

MADemoiselle
PANACHE



MARIA
EDGEWORTH.





PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Protestant Municipality of St. Roch,
OF QUEBEC NORTH, QUE.

Prize for *Scripture.*

awarded to *Lilly Edgley.*

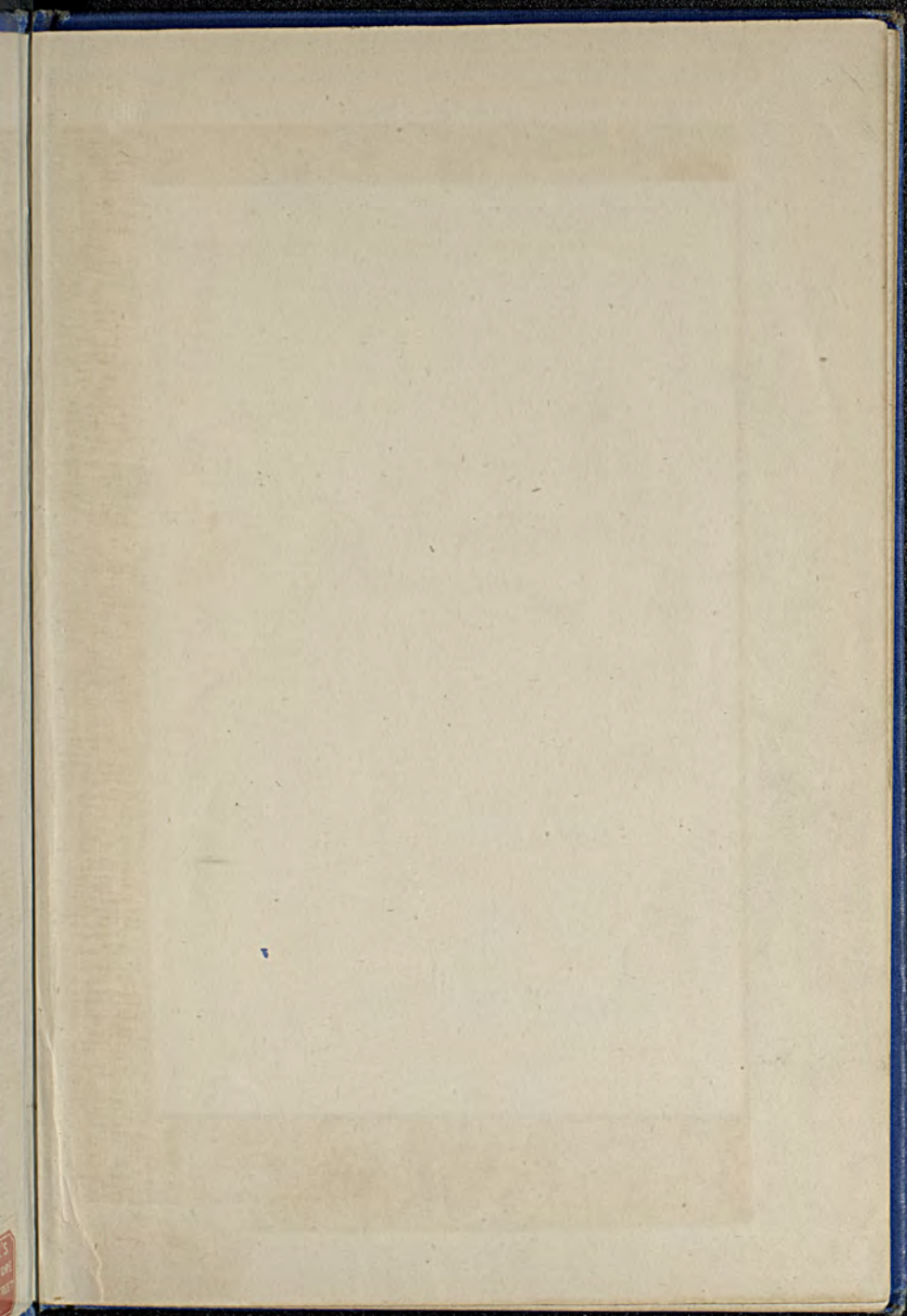
Midsummer 1898

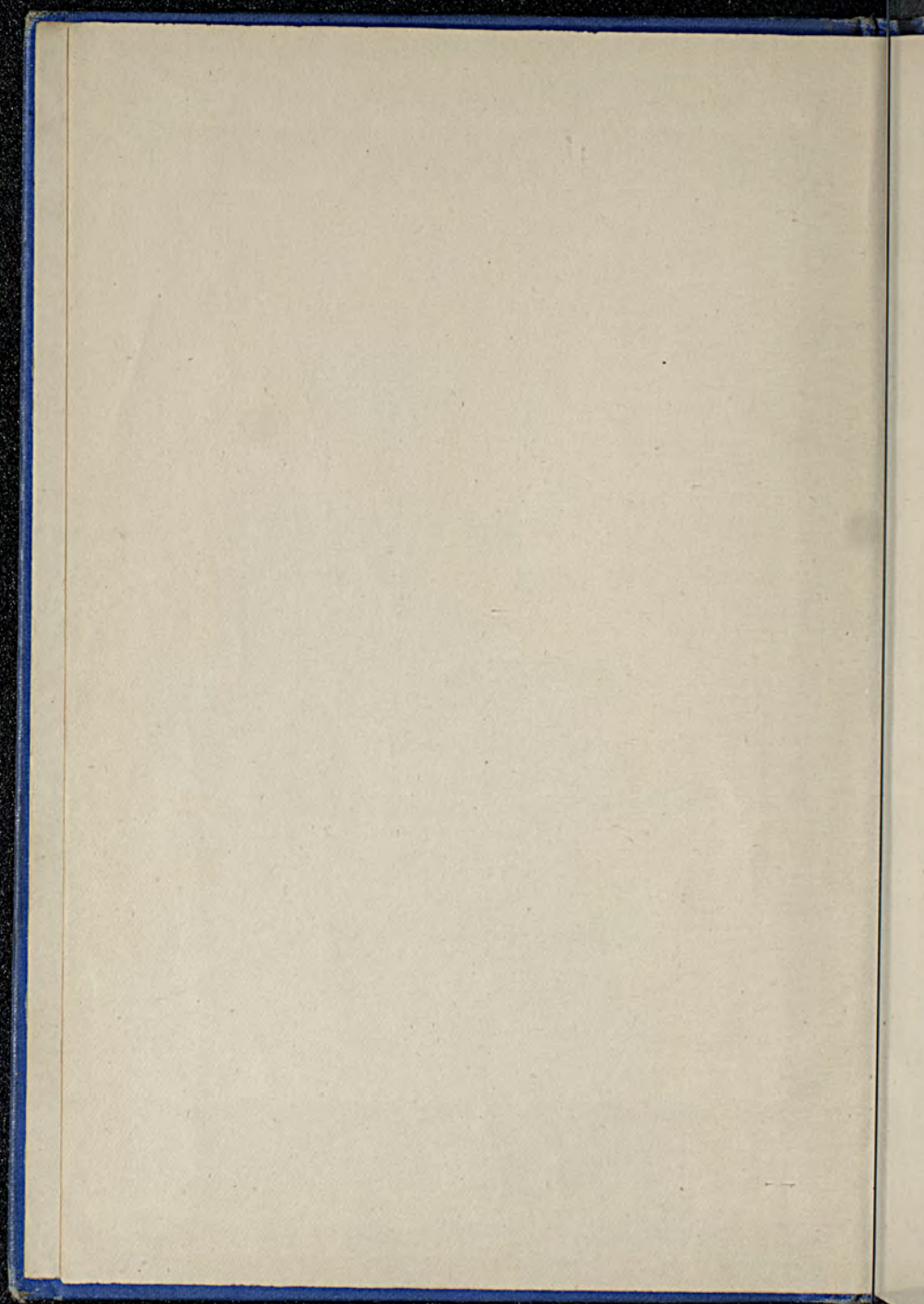
by the Dissident School Trustees

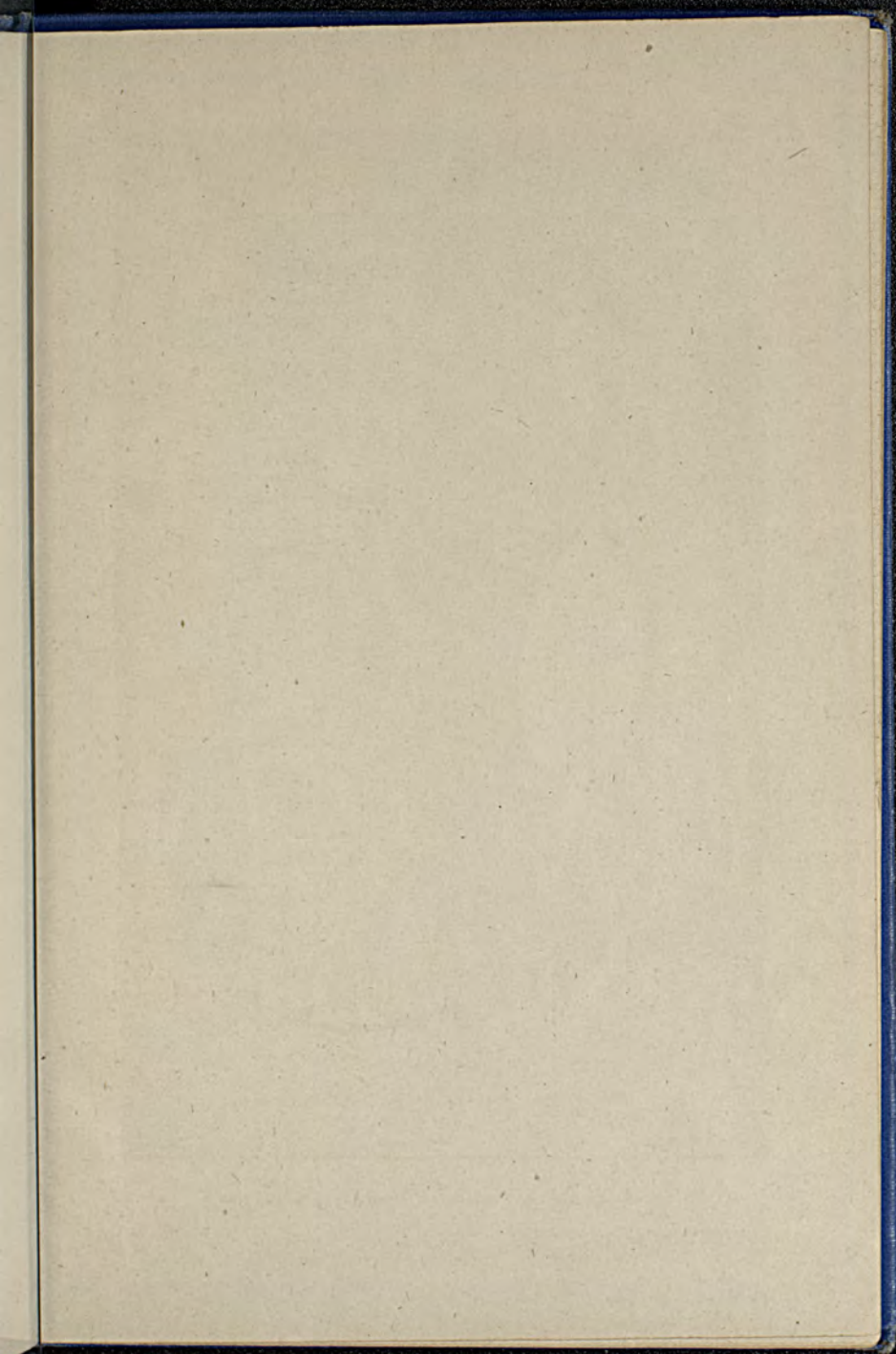
St Roch North,

Barre, Donw teacher.

T.J. MOORE'S
UPTOWN-STORE
148 ST JOHN STREET
QUEBEC.









"SHE SET HER FOOT UPON THE HARMLESS CATERPILLAR."

MADemoiselle PANACHE.

MADemoisELLE PANACHE

BY
MARIA EDGEWORTH

AUTHOR OF "THE PARENT'S ASSISTANT," ETC.



LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LIMITED
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL
GLASGOW, MANCHESTER AND NEW YORK

MISS EDGEWORTH'S STORIES.

Crown 8vo. Cloth, with Frontispiece.

—♦—
THE ORPHANS, AND OTHER TALES.
SIMPLE SUSAN, AND THE WHITE PIGEONS.
THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT, AND OTHER TALES.
WASTE NOT, WANT NOT, AND OTHER TALES.
THE BARRING OUT, AND THE BRACELETS.
THE LITTLE MERCHANTS, AND OTHER TALES.
LAME JERVAS.
THE LIMERICK GLOVES, AND THE WILL.
OUT OF DEBT, OUT OF DANGER, AND THE LOTTERY.
MURAD THE UNLUCKY, AND THE MANUFACTURERS.
THE GRATEFUL NEGRO, AND ROSANNA.
THE CONTRAST.
TO-MORROW.
FORESTER.
ANGELINA.
THE KNAPSACK, AND THE PRUSSIAN VASE.
THE GOOD AUNT.
THE GOOD FRENCH GOVERNESS.
MADEMOISELLE PANACHE.

~~~~~  
*George Routledge and Sons, Limited.*



## MADemoiselle PANACHE.

---

### PART I.

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

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

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

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



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

"I don't know; blue, I think."

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

"Why, 'tis a question of such importance, I must have time to deliberate; I'm afraid I like pink the best."

"Pink! dear, that's very odd! But, mamma, didn't you think yesterday that Lady Augusta's sash was a remarkably pretty pale blue?"

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

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

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

"I like Lady Augusta exceedingly, mother."

"What! because she has a blue sash?"

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

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

"Oh! no, no!"

"Why, then?"

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

"One! whom do you mean by one?"

"Myself, and everybody."

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

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

"I shall be contented with one good one, Helen."

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

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

"No, ma'am! but I'm sure she looked very good-humoured."

"That's another affair; however, I acknowledge it is reasonable to feel disposed to like anyone who has a good-humoured countenance, because the temper has, I believe, a very strong influence upon certain muscles of the face; and, Helen, though you are no great physiognomist, we will take it for granted that you were not mistaken; now, I did not think that Lady Augusta



had a remarkably good-tempered countenance, but I hope that I am mistaken. Was this your only reason for liking her exceedingly?"

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

"Saying that you think a person very agreeable *altogether*, may be a common mode of expression; but I am obliged to inform you that it is no reason, nor do I exactly comprehend what it means, unless it means, in other words, that you don't choose to be at the trouble of thinking. I am sadly afraid, Helen, that you must be content at last to be ranked among the silly ones, who like and dislike without knowing why.—Hey, Helen?"

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

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

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

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

"No, no, sit still; I will tell them directly. Why, mother, you know, before we saw Lady Augusta, everybody told us how pretty, and accomplished, and agreeable she was."

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

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

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

"But are three people everybody?"

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

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

"Oh, but I recollect it now; Mademoiselle Panache."

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



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

"You saw them, I suppose?"

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

"That's a singular method of judging of pictures."

"But, however, she certainly plays extremely well upon the pianoforte, and understands music perfectly. I have a particular reason for knowing this, however."

"You did not hear her play?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Well: your cause of belief?"

"Why, I asked her if she had read much history, and she answered '*a little*;' but I saw by her look she meant *a great deal*. Nay, Emma, you are laughing now: I saw you smile."

"Forgive her, Helen, indeed it was very difficult to help it!" said Mrs. Temple.

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

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

"But surely, mother, it would be but good-natured to believe a stranger to be amiable and sensible, when we know nothing to the contrary; strangers may be as good as the people we have known all our lives; so it would be very hard upon them, and very silly in us, too, if we were to take it for granted that they were everything that was bad, merely because they were strangers."

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



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

"There is no necessity, that I can perceive, for your judging of people's characters the very instant they come into a room, which I suppose is what you mean by 'at first.' And though it be disagreeable to be always 'doubting and doubting,' yet it is what we must submit to patiently, Helen, unless we would submit to the consequences of deciding ill; which, let me assure you, my little daughter, are infinitely more disagreeable."

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

Here the conversation ended. A few days afterwards Lady Augusta came with her mother to dine at Mrs. Temple's. For the first hour Helen kept her resolution, and with some difficulty maintained her mind in the painful philosophic state of doubt; but the second hour, Helen thought that it would be unjust to doubt any longer; especially as Lady Augusta had just shown her a French pocket-fan, and at the very same time observed to Emma, that her sister's hair was a true auburn colour.

In the evening, after they had returned from a walk, they went into Mrs. Temple's dressing-room, to look at a certain black japanned cabinet, in which Helen kept some dried specimens of plants, and other curious things. Half the drawers in this cabinet were hers, and the other half her sister's. Now Emma, though she was sufficiently obliging and polite towards her new acquaintance, was by no means enchanted with her; nor did she feel the least disposition suddenly to contract a friendship with a person she had seen but a few hours. This reserve, Helen thought, showed some want of feeling, and seemed determined to make amends for it by the warmth and frankness of her own manners. She opened all the draws of the cabinet; and whilst Lady Augusta looked and admired, Helen watched her eye, as Aboulcasem, in the "Persian Tales," watched the eye of the stranger, to whom he was displaying his treasures. Helen, it seems, had read the story, which had left a deep impression upon her imagination; and she had long determined, on the first convenient opportunity, to imitate the conduct of the "generous Persian." Immediately, therefore, upon observing that anything struck her guest's fancy, she withdrew it, and secretly set it apart for her, as Aboulcasem set apart the slave, and the cup, and the peacock. At night, when Lady Augusta was preparing to depart, Helen slipped out of the room, packed



up the things, and, as Aboulcasem wrote a scroll with his presents, she thought it necessary to accompany hers with a billet. All this being accomplished with much celerity, and some trepidation, she hurried down stairs, gave her packet to one of the servants, and saw it lodged in Lady S——'s coach.

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

"I! nothing."

"Nothing!" repeated Helen, in a triumphant tone: "then she will not think you very generous."

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

"Strangers or no strangers, that makes no difference; for surely a person's giving away anything that they like themselves is a pretty certain proof, Emma, of their generosity."

"Not quite so certain," replied Emma; "at least, I mean as far as I can judge of my own mind; I know I have sometimes given things away that I liked myself merely because I was ashamed to refuse; now I should not call that generosity, but weakness; and besides, I think it does make a great deal of difference, Helen, whether you mean to speak of strangers or friends. I am sure, at this instant, if there is anything of mine in that black cabinet that you wish for, Helen, I'll give it you with the greatest pleasure."

"And not to Lady Augusta?"

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

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

A short time after this visit, Mrs. Temple took her two daughters with her to dine at Lady S——'s. As they happened to go rather earlier than usual, they found nobody in the drawing-room but the French governess, Mademoiselle Panache. Helen, it seems, had conceived a very sublime idea of a French governess; and when she first came into the room, she looked up to Mademoiselle Panache with a mixture of awe and admiration. Mademoiselle was not much troubled with any of that awkward reserve which seems in England sometimes to keep strangers at



bay for the first quarter of an hour of their acquaintance. She could not, it is true, speak English very fluently, but this only increased her desire to speak it; and between two languages, she found means, with some difficulty, to express herself. The conversation, after the usual prelinguinary nothings had been gone over, turned upon France and French literature. Mrs. Temple said she was going to purchase some French books for her daughters, and very politely begged to know what authors Mademoiselle would particularly recommend. "*Vat auteurs? you do me much honour, Madame—Vat auteurs? why, Mesdemoiselles, there's 'Télémaque' and 'Bélisaire.'*"

Helen and Emma had read "*Télémaque*" and "*Bélisaire*," so Mademoiselle was obliged to think again—"Attendez!" cried she, putting her forefinger in an attitude of recollection. But the result of all her recollection was still "*Bélisaire*" and "*Télémaque*;" and an Abbé's book, whose name she could not remember, though she remembered perfectly well that the work was published "*l'an mil six cent quatre-vingt-dix.*"

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

"O!" interrupted Mademoiselle, "*Je me trouve bien heureuse—I am quite happy, Madame, to be of your way of tinkering—I would never go to choose to put 'Gil Blas' into no pupil's of mine's hands until they were perfectly mistress of de ideome de la langue.*"

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



*word of lies, Miladi Augusta write poésie just the same with prose,—véritablement comme un ange! Et puis,*" continued Mademoiselle Panache——

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

"There's no screen in the room, ma'am, I believe," said the young lady, moving, or seeming to move, her chair three-quarters of an inch backwards.

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

"*Oh, oui, Madame, dey be finish; but I forgot to make dem come downstairs.*"

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

Mademoiselle immediately rose to fetch one of hers.

"*Ne vous dérangez pas, Mademoiselle,*" said Lady S——, carelessly; and whilst she was out of the room, turning to Mrs. Temple, "Have you a French governess?" said she; "I think you told me not."

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

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

"Helen and Emma," said Mrs. Temple, "read and understand French as well as I could wish, and, if ever they go to France, I hope they will be able to catch the accent, as I have never suffered them to acquire any fixed bad habits of speaking it."

"O," said Lady S——, "*bad habits* are what I dread of all things for Augusta; I assure you I was particularly nice about the choice of a governess for her; so many of these sort of people come over here from Switzerland, or the French provinces,



and speak a horrid jargon. It's very difficult to meet with a person you could entirely depend upon."

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

"However," continued her ladyship, "I think myself most exceedingly fortunate; I am absolutely certain that Mademoiselle Panache comes from Paris, and was born and educated there; so I feel quite at ease; and as to the rest," said she, lowering her voice, but only lowering it sufficiently to fix Lady Augusta's attention—"as to the rest, I shall part with her when my daughter is a year or two older; so you know she can do no great harm. Besides," said she, speaking louder, "I really have great confidence in her, and Augusta and she seem to agree vastly well."

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

"Well, that's the chief thing; I would work upon a child's sensibility; that's my notion of education," said Lady S—— to Mrs. Temple, affecting a sweet smile. "Take care of the heart, at any rate—there I'm sure, at least, I may depend on Mademoiselle Panache, for she is the best creature in the world; I've the highest opinion of her: not that I would trust my own judgment, but she was most exceedingly well recommended to me."

Mademoiselle Panache came into the room again, just as Lady S—— finished her last sentence; she brought one of her own worked screens in her hand. Helen looked at Lady Augusta, expecting that she would at least have gone to meet her governess; but the young lady never offered to rise from her seat; and when poor Mademoiselle presented the screen to her, she received it with the utmost *nonchalance*, only interrupting her conversation by a slight bow of the head. Helen and Emma looked down, feeling both ashamed and shocked at manners which they could neither think kind nor polite. However, it was no wonder that the pupil should not be scrupulously respectful towards a governess whom her mother treated like a waiting-maid.

More carriages now came to the door, and the room was soon filled with company. The young ladies dined at the side-table with Mademoiselle Panache; and during dinner Emma and Helen quite won her heart—"Voilà des desdemoiselles de plus polies!" she said with emphasis; and it is true, that they were particularly careful to treat her with the greatest attention and respect, not only from their general habits of good breeding, and



from a sense of propriety, but from a feeling of pity and generosity: they could not bear to think that a person should be treated with neglect or insolence merely because her situation and rank happened to be inferior.

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

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

The last room which they went into was Lady Augusta's apartment, in which her writing-desk, her drawing-box, and her pianoforte stood. It was very elegantly furnished; and at one end was a handsome book-case, which immediately attracted Helen and Emma's attention. Not Lady Augusta's; her attention, the moment she came into the room, was attracted by a hat, which Mademoiselle had been making up in the morning, and which lay half-finished upon the sofa. "Well, really this is elegant!" said she; "certainly, Mademoiselle, you have the best taste in the world!—Isn't it a beautiful hat?" said she, appealing to Helen and Emma.

"Oh, yes," replied Helen, instantly; for as she was no great judge, she was afraid to hazard her opinion, and thought it safest to acquiesce in Lady Augusta's. Emma, on the contrary, who did not think the hat particularly pretty, and who dared to think for herself, was silent; and certainly, it requires no common share of strength of mind, to dare to think for one's self about a hat.

In the mean time Mademoiselle put the finishing stroke to her work; and observing that the colour of the ribbon would become Helen's complexion, "*Merveilleusement! permettez, Mademoiselle,*" said she, putting it lightly upon her head. "*Qu'elle est charmante! Qu'elle est bien comme ça!—Quite another thing! Mademoiselle Helen est charmante!*" cried the governess with enthusiasm; and her pupil echoed her exclamations with equal enthusiasm, till Helen would absolutely have been persuaded that some sudden metamorphosis had taken place in her appearance, if her sister's composure had not happily preserved her in her sober senses. She could not, however, help feeling a sensible diminution of merit and happiness when the hat was lifted off her head.



"What a very pretty-coloured ribbon!" said she, to her sister.

"That's pistachio-colour," said Lady Augusta.

"Pistachio-colour!" repeated Helen, with admiration.

"Pistachio-colour!" repeated her sister, coolly; "I did not know that was the name of the colour."

"*Bon Dieu!*" said Mademoiselle, lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven; "*Bon Dieu! not know de pistachea colour!*"

Emma, neither humbled nor shocked at her own ignorance, simply said to herself, "Surely it is no crime not to know a name." But Mademoiselle's abhorrent and amazed look produced a very different effect upon Helen's imagination; she felt all the anguish of false shame, that dangerous infirmity of weak minds.

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

"*Pardonnez, Mademoiselle Hélène,*" said she: "*Permettez*"—altering things to her fancy—"un petit plus—et un petit plus; oui, comme ça—comme ça—*Bien! Bien! Ah, non! Cela est vilain, affreux! Mais tenez—toujours comme ça; ressouvenez-vous bien, Mademoiselle! Ah bon! vous voilà mise à quatre épingles!*"

"*A quatre épingles!*" repeated Helen to herself.

"Surely," thought Emma, "that is a vulgar expression; Mademoiselle is not as elegant in her taste for language as for dress." Indeed two or three technical expressions which afterwards escaped from this lady, joined to the prodigious knowledge she displayed of the names, qualities, and value of ribbons, gauzes, feathers, &c., had excited a strong suspicion in Emma's mind that Mademoiselle Panache herself might possibly have had the honour to be a milliner.

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

Helen did not perceive this manœuvre, it being performed with habitual celerity; but seeing that all the pins were vanished, she first glanced her eye upon the table, and then on the ground, and



still not seeing her pins, she felt in her pocket for her pincushion, and presented it. "*J'en ai assez, bien obligée, Mademoiselle ;*" and from some secret receptacle in her mouth, she produced first one pin, then another, till Emma counted seventeen, to her utter astonishment—more, certainly, than any mouth could contain but a milliner's.

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

"And who is Mademoiselle Alexandre?" said Emma.

"*Eh, donc ! fameuse marchande de modes—rue St. Honoré—rivale célèbre de Mademoiselle Baulara.*"

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

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

It was remarkable that Mademoiselle Panache had never once attempted to alter anything in Emma's dress, and directed very little of her conversation to her; seeming to have an intuitive perception that she could make no impression; and Lady Augusta, too, treated her with less familiarity, but with far more respect.

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

"I don't know," said Helen; "I believe my mother intends to be there."

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

Helen had been quite indifferent about going to the ball, till these words inspired her with a violent desire to go there, or rather with a violent dread of the misfortune and disgrace of being left "at home."



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

Emma, however, reflecting that she had lived all her life without even wishing for a watch-chain, was inclined to doubt the accuracy of her ladyship's assertion.

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

So much mischief may be done by a silly governess in a single quarter of an hour! But we are yet to see more of the genius of Mademoiselle Panache for education. It happened that, while the young ladies were busily talking together, she had got to the other end of the room, and was busily engaged at a looking-glass, receding and advancing by turns, to decide the exact distance at which rouge was liable to detection. Keeping her eye upon the mirror, she went backwards, and backward, till unluckily she chanced to set her foot upon Lady Augusta's favourite little dog, who instantly sent forth a piteous yell.

"Oh, my dog!—Oh! my dog!" exclaimed Lady Augusta, running to the dog, and taking it into her lap. "*O, chère Fanfan!*—where is it hurt, my poor, dear, sweet, darling little creature?"

"*Chère Fanfan!*" cried Mademoiselle, kneeling down and kissing the offended paw, "*pardonnez, Fanfan!*"—and they continued caressing and pitying Fanfan, so as to give Helen a very exalted opinion of their sensibility, and to make her wiser sister doubt of its sincerity.

Longer would Fanfan have been deplored with all the pathos of feminine fondness, had not Mademoiselle suddenly shrieked and started up. "What's the matter? what's the matter?" cried



they all at once. The affrighted governess pointed to her pupil's sash, exclaiming,—"*Regardez! regardez!*" There was a moderate-sized spider upon the young lady's sash. "*La violà! ah, la violà!*" cried she, at an awful distance.

"It is only a spider," said Emma.

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

"I'll shake it off," said Helen.

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

"*Où est-il?—où est-il?—Le vilain animal!*" cried Mademoiselle, advancing; "*ah! que je l'écrase au moins,*" said she, having her foot prepared.

"Kill it!—O Mademoiselle, don't kill it," said Emma, stooping down to save it; "I'll put it out of the window this instant."

"Ah! how can you touch it?" said Lady Augusta, with disgust, while Emma carried it carefully in her hand, and Helen, whose humanity was still proof against Mademoiselle Panache, ran to open the window. Just as they had got the poor spider out of the reach of its enemies, a sudden gust of wind blew it back again; it fell once more upon the floor.

"Oh, kill it!—kill it, anybody; for heaven's sake! *do* kill it!" Mademoiselle pressed forward, and crushed the animal to death.

"Is it dead?—quite dead?" said her pupil, approaching timidly.

"*Avancez!*" said her governess, laughing. "*Que craignez-vous donc! Elle est morte, je vous dis.*"

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

So much for a lesson on humanity.

It was some time before the effects of this scene were effaced from the minds of either of the sisters; but at length a subject very interesting to Helen was started. Lady Augusta mentioned the little ebony box which had been put into the coach, and Miss Helen's very obliging note.

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

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

"I am particularly distressed," said Lady Augusta, who often



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

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

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

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

"Which did you mean?—*Dis—dis—dis, or dat?*" said she.

"No, no—none of those, Mademoiselle: not in that row. Look just above your hand in the second row from the top."

"Oh, no; not in dat row, I hope."

"Why not there?"

"O, *Miladi Augusta, vous savez bien—ce sont là les livres, défendus*—I dare not touch one—*Vous le savez bien, Miladi, votre chère mère—*"

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

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

"How do you know that so well, Mademoiselle?"

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

"*En conscience!*" repeated Lady Augusta, with the impatient accent of one not used to be opposed, "I can't help admiring the tenderness of your conscience, Mademoiselle Panache. Now, would you believe it?" continued she, turning to Emma and Ellen, "now, would you believe it? Mademoiselle has had the second volume of that very book under her pillow this fortnight; I caught her reading it one morning, and that was what made me so anxious to see it; or else ten to one I never should have thought of the book; so *en conscience!* Mademoiselle."



Mademoiselle coloured furiously.

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

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

"*Allons, Mesdemoiselles,*" cried she, "*I fancy de tea wait by dis time—descendons ;*" and she led the way. Emma instantly followed her.

"Stay a moment for me, Helen, my dear."

Helen hesitated.

"Then you won't take down the books?" said she.

"Nay, one moment; just let me show you the vignette."

"No, no—pray don't; Mademoiselle said you must not."

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

"O, no; I can't stay, indeed!" said Helen, pulling away her hand.

"La! what a child you are!" said Lady Augusta, laughing; "its mamma sha'n't be angry with it, she sha'n't. La! what harm can there be in looking at a vignette?"

"Why, to be sure there can be no harm in looking at a vignette," said Helen, submitting from the same species of false shame which had conquered her understanding before, about the pistachio-colour.

"Well, look!" said Lady Augusta, opening the book, "isn't this exceedingly pretty?"

"Exceedingly pretty," said Helen, scarce seeing it; "now shall we go down?"

"No, stay: as you think that pretty, I can show you a much prettier."

"Well, only *one* then."

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

The vignettes, in fact, were not extraordinarily beautiful; nor, if they had been, would she have taken the least pleasure in seeing them in such a surreptitious manner. She did not, however, see all the difficulties into which this first deviation from proper conduct would lead her. Alas! no one ever can.

Just when they were within three leaves of the end of the



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Helen attempted to answer.

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

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

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

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

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

She was upon the point of producing the book before all the company; but Lady Augusta pressed her arm, and she forbore, for she thought it would be dishonourable to betray her.

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

As they went downstairs to tea, Lady Augusta, with familiar fondness, took Helen’s hand.

“You need not fear,” said Helen, withdrawing her hand coldly; “I shall not betray you, Augusta.”



"You'll promise me that?"

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

After tea, Lady Augusta was requested to sit down to the pianoforte, and favour the company with an Italian song. She sat down, and played and sung with the greatest ease and gaiety imaginable! while Helen, incapable of feeling, still more incapable of affecting gaiety, stood beside the harpsichord, her eyes bowed down with "*penetrative shame*."

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

"I can't," said Helen.

Her ladyship did not feel the force of this answer; for her own self-approbation could, it seems, be recovered at a very cheap rate; half a dozen strangers listening with unmeaning smiles and encomiums to her execution of one of Clementi's lessons, were sufficient to satisfy her ambition. Nor is this surprising, when all her education had tended to teach her that what are called accomplishments are superior to everything else. Her drawings were next to be produced, and admired. The table was presently covered with fruit, flowers, landscapes, men's, women's, and children's heads; while Mademoiselle was suffered to stand holding a large portfolio, till she was ready to faint; nor was she, perhaps, the only person in company who was secretly tired of the exhibition.

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

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

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

The carriage came to the door; and while Helen put on her



cloak, Mademoiselle assisted her, so that she could not speak to Lady Augusta. At last, when she was taking leave of her, she said, "Will you let me give you the book?" and half drew it from her pocket.

"O, goodness! not now: I can't take it now."

"What shall I do with it?"

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

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

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

Now she had promised her mother never to borrow any book without her knowledge; and certainly she had not the slightest intention to forfeit her word, when she first was persuaded to look at the vignettes. "Oh," said she to herself, "where will all this end? What shall I do now? Why was I so weak as to stay to look at the prints? And why did I fancy I should like Lady Augusta before I knew anything of her? Oh, how much I wish I had never seen her!"

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

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

Helen scarcely knew what it was to lie awake at night; she generally slept soundly from the moment she went to bed till the morning, and then wakened as gay as a lark; but now it was quite otherwise; she lay awake, uneasy and restless; her pillow was wet with her tears; she turned from side to side, but in vain; it was the longest night she had remembered; she wished a thousand times for morning; but when the morning came, she got up with a very heavy heart; all her usual occupations had lost their charms; and what she felt the most painful was her mother's kind, open, unsuspecting manner. She had



never, at least she had never for many years, broken her word; she had long felt the pleasure of integrity, and knew how to estimate its loss.

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

But, besides this, she was totally at a loss to know what step she was next to take; nor could she consult the friends she had always been accustomed to apply to for advice. Two ideas of honour, two incompatible ideas, were struggling in her mind. She thought that she should not betray her companion, and she knew she ought not to deceive her mother. She was fully resolved never to open the book which she had in her pocket, but yet she was to keep it she knew not how long. Lady Augusta had desired her to send it home: but she did not see how this was to be accomplished, without having recourse to the secret assistance of servants, a species of meanness to which she had never stooped. She thought she saw herself involved in inextricable difficulties. She knew not what to do; she laid her head down upon her arms and wept bitterly.

Her mother just then came into the room.

"Helen, my dear," said she, without taking any notice of her tears, "here's a fan which one of the servants just brought out of the carriage; I find it was left there by accident all night. The man tells me, that Mademoiselle Panache put it into the front pocket, and said it was a present from Lady Augusta to Miss Helen." It was a splendid French fan.

"Oh," said Helen, "I can't take it! I can't take any present from Lady Augusta. I wish——"

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

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

"Yes," said her mother, "I did; but I did not choose to inquire the cause; I thought if you had wished I should know it, that you would have told it to me. You are now old enough, Helen, to be treated with confidence."

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



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

"But I have done what is very dishonourable," said Helen. "At least I may tell you all that concerns myself. I am afraid you will think I have broken my promise," said she, drawing the book from her pocket. "I have brought home this book." She paused, and seemed to wait for her mother's reproaches: but her mother was silent; she did not look angry, but surprised and sorry.

"Is this all you wished to say?"

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

"No," said her mother; "that I assure you I will not."

"And now, mother, will you—and you'll set my heart at ease again—will you tell me what I shall do with the book?"

"That I cannot possibly do. I cannot advise when I don't know the circumstances; I pity you, Helen, but I cannot help you; you must judge for yourself."

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

Her mother sent it without looking at the direction.

"O, mother! how good you are to me," said Helen. "And now, madam, what shall be my punishment?"

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

"Oh! have I lost your confidence?"

"Not lost, but lessened it," said her mother. "I cannot possibly feel the same confidence in you now, that I did yesterday morning; I cannot feel the same dependence upon a person who has deceived me, as upon one who never had; could you?"

"No, certainly," said Helen, with a deep sigh.

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

Helen's note contained much eloquence and more simplicity; but as to the effect upon Lady Augusta, she calculated ill. No answer was returned but a few ostensible lines:—"Lady Augusta's compliments, and she was happy to hear Miss Helen T. was better, &c."—And, strange to tell! when they met about



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

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

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

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

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

"That was too general an expression, Helen," said Mrs. Temple; "and it is neither wise nor just to judge of any set of people by an individual, whether that individual be good or bad.—All French governesses are not like Mademoiselle Panache."

Helen corrected her expression, and said, "Well, I mean I would not for the world have such a governess as Mademoiselle Panache."

---

## PART II.

---

THE tendency of any particular mode of education is not always perceived before it is too late to change the habits or the character of the pupil: to superficial observers, children of nearly the same age often seem much alike in manners and disposition, who, in a few years afterward, appear in every respect strikingly different. We have given our readers some idea of the manner in which Mrs. Temple educated her daughters, and some notion of the mode in which Lady Augusta was managed by Mademoiselle Panache: the difference between the characters of Helen and Lady Augusta, though visible, even at the early age of twelve or thirteen, to an intelligent mother, was scarcely noticed by common acquaintance, who contented themselves



with the usual phrases, as equally applicable to both the young ladies: "Upon my word, Lady Augusta and Miss Helen Temple are both of them very fine girls, and very highly accomplished, and vastly well educated, as I understand. I really cannot tell which to prefer. Lady Augusta, to be sure, is rather the taller of the two, and her manners are certainly more womanly and fashioned than Miss Helen's; but then, Miss Helen Temple has something of simplicity about her that some people think very engaging. For my part, I don't pretend to judge—girls alter so; there's no telling, at twelve years old, what they may turn out at sixteen."

From twelve to sixteen, Lady Augusta continued under the direction of Mademoiselle Panache; whilst her mother, content with her daughter's progress in external accomplishments, paid no attention to the cultivation of her temper or her understanding. Lady S—— lived much in what is called the world; was fond of company, and fonder of cards; sentimentally anxious to be thought a good mother, but indolently willing to leave her daughter wholly to the care of a French governess, whose character she had never taken the trouble to investigate. Not that Lady S—— could be ignorant that, however well qualified to teach the true French pronunciation, she could not be a perfectly eligible companion for her daughter, as she grew up; her ladyship intended to part with the governess when Lady Augusta was fifteen; but from day to day, and from year to year, this was put off: sometimes Lady S—— thought it a pity to dismiss Mademoiselle because—"she was the best creature in the world;" sometimes she rested content with the idea that six months more or less could not signify; till at length *family reasons* obliged her to postpone Mademoiselle's dismissal; part of the money intended for the payment of the governess's salary had been unfortunately lost by the mother at the card-table. Lady Augusta consequently continued under the auspices of Mademoiselle Panache till her ladyship was eighteen, and her education was supposed to be entirely completed.

In the mean time Mademoiselle Panache endeavoured, by all the vulgar arts of flattery, to ingratiate herself with her pupil, in hopes that from a governess she might become a *companion*. The summer months seemed unusually long to the impatient young lady, whose imagination daily anticipated the glories of her next winter's campaign. Towards the end of July, however, a reinforcement of visitors came to her mother's, and the present began to engage some attention as well as the future. Amongst



these visitors was Lord George —, a young nobleman, near twenty-one, who was heir to a very considerable fortune. We mention his fortune *first*, because it was his *first* merit, even in his own opinion. Cold, silent, selfish, supercilious, and silly, there appeared nothing in him to engage the affections or to strike the fancy of a fair lady; but Lady Augusta's fancy was not fixed upon his lordship's character or manners, and much that might have disgusted, consequently escaped her observation. Her mother had not considered the matter very attentively, but she thought that this young nobleman might be no bad match for her Augusta, and she trusted that her daughter's charms would make their due impression on his heart. Some weeks passed away in fashionable negligence of the lady on his part, and alternate pique and coquetry on hers; whilst, during these operations, her confidante and governess was too much occupied with her own manœuvres to attend to those of her pupil. Lord George had with him upon this visit a Mr. Dashwood, who was engaged to accompany him upon his travels, and who had had the honour of being his lordship's tutor. At the name of a *tutor*, let no one picture to himself a gloomy pedant; or yet a man whose knowledge, virtue and benevolence would command the respect, or win the affections of youth. Mr. Dashwood could not be mistaken for a pedant, unless a coxcomb be a sort of pedant. Dashwood pretended neither to win affection, nor to command respect; but he was, as his pupil emphatically swore, "the best fellow in the world." Upon this best fellow in the world Mademoiselle Panache fixed her sagacious hopes: she began to think that it would be infinitely better to be the wife of the gallant Mr. Dashwood, than the humble companion or the slighted governess of the capricious Lady Augusta. Having thus far opened the views and characters of these various personages, we shall now give our readers an opportunity of judging of them by their words and actions.

"You go with us, my lord, to the archery meeting this evening?" said Lady S —, as she rose from breakfast. His lordship gave a negligent assent. "Ah!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Panache, turning eagerly to Dashwood, "have you seen *de uniforme*? — *C'est charmant*; and I have no small hand in it."

Dashwood paid the expected compliment to her taste. "Ah! *non*," said she, "you are too good, too flattering; but you must tell me your judgment without flattery? *Vous êtes homme de goût*, though an Englishman: you see, I have got no *préjugés*." Dashwood bowed. "*Allons!*" said she, starting up with vast



gaiety, "we have got no time to lose. I have the *rubans* to put to de bow: I must go and attend my Diane."

"Attend her Diane," repeated Dashwood, the moment the door was shut, and he was left alone with Lord George.

"Attend her Diane! a very proper attendant." Lord George was wholly indifferent to propriety or impropriety upon this, as upon all other subjects. "What are we to do with ourselves, I wonder, this morning?" said he, with his customary yawn; and he walked towards the window. The labour of finding employment for his lordship always devolved upon his companion. "I thought, my lord," said Dashwood, "you talked yesterday of going upon the water; the river is very smooth, and I hope we shall have a fine day."

"I hope so, too; but over the hill yonder it looks confounded black, eh? Well, at any rate, we may go down and make some of them get ready to go with us. I'll take my black Tom—he's a handy fellow."

"But if you take black Tom," said Dashwood, laughing, "we must not expect to have the ladies of our party: for you know Mademoiselle has an unconquerable *antipaty*, as she calls it, to a negro."

Lord George declared that for this very reason he would order black Tom down to the water-side, and that he should enjoy her affectation, or her terror, whichever it was, of all things. "I suppose," said he, "she'll scream as loud as Lady Augusta screamed at a frog the other day."

"I'll lay you a wager I spoil your sport, my lord. I'll lay you a guinea I get Mademoiselle into the boat without a single scream," said Dashwood.

"Done!" said Lord George. "Two to one she screams."

"Done!" said Dashwood; and he hoped that by proposing this bet he had provided his pupil with an object for the whole morning. But Lord George was not so easily roused immediately after breakfast. "It looks terribly like rain," said he, going back irresolutely, between the door and the window. "Do you think it will rain, eh?"

"No, no; I'm sure it will not rain."

"I wouldn't lay two to one of that, however; look at this great cloud that's coming."

"Oh! it will blow over."

"I don't know that," said Lord George, shaking his head with great solemnity. "Which way is the wind?"—opening the window—"Well, I believe it may hold up, eh?"



"Certainly; I think so."

"Then I'll call black Tom, eh?—though I think one grows tired of going upon the water," muttered his lordship, as he left the room. "Couldn't one find something better?"

"Nothing better," thought Dashwood, "but to hang yourself, my lord, which I'll be bound you'll do before you are forty, for want of something better. But that's not my affair."

"Where's Mademoiselle?" cried Lady Augusta, entering hastily, with a bow and arrow in her hand; "I've lost my quiver: where's Mademoiselle?"

"Upon my word I don't know," said Dashwood, assuming an air of interest.

"You don't know, Mr. Dashwood!" said Lady Augusta, sarcastically; "that's rather extraordinary. I make it a rule, whenever I want Mademoiselle, to ask where you are, and I never found myself disappointed before."

"I am sorry, madam, you should ever be disappointed," said Dashwood, laughing. "Is this your ladyship's *own* taste?" added he, taking the painted bow out of her hand. "It's uncommonly pretty."

"Pretty or not, Lord George did not think it worth while to look at it last night. His lordship will go through the world mighty easily—don't you think so, Mr. Dashwood?" Dashwood attempted an apology for his pupil, but in such a sort, as if he did not mean it to be accepted, and then returning the bow to her ladyship's hand, paused, sighed, and observed, that upon the whole, it was happy for his lordship that he possessed so much *nonchalance*. "Persons of a different cast," continued he, "cannot, as your ladyship justly observes, expect to pass through life so easily." This speech was pronounced in a tone so different from Dashwood's usual careless gaiety, that Lady Augusta could not help being struck with it; and, by her vanity, it was interpreted precisely as the gentleman wished. Rank and fortune were her serious objects; but she had no objection to amusing herself with romance. The idea of seeing the gay, witty Mr. Dashwood metamorphosed by the power of her charms into a despairing, sighing swain, played upon her imagination, and she heard his first sigh with a look which plainly showed how well she understood its meaning.

"Why now, was there ever anything so provoking!" cried Lord George, swinging himself into the room.

"What's the matter, my lord?" said Dashwood.

"Why, don't you see, it's raining as hard as it can rain!"



replied his lordship, with the true pathos of a man whose happiness is dependent upon the weather. His scheme of going upon the water being now impracticable, he lounged about the room all the rest of the morning, supporting that miserable kind of existence which idle lords, as well as gentlemen, are doomed to support, they know not how, upon a rainy day. Neither Lady Augusta nor her mother, in calculating the advantages and disadvantages of an alliance with his lordship, ever once considered his habits of listless idleness as any objection in a companion for life.

After dinner the day cleared up—the ladies were dressed in their archery uniforms—the carriages came to the door, and Lord George was happy in the prospect of driving his new phaeton. Dashwood handed the ladies to their coach; for his lordship was too much engaged in confabulation with his groom on the merits of his off leader to pay attention to anything else upon earth.

His phaeton was presently out of sight, for he gloried in driving as fast as possible; and to reward his exertions, he had the satisfaction of hearing two strangers, as he passed them say—“Ha! upon my word, those horses go well!” A postillion at a turnpike-gate, moreover, exclaimed to a farmer who stood with his mouth wide open—“There goes Lord George! he cuts as fine a figure on the road as e’er a man in England.” Such was the style of praise of which this young nobleman was silly enough to be vain.

“I’ve been *in* these three quarters of an hour!” cried he, exulting, when Lady S—— got out of her coach.

“There has been no shooting yet, though, I hope?” said Lady Augusta.

“No, no, ma’am,” replied Dashwood; “but the ladies are all upon the green—a crowd of fair competitors; but I’d bet a thousand pounds upon your ladyship’s arrows. Make way there—make way,” cried the man of gallantry, in an imperious tone, to some poor people who crowded round the carriage; and talking and laughing loud, he pushed forward, making as much bustle in seating the ladies as they could have wished. Being seated, they began to bow and nod to their acquaintance. “There’s Mrs. Temple and her daughters,” said Lady S——.

“Where, ma’am?” said Lady Augusta, “I’m sure I did not expect to meet them here. Where are they?”

“Just opposite to us. Pray, Mr. Dashwood, who is that gentleman in brown who is talking to Miss Helen Temple?”



"Upon my word I don't know, madam. He bowed just now to Lord George."

"Did he?" said Lady Augusta. "I wonder who he is."

Lord George soon satisfied her curiosity, for coming up to them, he said, negligently—"Dashwood, there's young Mountague yonder."

"Ha! is that young Mountague? Well, is his father dead? What has he done with that old quiz?"

"Ask him yourself," said Lord George, sullenly, "I asked him just now, and he looked as black as November."

"He is so fond of his father; it's quite a bore," said Dashwood. "I think he'll be a *quiz* himself in due time."

"No," said Lord George, "he knows better than that too, in some things. He has a monstrous fine horse with him here; and that's a good pretty girl that he's going to marry."

"Is he going to be married to Miss Helen Temple?" said Lady S—. "Who is he, pray? I hope a suitable match?"

"That I can't tell, for I don't know what she *has*," replied Lord George—"But Mountague can afford to do as he pleases—very good family—fine fortune?"

"Yes; old quiz has made an excellent nurse to his estate," observed Dashwood; "he owes him some gratitude for that."

"Is not he very young, to settle in the world?" said Lady S—.

"Young; yes—only a year older than I am," said Lord George; "but I knew he'd never be quiet till he got himself *noosed*."

"I suppose he'll be at the ball, to-night," said Lady Augusta, "and then we shall see something of him, perhaps. It's an age since we've seen the Misses Temple anywhere. I wonder whether there's anything more than report, my lord, in this conquest of Miss Helen Temple's? Had you the thing from good authority?"

"Authority!" said Lord George; "I don't recollect my authority, faith:—somebody said so to me, I think. It's nothing to me at any rate." Lady Augusta's curiosity, however, was not quite so easily satisfied as his lordship's; she was resolved to study Mr. Mountague thoroughly at the ball; and her habitual disposition to coquetry, joined to a dislike of poor Helen, which originated whilst they were children, made her form a strong desire to rival Helen in the admiration of this young gentleman of—"very good family, and fine fortune." Her ladyship was just falling into a reverie upon this subject, when she was summoned to join the archeresses.



The prize was a silver arrow. The ladies were impatient to begin—the green was cleared. Some of the spectators took their seats on benches under the trees, whilst a party of gentlemen stood by to supply the ladies with arrows. Three ladies shot, but widely from the mark; a fourth tried her skill, but no applause ensued; the fifth came forward, a striking figure, elegantly dressed, who, after a prelude of very becoming diffidence drew her bow, and took aim in the most graceful attitude imaginable.

"Who is that beautiful creature?" exclaimed Mr. Mountague, with enthusiasm; and, as the arrow flew from the bow, he started up, wishing it success. "The nearest by six inches that has been shot yet," cried Dashwood. "Here, sir! here!" said he to Mr. Mountague, who went up to examine the target. "This is Lady Augusta S——'s arrow, within the second circle, almost put out the bull's eye!" The clamour of applause at length subsiding, several other arrows were shot; but none came near to Lady Augusta's, and the prize was unanimously acknowledged to be hers.

The silver arrow was placed on high over the mark, and several gentlemen tried to reach it in vain. Mr. Mountague sprang from the ground with great activity, brought down the arrow, and presented it, with an air of gallantry, to the fair victor.

"My dear Helen," said Emma to her sister, in a low voice, "you are not well?"

"I?" replied Helen, turning quickly; "why, can you think me so mean as to——?"

"Hush, hush! you don't consider how loud you are speaking."

"Am I?" said Helen, alarmed, and lowering her tone: "but then, why did you say I was not well?"

"Because you looked so pale."

"Pale? I'm sure I don't look pale," said Helen,—"*do I?*"

"Not now, indeed," said Emma, smiling.

"Was not it an excellent shot?" said Mr. Mountague, returning to them; "but you are not near enough to see it; do come and look at it." Mrs. Temple rose and followed him. "I can't say," continued he, "that I particularly admire lady archeresses; but this really is a surprising shot." "It really is a surprising shot," said Helen, looking at it quite at ease. But a moment afterward she observed that Mr. Mountague's eyes were not intent upon the *surprising shot*, but were eagerly



turned to another side of the green, where, illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, stood a beautiful figure, playing with a silver arrow, totally unconscious, as he imagined, either of her own charms or his admiration. "Are you acquainted with Lady Augusta?" said Mr. Mountague.

"Yes," said Mrs. Temple. "Are you?"

"Not yet; but I am very well acquainted with her mother. I have met her often in town—a silly card-playing woman. I hope her daughter is as little like her in mind as in her person." Here Mr. Mountague paused, for they had walked up quite close to the seemingly unconscious beauty. "Oh, Mrs. Temple!" said she, starting, and then recovering herself, with an innocent smile—"is it you? I beg ten thousand pardons;" and, offering a hand to Helen and Emma, seemed delighted to see them. Helen involuntarily drew back her hand with as much coldness as she could, without being absolutely rude.

It was now late in the evening, and as the ball was to begin at ten, the ladies called for their carriages, that they might drive to their lodgings in an adjacent town, to change their dress. In the crowd, Helen happened to be pretty close behind Lady S—, so close, that she could not avoid hearing her conversation.

"Dear ma'am," an elderly lady in black was saying to her, "I can assure you your ladyship has been misinformed; I assure you it is no such thing. He's a relation of the family's: he has paid a long visit in this country, but then it is a parting visit to his uncle: he sets out immediately for Italy, I'm told. I assure you, your ladyship has been misinformed: he and his uncle are often at Mrs. Temple's, but, depend upon it, he has no thoughts of Miss Helen."

These words struck Helen to the heart; she walked on, leaning upon her sister's arm, who fortunately happened to know where she was going. Emma helped her sister to recollect that it was necessary to get into the carriage when the step was let down. The carriage presently stopped with them at the inn, and they were shown to their rooms. Helen sat down the moment she got upstairs, without thinking of dressing; and her mother's hair was half finished when she turned round and said—"Why, Helen, my dear, you certainly will not be ready."

"Shan't I, ma'am?" said Helen, starting up. "Is there any occasion that we should dress any more?"

"Nay, my dear," said Mrs. Temple, laughing, "look in the glass at your hair, it has been blown all over your face by the wind."



"It is a great deal of useless trouble," said Helen, as she began the duties of the toilet.

"Why, Helen, this is a sudden fit of laziness," said her mother.

"No, indeed, mamma, I'm not lazy; but I really don't think it signifies. Nobody will take notice how I am dressed, I dare say."

"A sudden fit of humility, then," said Mrs. Temple, still laughing.

"No, ma'am; but you have often told us how little it signifies. When the ball is over, everything about it is forgotten in a few hours."

"Oh, a sudden fit of philosophy, Helen?"

"No, indeed, mother," said Helen, sighing, "I'm sure I don't pretend to any philosophy."

"Well then, a sudden fit of caprice, Helen?"

"No, indeed, ma'am."

"No, indeed, ma'am," said Mrs. Temple, still rallying her. "Why, Helen, my dear, you have answered, 'No, indeed, ma'am,' to everything I've said this half-hour."

"No, indeed, mother," said Helen; "but I assure you, ma'am," continued she, in a hurried manner, "if you would only give me leave to explain——"

"My dear child," said Mrs. Temple, "this is no time for explanations; make haste and dress yourself, and follow me down to tea." Mr. Mountague was engaged to drink tea with Mrs. Temple.

How many reflections sometimes pass rapidly in the mind in the course of a few minutes!

"I am weak, ridiculous, and unjust," said Helen to herself. "Because Lady Augusta won a silver arrow, am I vexed? Why should I be displeased with Mr. Mountague's admiring her? I will appear no more like a fool; and heaven forbid I should ever become envious."

As this last thought took possession of her mind, she finished dressing herself, and went with Emma down to tea. The well wrought up dignity with which Helen entered the parlour, was however thrown away upon this occasion; for opposite to her mother at the tea-table, there appeared, instead of Mr. Mountague, only an empty chair, and an empty tea-cup and saucer, with a spoon in it. He was gone to the ball, and when Mrs. Temple and her daughters arrived there, they found him at the bottom of a country dance, talking in high spirits to his



partner, Lady Augusta —, who, in the course of the evening, cast many looks of triumph upon Helen. But Helen kept to her resolution of commanding her own mind, and maintained an easy serenity of manner, which the consciousness of superior temper never fails to bestow. Towards the end of the night she danced one dance with Mr. Mountague, and, as he was leading her to her place, Augusta and two or three of her companions came up, all seemingly stifling a laugh. "What is the matter?" said Helen. "Why, my dear creature," said Lady Augusta, who still apparently laboured under a violent inclination to laugh, and whispering to Helen, but so loud that she could distinctly be overheard, "you must certainly be in love."

"Madam!" said Helen, colouring and much distressed.

"Yes, you certainly must," pursued Lady Augusta, rudely; for ladies of quality can be as rude, sometimes ruder, than other people. "Must not she, Lady Di?" appealing to one of her companions, and laughing affectedly; "must not she be either in love or out of her senses? Pray, Miss Temple, put out your foot." Helen put out her foot.

"Ay, that's the black one; well, the other." Now the other was white. The ill-bred raillery recommenced; Helen, though somewhat abashed, smiled with great good humour, and walked on towards her seat. "What is the matter, my dear?" said her mother.

"Nothing, madam," answered Mr. Mountague, "but that Miss Helen Temple's shoes are odd, and her temper even." These few words, which might pass in a ball-room, were accompanied with a look of approbation which made ample amends for the pain she had felt. He then sat down by Mrs. Temple, and, without immediately adverting to anyone, spoke with indignation of coquetry, and lamented that so many beautiful girls should be spoiled by affectation.

"If they be spoiled, should they bear all the blame?" said Mrs. Temple. "If young women were not deceived into a belief that affectation pleases, they would scarcely trouble themselves to practise it so much."

"Deceived!" said Mr. Mountague; "but is anybody deceived by a person's saying, 'I have the honour to be, madam, your obedient humble servant?' Besides, as to pleasing, what do we mean?—pleasing for a moment, for a day, or for life?"

"Pleasing for a moment," said Helen, smiling, "is of some consequence: for if we take care of the moments, the years will take care of themselves, you know."



"Pleasing for *one* moment though," said Mr. Mountague, "is very different, as you must perceive, from pleasing *every* moment."

Here the country dance suddenly stopped, and three or four couples were thrown into confusion. The gentlemen were stooping down, as if looking for something on the floor. "Oh, I beg, I insist upon it—you can't think how much you distress me!" cried a voice, which sounded like Lady Augusta's. Mr. Mountague immediately went to see what was the matter. "It is only my bracelet," said she, turning to him. "Don't, pray don't trouble yourself," cried she, as he stooped to assist in collecting the scattered pearls, which she received with grace in the whitest hand imaginable. "Nay, now I must insist upon it," said she to Mr. Mountague, as he stooped again; "you shall not plague yourself any longer." And in her anxiety, to prevent him from plaguing himself any longer, she laid upon his arm the white hand which he had an instant before so much admired. Whether all Mr. Mountague's sober contempt of coquetry was at this moment the prevalent feeling in his mind, we cannot presume to determine; we must only remark, that the remainder of the evening was devoted to Lady Augusta: he sat beside her at supper, and paid her a thousand compliments, which Helen in vain endeavoured to persuade herself meant nothing more than—"I am, madam, your obedient humble servant."

"It is half after two," said Mrs. Temple, when she rose to go. "Half after two," said Mr. Mountague, as he handed Mrs. Temple to her carriage. "Bless me! can it be so late?"

All the way home Emma and Mrs. Temple were obliged to support the conversation; for Helen was so extremely entertained with watching the clouds passing over the moon that nothing else could engage her attention.

The gossiping old lady's information respecting Mr. Mountague, was as accurate as the information of gossips usually is found to be. Mr. Mountague, notwithstanding her opinion and sagacity, *had thoughts of Miss Helen Temple*. During some months which he had spent at his uncle's, who lived very near Mrs. Temple, he had had opportunities of studying Helen's character and temper, which he found perfectly well suited to his own; but he had never yet declared his attachment to her. Things were in this undecided situation, when he saw and was struck with the beauty of Lady Augusta — at this archery ball. Lord George — introduced him to Lady S —, and in consequence of a pressing invitation he received from her ladyship, he went to spend a few days at S — hall.



"So Mr. Mountague is going to spend a week at S—— hall, I find," said Mrs. Temple, as she and her daughters were sitting at work, the morning after the archery ball. To this simple observation of Mrs. Temple's, a silence, which seemed as if it never would be broken, ensued.

"Helen, my dear," said Mrs. Temple, in a soft voice. "Ma'am!" said Helen, starting. "You need not start so, my dear; I am not going to say anything very tremendous. When you and your sister were children, if you remember, I often used to tell you that I looked forward with pleasure to the time when I should live with you as friends and equals. That time is come, and I hope now that your own reason is sufficiently matured to be the guide of your conduct, that you do not think I any longer desire you to be governed by my *will*. Indeed," continued she, "I consider you as my equals in every respect but in *age*, and I wish to make that inequality useful to you, by giving you, as far as I can, that advantage which only *age* can give—experience."

"You are *very* kind, dear mother," said Helen.

"But you must be sensible," said Mrs. Temple, in a graver tone, "that it will depend upon yourselves in a great measure whether I *can* be so much your friends as I should wish."

"Oh, mother," said Helen, "*be* my friend! I shall never have a better; and indeed, I want a friend," added she, the tears starting from her eyes. "You'll think me very silly, very vain. He never gave me any reason, I'm sure, to think so; but I did fancy that Mr. Mountague liked me."

"And," said Mrs. Temple, taking her daughter's hand, "without being very silly or very vain, may not one sometimes be mistaken? Then you thought you had won Mr. Montague's heart? But what did you think about your own? Take care you don't make another mistake"—smiling. "Perhaps you thought he could never win yours?"

"I never thought much about that," replied Helen, "till yesterday."

"And to-day?" said Mrs. Temple; "what do you think about it to-day?"

"Why," said Helen, "don't you think, mother, that Mr. Mountague has a great many good qualities?"

"Yes; a great many good qualities, a great many advantages, and amongst them the power of pleasing you."

"He would not think *that* any advantage," said Helen, "therefore I should be sorry that he had it."



"And so should I," said Mrs. Temple, "be very sorry that my daughter's happiness should be out of her own power."

"It is the uncertainty that torments me," resumed Helen, after a pause. "One moment I fancy that he prefers *me*; the next moment I am certain he prefers another. Yesterday, when we were coming away from the green, I heard Mrs. Hargrave say to Lady S——. But why, mother, should I take up your time with these minute circumstances? I ought not to think any more about it."

"Ought not," repeated Mrs. Temple; "my dear, it is a matter of prudence, rather than duty. By speaking to your mother with so much openness, you secure her esteem and affection; and amongst the goods of this life, you will find the esteem and affection of a mother worth having," concluded Mrs. Temple, with a smile; and Helen parted from her mother with a feeling of gratitude, which may securely be expected from an ingenuous well-educated daughter, who is treated with similar kindness.

No one was ready for breakfast the morning that Mr. Mountague arrived at S—— hall, and he spent an hour alone in the breakfast-room. At length the silence was interrupted by a shrill female voice, which, as it approached nearer, he perceived to be the voice of a foreigner, half suffocated with ineffectual desire to make her anger intelligible. He could only distinguish the words—"I ring, ring, ring—ay, twenty time—and nobody mind my bell nor me, no more dan noting at all." With a violent push the breakfast-room door flew open, and Mademoiselle Panache, little expecting to find anybody there, entered, volubly repeating—"Dey let me ring, ring, ring!" Surprised at the sight of a gentleman, and a young gentleman, she repented having been so loud in her anger. However, upon the second reconnoitring glance at Mr. Mountague, she felt much in doubt how to behave towards him. Mademoiselle boasted often of the well-bred instinct by which she could instantly distinguish—"un homme comme il faut" from any other; yet sometimes, like Falstaff's, her instinct was fallacious. Recollecting that Lady S—— had sent for an apothecary, she took it into her head that Mr. Mountague was this apothecary. "Miladi is not visible yet, sir," said she; "does she know you are here?"

"I hope not, ma'am, for I should be very sorry she were to be disturbed after sitting up so late last night."

"Oh, dat will do her no harm, for I gave her, *pardonnez*, some excellent white wine whey out of my own head last night,



when she got into her bed. I hope you don't make no objection to white wine whey, sir?"

"I! not in the least, ma'am."

"Oh, I'm glad you don't disapprove of what I've done! You attend many family in this country, sir?"

"Madam!" said Mr. Mountague, taking an instant's time to consider what she could mean by *attend*.

"You *visit* many family in this country, sir?" persisted Mademoiselle.

"Very few, ma'am; I am a stranger in this part of the world, except at Mrs. Temple's."

"Madame Temple, ah, *oui*, I know her very well; she has two fine daughters—I mean when dey have seen more of the world. It's a great pity too, dey have never had de advantage of a native, to teach dem de good prononciation *de la langue Française*. Madame Temple will repent herself of dat when it is too late, as I tell her always. But, sir, you have been at her house? I am sorry, we did not hear none of the family had been indisposed."

"They are all now perfectly well, ma'am," replied Mr. Mountague, "except, indeed, that Mrs. Temple had a slight cold last week."

"But she is re-establish by your *advise*, I suppose—and she, did she recommend you to miladi?"

"No, madam," said Mr. Mountague, not a little puzzled by Mademoiselle's phraseology; "Lord George — did me the honour to introduce me to Lady S——."

"Ah, milord George! are you a long time acquainted wid milord?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have known Lord George many years."

"Ah, many year! you be de family physician, *apparemment*?"

"The family physician! Oh, no, ma'am!" said Mr. Mountague, smiling.

"Eh!" said Mademoiselle, "but dat is being too modest. Many take *de titre* of physician, I'll engage, wid less pretensions. And," added she, looking graciously, "*absolument*, I will not have you call yourself family *apothicaire*."

At this moment Lord George came in, and shook his family apothecary by the hand with an air of familiarity which astounded Mademoiselle. "*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" whispered she to Dashwood, who followed his lordship. "Is not dis his *apothicaire*?" Dashwood, at this question, burst into a loud laugh. "Mr. Mountague," cried he, "have you been prescribing for Mademoiselle?—she asks, if you are not an apothecary,"



Immediately Lord George, who was fond of a joke, especially when there was a chance of throwing ridicule upon anybody superior to him in abilities, joined most heartily in Dashwood's mirth; repeating the story as "an excellent thing," to every one, as they came down to breakfast; especially to Lady Augusta, whom he congratulated the moment she entered the room, upon her having danced the preceding evening with an apothecary. "Here he is!" said he, pointing to Mr. Mountague. "*Ma chère amie! mon cœur!* tink of my mistaking your Mr. Mountague for such a sort of person. If you had only told me, sir, dat you were Miladi Augusta's partner last night, it would saved me de necessity of making ten million apologies for my stupidity, dat could not find it out. *Ma chère amie! mon cœur!* Miladi Augusta, will you make my excuse?"

"*Ma chère ami! mon cœur!*" repeated Mr. Mountague to himself; "is it possible that this woman can be an intimate friend of Lady Augusta's?" What was his surprise when he discovered that Mademoiselle Panache had been her ladyship's governess! He fell into a melancholy reverie for some moments. "So she has been educated by a vulgar, silly, conceited French governess," said he to himself; "but that is her misfortune, not her fault. She is very young, and a man of sense might make her what he pleased." When Mr. Mountague recovered from his reverie, he heard the company, as they seated themselves at the breakfast-table, begin to talk over the last night's ball. "You did not tire yourself last night with dancing, my lord," said Dashwood.

"No; I hate dancing," replied Lord George; "I wish the ladies would take to dancing with one another; I think that would be an excellent scheme." An aunt of his lordship's, who was present, took great offence at this suggestion of her nephew's. She had been used to the deference paid in former times to the sex; and she said she could not bear to see women give up their proper places in society. "Really, George," added she, turning to her nephew, "I wish you would not talk in this manner. The young men now give themselves the strangest airs. Lady S—— I will expose him: do you know, last night he was lolling at his full length upon a bench in the ball-room, while three young handsome ladies were standing opposite to him tired to death."

"They could not be more tired than I was, I am sure, ma'am."

"Why, you had not been dancing, and they had."

"Had they, ma'am? that was not my fault. I did not ask 'em to dance, and I don't see it was my business to ask 'em to



sit down. I did not know who they were, at any rate," concluded his lordship, sullenly.

"You knew they were women, and as such entitled to your respect."

Lord George gave a sneering smile, looked at Dashwood, and pulled up his boot.

"Another thing: you were in the house three weeks with Miss Earl last summer; you met her yesterday evening, and you thought proper not to take the least notice of her."

"Miss Earl, ma'am, was she there?"

"Yes; close to you, and you never even bowed to her."

"I did not see her, ma'am."

"Mrs. Earl spoke to you."

"I didn't hear her, ma'am."

"I told you of it at the moment."

"I didn't understand you, ma'am."

"Besides, ma'am," interposed Dashwood, "as to Miss Earl, if she meant that my lord should bow to her, she should have curtsied first to him,"

"Curtsied first to him!"

"Yes; that's the rule—that's the thing now. The ladies are always to speak first."

"I have nothing more to say, if that be the case. Lady Augusta, what say you to all this?"

"Oh, that it's shocking, to be sure," said Lady Augusta, "if one thinks of it; so the only way is not to think about it."

"An excellent *bon mot*!" exclaimed Dashwood. "It's *thinking* that spoils conversation, and everything else."

"But," added Lady Augusta, who observed that her *bon mot* was not as much admired by all the company as by Dashwood, "I really only mean that one must do as other people do."

"*Assurément*," said Mademoiselle; "not dat I approve of de want of gallantry in our gentlemen, neider; but I tink Mademoiselle Earl is as stiff as de poker; and I don't approve of dat neider. *Je n'aime pas les prudes, moi*."

"But without prudery may not there be dignity of manners?" said the old lady, gravely.

"*Dignité*! Oh, I don't say nothing against *dignité* neider; not but I tink de English reserve is *de trop*. I tink a lady of a certain rank has always good *principles* enough, to be sure; and as to de rest, *qu'importe*! dat's my notions."

Mr. Mountague looked with anxiety at Lady Augusta, to see what she thought of her governess's notions; but all that he



could judge from her countenance was, that she did not think at all. "Well, she has time enough before her to learn to think," said he to himself. "I am glad she did not assent to Mademoiselle's notions, at least. I hope she has learned nothing from her but '*the true French pronunciation*.'"

No sooner was breakfast finished, than Lord George — gave his customary morning yawn, and walked as usual to the window. "Come," said Dashwood, in his free manner, "come, Mademoiselle, you must come down with us to the water-side, and Lady Augusta, I hope."

"Ay," whispered Lord George to Dashwood, "and let's settle our wager about Mademoiselle and my blackamore; don't think I'll let you off that."

"Off! I'm ready to double the bet, my lord," said Dashwood, aloud, and in the same moment turned to mademoiselle with some high-flown compliment about the beauty of her complexion, and the dangers of going without a veil on a hot sunny day.

"Well, Mr. Dashwood, when you've persuaded Mademoiselle to take the veil, we'll set out if you please," said Lady Augusta.

Mr. Mountague, who kept his attention continually upon Lady Augusta, was delighted to see that she waited for the elderly lady who at breakfast had said so much in favour of dignity of manners. Mr. Mountague did not at this moment consider that this elderly lady was Lord George's aunt, and that the attention paid to her by Lady Augusta might possibly proceed from motives of policy, not from choice. Young men of open tempers and generous dispositions are easily deceived by coquettes, because they cannot stoop to invent the meanness of their artifices. As Mr. Mountague walked down to the river, Lady Augusta contrived to entertain him so completely, that Helen Temple never once came into his mind; though he had sense enough to perceive his danger, he had not sufficient *courage* to avoid it: it sometimes requires courage to flee from danger. From this agreeable *tête-à-tête* he was roused, however, by the voice of Mademoiselle Panache, who, in an affected agony, was struggling to get away from Dashwood, who held both her hands. "No! no! *Non! non!* I will not—I will not; I tell you I will not."

"Nay, nay," said Dashwood; "but I have sworn to get you into the boat."

"Ah! into de boat *à la bonne heure*; but not wid dat villain black."

"Well, then, persuade Lord George to send back his man; and you'll acknowledge, my lord, in that case it's a drawn bet?" said Dashwood.



"I! not I; I'll acknowledge nothing," replied his lordship; and he swore his black Tom should not be sent away. "He's a capital boatman, and I can't do without him."

"Den I won't stir," said Mademoiselle passionately to Dashwood.

"Then I must carry you, must I?" cried Dashwood, laughing; and immediately, to Mr. Mountague's amazement, a romping scene ensued between this tutor and governess, which ended in Dashwood carrying Mademoiselle in his arms into the boat, amidst the secret derision of two footmen and the undisguised laughter of black Tom, who were spectators of the scene.

Mr. Mountague trembled at the thought of receiving a wife from the hands of a Mademoiselle Panache; but turning his eye upon Lady Augusta, he thought she blushed: and this blush at once saved her in his opinion, and increased his indignation against her governess. Mademoiselle, being now alarmed, and provoked by the laughter of the servants, the dry sarcastic manner of Lord George, the cool air of Mr. Mountague, and the downcast looks of her pupil, suddenly turned to Dashwood, and in a high angry tone assured him "that she had never seen nobody have so much assurance;" and she demanded furiously, "how he could ever tink to take such liberties wid her? Only tell me how you could dare to tink of it?"

"I confess I did not *think* as I ought to have done, Mademoiselle," replied Dashwood, looking an apology to Lady Augusta, which, however, he took great care Mademoiselle should not observe. "But your bet, my lord, if you please," added he, attempting to turn it off in a joke; "there was no scream; my bet's fairly won."

"I assure you, sir, dis won't do; it's no good joke, I promise you; *ma chère amie, mon cœur*," cried Mademoiselle to Lady Augusta. "*Viens*, come let us go. Don't touch dat," pursued she roughly to black Tom, who was going to draw away the plank that led to the shore. "I will go home dis minute, and speak to Miladi S—. *Viens, viens, ma chère amie!*" and she darted out of the boat, whilst Dashwood followed, in vain attempting to stop her. She prudently, however, took the longest way through the park, that she might have a full opportunity of *listening to reason*, as Dashwood called it; and before she reached home she was perfectly convinced of the expediency of moderate measures. "Let the thing rest where it is," said Dashwood; "it's a joke, and there's an end of it; but if you take it in earnest, you know the story might not tell so well,



even if you told it; and there would never be an end of it." All this, followed by a profusion of compliments, ratified a peace, which, the moment he had made, he laughed at himself for having taken so much trouble to effect; whilst Mademoiselle rested in the blessed persuasion that Dashwood was desperately in love with her; nay, so little knowledge had she of the human heart, as to believe that the scene which had just passed was a proof of his passion.

"I wonder where's Miladi Augusta: I thought she was wid me all dis time," said she.

"She's coming, don't you see her at the end of the grove with Mr. Mountague? we have walked fast."

"Oh, she can't never walk so fast as me; I tink I am as young as she is."

Dashwood assented, at the same time pondering upon the consequences of the attachment which he saw rising in Mr. Mountague's mind for Lady Augusta. If a man of sense were to gain an influence over her, Dashwood feared that all his hopes would be destroyed, and he resolved to use all his power over Mademoiselle to prejudice her, and by her means to prejudice her pupil against this gentleman. Mademoiselle's having begun by taking him for an *apothicaire*, was a circumstance much in favour of Dashwood's views, because she felt herself pledged to justify, or at least to persist in the her opinion, that he did not look like "*un homme comme il faut*."

In the mean time, Mr. Mountague was walking slowly towards them with Lady Augusta, who found it necessary to walk as slowly as possible because of the heat. He had been reflecting very soberly upon her ladyship's late blush, which, according to his interpretation, said, as plainly as a blush could say, all that the most refined sense and delicacy could dictate. Yet such is, upon some occasions, the inconsistency of the human mind, that he by no means felt *sure* that the lady had blushed at all. Her colour was, perhaps, a shade higher than usual, but then it was hot weather, and she had been walking. The doubt, however, Mr. Mountague thought proper to suppress; and the reality of the blush once thoroughly established in his imagination, formed the foundation of several ingenious theories of moral sentiment, and some truly logical deductions. A passionate admirer of grace and beauty, he could not help wishing that he might find Lady Augusta's temper and understanding equal to her personal accomplishments. When we are very anxious to discover perfections in any character, we generally succeed, or fancy that we



succeed. Mr. Mountague quickly discovered many amiable and interesting qualities in this fair lady; and though he perceived some defects, he excused them to himself with most philosophic ingenuity.

"Affectation," the judicious Locke observes, "has always the laudable aim of pleasing"; upon this principle Mr. Mountague could not reasonably think of it with severity. "From the desire of pleasing," argued he, "proceeds not only all that is amiable, but much of what is most estimable in the female sex. This desire leads to affectation and coquetry, to folly and vice only when it is extended to unworthy objects. The moment a woman's wish to please becomes discriminative, the moment she feels any attachment to a man superior to the vulgar herd, she not only ceases to be a coquette, but she exerts herself to excel in everything that he approves, and from her versatility of manners, she has the happy power of adapting herself to his taste, and of becoming all that his most sanguine wishes could desire." The proofs of this discriminative taste, and the first symptoms of this salutary attachment to a man superior to the vulgar herd, Mr. Mountague thought he discerned very plainly in Lady Augusta, nor did he ever forget that she was but eighteen. "She is so very young," said he to himself, "that it is but reasonable I should constantly consider what she may become, rather than what she is." To do him justice, we should observe, that her ladyship at this time, with all the address of which so young a lady was capable, did everything in her power to confirm Mr. Mountague in his favourable sentiments of her.

Waiting for some circumstance to decide his mind, he was at length determined by the generous enthusiasm, amiable simplicity and candid good sense, which Lady Augusta showed in speaking of a favourite friend of hers, of whom he could not approve. This friend, Lady Diana, was one of the rude ladies who had laughed with so much ill-nature at Helen's white and black shoes at the archery ball. She was a dashing, rich, extravagant, fashionable widow, affecting bold horsemanlike manners, too often "touching the brink of all we hate" without exciting any passions allied to love. Her look was almost an oath; her language was suitable to her looks; she swore, and dressed in the height of the fashion; she could drive four horses in hand; was a desperate huntress; and so loud in the praises of her dogs and horses, that she intimidated even sportsmen and jockeys. She talked so much of her favourite horse Spanker, that she acquired, amongst a particular set of gentlemen, the appellation



of my Lady Di Spanker. Lady Augusta perceived that the soft affectations remarkable in her own manners were in agreeable contrast in the company of this masculine dame: she therefore cultivated her acquaintance, and Lady S—— could make no objection to a woman who was well received everywhere; she was rather flattered to see her daughter taken notice of by this dashing belle: consequently Lady Di Spanker (for by that name we also shall call her) frequently rode over from Cheltenham, which was some miles distant from S—— Hall. One morning she called upon Lady Augusta, and insisted upon her coming out to try her favourite horse. All the gentlemen went down immediately to assist in putting her ladyship on horseback. This was quite unnecessary, for Lady Diana took that office upon herself. Lady Augusta was all timidity, and was played off to great advantage by the rough raillery of her friend. At length she conquered her fears so much, as to seat herself upon the side-saddle: her riding-mistress gathered up the reins for her, and fixed them properly in her timid hands; then armed her with her whip, exhorting her “for God’s sake not to be such a coward!” Scarcely was the word *coward* pronounced, when Lady Augusta, by some unguarded motion of her whip, gave offence to her high-mettled steed, who instantly began to rear: there was no danger, for Mountague caught hold of the reins, and Lady Augusta was dismounted in perfect safety. “How now, Spanker!” exclaimed Lady Di, in a voice calculated to strike terror into the nerves of a horse; “how now, Spanker!” and mounting him with masculine boldness of gesture, “I’ll teach you, sir, who’s your mistress,” continued she; “I’ll make you pay for these tricks!” Spanker reared again, and Lady Di gave him what she called “a complete dressing!” In vain Lady Augusta screamed; in vain the spectators entreated the angry amazon to spare the whip; she persisted in beating Spanker till she fairly mastered him. When he was perfectly subdued, she dismounted with the same carelessness with which she had mounted, and, giving the horse to her groom, pushed back her hat, and looked round for applause. Lord George, roused to a degree of admiration which he had never before been heard to express for anything female, swore, that in all his life he had never seen anything better done; and Lady Di Spanker received his congratulations with a loud laugh and a hearty shake of the hand. “Walk him about, Jack,” added she, turning to the groom, who held her horse; “walk him about, for he’s all in a lather, and when he’s cool bring him up here again. And then,



my dear child," she said to Lady Augusta, "you shall give him a fair trial."

"I! oh! never, never!" cried Lady Augusta, shrinking back with a faint shriek; "this is a trial to which you must not put my friendship. I must insist upon leaving Spanker to your management: I would not venture upon him again for the universe."

"How can you talk so like a child;—so like a woman!" cried her friend.

"I confess, I am a very woman," said Lady Augusta, with a sigh; "and I fear I shall never be otherwise."

"*Fear!*" repeated Mr. Mountague, to whom even the affectation of feminine softness and timidity appeared at this instant charming, from the contrast with the masculine intrepidity and disgusting coarseness of Lady Diana Spanker's manners. The tone in which he pronounced the single word *fear*, was sufficient to betray his feelings towards both the ladies. Lady Di gave him a look of sovereign contempt. "All I know and can tell you," cried she, "is that *fear* should never get a-horseback." Lord George burst into one of his loud laughs. "But as to the rest, *fear* may be a confounded good thing in its proper place; but they say it's catching, so I must run away from you, child," said she, to Lady Augusta. "Jack, bring up Spanker, I've twenty miles to ride before dinner. I've no time to lose [pulling out her watch]—faith I've fooled away an hour here—Spanker must make it up for me. God bless ye all!—Good bye!" and she mounted her horse, and galloped off full speed. "God bless ye! Good bye to ye, Lady Di Spanker," cried Dashwood, the moment she was out of hearing: "Heaven preserve us from amazons!" Lord George did not say, *Amen*. On the contrary, he declared she was a fine dashing woman, and seemed to have a great deal of blood about her. Mr. Mountague watched Lady Augusta's countenance in silence, and was much pleased to observe that she did not assent to his lordship's encomiums. "She has good sense enough to perceive the faults of her new friend; and now her eyes are open, she will no longer make a favourite companion, I hope, of this odious woman," thought he. "I am afraid, I am sadly afraid you are right," said Lady Augusta, going up to the elderly lady, whom we formerly mentioned, who had seen all that had passed from the open windows of the drawing-room. "I own I *do* see something of what you told me the other day you disliked so much in my friend Lady Di;" and Lady Augusta gave the candid sigh of expiring friendship as she uttered these words.



"Do you know," cried Dashwood, "that this spanking horse-woman has frightened us all out of our senses? I vow to heaven I never was so terrified in my life as when I saw you, Lady Augusta, upon that vicious animal."

"To be sure," said Lady Augusta, "it was very silly of me to venture; I almost broke my neck out of *pure friendship*."

"It is well it is no worse," said the elderly lady; "if a fall from a horse was the worse evil to be expected from a friendship with a woman of this sort it would be nothing very terrible."

Lady Augusta, with the appearance of ingenuous candour, sighed again, and replied, "It is so difficult to see any imperfections in those one loves! Forgive me, if I spoke with too much warmth, madam, the other day, in vindication of my friend. I own I ought to have paid more deference to your judgment and knowledge of the world, so much superior to my own! but certainly, I must confess, the impropriety of her amazonian manners, as Mr. Dashwood calls them, never struck my partial eyes till this morning. Nor could I, nor would I, believe half the world said of her; indeed, even now, I am persuaded she is, in the main, quite irreproachable; but I feel the truth of what you said to me, madam, that young women cannot be too careful in the choice of their female friends; that we are judged of by our companions: how unfairly one must be judged of sometimes!" concluded her ladyship, with a look of pensive reflection.

Mr. Mountague never thought her half so beautiful as at this instant. "How *mind* embellishes beauty!" thought he. "And what quality of the mind more amiable than candour! All that was wanting to her character was reflection, and could one expect so much reflection as this from a girl of eighteen, who has been educated by Mademoiselle Panache!" Our readers will observe, that this gentleman now reasoned like a madman, but not like a fool: his deductions from the appearances before him were admirable; but these appearances were false. He had not observed that Lady Augusta's eyes were opened to the defects of her amazonian friend in the very moment that Lord George — was roused to admiration by this horseman belle. Mr. Mountague did not perceive that the candid reflections addressed to his lordship's aunt were the immediate consequence of female jealousy.

The next morning, at breakfast, Lord George was summoned three times before he made his appearance; at length he burst in with a piece of news he had just heard from his groom,—



"that Lady Di Spanker, in riding home full-gallop the preceding day, had been thrown from her horse by an old woman. Faith I couldn't believe the thing," added Lord George, with a loud laugh; "for she certainly sits a horse better than any woman in England; but my groom had the whole story from the grand-daughter of the old woman who was run over."

"Run over!" exclaimed Lady Augusta, "was the poor woman run over? Was she hurt?"

"Hurt; yes, she was hurt, I fancy," said Lord George. "I never heart of anybody's being run over without being hurt. The girl has a petition, that will come up to us just now, I suppose. I saw her in the back yard as I came in."

"Oh! let us see the poor child," said Lady Augusta; "do let us have her called to this window." The window opened down to the ground, and as soon as the little girl appeared with the petition in her hand, Lady Augusta threw open the sash, and received it from her timid hand with a smile, which to Mr. Mountague seemed expressive of sweet and graceful benevolence. Lady Augusta read the petition with much feeling, and her lover thought her voice never before sounded so melodious. She wrote her name eagerly at the head of a subscription. The money she gave was rather more than the occasion required; but, thought Mr. Mountague,—

"If the generous spirit flow  
Beyond where prudence fears to go,  
Those errors are of nobler kind  
Than virtues of a narrow mind."\*

By a series of pretty artifices, Lady Augusta contrived to make herself appear most engaging and amiable to this artless young man; but the moment of success was to her the moment of danger. She was little aware that when a man of sense began to think seriously of her as a wife, he would require very different qualities from those which please in public assemblies. Her ladyship fell into a mistake not uncommon in her sex: she thought, that "love blinds when once he wounds the swain."† Coquettes have sometimes penetration sufficient to see what will please their different admirers; but even those who have that versatility of manners which can be all things to all men, forget that it is possible to support an assumed character only for a time; the moment the immediate motive for dissimulation

\* Soame Jenyns.

† Collins's Eclogues.



diminishes, the power of habit acts, and the real disposition and manners appear.

When Lady Augusta thought herself sure of her captive, and consequently when the power of habit was beginning to act with all its wonted force, she was walking out with him in a shrubbery near the house; and Mademoiselle, with Mr. Dashwood, who generally was the gallant partner of her walks, accompanied them. Mademoiselle stopped to gather some fine carnations; near the carnations was a rose-tree, of which the buds had been pulled off early in the spring, and which flowered therefore later than usual. Mr. Mountague, as three of these roses, one of them in full bloom, one half bloom, and another a pretty bud, caught his eye, recollected a passage in Berkeley's romance of "*Gaudentio di Lucca*."\* "Did you ever happen to meet with '*Gaudentio di Lucca*?' do you recollect the story of Berilla, Lady Augusta?" said he.

"No; I have never heard of Berilla,—what is the story?" said she.

"I wish I had the book," said Mr. Mountague; "I cannot do it justice, but I will borrow it for you from Miss H. Temple. I lent it to her some time ago; I dare she has finished reading it."

At these words Lady Augusta's desire to have "*Gaudentio di Lucca*" suddenly increased; and she expressed vast curiosity to know the story of Berilla. "And pray what put you in mind of this book just now?" said she.

"These roses. In Berkeley's '*Utopia*,' which he calls Mezzorania (every philosopher, you know, Mr. Dashwood, must have a '*Utopia*,' under whatever name he pleases to call it) in Mezzorania, Lady Augusta, gentlemen did not, as amongst us, make declarations of love by artificial words, but by natural flowers. The lover in the beginning of his attachment declared it to his mistress by the offer of an opening bud; if she felt favourably inclined towards him, she accepted, and wore the bud. When time had increased his affection—for in Mezzorania, it is supposed that time increases affection for those that deserve it,—the lover presented a half-blown flower; and after this also was graciously accepted, he came, we may suppose, not very long afterward with a full-blown flower, the emblem of mature affection. The ladies who accepted these full-blown flowers, and wore them, were looked upon amongst the simple Mezzoraniens as engaged for life; nor did the gentlemen

---

\* *Gaudentio di Lucca*, p. 202.



when they offered their flowers, make one single protestation or vow of eternal love, yet they were believed, and deserved, it is said, to be so."

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est? Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" repeated Mademoiselle several times to Dashwood, whilst Mr. Mountague was speaking; she did not understand English sufficiently to comprehend him, and Dashwood was obliged to make the thing intelligible to her in French. Whilst he was occupied with her, Mr. Mountague gathered three roses—a bud, a half blown, and a full-blown rose, and playfully presented them to Lady Augusta for her choice. "I'm dying to see this 'Gaudentio di Lucca'; you'll get the book for me to-morrow from Miss Helen Temple, will you?" said Lady Augusta, as she, with a coquettish smile, took the rose-bud and put it into her bosom.

"*Bon!*" cried Mademoiselle, stooping to pick up the full-blown rose, which Mr. Mountague threw away carelessly; "*Bon!* but it is great pity dis should be thrown away."

"It is not thrown away upon Mademoiselle Panache!" said Dashwood.

"Dat may be," said Mademoiselle; "but I observe, wid all your fine compliment, you let me stoop to pick it up for myself—*à l'Anglaise!*"

"*A la Française*, then," said Dashwood, laughing, "permit me to put it into your nosegay."

"Dat is more dan you deserve," replied Mademoiselle. "*Eh! non, non.* I can accommodate it, I tell you, to my own taste best." She settled and resettled the flower; but suddenly she stopped, uttered a piercing shriek, plucked the full blown rose from her bosom, and threw it upon the ground with a theatrical look of horror. A black earwig now appeared creeping out of the rose: he was running away, but Mademoiselle pursued, set her foot upon him, and crushed him to death. "Oh! I hope to heaven, Mr. Mountague, there are none of those vile creatures in the bud you've given me!" exclaimed Lady Augusta. She looked at her bud as she spoke, and espied upon one of the leaves a small green caterpillar; with a look scarcely less theatrical than Mademoiselle's, she tore off the leaf and flung it from her; then, from habitual imitation of her governess, she set her foot upon the harmless caterpillar, and crushed it in a moment.

In the same moment Lady Augusta's whole person seemed metamorphosed to the eyes of her lover. She ceased to be beautiful; he seemed to see her countenance distorted by



malevolence; he saw in her gestures disgusting cruelty; and all the graces vanished.

When Lady Augusta was a girl of twelve years old, she saw Mademoiselle Panache crush a spider to death without emotion; the lesson on humanity was not lost upon her. From imitation she learned her governess's foolish terror of insects; and from example, she was also taught that species of cruelty by which at eighteen she disgusted a man of humanity, who was in love with her. Mr. Mountague said not one word upon the occasion. They walked on. A few minutes after the caterpillar had been crushed, Lady Augusta exclaimed—"Why, Mademoiselle, what have you done with Fanfan? I thought my dog was with us; for Heaven's sake, where is he?"

"He is run, he is run on," replied Mademoiselle.

"Oh, he'll be lost! he ran down the avenue, quite out upon the turnpike road. I am sure I was frightened to death when Mr. Dashwood told me of it. Fanfan! Fanfan!"

"Don't alarm, don't distress yourself," cried Dashwood; "if your ladyship will permit me, I'll seek for Fanfan instantly, and bring him back to you, if he is to be found in the universe."

"Oh, Lord! don't trouble yourself, I only spoke to Mademoiselle, who regularly loses Fanfan when she takes him out with her." Dashwood set out in search of the dog; and Lady Augusta, overcome with affectation, professed herself unable to walk one yard farther, and sank down upon a seat under a tree in a very graceful, languid attitude. Mr. Mountague stood silent beside her. Mademoiselle went on with a voluble defence of her conduct towards Fanfan, which lasted till Dashwood re-appeared, hurrying towards them with the dog in his arms—"Ah, *le voilà! chère Fanfan!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle.

"I am sure I am really excessively obliged to Mr. Dashwood, I must say," cried Lady Augusta, looking reproachfully at Mr. Mountague. "I observe Mr. Mountague is vastly too polite to believe in vulgar proverbs," said she, looking down upon her rosebud, and pulling a leaf from it; "he expects also that I should have no faith in them either. Love me, love my dog, you know, is a shocking vulgar proverb, is not it?"

Mr. Mountague was saved from the difficulty of reply by Dashwood's near approach, who, with panting, breathless eagerness, announced a terrible misfortune, that Fanfan had got a thorn or something in his fore-foot. Lady Augusta received Fanfan upon her lap with expressions of the most tender condolence; and Dashwood knelt down at her feet to sympathize



in her sorrow, and to examine the dog's paws. Mademoiselle produced a needle to extract the thorn.

"I wish we had a magnifying glass," said Dashwood, looking with strained solicitude at the wound. "Oh, you insensible monster! positively you sha'n't touch Fanfan," cried Lady Augusta, guarding her lapdog from Mr. Mountague, who stooped now, for the first time, to see what was the matter. "Don't touch him, I say; I would not trust him to you for the universe. I know you hate lapdogs. You'll kill him, you'll kill him."

"I kill him! Oh, no," said Mr. Mountague, "I would not even kill a caterpillar."

Lady Augusta coloured at these words; but she recovered herself when Dashwood laughed, and asked Mr. Mountague how long it was since he had turned Brahmin; and how long since he had professed to like caterpillars and earwigs.

"*Bon Dieu!*—earwig!" interrupted Mademoiselle, "is it possible that monsieur, or anybody dat has sense, can like *dose* earwig?"

"I do not remember," answered Mr. Mountague, calmly, "ever to have professed any *liking* for earwigs."

"Well, *pity*,—you profess pity for them," said Mr. Dashwood; "and pity, you know, is 'akin to love.' Pray, did your ladyship ever hear of the man who had a pet toad?"\*

"Oh, the odious wretch!" cried Lady Augusta, affectedly; "but how could the man bring himself to like a toad?"

"He began by *pitying* him, I suppose," said Dashwood. "For my part, I own, I must consider that man to be in a most enviable situation whose heart is sufficiently at ease to sympathize with the insect creation."

"Or with the brute creation?" said Mr. Mountague, smiling, and looking at Fanfan, whose paw Dashwood was at that instant nursing with infinite tenderness. "Oh, gentlemen, let us have no more of this, for Heaven's sake!" said Lady Augusta, interposing with affected anxiety, as if she imagined a quarrel would ensue. "Poor dear Fanfan, you would not have anybody quarrel about you, would you, Fanfan?" She rose as she spoke, and delivering the dog to Dashwood to be carried home, she walked towards the house, with an air of marked displeasure towards Mr. Mountague.

Her ladyship's displeasure did not affect him as she expected. Her image, her gesture, stamping upon the caterpillar, recurred

\* *Vide* Smellie's Natural Hist., vol. II.



to her lover's mind many times in the course of the evening, and in the silence of the night, and "whenever the idea of her came into his mind, it was attended with this picture of active cruelty."

"Has your ladyship," said Mr. Mountague, addressing himself to Lady S——, "any commands for Mrs. Temple? I am going to ride over to see her this morning."

Lady S—— said that she would trouble him with a card for Mrs. Temple—a card of invitation for the ensuing week. "And pray don't forget my kindest remembrances," cried Lady Augusta, "especially to Miss Helen Temple; and if she should have entirely finished the book we were talking of, I should be glad to see it."

When Mr. Mountague arrived at Mrs. Temple's, he was shown into the usual sitting-room. The servant told him that none of the ladies were at home, but that they would soon return, he believed, from their walk, as they were gone only to a cottage at about half a mile's distance.

The room in which he had passed so many agreeable hours awakened in his mind a number of dormant associations. Work, books, drawing, writing! he saw everything had been going forward just as usual in his absence. "All the domestic occupations," thought he, "which make *home* delightful, are here; I see nothing of these at S—— hall." Upon the table, near a neat workbasket, which he knew to be Helen's, lay an open book; it was "*Gaudentio di Lucca*." Mr. Mountague recollected the bud he had given to Lady Augusta, and he began to whistle—but not for want of thought. A music-book on the desk of the pianoforte caught his eye; it was open at a favourite lesson of his, which he remembered to have heard Helen play the last evening he was in her company. Helen was no great proficient in music, but she played agreeably enough to please her friends, and she was not ambitious of exhibiting her accomplishments. Lady Augusta, on the contrary, seemed never to consider her accomplishments as occupations, but as the means of attracting admiration. To interrupt the comparison which Mr. Mountague was beginning to enter into between her ladyship and Helen, he thought the best thing he could do was to walk to meet Mrs. Temple; wisely considering, that putting the body in motion sometimes stops the current of the mind. He had at least observed that his schoolfellow Lord George—— seemed to find this a specific against thought; and for once he was willing to imitate his lordship's example, and to hurry about from place to place without being in a hurry. He rang the bell, inquired in haste which way the ladies were gone,



and walked after them like a man who had the business of the nation upon his hands; yet he slackened his pace when he came near the cottage where he knew that he was to meet Mrs. Temple and her daughters. When he entered the cottage, the first object that he saw was Helen, sitting by the side of a decrepit old woman, who was resting her head upon a crutch, and who seemed to be in pain; this was the poor woman who had been run over by Lady Di Spanker. A farmer who lived near Mrs. Temple, and who was coming homeward at the time the accident happened, had the humanity to carry the wretched woman to this cottage, which was occupied by one of Mrs. Temple's tenants. As soon as the news reached Mrs. Temple, she sent for a surgeon, and went with her daughters to give that species of consolation which the rich and happy can so well bestow upon the poor and miserable—the consolation not of gold but of sympathy. Without benevolent sympathy, the mind of the sufferer is wounded even by charity.

There was no affectation, no ostentation of sensibility, Mr. Mountague observed, in this cottage scene; the ease and simplicity of Helen's manner never appeared to him more amiable. He recollected Lady Augusta's picturesque attitude when she was speaking to this old woman's grand-daughter; but there was something in what he now beheld that gave him more the idea of nature and reality; he heard, he saw, that much had actually been *done* to relieve distress, and done when there were no spectators to applaud and admire. Slight circumstances show whether the mind be intent upon self or not. An awkward servant-girl brushed by Helen whilst she was speaking to the old woman, and with a great black kettle, which she was going to set upon the fire, blackened Helen's white dress in a manner which no lady intent upon her personal appearance could have borne with patience. Mr. Mountague saw the black streaks before Helen perceived them, and when the maid was reproved for her carelessness, Helen's good-natured smile assured her "that there was no great harm done."

When they returned home, Mr. Mountague found that Helen conversed with him with all her own ingenuous freedom; but there was something more of softness and dignity, and less of sprightliness, than formerly in her manner. Even this happened to be agreeable to him, for it was in contrast with the constant appearance of effort and artificial brilliancy conspicuous in the manners of Lady Augusta; he felt a sort of relief, like what the eye feels, which, after having been over excited and fatigued



by strong light or gaudy colours, rests upon refreshing green. The constant round of cards and company, the noise and bustle at S—— hall, made it more like town than country life, and he had often observed that in the intervals between dressing and visiting and gallantry, his *belle maitresse* was frequently subject to languor and *ennui*. He recollected that in the many domestic hours he had spent at Mrs. Temple's, he had never beheld this French demon, who makes the votaries of dissipation and idleness his victims. What advantages a man has, in judging of female character, who can see a woman in the midst of her own family; "who can read her history" in the eyes of those who know her most intimately; who can see her conduct as a daughter and a sister and in the most important relations of life can form a certain judgment from what she has been, of what she is likely to be! But how can a man judge what sort of wife he may probably expect in a lady whom he meets with only at public places, or whom he never sees even at her own house without all the advantages or disadvantages of *stage decoration*? A man who marries a showy entertaining coquette and expects that she will make him a charming companion for life, commits as absurd a blunder as that of the famous nobleman, who, delighted with the wit and humour of Punch at a puppet-show, bought Punch, and ordered him to be sent home for his private amusement.

Whether all or any of those reflections occurred to Mr. Mountague during his morning visit at Mrs. Temple's, we cannot pretend to say, but his silence and absence seemed to show that his thoughts were busily engaged. Never did Helen appear to him so amiable as she did this morning, when the dignity, delicacy, and simplicity of her manners were contrasted in his imagination with the caprice and coquetry of his new mistress. He felt a secret idea that he was beloved, and a sober certainty that Helen had a heart capable of sincere and permanent affection, joined to a cultivated understanding and reasonable principles, which would wear through life, and insure happiness with power superior to the magic of passion.

It was with some difficulty that he asked Helen for "Gaudenzio di Lucca," and with yet greater difficulty that he took leave of her. As he was riding towards S—— hall, "revolving in his altered mind the various turns of fate below," he was suddenly roused from his meditations by the sight of a phaeton overturned in the middle of the road, another phaeton-and-four empty, and a group of people gathered near a bank by the roadside. Mr. Mountague rode up as fast as possible to the scene of



action: the overturned phaeton was Lord George's; the other, Lady Di Spanker's; the group of people was composed of several servants, Lord George, Lady Di, and Mademoiselle, all surrounding a fainting fair one, who was no other than Lady Augusta herself. Lord George was shaking his own arms, legs, and head, to make himself sure of their safety. Lady Di eagerly told the whole story to Mr. Mountague, that Lord George had been running races with her, and by his confounded bad driving had overturned himself and Lady Augusta. "Poor thing, she's not hurt at all, luckily; but she's terrified to death, as usual, and she has been going from one fainting-fit to another."

"*Bon Dieu!*" interrupted Mademoiselle, "but what will Miladi S—— say to us. I wish Miladi Augusta would come to her senses."

Lady Augusta opened her beautiful eyes, and just came sufficiently to her senses to observe who was looking at her; she put aside Mademoiselle's smelling-bottle, and in a soft voice begged to have her own salts. Mademoiselle felt in one of her ladyship's pockets for the salts in vain; Lady Di plunged her hand in the other pocket, and pulled out in the first place a book, which she threw upon the bank, and then came out the salts. In due time the lady was happily restored to the full use of her senses, and was put into her mother's coach, which had been sent for to convey her home. The carriages drove away, and Mr. Mountague was just mounting his horse, when he saw the book which had been pulled out of Lady Augusta's pocket, and which by mistake was left where it had been thrown upon the grass. What was his astonishment when, upon opening it, he saw one of the very worst books in the French language—a book which never could have been found in the possession of any woman of delicacy, of decency. Her lover stood for some minutes in silent amazement, disgust, and, we may add, terror.

These feelings had by no means subsided in his mind when, upon his entering the drawing-room at S—— Hall he was accosted by Mademoiselle Panache, who, with no small degree of alarm in her countenance, inquired whether he knew anything of the book which had been left upon the road. No one was in the room but the governess and her pupil: Mr. Mountague produced the book, and Lady Augusta received it with a deep blush.

"Put a good face upon the matter, at least," whispered her governess, in French.

"I can assure you," said her ladyship, "I don't know what's



in this book ; I never opened it : I got it this morning at the circulating-library at Cheltenham : I put it into my pocket in a hurry——pray what is it ?”

“If you have not opened it,” said Mr. Mountague, laying his hand upon the book ; “I may hope that you never will ; but this is the *second* volume.”

“Maybe so,” said Lady Augusta ; “I suppose in my hurry I mistook——”

“She never had the first, I can promise you,” cried Mademoiselle.

“Never,” said Lady Augusta.—The assertions had not the power to convince ; they were pronounced with much vehemence, but not with the simplicity of truth. Mr. Mountague was determined to have the point cleared up, and he immediately offered to ride back to Cheltenham, and return the second volume. At this proposal, Lady Augusta, who foresaw that her falsehood would be detected, turned pale ; but Mademoiselle, with a laugh of effrontery, which she thought was putting a good face upon the matter, exclaimed—“what a piece of work and *tintamarre* for noting ; will de house come down over our head for having dis book in it ?—what occasion to ride and lose your dinner at dis time of day for noting ?”

“Is it *nothing*,” said Mr. Mountague, “to make myself sure of a fact upon which——”

“Eh ! what kind of a husband den will you make, I want to know,” interrupted Mademoiselle, “when you begin in dis way wid your facts, and your suspicions. Can you be so little of a gentleman,” added she in a tone of raillery, “to question de word and truth of a fair lady.”

“I did not question it, that I recollect,” replied Mr. Mountague, “I wished to put it out of my own power to—‘doubt, yet doat, suspect, yet fondly love.’ All confidence, all reasonable confidence, is surely founded upon the experience we have had ; and a man who lays this foundation solidly in his own mind, does not appear to me to be in danger of becoming a suspicious husband.”

Mademoiselle, who now saw that he was positively determined upon his ride to the circulating-library, and who knew the consequences, stopped him as he moved towards the door.

“Eh, listen to me : you may spare yourself de trouble of your ride,” said she, “for de truth is, I have de first volume. *Mon Dieu !* I have not committed murder : do not look so shock——what signify what I read at my age ?”



"But, Lady Augusta, your pupil!" said Mr. Mountague.

"I tell you she has never read one word of it; and after all, is she a child now? When she was, Miladi S—— was very particular, and I of consequence and of course, in the choice of her books; but now, *oder affaire*—she is at liberty; and my maxim is—*Tout est sain aux sains*."

Mr. Mountague's indignation was now strongly raised against this odious governess, and he looked upon her pupil with an eye of compassion. "So early, so young, tainted by the pernicious maxims of a worthless woman!"

"*Eh, donc*, what signify?—your silence and your salts," cried Mademoiselle, turning to her.

"If I *could* be spared this scene at present," said Lady Augusta, faintly,—"*I really am not well*. We had better talk over this business some other time, Mr. Mountague:" to this he acceded, and the lady gained more by her salts and silence than her governess did by her garrulous effrontery.

When she talked over the business with Mr. Mountague, she threw all the blame upon Mademoiselle, and she appeared extremely shocked and alarmed at the idea that she had lessened herself by her *folly*, as she called it, in the esteem of a man of superior sense and taste. It was perhaps possible that at this moment of her life her character might have taken a new turn—that she might really have been awakened to higher views and nobler sentiments than any she had ever yet known; but the baleful influence of her constant attendant and conductress prevailed against her *better self*. Mademoiselle continually represented to her that she did not know or exert the whole of her power over Mr. Mountague, and she excited her to caprice and coquetry. The fate of trifling characters is generally decided by trifles. We must beg leave to relate the important history of a turban.

Mademoiselle Panache, who piqued herself much upon her skill as a milliner, made up a certain turban for Lady Augusta, which Dashwood admired extremely, but which Mr. Mountague had the misfortune not to think perfectly beautiful. Vexed that he should dare to differ from her in taste, Lady Augusta could not rest without endeavouring to make him give up his opinion. He thought that it was not worth while to dispute about a trifle, and though he could not absolutely say that it was pretty, he condescended so far as to allow that it might perhaps be pretty if it were put on differently.

"This is the way I always wear it,—everybody wears it so,



and I shall not alter it," said Lady Augusta, who was quite out of temper.

Mr. Mountague looked grave; the want of temper was an evil which he dreaded beyond measure in a companion for life. Smiles and dimples usually adorned Lady Augusta's face, but these were artificial smiles. Now, passions which one should scarcely imagine such a trifle could excite, darkened her brow, and entirely altered the air of her whole person, so as to make it absolutely disagreeable to her admirer. Lord George, who was standing by, and who felt delighted with such scenes, winked at Dashwood, and with more energy than he usually expressed upon any subject, now pronounced that in his humble opinion the turban was quite the thing, and could not be better put on. Lady Augusta turned a triumphant insulting eye upon Mr. Mountague; he was silent. His silence she took as a token of submission: in fact, it was an expression of contempt. The next day, at dinner, her ladyship appeared in the same turban, put on sedulously in the same manner. Lord George seated himself beside her, and as she observed that he paid her unusual attention, she fancied that at length his icy heart would thaw. Always more intent upon making nets than upon making cages, Lady Augusta bent her mind upon captivating a new admirer. Mr. Mountague she saw was displeased, but she now really felt and showed herself indifferent to his opinion. How variable, how wretched, is the life of a coquette! The next day Lord George's heart froze again as hard as ever, and Lady Augusta lightened upon the impassive ice in vain. She was mortified beyond measure, for her grand object was conquest. Mr. Mountague she had taken pains to attract, that she might triumph over poor Helen; Dashwood, though far beneath her ladyship in fortune and in station, she deemed worth winning as a man of wit and gallantry. Lord George, to be sure, had little wit and less gallantry; but he was Lord George—and that is saying enough. In short, Lady Augusta exacted tribute to her vanity without any discrimination, and she counted her treasures by number and not by weight. A man of sense is mortified to see himself confounded with the stupid and the worthless.

Mr. Mountague, after having loved like a madman, felt it not in the least incumbent upon him to love like a fool. He had imprudently declared himself an admirer of Lady Augusta's, but he now resolved never to unite himself to her without some reasonable prospect of happiness. Every day some petty cause of disagreement arose between them, whilst Mademoiselle, by her



silly and impertinent interference, made matters worse. Mademoiselle had early expressed her strong abhorrence of prudes—her pupil seemed to have caught the same abhorrence. She saw that Mr. Mountague was alarmed by her spirit of coquetry, yet still it continued in full force. For instance, she would, in spite of his remonstrances, continually go out with Lord George in his phaeton, though she declared every time he handed her in, “that she was certain he would break her neck.” She would receive verses from Dashwood, and keep them embalmed in her pocket-book, though she allowed that she thought them “sad stuff.”

However, in these verses, something more was meant than met the ear. He began with addressing a poem to her ladyship, called “The Turban,” which her silly mother extolled with eagerness, and seemed to think by no means inferior to the “Rape of the Lock.” Lady Augusta wrote a few lines in answer to “The Turban;” reply produced reply, nonsense nonsense, till Dashwood now and then forgot his poetical character. Lady Augusta forgave it; he of course forgot himself again into a lover in prose. For some time the sonnets were shown to Lady S——, but at length some were received which it was thought as well not to show to anybody. In short, between fancy, flattery, poetry, passion, jest, and earnest, Lady Augusta was drawn on till she hardly knew where she was; but Dashwood knew perfectly well where he was, and resolved to keep his ground resolutely.

When, encouraged by the lady’s coquetry, he first formed his plans, he imagined that a promise of a wedding-present would easily secure her governess. But this was a slight mistake; avarice happened not to be the ruling, or at least at this time the reigning passion of Mademoiselle’s mind, and quickly perceiving his error, he paid assiduous court to her vanity. She firmly believed that she had captivated him, and was totally blind to his real designs. The grand difficulty with Dashwood was not to persuade her of his passion, but to prevent her from believing him too soon; and he thought it expedient to delay completing his conquest of the governess till he had gained an equally powerful influence over her pupil. One evening, Dashwood, passing through a sheltered walk, heard Lady Augusta and Mr. Mountague talking very loudly and eagerly. They passed through the grove so quickly, that he could catch only the words “phaeton—imprudence.”

“Pshaw, jealousy—nonsense!”

“Reasonable woman for a wife.”



"Pooh! no such thing."

"My unalterable resolution"—were the concluding words of Mr. Mountague, in a calm but decided voice; and "As you please, sir; I've no notion of giving up my will in everything," the concluding words of Lady Augusta, pronounced in a pettish tone, as she broke from him; yet pausing for a moment, Dashwood, to his great surprise and concern, heard her in a softer tone add a *but*, which showed she was not quite willing to break from Mr. Mountague for ever. Dashwood was alarmed beyond measure, but the lady did not long continue in this frame of mind, for upon going into her dressing-room to rest herself, she found her governess at the glass.

"*Bon Dieu!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle, turning round: "Miladi told me you was gone out—*mais qu'est-ce que c'est?—vous voilà pâle!* you are as white—*blanc comme mon linge,*" cried she, with emphasis, at the same time touching a handkerchief which was so far from white, that her pupil could not help bursting out into a laugh at the unfortunate illustration. "*Pauvre petite! tenez,*" continued Mademoiselle, running up to her with salts, apprehensive that she was going into fits. "I am not ill, thank you," said Lady Augusta, taking the smelling-bottle.

"But don't tell me dat," said Mademoiselle; "I saw you walking, out of de window, wid dat man, and I know dis is some new *démêlé* wid him. Come, *point de secret, mon enfant.* Has not he been giving you one good lecture?"

"Lecture," said Lady Augusta, rising with becoming spirit—"no, Mademoiselle, I am not to be lectured by anybody."

"No, to be sure, dat is what I say; and *surtout* not by a lover. *Quel homme!* why, I would not have him to pay his court to me for all de world. Why, *pauvre petite*, he has made you look ten year older ever since he began to fall in love wid you; dis what you call a lover in England? *Bon*, why, I know noting of de matter, if he be one bit in love wid you, *mon enfant.*"

"Oh, as to that, he certainly is in love with me: whatever other faults he has, I must do him justice."

"*Justice!* Oh, let him have justice, *de tout mon cœur*; but I say, if he be a man in love, he is de oddest man in love I ever happen to see; he eat, drink, sleep, talk, laugh, *se possède tout comme un autre.* *Bon Dieu!* I would not give noting at all *myself* for such a sort of a lover. *Mon enfant*, dis is not de way I would wish to see you loved—dis is not de way no man ought for to dare for to love you."



"And how ought I to be loved?" asked Lady Augusta, impatiently.

"*La belle question!* Eh! don't everybody—de stupidest person in de world know how dey ought to be love? *Mais passionément, éperdument*—dere is a—a *je ne sais quoi*, dat infalliblement distinguish de true lover from de false."

"Then," said Lady Augusta, "you really don't think that Mr. Mountague loves me?"

"Tink!" replied Mademoiselle, "I don't tink about it; but have not I said enough?—open your eyes—make your own *comparaisons*."

Before Lady Augusta had made her comparisons, a knock at the door from her maid came to let her know that Lord George was waiting.

"Ah! Milord George! I won't keep you den: *va-t'en*."

"But now, do you know, it was only because I just said that I was going out with Lord George, that Mr. Mountague made all this rout."

"Den let him make his route—*qu'importe?* *Miladi votre chère mère* make no objections. *Quelle impertinence!* If he was milord *duc* he could not give himself no more airs. *Va, mon enfant*—dis a lover! *Quel homme! quel tyran!* and den of course when he grows to be a husband, he will be worserer and worserer, and badderer and badderer, when he grows to be your husband."

"Oh," cried Lady Augusta, snatching up her gloves hastily, "my husband he shall never be, I am determined. So now I'll give him his *coup de grâce*."

"*Bon!*" said Mademoiselle, following her pupil, "and I must not miss to be by, for I shall love to see dat man mortify."

"You are going, then?" said Mr. Mountague, gravely, as he passed. "Going, going, going, gone!" cried Lady Augusta, tripping carelessly by; and she gave her hand to the sulky lord: then, springing into the phaeton, said, as usual, "I know, milord, you'll break my neck;" at the same time casting a look at Mr. Mountague, which seemed to say, "I hope you'll break *your heart*, at least."

When she returned from her airing, the first glance at Mr. Mountague's countenance convinced her that her power was at an end. She was not the only person who observed this; Dashwood, under his air of thoughtless gaiety, watched all that passed with the utmost vigilance, and he knew how to avail himself of every circumstance that could be turned to his own advantage.



He well knew that a lady's ear is never so happily prepared for the voice of flattery as after having been forced to hear that of sincerity. Dashwood contrived to meet Lady Augusta just after she had been mortified by her late admirer's total recovery of his liberty ; and seizing well his moment, pressed his suit with gallant ardour. As he exhibited all those signs of passion which her governess would have deemed unequivocal, the young lady thought herself justified in not absolutely driving him to despair.

Where was Lady S—— all this time? Where? At the card-table, playing very judiciously at whist. With an indolent security, which will be thought incredible by those who have not seen similar instances of folly in great families, she let everything pass before her eyes without seeing it. Confident that her daughter, after having gone through the usual routine, would meet with some suitable establishment, that the settlements would then be the father's business, the choice of the jewels hers, she left her dear Augusta in the mean time to conduct herself, or, what was ten times worse, to be conducted by Mademoiselle Panache. Thus to the habitual indolence or temporary convenience of parents are the peace and reputation of a family secretly sacrificed. And we may observe that those who take the least precautions to prevent imprudence in their children are most enraged and implacable when the evil becomes irremediable.

In losing Mr. Mountague's heart, Lady Augusta's vanity felt a double pang, from the apprehension that Helen would probably recover her captive. Acting merely from the impulse of the moment, her ladyship was perfectly a child in her conduct ; she seldom knew her own mind two hours together, and really did not foresee the consequences of any one of her actions. Half a dozen incompatible wishes filled her heart—or, rather, her imagination. The most immediate object of vanity had always the greatest power over her ; and upon this habit of mind Dashwood calculated with security.

In the pride of conquest, her ladyship had rejoiced at her mother's inviting Mrs. Temple and her daughters to an entertainment at S—— Hall, where she flattered herself that Mr. Mountague would appear as her declared admirer. The day, alas ! came ; but things had taken a new turn, and Lady Augusta was as impatient that the visit should be finished, as she had been eager to have the invitation sent. Lady S—— was not precisely informed of all that was going on in her own house, as we have observed ; and she was therefore a little surprised at



the look of vexation with which her daughter heard that she had pressed Mrs. Temple to stay all night. "My dear," said Lady S——, "you know you can sleep in Mademoiselle's room for this one night, and Miss Helen Temple will have yours. One should be civil to people, especially when one sees them but seldom." Lady Augusta was much out of humour with her mother's ill-timed civility; but there was no remedy. In the hurry of moving her things at night, Lady Augusta left in her dressing-table drawer a letter of Dashwood's—a letter which she would not have had seen by Miss Helen Temple for any consideration. Our readers may imagine what her ladyship's consternation must have been when the next morning Helen put the letter into her hand, saying—"There's a paper you left in your dressing-table, Lady Augusta, at my mercy." The ingenuous countenance of Helen, as she spoke, might have convinced any one but Lady Augusta, that she was incapable of having opened this paper, but her ladyship judged otherwise: she had no doubt that every syllable of the letter had been seen, and that her secret would quickly be divulged. The company had not yet assembled at breakfast. She retired precipitately to her own room, to consider what could possibly be done in this emergency. She at length resolved to apply to Mr. Mountague for assistance; for she had seen enough of him to feel assured that he was a man of honour, and that she might safely trust him. When she heard him go downstairs to breakfast she followed, and contrived to give him a note, which he read with no small degree of surprise.

"How to apologize for myself I know not, nor have I one moment's time to deliberate. Believe me, I feel my sensibility and delicacy severely wounded; but an ill-fated uncontrollable passion must plead my excuse. I candidly own that my conduct must appear to you in a strange light; but spare me, I beseech you, all reproaches, and pardon my weakness, for on your generosity and honour must I rely in this moment of distress.

"A letter of mine, a fatal letter from Dashwood, has fallen into the hands of Miss Helen Temple. All that I hold most dear is at her mercy. I am fully persuaded that were she to promise to keep my secret, nothing on earth would tempt her to betray me; but I know she has so much the habit of speaking of everything to her mother, that I am in torture till this promise is obtained. Your influence I must depend upon. Speak to her, I conjure you, the moment breakfast is over; and assure yourself of my unalterable gratitude.

"AUGUSTA —,"

The moment breakfast was over, Mr. Mountague followed Helen into the library; a portfolio full of prints lay open on the table, and as he turned them over he stopped at a print of



Alexander putting his seal to the lips of Parmenio, whom he detected reading a letter over his shoulder. Helen, as she looked at the print, said, she admired the delicacy of Alexander's reproof to his friend; but observed that it was scarcely probable the seal should bind Parmenio's lips.

"How so?" said Mr. Mountague, eagerly.

"Because," said Helen, "if honour could not restrain his curiosity, it would hardly secure his secrecy."

"Charming girl!" exclaimed Mr. Mountague, with enthusiasm. Helen, struck with surprise, and a variety of emotions, coloured deeply. "I beg your pardon," said Mr. Mountague, changing his tone, "for being so abrupt. You found a letter of Lady Augusta's last night. She is in great, I am sure, needless, anxiety about it."

"Needless, indeed; I did not think it necessary to assure Lady Augusta, when I returned the letter that I had not read it. As she has mentioned this subject to you, I hope, sir, you will persuade her of the truth: you seem to be fully convinced of it yourself."

"I am, indeed, fully convinced of your integrity, of the generosity, the simplicity of your mind. May I ask whether you formed any conjecture, whether you know, whom that letter was from?"

Helen, with an ingenuous look, replied, "Yes, sir, I did form a conjecture; I thought it was from you."

"From me!" exclaimed Mr. Mountague; "I must undeceive you there; the letter was not mine, I am eager," continued he, smiling, "to undeceive you. I wish I might flatter myself this explanation could ever be half as interesting to you as it is to me. That letter was not mine, and I can never, in future, be on any other terms with Lady Augusta than those of a common acquaintance."

Here they were interrupted by the sudden entrance of Mademoiselle, followed by Dashwood, to whom she was talking with great earnestness. Mr. Mountague, when he had collected his thoughts sufficiently to think of Lady Augusta, wrote the following answer to her letter:—

"Your ladyship may be perfectly at ease with respect to your note. Miss Helen Temple has not read it, nor has she, I am convinced, the slightest suspicion of its contents, or its author. I beg leave to assure your ladyship that I am sensible of the honour of your confidence, and that you shall never have any reason to repent of having trusted in my discretion. Yet permit me, even at the hazard of appearing impertinent—at the still great hazard of incurring your displeasure, to express my most



earnest hope that nothing will tempt you to form a connection which, I am persuaded, would prove fatal to the happiness of your future life.—I am, with much respect, your ladyship's obedient servant,

"F. MOUNTAGUE."

Lady Augusta read this answer to her note with the greatest eagerness; the first time she ran her eye over it, joy to find her secret yet undiscovered suspended every other feeling; but, upon a second perusal, her ladyship felt extremely displeased by the cold civility of the style, and somewhat alarmed at the concluding paragraph. With no esteem, and with little affection for Dashwood, she had suffered herself to imagine that her passion for him was *uncontrollable*. What degree of felicity she was likely to enjoy with a man destitute equally of fortune and principle, she had never attempted to calculate; but there was something awful in the words, "I earnestly hope that nothing will tempt you to form a connection which will prove fatal to your future happiness." While she was pondering upon these words, Dashwood met her in the park, where she was walking alone. "Why so grave?" exclaimed he, with anxiety.

"I am only thinking that—I am afraid—I think this is a silly business; I wish, Mr. Dashwood, you wouldn't think any more of it, and give me back my letters."

Dashwood vehemently swore that her letters were dearer to him than life, and that the "last pang should tear them from his heart."

"But if we go on with all this," resumed Lady Augusta, "it will at last break my mother's heart, and Mademoiselle's into the bargain; besides, I don't half believe you; I really——"

"I really—what?" cried he, pouring forth protestations of passion, which put Mr. Mountague's letter entirely out of her head.

A number of small motives sometimes decide the mind in the most important actions of our lives; and faults are often attributed to passion which arise from folly. The pleasure of duping her governess, the fear of witnessing Helen's triumph over her lover's recovered affections, and the idea of the bustle and *éclat* of an elopement, all mixed together, went under the general denomination of love! Cupid is often blamed for deeds in which he has no share.

"But," resumed Lady Augusta, after making the last pause of expiring prudence, "what shall we do about Mademoiselle?"

"Poor Mademoiselle!" cried Dashwood, leaning back against a tree to support himself, whilst he laughed violently; "what do you think she is about at this instant?—packing up her clothes in a bandbox."



"Packing up her clothes in a bandbox!"

"Yes; she verily believes that I am dying with impatience to carry her off to Scotland, and at four o'clock to-morrow morning she trips downstairs, out of the garden-door, of which she keeps the key, flies across the park, scales the gate, gains the village, and takes refuge with her good friend Miss Lacey, the milliner, where she is to wait for me. Now in the meantime, the moment the coast is clear, I fly to you, my *real* angel."

"Oh, no, upon my word," said Lady Augusta, so faintly, that Dashwood went on exactly in the same tone. "I fly to you, my angel, and we shall be halfway on our trip to Scotland before Mademoiselle's patience is half exhausted, and before Miladi S—— is quite awake."

Lady Augusta could not forbear smiling at this idea; and thus, by an *unlucky* stroke of humour, was the grand event of her life decided.

Marmontel's well-known story called "*Heureusement*," is certainly not a moral tale; to counteract its effects, he should have written "*Malheureusement*," if he could.

Nothing happened to disconcert the measures of Lady Augusta and Dashwood.

The next morning Lady S—— came down, according to her usual custom, late to breakfast. Mrs. Temple, Helen, Emma, Lord George, Mr. Mountague, &c., were assembled; "Has not Mademoiselle made breakfast for us yet?" said Lady S——; she sat down, and expected every moment to see Mademoiselle Panache and her daughter make their appearance. But she waited in vain. Neither Mademoiselle, Lady Augusta, nor Dashwood, were anywhere to be found. Everybody round the breakfast-table looked at each other in silence, waiting the event. "They are out walking, I suppose," said Lady S——, which supposition contented her for the first five minutes; but then she exclaimed, "It's very strange they don't come back!"

"Very strange—I mean rather strange," said Lord George, helping himself, as he spoke, to his usual quantity of butter, and then drumming upon the table, whilst Mr. Mountague, all the time, looked down and preserved a profound silence.

At length the door opened, and Mademoiselle Panache, in a riding-habit, made her appearance. "*Bon jour, miladi! Bon jour!*" said she, looking round at the silent party with a half-terrified, half-astonished countenance, "*Je vous demande mille pardons—Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" I have only been to take a walk this morning into de village to de milliner's. She has dis-



appointed me of my tings, dat kept me waiting ; but I am come back in time for breakfast, I hope."

"But where is my daughter?" cried Lady S——, roused at last from her natural indolence—"Where is Lady Augusta?"

"*Bon Dieu ! miladi*, I don't know. *Bon Dieu !* in her bed, I suppose—*Bon Dieu !*" exclaimed she a third time, and turned as pale as ashes. "But where den is Mr. Dashwood?" At this instant, a note, directed to Mademoiselle, was brought into the room ; the servant said that Lady Augusta's maid had just found it upon her lady's toilet—Mademoiselle tore open the note.

"Excuse me to my mother ; *you* can best plead my excuse. You will not see me again till I am

AUGUSTA DASHWOOD."

"*Ah, scélérat ! Ah, scélérat ! Il m'a trahi !*" screamed Mademoiselle ; she threw down the note, and sunk upon the sofa in violent hysterics, whilst Lady S——, seeing in the one and the same moment her own folly, and her daughter's ruin, fixed her eyes upon the words, "Augusta Dashwood," and fainted. Mr. Mountague led Lord George out of the room with him, whilst Mrs. Temple, Helen, and her sister ran to the assistance of the unhappy mother and distressed governess.

As soon as Mademoiselle had recovered tolerable *composure*, she recollected that she had betrayed too violent emotion on this occasion. "*Il m'a trahi*" were words, however, that she could not recall ; it was in vain she attempted to fabricate some apology for herself. No apology could avail, for it was now too evident that she had *fatal reasons* to lament the loss of her lover. And whilst Lady S——, in silent anguish, wept for her own and her daughter's folly, the governess, in loud and gross terms, abused Dashwood, and reproached her pupil with having shown duplicity, ingratitude, and a *bad heart*.

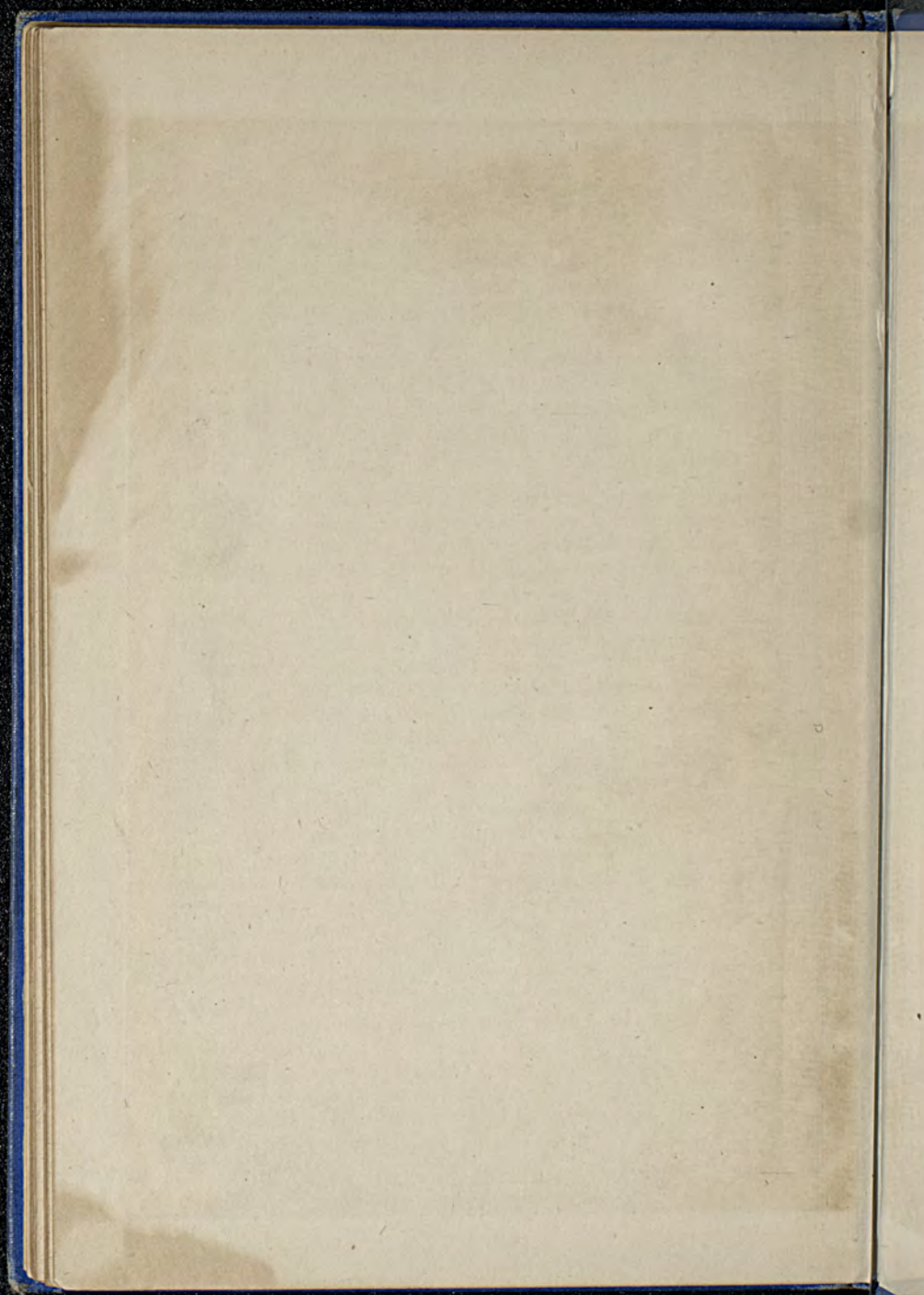
"A bad education !" exclaimed Lady S——, with a voice of mingled anger and sorrow ; "leave the room, Mademoiselle—leave my house. How could I choose such a governess for my daughter ? Yet, indeed," added her ladyship, turning to Mrs. Temple, "she was well recommended to me, and how could I foresee all this ?"

To such an appeal, at such a time, there was no reply to be made ; it is cruel to point out errors to those who feel that they are irreparable ; but it is benevolent to point them out to others who have yet their choice to make.









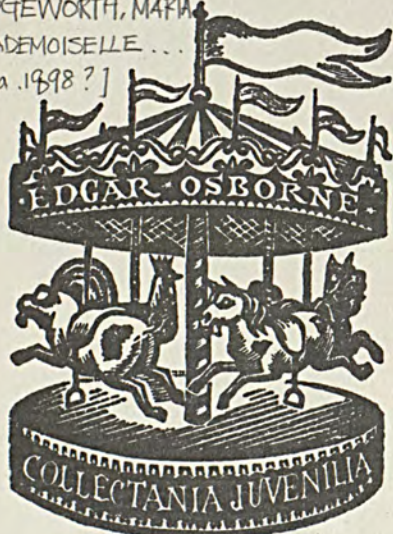


(SB)

EDGEWORTH, MARIA

MADMOISELLE ...

[ca. 1898?]



37131126 275 726

TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

*This book is the gift of*

Jane Barnett Hood



