Paulina made no answer.

"Why, where are you going?"

"I shall walk in the garden."

"The garden; my love, it snows!"

"I don't care for the snow!"

"But I do, my dear, and....Lady Paulina....my dear, my love....pray stop."

Mrs. Mason rose from her chair, but Paulina was already gone, and, whilst the old hall re-echoed with her name, was seen tripping past the windows, with neither hat nor cloak to screen her from the severity of the weather.

"God bless the child!" said Mrs. Mason; "she will certainly catch her death: I must send Mademoiselle Laponte after her; she minds no creature else.—To go out such a day as this! And only yesterday, there was no getting her to stir from the chimney-corner!—She's as obstinate as a little hound!"

Mrs. Marchmont smiled involuntarily at the comparison; and, to comfort the good lady, assured her

that Paulina, if left to herself, would soon re-enter the house; whereas, should the French teacher interfere, it might be some time before the dispute ended, or a long race might ensue, when it was more than probable, some accident would befall both, as the ground was uneven, and, to a certainty, very slippery.

The last argument had its effect. Mrs. Mason contented herself with taking a seat at the window; and, having posted Mademoiselle Laponte behind the glass-door, to prevent a second expedition, had the satisfaction, a few minutes after, to hear Paulina disputing, in the hall, on the necessity of changing her frock and shoes.

"Heaven be praised!" said she; "for this once, Miss Perverseness shall not have her own way. Let them fight it out: I shall take her part no more.

A loud and reiterated scream, however, soon undid this sage resolution; she went out to see what was the matter, and Paulina, the next moment, burst into the parlour, exulting in her release from Mademoiselle Laponte, who, she said, wanted to make her go up stairs, *whether she would or no*: then holding the spread skirt of her frock to the fire, and putting her wet shoes within the fender, she looked with some surprise at Mrs. Marchmont,

who, without speaking a word, was attentively considering her.

"Do you hear them?" said she; willing to enter into conversation; "what a noise they make! That French woman is as mad as can be, because she has not her own way."

Mrs. Marchmont looked grave, and made no answer; presently, however, she asked Paulina, if it was true that she was nearly ten years old.

"To be sure, it is. You don't mean to say that I am short, do you?"

"Of what consequence is it whether you are tall or short?"

"Why do you ask, then?"

"Because I am surprised at your behaviour: it is so extremely childish, to call it nothing worse."

"Because I hold my frock to the fire?"

"Do not you understand me?"

"You mean, I suppose, my going out in the snow?"

"That, and a great deal more. Your whole conduct to Mrs. Mason is highly improper."

"....and *childish*! I wonder how it's *childish*!"

When I say it is "*childish*," I certainly speak too favourably of it. *Children* may be supposed to err from ignorance:—for you, no such excuse can be made: you are ten years old, and it would

be strange indeed if you had not learnt that some respect is due to those who have the care of your education."

"Oh! now you mean Mademoiselle Laponte, I suppose?"

"Certainly, I mean to include her."

"Well, then, I shall never pay *her* any respect, I promise you!"

And, with this encouraging assurance, Paulina turned her back upon her future governess, to see who was coming into the room: it appeared to be the lady of the house, followed by a maid-servant with a clean frock and a dry pair of shoes. Not altogether insensible to the comfort of these accommodations, our heroine, now that she could obtain them without concession, made no further opposition, and quietly suffered Miss Jenny to perform the duties of her toilet. Mrs. Mason talked a great deal of damp clothes and the danger of going out in cold weather without a bonnet; but Paulina seemed very little inclined to listen to her, and only by her forbearance to reply, indicated that she had been in any way influenced by the remonstrance of her new acquaintance.

At twelve, the chaise from London was announced, and when Mrs. Marchmont rose to take leave, Paulina, who had been lolling on the win-

dow-seat, followed her to the door, and even condescended to request that she should remind Lady Bodborough of her engagement for the following Sunday.

"There is no occasion, my dear Lady Paulina, to take that liberty with your aunt," said Mrs. Marchmont; "as I have already received her ladyship's commands to call for you on Saturday.—In the mean time, will you write to your mamma?"

"....Yes; I shall write."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Mason, "she will write: and, perhaps, if you were to send a few lines yourself, it might be as well, just to say how you found Lady Paulina."

Mrs. Marchmont hesitated.

"I can say, that Lady Paulina is well;" said she, and Mrs. Mason understood her:

"Yes, yes; and you may say too, that we are not always so ill-behaved as we have been this morning. I assure you, we can be very amicable sometimes!"

CHAP. III.

WEDNESDAY, Thursday, and Friday had passed by, and, when Saturday came, Mrs. Marchmont appeared, in performance of her promise. Paulina, no less punctual, was duly prepared to attend her summons, expressed great pleasure upon seeing her, and bore every mark of being in extraordinary good humour. Of Mrs. Mason, she took a hasty, but affectionate leave, jumped first into the carriage, and as they went along, "There," said she "I shall get rid of one of my plagues till Monday.—Do you know if my aunt goes out to-night?"

Thus anxious to avoid restraint, and yet with dispositions that rendered it so necessary, Paulina was for ever on the watch to procure enjoyment at the expence of her true interests. In the event of her aunt's "going out" she anticipated the delight of *doing as she pleased* the whole evening; a liberty she was certain to abuse; either promoting noise and levity to an unbecoming degree; or, with an indolence more natural to her, lolling upon the

sofas, and shunning every species of rational employment.

But in this luxurious misapplication of time, she was not to be indulged on the present occasion. Her aunt remaining at home, and without company, a circle was formed in the library immediately after dinner: Paulina was expected to make one of her cousins' party at the work-table; to read aloud in her turn; to give her opinion of what she read: nor could the excuse, of having *nothing but the old lesson to play*, exempt her from the task of contributing her share towards the little concert which closed the occupations of the evening.

In all these arrangements she acquiesced with evident reluctance; but Lady Bodborough was not accustomed to opposition, and Paulina well knew that it could not be attempted with impunity: not to say, that she was in some measure desirous of making up to her *mamma's friend*, for the scenes she had witnessed at Aldborough-house. Mrs. Marchmont had sufficiently marked her disapprobation of such proceedings, and Paulina herself was fully aware of their impropriety. When, therefore, her aunt, who was seldom gracious, but where she perfectly approved, distinguished this lady with her notice, and more than once adverted, in the course of the day, to the accounts which their occa-

sional meetings would enable her to transmit to Lisbon of Paulina's behaviour and progress; it is not to be wondered at, that some solicitude should gradually arise on the part of our heroine, to appear to the best advantage.

Less favourable, however, than Paulina intended it should be, was the impression which this change of behaviour made upon the mind of Mrs. Marchmont. If she read it in a self-command, a restraint upon inclination, that, under proper management, might be rendered subservient to the best purposes; she was, on the other hand, not to be imposed upon by an obedience dictated by fear; a transitory amendment adopted in the hope of procuring credit for actual reformation.

"Mrs. Marchmont!" said Lady Bodborough, as Paulina was thrumming over the last bars of her "*old lesson*" in no very masterly style, "stupidity you certainly will not have to encounter, for Paulina has a quickness of intellect that might do justice to the best education; but, tell me, what *can* you hope from it, when two years instruction from the first music-master we have, has produced nothing better than what you now hear?—Paulina!" continued she, calling her niece across the room to her, as soon as the piece was finished, "come here, my dear; I want to speak to you!—Will you tell

me, why you, of all ——'s scholars, are the least advanced for your age?"

Paulina coloured, and was silent; she looked a little offended too, for she had, literally, on this occasion, done her best. Lady Bodborough repeated the question.

"I did not know I was not advanced."

"You have a happy talent for being satisfied with yourself," said Lady Bodborough. "Mrs. Marchmont thinks you cannot play at all, and I am much of the same opinion; yet you know better than either of us: though —— tells every body, he can make nothing of you."

"He is a great, plague!" Paulina was going to say; but she checked herself, and Lady Bodborough, turning from her, to continue her conversation with Mrs. Marchmont, withdrew to the other end of the room, and, sitting down by one of her cousins, talked of music and music-masters in no very gracious terms, till they separated for the night.

Of her brother, Lord Cotham, she saw nothing; and it had been one of the greatest mortifications of that day, to hear that he would not be in town till the following Saturday.

"I suppose *she* contrived it so, on purpose to plague me;" said Paulina, very uncharitably, as

she put on her night-cap: "My uncle would never have thought of taking him to Windsor, if *she* had not put it in his head!"

CHAP. IV.

THE next day, after church, Mrs. Marchmont called in Grosvenor street, and found Lady Bodborough alone, who informed her she had sent "the girls" into the square.

"Tis true," said she, "they have no governess in town, but I should be sorry to deprive them, on that account, of their usual exercise."

Mrs. Marchmont offered her services.

"You are very good; I am much obliged to you. They have, indeed, a sort of Argus with them, my own woman; but she is no favourite, and I fancy they will be very glad of an excuse to dismiss her....I think you said,...you could not dine with us?"

Mrs. Marchmont once again pleaded an engagement elsewhere, and then, taking leave, walked towards the square. Paulina, who had seen the servant coming with the key, and was grumbling at the supposed shortness of their walk, uttered an exclamation of joy, when she found that he was only in attendance upon her new friend; entreating

her to dismiss "*that horrid creature, Mademoiselle Robert.* She is so fat," said she, "there's no getting her on; and such a spy, we can say nothing before her."

"And, pray, let me ask," said Mrs. Marchmont, as, with the exception of their attendant, they all walked on together, "how well-meaning young ladies can have any thing to say, which, if repeated, would be to their disadvantage?"

"Oh! but she is such a mischief-maker!" cried one of the ladies Montfort.

"And tells so many stories," said another.

"And speaks so ill of people behind their backs!"

"*Scarcely waiting till they are out of sight!*" said Mrs. Marchmont, looking after Mademoiselle Robert: "we at least know how to return the compliment."

Unaccustomed to reproof in any other language than that of severity, the Ladies Montfort took no umbrage at this little answer: their cousin, as having spoken last, applied it more immediately to herself, and was not so passive.

"Come," said Lady Anne, "we will speak ill of nobody."

"I shall," said Paulina, with a quickness of retort that rather surprised her new friend; "I

shall.---Mrs. Marchmont herself speaks ill of people: she spoke ill of me last night."

"How so?"

"You went and told my aunt that I could not play at all."

"I did. Lady Bodborough desired to know my opinion.---I wish it had been more favourable."

"Some people think I play...very well!"

Mrs. Marchmont was silent.

"I am very, very often, indeed, complimented upon my playing, *that* I am,---by a great many people."

"They can know nothing of music."

"I beg your pardon; they know a great deal."

"Then they do very wrong to flatter you at the expence of truth."

"You say that, I suppose, because they don't think the same as you do?"

"Or rather, because they differ from your master, whose judgment is not to be disputed."

"A nasty cross man,---who only finds fault to make himself of consequence!"

"Poor man!" said Lady Georgiana, "I believe we often try his patience."

"I am sure *I* do," cried little Jane, her youngest sister; "but not on purpose!"

"Oh, but I like to tease him..." said Paulina, "he's so particular."

"An odd fancy," said Mrs. Marchmont, "to punish a man for doing his duty!"

"His *duty*!—oh it is his *duty*, is it, to be particular?" said Paulina pertly.

"As much as it is that of his pupil to be attentive. A lesson under any other circumstances can be productive of very little advantage."

"We are obliged to be attentive to all our masters," said Lady Georgiana; "but indeed I never feel inclined to be otherwise with Mr. —, he takes such pains, and seems so interested in our improvement."

"Oh yes—particularly when he turns his back upon you, and walks to the fire!"

"Oh don't talk of it! *that* is only when he is out of patience. I never made him do that but once!"

"And then, as Lady Jane says, '*not on purpose*,' I hope," said Mrs. Marchmont.

"Oh no—she is a great deal too *proper* and well-behaved for that," said Paulina, "I only know I would not be so *over good* for all the world!"

Mrs. Marchmont asked what Paulina meant, by being "*over good*."

"*Being very disagreeable*," said she, foolishly

enough: and, when invited to farther explanation, still more foolishly, accused the whole party of having conspired to make the walk unpleasant to her. The Ladies Montfort would have remonstrated; Paulina refused to listen, and all at once separating herself from them and making towards the centre of the square:

"There now you may abuse me as much as you please," said she; "but there's one good thing, I shall give myself no more trouble about music, nor any thing else, for all Mrs. Marchmont's *hints*!"

This sudden determination seemed to startle her cousins: they looked at each other, and then at their companion, as if to enquire what she thought of it: her countenance however expressed more of concern than displeasure; she made no remark, and when next she spoke, it was on an indifferent subject.

Such unlooked-for moderation was not lost upon the Ladies Montfort: it was new to them; they almost loved her for it; and decidedly adopting her quarrel, when they had arrived at the opposite side of the square, and Paulina appeared waiting for an invitation to rejoin them, they would not even look towards her, but passed on, as if she had been a perfect stranger.

Mrs. Marchmont was more indulgent; she in-

sensibly slackened her pace, and, before they had proceeded many yards, had the satisfaction of feeling Paulina's arm within her's, and of knowing, by the alacrity with which she seized the first opportunity afforded her for joining in the conversation, that all idea of resentment was forgotten in the hope of obtaining reconciliation.

Not that she felt at ease in regard to the motives by which her future pupil was, on this occasion, actuated: far from it. But it was some consolation to ascertain that, without absolutely forfeiting all claim to Paulina's favour, and thereby frustrating Lady Glenmore's intention, it was possible for her now and then to throw in a word of advice, a hint of disapprobation, which, if ill received at the moment, could not fail to make some salutary impression, and contribute its little aid towards the grand work of reformation. Hereafter, when circumstances shall have invested her with stronger claims to Paulina's reverence, we shall find her, with a bolder hand, checking every propensity to evil; never showing indulgence for caprices which it will then be her duty to overrule; and at all times exacting from her pupil the most unqualified deference, as the natural and necessary consequence of their relative situations. In the mean time, it must be remembered, that she has been enjoined to

act with the greatest caution, and less from the dictates of her own judgment, than in compliance with the particular views of her patroness.

As for Paulina, she was not ill-pleased to find herself all at once relieved from a very awkward situation; and whilst, in common with Mrs. Marchmont, she studiously avoided every allusion to the past, she was evidently more upon her guard, than before, against the possibility of giving offence.

The harmony resulting from this mutual forbearance was attended with every beneficial consequences. Mrs. Marchmont possessed no talent in a higher degree than that of keeping up a lively, interesting, and, at the same time, instructive conversation with young people; and never had she exerted herself with greater success than on the present occasion. Paulina's attention was insensibly engaged, her curiosity awakened: she was by turns delighted and informed: if the superior instruction of the Ladies Montfort appeared to have its weight with Mrs. Marchmont, she could not but be aware of the indulgence with which her own mistakes were rectified, before she had time to blush for the ignorance which occasioned them.

Upon the whole then, she was more than satisfied with her new acquaintance, and the walk being

ended, stood foremost in entreating that she would *change her mind*, and accept Lady Bodborough's invitation to dinner.

"I know you would make it pleasant," said she; "so pleasant, if you would but come!"

Again Mrs. Marchmont excused herself, and Paulina was content to give up the point, on condition that nothing should induce her to fail in her appearance the next morning at eleven, when Lady Bodborough's carriage would be in waiting to convey them to Aldborough-house.

CHAP. V.

"It is observed" says an ingenious writer, "that every temper is inclined, in some degree, either to passion, peevishness, or obstinacy. Many are so unfortunate as to be inclined to each of the three in turn."—We fear the reader has already experienced a verification of this remark in the character of our heroine.

And if it is so "necessary to watch the bent of our nature, and to apply the remedies proper for the infirmity to which we are most liable"—Mrs. Marchmont, upon whom, in Paulina's case, the task devolved, will be thought to have undertaken no inconsiderable charge. Not to mention that there yet remains behind, a long catalogue of imperfections not altogether overlooked, it is true, by Mrs. Marchmont, but such as, for want of opportunity and circumstance, must of necessity be unknown to the reader. These, as we profess to write "*A Journal of Errors*," it will be our duty to exemplify in the succeeding pages: we shall however, reserve to ourselves the right of doing justice to any good qualities that may be inherent in

Paulina; and certainly not refuse her credit for such as will arise from the happy influence of "*Educ-
tion.*"

And now to return to our narrative:

Mrs. Marchmont's visits to Aldborough-house did not cease with the holidays: she frequently called upon Paulina; and Mrs. Mason, who was now made acquainted with the plan in agitation, very liberally contributed all in her power towards its success. With the hospitality that was natural to her, she studied to render these little expeditions as agreeable as possible to her guest, and if it was not always practicable to insure Paulina's good behaviour during the visit, she at least succeeded in her endeavours, constantly to promote it as far as regarded her conduct to Mrs. Marchmont. In this, however, she was powerfully seconded by her pupil's own inclinations, naturally leading her to encourage a frequent recurrence of visits, that, in some respects, never failed to be productive of satisfaction.

Nor was Mrs. Marchmont a favourite with Paulina alone: she had gained the heart of one of her school-fellows, a ward of Lord Glenmore's, who had returned to Aldborough-house at the expiration of the holidays, and, though only as a secondary object of attention, had been most particularly recommended to her notice.

Miss Emma Musgrave, the little girl we are now speaking of, was nearly of the same age with Paulina, though far beyond her in acquirements: gentle, industrious, and obliging, she was beloved by all who knew her, though least of all where, perhaps, she had the strongest claim upon affection. Her father, the gallant Colonel Musgrave, Lord Glenmore's deceased and most regretted friend, had, a few years before his death, given a second mother to Emma, and this lady, having survived him, was now the wife of Lord St. Kevin, an Irish nobleman, residing principally in his own country. Emma had remained at school, occasionally leaving it for a few weeks together, to visit her mother-in-law when she happened to be in England; or to spend the holidays more agreeably, because more uniformly well-treated, under her guardian's roof. Of the latter consolation, however, she had, as we have seen, been deprived for the last two years.

Lady St. Kevin had brought her back to Aldborough-house the morning she first saw Mrs. Marchmont there. Some little unkindnesses she had recently experienced, aggravated by the cold unconcern with which her mother-in-law parted from her, enhanced the value of caresses to which she had of late been a stranger.

Mrs. Marchmont, on her side, had been well

prepared to take a lively interest in the little orphan, and, observing nothing, upon better acquaintance, that would not justify the most unqualified partiality, she was only restrained from giving way to her inclinations, by the fear of awakening jealousy in Paulina, who, with fewer claims to preference, was for ever on the watch to obtain it.

Thus time rolled on, till Lady Glenmore's return to England was confidently spoken of as being near at hand. Each succeeding mail brought more certain intelligence, and Paulina at length received a summons from Lady Bodborough, to await the arrival of her parents, in Grosvenor street. When the letter was given to her, she had just finished one to Mrs. Marchmont, and, having insisted upon the indulgence being granted her, of adding *something of her own at the bottom*, she hastily subjoined the following postscript.

"Joy! joy! joyful news! They are come at last, and my aunt has sent fat Mademoiselle Robert to fetch me and Emma. Pray, do come to town as soon as you can. Hurry, make haste, my dear sweet Mrs. Marchmont; I do love you, and I am quite happy!"

"Happy" indeed, Paulina was; but it is for parents alone to judge of the superior delight experienced by Lord and Lady Glenmore, when, a few

hours after, they once again held their children within their arms. In the first transports of such a meeting, who will wonder that to her mother, Paulina should appear to be all that her fondest expectations could require ! “ *Lady Bodborough was never satisfied !—Mrs. Marchmont could be content only with perfection.*” The experience of a few days, however, justified the one and the other ; and as the illusion subsided, and each “ faulty temper of the mind” gradually disclosed itself, Lady Glenmore became proportionably anxious for the accomplishment of her long-projected scheme. Mrs. Marchmont, on her side, lost no time in completing the business which had carried her out of town, and Paulina, who was for ever talking of her, had very soon the satisfaction to hear that she was actually on the road ; and, yet more, had *consented* to occupy an apartment under her father’s roof.

“ Will you make your friend welcome, Paulina ?” said the countess, the morning of the day she was expected to arrive.

Paulina desired nothing better : she assured her mamma that Mrs. Marchmont should never have occasion to complain of her : “ And then, said she, “ if she will but stay a long long time, I shall be so happy ! for, you know, mamma, you say I am never to go back to Aldborough-house ?”

"Very true—you are to have a governess at home!"

"A *governess*!—and why now must I have a *governess*?"

"Because, unhappily, we cannot always be together, and you are not of an age to conduct yourself!"

"I know that."

"Then you must be sensible that it is my duty give you a governess."

"Some horrid cross woman, I suppose, to plague me out of my life.—But I shan't mind her!"

"My dear child, *not mind her*!—when you have just acknowledged that you are incapable of conducting yourself!"

"But that is no reason why I am to be tyrannized over by a cross governess."

"And why must she be *cross*?—Why not an amiable, sensible woman, anxious for your happiness, and every way proving herself worthy of the confidence I place in her?"

"Why, mamma—because there is not such a thing any where—they are all alike."

"I am afraid, Paulina, that every body who contradicts you is *cross*. Miss Duval is *cross*: Mademoiselle Laponte...."

"Is not *she* cross!---That she is; as cross as cross can be!"

"A little so, perhaps; but then you have tried her patience. I, for my part, am inclined to think very well of Mademoiselle Laponte, and I could tell you....."

"What mamma?---You don't mean, surely you don't mean to chuse *her* for my governess?" Paulina hastily added; but had not the satisfaction of any reply from her mamma, just then occupied in receiving Lady Bodborough, who having already been announced, entered the room whilst Paulina was yet speaking, and by proposing for her a walk in Hyde Park with her cousins, effectually precluded any further explanation for the present.

It was not the first time that Lady Glenmore had thus expressed herself in favour of Mademoiselle Laponte: she had besides talked of her daughter's "*obligations*;" and only the day before, had had a particular conversation with her when they paid a visit to Mrs. Mason.

These recollections gradually occurred to Paulina, as alone in her aunt's carriage, she drove to Grosvenor street. Fain would she have persuaded herself that the thing was impossible: her mamma had hinted that she would not give her a cross governess---but did she think Mademoiselle Laponte

cross?—Only when *her* patience was tried—she was inclined for her part to think very well of her. Poor Paulina! the more she reflected on what had passed, the greater cause she seemed to have for uneasiness: even Mrs. Marchmont, from whose friendly interposition she might have hoped to obtain redress, even she, *always went to the side of that French teacher!*

CHAP. VI.

THUS occupied with her troubles, Paulina forgot to knock at the door of Miss Duval's apartment, as was the custom; she forgot too, that, when reminded of the inattention, some apology was necessary to atone for it. Instead of which, with an appearance of more than her ordinary ill-breeding, she took possession of the governess's chair; then recollecting herself, flounced into another, and at length finished by saying, that *she should not have come at all, only that she was to go into Hyde Park with her cousins.*

At no time disposed to make Paulina welcome, Miss Duval was, on this occasion, particularly ungracious: she said, she did not understand that "any body" was going to Hyde Park till two o'clock---perhaps not then. Indeed, the party was "*now so large,*" she thought it much better that they should content themselves with the Square. But whether they walked in the Square, or in the Park, she did desire that Lady Paulina would not interrupt her cousins.

Paulina said, she was sure she did not want to interrupt them! "Give me leave then," said the other, offering to move her chair from the table;---but no leave was given.---"I do no harm here---I shall sit here if I please!---You have no right to turn me away!"

"As your ladyship pleases," said Miss Duval; "I have just now neither time nor inclination to contend with perverseness,"---and making a sign to her pupils, they rose, and, in an instant, Paulina saw the table wheeled away to the other end of the room: her cousins were the next moment established round it; and she herself, the only one remaining behind, making but a ridiculous figure in her isolated situation. Of this indeed, Lady Jane seemed to be very sensible, for Paulina presently overheard her proposing that she might be allowed to carry her cousin "*the little table*," a measure to which Miss Duval decidedly refused her consent, sharply reproving the young lady at the same time for suffering her attention to be diverted from business.

Paulina blushed to find herself an object of pity, even to her cousins; and at once, to avoid further commiseration, and to prove that she did not mean to be entirely passive, she now quitted her

arm-chair, walked towards the door, and closing it after her with violence, went down stairs.

Then it was, that all the little bravery which under her present dejection of spirits she had been able to assume, entirely forsook her: the contemptuous treatment she had just experienced from Miss Duval, seemed but an earnest of what she must expect to encounter daily, on the part of her new governess. She burst into tears; but, as the expression of her grief was violent, so was it of short continuance: a loud knock at the door reminded her of the possibility of her aunt's return home; she hastily dried her eyes and went to the window; intending to make her escape, if it had proved to be Lady Bodborough.

The carriage, however, was not her's: another and another, drove up in the course of the next ten minutes: still Paulina remained unmolested.

She now began gradually to recover her spirits, and being somewhat relieved from the fear of immediate surprise, to derive amusement from the objects around her. Of these, a book of drawings, which she had looked over with Mrs. Marchmont in the Christmas holidays, first engaged her attention. She recollected a great deal of what that lady had told her of their different subjects, but more had escaped her memory from ignorance of the

histories with which those subjects were connected: the book soon lost its interest, and was thrown aside. Another, whose gay paper binding was her next attraction, proved to be German; a third had no pictures! "Ugh, you ugly thing! what do you stare at me for;" said she, making faces at one of Vandyke's portraits which hung opposite to her, and was said to resemble Miss Duval,---"you know I hate you!"

Now wandering from one room to another, she played with the pendulum of a clock; struck a note of the organ, pulled out the stops, put them in again: then mounting a chair to examine the china on the top of her aunt's cabinets, had nearly fallen in her attempt to replace one of the pieces: next, she counted the strings of her cousins' harp; wrote *sham letters* to her favourites; burned them; wheeled herself about in one of the easy chairs; and, at last, though not without great hesitation, and frequent visits to the window, in order to be assured *nobody* was coming, ventured to lift the glass-case from an alabaster grey-hound which Lady Bodborough's son had lately sent to his mother from Florence, and which, from the delicacy of the workmanship, was regarded as particularly obnoxious to injury.

Paulina well knew the value attached by her

aunt to this testimony of filial affection: she knew too, the hazard that would be incurred by attempting to remove it from its present situation; yet these considerations were not sufficient to deter her from making the experiment: "it would be so pretty on the ground, *like a real dog*!"

To the ground, however, she found, upon trial, that it would be no such easy matter to transfer it; and, being presently convinced that the undertaking was beyond her strength, she altogether abandoned it for the no less childish indulgence of stroking and caressing the grey-hound like a "*real dog*," whilst it retained its station on one of the pier-tables.

Thus was she amusing her idle fancy, when she on a sudden heard, or fancied she heard, footsteps in the adjoining apartment. In an instant, the necklace, with which the moment before she had adorned the throat of her new favourite, was hastily snatched off; but, in her eagerness to disengage it, the string broke, and whilst her coral beads were seen rolling about in all directions, a knock, louder than any of the preceding, announced the return of the lady of the mansion.

Paulina allowed herself no time for consideration; she hastily collected as many of the beads as

were immediately within her reach, neglected the others, forgot the grey-hound, glass-case, and every thing but the dread of encountering her aunt, and made the best of her way up stairs.

At the door of the study she was met by Lady Anne, who was coming in quest of her, with information, that the lessons were over, and that Miss Duval was preparing to go out immediately.

"So much the better," said Paulina. "Here, take my necklace,---it's broke all to pieces.---She's come home, and I am in such a fuss."

"Who is come home!---Whom do you mean?" said Lady Anne.

"My aunt."

"Mamma is not come home."

"Yes, she is; I saw her."

"So did I, but the carriage drove away again directly : mamma only called for her letters."

"Are you sure?" said Paulina, eagerly ;---"then, quick, make haste, let's go down stairs, for I have forgot to put the glass-case over the greyhound, and there will be a fine piece of work, if it is found out!"

Too generous to hesitate, yet not without gently remonstrating with her cousin on her imprudence, Lady Anne instantly agreed to assist in rectifying the omission: Miss Duval, however, was less accommo-

dating ; for she chose to make her appearance in the passage through which they had to pass ; and, taking it for granted that they had no other object in view than to attend her pleasure, made no enquiries, but immediately summoned the other two young ladies, conducted them all together down a flight of back-stairs into the hall, and from thence, without delay, to Hyde Park.

Their little project thus defeated, Lady Anne and Paulina looked at each other as they went along, but Miss Duval kept between them, and effectually precluded any further communication. In vain Paulina fretted under this new contradiction ; in vain she urged that she liked “ to walk *first*---that she always did walk *first* with Lady Anne : ”---the governess, who had not forgotten her behaviour in the study, assured her that it was much against her inclination that she ever suffered her to have any intercourse at all with any of her cousins. Paulina, highly offended, “ did not doubt it in the least ; she only wondered why they were not locked up all day long for fear of seeing her ! ”

The impertinence of this reply drew upon her a very severe rebuke on the part of her opponent, which, she in her turn, resented. Enjoined silence, she said she had “ a right to speak ”---Miss Duval would now condescend to have no further alterca-

tion, but signified her intention of immediately proceeding to Berkeley Square, and preferring a formal complaint, of Paulina's conduct, to Lady Glenmore herself.

Somewhat startled by a resolution at once so unexpected and so peremptory, Paulina, though she at first affected to disregard it, was soon awed into more submissive behaviour. She now began to repent having gone so far, and, when within a few minutes walk of her own house, was very near attempting an apology for what had passed. Her pride, however, or rather, her false shame, got the better, and Miss Duval was suffered, without any remonstrance, to knock at the door, and enquire for the countess. Paulina's countenance fell, when she found, by the porter's answer and the appearance of the servants in the hall, that her mamma was at home: she had cherished a hope that it might be otherwise; and if any thing could have consoled her under the disappointment, it would have been the kind assurance which Lady Anne now contrived to give her, that she would take advantage of this early return, to repair the oversight of the glass-case, and collect the remaining beads of her necklace.

This indeed was to be a day of escapes: Miss Duval had, in the mean time, been pursuing her

enquiries, and, being told that Lady Glenmore was not alone, most agreeably surprised Paulina, by saying that, "*in that case, she should not wait---another day would do as well.*" Then followed a parting caution to the young lady in question, not to flatter herself, that, because the execution of the threat was deferred, it would therefore never take place. Paulina, but too happy to be released, scarcely staid to hear the admonition: she flew up stairs to her own apartment, where her first care was to throw open the window, and watch the governess and her pupils till they were out of sight.

CHAP. VII.

LITTLE did Paulina suspect, that the person then with her mamma, and whose timely presence had for a while suspended the effects of Miss Duval's displeasure, was no other than Mrs. Marchmont herself. Yet so it was: that lady had arrived in town some hours before she was expected, and Paulina never knew she was in the house, till, being in want of her maid, and having broke the bell in her own apartment, she went into that adjoining, now appropriated to the reception of her friend, where, the sight of trunks half unpacked, a well-known red morocco writing case, and other objects equally familiar to her recollection, awakened her to the pleasing conviction. In a moment she was at the door of her mamma's dressing-room, and, whilst under the impression of a sudden fit of bashfulness, she hesitated to enter, Mrs. Marchmont approached from within, opened the door, and, with an exclamation of joy and surprise, received Paulina in her arms.

"Ah Paulina!" said Lady Glenmore, smiling,

"I see that you are not at all a favourite of Mrs. Marchmont."

"Oh yes, I am, mamma---a very great favourite: she loves me dearly, I can tell you that!"

And then she kissed Mrs. Marchmont again, and, unnoticed, renewed her promise to make her welcome in every sense of the word.

Lady Glenmore saw with pleasure these testimonies of affection: they proved that Paulina was not ungrateful for past indulgence, and they served to confirm the hope she had all along entertained in regard to the success of her plan.

The next morning was still more propitious: at an early hour Paulina went to her mamma's bedside, and, with all the earnestness imaginable, entreated her, for the present, to think no more of Mademoiselle Laponte, for that Mrs. Marchmont had promised, *whilst she staid*, to supply the place of a governess. "She says, mamma, she will hear me read..... she will look over my translations..... walk out with me....talk French....and all that.... So you see, there *can* be no occasion for any body else."

"What is my little girl talking to me about?" said Lady Glenmore, scarcely awake, but who had heard enough to challenge her whole attention; "what is my little girl talking to me about?"

"Didnt you hear mamma? such good news, such very good news! I need not have a governess yet. Mrs. Marchmont has promised to be just like one, and so there can be no occasion, you know, to say any thing more to Mademoiselle Laponte."

"You talk riddles, my dear child," said Lady Glenmore; "I have never thought of Mademoiselle Laponte as your governess: on the contrary, my choice was made long before I saw her."

"Long before you saw her! what before you came to England? Some other French creature, I dare say.--But no matter, I shan't have her now, that is, not for a great while. So do write and put her off directly. You will, mamma, wont you?"

Lady Glenmore smiled: Paulina flew for pen and ink, and bringing them to the bedside, coaxingly repeated her request.

"But to whom am I to write?"

"Why, to the horrid French woman."

Her mamma knew of no such person.

"Why then, the horrid *English* woman, I don't know what she is....*your choice*. Only tell her not to come this age."

"And suppose she should be already come?"

Paulina looked aghast: "Come, mamma! and you never told me!"

"Have not you seen her?"

"Oh dear, no; and I am sure I don't want to see her. Why, when did she come? last night? Mamma, are you in earnest? oh no, you are joking, she is *not* come."

"How! Mrs. Marchmont not come?"

"Mrs. Marchmont!"

"Mrs. Marchmont—*she* is my choice. You look astonished."

"And so I am astonished! What *she*, and nobody else? And shall I never have any other?"

"Never, whilst Mrs. Marchmont consents to remain with us."

"But, mamma, she is only on a visit, she won't stay always!"

To satisfy Paulina on this head, and at once to put an end to her anxiety in regard to the future, Lady Glenmore now no longer hesitated to make her acquainted with the engagement into which she had entered with Mrs. Marchmont whilst yet abroad.

Paulina anxiously enquired why she had been left in ignorance of the transaction. "For this reason, amongst others, my dear child," said Lady Glenmore; "I wished you to know Mrs. Marchmont, and to love her, before you saw her as your governess: in one word, I was desirous that she should be *your* choice, as well as mine."

"And so she is!" said Paulina. "I am sure I never should like any body else!"

"We must study then to make this good, this amiable friend of ours as happy as possible. She has undertaken a charge to which, I regret to say, I am unequal; her time will be devoted to your improvement; she will be like a second mother to my Paulina....Indeed, we shall be very ungrateful if we do not make her happy."

"Besides, if she is not comfortable, she will not stay with us!"

"Certainly I should be to blame to expect such a sacrifice from her. It is enough that she relinquishes the society of her friends, the enjoyment of a leisure which no one would employ to more advantage than herself: these are sacrifices she has already made to my views: I could ask no more... and where should we meet with any body like her?"

"Where indeed, mamma! and so you may be sure I shall do every thing to keep her with us... besides, you know, she is not a common governess!"

"A very uncommon one, believe me," said Lady Glenmore: "and now go, my love, and tell her that you will neglect no opportunity of showing yourself grateful for the obligations she has laid upon us both. She knows how anxious I am, that

you should never give her cause to repent having accepted the charge of your education, and she will judge of the affection you bear me, by your conduct towards herself."

"Then I may be quite, quite certain, about Mademoiselle Laponte?"

"Need you ask the question after what I have said to you?"

"No---but you talked with her so long the other day."

"Foolish child! when will you be satisfied? Mademoiselle Laponte can never be any thing more to you than she now is.---Unless, indeed, in the event of losing our valuable".....".....Mrs. Marchmont! do not talk of it, mamma," interrupted Paulina: "I'll go as fast as I can, and beg her, and make her promise never, never, to go away from us, and then may I come whilst you are at breakfast?"

"Yes; and, pray, say to Mrs. Marchmont, how happy I shall be to see her at the same time."

"I shan't forget," said Paulina, hurrying out of the room; "and then, shall I write to papa, and tell him all about it?"

"By all means; and when he comes home to-morrow, you will give him the letter?" Paulina's head was full of her new governess: "yes, yes," said she, and ran up stairs.

In her subsequent interview with Mrs. Marchmont, she found additional cause to think herself happy in the new arrangement. That lady spoke, it is true, and as the occasion demanded, with seriousness and with freedom of their respective duties; but what she said was so reasonable, and urged with such affectionate earnestness and apparent zeal for the welfare of her pupil, that Paulina felt encouraged to do well, and never made a promise with greater sincerity, than when she flung her arms round Mrs. Marchmont's neck, and pledged herself, unremittingly, to perform all that her friends required of her.

CHAP. VIII.

SUCH were our heroine's good intentions, and they were shortly to be put to the test: at breakfast, a note was brought to the countess; it was as follows:

"We dine with you to-day—I shall bring Georgiana and Jane to spend the evening with Paulina."

"A. R."

"And why not Anne?" said Paulina; "I wonder now why *Anne* is not come!"

"Oh, poor Anne!" said Lady Glenmore; "I thought I had told you. Poor Anne is in great affliction."

"What, has Mademoiselle Robert been making mischief again?"

"Indeed Anne herself has done the mischief—She has broke the glass-case belonging to Culross' greyhound—Dear child, you are sorry for her!" continued Lady Glenmore, observing Paulina's change of countenance.

".....*Sorry*, mamma?...*Yes*....But if she did not do it on purpose?"

"Who would do such a thing on purpose?"

"No;...but I mean....I dare say she took care."

"She ought not to have touched it: Anne too, who is always so fearful of doing wrong!"

"I don't see much harm in meddling with a glass-case!"

"Nor in disobeying a positive command of her mother's! Would *you* have done it?"

"Not if...that is...you know, mamma...if...."

"Surely you would not: nor can I understand what inducement Anne could have."

"Lady Anne is the last person I should have suspected," said Mrs. Marchmont, laying down the newspaper: Paulina coloured:

"I dare say it was that mischief-making Made-moiselle Robert who went and told my aunt of it!"

"Probably Anne herself," said Lady Glenmore; "I don't know any body more likely to make such a confession."

"Especially," observed Mrs. Marchmont, "as the blame might otherwise have been attached to an innocent person."

"Very true :...a servant...Anne would be miserable at the very idea of such a thing——My dear Paulina, what is the matter with you."

"I know you think....and Mrs. Marchmont thinks"....Paulina began to cry.

"What is it we *think*, my love?"---said Lady Glenmore, not a little surprised at this sudden emotion.

"Why...you both think...that I...broke it...and I am sure I did not."

"Broke what? My dear child---the glass-case?"

"...I only put it down...on the ground!"

"When, Paulina?---Yesterday?"

"And I am sure it was not broke then!"

"My dear, I did not even suspect you could have been in the room."

"No more I was....only for a little time!"

"And why at all?" said Lady Glenmore, with quickness: "you did extremely wrong; I thought you were sent to walk with your cousins?"

"I know I was; but they kept me waiting ever so long!"

"You might have remained in Miss Duval's apartment."

"Yes, but she behaved very ill to me...and I did not chuse to stay."

"Is it not a strange thing that you and Miss Duval can never meet without quarreling! and could you, my dear Paulina, find no consolation but in doing mischief?"

"I did not do any mischief."

"You did not break the glass-case?"

"No---I said I didn't."

"Who did then? Do you mean to say that it was Anne?"

Paulina paused---and then in a muttering tone of voice, "I suppose," said she "it was owing to her clumsiness that it got broke."

"You *suppose*! Do not you know exactly?"

"No, I don't....not exactly?"

"Can you in any degree understand what she means?" said Lady Glenmore.

"Why, yes---I am sure it is very plain. I only moved it off the table!"

"And left it on the ground?"

"...Yes...because I went away in a hurry...Anne promised she would put it back again."

"Anne...must have been at her lessons!"

"Well; so she was, at first."

"My dear, I cannot understand you."

Paulina did not attempt to explain, and looked sulky: Mrs. Marchmont asked her, amongst other questions, when it was that her cousin made the promise.

"Why," said Paulina, "when we were walking out together; only mamma won't understand."

"I understand enough," said the countess, "to

know, that you have been extremely to blame, and poor Anne not at all."

"I am sure she was very clumsy, to break it!"

"Shame upon you Paulina! to speak so unfeelingly of a poor girl who has been suffering ever since yesterday for your imprudence: when your first thought should be, how to relieve her.---Mrs. Marchmont, what is to be done? Anne must be justified at all events."

"Undoubtedly," said the governess; "Lady Paulina will go herself and explain the whole to Lady Bodborough."

"*Explain* what?" said Paulina, peevishly; "I don't see what there is to *explain*."

"You surely understand," said her friend, looking at her with very marked surprise, "that Lady Anne is suffering under an imputation she does not deserve, and that you have it in your power to justify her?"

"I can't go to my aunt, if you mean that."

"You are afraid of Lady Bodborough?"

"To be sure I am."

"And did you feel afraid yesterday, when you were doing what you knew she would disapprove?"

"Speak, Paulina; my dear, why don't you answer Mrs. Marchmont?---Did you feel afraid whilst you were moving the glass-case?"

"I suppose I did."

"Your fears, however, did not get the better of you...you moved it?"

"I know I did."

"Though you felt afraid, still you moved it: you found courage to do a *wrong thing*?"

"Oh, but I *liked* to move the glass-case!"

"And can you mean to say you will have no pleasure in relieving your cousin?"

Paulina was silent.

"Oh but," said she presently, "you don't know how my aunt will look...and what cross things she will say!"

"And she can say nothing, believe me, Paulina, that you will not deserve, if you can find it in your heart to hesitate much longer."

"There now, Mrs. Marchmont; this is all your doing! If you had not talked of my going, mamma would never have thought about it!"

"For which I should have taken great shame to myself," said the countess: "there can be no doubt of its being the best means of vindicating Anne, and at the same time expressing your sense of the injury she has sustained on your account. Some apology too, you will recollect is due to your aunt, and no other opportunity so good can offer itself."

"Oh, as to my aunt, I promise you I shall make no apologies to her!"

"Can you believe, Mrs. Marchmont, that this is the same Paulina who promised so well half an hour ago! Does she call this *being tractable...following the advice of her friends?*"

Paulina coloured: "Go, my dear," said her mamma, think of poor Anne!—I shall write to your aunt, to say that I expect her with her sisters this evening, and refer her to you for an explanation—Mrs. Marchmont! I know you will be kind enough to accompany Paulina."

"With great pleasure," said Mrs. Marchmont; "and I will not lose a moment."

Paulina, now left alone with her mamma, withdrew to a window—the countess sat down to write. After a short silence; "Paulina," said she, "I hope you do not mean to keep Mrs. Marchmont waiting?"

Paulina made no answer.

"Did you hear me speak to you, child? I said, I hoped you would not make Mrs. Marchmont wait: my note is finished."

"I think she might carry it herself.—I don't see why *two* need go!"

"Will you go alone?"

"No, indeed!"

"Yet, if only one *need* go, you are certainly the person."

"I don't see that!"

"I do: because it is you who have done all the mischief, and I am tired of saying it---you have disobliged your aunt, and have been the cause of poor Anne's unmerited disgrace---what has Mrs. Marchmont to do with all this?"

"She might say I was afraid to come!"

"Here she is," said Lady Glenmore; "if you think proper to ask her to convey such a message... Mrs. Marchmont! will you tell my sister that Paulina...."

"I am going!" interrupted Paulina, peevishly; but I can't go as I am!"

"Well, ring the bell then for your bonnet."

"Barnet has brought it down," said Mrs. Marchmont: "she is in the next room."

Barnet was called in.

"What do you bring that nasty spencer for?" cried Paulina; "you know I never wear it!"

"*Eh, ma chere, pour si peu de chose!*" whispered Mrs. Marchmont, reproachfully, and at the same time assisting her in putting it on---The spencer does very well....Gloves!"

The gloves were presented, Paulina snatched them from the maid's hand, and then, biting her

lip, and striving in vain to restrain a tear that would show itself, accompanied Mrs. Marchmont to Grosvenor Street.

CHAP. IX.

LADY BODBOROUGH, it was at first said, could see nobody: the ladies were however shown into a back drawing-room, and, whilst Paulina sat in awkward expectation of her aunt's arrival, Mrs. Marchmont, who had not been over pleased with her during their walk, examined the pictures in silence.

Opposite the sofa on which her pupil reclined, one of the folding doors stood open, and a very few minutes had elapsed before Paulina was aware that the lady, of whom they were come to demand an audience, had entered the adjoining apartment; and, yet more, was actually engaged in giving orders for the reparation of the identical glass-case in question. Unprepared for this additional call upon her spirits, Paulina rose in great confusion, and, as if to put herself under the protection of a friend, hastened to join Mrs. Marchmont at the other end of the room.

The voices drew nearer....“ On Thursday then”....
“ If possible, my lady; but it is a difficult job, and

indeed we cannot promise"....."Very well, sir, you will lose no time:.....it is altogether a most vexatious business."

"It is, indeed!" thought Paulina; for at that moment her aunt made her appearance at the folding door, and, to judge by the manner in which she accosted Mrs. Marchmont, was in no very condescending humour.

In an instant, however, and as if recollecting herself, she changed her style of address, welcomed her to town in terms of affability, and enquired how she had left her friends in Shropshire. Then, establishing herself on the sofa which Paulina the minute before had quitted, she asked if Mrs. Marchmont had looked into a new publication that lay on the table, commended its author, began to canvass the merit of his other productions, and from one literary subject would have led to others, when her auditor, anxious beyond measure to accomplish the purpose of the visit, respectfully directed her attention to Paulina, who, as yet undistinguished by the slightest notice from her aunt, had remained in no very enviable state of mind at the other end of the room. Lady Bodborough immediately called her to the sofa.

"Mrs. Marchmont reminds me," said she, "that you have a confession to make:--if it regards your

behaviour, yesterday, to Miss Duval, you may spare yourself the trouble:—she has, within the last half hour, favoured me with an account of the whole.—The other part of your mother's note....I shall answer when I see her."

"But then, Lady Anne," said Mrs. Marchmont.

"What of *Anne*?" returned Lady Bodborough with quickness—"my sister talks of my bringing her this evening:—she surprises me.....she must know it is out of the question."

"Speak, my dear Lady Paulina," said Mrs. Marchmont; "you can explain...."

In vain, however, might explanation have been demanded even by the all-authoritative Lady Bodborough herself: Paulina hung down her head, and was in no condition to enter upon it.

For her embarrassment, excessive as it was, Mrs. Marchmont felt but little; and it was solely out of compassion for the poor sufferer up stairs, that she now promptly and considerately undertook to satisfy the countess's curiosity, by this time strongly excited. In as few words as possible, she communicated what had already transpired, and succeeded besides in drawing from her pupil such unwilling answers as served to explain what yet remained mysterious.

Lady Bodborough listened throughout in perfect

silence: then rang the bell, and desired that Miss Duval might be told to come down immediately. Mrs. Marchmont rose to go: "One moment, if you please," said the countess; "you say that Anne offered to put back the glass-case: do you approve these *managements, these school-girls' tricks and contrivances?*"

"No," said Mrs. Marchmont; "but they will ever attend the system of education your ladyship has adopted."—This, she might have added, though she contented herself with suggesting an excuse for Lady Anne on the present occasion, unjustifiable as she allowed all proceedings of a clandestine nature in general to be; an excuse, her mother with difficulty admitted: "Possibly," she said, "Anne's intentions might be good: it was unfortunate they should have so misled her."

On Paulina's share in the business, Lady Bodborough commented with the utmost severity; and it was only, she was pleased to say, in consideration of Mrs. Marchmont's interference, that she would at all accept the assurances of amendment now imperfectly pronounced by the weeping culprit; assurances, offered, it is but too true, in the hope of accelerating a departure which the momentary expectation of Miss Duval's appearance rendered particularly desirable.

The bitter cup of humiliation was however to be drank to the very dregs that morning: Paulina, having at length obtained permission to depart, had made good her retreat as far as the top of the staircase, when a message from her aunt overtook her, requiring her immediate return; and, whilst she hesitated whether or not to obey the unwelcome summons, a second arrived, yet more urgent, which, supported by Mrs. Marchmont's influence, had the desired effect, and succeeded in bringing the young lady once again into her aunt's presence.

And here, to her great vexation, the first object that presented itself was her cousin's governess; and the express purpose of her own recall she found to be no less than a formal requisition of such apology as might be deemed satisfactory for her "*very extraordinary behaviour*" towards her the day before in Hyde Park.

Paulina, provoked and offended, immediately retorted the charge in its fullest extent upon Miss Duval herself; who, in anger, appealed from this new instance of presumption, in favour of the justice of her own representations. To avert the severity with which Lady Bodborough was preparing to address her, to disperse that storm she saw gathering on the countenance of her friend, our young lady now hastily owned herself *sorry* for what had hap-

pened; and this concession, uttered with the worst grace imaginable, was accepted by the governess, perhaps because she saw no immediate chance of obtaining a better.

However that might be, Lady Bodborough seemed no longer desirous of detaining her visitors; and they, glad to escape, though each from different motives, seized the first opportunity for taking their departure.

This time they were not recalled, and Paulina no sooner felt herself at liberty, than she began to indulge the spleen which her recent mortifications had excited: but finding her companion no way disposed to encourage her murmurs, on the contrary, freely exposing their injustice, and condemning the language in which they were expressed, she relapsed into sulkiness; nor, till very nearly at home, showed any signs of returning kindness towards the friend who had ventured to reprove her.

One further reproach, however, severer than all the rest, still awaited her; and it was that of her own conscience, when poor, unsuspecting Anne thanked her, with tears in her eyes, for the generosity and kind-heartedness with which she had flown to her relief. Of the degree of interest Mrs. Marchmont took in Paulina's answer, let the reader judge. If it accorded not entirely with her

wishes, neither did it wholly disappoint them : there was at least ingenuousness enough in it, to allay the anxiety which preceding circumstances had given rise to; and, amidst the various unfavourable traits exhibited that day in the character of our heroine, the sincerity which rejected unmerited praise forms a resting place, to be duly prized only by those who, like Mrs. Marchmont, are engaged in the arduous labours of education.

CHAP. X.

ERE the close of the ensuing week, Paulina's several masters were appointed; and herself engaged in a regular course of study. She at first took great pleasure in proclaiming to every body, that she had a *governess of her own choice*, and, as if to justify the election, was for some days content to acknowledge the reasonableness of all that was prescribed to her. *For some days*, do we say? alas! scarcely so long was Mrs. Marchmont's influence proof against the exercise of that spirit of opposition which we have already had occasion to remark in Paulina, as no less distressing to her friends than prejudicial to her own interests. Mrs. Marchmont, it is true, was careful to impose no unnecessary restrictions; but, such as were unavoidable, she enforced with a steadiness altogether new to her pupil, and even still more irksome to her ideas of *independence*, than the hasty and frequently ill-judged decrees of Mademoiselle Laponte. Besides, from the last-mentioned person, there had always lain an appeal to a higher power: Mrs. Mason, as we have seen, would sometimes interpose

her authority in support of the weaker party, and oblige the teacher to relinquish her claims. But, in the new order of things, the case was different: Lady Glenmore was anxious that her daughter should acquire the habit of implicitly relying on Mrs. Marchmont's judgment;—and to encourage any sort of reference to herself, would have been to admit that that judgment might be called in question. When therefore Paulina complained in presence of her mamma, it was rather to indulge her spleen, than in the hope of obtaining redress; for she had learned, from experience, that, in every point in which she was concerned, Lady Glenmore and Mrs. Marchmont were invariably of the same opinion. This concurrence of sentiment in two persons so immediately interested in her welfare, ought undoubtedly to have reconciled her to severer sacrifices than any she was ever required to make; persuaded, as she might have been, that her friends could be actuated only by the purest motives, and most ardent desire of promoting her future happiness. But we have already said enough of our heroine, to prepare the reader to expect even greater inconsistencies than this; and we pass on, without apology, to relate the progress of a dissatisfaction as unreasonable in itself as it was pernicious in its consequences.

For three successive days, Paulina had exhibited more than ordinary symptoms of indocility: she had wearied her masters by her want of application, and given infinite trouble and vexation to Mrs. Marchmont, who, finding her alike insensible to encouragement and remonstrance, was at last reduced to the disagreeable necessity of adopting harsher measures. She now, for the first time, began to talk of imposing penance: her pupil heard her, and was startled; but the next moment, doubting whether she could be in earnest, ventured upon new transgressions. These passed unnoticed for the present, but when five o'clock came, and Paulina expected, as usual, a game at romps with her kitten, she was not a little surprised to hear Mrs. Marchmont enter upon a recapitulation of her offences, and then very gravely sentence her to solitary confinement for the next two hours in her own apartment.

Awed by the calm severity of her friend's manner, so unlike what she had been accustomed to, at Aldborough-house, Paulina made only one awkward attempt to vindicate herself, and, finding it of no avail, burst into tears, and retired to perform the enjoined penance. In the solitude of her own chamber she had ample leisure afforded her for reflection; and, to say the truth, the first moments were not unprofitably employed.---She was sensible of

Mrs. Marchmont's animadversions on her behaviour, and was angry with herself for having given occasion to them: she felt something like compunction too, for the uneasiness she had occasioned her friend, and no small degree of shame, when she recollected that, of all the fair promises so recently and voluntarily given her, there was not one with the breach of which she had not now to reproach herself.

Reflections such as these were calculated to inspire resolutions of amendment, and already was the good work begun: "To-morrow," said she to herself, "I will do better."

In the mean time, however, it grew towards dusk: her chamber looked comfortless; she wished for lights....Was she at liberty to ring the bell and order them?....No.—She felt chilly; she had no fire:....Why not seek the warmth of another apartment?....Impossible! there yet remained half an hour of her confinement unexpired. "*Confinement!*" Was she a prisoner then?....Yes.—By whose authority?—Mrs. Marchmont's.—And what right had *she* to assume the power of imposing such humiliation?—*What right!* Was she not her governess?—*Governess indeed!*

Paulina now paced the room in fretful discontent, and the sense of personal inconvenience every

moment increasing, she no longer regarded the contradictions, under which she laboured, as the necessary consequences of her own misconduct, but referred them all to an arbitrary exertion of power in her *governess*.

"Not ring my own bell in my own room! But I will, though!....and I'll go to the fire if I please.... I'll not stay perishing here, I know, for any body, that I won't!"

The two hours were however suffered to pass over without any attempt to emancipate herself. Wearied at length by her own petulance, she sat down and cried, and in this situation Mrs. Marchmont found her: the light of the study-fire gleaming across the passage, the words, "*It is seven o'clock, tea is ready!*" pronounced in a tone of voice no way indicative of lingering displeasure, but rather promising content and cheerfulness for the remainder of the evening, wrought so powerfully upon our young lady's feelings, that she almost instantaneously obeyed the summons, and thus surprised, as it were, into acquiescence, dried up her tears, and presently found herself seated at the tea-table as if nothing had happened. Mrs. Marchmont, on her side, appeared to be satisfied with the atonement Paulina had made, and no longer to consider her in the light of an offender. There might, per-

haps, be a little more seriousness than usual in her manner, but, upon the whole, she seemed willing to forget there had been any misunderstanding between them, and her pupil, far from wishing to bring it to her recollection, thought herself too fortunate under such circumstances to hazard even the slightest expression of resentment for the treatment she had undergone. In this disposition of mind she was still, when, at eight o'clock, she sat down to her lesson of geography. It proved to be the best she had taken for some days; Mrs. Marchmont commended her, without noticing her application as any thing new or extraordinary, and, when they parted for the night, called her, "*dear child*," as formerly.

Paulina, notwithstanding the mortifying experience of that day had taught her that, even under a *governess of her own choice*, she was not to err with impunity, felt in some measure reconciled to her situation, and went to bed in tolerable spirits, making all sorts of good resolutions, if only for the sake of avoiding further humiliation.

CHAP. XI.

NOT many days after this, Mrs. Marchmont went to visit a sick friend in the neighbourhood of London: Paulina breakfasted alone; walked to Grosvenor Street, *danced* with her cousins, *dined* with them, and then returned home to accompany Lady Glenmore in her morning's drive.

Unfortunately, as it turned out, amongst other places, they called at the house of a lady to whom the countess had been requested to show some civilities by a near relation of her lord's. Scarcely acquainted, she at first objected to Paulina's leaving the carriage: the young lady, however, pleaded so hard, that she obtained permission to follow her mamma, who very soon found occasion to repent her compliance. After paying every possible distinction to their qualified visitor, Mrs. Gould and her daughter turned their particular attention to the little Right Honourable who accompanied her. They were, or pretended to be, much *struck* by Paulina's resemblance to her mamma---they enquired her age, thought her *amazingly* tall---were *sure* she

danced *delightfully*; she was just the figure for it!"

"She is *light*," said Lady Glenmore, carelessly; and, to change the conversation, invited her daughter to remark the beauties of a landscape over the chimney-piece, and which, on account of its being a faithful representation of the port of Lisbon, she conceived likely to excite her interest.

"A charming drawing!" said Mrs. Gould; "and very like: it was taken last year by a young lady on the spot"

"Perhaps I had the pleasure of knowing her," said Lady Glenmore.

"Very likely: most likely indeed your ladyship must have seen her---Miss Meredith."

"Miss Meredith---*that was?*---Mrs. Clifford?"

"The same, my dear ma'am; the very same---a most charming girl. Poor thing! we used to see a great deal of her formerly."

"She has been abroad, it is true, some time."

"Travelling the Lord knows where, for an age! But I speak of seven or eight years back. My daughter and *her* were at that time the greatest friends imaginable!"

"Very *young* ones," said Lady Glenmore, smiling.

"Why, yes; young enough to be sure---Miss Meredith might be ten, or thereabouts; my daughter, a year or two older."

Miss Gould observed, that there *never* was more than eighteen months *at the most* between them.

"Very likely---most likely my dear. Poor Felicia was always kept so back, there was no telling her age exactly. To the day of her marriage, she never had a will of her own!"

"Mamma!" said Paulina, "is this the same Miss Meredith you are always talking of, with Mrs. Marchmont?"

The two ladies immediately caught up the name of *Marchmont*: Paulina enquired if they knew her.

"*Know her!* to be sure we do. She is a great friend of my daughter's. Only ask her."

"Much of a friend, indeed!" said Miss Gould, scornfully.

"Don't you like her?---we do; she lives with us!"

The lady and her daughter looked at each other and smiled---they said, they did not even know she was in England: she was, they were *sure*, a very fortunate woman."

"*We* are fortunate," said the countess, "in having prevailed on Mrs. Marchmont to give up her time to us."

"Oh, she is very *clever*, certainly," said Mrs. Gould---"and she really lives with your ladyship? As governess, I presume, to Lady Paulina?"

"Yes," said Paulina with quickness "I chose to have her; but she is not a *common governess*, she is mamma's friend."

"*Mamma* is very good, I'm sure; but indeed Mrs. Meredith always made her one of the family. We used to say the governess was by much the *finest* lady of the two."

"If superiority of manner, talent, and understanding make a fine lady," said Lady Glenmore, evidently surprised at her insinuation, "I certainly know few more entitled to the appellation than Mrs. Marchmont."

Mrs. Gould coloured, and with emphasis repeated, "she is *clever*, certainly very *clever*."

"And in every other respect, a most valuable woman," observed the countess: "amiable in her temper, and strictly correct in her religious and moral principles. We consider her as a perfect treasure."

"I dare say your ladyship does: for my part, I have not seen her a long time: I used to think she was very strict with poor Felicia; but she might be right!"

"When I knew them at Lisbon," said Lady Glenmore, "they lived together like sisters. Does not Miss Gould correspond with her friend, and...."

"*I correspond with her!*" interrupted the young lady: "no; Mrs. Marchmont took care of that---I only wonder how she came to let her send me the drawing. I am sure if a gentleman had not asked for a letter of introduction to somebody at Lisbon, I should never have written to her for it, or any thing else, only that put it in my head! And, begging her pardon, she might as well have sent me none at all, as that unfinished thing!"

"Nay, my dear Sophia, the drawing is well enough. Lady Glenmore, who has been at the place, thinks it beautiful."

"Indeed," said the countess, "Miss Gould is rather difficult...It wants perhaps a little more warmth in the foreground, but the rest is so charming....."

"Oh dear ma'am, I don't pretend to blame Felicia: we all know it's no fault of *hers*."

"Why, whose fault is it then?" cried Paulina.

"*Nobody's*, my dear Lady Paulina---*nobody's*," said Mrs. Gould, so significantly, that Paulina instantly exclaimed,

"Oh, you mean that Mrs. Marchmont hindered its being finished! But she likes things to be finished, and done well too!"

A gleam of satisfaction overspread her mamma's countenance: she took the little girl's hand in hers, and addressed her hosts:

"We have a thousand obligations to Mrs. Marchmont," said she: "we are attached to her from inclination too, as well as gratitude; you must not wonder if we are warm in her defence."

"*Defence!* my dear ma'am!--I am sure, we don't mean---that is....neither my daughter nor myself---would do such a thing for the world---before Lady Paulina especially."

Lady Glenmore apologized for the expression she had used: it might be a little too strong for the occasion; yet she owned that she could not, unmoved, hear the slightest insinuation against a person whom she so infinitely esteemed.

Mrs. Gould assured her that she meant to insinuate nothing at all; that she really knew very little either of Miss Meredith or her governess. With the former, indeed, her daughter used, as she said before, to be on terms of the greatest friendship; but that their intimacy was put an end to by Mrs. Marchmont. "Poor Felicia!" she added, "was very unhappy about it. *to my knowledge*; but governesses will have their own way, and fretting only made the matter worse!"

"I think I should have fretted though, for all that," said Paulina, "if I had been in her place!"

"It was a little hard---wasn't it?" said Mrs. Gould, coaxingly. "Indeed I think so," said Paulina.

"To me," observed Miss Gould, "it was of very little consequence---I had more friends than I knew *what to do with*; but poor Felicia, who was allowed to see nobody, and kept up at her studies all day long....."

"And that was really the case, was it?" said Lady Glenmore, with a coldness that clearly bespoke her incredulity, and, for a moment, disconcerted the young lady, who, however, presently after, seemed so well inclined to return to the charge, that her mother, fearing to displease the countess, thought proper to check her vivacity:---"Well my dear, we will talk of that another time"---then---"its of no consequence"---"you had better not"---"Lady Glenmore must know best"---and at last, "has your ladyship been to the Exhibition?"

Lady Glenmore only bowed, and immediately addressing the daughter:

"Miss Gould!" said she "you will pardon me for saying that you do not at all understand Mrs. Marchmont's character.---Will you give me leave to make you better acquainted?---I am sure she will be happy to explain any thing in her conduct that may have given you offence, and even....."

"Offence, ma'am! She never gave me any offence. I only could not help feeling for Felicia, and I must say that, what with her aunt, and what with

her governess, never poor girl led a more miserable life."

"We are talking of a long, long time ago!" said Mrs. Gould, in a half whisper to Paulina; "you must not mind what we say."

Lady Glenmore overheard her: "My dear madam," said she, "any caution of this sort must be unnecessary with Lady Paulina: she loves and reverences Mrs. Marchmont, and she knows that I have the highest opinion of her."

"Your ladyship is perfectly in the right; I was only afraid that what my daughter said...."

"Miss Gould appears to have had so little opportunity for observing...."

"I beg leave to contradict your ladyship:---for the first month I was with them every hour of the day; afterwards, indeed, the lady took care to separate us."

"So that yours is the history of one poor month," said Lady Glenmore, smiling; "mine....and I have it from Felicia herself---that of seven years at least: Mrs. Gould shall determine which of these two histories is best worth attending to."

Mrs. Gould smiled in her turn, and seemed very well pleased that her daughter should have escaped a graver censure. She now began once more to talk of the Exhibition, and was expatiating very

fully on the merits of one of the largest pictures, "*just facing you as you go in,*" when a sob from Paulina suddenly checked her eloquence, and completely diverted the attention of her auditors.

"Good heavens!" whispered Mrs. Gould, "surely, nothing that *we* have said...."

Painfully surprised as was Lady Glenmore, she had nevertheless the presence of mind to repress her feelings; she comprehended but too well the nature of the impression Paulina's mind had received, and she was aware that Mrs. Gould's observation invited a renewal of the very discussion which, under such circumstances, she most wished to avoid. Prudently, therefore, waving a reply, she rang the bell, to order the carriage; and when the ladies, in their extreme commiseration for Paulina, would have offered water, salts, hartshorn, and every sort of restorative, she, with more coldness than had ever yet accompanied her acknowledgment of a civility, thanked them, and said, *the air would be the best remedy.*

Paulina received a kiss, and the appellation of "*sweet creature!*" from mother and daughter, and then slowly followed her mamma down stairs to the carriage.

Anxious to counteract the evil effects of this unlucky visit, Lady Glenmore no sooner found her-

self once more alone with her daughter, than she very freely communicated her sentiments in regard to the people they had just quitted. Paulina herself had nothing to urge in their favour; she only contended, when her sobs would allow her to speak, that "she did not like to have a *strict governess*, and that *every body* thought Mrs. Marchmont was one!"

When they reached home, a note was given to the countess, who presently handed it to her daughter. "From Mrs. Marchmont," said she: "you are mentioned in it."

Paulina read the note through her tears: besides a very kind message to herself, it contained little more than Mrs. Marchmont's apology for deferring her return home till the following day, on account of the increased indisposition of her friend. She passed it over without interest, and, before the next quarter of an hour had elapsed, surprised her mamma, by an abrupt intimation, that, *if she pleased, she had been thinking she should like to go back to Aldborough-house, instead of having a governess at home.*

—"Very well, Paulina,—by all means go;—if you think you can be happier than with me."

"No, mamma; it is not *you*!—I like to live with *you*!"

"But not with Mrs. Marchmont?... You are ungrateful enough to mean this.—I am ashamed of you."

"I can't help not liking to have a *strict governess*!"

"What nonsense! Without knowing any thing of those strange people, you adopt their opinions, even their very expressions...."

"No, mamma; I don't.—I only say what I think myself."

"Or rather, what you are determined to think, in opposition to your own judgment, which must tell you, that you have not a sincerer, a more truly-kind friend, than the one we have given you."

"I don't want her to go away; I only want her not to be my governess."

"Recollect, Paulina, it is not a month since you came to my bedside...."

"I know, mamma...I know all that!....but she is quite different to what she was then!"

"She is still the same; only that, being now your governess, it is her duty to prescribe rules for your conduct, and you quarrel with her for no other reason, than because you no longer find yourself at liberty to follow your own idle inclinations."

"But, mamma, I may go back to Mrs. Mason's, if I like it?"

"Certainly not, my dear."

"Just now, you said I might!"

"I answered you in a manner that ought to have prevented your repeating the request."

Paulina said, *it was very hard she was not to go back to her own school, if she wished it*: Lady Glenmore called her a foolish, ungrateful girl, and sent her up stairs, to dress for the evening.

Sad and heavy were the hours till bed-time: an old maiden-aunt of the countess' drank tea with her, and, seeing Paulina now for the first time, required her company during the whole of the visit; observing, nevertheless, that her "little kinswoman" was certainly the dullest member of the family; *which was a great pity, as she played so prettily on the harpsicord.*

Aunt Eleanor, we must allow, was no musician. Never had Paulina played worse than on this occasion; and if Lady Glenmore forbore to remark it, politeness towards the old lady could be her only motive; for with Paulina she was seriously displeased; her manner throughout the evening evincing no consciousness of having acted wrong, no wish to conciliate, no desire of making reparation: on the contrary, every word, every look, bore testimony to the turbulence of her feelings. Twice did

aunt Eleanor put on her spectacles to trace the family-likeness. Alas! it was not to be found in features bloated by grief and ill humour: she could only discover that "the child" resembled her great uncle Joseph, who, with reason, passed for the ugliest of the whole pedigree; an observation in no way calculated to restore complacency to Paulina. It almost tempted her to declare the cause of her disfigurement, rather than undergo the mortification of being reckoned like so ill-favoured an ancestor.

But the period of her release approached: the clocks struck nine, and aunt Eleanor took leave: our heroine, to avoid the reproaches that she knew must await her from her mamma, contrived to wish her a "good night" at the same moment; and by the time Lady Glenmore enquired for her, was half undressed in her own apartment.

CHAP. XII.

Mrs. MARCHMONT had, in the mean time, been attending with painful anxiety the progress of her friend's disorder; remaining the whole night by her bed-side, or only leaving it to assist in the nursery, where a little roaring boy, of five days old, and his sister, restless and uneasy from the pain of cutting her teeth, were to be soothed and dandled into forgetfulness.

When morning came, the favourable report of the physician relieved her mind from the painful suspense it had been labouring under: she now turned her thoughts to the duties that awaited her at home, and dismissing every idea of personal repose, arrived in Berkeley Square just as Lady Glenmore sat down to breakfast.

"When Mrs. Marchmont comes home, let her be told that I wish to see her."

Paulina was practising in her mamma's dressing-room, when she heard the order given, and stopt short---when, in answer to it, she found that her governess was already returned, and would appear in a few minutes.

"Where are you going, Paulina?" said her mamma, observing her presently moving towards the door—"I am going to papa"—"he breakfasts out of town"—"but I can just go and see...."—"I beg you will remain where you are." Paulina was going to remonstrate, when the entrance of the very person it had been her object to avoid, at once decided the point, by rendering retreat impracticable.

A less degree of embarrassment would immediately have betrayed her to eyes so penetrating as those to whose observation she was now exposed. By an awkward attempt, besides, to appear unconcerned, and as if *nothing had happened*, she rendered herself yet more subject to remark. Mrs. Marchmont looked at her with some surprise, coldly acknowledged her half-pronounced welcome; and would have demanded the reason of all she saw, had not Lady Glenmore been evidently less disposed to account for her daughter's strange behaviour, than anxious to compensate it herself, by every possible expression of kindness and cordiality. Under such circumstances, investigation became impertinent; and our governess cheerfully accepted an invitation to breakfast, without suffering any further expression of curiosity to escape her.

Paulina, now employed, much against her inclination, in pouring out the tea, made but an awk-

ward figure during the conversation that ensued. At first it related only to the charitable offices in which her governess had been engaged; and so far she could listen with tolerable composure. The news of the day, fraught with still less interest, was discussed---she ventured to lift her eyes from the table:---it was but for a moment:---

"We saw a drawing of Mrs. Clifford's yesterday," said Lady Glenmore; "a view of Lisbon."

Mrs. Marchmont looked pleased, as she always did when Felicia was mentioned: but she neither recollected the drawing, nor could guess where it was to be seen. Paulina, certainly, was not the person who would just then undertake to refresh her memory.

"I am thinking to whom Felicia was likely to send such a drawing," said her governess. "There was a Miss Gould....but then your ladyship does not know her?"

"Indeed I have that honour," said Lady Glenmore: "it was at her house we saw it---You recollect this drawing then, my dear Mrs. Marchmont?"---

"An unfinished view of Lisbon, is it not?"

"It is; and now, if you will not think me very impertinent, I will ask *why* it is unfinished? I have

heard a long story about it, you will tell me the truth in two words."

"At least I can promise not to make a long story," returned the other.—"Mr. Herbert who took charge of the drawing, left us so suddenly, that Felicia had not time to finish it.—Rather than disappoint Miss Gould, however, she chose to send it as it was."

"And was this really the only reason?"

"The only one."

"You must know....yet....but indeed it is a shame to trouble you...for you are fatigued to death, and ought to be in bed."

"Pardon me; indeed I am not," said Mrs. Marchmont; "on the contrary, I am wishing to hear the *long story*."

Lady Glenmore looked serious: "It would give you no pleasure," said she—"I was going to ask your opinion of Miss Gould."

I know very little of her. I believe I have not seen her these seven years."

"But when you were next-door neighbours?"

"Then indeed;" and Mrs Marchmont smiled—"I could not always have pleaded a want of intercourse."

"I am told you discouraged the intimacy between her and Felicia?"

"I did more: I put an end to it altogether."

"But why so?—They were the *greatest friends* imaginable?"

"They were, at ten and eleven years old."

"You are entertained, and no wonder, with the idea of such a friendship: but, seriously, they liked well enough to be together?"

"Of course, two silly girls, they desired nothing better. Indeed I found it very difficult to reconcile Felicia to the separation."

"So I am told....but you thought it necessary, I suppose?"

"I could not do otherwise: Miss Gould's pursuits were so very different from those in which I wished to engage Felicia."

"But why not give her the chance of profiting by good example?"

"I am afraid the good example would have been wanting: Felicia could be as idle as her friend. But I offered to consider Miss Gould as another pupil; and Mrs. Meredith proposed it herself to the mother."

"Who could make no objection, surely?"

"Yes:—she said her daughter *liked liberty*; and indeed the young lady proved it, for she was in the habit of breaking in upon us, without ceremony, at all hours of the day."

"And this lasted—a month?"

"Thereabouts—I found I could do nothing with Felicia, subject as we were, to such continual interruptions, and I was determined to put an end to visits as unprofitable to one party, as they were productive of vexation and detriment to the other. In short, Mrs. Meredith kindly undertook to secure me in future against their frequency, and from that time I saw no more of Miss Gould."

"Her mother was offended then?—But Felicia, how did *she* bear it?—Not very well, you say?"

"Felicia was then a spoiled child: she has since repeatedly thanked me for what I did."

"Tell me your thoughts, Paulina," said Lady Glenmore.

Paulina looked foolish, then angry. "Nothing." She was thinking of nothing, she said.

"Or is it, that you are thinking, how much you ought to feel ashamed of yourself for what had happened yesterday?"

"I want to go and see if papa's come home, only you wont let me!"

"And why are you in such a hurry to leave us? Do you know you have not spoken a word to Mrs. Marchmont to day?"

———"Yes I have." Paulina hesitated, then added, "*she* has not spoken a word to *me*!"

"I will *now*," said her governess, holding out her hand--"but you must never again tell me, with such a grave face, that you are *glad* to see me. Better, much better, I should have been pleased, if you had *not* 'spoken a word.' Will not you shake hands? We have no quarrel."

Paulina blushed more deeply than ever, as she coldly drew her hand through Mrs. Marchmont's.

"Then, we are no longer to be friends," said the latter---"I see how it is, and am sorry for it. But you are now at least sincere, and I can forgive all the rest. We shall understand one another better by and bye."

Thus ended a scene, ineffectually planned by Lady Glenmore for the purpose of exculpating Mrs. Marchmont from the charges against her; a simple method, she had conceived of justifying her conduct, without subjecting her to the indignity of entering upon a regular defence of it, in presence of her pupil. And more than once had she flattered herself with success: Paulina's downcast looks and embarrassed manner, during the conversation, she had been willing to consider as symptoms of compunction and regret for the past: but now, when they would no longer admit of the same favourable interpretation, and were evidently the offspring of the very prejudices she had been labouring to com-

bat, all her hopes vanished; and a disappointment, of itself sufficiently wounding to her feelings, was rendered yet more distressing, from its immediate connection with those views by which we have all along seen her actuated.

Chagrined almost beyond the possibility of expressing herself with temper, and seeking relief only in Mrs. Marchmont's counsels, Lady Glenmore now hastily dismissed her daughter, and immediately entered into an unreserved detail of such circumstances as, from motives of delicacy, she had hitherto suppressed.

Paulina, in the mean time, never less desirous of being present at a conference where herself was to be the principal subject, dreading indeed nothing so much as a recall, had taken refuge in her own apartment; whence, in pursuance of her first intentions, she shortly after proceeded to the library. Softly she crept along the passage, stole down the back-stairs, and passed on tip-toe the door of her mamma's dressing room: another flight of stairs presented itself, another passage: these, however, were trod with less precaution, and at length she reached the library. Alas! it was deserted: her papa not yet returned from his morning's ride, nor even expected, she had the mortification to hear, before two o'clock;

at which hour he had appointed people to attend him upon business.

To retrace her steps to the apartment she had quitted, was now the best alternative remaining; and here, to her no small confusion, she was presently joined by Mrs. Marchmont. She held a book in her hand, which, offering to her pupil, "Are you reading it?" said she; "I missed it from the parcel."

With a curiosity not strictly pardonable, Paulina had, the day before, explored the contents of this parcel, and the volume in question, then selected for her amusement, had never been replaced.

Mechanically, as it were, she now received it from her governess, but the next moment it was laid upon the nearest chair, and both together pushed to some distance; very gently, however, and only as if to make way for herself to pass towards the door.

"If you are going into the study, take it with you."

"I don't want the book!"

"It is yours:---I bought it for you yesterday, by desire of your mamma."

"I don't want it, I am sure!" and the chair received another push, and Paulina drew still nearer to the door.

Mrs. Marchmont closed it, and taking her hand, sat down. "Are you not very much to blame just now?" said she.

"I am going...down stairs---I am going to mamma,"--said Paulina, making an effort to withdraw her hand.

"And suppose your mamma should refuse you admittance?"

"Oh, if you have been setting her against me, *then* indeed." And Paulina burst into tears.

"It would have been unpardonable in me," said Mrs. Marchmont, "to have added, in the least, to the uneasiness which your mamma already suffers on your account. I have been endeavouring, on the contrary, to give her all the consolation in my power, and have even ventured to promise, that a very little reflection will bring you to a sense of your duty. I speak gravely, Lady Paulina, because the subject requires it; it is no light matter to be the cause of unhappiness to a parent."

"I....she....*I* am not the cause!"

"No one interested in your welfare, much less a mother, can be indifferent to such proofs of an untractable and perverse disposition, as your behaviour since yesterday has afforded!"

"*Perverse!*---and how am I perverse?"

"You know you are to blame, and yet persist in your errors; and...is not that...being perverse?"

"I don't know that I am to blame!"

"Yet, you cannot be ignorant that one of your first duties, is a cheerful submission to the will of your parents?"

Paulina was silent.

"I say nothing of your injustice towards me, because I trust to time for convincing you that we may yet live very happily together; and I am willing, in the mean while, to attribute our misunderstanding, to a want of confidence, which the shortness of our acquaintance may, in some degree, excuse. But your mamma, I again remind you, has a right to your implicit obedience. Let the plan she has traced, be ever so repugnant to your feelings; your duty is to subscribe to it without a murmur, even, though you were not persuaded, as you must be, that it can only have been suggested by the sincerest desire for your welfare."

It had occurred to Paulina, since she left the breakfast table, that her governess might possibly repent a charge she had undertaken, under such very different circumstances; and her mamma, in that case, she thought, would scarcely insist upon that, as a promise, the performance of which must be cause of regret to the parties more immediately

concerned. Under the influence of this idea, and in the hope of hearing it confirmed, she had hitherto listened, if not with complacency, still without any very evident signs of impatience: and though the tenor of Mrs. Marchmont's language was not of a nature to encourage her hopes, she could not help watching for some expression in her favour, some hint of intentions that would restore her to liberty: to no purpose, however;—that lady presently began to speak in terms, that left her no doubt of what their relative situations were thenceforward to be; and Paulina, to whom this certainty was not rendered less distressing, even by the tenderness of expression that conveyed it, was at no pains to conceal her disappointment. Her governess saw, that to remonstrate any further at such a time would be useless; and, after a moment's silence, coldly relinquished the hand she had held within hers, and left her to herself.

CHAP. XIII.

ABOVE three hours had elapsed, and Paulina still remained in solitude. Mrs. Marchmont sent to let her know that dinner was ready: she said, she was not hungry: her governess took her at her word, and descended alone to the little parlour, where their tête-à-tête meal was usually served. Very soon after, however, the young lady, surprised to find that she was not of consequence enough to be presented with a second message, descended also, and, to say the truth, felt a sort of relief, on being allowed to take her place at the table, unreprieved, except by Mrs. Marchmont's saying, rather gravely, "another time, if you please, we will come down together."

More serious reprehension, however, awaited her in the course of the evening. During dinner, and till the arrival of Emma Musgrave, who drank tea with her, she had uniformly worn the same gloomy and dissatisfied countenance, and so far she had been indulged: Mrs. Marchmont was too much a friend to sincerity, to quarrel with her for not as-

suming the appearance of what was foreign to her feelings; and contented and happy, in the actual state of things, she very well knew it was not in her nature to be. But, when encouraged by the presence of a third person, and presuming upon the moderation that had been shown her, she presently began to indulge in all the natural insolence of her disposition, and, without restraint, to give vent to her ill-humour, she subjected herself to very different treatment. Severely checked in the first instance; next, upon a repetition of the offence, banished from the work-table; condemned to silence; and, lastly, sent to her own room, under every circumstance of disgrace that an obstinate and vain opposition was calculated to produce, Paulina, more bitterly than ever, deplored the hard fate that exposed her to the tyranny of a governess; overlooking, in the mean time, that of her own passions, in reality, constituting her sole misfortune.

Such was the truth her mamma would have inculcated the morning after, when, in bitterness of heart, she lodged a heavy complaint of having been carried to bed by Sydenham "against her will, and an hour before her time!" To all the various arguments employed to reconcile her to her situation she had but one answer ready; that Mrs. Gould and Miss Gould both said, Felicia

was always unhappy; and that she knew very well she should be the same." It was to no purpose that Lady Glenmore urged her own experience in contradiction to the former part of this assertion:—Paulina only renewed her entreaties that she might go back to Aldborough-house; and, when again assured it could not be, preferred the more humble request, that she might, at least, be allowed to pay Mrs. Mason a visit—"for a few days only, mamma!"

Whatever might be her motive for such a petition, she urged it so piteously, and with so much earnestness, that Lady Glenmore could not find it in her heart to give her a direct refusal: she claimed only a few minutes for consideration, and then, sending her out of the way, wrote the following note to Mrs. Marchmont:

"You will think me very weak; but Paulina's swollen eyes and pale face, have extorted a sort of promise from me, to let her pay a visit of a few days to Aldborough-house. I know, Mrs. Mason, if I desire it, will talk to her, and I really think that change of air and scene will be of service. Perhaps a little soothing too, just now, may do more than severity. Let me have your opinion in two words, for Paulina is only gone to her father, and I expect her back every moment."

"Neither change of air, nor change of scene can

be necessary," said Mrs. Marchmont's answer; "but, should your ladyship determine otherwise, I wish it to be understood, that Lady Paulina and I must not be separated."

"Which decides the affair at once!" said the countess, throwing the note into the fire; "for, in that case, the child may as well remain at home."

"The child" at this moment made her appearance, introducing her papa, who, she said, had promised to drive her himself to Aldborough-house the next morning.

"My dear," said Lady Glenmore—"I was just going to say, the scheme was a very foolish one, and had better be given up."

"Not at all," interrupted the good-natured lord; "it can be done with the greatest ease: the horses....."

"My dear Glenmore, I am not talking about the horses."

"Then I am sure, mamma, there is nothing else."

"Indeed there are very particular reasons."

"What!...when papa says he will drive me himself in the curricule?"

"*The curricule!* my dear; how are you and Mrs. Marchmont both to go in the curricule?"

"Mrs. Marchmont to go!" said Lord Glenmore:

"Paulina did not tell me that."

"She cannot leave home, you know, without a governess."

"Why, in the name of wonder, how many governesses must she have at a time! are there not half a dozen of them where she is going?"

"Yes, that there are," cried Paulina; "and so there *can* be no occasion for any body else."

"My dear, your going alone is out of the question."

"Then I had much rather stay at home at once!"

"Well, well," said the earl, "settle it among yourselves—I shall order the carriage after breakfast, and it is all one to me which way I drive."

"Then take Paulina to Aldborough-house, and bring her back to dinner."

"I am obliged to you....what is to become of me whilst she pays her visit?"

"No, no—I will be left there," said Paulina.

"Indeed I think that is the best way; besides, if Mrs. Marchmont *must* go, what so easy as sending her in the course of the day, or even the day after. What do you say to that, Isabella?"

"Well, let it be so. She shall have the carriage at two; and then if it rains, Paulina can go with her."

"I shan't go at all!" said Paulina, sulkily; and withdrew to the window.

Her father and mother looked after her, and then at each other:—they made some remark which Paulina did not overhear; and Lord Glenmore presently asked her if she would take a walk with him in Hyde Park.

Paulina answered only by an impatient motion of her left shoulder.

“Or Bond Street....suppose we go to look at what is to be seen in Bond Street?”

This time the shoulder did not move, and Paulina hearing her bonnet and spencer mentioned, said she would go and fetch them....“Tell Mrs. Marchmont you are going out with your father,” said Lady Glenmore---“You will find me in the library,” added his lordship.

CHAP. XIV.

WE question much if our readers will approve of the arrangement recorded at the end of our last chapter. Paulina to them will hardly appear to have merited the indulgence she experienced: and towards Mrs. Marchmont herself, something like inconsistency, may, perhaps, be laid to the charge of her patroness. Let Paulina's "swollen eyes and pale face" plead excuse for all. Such advocates are ever but too powerful, where the feelings of a mother are concerned; and we shall, besides, find Lady Glenmore, with a candour that will recommend her to our readers, acknowledging her fault, and like a *good child*, in all humility, promising to do the like no more.

In the mean time, however, she ordered her carriage, and went out. Mrs. Marchmont had offended her by the cold reception she had given to her note; and not less wounded her pride, than disappointed her, by the decisive manner in which she had shackled her in the proposed indulgence to her daughter.

So long, therefore, as these first impressions lasted, every idea of confidential intercourse on the subject was thrown aside: it was judged, too, sufficient, that Paulina had been commissioned simply to give information of her proceedings; and, whether Mrs. Marchmont took it ill or well that, she had not been previously referred to on this occasion, Lady Glenmore, to say the truth, just then considered as a matter of perfect indifference.

"And *I* can be resolute too," said she to herself—"She thinks me weak, but in every thing she will not find me so!"

The terms, strength of mind and resolution, very often mean nothing more than pride and obstinacy. Fortunately, if they belonged not to Lady Glenmore in their original signification, neither, in their perverted one, could they be said to have taken very deep root. She was proud, if we may be allowed the expression, from *habit* rather than constitution, and obstinate, never but when the good of another was supposed to be implicated in the end she had in view.

With this character, and feeling the truest esteem for Mrs. Marchmont; entertaining, too, the highest opinion of her judgment, it will not be thought surprising that her own should wait only till the first moments of passion were over, to call her

very severely to account for what had passed. That in the grand point of sending Paulina to Aldborough-house unattended, she had yielded without contest, afforded her but little consolation: she was conscious of having given way to doubts that were as inconsistent with the regard she professed for Mrs. Marchmont, as they were in themselves unfounded and injurious—and though, even from her lord, she had carefully withheld them; yet, as a generous mind never feels itself less accountable for *thoughts* than *actions*, so did the recollection of what had passed within her own bosom, give her more uneasiness, by far, than even the failure in those outward attentions, of which she had besides to accuse herself.

Anxious beyond measure for an explanation, she now ordered her coachman to drive home; and, in obedience to her commands, he was just turning into the square, when Lord Glenmore stopped the carriage; and to the very natural enquiry where he had left Paulina, “at Horton’s,” he replied—“she has been there this hour.”

“My sister brings her home then?”

“Oh, very true---that’s well thought of: I forgot to tell you---they are all going to see “Mother Goose,” and Paulina is to go with them. They will take care of her at night, and of you too, if you will meet them there—Don’t you like it?”

"Not for Paulina, certainly."

"No! why not? I thought it the best thing in the world. I have some thoughts of going myself. What is the matter, Isabella?" continued the good lord---you look out of humour?"

"Indeed I am not very well pleased---I wish you would not dispose of Paulina in this way without consulting me."

Lord Glenmore defended himself as well as he could, but, in conclusion, observed that the thing being done, there was no help for it:---"and after all," said he, "it is your own fault, you told me the child wanted amusement."

"My dear Glenmore, I did not mean her to sit up till one o'clock in the morning!"

"Send your commands then, another time, and have the play by day-light!---I think, myself, the thing is not worth talking about."

"Have you any thing else to say to me?"

"Where are you going? Home?---I will follow you directly."

To Mrs. Marchmont, however, alone, was Lady Glenmore now, more than ever, determined to devote the first moments after her return home. She accordingly went up stairs to her immediately, and, after apologizing in the handsomest manner for what had passed, related how her good lord

had disposed of Paulina for the evening. "I cannot make him understand that he has done wrong," said she: ---"men will not comprehend those things" ---You see what strange inconsistent people you have to do with; we need your indulgence almost as much as the child herself.

Won by the amiable frankness of her visitor, Mrs. Marchmont's manner, grave and cold at first, gradually relaxed into its wonted ease and cheerfulness. She treated the engagement made for her pupil as immaterial, involving no sort of consequence but that of a little more trouble to herself. "Mother Goose's spells may perhaps hold out against mine, for a day or two," said she, smiling; "and there the charm will end."

"Not so, *yours*, my friend," said Lady Glenmore; "they are those of good sense and good nature, and will last for ever. You hate compliments, but you must allow me this.---Is that foolish note destroyed?"

"And *mine*?" said the governess.

"Oh, do not ask me. I was angry with you for writing it."

"And I, a little angry with myself...but..."

"You had an excuse---I none at all?"

Mrs. Marchmont laughed: "I am sure," said she, "I did not say so."

"No, but you thought so. And I believe you are quite right. It is provoking to think that, in all our little disputes, I must ever be to blame."

"But have we many?"

"We ought to have none—at least, on this subject. The child, of herself, gives you uneasiness enough, without my adding to it—What will you say to her when she comes home?"

"It will be late. She will eat her supper and go to bed."

"And not a word of Mother Goose?"

"Mother Goose, I am afraid, must be out of the question till we are better friends."

"Yet—as I have taken her into favour, and her father has indulged her—I was thinking, that it might, perhaps, be as well, if you were to *forget* last night.—Nay, believe me, it is not from weakness that I propose it, but merely that we may be all in *one story*."

"There is no occasion," said Mrs. Marchmont:

"Lord Glenmore may be supposed to know nothing of the matter, nor is it necessary that you should have heard the worst. I, unfortunately, know all; and, to be consistent, I must show my displeasure."

"But where is it to end, if she comes home in good humour?"

"I must still be ill-natured enough, I believe, to remind her of her misfortunes."

"And then you send her to bed unhappy!"

"To fall asleep and dream of Mother Goose."

"To-morrow, then?"

"To-morrow morning, I hope to lead her into an acknowledgment of having been in the wrong---and there our quarrel ends."

"Well, let it be so! I suppose you are right. You will at least allow me to give her a hint of what you expect from her?"

"If your ladyship does not think it of more consequence that she should know nothing of our conversation on the subject."

"True---I had forgot. Well then, as you say, I am not to have *heard the worst*, there will be no occasion, I suppose, will there....for my being particularly grave with her this evening?"

"Certainly none. But then, you need not be very much the contrary."

"Oh, believe me, I am not at all disposed, just now, to show Paulina any extraordinary indulgence---only when I see her looking so miserably, and hear her, poor child! talking of her unhappiness, I can't help being a fool. Else, I have all the good dispositions upon earth to do right."

"Only wanting courage to put them in prac-

tice," said Mrs. Marchmont. "'Tis the history of half the world!"

"Of half the *mothers*, I am sure," returned the countess; "but you shall find me less foolish in future."

At twelve o'clock Paulina returned home, elated by indulgence and with a head so full of her evening's entertainment, that few conjectures troubled her as to the probable reception that might await her from her governess.

"I don't want any supper---I have had my supper," said she to Sydenham, who met her at the door with the little tray of milk and biscuits in her hand—"I don't want any supper, I have had my supper," repeated she, advancing to the table where Mrs. Marchmont was writing: "my aunt kept the carriage while I ate my supper there."

"Your aunt is very good to you," said Mrs. Marchmont, and continued writing. Checked, but not discouraged, Paulina turned away:

"Why, how stupid now in Sydenham, to put the tray down, when I told her I did not want it! Here Sydenham! Sydenham!"

The woman returned: she was desired, to light the tapers, and then attend her young lady to bed. Paulina had by this time, however, thrown herself into a chair, and was beginning to talk of "Mother

Goose," affirming it to be beautiful, *quite* beautiful!

"I have heard it is worth seeing," said her governess, putting by her papers.

"Oh, that it is, I assure you! I shall go again next time my aunt has the box."

Mrs. Marchmont, without attending to her, gave some trifling order to the servant; her pupil continued:

"My aunt will send and let me know when she has it, she said she would—perhaps it will be to-morrow. Papa says I *am* to go, if I like it. (So if my aunt has it to-morrow".....here she rose suddenly from her chair, upon being reminded, in French, that her servant was waiting—"and if she hasn't it to-morrow, she will have it on Monday...")

"Have what—my dear? said Mrs. Marchmont coldly.

---"The box."

"Oh, the box. Very likely."

"And if she has," said Paulina, provoked by an indifference she did not expect---"if she has---I shall go."

"Perhaps you may," said Mrs. Marchmont: "it will depend upon circumstances---I wish you now to go to bed."

Sydenham held open the door for her young la-

dy to pass, who, rudely pushing by, was soon after followed by her governess, and the timely presence of the latter, in the room adjoining, deprived Paulina of the consolation she would otherwise have experienced in the further indulgence of her ill-humour.

CHAP. XV.

OUR young lady was surprised, when she awaked the next morning, to understand that it was two hours past her usual time of rising. She asked, why she had not been called, and was told that it was her governess's desire that she should not be disturbed.

"Because I went to bed so late last night?"

Sydenham answered in the affirmative.

"And at what o'clock did *she* get up?"

"At the usual hour, my lady."

"Oh then, she has had *her* breakfast?"

"I believe not, my lady."

"I dare say she has."

And Paulina was right, for it was not in the present state of things that her governess would venture to pay her the compliment of waiting. On the contrary, the table had long been cleared, and her own breakfast, unceremoniously standing upon a waiter, was the first object that presented itself upon her entrance.

Not, however, as when last they met, heedlessly

chattering about herself and her own convenience, did she now appear before her governess. The little hurry of newly-acquired importance was subsided. Mrs. Marchmont's coolness had lost none of its intended effect in recalling her to a sense of disgrace, if not of actual error; nor had the hint of "*circumstances*" possibly arising to interfere with her plans of amusement, proved the less salutary, from the recollection of its having been already anticipated by her mamma the evening before, upon Mrs. Horton's first renewing the invitation. She comprehended, in short, the necessity of adopting a change in her conduct, and the humility this conviction communicated to the expression of her countenance and to her whole manner, if it impressed not her governess with the belief of a reform upon principle, served at least to ensure more favourable treatment than she would otherwise have experienced from her.

Under these circumstances, "*an acknowledgment of having been in the wrong*" was to be obtained without difficulty: yet would not Mrs. Marchmont tax the sincerity of her pupil, by allowing her to make it lightly, or merely, as she had the discernment to discover Paulina would now have made it, for the sake of putting an end to a disagreeable subject. She, on the contrary, took

pains to represent to her in what respects she had most particularly erred: mildly expostulated with her on the consequences of her misconduct, as they regarded her present welfare, or stood connected with her moral and religious obligations. Then, and not till then, when she could no longer doubt the nature of the impression she had made, did she accept, without further hesitation, an avowal, by these means, become less a matter of form, than the just tribute paid to truth, and as such acquiring a value, and possessing an efficacy it would not otherwise have had.

In all this remonstrance, Mrs. Gould and her daughter were not once mentioned; and their evil insinuations only very slightly alluded to, as forming in part the cause of Paulina's discontent, though certainly inadmissible as a reasonable excuse for it. All justification of herself, Mrs. Marchmont pointedly avoided:---to time, as she had already observed, she was content to trust for a refutation of the calumny: and, at all events---it belonged not to her own pupil to sit in judgment upon her character. Paulina could, in the mean time, be very sensible of her fault, and meekly own the justice of its attendant mortifications, without feeling in any degree reconciled to Mrs. Marchmont, or at all convinced that her suspicions in re-

gard to her had been destitute of foundation: these were fated more or less to retain their influence for a length of time; and frequently, even in the bitter moment of self-condemnation, would she leave the contemplation of her own errors, to accuse her governess of that severity with which her enemies had charged her.

Whimsically enough, these were the very persons who, having done the mischief, afterwards contributed very largely to repair it. And thus it happened: Lord and Lady Glenmore, with their daughter, were one evening walking in Kensington Gardens, when, to the great annoyance of the former, they were joined by Mrs. and Miss Gould. A little girl, who accompanied them, was introduced to Paulina; and the two children, at first shy and reserved towards each other, found time to become well acquainted, before Mrs. Gould would quit her hold of the countess, or the young lady cease to persecute her good-natured lord. As all things must have an end, however, so, at length, they parted: Paulina drank tea with her papa and mamma, and was in high good-humour, and very talkative when she came up stairs to bed.

“And who were the ladies who joined you?” enquired her governess, less, as it may be believed, from curiosity, than because she would not discourage her communications in general.

"Mrs. and Miss Gould," said Paulina, blushing;
"I did not talk to them---I talked to a little girl;
a nice little girl; I think she walks in the square
sometimes."

"Not our little girl, in purple ribbons?"

"Oh no---a great deal older than she. I never
saw her before, that I know of. She has been
kept at home with the measles."

At the name of measles, Mrs. Marchmont involuntarily started; for she knew her pupil had never had them, and, with as much composure as she could assume, she enquired how long the little girl had been an invalid:---her heart sickened within her, when Paulina briskly answered:—

"Not long:—only a fortnight; but she has been shut up all the time. Only think how dismal! yesterday was the first of her going out. Her mamma was afraid of her getting cold, but Mrs. Gould said she was sure it would do her good."

"My love," said her governess, "who told you all this?"

"The little girl. Oh she talked so, you can't think! I suppose she was happy at getting out again. She was rather wrapped up, I must say, for such hot weather. Mamma asked why she had that swan's-down tippet on, and Mrs. Gould said it was because she had had the tooth-ache. So odd! the

little girl said she had never had it in her life!--I forgot to tell mamma *that*: uncle Horton came, and was so merry, he put it all out of my head.--Don't you think it was very odd in Mrs. Gould to say such a thing?--the little girl must know best."

Mrs. Marchmont assented to the observation, almost without knowing what it was, so anxiously were her thoughts occupied at that moment: Paulina pursued her remarks.

"One or the other of them must have told a story--that is certain: I don't think it was the little girl--but then, it could not be Mrs. Gould either."--She stopped short; a sudden recollection here occurred to her, and, finding herself upon tender ground, she blushed more deeply than ever: Mrs. Marchmont, agitated by other feelings, kissed her tenderly, and changed the subject.

Early the next morning, and with every kind precaution, she communicated her suspicions to Lady Glenmore, who, in her fears for Paulina, soon forgot the resentment which Mrs. Gould's unpardonable deception at first excited. Anxiously she sought counsel how best to apprise her daughter of the danger which threatened her, and at length concluded in determining to postpone the discovery for the present. It was possible, though scarcely so, that the infection had not taken place: in ei-

ther case, a few days would determine the point, and the object of their cares, in the mean time, be happy in her ignorance.

Now it was that Paulina became sensible of indulgences to which of late she had been unaccustomed; and if the measure of her bodily exercise, and the nature of her diet were regulated with more than ordinary care, she could not but be aware, on the other hand, of a relaxation in the disposal of her time, the more agreeable to her, as she was ignorant of the circumstances which rendered it advisable.

In the course of ten days, however, the secret transpired, and very soon after, not a doubt remained of Paulina's misfortune, if misfortune we can call it, to be overtaken at her age by a complaint which has seldom or never, any fatal consequences but to those who are advanced in life, or, who, having the advantages of youth, are, nevertheless, endangered by want of proper attention. From such neglect, Paulina was fortunately exempt; her mamma, indeed, being unexpectedly attacked in a similar manner, and at the same time with herself, was obliged to devolve upon another the care of nursing her daughter; but Mrs. Marchmont, with a warmth of feeling secondary only to that of a parent, well supplied her place; and the most unre-

mitting attention, with every tender solicitude for the re-establishment of her pupil, justified at once the mother's distinction, and greatly contributed to revive in the little girl herself those favourable sentiments towards her governess, which, if of late they had lain dormant, not all Mrs. Gould's suggestions had ever had the power entirely to extinguish.

When the first violence of the complaint had abated, and the two invalids were allowed to see each other, Paulina, vainly attempting to enumerate the acts of kindness she had experienced, expressed her general sense of them in terms at once so grateful and so affectionate, as effectually cheered the gloom of her mamma's chamber, and proved a better cordial to her spirits than any the art of medicine could have furnished. In the contemplation of a change thus flattering to her hopes, Lady Glenmore now found encouragement to propose a plan, which, under different circumstances, she would have hesitated to mention: and Paulina heard, without betraying any other emotion than that excited by the idea of a separation from her parents, that, on the day when they should set out on a visit to Lord Bodborough, at Tunbridge-wells, she would repair, in company with her governess, to a small house, engaged for her in the neighbourhood of London, where the regular attendance of

her masters would again take place, till such time as the whole family should remove into Devonshire.

Whatever doubts might arise between the hour of acquiescence and that of departure, as to the measure of her enjoyment under this arrangement, Paulina had, at least, the merit of not obtruding them upon her friends. She urged only one request: it was, that she might be indulged with hearing frequently from one or the other of her parents; and that, as Lady Glenmore, owing to the weak state of her eyes, would not be allowed to write at first, her papa would engage, in the mean time, to supply her place---and give his *promise*, to become a regular correspondent. The good-natured earl, it will be believed, had no inclination to mortify her by a refusal.

The cottage, for such it literally was, to which she removed a few days after, was not more than nine miles distant from town; but the situation was rural, her garden, full of flowers, and Mrs. Hunter, the old woman who owned the premises, had a brood of white chickens, two Dutch pugs, and a canary-bird. With this her family Paulina soon commenced acquaintance, and even, on the first night of her arrival, negotiated a removal of the cage to her own apartment. *Chirp*, it is true,

would sometimes awaken her before sun-rise; but *Chirp*, nevertheless, retained possession till, one morning, another cage, with another tenant, unexpectedly appeared, and a bird of greater merit and equal beauty usurped his place. To Mrs. Marchmont, *Mimi* owed his introduction, and no *Chirp* would venture to dispute his pretensions. To be plain, never was gift more gladly received, nor better valued. The fairest lump of sugar in the bason was every morning regularly set apart for *Mimi*, and the choicest flowers in the garden selected to adorn his cage. Paulina soon became indifferent to all her other favourites; and, in the constant solicitude expressed for the welfare of her little bird, appeared to aim at a feeble imitation of the cares that were daily and so bounteously bestowed upon herself.

In the mean time, she was not idle: besides the usual course of business, a variety of pursuits were laid open to her, either intimately connected with her studies, or invented as recreations from them; each of which, in its turn, contributed to beguile the hours till the arrival of her mamma's first and eagerly-expected letter. It came at last: Lady Glenmore's health was already considerably improved; so much so, in every respect, that she now took the correspondence entirely upon herself, and

hoped, in the course of a very few weeks, to be, with the earl, on her way into Dorsetshire, where Paulina and her governess would immediately join them, in company with Lord Cotham, whom they were to meet on the road.

Now were the weeks and the days counted, in order to ascertain the precise number of each that would elapse before this general removal should take place. Paulina did not conceive her own letter to be sufficiently explicit, she therefore very earnestly desired to see that addressed to Mrs. Marchmont, who tempered her refusal by a willing communication of some few passages more particularly to the purpose. Which they were, our sagacious readers may have an opportunity of discovering, if they will take the trouble to peruse the following chapter.

CHAP. XVI.

" My dear Mrs. Marchmont !

" THE first letter I am allowed to write, belongs to you, and with pleasure I acknowledge the obligations you have laid me under by your continued tenderness and attention to my little Paulina. Unable to express all I feel upon this subject, let the perfect confidence I place in you, speak my affectionate regard and gratitude. I talk a great deal, I sometimes advise---You must bear with me; Paulina is an object that interests all my feelings. I must talk, I must sometimes advise, but everlastingly shall it be in submission to your clearer judgment.

" You say the dear child's cough has entirely left her—Should there be the least return of it, I own I shall not be easy without consulting our good Doctor B——. You know our opinion of him, and it is with you, above every body, that I would chuse to intrust the care of seeing his prescriptions attended to. In case of this application becoming, in the smallest degree, advisable, send to town immediately, and appoint him at Lord Bodborough's, where, my sister desires me to tell you, Jefferies will give you well-aired beds, and every thing else you may require—But let me hope and

trust such precautions are unnecessary---I am willing to think I need not be anxious for the health of a little creature, who "*has an excellent appetite; is looking well, and bears a great deal of exercise without fatigue.*" These are your own words, and mine are wanting to express the comfort they have afforded me ever since the receipt of your last letter. Continue, I beg of you, to be thus particular in all that relates to our child: of whatever nature the intelligence may be, the better shall I be satisfied. "*Cela rapproche, on est occupée des pensées que cela jette dans l'esprit, et quoiqu'elles soient quelquefois mêlées de tristesse, on les aime bien mieux que l'ignorance.*"

"I shall inclose a letter for Paulina, in answer to one she wrote me last week, the style of which pleased me greatly. How different from the laboured epistles I used to receive from her when at Aldborough-house! It seems to me that children should never be suffered to write any thing but plain truth: they are equal only to "*matter-of-fact-letters,*" as our friend Mrs. L---- calls them; and, to let them attempt any thing more, is to inspire them with a false taste and erroneous ideas, at the hazard of undermining their ingenuousness, and of ruining their judgment.—As for her penmanship, it is execrable; and her father, who had promised

himself great pleasure in reading her letter to me, could hardly decypher its contents. I mean to say nothing to her of this, because of the unusual attention which, you tell me, she bestows on every other lesson: but, you will oblige me, in recommending her to take more care in future.

“With regard to Deuxpas’ proposal, that she should attend the school in your neighbourhood, for the sake of acquiring facility in country-dances and cotillions, I am decidedly against the measure, and for the same reasons that induced you to reject it. She has already practised them this spring with her cousins; and, till they meet again, if she ever dances without her master, it will be on a wet day, for the sake of exercise, or in company with her friends alone, by whose assistance she will, in a few minutes, comprehend enough of the figure not to be in danger of perplexing other people. The mania of exhibiting my daughter as an accomplished puppet has not yet seized me. She will never be at a child’s ball, till of an age to join in those of grown people; and, in the mean time, I can be content to know, that unseen, unadmired, she is learning only to walk and dance like a gentlewoman.

“She will be rejoiced to hear, I have reserved to you the pleasure of informing her, that I have engaged Lady St. Kevin to spare her daughter to

you for the next three weeks. Emma is such a favourite, that I need say little to ensure her a welcome—Indeed, from the persuasion that such an arrangement would meet your wishes, I have been induced to adopt it without consulting you: nevertheless, should the least objection occur, you have only to acquaint me with it, and Emma, instead of being with you, shall pay me a visit here: in the latter case, you will probably think proper to leave Paulina in ignorance of all that has passed. But, at all events, let me have an answer by return of the post.

“ Do you know that I am not without hopes of prevailing upon my sister to bring Lady Anne with her, when she comes to us in the autumn?—The dear girl would be delighted. She is now shut up with her sisters and Miss Duval at Froncastle. I long to put her upon a poney, and set her scampering about the country: but this I am afraid we shall not be able to accomplish. Her mother only listens to me when I talk of your pure Italian accent, and of the advantage it would be to Anne, in the absence of her master, to read and converse with you. Miss Duval, as you know, has never been in Italy. I make no apologies for enlisting you in this service—I know you only value your talents as they are useful to others, and I am persua-

ded you would be the first to rejoice at the success of this my little project.

“Paulina tells me you have changed your pew, because the *“sun comes into it quite hot.”* You have done right: I would have no sense of inconvenience mingle with our duties of this description. Let her attendance at church be made agreeable to her whilst she is young, and she will never lose the association. I like the idea of your cheerful walk across the fields, your dissertation on butterflies, your visit to the farm-house. Paulina, I am persuaded, does not say her prayers with less attention for having learned, in her way to church, the history of an aurelia, or stopt to enquire after an old woman’s rheumatism.--When there, she has a comfortable corner of the pew; she retires to it with her prayer-book. From the serious decorum of your behaviour, she learns what her own ought to be: if she looks up, it is to see you engaged in your devotions...not in watching *her*. She never hears that she has *“poked all church time”*--(a reproach I have heard even a serious mother address to her daughter)---still less do you think of punishing her for not being able to give an account of the sermon. You talk it over as you return home; if she shows by her remarks that she has listened to it, you are pleased---and do not attempt to conceal a sa-

tisfaction that will encourage her to be equally attentive on another occasion. If, on the contrary, this part of the service has failed to interest her, you *conclude* the sermon was too difficult, and you explain its purport in terms more suited to her comprehension. She learns by heart a psalm, or the collect of the day, because prayer is delightful and we cannot be too familiar with its language. Her catechism is no task---it is the confession of a faith she is taught to cherish as her best hope. In all things, the return of Sunday is made a pleasure to her: she greets it as a cheerful holiday, enlivened by gratitude to her Maker, and a more uninterrupted enjoyment of the beauties of nature.

“These, my friend, are open to the good at all seasons of life;--but youth alone may be said perfectly to enjoy them.---The young heart never expands at the view of a rising sun, without silently vowing to dedicate its dawning years to virtue; and when all the effervescence of early age is so directed, how delightful the enthusiasm, compared to that of the more experienced observer!---If the still moonlight scene has charms for him, it is because he has known the cares and jarring interests of a contending world---“the busy hum of day” still obtrudes itself---he enjoys by contrast, and even that enjoyment is perhaps embittered by some unwel-

come recollection, which all the "long review of well-ordered life" has not sufficient influence to dispel!--But with youth, happy youth, new to the world and to all its cares, such pleasures have no alloy! All nature smiles upon them: they feel the value of her gifts, and, having never themselves abused her bounty, they innocently suppose the same disposition in all around them. Treachery and ingratitude have not yet obscured their fair prospects, and death itself, the tyrant of all, yet withholds the stroke that would deprive them of their dearest connections!

"But whither am I running!--accept only my sincere, my heart-felt thanks for opening this new source of happiness to Paulina--and forget that I have been abusing your time and patience in saying very common-place things--impertinencies--I am really ashamed of.--You will forgive them.

"Apropos of *impertinencies*: your friends, Mrs. and Miss Gould, paid me a visit yesterday. I had a large circle, so that no particular conversation passed between us: they took an opportunity, however, of enquiring after "*the dear Lady Paulina!*" and, with a politeness that belongs to them, obligingly *wondered*, how I could bring myself to part with her. Indeed it costs me

dear, and nothing but the certain advantages resulting from our plan, should ever have prevailed on me to bear the separation. If I become every day better reconciled to it, it is not without looking forward with infinite satisfaction to the hour when we shall all meet again. This is fast approaching; you will hear with pleasure, that the period of our stay here will not exceed the next three or four weeks. Cotham's holidays will then commence: we shall pass them together at Lambourne, and not in Devonshire, as we had at first intended. My lord has half quarreled with me for insisting that he should thus determine; and I, on my part, have not been less offended with him for hesitating between the two abodes, when he should know that I can be only truly comfortable, where he is himself best pleased.

"To either house, I shall find real satisfaction in welcoming you, my dear Mrs. Marchmont—and though in Devonshire we might have spent more of our time in calm retirement, than we can possibly do at Lambourne, I hope, without offence to our good Dorset neighbourhood, to shut them out sometimes, and enjoy myself under my own oaks with my own family. But I must write to Paulina. The dear child will expect a letter, and I would not disappoint her for the world. Adieu!

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Now that my eyes will allow me, I give you notice, that I shall be a very indefatigable correspondent.---Do not forget to say whether or no you will be troubled with Emma."

CHAP. XVII.

WE present the above to our readers without any comment, as we mean to do the journal that follows. It is one, taken at hazard from among those transmitted to the countess, in consequence of her repeated wish to be circumstantially informed of all that related to her daughter during their separation. Mrs. Marchmont had long experienced the utility of committing to paper, memoranda of this description; but it was only towards the latter part of their residence at the cottage, that, to meet the wishes of her patroness, it first occurred to her, to enter upon a regular communication of them by each succeeding post.

JOURNAL.

(It seems altogether needless to premise, that the initials L. P. which so frequently occur in the pages immediately following, are employed by Mrs. Marchmont as a contraction to designate her pupil.)

"The children rose as usual before six. After prayers, we had a delightful walk on the common, and our little basket was presently filled with specimens of all the varieties in grass which it affords. L. P. recollected the names of all she had ever

seen before, and, on her return home, wrote down such as were new to her;—then, whilst she learned by heart, Emma spread them in the book. This is now grown so thick, that we must soon think of beginning another volume. It is kept in great order, and the marginal notes every day assume a more learned appearance. We shall make it one of our amusements, in the winter, to arrange the whole collection on larger paper, when Emma has promised to write the index, and I, to compose a dedication (*by permission*) to “the Right Honourable the Countess of Glenmore.” The work is to be bound in marble paper, with a Russia leather back (“*comme l’Encyclopédie de mon pere*”) and if Mr. Easel will but condescend to make an allegorical drawing, for the frontispiece, he is to be—I think, “*le meilleur homme du monde*.”

“This little plan made the principal subject of our conversation during breakfast. L. P. has a foolish trick of tilting her bason, and then mashing bread and milk together—and this was now the third time I had noticed it—“*Ah, j’avois oublié--- mais cela n’arrivera plus!*” said she, with a frankness that made full atonement.

“Lady Glenmore knows how to appreciate these minute details: and, indeed, it is in obedience to her commands, as well as from my own conviction

of their real importance, that they so frequently occur in the journals."

"*The Sermon** to-day was not so long as usual: it lasted only ten minutes of the quarter of an hour—was particularly well read by Emma, and seemed to make all the impression I could wish.

"Our lesson in *ancient history* came next. For the first half hour, whilst Emma read, her cousin was very inattentive, and of several places and rivers that were required on the maps, could find only two without assistance: I took the book myself, and then all went on very well. This hesitation had proceeded from mere inattention, and not at all from inability: when it became L. P's. turn to read, it was impossible to do better, and my two children afterwards made a recapitulation of the whole lesson, with a facility that delighted and even surprised me.

"Deuxpas, whose hour is ten, did not keep his time. I sent them into the garden, and promised to stand sentinel and give notice of his arrival. Presently our poor little girl appeared, all in tears, and led on by Emma, who, with every appearance of alarm, informed me, that her friends in endeavouring to *hop* over a flower pot, had failed, and

* One of a MS. set compiled by Mrs. Marchmont, for the use of her pupils.

hurt her ankle. "And indeed, ma'am," said she, "I wish you would look at it, for we are quite afraid it is broke. Poor Emma is easily frightened, and I could not persuade her it was now without reason. We examined the little ankle; we applied arquebussade; we made a footstool of some music-books; but nothing would do: the two girls were "*sure there must be a broken bone, or something,*" and our dear child cried most piteously.

"In this dilemma, we consulted our hostess, a lady of great experience, and sister to the surgeon; which last circumstance I particularly insisted upon. She blessed her heart twenty times, and the ankle as often; but that it was only sprained, and that very slightly, she assured us "*as certain as she was alive.*"

"Upon which, all anxiety being at an end, and the good lady dismissed, we began to talk of **Epic-*

* Epictetus, a disciple of Zeno, was remarkable for the great patience which he displayed on every occasion. He stood much in need of this rare quality whilst a slave to Epaphroditus, a man of a very violent and hasty temper, who often inflicted on him the most cruel torments. Striking him one day, with his accustomed violence, on the leg, Epictetus, without showing the least symptom of pain, calmly said to him, "take care, you will break my leg:" but Epaphroditus, regardless of the warning, continued his blows, and at last actually fractured the bone. No complaint escaped our philosopher. "Did I not tell you," said he, "that you would break it?"

tetus, Prince de Condé* and some others, a little more distinguished by their fortitude than their patience. Mr. Deuxpas' arrival put an end to all that was to be said on either side of the question, and as it is not usual to dance with a sprained ancle, Emma was obliged to take her lesson alone. My pupil, as we sat writing together, amused herself with arguing upon the necessity of hopping over flower-pots, whenever they *happen to look* as if they stood in her way; and took a great deal of pains, besides, to persuade me that the fault lay with the person who placed the flower-pot, and not at all with herself, who only just hopped over it. Our opinions differing alike on both subjects, we agreed to refer the dispute to Emma, who instantly decided in my favour, and left her poor friend no other alternative than to engage she would only hop, when lame of one leg, and never whilst freely enjoying the use of both.

"This affair settled, and the *dancing* over, Mr.

* Immediately before the battle of Jarnac took place, Louis de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, had his leg fractured by a kick from the Count de la Rochefoucault's horse. Without a single groan, he turned to his followers: "learn," said he "from this accident, that an unruly horse does more harm than good in an army." And some hours after, "Frenchmen" cried he "Condé, with a broken leg and his arm in a sling, has courage left to give the enemy battle."

Deuxpas sat down to his plate of cold meat, and we, to our *French translations*. And here I have the pleasure to say, that L. P's. progress in this branch of our studies is even beyond my most sanguine expectation. When we first knew each other, from habit, she spoke French tolerably well; but nothing could be more incorrect than her manner of writing it: and professing to have gone through Wailly's Grammar twice with the French master and Mademoiselle Laponte, she could scarcely parse a single sentence without hesitation. By the help of very short rules, well understood and often repeated, she is becoming a very tolerable grammarian; and, with regard to her improvement in the idiom of the language, I need only refer Lady Glenmore to the translation inclosed*: it is this morning's, and every day this week has produced one equally good. It will be believed, that it is not so much the dear child's progress in itself that so much delights me, as the idea that it has been purchased by a degree of perseverance and application that may well encourage us to hope success in the more important branches of her education.

"From twelve to one, the children were to have played *duets*, but this sprained ankle again deranged us. Emma assured me, indeed, that she would

* Which does not appear.

take all possible care, and L. P., that the pain was quite, quite gone; but, deaf to both, I would not let them sit so near together, and accordingly determined that each should practise her thirty minutes, whilst the other worked and listened with me.

“Next followed our lesson in *arithmetic*, which was a very good one; and, with the *History of France* and our remarks upon it, lasted us till it was time to dress for dinner. Before it was served, Emma and I found time for a walk in the garden; our lame friend, mean while, amusing herself at the window, with her favourite dog Tippoo.”

“At table, I was called upon to say, how I thought Lisbon must have *looked* after the earthquake of 1755*, and then we talked of Mount *Æt-na*, and we talked of Mount Vesuvius, and we killed the elder Pliny† over again, and we groped among the ruins of Herculaneum‡; and, at last,

* It happened upon All-Saints day, and the greater part of the city was either thrown down, or destroyed by fire.

† Who perished in the remarkable eruption of Mount Vesuvius, A. D. 79, when

‡ Herculaneum, a city, lying between Naples and Mount Vesuvius, was overwhelmed by the lava, after having suffered considerably from an earthquake in the reign of Nero. In 1713, some remains of this unfortunate city were discovered, and, the search being renewed in 1786, it came to light, eighty feet below the surface of the lava.

we came down to Mr. Wedgwood's tea-pots,* and finished all, by promising that Emma should accompany us some morning, next winter, to his warehouse, in St. James's Square.

"I shall now lay aside my journal till night. They are established with a large collection of trumpery in the shadiest part of the garden. Paper-boxes are much in fashion with us, and Emma seems to be contriving a very large one. Now, the paste is produced, I shall hear all about it at tea.

"At five, I went down stairs to give the lesson in thorough bass,--- having sent word that he could not attend. The children had quarreled: Emma's eyes were red, L. P. looked disturbed and angry, but I said nothing to either of them, certain that I should, but too soon, be made acquainted with what had passed.

"L. P. at first gave more attention than usual, and seemed anxious that I should be pleased with her. Emma, on the contrary, was thoughtful and absent---their eyes never met; and, once or twice, when Emma's book encroached on our side of the table, it was *shoved* away with an impatience that the mere sense of inconvenience would never have excited.

* Mr. Wedgwood, it is well known, has ingeniously availed himself of the antiquities found here and amongst the ruins of Pompeia, a neighbouring city, in the prosecution of his elegant and useful manufactory.

"When we moved to the piano-forte, it was still worse. Emma, whose business it was to stand behind her friend, and name the chords she was to play, spoke low, from want of spirits, and L. P. pretended not to hear her---but that the young lady did, I discovered by her scarcely allowing me to repeat the required chords, before they were struck with perfect correctness; a readiness I had never before remarked. This happened two or three times---to leave her without excuse, I desired Emma to speak louder.

"*La fausse quinte.*"

—"No *fausse quinte* was struck."

"*Eh bien, l'accord?*" said I.

—"Mais, quelle accord?"

"I looked at Emma. "*La fausse quinte,*" said she again, speaking yet more distinctly. *La fausse quinte*, upon this, came down with a violence that made us start, and obliged me to notice it, by enquiring what was the matter.

"This led to an explanation---the explanation led to a remonstrance---and the remonstrance produced tears in abundance on the part of Emma, and almost as many causes on that of her cousin. "It was not her fault---Emma chose to dispute---she could not give up every thing!"

"There is one way of settling it," said I, gravely;

"if you are such babies, that you can not help quarreling, I shall take care, in future, never to leave you together."

"*She* is most to blame," said L. P. immediately.

"No, Paulina," returned Emma with some warmth; "I am not---and you know it very well. I have not accused you, though you are really much the *worst*."

"I see very little difference," said I---"one behaves ill, and the other wants temper to bear it patiently."

"*I* did not behave ill: I only said, she was giving herself airs; and that I had as much right to the paste as she had---and then she pushed the bason, and overturned it on purpose."

"Next to doing such a thing on purpose," I remarked, "is the want of care, that would occasion the accident---You were out of humour, Emma, or it would never have happened."

"*I was* vexed, I know."

"Yes, but that was no reason for spoiling my box," said L. P.

"I am sure, I am very sorry."

"Then you need not have done it, you know!"

"Well, Paulina---I do wish I had taken more care."

"*Care!* you did it on purpose---and....."

“Not *on purpose* certainly,” said I, interrupting my pupil--“for Emma has told us the contrary, and she always speaks truth. I am very sorry she had so little command over herself as to *push* the bason; but, if she was impatient, you are the person who provoked her, and you have no right to complain.---Is the box quite spoilt?---let me see it.”

The box was not forth coming, L. P. had torn it in pieces. The charge of impatience now attached itself alike to both parties, and I spared neither. Paste-board, paper, ribbon, and prints, I demanded the whole collection; to be restored only at the end of ten days, and not then, if, in the mean time, I shall once have had an occasion to remark in either offender, a disposition to break the peace; or, indeed, any thing like a want of *gentleness* in word or manner towards her companion.

I saw they thought me very cruel, and so perhaps I felt myself, when the moment came for delivering up their treasures. These boxes have been a favourite amusement with them for some days past, and a more mortifying penance could not just now have been well contrived. Yet, even they, poor things, would acquit me of unnecessary severity, could they understand half the evils, social and domestic, which a spirit of contention engenders, and how great the consequent necessity of early and resolutely checking its progress!---

Our thorough bass, after such an interruption as this, went on, of course, worse than ever: one in tears, the other sullen, we could make nothing of it, and the children were not more pleased than myself to be released.

I ordered our *tea*, as we call it, to be served, not as usual under the walnut tree, but in the parlour; and as a farther proof of my favour being withdrawn, I refused to admit Tippoos. His "*begging ways*" would have been a great relief to some of the party, who appeared as awkward and uncomfortable as young people generally feel themselves, when exposed to the immediate observation of the person whose displeasure they are conscious of having incurred: but this awkwardness and this uncomfot may be turned to very good account, and never more so, than when the object is, to inculcate the inconvenience of social disunion in general.

"Tea over, as we could not all walk, I sent Emma into the garden, and remained in the house with L. P. We had each our book, and no conversation passed between us. Emma came to the window only once,---I believe, to offer her cousin a rose, but none was accepted, and we saw no more of her, till a quarter before eight, when her leave of absence expired.

It is now almost nine o'clock: instead of travelling, as we generally do, a merry party over the map of Europe, I have been giving a very dry lesson in geography. The children, from mere ennui, seem inclined to make up their quarrel---I lay aside my journal, for I must improve this disposition, and see them friends *upon principle* before they go to bed.

All is settled---the rose was offered, and "*I know I was very cross not to take it!*" we are all friends, and are "*sure we shall never quarrel again---at least about such nonsense*"---the angle is quite well.

A. M.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE time was now approaching for Emma's return to school: her holidays had long expired, and every day was expected to bring an order from Tunbridge for Paulina's journey into Gloucestershire. When the moment of separation at length arrived, one of Mrs. Mason's assistants appeared to take charge of Emma; and her two friends the next morning set off for Lambourne. Lord Cotham was to meet them on the way, and, in the idea of supping that night in her brother's company, Paulina quickly lost all sense of Emma's comparatively-forlorn situation; nor once, after the two first stages, adverted to the regret she had a few hours before so warmly expressed for the loss of her society. Not so the tender hearted Emma: the avocations of Aldborough-house no sooner left her a moment of leisure, than she employed it in pouring forth her gratitude to Mrs. Marchmont, her love for Paulina! The letter was immediately forwarded, with no other alteration than was occasioned by the insertion of some unmeaning phrases, which Emma

would willingly have rejected; and which Mrs. Marchmont quickly distinguished to be the cold and affected language of another, of very inferior capacity.

But to return to our travellers:---their journey, not more remarkable for accident or adventure, than journeys on turnpike-roads generally are, brought them, on the third day, within the earl's domain; and the western sun shone full upon Mrs. Etherstone's face, as she appeared at the principal entrance of the mansion, to bid them welcome. Mrs. Etherstone, the respectable housekeeper, the young people had always been taught to consider as having long served with credit in the family, and for that reason, as well as from other considerations, entitled to particular notice. They remembered, too, that, when last in Gloucestershire, they were indebted to her for many little marks of indulgence, which, though now too old to wish for a repetition of, they could not but remember with gratitude. After this, it appears almost needless to say, that her compliment was most cordially acknowledged.

When, however, these first salutations were at an end, and due enquiries satisfied, concerning the health of patrons on the one side, and that of favourites, whether brute or rational, on the other, our travellers sat down to tea.

Paulina soon complained of weariness: Lord Cotham, on the contrary, expressed his determination to visit an old haunt or two before he retired, and accordingly, the ladies had no sooner taken leave of them for the night, than he and Mr. Sutton sallied forth on their evening ramble. We shall decline following them, having little inclination at this moment to inspect either the dog-kennel or the new stabling: nor is it more our intention to present the reader at any time with a description of these places, as our heroine never visits them, and it is our business to remain close beside her. She is now fast asleep in her little chintz bed; and such of our readers as feel disposed to follow her example, may avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them, by this our abrupt conclusion of the eighteenth chapter.

CHAP. XIX.

It was almost eight o'clock when Paulina waked the next morning. She had slept away every trace of fatigue, and the fine weather, added to the novelty of the scene around her, raised her spirits, and inspired her with more activity than usual.

"Shall we go out?---Do let us go out,"---were almost the first words that escaped her. Mrs. Marchmont, on the other hand, after a disturbed and sleepless night, had risen before day-break. From her chamber window, she had inhaled the first breezes of the morning, and viewed the surrounding landscape, under every variety which the increasing glow of a rising sun could impart.---Soothed by the contemplation of "nature in its loveliest garb," she had felt herself equal to exertions in reality beyond her strength; and whilst her pupil was still dreaming, she had written her letter to Lady Glenmore, had tuned the pianoforte, unpacked her books, and arranged them in their new school-room.

Paulina knew that her friend slept well in general, and, full of her own plans, she forgot this morning to make any particular enquiries. She heard that---the sun was hot---that it was late---that breakfast was ready---with no other sensation, than that of eagerness to combat the objection. Mrs. Marchmont, glad, at any rate, to see her cheerful and *enterprising*, would oppose her no further, and, giving her hand, in token of assent, accompanied her down stairs.

Passing through a hall, they were met by Cotham, who being just returned from a long ride, and now on his way to breakfast, took upon himself the right of finding fault with his sister, for her "*laziness*," as he called it. But this he did, with so much good-humour and drollery, that pettishness itself could not take offence at the liberty; and Paulina, who had learned the advantages of early-rising, acknowledged that he had reason on his side, but laughingly defied him ever to find another opportunity for exercising his wit upon a like occasion. Then reminding him that, according to an arrangement of the preceding evening, they were all to dine together; she was passing on, when Cotham called after her.

"Why, you are not going out, now, are you?"

"Why not?"

He complained of the heat; and gave her the crown of his hat to feel.

"Nonsense," said Paulina, playfully striking it—"we are not made of snow!"

"*We?*---what, is Mrs. Marchmont going too!"

"To be sure she is; why shouldn't she?"

"Don't you recollect she said it was so hot yesterday?---and I am sure it is a great deal hotter to-day."

"Oh yes---*you* think so---because you have had *your* pleasure---I went to see a hundred places."

"Well, well; do as you please," said Cotham, who was the next moment out of hearing; and his sister, having in vain attempted to recall him; walked forward to join her governess, whom she found standing before a large old picture in one of the adjoining rooms, and listening, with much apparent interest, to Mrs. Etherstone's elucidation of an action depicted on the fore-ground, that had more particularly excited her curiosity. Paulina had frequently heard the story, although her memory now presented but an imperfect recollection of it. Approaching, therefore, with some degree of caution, that she might not interrupt the narrative, she presently found herself at Mrs. Etherstone's elbow; too late, alas! for the glorious, but untimely death of "John, 5th Earl of Glenmore," though in good

time to hear the meritorious actions of his brother Edmund, who, at the age of fifteen, performed wonders in the same battle, and afterwards succeeded to the family estates and title.

Mrs. Etherstone's language was correct: the education she had happily received, joined to her natural good sense, taught her to relate, as fact, that alone which she knew to be well attested: the rest, of such consequence to the vulgar, was either totally rejected, or introduced but to excite a smile. To such a narrator, Mrs. Marchmont could not but listen with satisfaction, whilst Paulina, whose attention was not unfrequently to be kept alive by anecdote alone, stared in wonder at the interest with which the enumeration of Edmund's virtues inspired her governess. Doubting, in the meantime, whether or not to interrupt the eulogium: the delay produced by this little debate within her own mind, brought the good woman to a conclusion of Edmund's panegyric; but she still had to descant upon the merits of the Lady Eleanor, his only daughter; and it was, in turning round to observe her portrait, that Mrs. Marchmont, to her great surprise, first perceived Paulina standing close behind her. "My dear child," said she, "you have not been waiting for me, I hope?"

"Lady Paulina, here!" cried Mrs. Etherstone --

“indeed, I am very glad to see your ladyship. I hope you had a good night’s rest, ma’am, in your new apartment?”

To this, and a few more enquiries of respectful interest, Mrs. Etherstone met with a ready reply, and she was once more returning to her narrative, when Mrs. Marchmont interrupted her; and though not without some expressions of regret, desired to postpone the subject, because, as she said.... Lady Paulina was then waiting for her.

The housekeeper curtsied in token of assent, Mrs. Marchmont took one more view of the picture, and then gave her hand to Paulina, who moved on, in defiance of the scruples which the little remonstrance of her brother had excited, and which had since received additional weight from the situation in which she had found her governess.

But these unpleasant ideas soon gave way to other and more pleasing objects of attention. A favourite terrier appeared through the glass-door, that now separated them from the lawn; and, no sooner was it flung open, than the little animal trotted towards his young mistress; who, at once delighted and surprised by his recollection of her, sprang away from her governess, to bid him welcome. “Here’s Rover, here’s Rover!” said she :

"look, look; he knows me---only see how happy he is!"

"Rover, poor Rover!" said Mrs. Marchmont, recovering from a fit of thoughtfulness, and stooping to caress the little favourite.

"Did you ever see so sweet a creature?" cried Paulina---Look at the pretty paw---and then his nose---pray look at his nose---Oh Rover, Rover, how I do love you!"

"Ah!" said her governess, "I shall be jealous presently: this is more than you ever said to me."

"That it is not, I am sure," said Paulina---"Now you know---you must know---surely you don't think---you cannot mean...."

"Shall I tell you what I think---what I mean?"

Paulina blushed---she knew not why; perhaps expecting to hear of the hot sun and of the family-picture. "Come," said Mrs. Marchmont; "we will talk of this another time: call your dog now---and caress him as much as you please: it is not of *him* that I am jealous."

"Then you *are* jealous of somebody?"

"It is an ugly word---I don't know how I came to use it---I only meant to say..."

"You think I love mamma better?"

"Of course; strange indeed if you did not!"

"And papa---of course---and Cotham---of course---I am sure I don't know who it is."

"No matter---it is not Rover: and so call the poor fellow; I like to see you play together."

"Then you will *not* tell me who it is?"

Mrs. Marchmont answered only by a smile, and a shake of the head: Paulina begged a kiss, and then bounded away after her dog.

The new dairy, her doves, and rabbits---her *own garden*, and other objects of childish recollection, by turns engaged her as she hurried from one spot to another, regardless of the increasing heat, of Mrs. Marchmont's repeated wish to return home, and indeed of every other consideration but that of her own momentary gratification.

The house-clock at length struck ten, and with some difficulty she was prevailed upon to go in to breakfast. Mrs. Marchmont ate nothing, and complained of a head-ache.

"You will be better after breakfast," said Paulina, serving the dog with a large portion of bread and milk---"it will go off---I know it will go off---Here, Rover!---eat, eat, my love. Poor fellow, how hungry he is!"

Then alternately clapping her hands to frighten him away, and coaxingly recalling him, she seemed totally to have forgotten the indisposition of her go-

verness, whose sufferings, a moment's reflection would have suggested might be owing to the sultry heat, to which she had so unthinkingly exposed her; and, were certainly not a little aggravated by the noise she continued to make during the whole of breakfast. At last, when desired to ring, in order that the table might be cleared, she emptied what remained of the milk into a saucer, and, placing it out of the dog's reach, invited him to mount and obtain it. "You torment the poor animal," said Mrs. Marchmont.

"No, no," cried Paulina; "he knows he shall have it at last"---and in truth, he did not wait long; for the second spring he made, brought down the saucer and all its contents on the floor. Paulina laughed heartily, as he lapped up the milk from amongst the broken fragments of china. "Hah, hah, Mr. Rover, you will cut your tongue, if you do not take care!--Look, ma'am, look, how he eats---why, I declare he is hungry still!--And did you see how he seemed to enjoy the falling of the saucer?---Oh, he loves a noise dearly!"

"He has no head-ache," said Mrs. Marchmont, rising languidly from her chair---"mine is very troublesome.---Will you make your translations and practise?---Perhaps I may be well enough to read with you before dinner."

The coldness with which Mrs. Marchmont spoke, her pallid countenance, and the languor of her whole figure, as she walked towards the door, struck Paulina in the most forcible manner; and, as with the apprehension that her friend might be overtaken by a serious indisposition, came the no less unwelcome conviction that she herself had been in great measure the cause of it, by a want of consideration altogether unpardonable, it may well be imagined that her subsequent reflections were of the most unpleasant nature.

From these, however, she was presently awakened by the entrance of Mrs. Etherstone, to ask permission to introduce a little girl from the neighbouring village, to offer her last piece of work to Paulina; being a member of the school which Lady Glenmore first established, and still continued to patronize.

An attention such as this, as it was wholly unexpected, new, and flattering to Paulina's vanity, for a moment diverted her uneasiness; yet she omitted not, upon the housekeeper's return, and even in the hurry of reception, to disclose Mrs. Marchmont's actual situation, and even to propose the sending immediately for a physician.

Mrs. Etherstone hoped it would "go off;" had no doubt but that it would; in the mean time she would go and offer her services.

"Oh do---pray do"--- said Paulina, almost crying as she spoke---"it is all my fault---I am sure if she dies....."

"Nobody dies of the head-ache, your ladyship," said little Rudgford, now left alone with Paulina, and willing to attract her notice: "Madam often has the head-ache, and is ne'er a bit the worse for it."

"*Madam!* who is *Madam!*"

"Mrs. Dyer, your ladyship."

"Oh dear---I don't know who Mrs. Dyer is!" said Paulina, peevishly.

"She's our governess, my lady," returned Rudgford, with a low curtsy; "and she very often sickens of it."

"Are you sure of that---and is she very bad indeed?"

"Oh yes, my lady."

"What, quite white---quite pale?"

"Oh yes, my lady, like the ashes themselves, and the next day nothing at all has come of it. Will your ladyship please to look at what I have brought you?....."

"If you please," said Paulina, sighing; "but are you quite sure?"

"Oh, quite sure, your ladyship---every body has the head-ache sometimes: will you be pleased to look?"

"What is that?" said Paulina, seeing something displayed in the form of a pocket ornamented with an infinity of stars and crowns, stitched in red and green silk; "is that a pocket? Why, I never saw such a one before."

"Haven't you, my lady?"

"No, nor any body else, I think—Why, what an odd thing it is!"

"Don't you like it, my lady?"

"Not much, I can't say I do—Why did you put so many scrawls upon it...and those great letters?"

"That makes it the more curious, my lady; so madam said."

"Oh but this is my sort—this is the sort I like best—Do you see? all one with my petticoat:—and then little letters, quite at top, out of sight.—Stop, I can show you."

"I know what your ladyship means—I have made such as them too."

"And don't you think that's best?"

"No, my lady—this is more curious by half—a much prettier sort, to my mind?"

"Well, I wish it had been any thing else than a pocket—I have so many."

"Dear now, your ladyship!" and the poor girl would have said something more, but Paulina would not suffer her. Herself disappointed, she

was besides irritated by Rudgford's presuming to tell her what was *pretty* in opposition to the dictates of her own taste; so that, alike disgusted with the giver and the gift, she forced the pocket back, and peevishly intimated a desire to be left alone.

Rudgford obeyed, though with evident reluctance; and, by the length of time she expended in folding up her work and returning it to her pocket, seemed willing to afford Paulina leisure to recollect herself, and if not to accept the offering, at least to soften her refusal by some warmer expression of approbation than any she had hitherto bestowed. No such consolation, however, occurred; and the slightest possible return to her farewell curtsy was all that Rudgford had to boast, or Paulina would deign to give.

CHAP. XX.

RESTRAINED by a consciousness that her behaviour on this occasion had not been such as Mrs. Marchmont would altogether approve, Paulina had not as yet brought herself to relate the circumstance of her visit, when, a fortnight after, walking towards the village, they met the governess of the school. After many enquiries concerning the health of her patroness and other members of the family, she, with all due submission, entered upon the affair of little Rudgford's pocket, lamenting the disapprobation with which it had been received; and the rather, she said, as the girl was a very good girl, and had almost cried her eyes out at the disappointment.

Paulina stammered an excuse, and would have passed on; but the good dame detained her, to request she might send Rudgford once more to the castle.

"Oh certainly--by all means," said Mrs. Marchmont, without perfectly understanding the meaning of what she saw and heard, yet comprehending sufficiently that her pupil had been to blame, and

that it was not yet too late for reparation. Then, as they walked on together, the following conversation passed between them:

Mrs. Marchmont began: "Mrs. Dyer then," said she, "is the governess of your mamma's school!"

"—Yes—."

"And Kitty Rudgford—one of the scholars?"

"Yes—and so she has been for three or four years—I should have thought she had learned enough by this time."

"Mrs. Dyer, too, speaks highly of her progress."

"Yes—she says she reads well."

"And works...."

"Oh yes—I suppose she works better than any body."

"You have had an opportunity of judging—she brought you some work the other day."

"Yes—a pocket."

"Stitched in blue silk?"

"Oh dear, no—much worse: all flaming red, with stars, and crowns, and flowers all over it—and such a great P. V.!"

"What then, it was intended as a present?"

"To be sure it was: else why should she bring it?"

"Perhaps to ask your opinion---knowing you to excel in needle-work."

"You may laugh at me, if you please, Mrs. Marchmont; but there is one good thing, I do not care how I work!"

"A good thing do you call it?"

"I dare say now---you would like me to work as well as Kitty Rudgford?"

"Why not? I am sure there can be no merit in working *worse*."

"I did not say there was a merit: I only said I did not care about it!"

"Foolish enough!--and neither obliging--nor very proper, when you know my wishes on the subject--But this pocket---you did not approve of it?"

"How could I?--a frightful thing! and who wanted a pocket?---Just as if I had not enough already, of my own sort, such as are fit to wear!--Her's really now was so very ugly, so very frightful, that I quite hated the sight of it."

"But you did not say all this to the poor girl?"

"I said, I did not want a pocket."

"Nothing more?"

"I told her, I did not like it: no more I could, for it was hideous."

"Ugly, frightful, hideous,---what will this poor pocket be next, I wonder!"

"It can never be any thing better than it really is, most hideous."

"And Kitty thought it very pretty, I dare say?"

"Pretty!--beautiful. If you had but seen how she spread it out."

"Poor thing!--So you really told her you did not like it?"

"Why, she was so conceited: I do believe she thought her pocket the finest thing in the world."

"The greater then must have been her disappointment when you undeceived her."

"What could I do!--was I to praise what I hated?"

"No---but the truth is, there are very few things so truly ugly or contemptible, as not to have something to recommend them.--If the pattern Rudgford had adopted happened to be ill-chosen, you might at least have commended the needle-work.--And, after all---did she ask your opinion?"

"No. But she wanted me so to take the nasty pocket, and would force it upon me, though I told her, over and over again, it could be of no use to me."

"Very little delicacy, indeed, on both sides."

"None on *hers*, I am sure."

"For Rudgford I can make allowances; the very circumstance of her being permitted to offer you the work, proves that her governess thought well of it, and the praises she must consequently

have received, may, in some degree, excuse her confidence. She came to you elated by success, expecting to hear your approbation, added to that of Mrs. Dyer and the rest of her friends---certainly, entirely unprepared at all events, for the mortification of a refusal---now if you had considered all this, and....."

"Oh yes---I should have considered---But you know I must always be to blame, and so it does not signify?"

"*Always to blame!* by no means *always*; but very, very often, and particularly so at this moment."

"I am sure I wish she had never come."

"So do I: for you have treated her very ill."

"*How* treated her ill?---I don't see that at all!"

"Is she satisfied with your behaviour?---are you, yourself, satisfied with it?"

"I was very civil to her."

"*Civil!* what right had you to be otherwise?"

"Well, I was civil then---and I don't see what I could have done more."

"Suppose you had been at the pains to consult her feelings, in preference to the dictates of your own disappointment. Instead of seeking to impress her with an opinion of your superior taste, you should at once have placed yourself in her si-

tuation, and considered what might be the reception that would best please you: this---with all the encouragement, all the praise which your own self-love, in a similar case, would demand---you should have given little Rudgford."

"Even if I thought she did not desire it?"

"No: only so far as was consistent with sincerity. By no means to say what you did not think, but to have good-nature enough to discover the merits of another, and candour to acknowledge them."

"But I tell you---I saw no merits in the pocket."

"Because you were not inclined to consider it with indulgence. Do you recollect showing your copy-book to Mrs. Hunter---I mean *our* Mrs. Hunter, at the cottage?"

"To be sure I do!--vulgar woman!"

"What did she say to it?"

"I don't know indeed---she thought her son wrote better."

"Which mortified you excessively: I remember you blushed, you hung your head---indeed, I believe you cried."

"I was a great fool then---for the woman could know nothing of the matter. Though I must say it was not very agreeable to have one's writing

compared to an apprentice-boy's---a nasty shop-hand!"

"But tell me, who is conceited now?"

"I don't see any conceit in saying that it was very provoking---I know that the page I showed her was particularly good---quite well done."

"I beg pardon---I remember two unfortunate F-s that were strangely blotted."

"*Blotted F-s!* well, what of that---If there were only two---I can't say I think that is worth mentioning!"

"But Mrs. Hunter said--the hair strokes were too thick...."

"And the full ones, not thick enough, I know.---I should like to know what business she had to set herself up as a judge---Besides, it is not very easy to write without a desk---and I know I was always lending mine to Emma."

"And you had lent it that morning?"

"I am sure I can't remember."

"I think it was the day after."

"Well, well---the day before or the day after---I am sure I can't recollect days so exactly---I only know Mrs. Hunter was extremely rude, and found fault without reason: the writing had been very good a long time, and the page she looked at was best of all.---Well?"

"I was only thinking of little Rudgford's pocket, and of all the handsome things you would have found to say of it, if the work had been your own."

"Of such a thing as that?---oh dear, no."

"Why not? I never saw any of your writing that was even tolerable, and yet you have contrived to form a very good opinion of it. Why should you be less indulgent to any other of your own productions?"

"Some parts of my writing are not bad, I know."

"Nor were some parts of poor Rudgford's pocket bad---and these, I could have wished you to discover; not only for the sake of saving her a great deal of unnecessary mortification, but...."

"....because it would have been more amiable in me?"

"Yes: and I should not then have occasion to lament a new instance of the little regard you pay to the precept---*Do as you would be done by.*"

"That is because I am selfish---I suppose---you know you often say that if I considered other people half so much as I consider myself...."

".....they would have no reason to complain."

"Yes; that is one of your obliging speeches---Now I should be glad to know....but, no; I shan't say it."

"Oh! do say on---let me hear the doubt by all means."

"Only—you tell me to do to others as I would be done by—I want you to do the same. Why did you abuse my writing just now?—Indeed you find fault with something every hour in the day.—I wish you would let me alone, and do as *you* would be done by."

"And it is upon this principle that my conduct, even when you are most inclined to condemn it, is founded. As a mother, as Lady Glenmore, I should hope and expect that, the person to whom I in great measure intrusted the care of my daughter, should accustom her to hear truth.—As the child herself, as Lady Paulina, I should desire it, as promoting my improvement, and necessary to my future happiness."

"As the *child herself*, Mrs. Marchmont, you would not chuse to be scolded continually."

"*Scolded!*—what a word!—Do *I ever* scold you?"

"You know what I mean: if not absolute scolding, it is just as bad.—You would hate, if you were young, like me, you would hate to be turned one way when you wanted to go another—you would hate to be told of your faults."

"That is, supposing I were so conceited as not to believe in their existence; or else, so ill-inclined as wilfully to persist in them against conviction; for,

if persuaded that I had been wrong, and desirous of amendment, what could I wish for more, than that the means should be pointed out to me?"

"Well, that is what I did by little Rudgford, as you call her; though she is not a bit little; for she is bigger than me:---I pointed out the means, I....."

"Very true: and if you had been her governess; of greater experience in needle-work than herself; or otherwise, girl as you are, if she had *directly* asked your opinion....."

"...I might have given it?"

"Undoubtedly: in one case, it would have been your duty:---in the other....."

"...I must have answered her question?"

"Yes; and, as upon every other occasion---with sincerity."

"Lady Paulina, don't you think my pocket very pretty?---No indeed, Kitty Rudgford,---quite the contrary."

"And if I were good-natured, Kitty Rudgford; if I could take the trouble to consider how I, in your place, should wish to be treated, you would have had my opinion in kinder language. As it is, you must be satisfied with knowing, that your pocket is frightful, and can be of no use whatever to me."

"What was I to have said, then?"

"Neither more nor less, as I told you before, than you would have demanded for yourself, in a similar situation."

"But when I ask any body's opinion, I expect to hear it."

"Yes;---but it must be expressed with delicacy; and more particularly, if unfavourable, you would chuse to hear it in terms that might encourage you to hope for better success in future, rather than such as are only calculated to afford mortification and disappointment."

"I certainly should not chuse to be mortified---I don't know who likes that!"

"You should be careful, then, not to inflict, unnecessarily, upon any body else, what you can so ill bear yourself.---I own I long to make little Rudgford some reparation---she has really great reason to complain of you."

"I don't see it at all."

"No!--let me ask then, why you never told me of her visit. You will not say you forgot to mention it."

"I *might*, though!"

"You are not ingenuous. The truth is---you doubted whether I should approve the reception she met with, and you wanted courage, or rather candour, to make me acquainted with what had

passed.---We must go to the school after dinner, and endeavour to see her."

"Mrs. Dyer said she could send her to us."

"To-morrow, or the day after: but why should we wait so long?---I wish her to go to bed in comfort to-night, poor girl!"

"We shall only have a walk for nothing---Tuesday is always a half-holiday"---

"And what then?"---

"Nothing---only she will be gone home to her mother's."

"And if she is," said Mrs. Marchmont, gravely, "we can follow her."

CHAP. XXI.

"It will rain, I am sure it will rain," said our heroine, as she tied on her hat and tippet: "Cotham says the glass is falling, and Mr. Sutton thinks we shall have a thunder-storm."

Mrs. Marchmont said nothing: the reluctance with which her pupil prepared for an interview with Kitty Rudgford, gave her no less pain than the insincerity and petulance with which she had, in the morning, defended her conduct towards her; nor was she otherwise satisfied. In the comparative liberty which her brother enjoyed under Mr. Sutton, Paulina had found, ever since their arrival at Lambourne, a never-failing source of vexation. Their fishing-parties; their long expeditions on horseback; and, above every thing, a game at billiards, in which they sometimes engaged at the hour she was called upon to take a lesson in music:—all contributed to inspire her with a disgust of her own situation, and would now and then even kindle a spark of resentment against Mrs. Marchmont herself, whom she could not avoid considering as the

immediate cause of all her uncomfords. The amusements and exercises common to her age and sex, together with a thousand little recreations, invented for her, lost their relish, and the minutes, allotted to their enjoyment, were not unfrequently poisoned by a comparison of those pleasures in which her brother, without restraint, was suffered to indulge himself.

Was she rambling in the woods with her governess?---*Cotham* had set off to see a company of strolling players at the next market-town:---yes, just at the very time when she began to "*thrum over that horrid lesson*," he and Mr. Sutton had mounted their horses. Was she to drink tea with her brother at a neighbouring farm?---Still the lesson in music must be got over, besides transcribing her extracts, or learning her geography; whilst *Cotham*, the envied, happy *Cotham*, might spend the intervening hours in deciding a cricket-match, without fear of molestation from his tutor, who, if he did not join in the sport himself, was very well pleased to look on whilst others were enjoying it.

This temper of mind in *Paulina* gave infinite uneasiness to her governess, who saw in it an abundant store of trouble to herself, and of unhappiness to the person by whom it was cherished. With

more than common vigilance, therefore, she prepared herself to oppose its progress; and Paulina was never awakened to self-reproach, without confessing the absurdity of her discontent, and accompanying the avowal with such expressions as seemed to supersede the possibility of relapse, and were, in reality, dictated by the sentiments of love and gratitude, with which the general tenor of Mrs. Marchmont's conduct, her tenderness and affection, had inspired her. But what assurance could the repetition of these afford, when the next half-hour would, perhaps, bring with it a renewal of the offence, unattended by compunction, inaccessible to remonstrance!

In the paroxysm of one of these fits of ill-humour, Paulina had gone up stairs to prepare for the visit in question; which, in itself disagreeable to her, was now rendered doubly so, by the circumstances under which it took place. To no purpose, however, she muttered her displeasure; Mrs. Marchmont would not appear to listen, and Paulina, at length equipped, followed her slowly into the hall; where, to procure a farther delay, and in the view of *convincing* her governess, she walked up to the barometer; and was turning round, with an air of triumph, to point out the variation which her brother had before remarked, when she per-

ceived Mrs. Marchmont, to her no small mortification, already on her way across the lawn. Undetermined, for a moment, whether to remain behind, or submit to follow at such a distance, she was lingering on the steps, when Mrs. Marchmont called her, and by stopping, appeared to claim immediate compliance. Paulina obeyed: her governess again went on, and, for the remainder of the walk, seemed to be entirely occupied by a book she had taken from her pocket; once only turning round, when a gate, through which her companion had to pass, was not heard to swing upon its hinges so soon as was expected.

The school-house stood at the very entrance of the village: Mrs. Marchmont waited at the door till Paulina came up, and then went in with her.

They found Mrs. Dyer alone; busied in looking over, and folding some dozens of shirts; which, as she informed her visitors, had been finished the week before, by her scholars. The work, she said, had been given them by Mrs. Etherstone, for the earl, a month before his return from abroad, and she had had great pleasure in observing the alacrity with which it had been carried on, as well as the peculiar neatness with which it was now completed.

“ See, madam,” said she; “ this parcel is all

Kitty Rudgford's doing:—the poor girl I mentioned to you this morning. Do, look at the wristbands and the collar; there's stitching for you! Why, madam, I have been, in my time, as good a workwoman as any body, in a plain way, and I don't believe I ever did any thing better than this."

Mrs. Marchmont assented, without hesitation, to the good woman's encomium, and referred to Paulina for her opinion.

"Yes---it looked very well---she dared say---it was very well---but....." and Paulina said no more.

"Her ladyship will understand these matters better by and bye, madam," said Mrs. Dyer.---
"You know we must not expect too much from young beginners.---One day, or other, we shall see some of her work as good, I dare say."

Our young lady turned upon her heel in disgust, and the first object she beheld, on looking towards the window, was Kitty Rudgford herself, "conning her task," as she walked along, and only within a few yards of the school-door.

Presently she heard an exclamation from Mrs. Dyer, on her arrival; then followed a formal introduction to Mrs. Marchmont; and, last of all, a summons for herself to come forward.

It would be hard to say, of Paulina's cheeks, and those of Kitty Rudgford, which were tinged,

at this moment, with the deeper crimson. Mrs. Marchmont observed their mutual confusion, and, hastening to fulfil the purpose of her visit, she took Rudgford's hand. "We have been admiring your work, my dear," said she; "if the pocket you brought to the castle was stitched half so neatly as the wristbands Mrs. Dyer has been showing us, it was well worth Lady Paulina's acceptance. Have you it here?"

The tears came into Rudgford's eyes at the mention of her pocket: she looked timidly at her governess, then on the ground, as if in doubt what to answer.

"My dear, have you got it here?---the lady asks you," said Mrs. Dyer; "if you have, bring it out---you need not be ashamed of it---Lady Paulina won't like it the worse for seeing more of it, I'm sure."

".....My mother....she has got it....locked up."

"Very well; the ladies will excuse your going back for it now. It is a good half mile off, madam," continued Mrs. Dyer, "and we are already later than we should be. Do, Kitty, look out and see who is coming. Isn't that Bessy Bell turning out of the lane?"

Rudgford went to the door, and presently returned with three or four of the scholars, who were

soon followed by more; so that, in course of a few minutes, there were no less than thirteen assembled.

"Where's Sally?" said Mrs. Dyer, to a little flaxen-headed thing, who came in last, and apparently with some unwillingness---"Where's Sally?---Why, there is one or another of you two missing every day.---How happens it?---Has she tumbled down and broke her nose again?"

"Sally stays at home to nurse the baby, madam."

"God help the baby!" said Mrs. Dyer;---"it is in bad hands enough! Why, she might have brought it here, if that was all. I would have taken care of it. Your mother is washing at Squire Dalling's, I suppose?"

"Yes madam, since three in the morning."

"And I'll tell you what, Polly; if she had taken and *put you* into one of the tubs, it would have been all the better. Such a dirty pig!---Nay, nay, don't look at your frock; that's well enough,---'tis your hands and face I mean. Why, where have you been groping, child?"

Polly confessed, that she had loitered on her way, to make dirt pies with Jemmy Dobbins; and then, with a short reprimand from Mrs. Dyer, was sent into the kitchen to be scoured.

While she was undergoing this operation, six or

seven of the older girls were called out to spell--- and Mrs. Dyer, with a view of exciting their emulation, at the same time that she intended a compliment to Paulina, offered her the place of honour, if she would but *condescend* to stand up with them.

Paulina did not know what to make of the proposal; and while she hesitated, and half refused to comply, suffered Mrs. Marchmont to assist in taking off her hat and tippet. Mrs. Dyer all the time encouraging her girls to do well, and hold up their heads, for it was not *every day* that they had such an honour done them.

CHAP. XXII.

"BUT why at the head?" said Mrs. Marchmont;
"Lady Paulina will stand any where."

Paulina, however, took care to place herself, according to the permission Mrs. Dyer had given, not a little to the annoyance of Bessy Bell, who had maintained her station, as head of the class, for some weeks; and even to the daughter of her patroness, was not very willing to resign it, till some display of superior talent should have justified the distinction. Her schoolfellows, of meeker and more complying dispositions, were content, at any rate, to stand in the same row with *so fine a young lady*, and, free from any idea of rivalry, were occupied only with the care of not disgracing themselves.

The five or six first rounds went on as might have been expected: Paulina carried every thing before her, and Bessy Bell, herself, began to think she had suffered no degradation in yielding her place to one who, *taken unawares* and totally unprepared for the contest, could nevertheless maintain it with such evident advantage.

Paulina was by nature too vain to be insensible of the effect produced by this display of her abilities; and, paltry as she knew the occasion of her triumph to be, from the triumph itself, she derived great satisfaction. With a blush of exultation, she encountered the wondering gaze of the village girls; and secure, at least, of *their* applause, regarded not Mrs. Dyer, who kept her eyes constantly fixed on the book before her, and having expected nothing less, testified, of course, neither surprise nor admiration.

Mrs. Marchmont, in the mean time, appeared to be amusing herself with the younger children at the bottom of the room; and Paulina, believing she was secure from her immediate observation, presently began to indulge in some little freedoms, which a sense of her own superiority suggested. If a blunder occurred, she smiled contemptuously at the ignorance which had occasioned it; Mrs. Dyer had sometimes to repeat the word twice or thrice, before she would be at leisure to hear it; the furniture of the room; the humble dress of her competitors; Mrs. Dyer's high-crowned cap; all, in turn, appeared to divert her attention.

Mrs. Marchmont, nevertheless, had not for a moment, lost sight of what was going on. She marked the rising insolence of her pupil, and fore-

saw its disgrace. In effect, Paulina, giddy with success, and presuming upon the impunity to which she believed herself entitled, listened with so much negligence to Mrs. Dyer; and afterwards made her replies with so little previous thought or attention, that Bessy Bell, who had been carefully watching her opportunity, seized the very first that offered itself, and, to Paulina's great surprise and inexpressible mortification, caught up a word, spelt it, and then, passing before, took her place.

"How's this! what's this?" said Mrs. Dyer---
"why, Bessy, you are mighty quick this afternoon!"

"It's all fair, madam," said Bessy.

"Ah! you are a saucy girl," returned her governess: "however, her ladyship need not be disheartened: any body may make a blunder sometimes. Isn't it so, madam?" continued she, addressing herself to Mrs. Marchmont, who now came forward; "and you know, madam, if people do sometimes get the highest places, they are not sure to keep them."

This observation, which Mrs. Dyer meant should apply to Bessy Bell, Paulina chose to construe into a reprehension of her own forwardness in having seized upon a station, which, from inability, she had since been obliged to relinquish; and, blushing deeply with resentment, was on the point of

vindicating herself in no very gracious terms, when Mrs. Dyer, looking for no reply, returned to her book, and business went on as before.

Paulina, however, would spell no more; and, when next it became her turn to speak, sat down: Mrs. Marchmont handed to her her hat and tip-pet, and then, leaving her to put them on without assistance, took a seat next to Mrs. Dyer.

"Won't she stand up again?" said the good woman, in a whisper.

"No," said Mrs. Marchmont, "unless you desire it."

"Oh! not for the world, madam; not for the world! I only hope her ladyship won't be frightened from coming amongst us again.---Won't you please to let me make you a cup of tea before you go?"

Mrs. Marchmont thanked her, but declined the offer, and once again the spelling recommenced. At length, when it was all at an end, "Bessy Bell!" cried Mrs. Dyer, "come hither; I want to speak to you---Now, don't you go and set yourself up, and be proud for having taken her ladyship's place. You must remember she did all without book; and *you* had your task set yesterday; so you must not be vain, and think yourself clever, and all that; for, if her ladyship had got her task yesterday, she

would have beat you all to nothing; and, if you had chanced to have been called out as she was, without book, you would not have spelt a letter right. Do you hear, Bessy?"

Bessy curtsied and went to her seat: Kitty Rudgford was next called upon to read, and acquitted herself so well as to excite some surprise in Mrs. Marchmont, who, upon enquiry, found that she was principally indebted to Mrs. Etherstone for this attainment. The good old housekeeper, she was informed, had very particularly patronized the father and mother; and often, in time of winter, had the girl (their eldest child) to stay with her for weeks together. "They'll lose a good friend, madam," said Mrs. Dyer, "whenever it shall please God to take the good lady; though, for that matter, indeed, she has promised to do all she can for them at her death. And Kitty, madam, loves her as though she were her own mother, and would cry many a long night, if she knew of any harm happening to her. And no wonder, for to be sure, there are very few like Mrs. Etherstone; but, the Lord bless me! if I begin talking of *her*, I shall never have done, and the children will get wet to their skins, as it is, going home."

This latter remark directed Mrs. Marchmont's attention to the weather, and from its lowering as-

pect, she judged it expedient to return home immediately. Kitty Rugford was invited to ask for her, whenever her duty brought her to Mrs. Etherstone: the pocket, it was agreed, should be sent the next day, and Mrs. Dyer herself, indulged with a promise that they would never go through the village on foot, without looking in upon her.

In all these little actions of civility and good nature, Paulina was entirely passive: she stood silent, and with downcast eyes, by the side of her governess, insensible alike to compliment and condolence, ardently wishing, and impatient, for the moment of departure.

It came at last: Mrs. Dyer accompanied them to the door; and, as she stood upon the threshold, looked up at a heavy, black cloud, and "*wished*" it might not rain before they reached the castle.

"I know we shall be wet through!" muttered Paulina.

"I suppose, then," returned Mrs. Marchmont, rather mischievously; "suppose we remain where we are?"

Paulina made no answer, but immediately stepped into the road: Mrs. Dyer shook her head at Mrs. Marchmont, as much as to say, "Ah! madam, you have enough to do with the little lady!" and then curtsying lowly, saw her guests bend their course

homewards; not side by side, as they were wont to be; but according to the fashion of that evening, Mrs. Marchmont first, with her book, Paulina, following at some little distance.

In this manner they had proceeded about half a mile, when, from the middle of a small coppice, growing on one side of their path, they were suddenly hailed by Lord Cotham; and, after some struggling with the underwood, together with the destruction of many a tender sapling, he appeared before them. Mrs. Marchmont had waited for his extricating himself, and, in the meantime, Paulina had come up to her.

He took an arm of each, and then insisting that Mrs. Marchmont should *talk*, and not *read*; and scolding Paulina for looking so glumpy, he led them on, at a tolerable pace, till, at the last gate, they were met by Mr. Sutton.

"Oh, Sutton!" said Cotham, "are you here at last? I thought you never meant to sally forth. Now, Mrs. Marchmont, if you have a mind to do a handsome thing, invite us to tea. You do? Well, then, settle it quickly, Sutton, for it begins to rain, and the bonnets will be spoiled."

"I am sorry," returned the tutor; "I am particularly sorry....."

"Well," rejoined Cotham, "we will do without

you. You see, Mrs. Marchmont, he would rather go over to N----"

Mr. Sutton smiled, and said he was under an engagement to look at a horse that evening; and, indeed, Lord Cotham had promised to give him his opinion.

"You do not give me credit for knowing any thing about the matter," said Cotham; "and so you may as well let me off at once."

"Oh, with all my heart. Besides, if you do not go, I can ride Griffin."

"Ay; but take care of him. *There* is a beast, worth something, if you please?"

"I will show your lordship as good, to-morrow, or I am much mistaken."

"Not you, indeed. You will be taken in, Sutton, depend upon it. Those fellows at N----- are the greatest rogues imaginable."

"I shall know how to deal with them," said Mr. Sutton.

"As you please.—We are going to have a soaking shower. Come, Paulina, set off as fast as you can.—One!—two!—three!—and away!--Oh, you are lazy, are you? What is the matter with the girl? One would think....."

"Why am I to run, if I don't like it, pray?"

"Why? because it will do you good. I'll have a race with you, if you will."

"Do," said Mrs. Marchmont, disengaging her arm from his, "and I will give the signal."

Paulina, thus called upon, thought fit to comply, though lazily, and as if without hope of conquest: her governess watched them till they had reached the goal, and then calling, to desire they would order tea, went round herself, by another way, into the house, hoping that the opportunity she, by this means, afforded Paulina of being alone with her brother, might contribute to restore her good-humour, and with it, a sense of having acted improperly. In this view, she suffered Annette to inform her twice, that "the tea" was ready, before she would obey the summons; and, when at last, she joined them, was not ill-pleased to be told by Cotham, that his sister had "*taken great care not to drain the tea-pot.*"

Conscious how far she had transgressed, and very desirous, within the last quarter of an hour, to accommodate matters, Paulina could not be otherwise than anxious for some more indubitable testimony of forgiveness, than Mrs. Marchmont's behaviour at the tea-table, however unconstrained and cheerful it, at first sight, appeared to be, was in reality calculated to afford. She could not avoid re-

marking that, whilst her brother was listened to, and encouraged to communicate his ideas, she, on the contrary, was only just suffered to bear a part in the conversation. Mrs. Marchmont never once addressed her, nor seemed to think any thing she said of consequence enough to deserve reply.

No further proof was wanting of her being required to make some atonement, than the conviction of this unusual preference---yet, how to set about it?---The idea of being obliged to acknowledge, *that she had been to blame*, weighed heavier upon her spirits the whole evening, than the recollection of her disgrace at the village school, or the actual uncomfot of her situation with Mrs. Marchmont.

As the evening closed, her gloominess increased: she sat mournfully at the window; either watching the rain, or making pincushions, whilst her governess and Cotham were engaged, at the other end of the room, in a game at chess. Candle-light brought no relief; Cotham said he had been up since half past three, and wished to go to bed:---Mrs. Marchmont took out the little volume, to which she had had recourse in her walk to and from the village. Not a word was spoken on either side, till the clock struck nine, Paulina's hour for retiring. Rising to pull the bell, she passed close be-

kind her governess' chair, and, leaning over, kissed her, at the same time whispering, a *good night*."

Mrs. Marchmont laid down her book: "good night," said she; and then paused, as if to afford her pupil an opportunity of saying more.

"I don't think....I pulled the bell....hard enough," said Paulina. "Perhaps Annette....perhaps....I shall find her in the next room."

"She has been there the whole evening."

"Oh, then, I'll go.---Good night."

Mrs. Marchmont made no reply, and Paulina was standing at the door, with the handle of the lock in her hand, when, looking up, she saw that her governess had turned round, and was observing her.

With a curtsy, that was but half a curtsy, and another "*good night*," to which she did not wait to hear the answer, Paulina disappeared. Neither in humour with herself, nor entirely satisfied with Mrs. Marchmont, she went to bed in very bad spirits: Annette was scolded for mislaying her night-clothes---the pillow was too low---and she was *always called in the morning before any body else*,

CHAP. XXIII.

"LET not sleep, says Pythagoras, fall upon thine eyes, till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day.—Where have I turned aside from rectitude?—What have I been doing?—What have I left undone, which I ought to have done?—Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and, in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast done, be troubled, and rejoice for the good."

Paulina, though accustomed to acknowledge the excellence of this well-known precept, was not particularly strict in the observance of it: and it was seldom or never, but, at the close of a well-spent day, unclouded by sorrow, and whose retrospect would be unattended with remorse, that the expediency of self-examination occurred to her.

She had prayed, as usual, for *all her friends*, previous to stepping into bed; yet her latest thoughts were uncharitable towards Mrs. Marchmont. The transactions of the day, it is true, were reviewed;

but only as they might furnish a supply to the resentment she was inclined to cherish. Herself alone excepted, all who had borne a share in them, were successively arraigned at her tribunal; and none escaped censure. And in proportion as the fancied discovery of others failings opened upon her, she became fortified against the contrition of her own; and, at length, dropt asleep, in the persuasion that she was one of the most injured of all beings upon the surface of the earth.

Nor was Mrs. Marchmont's reception of her, the next morning, calculated to put her in better humour with her situation: and, had it not been for the mediation of Cotham, who breakfasted with them, and could not but observe the misunderstanding, it had existed, perhaps, for some hours longer. As it was, however, he contrived, with very little difficulty, to bring about a reconciliation. Mrs. Marchmont was too desirous of it, to wait for more than the first advances, and Paulina, having slept away her anger, listened with submission to a detail of her transgressions, and humbly promised to abide by any terms that might be required of her.

Once more happy in each other, every thing went on smoothly for the remainder of the day. Towards noon, a letter from Tunbridge Wells

brought the agreeable intelligence of the earl and countess being on the point of setting out for Lambourne, and probably, by this time, only two days journey from it. A sort of bustle soon pervaded the whole premises; every countenance was enlightened with joy; and Paulina, all at once, became particularly solicitous that nothing should appear on Mrs. Marchmont's journals, to allay the happiness in store for her.

Alas, alas! how frequently does the morrow, the eagerly-desired *to-morrow*, bring disappointment along with it! Cotham had scarcely planted his telescope at the window, from whence he hoped to see the carriage descend B---r---w Hill, when Paulina brought him a letter from his mother: it had come inclosed in one to her governess, which contained the unpleasing information of Lord Glenmore having been obliged to defer the journey for a few days, owing to the unexpected arrival of his younger brother and family from Ireland. Some unavoidable irregularity in the correspondence between the two countries had left them in ignorance of Lord Glenmore's approaching departure from Tunbridge; and the delay was rendered yet more vexatious, by the circumstance of their passing within thirty miles of Lambourne only two days before the whole family, if they had but been ap-

prized of their motions, would have been assembled, to bid them welcome.

Paulina did not attempt to conceal her vexation. "It was so strange---so provoking!---Her uncle never came to England but once in every year, and that must be, just at the very time when he ought not to come: as if he did it on purpose, *to turn things topsy-turvy*. He was the strangest man living, she was *sure*."

It was in vain to take uncle Lambourne's part; and, indeed, it was not without difficulty, that any argument could be found to vindicate him; but Paulina was not the person by whom his censure should have been pronounced; and her governess had occasion, more than once, during dinner, to check her for her petulance on the subject.

She urged, that she had a right to talk of her own uncle: and, when reminded that, from the very circumstance of his bearing that relation to her, she was more particularly bound to treat him with respect, she said,---"she had never entertained any for him; that if he was her uncle, he was a very foolish one, and her aunt not much better. She had often heard Mrs. Mason say so to *her company*: indeed, Mrs. Mason was not very fond of any of her uncles and aunts, but she hated Lady Bodborough worst of all; and no wonder!"

The young viscount, at first, laughed heartily at his sister's vivacity; and Mr. Sutton appeared to be no less entertained. But the increasing gravity of Mrs. Marchmont's aspect, and, at length, her open and serious reprehension of Paulina, recalled them to a sense of the impropriety of encouraging her; and, in proportion as their attention diminished, Paulina's language became more temperate, and soon after, to Mrs. Marchmont's great relief, the subject was dropt altogether.

After dinner, they adjourned, as usual, in fine weather, to the shade of a large tree, near the house. Mr. Sutton was scarcely ever of the party; but Cotham seldom failed them; and to Paulina, when her morning had been well spent, this hour was often one of the pleasantest of the whole day. Cotham was always in good-humour: he would chatter his bad French; be the first to laugh, when Paulina or her governess detected his mistakes; and, after good-naturedly adopting their corrections, blunder on, till, again and again, called to order, he would at last declare himself out of patience, and claim a *story* from Mrs. Marchmont, as a reward for the candour with which he confessed his ignorance.

This afternoon, however, his plea availed him nothing: the lady was inexorable: "I shall go to

billiards, then," said he. "Very well, and we, to our music"----"Oh, pray, not yet!" Paulina would have said, but her governess had already put up her knotting, and a cheerful compliance might perhaps avert a recurrence to what had passed at dinner; certainly might, in some measure, atone for it. This consideration having its full effect, she sat down to her piano-forte without a murmur: Mrs. Marchmont did not ask for so many preludes as usual: one only, and in one key, contented her: the movement in practice was suffered to pass by with little interruption; and, above all, there was no demand for transposition at sight, an operation Paulina rarely submitted to perform with patience, and which, however simple the passages on which it was required, was sure to be productive of difficulty.

"A charming lesson," thought Paulina, when, after a repetition of the two first pages, Mrs. Marchmont released her:---"And a foolish girl," her governess might have said, "to be content to rise with so little improvement."---But nothing of this occurred; Mrs. Marchmont suddenly proposed an excursion in the woods: "the donkey is tired," said she; "but you may ride on the pillion. I will walk: we must look for your brother's favourite tree, and then send him an invitation to

drink tea with us under it. You know which I mean?"

"To be sure I do!" cried Paulina, delighted beyond measure at the proposal; "'tis the large beech which Cotham calls his castle."

She knew the way exactly---liked the scheme of all things---and *when* were they to set out?

"Immediately, if you will.---Jonas should be come round by this time...."

"Why, there he is already!" cried Paulina, running to the window.---What, is the tea ordered, and every thing?"

"Every thing---not forgetting Stephen and his French horn."

"Dear, dear, how delightful! And when did you first think of all this?"

Mrs. Marchmont smiled. "Perhaps," said she, "it might be after the arrival of the bad news."

"Oh, that it was---I am sure it was.---And now I know too the reason why you...nothing."

"*Why I nothing?*"

"Why you...."

"Well?---

"Well then; you know, you did not like what I said at dinner?"

"Surely not: I told you so at the time."

"Well, never mind; you were very angry, you know."

"Not angry; but certainly very much hurt."

"Yes, I know; and if it had not been for the "*bad news*," I should have heard more about it after dinner?"

"Very true: I see you have found me out.---I spoil you.---Come, let us make haste, or the billiards will be over before we send our invitation."

"The nasty billiards! so they will. Or Cotham will be going on some of his schemes, which would be much worse. Who shall tell him?"

"A verbal message! Oh fie! he must have a card."

Paulina, much entertained at the idea of a card to her brother, laughed heartily as she wrote, "*Lady Paulina Lambourne at home*"---And now where's Jonas?"

Jonas had disappeared; but ere they reached the hall, he was again in sight: Paulina mounted, not without difficulty; and the old coach-horse was in the act of setting out leisurely and composedly, according to his usual custom, when a note was put into Mrs. Marchmont's hands, which, upon looking at the superscription, she immediately gave to her pupil. "It is for you, my love," said she.

"For me!--a note for me!"

Then opening it : " Oh, I'll tell you whom it comes from," said she. " Have you not heard me talk of the Priory---but I must see....Stay, I'll read read it out."

" Dear Lady Paulina, *Priory.*

" Only think of your being so long in the country, and our never hearing of it till yesterday!--I do think our servants are the stupidest of the whole neighbourhood. We have got a house-full, and are going to have the Parkers and their party; and a good many more that you remember last year, all to dinner to-morrow; that is, the old ones to dinner, and the others after; and then we mean to have a dance, to which you positively must come. We don't suppose your governess, for you have got one we hear, would find much pleasure in coming; but mamma says, she may come if she pleases. I am so mad we did not go to church last Sunday, as then we should have been sure of seeing you. But, remember, we must have you to-morrow positively. Excuse this scrawl from, yours, in great haste,

" CHARLOTTE DALLING."

P. S. Mamma begs you will understand that she makes a point of your coming to *dinner* as well as to the dance. When does your brother come down?"

CHAP. XXIV.

"HELP me off! help me off!"--cried Paulina.

"Do, back the horse, Jonas, I must go in directly."

"Stay, stay!" said Mrs. Marchmont: "I will bring you pen and ink--the less you write the better."

"But, indeed, I would rather get off--I must get off."--

"By all means, come then," said her governess, giving her hand to assist her.

"Soh!" said Paulina, as she jumped down; "we shall be too late at last; for I shall be a whole hour answering this letter."

"A whole hour writing an excuse of two lines!"

"An excuse!--I am not going to send an excuse."

"You do not think of accepting the invitation?"

"But I do, though!"

"You joke?"

"No, I don't; why should I joke?"

"You know your mamma's objection to children's balls, and in general, to your dining out...."

"...in town; but this is the country; and that, you know, makes all the difference."

"I think not," said Mrs. Marchmont; "but let it be as it will, you must not run the chance of disoblighing her."

"Oh, but she won't care about it: besides, I like to go, and that's enough."

"An excellent reason for doing wrong."

"Wrong! how is it doing wrong? I used to dine there, and go to dance too, very often, last year—No, no, shall go."

"Yes," said Mrs. Marchmont, laughing, "to the north-wood,---where every body, will be tired of waiting for us, if we do not make haste."

"Oh, but I mean that I shall go to Ash-tree Park."

"Pho, pho; nonsense!"

"Nonsense! not at all nonsense. You don't consider what a pleasant party it will be---so very, very pleasant."

"But think a little. Let it be ever so pleasant; should any consideration of amusement tempt you to do what is not strictly right?"

"Oh, but I tell you, I used to dine there last year with Mrs. Mason, and I am older now;—and you know," continued Paulina, trusting to the "bad news," and speaking the faster for observing

that Mrs. Marchmont would have interrupted her, "mamma is a great way off, and there is no time for asking her; and so there can be no objection; and so....I shall go."

Mrs. Marchmont looked grave, but said no more, and, as soon as they had entered the house, her pupil sat down to write.

"*Oh, she was so delighted—out of her wits with joy—she would come early,*" &c. &c.---

"And now, my dear Mrs. Marchmont, what shall I say for you?"

"Nothing: we stay at home together."

"*Stay at home!* I am going out: I have said so in my note."

"Very foolish indeed: then you must take the trouble to write another."

"Oh, but, indeed, this is all written, and it will do very well—you know it will, now?"

"Mrs. Marchmont shook her head: "there is a sheet of paper," said she; "make haste. We ought to have been at the top of — hill by this time."

Paulina took the sheet of paper; but presently began to fold that upon which she had already written. "What are you doing?" said her governess.

"Why, you know it will do very well. Come, now, you will let it do.—I am sure there could be

no harm, if you would but give me leave. And I wish so much to go—so particularly....”

“And, believe me, when I say, that if I saw a possibility of your accepting the invitation without impropriety, I would not mortify you by a refusal. You wrong me, my dear child, by thinking it necessary to say so much on the subject!”

“I used to dine there very often, last year!”

“I know, with Mrs. Mason, who probably was not aware, as *I* am, of your mamma’s objections.”

“*Objections!* I wonder what *objections!* What harm can there be in dining with one’s friends?”

“There must always be harm in not performing our duty; and yours, in this instance, is to avoid the possibility of displeasing your mamma.”

“It is all *you*—mamma would not care!”

“We are losing a great deal of time,” said Mrs. Marchmont, looking at her watch.

“I must say, I think it very hard that I am not to go and see my own friends, when they invite me. I was kept away from Lady Caroline H—’s ball, though I wanted to go of all things. And I know I was asked to a great many more, only nobody ever told me of them!”

“What a mere baby you are!—do recollect how much trouble you gave us on the subject of Lady Caroline H—’s invitation, and you cannot wonder

that we should keep you in ignorance of those which followed. Will you write your note,—the servant is waiting?"

"Well, ma'am, let him wait!" said Paulina, rising hastily from her chair, and stalking towards the window.

Mrs. Marchmont appeared hurt and surprised: "Do you know," said she, very gravely, and after a pause of some moments, "that, six months ago, I should have blushed for you, if you had given me such an answer?"

"It is not *my* fault: I have written."

"You have written improperly: you must write again."

"I shan't"—said Paulina, decidedly. Mrs. Marchmont would not hear her; reminded her of the happy terms on which the invitation had found them; and, by enlarging upon the advantages that might still attend an early compliance, gave her an opportunity for recollecting herself. The obstinacy, thus mildly opposed, however, seemed only to gather strength from the forbearance it met with: the young lady repeatedly urged that she *had written*.

"You are a child," said her governess, at length, "and you will oblige me to treat you as one.—Listen to me," continued she, walking across the room to the window where Paulina stood.

"Let me alone: I chuse to look out: I will look, out if I please!"

"Pardon me, you must not look out." And with an exertion of strength, which Paulina's resistance made necessary, she obliged her pupil to leave the window, and, placing her in the chair she had just before abandoned, there detained her.

"Let me alone! have done!" cried Paulina almost fighting for release. "Let me go—I will go—I won't be held!—I tell you, I will go!"—

"You may as well be quiet," said her governess; your violence will only serve to publish the disgrace you have brought upon yourself. It is enough that *I* should be witness to such behaviour: there is no occasion to distress your brother, or to expose yourself to the servants."

"You—you have no right—I won't be held—I will go!" again and again exclaimed Paulina, unmindful of the caution, and with the utmost vehemence of action, attempting to get loose. In a short time, however, her spirits began to sink under the conviction, that no effort could avail her: she burst into tears, and no sooner was their first violence abated, than she found herself called upon to write the note in question. Much had Mrs. Marchmont to urge, in favour of obedience: Paulina was for a long time inexorable: at length, as

if weary of importunity, rather than affected by remonstrance, she snatched up a pen, and in a few minutes produced a miserable scrawl to the following purpose :

" Mrs. Marchmont chuses to keep me at home, and so I cannot go out. If she chuses, I suppose I shall come when mamma comes; but I am sure I know nothing about it."

This unfortunate billet, composed in the genuine spirit of perverseness, could hardly fail of being condemned; nor had Paulina herself bestowed a thought on its probable fate; nevertheless, when she saw it actually destroyed, and heard another, and a more temperate one required of her, she peremptorily refused compliance; and, in a voice rendered almost inarticulate by the violence and frequency of her sobs, complained bitterly of the manner in which she had been treated.

" Nobody can regret more than I do," said her governess, " the indignity you have brought upon yourself. But, if you would avoid still farther mortification, you must do as you are desired."

Long, however, had this gust of passion been over, and not a single line of the note was accomplished. With the sullen obstinacy that succeeded, Mrs. Marchmont was not so passive, and her pupil began to waver under the influence of her ex-

pressive language, as it employed threat to create alarm, or sought to awaken the nicer feelings by well-grounded reproach.

Roused, at length, to reply, she said, "she knew not what to write."

"Apologize," said Mrs. Marchmont, "for being in so perverse a humour, as to find it impossible to decline Miss Dalling's invitation without speaking disrespectfully of me. Say, you do not chuse to hear reason; and that you think it no injustice to represent your governess as arbitrary and ill-bred, when she only does her duty, and wishes to remind you of yours."

"I only wrote the truth;---you do not *chuse* to let me go!"

"And why not acquaint Miss Dalling with my reason for not indulging you? It would have been but just to me, and commonly polite to her mother."

"I am sure they would think it a very foolish one; and I dare say, if mamma *was* here, and wished me to go, you would try and persuade her to keep me at home!"

"You are trifling, Lady Paulina, merely for the sake of being impertinent: your mamma is not here, and therefore the supposition is needless;---Why do you not write, as I desired you?"

"Because, if I do, you will only tear the letter!"

"You see what o'clock it is," said Mrs. Marchmont, laying her watch on the table; "I allow you ten minutes. Either let your note be finished in that time, or expect me to write such a one as I have threatened; in which, all that has happened this afternoon must be told, in order to account for your silence. I shall have no hesitation in promising Miss Dalling an answer from yourself in the course of the evening, because I am determined that a proper one shall be written, if not in time for her servant, most undoubtedly before I will allow you to go to bed."

"Paulina wept bitterly, but there was no remedy---Mrs. Marchmont only reminded her of the little time she had to spare; and then rang the bell, to order a candle and some sealing-wax.

"*Dear Miss Dalling,*" presently appeared at the top of a sheet of paper: and blotted by Paulina's tears, and in characters scarcely legible, soon after followed,

"I am sorry I cannot come; but Mrs. Marchmont says mamma might not like it. I am yours."

"You have not signed it," said Mrs. Marchmont: Paulina hesitated; she felt as if she had already done too much; but a moment after, and upon second thoughts, wrote her name at the bottom.

Her governess sealed and directed the note, and

then, having given it to the servant, turned to Paulina:

“I have said every thing to convince you of the impropriety of your behaviour,” said she; “and am sorry to see how little impression it has made upon you. Reflection may do more---our party in the woods, of course, is at an end. Even if you had not forfeited all claim to indulgence, it is now too late to think of setting out; and, as I mean you to go to bed immediately, I shall pass the evening at home. Attend to what I say, Lady Paulina. Nay, do not turn away; listen to me. In your own room, you will have leisure for reflection; think seriously on all that has happened this afternoon, and if you have candour enough to judge the cause impartially, your own heart will soon condemn you. Sorrow for the past brings with it a desire of amendment; encourage this desire; and, whatever resolutions you may form, in consequence of it, determine to abide by them.---Then, and not till then, say your prayers.---You may go, Annette will follow you.”

Paulina was too proud to expostulate: she said not a word, and immediately left the room.

CHAP. XXV.

IN the study, she found Annette, busied in arranging, to the best advantage, a spade, a rake, and hoe, which the carpenter, by Mrs. Marchmont's order, had just completed for the use of her pupil. These were, "*si jolis, si minces,*" that Annette was not withheld, even by her young lady's presence, from expressing the admiration they excited :

"Impertinence!" said Paulina, passing on to her bedchamber, without deigning to bestow a second look upon the little garden utensils, whose merits Annette was so desirous of recommending to her notice.---

The maid followed her, "*Madame ne va pas se coucher?*" said she, seeing that her young lady had thrown off her tippet, and was hastily attempting to undress herself.

Paulina made no answer; but the moment after, having, in her impatience and agitation, entangled the strings of her frock, she accused Annette of impertinence in not offering to assist her.

Annette, in her turn, protested that she had been

afraid of offending, and when she actually did interfere, was so busy in the task of vindicating herself, that she did more harm than good: the knots became every moment more complicated, and Paulina, out of patience, sent her into the next room for a pair of scissars.

"Plague!" she exclaimed, finding that she did not return immediately---"*Annette,---que fais-tu donc?*"

"*C'est que je cherche, madame,*"---cried Annette.

"Stupid fool! but every body teases me!--I won't bear it, I know!--always to be kept under---as if I was a baby!--she may go where she will for what I care---she shan't stay here, I know!"

This soliloquy, uttered in a tone of the greatest impatience, broken and interrupted by sobs and tears, Annette, from the next room, understood to be the expression of displeasure against herself for dilatoriness in procuring the scissars: unheard by Paulina, she repeatedly assured her, that she was making all possible haste; and, at last, when, by dint of bustling and rummaging, she had accomplished her end, appeared, with an air of triumph, to remove all difficulties, by the help of a very curious pair belonging to Mrs. Marchmont.

Paulina now, and as it is to be presumed, from the pure spirit of contradiction, would not be assisted: she snatched the scissars:

"*Prenez garde, madame,*" said Annette, "*ils sont à.....*"

"*A qui donc?*" and the poor scissars were at the other end of the room the next moment. Annette's unaffected and excessive surprise at this sudden impulse of a disgust, for which she could in no way account, brought Paulina, in some degree, to herself. She was not sorry to see the scissars carefully picked up again, and felt a momentary satisfaction, when her maid, after minute examination, congratulated herself upon their being free from injury.

But the "*que faire?*" that followed, again disturbed her. Lamenting, in no very gracious terms, that, owing to the stupidity of her servant, she was obliged, *like nobody else*, to wait upon herself, she got up, and, with a noise and impetuosity suited to the turbulence of her feelings, opened and tumbled over every drawer in the room. Annette contented herself with *shutting* them, till, all at once, recollecting that her young lady had passed over a large Indian cabinet, that stood in a corner, returned to it, and demanding the key, was pettishly referred to a box on the toilet.

One key was too large, a second not large enough; Paulina fretted and sat down: she had given up her search, and was endeavouring, by

main force, to tear her frock asunder, when an exclamation of pleasure from Annette attracted her regards to the cabinet.

The doors were flung open. A beautiful little basket, of Mrs. Marchmont's workmanship and contrivance, and which Paulina had admired whilst in hand at the cottage, appeared full in sight. Annette took it down, and brought it to her: a slip of paper declared it to be her own.

Abashed, humbled, she let the billet fall from her hands, and, hiding her face with both, shed tears, the bitterest perhaps that had ever yet escaped her.

It had happened that, a few days before they left Mrs. Hunter's cottage, she had enquired for whom this little basket, then in nearly a finished state, was intended. "For a very dear child of mine," said Mrs. Marchmont, with a smile.

"Ah!" cried Paulina, "a wedding present!--I was thinking about her marriage, and all that, this very morning."

"Indeed!"---and Mrs. Marchmont smiled anew. "Yes, and about the letter she wrote you---and about your taking leave---and....come, you *must* love me next best to her?"

"Next best to whom, my love?"

"Why, to Felicia---Were we not talking of her?"

This little scene now recurred in full force to Paulina. The endearing appellation, on which she had set so high a value, and whose application to herself was now become unequivocal, excited feelings of the most poignant nature. In the agony of self-condemnation, she dreaded lest her eyes should a second time encounter an avowel, which, at any other period, would have been so productive of delight: the basket itself was a yet more distressing object--

"Oh! put me to bed--let me go to bed!" said she, forgetting that Annette understood but one language: "take it away, I cannot bear to see it!"

Annette, on the contrary, placed it in full view on the table; then, whilst her young lady hurried on her night-cap, stole behind her, and, without being heeded, drew forth the forbidden scissars, and clipt the tapes and bobbins asunder.

Paulina, when in bed, gave full vent to her sorrow: hiding her face in the pillow, she sobbed violently, whilst Annette stood looking on, amazed, and debating within her own mind, whether she should inform Mrs. Marchmont of what was going forward, or content herself with watching in an adjoining room: the latter opinion prevailed; and she departed, in the persuasion that Paulina would soon cry herself to sleep.

Sleep, however, had, for the present, fled Paulina's eyes: after the first gust of sorrow, she gradually became more tranquil: it was not long afterwards that she heard her governess enter the next room; and, as she conjectured, sit down to write. Oh! how she longed to go and acknowledge the full extent of her ingratitude: to ask forgiveness---to promise amendment!"

The chair by her bed-side, Mrs. Marchmont had sat in the night before, whilst, with all the tenderness of a mother, she enquired after a head-ache of which Paulina had complained at tea*---her canary bird was singing---the work-basket stood before her!

Unable to bear the distressing ideas that crowded thick upon her, she hastily determined upon offering some atonement: starting from her bed, and scarcely knowing what she was about, she sprang towards the door of the apartment. There, recollecting herself at the moment when her hand was upon the lock, she shrunk back, and involuntarily approaching the table, was weeping over the present of her governess, when the latter, having heard some one move, suddenly opened the door, and, in a tone of serious displeasure, asked---why she was not in bed.---

* See Chapter XV.

Paulina's heart was too full to allow of an explanation. Mrs. Marchmont approached her, and, for some minutes, looking on in silence, whilst Paulina's grief became every instant more audible, she at length held out her hand---“*I,*” said she, “shall think no more of this ugly business, my child---You are sorry for what has passed, and we are friends again.”

“Oh! you do not know....you do not know....” said Paulina, with a burst of sorrow that excited the tenderest commiseration on the part of her governess. “Poor child,” said she, folding her in her arms, “you will never again be so unreasonable; I am sure you will not.”

“Never, never!—and you are always so good to me!”—

Now soothing, now encouraging; her kind friend, if she restored her not to self-complacency, sought at least to calm the agitation of her spirits, by repeated assurances of ample and unqualified forgiveness. Paulina, when she had confessed all, even to the scissors, felt more at ease,—she joined in prayer with Mrs. Marchmont, who kissed her, and then, gently lifting her into bed,—went into the next room, to finish her letter to Lady Glenmore.

In about half an hour, she returned. Her pupil was almost asleep; but sat up, upon hearing her

voice, and holding out her arms to embrace her a second time, Mrs. Marchmont pressed her to her bosom, spoke some words of comfort and encouragement, and then left her for the night.

She was still writing, when Lord Cotham, going to his bed-chamber, knocked at the study-door, and begged to speak one word with her. He was readily admitted:—"Where is Paulina?"—"In bed."—"Little puss, so much the better. I want to surprise her. Will you go on the water to-morrow?"

"At what time?"

"Oh, any time you like. Suppose we say seven. I have got the large boat out, and it is quite sound."

"And you wish your sister to be of the party?"

"To be sure: and your too. I shall order breakfast in the little temple. You know which I mean. Sutton knows; so do I; and we can have plenty of hands besides from the house. So, you and Paulina, be ready—mind!"

Mrs. Marchmont promised; Cotham wished her a good night,—and was going:—"Oh but I had forgot," said he, coming back to the table;—"I have just had a note to ask me to a ball, or a dinner, or a something, at the Priory: they say Paulina won't come. Have they asked her?"

"Yes; and she has sent an excuse."

" So shall *I* then ; I like none of them but Mortimer, and he is not in the country. Besides, to tell you the truth, I have been very idle this day or two, and I must make up for it."

" By a party of pleasure to-morrow morning ?"

" No, *Mrs. Satyrical* ; no—by setting to business directly after dinner.—Do you remember to be ready by seven ;—and, mind you, keep it a secret."

" Never doubt me, my lord"—said Mrs. Marchmont. The young viscount closed the door—and she heard him whistling as he went along the gallery.

CHAP. XXVI.

PUNCTUAL to his appointment, Cotham was at the water-side even before the hour agreed on. He looked up towards the window of Paulina's apartment: she did not appear; but, expecting her presently below, he ran to procure assistance, and soon became busily employed in preparing for the expedition.

His sister, in the mean time, being left alone, sauntered to the window; and, whilst softly repeating to herself a lesson she had to learn before breakfast, the preparations of Cotham all at once diverted her attention. In her curiosity after their object, the book was at first forgotten; but Mrs. Marchmont entered; and Paulina retired to a corner of the room, with a full determination to forget the water-side, and to make up for lost time by confining her attention to business. Soon after, Cotham put his brown head in at the door, to inform them that all was ready, and Paulina found the recompence of her application, in an immediate and ready permission to accompany him down stairs.

She now stept into a boat for the first time in her life; and presently found herself in security upon the surface of that very canal whose waters had been so frequently pointed out, by the too-careful Mrs. Mason, as teeming with death and destruction. Every part of the little vessel afforded matter for enquiry: the rudder, the oars, nothing escaped her observation: and, her brother, proud of his longer experience, gave her all the information she could desire.

The morning was intensely hot, and not a breath of wind agitated the surface of the water. Cotham, fatigued with rowing, would have laid aside his oars, had not Mr. Sutton rallied him on his want of dexterity; and by this means incited him to acquire a reputation, if not for skill, at least for a perseverance in his endeavours to attain it. And he suffered little from this exertion, for, during the whole of breakfast, he talked and laughed incessantly, whilst Paulina's gaiety was less tumultuous, overclouded at times by a recollection of the past, and not unfrequently yielding, we must confess it, to the consideration of pleasures, that might, under different circumstances, have awaited her in the evening.

"Heigh-day!" said Cotham, imitating one of her deep-fetched sighs; "what is the matter now with

the girl!--Why, Paulina, I shall say I don't know what all of you, if you go on in this manner."

"Did I sigh?---I don't think I sighed."

"Why, there again, you sigh now, child. What say you to the boat again?---Mrs. Marchmont, you are going to tell me it is too hot, and if you do, I will never forgive you; so you had better stop in time."

Mrs. Marchmont disclaimed any such intention; but hesitatingly, for she was unwilling to check his enjoyment, proposed an awning.

"Why, you should have had one from the first, if it had not been all in holes---holes as big....Sutton, you saw them---why, you might have put your head through some of them! But I will send for it. Here, Thomas!"

"Dear brother," said Paulina, "we do not want such a nasty, shabby thing as that over our heads. I am sure it would be of no use!"

"Well then, it is so much trouble saved; and so, Paulina, will you run down with me?"

Paulina was *tired* and could not *run*; Cotham would not waste a moment longer with her, but hurried down to the water-side; and, presently after, summoned the rest of the party to attend him, with the reviving information, that a fine breeze was springing up, and that a sail would be hoisted as soon as they reached the boat.

"The fine breeze" in question, afforded them, at first, but little assistance. Gradually improving, however, even beyond the expectations of the most sanguine, they soon lost sight of the little temple, and other richer prospects successively presented themselves. Delightful as some of these were, Mrs. Marchmont alone might be said to enjoy them. For while little else than the rapidity of their succession engaged Paulina's attention, to Mr. Sutton they were indifferent; and his pupil was only sensible to the beauties around him, as they happened to be connected with the anecdotes of his family.

"*The first stone of that tower was laid*" by such an ancestor, although he was but a *mere boy*, like himself: the grove beyond, was planted in such a year: his grandfather had made such and such improvements and alterations: his father, he informed them, meant to do so and so; but, above all, and immediately on his return, was he determined to open, to a view from the water, some beautiful ruins of an old monastery.

"There," said he, pointing towards a large grove of beech, "they lie out there: 'tis a curious old place enough: it is good fun enough to take Peter there, he tells me such stories. Yes, Paulina, you may well stare---such stories! such dreadful, mys-

terious, bloody, murderous, melancholy stories! such stories of ghosts and coffins, and shrouds, and graves, and monuments---of tollings, and shriekings, and moanings and groanings, as would make your hair stand an end, if you could but hear him. Mrs. Marchmont, suppose we have a party some day with Peter?"

"I beg to be excused," said Mrs. Marchmont; "I have no pleasure in encouraging Peter to make a fool of himself."

"*Encouraging!* he wants no encouragement, I assure you: the only difficulty is to make him stop."

"It is a pity he should ever be allowed to begin."

"But who the.....How can I hinder him from beginning? We see each other every day, and I like well enough to hear him talk; and, pray, do you never enter into conversation with the old gentleman yourself?"

"Very often; but, as I have given him no reason to suppose that his stories would entertain me, he has never attempted to introduce them. Indeed, we seldom speak but on subjects connected with his business: my enquiries flatter him, and, in return, I am amused and informed."

"*Amused*, I grant you: but *informed*---Master Peter is no very informing genius."

"We have a better opinion of him, have we not, Lady Paulina?---We very often think it worth while to make memorandums of what he tells us. Is it not so, my dear child?" continued Mrs. Marchmont, desirous of engaging her pupil in the conversation.

"What?" said Paulina, who, inattentive to what had passed, was hanging over the boat, to oppose the current with her spread hand; "What!---I don't know what you are talking about."

"Nothing, nothing!" said her brother: "you will be in the water presently, if you don't take care."

"There is no danger," said Mrs. Marchmont; at the same time drawing from her work-bag a memorandum book: "I have only a left hand at liberty," said she laughing; "this troublesome child is just now very much in the way, but you will be at the trouble to look yourself."

"Do, Paulina, sit up," cried Cotham, as he turned over the leaves:---"what a foolish girl you are; Mrs. Marchmont has to hold you."

"Dear me, brother, you are very busy:---I am not going to tumble in: I don't want any body to take care of me."

"And it is such a pretty amusement," whispered her governess to hang over the boat's side with one's spread fingers in the water!"

Paulina blushed, and drew on her glove: she was not angry with Mrs. Marchmont, but with her brother she was a little; and muttered something about *meddling*. Cotham, however, overheard her not, for he was engaged with the pocket-book: whilst Mr. Sutton, calling loudly over her shoulder to the man who had the sail under his direction, yet more severely taxed her forbearance. *For a moment, and for a moment only, she wished she had never come into the boat at all.*

"Will you have your book?" said Mrs. Marchmont, by whom this petulance, transitory as it was, had not been unremarked."

"What book? *Les Conversations d'Emile*? Oh yes, I should like it very much."

And, having by this time recollected herself, she received the volume thankfully, and applied herself with much apparent satisfaction to its contents.

"Only so far, my lord," said Mrs. Marchmont, turning to her brother. "You see what may be gained from Peter's information?"

"Yes, yes; just once or so."

"Continually: I could show you a great many more such notes as this."

"I wish you would, for I think them very entertaining."

"In return, then, for some of yours?"

"Mine!"

"Why not? is it not fair?"

"Yes; but, I give you warning, mine will be interlarded, now and then, with a ghost or hobgoblin."

"We give admission to no such personages."

"Nor to one bloody dagger, one rusty lance?"

"No; you must be content with scythes and...."

"Oh, but I must have a man in armour now and then---one poor ghost, just by way of recreation."

"No ghost, no man in armour, till you are as good a gardener and husbandman as Peter himself. Then indeed, when he has nothing more to teach...."

".....nor I to learn, we may play together?---And you expect me to abide by such conditions as these?"

"Yes; and, besides that, to thank me for imposing them."

"No doubt, and without exacting any concession in my turn?"

"No; but I must hear your terms."

"Well then; first I am to see all your notes; yes, all: not one kept back, mind you?"

"Well, well, I engage."

"Next, you must promise, never, on your side, to listen to Peter's idle stories; or, if you do, for

every single story so listened to, I will make him tell me *twenty*. You hear that?"

"Very well, I agree."

"Next, you are never to *ask* for my notes."

"I beg pardon; there, at least, we will be on an equal footing. If you refuse to communicate your notes, I shall insist upon the same privilege."

"But, you do not consider, I may profit by yours; but, in the name of goodness, how are mine to be of any service to you?"

"Peter's share, at least," said Mrs. Marchmont, smiling, "will be worth communicating."

"Oh, you are there, are you madam? Well then, just so much shall you see, in his own words exactly too. Well, I shall begin to-morrow. I am not above receiving information from any body; though, to say the truth, I never thought of Peter as an instructor. But no matter for that, I am sure you must be right. And am I to do the same with Stephen, with Andrew, with them all, in short?"

"Andrew! I do not know him."

"He is the huntsman: as good an old soul as ever wore a cap. Well, to him I shall talk of horses, dogs, hares, and foxes; woods, and dales, and so on."

"And with Stephen?"

"Oh, there's his French-horn; I will learn to play upon it."

"You laugh, but I am serious. When a poor man's occupation is an honest one, why not seek to make it respectable in his eyes, by chusing it as the subject of your conversation? It is a sure means of encouraging him to pursue it with industry and alacrity; and, for yourself, a very simple method of acquiring useful and general information."

"But Stephen has no occupation, that I know of: that is, no particular one; he does all sorts of things?"

"He supports an aged mother and a scolding wife: you can set him an example of patience and forbearance. His own blunders will furnish you many opportunities;---and, to encourage him in his dutiful attention to Dame Lewin, enquire frequently after her health; send her little presents by him. Let him see, on all occasions, that you take pleasure, as I am sure you do, in his faithful discharge of this important duty.

"And sometimes, *by way of recreation*, I may allow him to entertain me with "God save the King" upon his French-horn?"

"Yes, yes; and only in his intervals of leisure. Let it be *his* recreation, not yours.

"What abominable nonsense," cried Mr. Sutton: "I never met with any thing half so stupid. Why, where in the world, Lord Cotham, did you rummage out such a performance?"

"I am glad it is only the book that has incurred

Mr. Sutton's censure," said Mrs. Marchmont, now first observing a novel in the gentleman's hand: "I was at first a little afraid for Lord Cotham and myself."

The tutor was beginning to protest against the possibility of any such misapprehension, when an exclamation from Cotham drew their attention to the shore, where a boy, of about the same age as himself, appeared running towards them, followed by a servant from the house.

"Is it not Dalling?" said Mr. Sutton.

"Cotham had already recognized him. "Holla, Mortimer," cried he: "Mortimer---holla Dalling, ---stop man! we are making to you as fast as we can."

"Who would have thought of seeing him here?" said the tutor. "Last time we heard of him, he was in London with his uncle."

"Oh, he is every where in a minute. Holla, Mortimer; so here you are;" and Cotham jumped on shore.

"The Miss Dallings, my lady," said the servant, stooping forward, to assist in mooring the boat.

"We are not going to get out yet," returned Paulina, with quickness;---push the boat off again; make haste."

"The Miss Dallings are in the breakfast-room, my lady."

"Oh, but we are on the water."

"There is no wind," said Mr. Sutton. "I think, if your ladyship would take my advice....."

"Indeed, now, there is wind: I can feel it quite plainly."

"Well, we can but try; though I am sure we shall none of us like it. What say you, Mrs. Marchmont?"

"Dear Mr. Sutton! Mrs. Marchmont does not care in the least whether we stay in, or whether we get out. How tiresome;—can't you push off?"

"And the Miss Dallings?" said Mrs. Marchmont.

"Ay; the Miss Dallings," repeated Mr. Sutton; "what must be done about them? they must be a little impatient. And really, pulling out his watch, it is growing late."

Paulina was little solicitous to know the hour: Mrs. Marchmont had said enough, in few words, to let her know, that whether it were late or early, hot or cold, her wish was to go on shore, and nobody could doubt that Paulina's part was to accede. Very much displeased, however, with her brother's tutor for interfering, she refused his hand, as he offered it to assist her in stepping out of the boat, and then, with a heavy heart, and anticipating nothing but mortifications, walked towards the house.

Mrs. Marchmont soon came up to her. "This sun is too hot for you, my love," said she. "Cross the grass, and go in at the breakfast room. I see one of the Miss Dallings looking out for you. Go, my dear child," continued she, observing that Paulina hesitated: "make your friends welcome. You will hear a great deal about the ball; but *remember always*, that no true pleasure can ever attend a wilful neglect of duty."

"I am sure I don't know what business they had to come;" said Paulina, after a few moment's silence: but Mrs. Marchmont was no longer by her side. Divided between following her round the house, or advancing to meet Charlotte Dalling, who had stepped out of the window, and now appeared advancing towards her, she stood suspended, till, the voice of the latter claimed her immediate notice, reproaching her for the tardiness of her welcome, and announcing, besides, a very important message "*about the ball.*"

CHAP. XXVII.

TEN minutes after, Paulina opened the study-door; her face flushed, and with every appearance of having something eventful to communicate; which, yet, from the nature of it, required preparation.

Her governess, engaged in perusing a long letter she had just received from Felicia, did not look up: she only held out her hand, as if to welcome her pupil from the little trial she had been undergoing below. "Already!" said she, "your friends have made you a short visit!"

"They are not gone yet," replied Paulina, hesitatingly; "but they are in a great hurry—and so—I said I would come up—that is, you see....." She paused.

"My dear," said her governess, "is any thing the matter?"

"No—only—I came up to tell you quite an unexpected thing—they say, if you like it, I can go back with them, and they can give me a bed.—You see, they have only half a one at liberty."

"They are very good; but it can be of no use to you."

"It is a large one, they say. You see they thought we refused....the....invitation, because we had no carriage; and so, they are come *on purpose* to fetch me."

"And you said, you were very much obliged to them; but that the want of a carriage made no part of the objection?"

".....I said....you thought mamma did not like me to go out."

"Right: the same answer, in short, you had already given in your note?"

"....Ye...s;" and this mention of her *note* more than ever awakened her to the impropriety of what she was about;--"Ye....s....the same answer."

"And after that, nothing could be said---with propriety."

"N....o," said Paulina, in a low tone of voice, and very reluctantly, for she comprehended but too well the implied censure upon her own conduct.

"Certainly nothing:" and Mrs. Marchmont returned to her letter. "Are not your friends expecting you below?" said she gravely, when, after a few minutes, her pupil still remained in the room---
"Why do you not go down to them?"

"I am going"---

"Go, then."

Paulina moved towards the door, there stopt, and presently burst into tears.

"I know you are angry," said she; "you think I wish---and I am sure I don't---that is, I know it is not right, to wish."

"I am disappointed certainly," said Mrs. Marchmont; "I expected that you would have resolution enough to conquer a wish you knew to be blameable, instead of yielding to it as you have done, on the first temptation."---

"I don't wish---not much---only they *made* me ask.---I knew it was wrong all the time, only they made me."

"And you have had the weakness to allow two silly girls to *make* you do what you *know to be wrong*!"

"It was not only them---Madame Dupuis said..."

And not only Madame Dupuis---your own inclinations, my dear Lady Paulina, they have most of all misled you. For if you had had no wish left to accept this invitation---no wish to persuade me that it could be done without impropriety---I should not even have heard of the message till after your friends had left the house.---Dry your eyes---we will go down together."

".....I don't know....what to say to them."

"Very well; if you have not courage to do your duty, I will speak for you."

"No, no; *I* will speak....*I* will do it....if you won't be angry with me....and if....and if....." Paulina sobbed, "if you will but be as you were before."

Mrs. Marchmont made no promises, but her manner changed from that instant,---and, with every encouragement to go through what remained of her part, as became her, her young friend, shortly after, accompanied her down stairs to the breakfast-room.

"*A la fin!*" said Madam Dupuis, the French governess, as they entered: "Oh, you are come at last," cried Miss Charlotte, her lately-emancipated pupil; "we thought you had quite forgot us, and were just going to order the carriage."

"I have brought the answer now," said Paulina, hesitating and blushing. But what the answer was, or why she blushed, or why she hesitated, she left it to her governess to explain.

This was soon done; and though the Miss Dalings were fully disposed to treat, as impertinence, any interference of the kind, yet, on this occasion, they could not resist Mrs. Marchmont's good-humoured appearance, the frank civility with which she acknowledged their attentions, and explained

her motives for not availing herself of them in favour of her pupil.

"*Mon Dieu ! madame a bien raison !*" said Madame Dupuis, pretending only now to have considered Lady Glenmore's objections---"*vraiment, il n'y a plus rien à dire là dessus.*"

And Paulina, all at once, from being entreated, and even persecuted, to accept the invitation, found herself in the situation, of being the only one in the room who had not given an opinion that such a thing was impracticable, and not to be thought of for a moment.

"Then, I suppose, I may ring the bell for the carriage?" said she, ashamed at length of her own passiveness, and willing to give, at least, one proof of *heroism* before her governess.---"It is all quite settled now, you know," added she, with an effort that was not thrown away upon Mrs. Marchmont, who, smiling, turned to Miss Charlotte Dalling.

"Lady Paulina," said she, "is little aware of the pleasant surprise I have in store for her: another good reason, too, for not leaving home this evening, even if the first were not unanswerable.---Lord and Lady Glenmore will be here to dinner.

"How!--to dinner!" exclaimed Paulina, "to-day!--You never told me a word about it!"

"Very true; I only knew it myself ten minutes ago."

“You *might* have told me then---I wish you had but told me *then*!”

“And have bribed you to do right with the good news!—No; you were to give up the pleasure of going with the Miss Dallings, from a sense of duty, not because another and a greater enjoyment awaited you at home. As it is, you have made a sacrifice....”

“*Ah oui, un sacrifice!*” interrupted Madame Dupuis; “*et en voilà la recompense toute faite!*”

And the Miss Dallings, seeing, as they said, that nothing more was to be done, now became more than ever impatient to depart. Master Mortimer, however, had taken it into his head to go upon the water with Cotham, and it was some time before he could be made to understand that he was wanted. In the mean while Mrs. Marchmont had to entertain Madame Dupuis, the elder Miss Dalling, and a lady and gentleman, who had accompanied them, “for the sake of seeing the place.” Miss Emily, the youngest sister, drew Paulina to a window; *pitied* her for being *obliged* to stay at home; and, in conformity to the privilege frequently assumed by girls of thirteen or fourteen, towards their juniors, teased her with innumerable questions; and, at length, completely succeeded in putting her out of countenance, by observing, that Mrs. March-

mont, "that new governess of hers, was a nice-looking woman enough; but, for all that, it was easy to see things were not as they were in Mrs. Mason's time. It might do very well for *her*, (Paulina,) but for her own part, she would not be *so kept under* for all the world."

Our heroine, thus attacked on her weakest side, was preparing to return no very courteous answer, when the friendly voice of her governess invited her to a seat next herself, and, at the same time, appropriated another to Miss Emily, at no great distance indeed, but far enough off, to preclude the possibility of any private conversation between them. Refreshments were brought: Master Mortimer soon after made his appearance, and, in less than a quarter of an hour, the whole party were on their way home.

In the anticipation of a joyful meeting with her parents, and the happy consciousness of Mrs. Marchmont's favour, Paulina soon forgot the Miss Dallings, their ball, and all belonging to them.

CONCLUSION.

"I see it--they're coming!" said Cotham.

"Where? where?—Do, let me look," cried Paulina, throwing down her work, and bounding to the telescope.

"Stay---pho, no;—it is only a cart."

"How can you serve one so, Cotham! you did so before?"

"I did not mean....well but, stop now—then here they *do* come—*really*—"

"Where? where?" cried Paulina again, and in her hurry the telescope was shifted. Cotham vainly attempted to adjust it:—like "*Sister Anne*," she saw nothing but "*sky*," "higher---lower---too low---this way---no, no; the other--Oh dear, how tiresome!"

"Very tiresome, indeed!" said a well-known voice, and, turning round---they were in their father's arms. Lady Glenmore was not far behind him. The surprise, the joy, the good joke of looking through a telescope for people already on the stair-case, gave them so much to talk of, and so oc-

cupied the whole party, that toilet and dinner had been alike neglected; the former, indeed, was wholly forgotten, and the latter, twice announced before any body would be at leisure to hear the summons.

The next day and the following one were devoted to domestic enjoyment: then came the congratulatory visits of the neighbourhood, and a long train of engagements consequent upon them. Paulina now was scarcely ever in her mother's presence, except in their morning walks before breakfast, or when the countess occasionally assisted at her lessons: unless, indeed, on those days when company were invited to the castle. Then, in her best attire, she appeared with her governess at the farther end of a long dinner-table:—and when the ladies retired, contributed her share towards their entertainment, by a lesson on the piano-forte, or the production of her works of ingenuity.

These wearisome parties were, however, to have an end: the round of dinners once completed, Lady Glenmore evaded their immediate recurrence, by receiving, on a permanent visit, a few of her own and her lord's particular friends, who, with habits and pursuits congenial to her own, neither engrossed her time, nor interfered with her plans for Paulina's improvement. Mrs. Marchmont, as her able and

accomplished auxiliary, was freely admitted into a circle, disposed to estimate her rather by the standard of her intrinsic merit, than that of the accidental rank she held in society; and thus encouraged, the extreme good sense of our governess prevented her from overstepping, at any time, the limits prescribed by her situation: she neither sought attentions, nor disclaimed them, when they were offered; but, ever unobtrusive and consistent, appeared intent alone upon a faithful and conscientious discharge of the duties imposed upon her.

In such able hands as these, we are now content to leave Paulina; trusting we shall not be taxed with the charge of too great abruptness, if here, for the present, we bid farewell to our readers. Materials are by no means wanting for a continuance of our *Journal*; but, the truth is, their arrangement would cost us more time than we are willing to bestow upon a work, whose first part is, as yet, unpatronized, unapproved by any but the few partial friends to whom it has been communicated in manuscript. A very little encouragement, from more unbiassed judges, will be sufficient to stimulate us to further exertions.

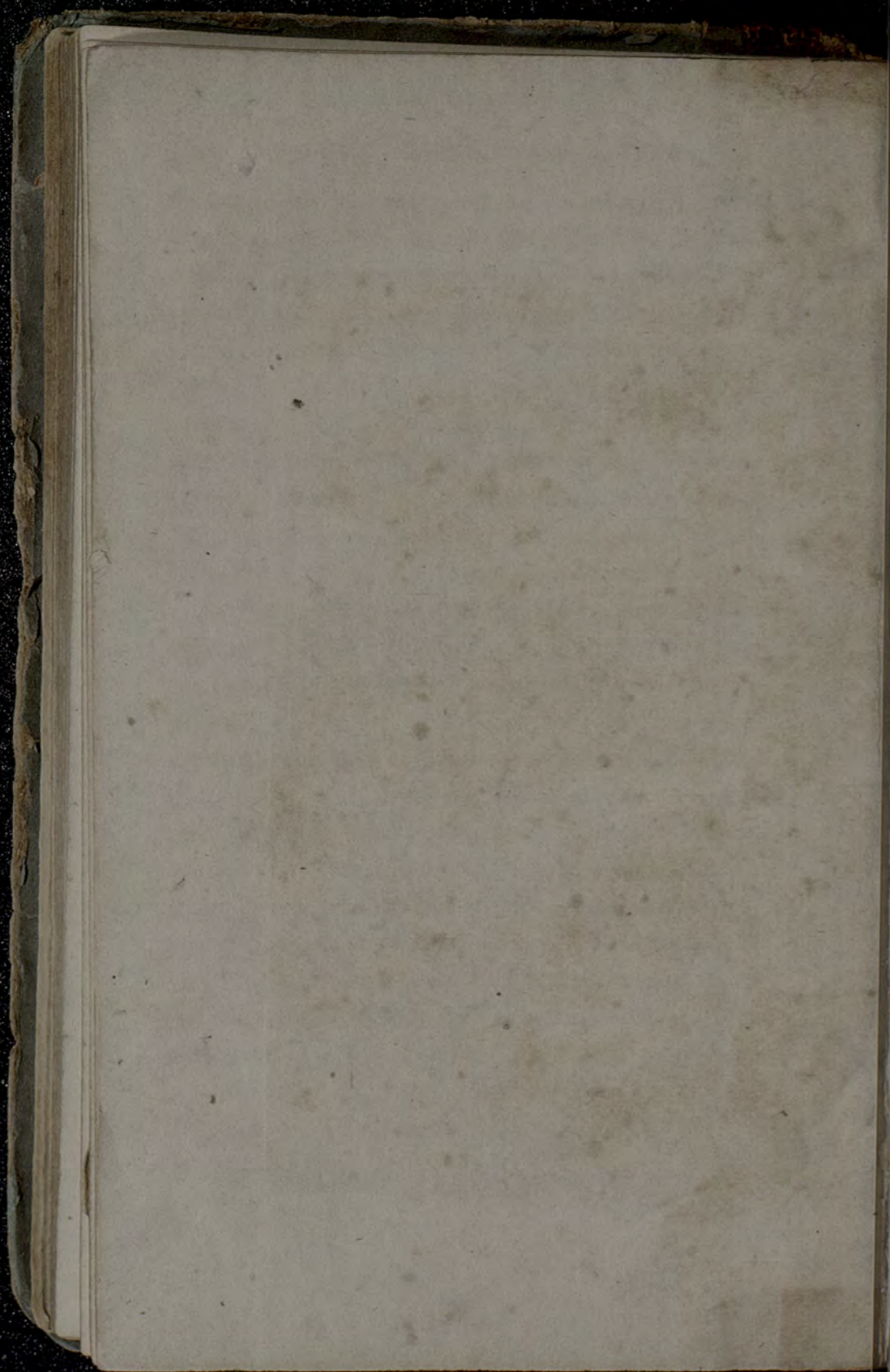
THE END.

J Swan and Son, Printers, 76, Fleet Street, London.

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First edition

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