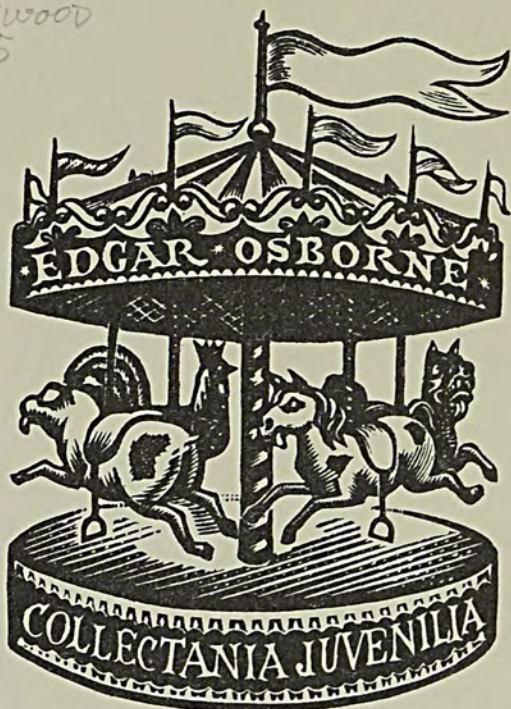
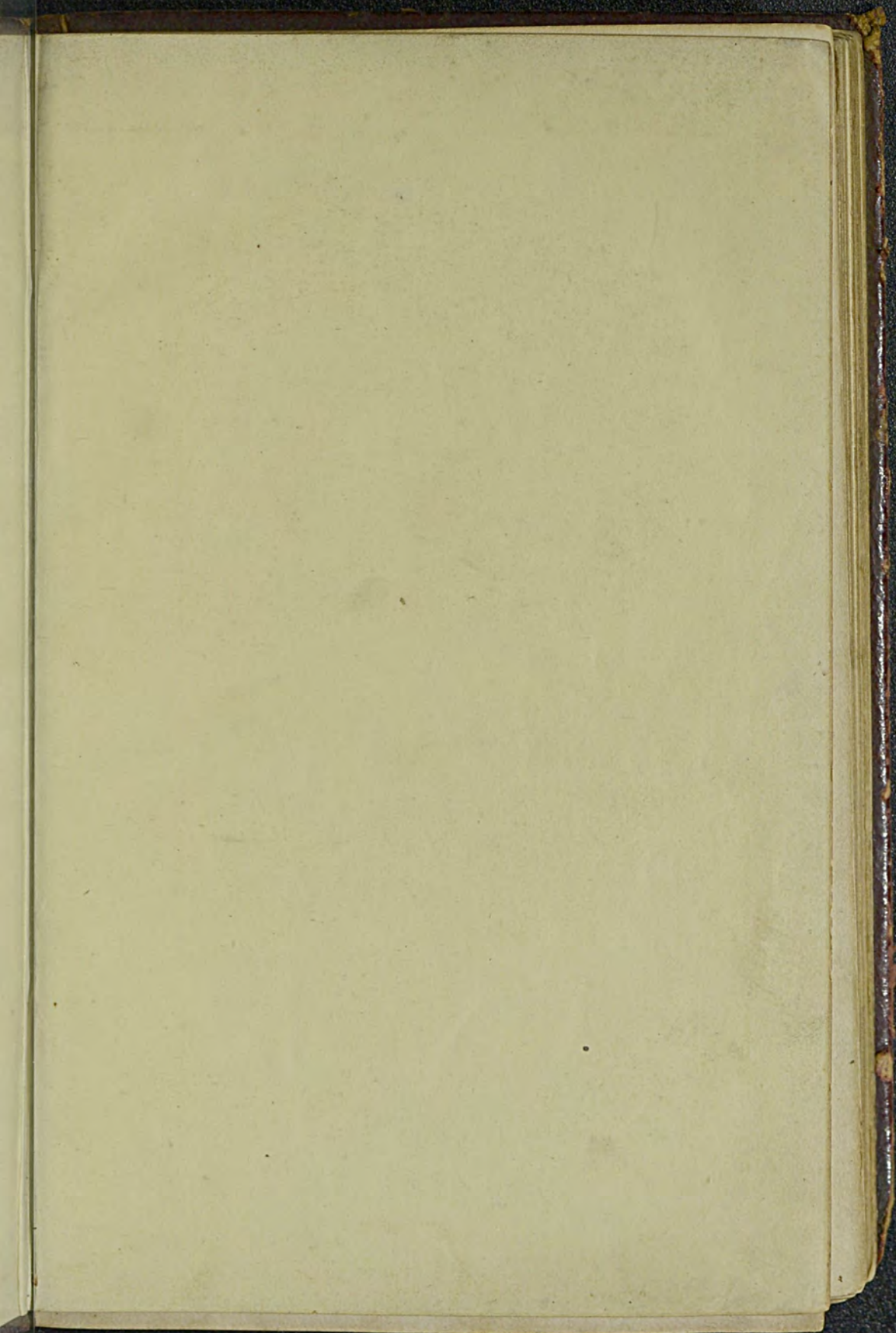


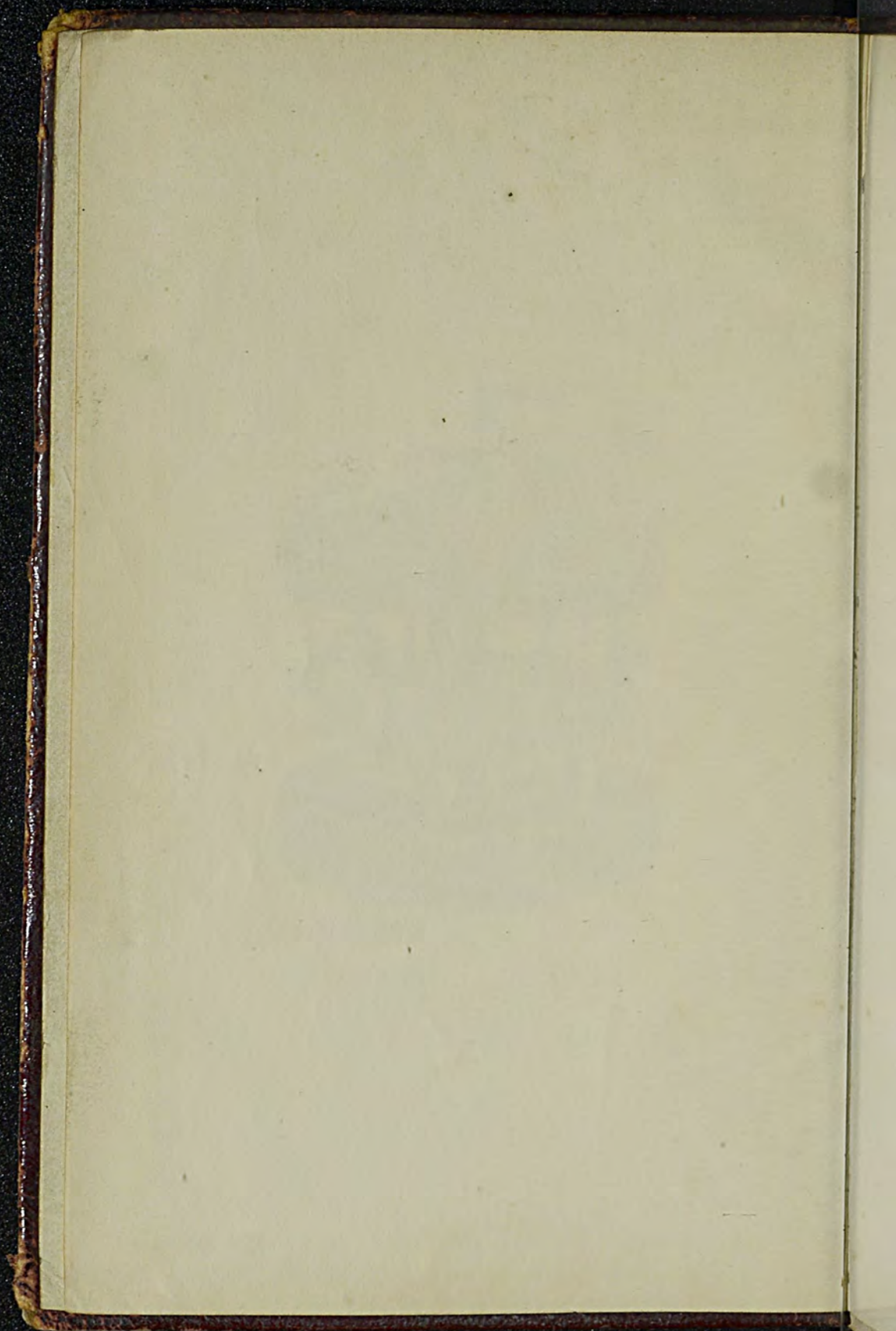
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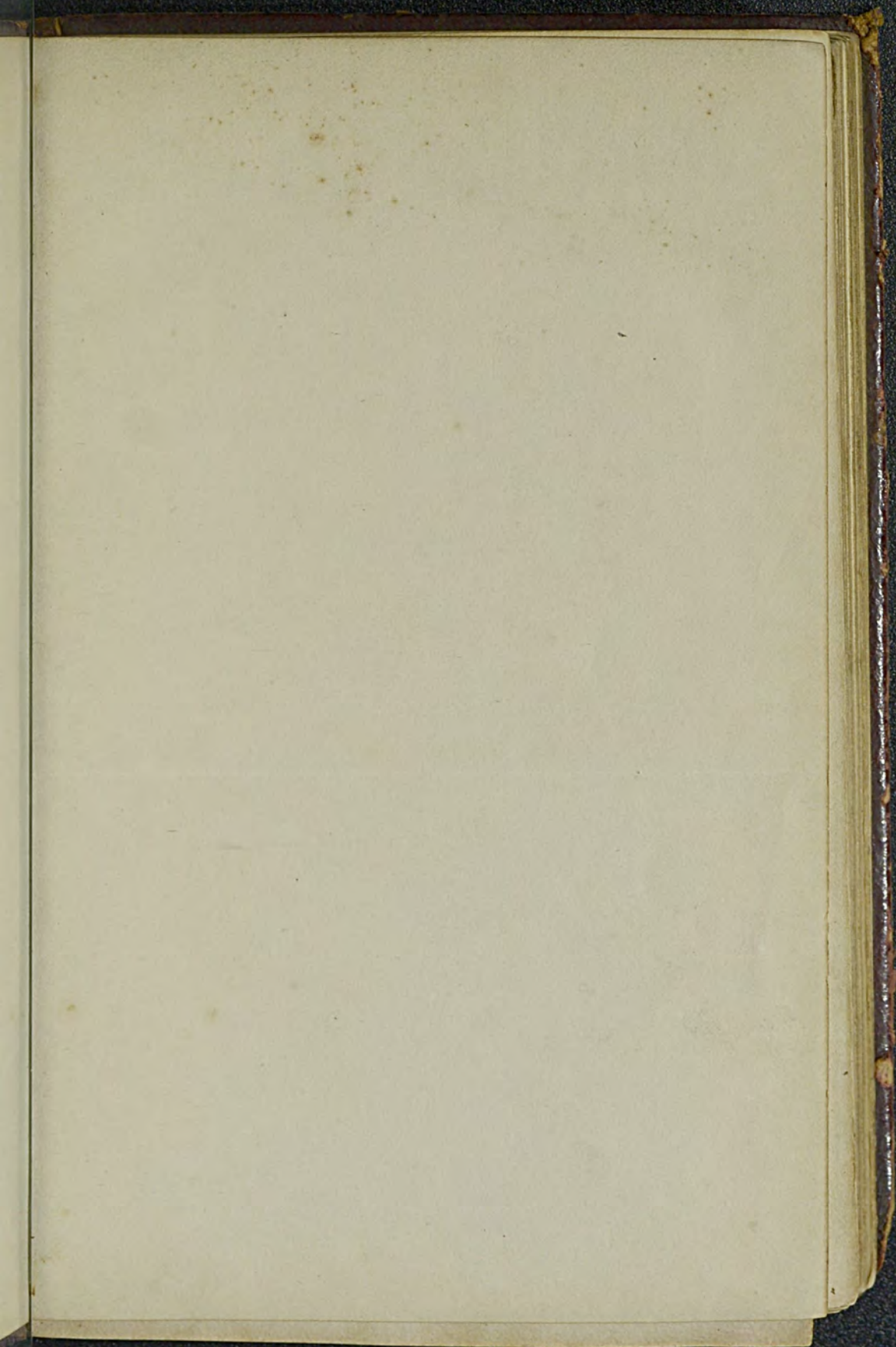


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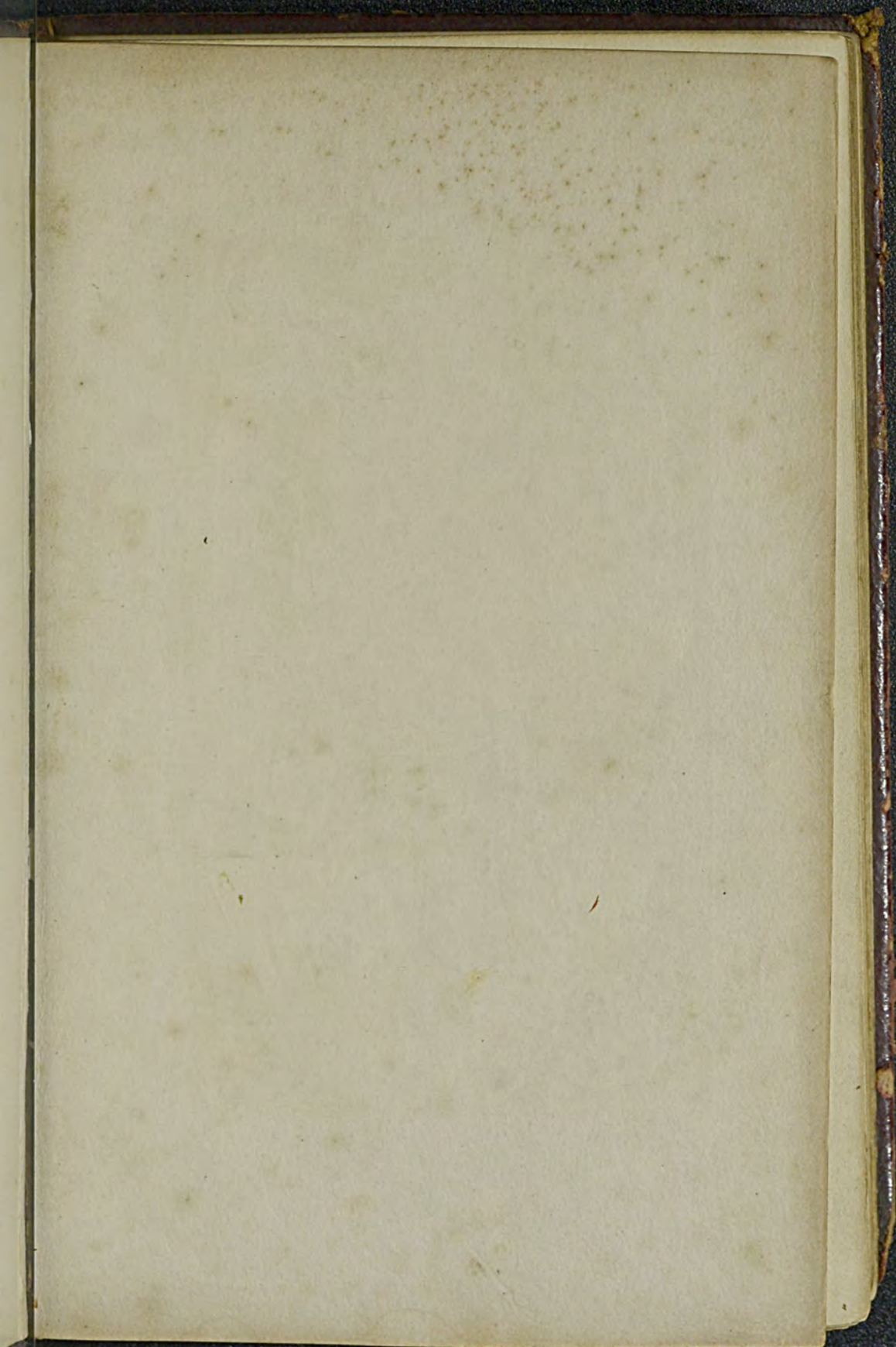
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CAROLINE MORDAUNT.

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CAROLINE MORDAUNT;

OR

THE GOVERNESS.

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BY MRS. SHERWOOD.  
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CAROLINE MORDAUNT,

OR

THE GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER I.

I AM now arrived at that period of life, and, I thank God, to that state of mind, in which I can look back on the various adventures of my past years, with no other feelings than those of gratitude to that Divine Providence which has rendered every apparent accident, and every difficulty which I have encountered in my passage down the stream of time, more or less subservient to my everlasting welfare: for I cannot doubt, but that the peace I have enjoyed during some of the latter years of my life, is no other than an earnest of that perfect rest in which I hope to enter, through the merits and death of my Divine Redeemer.

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My history naturally divides itself into distinct portions, as will hereafter appear; and if my reader is interested in my first essay, I shall introduce him into other scenes of my life; not doubting that he will be enabled to profit by those things which I shall communicate. Yet, let it be first premised, that, although according to a well-known grammatical rule, I have addressed my reader, as if I supposed him to belong to the more honourable sex, yet my history is, in fact, more adapted for the study of that portion of the human race which are counted of least importance by the grammarian, and the most worthy of honour, by the member of polished life.

My christian name is Caroline, and my paternal name was Mordaunt. My father was in the church; but I was deprived of him and of my mother whilst yet in my tender infancy. A few hundred pounds were all he left behind him. After much consultation among my relations, this small sum was tendered to a respectable lady keeping a boarding school near town, on condition that she would take

charge of me until my nineteenth year, and prepare me to obtain my own living as a private governess. The lady entered into the agreement with my relations, and performed her part with strict honour, upon the whole, rendering my childhood happy, and certainly doing her best to prepare me for what my friends intended me to become. But although for her day, for I am speaking of nearly half a century past, she was accounted a highly accomplished person, yet she was, in fact, totally ignorant of all valuable information, and knew nothing of vital religion. Her views of morality were quite common place, so that her seminary was merely an ordinary place of education, and the characters formed therein were of the most ordinary description. Though, with regard to accomplishments, we were certainly somewhat above par, for we had a teacher from Paris, who spoke French perfectly well, and knew how to touch the harp in a superior style.

I was only four years old when I was placed in this establishment, and in the fourteen years, which were before me, I must

have been cruelly neglected, or have been naturally very stupid, if I had not acquired most of what was taught in the house, and as I had rather a genteel person, a good carriage, and an agreeable manner, I was considered, for several years before I left the family, as a sort of ornament to the establishment, and was always brought forward in strong relief, whenever any thing like an exhibition was to be got up.

It cannot, therefore, be questioned, but that I had a tolerably good opinion of myself, and that I expected, when I got out into the world, that every one was to give way to me, as my young companions had been accustomed to do for some years.

When I was eighteen years of age, the term of the agreement between my relations and my governess was at an end, and about this time an elderly cousin of mine, who was in fact my guardian, wrote to inform my governess that he had spoken in my favour to a certain lady of quality who wanted an instructress for her only daughter, and that this high preferment might be obtained for me, if

she (my preceptress) would vouch for my being fit for the situation. My cousin was a man of business to the husband of this lady, and had thus obtained the opportunity of speaking a word in my behalf.

My governess was so obliging as to send a very handsome letter in reply, and it was the more kind in her so to do, as she would rather have kept me to assist herself. However, this letter was decisive, and obtained the situation for me. My cousin sent me a sum of money to provide me with proper clothes, and pay for my journey, and after the summer vacation I parted, with some tears, and not without many brilliant anticipations of future aggrandizement, from the friends of my youth; and after a journey of twenty-four hours, with little rest, found myself in the village of Harley, at a small inn, bearing the arms of the family of H — on its sign post.

The noble mansion to which I was bound was scarcely a quarter of a mile distant from this inn, and there I met my cousin, an elderly man, in a mulberry coloured suit, a wig, and

a pair of spectacles. He had provided a supper for me, as it was late, and amongst many other counsels which he bestowed upon me, advised me to repose that night at the inn, in order that I might not appear before Lady H—— whilst under the influence of fatigue, promising to walk over with me to the Hall the next day. My cousin had ordered a duck and green peas for supper, and whilst partaking of our repast we had a great deal of discourse, during which I, no doubt, displayed no little of that entire self-confidence which I then entertained.

“ I hope, Miss Caroline,” said the old gentleman, “ that you understand the French lingoo in perfection, for my lady has been on the continent, and has it at her tongue’s end.”

“ So much the better for me,” I replied, “ for she will then understand that I have been taught the true Parisian accent.”

“ Humph,” said my cousin, “ I don’t understand these matters, since good plain English has always been enough for me. But Miss Caroline,” he added, “ take the advice of one who has lived many more years in the

world than you have, and don't be showing your better learning before my lady. Don't be pretending to know more than she does. Hear all she has to say, and seem as if you were ready to learn even in matters that you may chance to understand better than she does. And mind your own business, and keep to your own *apartments* and *departments*, and remember, you don't come to teach my lady herself, but her daughter; and hearken to the word of a friend, don't be making free with the second sort of gentry of the family, or with the French woman, who waits on the little lady."

"You might have spared this last piece of advice, cousin," I answered, "for I do not think it very likely, that, brought up as I have been, I should be making free with servants and those sort of people."

As I had been travelling nearly the whole of the past night, I was glad to go to bed immediately after supper, and the next morning when we had breakfasted, my cousin set out with me to the Hall.

It was a noble house, standing in a park,

and there was a fine lake fringed with beautiful shrubs. When we were come up near the front of the house we saw a chariot-and-four standing at the principal entrance. On which my cousin remarked, that there was company with my lady, and was thereupon turning towards the entrance of the offices by which he had always been accustomed to enter the mansion, whereat I expostulated, and said, "If I am to be company for my lady, I will not enter the house through the offices,— I don't count myself a servant, and I will not be treated as such."

"I do not understand these things," replied my cousin, "but take your own way. It is a narrow path you have to walk in, Caroline Mordaunt, and a delicate post you have to fill. Perhaps I judged wrong in offering to lead you by the back way; but, mind my advice, do not take too much upon you, — if you are not to be counted as a servant, yet you must not reckon yourself to be an equal with my lady, and you must endeavour to find your place, which is a sort of

middle one, and neither carry yourself too high nor too low."

My cousin was not at the time a pious man. The advice he gave me was good, nevertheless; but in order to have been enabled to follow it, I ought already to have received that divine principle, by which alone an individual is enabled to act with true decorum blamelessly, in whatever situation it may please God to place him.

So we walked to the grand entrance, and had to pass two or three powdered footmen who belonged to the equipage, and were lounging about the steps. As soon as we were entered, my cousin passed through a side-door into the offices, and I saw him no more for some hours; but presently one of the footmen of the family appeared, and ushered me through several vestibules and halls into a small parlour elegantly fitted up. There I sat for more than an hour, trying to amuse myself with a book, but continually returning to a painful sense of my situation, and wishing, oh! how earnestly, that I were

at school again. At length I heard the chariot-and-four drive away, and the next minute a voice without the door, saying, "Garfield, where did you say the young person was?"

I arose on hearing this, and the next moment her ladyship entered, followed by two children; the eldest, a girl about eleven years of age, and the second, a boy who might be seven.

These were Lady Euphrasia, my future pupil, and Lord S——, the son and heir, and only hope of the noble family.

This group were in no wise remarkable, excepting for the excessive coldness of their manner; had their features been of marble, there could not have been less expression, than these great people chose to throw into their countenances, when I stood and curtsied before them. "Miss Mordaunt," said her ladyship, "the young person recommended by Mr. Blagden, (that was my cousin) I am glad to see you. I hope you have not found your journey fatiguing: permit me to introduce your pupil to you, Lady Euphrasia. You will find her a very apt little scholar.—"

Come forward, Euphrasia, and tell Miss Mordaunt you will be very obedient.—Miss Mordaunt, we speak French only in your apartments; you will observe that restriction, I trust; you are to have nothing to do with Lord S——, though he pleads the privilege of visiting his sister sometimes.—Euphrasia, I am now going to ride; you will accompany your governess to your apartments.—All preliminaries respecting salary, &c. Miss Mordaunt, you know, have been settled through Mr. Blagden. You will have your meals in your own sitting room, and be prepared to attend to Lady Euphrasia, when she is not with me.” I was about to speak, but her ladyship had left the room with her son. The next moment, Euphrasia asking me if I were ready to accompany her, quitted the room, (for it was the usual habit of this high family, as it was said to have been that of the members of the court of Versailles, never to wait for an answer to a question asked of an inferior,) and I had, therefore, nothing for it, but to walk after her little ladyship, which I did in the worst possible state of temper.

Lady Euphrasia led me through various halls, galleries, antechambers, &c. till she had brought me to a suite of chambers, on the first floor, in a remote wing. "These are our rooms," she said, without vouchsafing me any sort of title,—“and there you are to sleep,” she added, pointing to one door,—“and that is my room,” pointing to another,—“and this is our sitting room, and this is Juliette’s room.” Juliette was Lady Euphrasia’s French *femme de chambre*.

It is one comfort, I thought, that I am not to sleep with you—you little cold haughty thing; and I felt that it would be impossible for me to bear this sort of treatment for any length of time; however, I plucked up my spirits, and walking up to a harp which stood in the corner of the room, began to try it. “This harp has a good tone, Lady Euphrasia,” I said, as carelessly as I could speak. She took no notice of this remark, and then I remembered that I was to speak French, and repeated my words in French.

She answered me in English, saying, “she knew nothing about it.”

I admonished her that she was to speak French in our apartments. On which she flatly told me that she could not talk French with me, for she did not understand my French.

I found my blood boiling ; but was relieved by the appearance of Juliette issuing from the door of her own chamber. This Juliette was a lively and apparently good-humoured middle-aged French woman, and one who knew much better than I did, how to deal with the little haughty scion of a noble stock, which I had undertaken to control.

She accosted me cheerfully, and reproached Lady Euphrasia for not having opened the door, and shown me my chamber. She told her that if she had ever been in France, she would have understood better what politeness was, and hastened herself to introduce me to my apartment, where I found my luggage already arrived.

Every thing in this chamber was provided which was necessary for my comfort, and here also was the advantage of a most charming prospect, seen from the windows. I, however,

looked on every thing with a diseased and dissatisfied eye. Mademoiselle Juliette did not, however, leave me to meditate on my supposed afflictions. She immediately entered into discourse with me, and spoke in good French. She told me that I was to have all my meals in my own apartments, and with the exception of dinner, always alone,—that I should be required to attend to Lady Euphrasia, only a few hours each day, and that I should have abundance of time to myself; proffering her services to teach me embroidery and fine needle-work during my hours of leisure.

This discourse was interrupted by a call to dinner,—the meal having been arranged in our sitting room, for Lady Euphrasia and myself; and this meal we should have probably taken in perfect silence, had it not been for Juliette, who was embroidering in a corner of the apartment, and who was, I found, permitted to talk as much as she pleased to Euphrasia, in order that the young lady might be thoroughly familiarized with the French language.

After dinner we all walked out, and I was again relieved by the talkativeness of the waiting maid, for Lady Euphrasia seemed resolved to make me feel, that she considered me quite as an inferior.

The scenes which we beheld, as we were walking, were extraordinarily beautiful, but I had little heart for the enjoyment of them. When returning to our apartments, Lady H—— made her appearance, and gave me some directions respecting the manner in which she chose her daughter to be taught, so entirely overpowering me with her hauteur, that I could merely answer her by simple expressions of acquiescence, though I conceived her ideas on education, at best, to be extremely limited. After Lady H—— had left us, I gave her daughter a lesson in French grammar and music, according to the directions I had just received; and then the young lady passed into the hands of Juliette, to be dressed for her appearance in the drawing-room after dinner. And as she did not return again to our apartments till eleven o'clock, I was left at liberty to employ my-

self as I chose for the remainder of the evening. And thus having given an account of my introduction into my first situation, I shall, in my next chapter, conclude the history of this my first attempt at conducting an education.

CHAPTER II.

As soon as Lady Euphrasia had left me, Juliette introduced my cousin into my sitting-room; the old gentleman entered, saying, "that he was come to take his tea with me, and to have a little friendly discourse. I was never more pleased in my life, than to see his kind face, and as soon as Juliette had withdrawn, actually burst into tears from excess of feeling. "Come, come, Miss," said the worthy man, in a soothing tone, "come, come, cheer up;" and he twinkled his eyes to get rid of a tear or two that would intrude. "You will be easier anon, when you are better used to them."

When we had taken our tea, my cousin proposed a walk with me in the shrubbery,

saying, "that as there was a moon, he minded not how late he rode," for he had several miles to go to his own habitation; and then, when we were in an open place, and sure that there were no listeners, I explained all my unpleasant apprehensions to him respecting the disagreeableness of my situation, and in return was admonished as nearly as I can recollect, to the following effect.

"Cousin Mordaunt," said the old gentleman, "you are setting out in the journey of life, let me tell you, on a false principle. Your object is now to sow, and hereafter to reap, whereas you are for wholly passing over the time for sowing, and are looking for the harvest even before the fallow is broken up. A deceitful principle, let me tell you, cousin, even for those who have independent fortunes. How much more so then for those who have their way to make in the world. Let me ask you, cousin, what did you accept this situation for? Was it in order that you might enjoy yourself, and live in ease, or that you might be enabled to get your bread in an honourable way, and to save a little against

the evening of your life? If to maintain yourself honourably, and save a little money, was your chief aim, as I tell you it ought to be, if you have the sense I take you to have, you have attained that object here. You are in a situation so respectable, that if you conduct yourself well therein, your character and credit will be a portion to you through life, and you have a pretty salary too; the one-half of which you may put by with the smallest management every year: and then you have, as you say, many hours to yourself for your harp, and your pencil, and you have the chance of hearing the French lingo dinned into your ears every day, and of improving yourself in your needle-work; with a pleasant chamber to yourself, and the best of food, and all these things only on condition that you will swallow your pride, and bear with some little uncomfortablenesses of manner."

"Little uncomfortablenesses, cousin," I replied, "do you call it a small matter to be constantly subjected to the airs of an impertinent child, who owes me respect as her go-

verness, and treats me as if I were not fit to wipe her shoes?"

"How do you know," said the good man, looking me hard in the face, "but that if you do your duty, and keep yourself quiet, you may be the means of teaching the little lady better manners. Only keep yourself quiet. Mind your own business. Don't go out of your place, and neither talk of your own or other folks' affairs: and I doubt not but you will find things easier than you expect."

My cousin then took his leave, mounting his horse, which a boy held at a gate of the park, and I returned to my apartments in a very dejected state of mind.

I have often considered that a woman cannot have many worse qualities than not to be able to endure solitude. It is the lot of most females, at one time or other of their lives, to be much alone; and surely, if those who have acquired accomplishments, and the love of literature in youth, cannot occupy themselves when alone, we cannot expect that the illiterate and untalented can succeed in so doing; not to speak of those who have any sense of

religion. But my readers must understand, that as I was at that period wholly unacquainted with religion, so religion had no influence whatever upon my conduct; yet I had resolved to do as my cousin wished, and made no doubt that I should overcome all my difficulties, and by a little forbearance obtain such an influence over the mind of my pupil, as would induce her to treat me with more respect. But I had not only miscalculated my own strength, but the extent of the trials which I had to encounter; for the next morning, when it was necessary that I should make the Lady Euphrasia commit some lessons to memory, according to the directions given me by her mother, she became restive, and entirely refused to obey me; treating me at the same time with the utmost contempt. In vain I expostulated, and threatened to complain to her mother; and as that Lady entered our apartment, whilst this struggle was going forward, I failed not to inform her Ladyship of the true state of the case.

Lady H——, on hearing this, looked displeased, but it was very doubtful to me

whether her displeasure was not greater towards me than towards her daughter. She did not, however, leave me long in doubt, for taking occasion to send the little girl out of the room, she said, "Miss Mordaunt, I would not speak before Euphrasia, but I must caution you not to irritate her,—she has a remarkably tender constitution, and a susceptible mind, and you must endeavour rather to insinuate your instructions, than to force them upon her. It is evident to me that she has been in tears this morning,—she will have a head-ache in consequence all the evening. These scenes must be avoided in future." I was going to reply, but she raised her tone, at the same time moving out of the room, adding, "we will release you from any more lessons to-day, Miss Mordaunt, and you, Juliette, will prepare Lady Euphrasia to accompany me in my airing."

I felt myself so extremely angry at being treated in this manner, that I withdrew to my own chamber, and remained there till Juliette had dressed the young lady, and she was gone to her mother; then coming out, I

took the books from the table, and threw them aside with a violent air, saying, "So the lessons are done for this day, I do not see what use I am of in this place. I may as well return from whence I came. My talents are worth nothing here."

Juliette, who was present, shrugged up her shoulders, and smiled. "Well," she said, speaking in French, "what signifies it? You have a good situation, and liberty to occupy yourself *comme il vous plaira*; if Lady Euphrasia will not learn, you cannot help it. Why then does Mademoiselle put herself in a passion? Let me counsel you to take things as they come; enjoy yourself when you may; and if Madame chooses her daughter to be an ignorante, she knows her own affairs,—the young lady will have sufficient fortune to procure herself a fine establishment, without talents."

I should have done well had I made no answer to this speech, which was perfectly characteristic of the mere mercenary French *femme de chambre*; but I had not wisdom to be silent. I began to reason with her, and

was led on by her till I had revealed to her all my feelings respecting the family in the service of which I was engaged ; and fully believed that she was ready to go farther even than I did, in her contempt and dislike of the haughty little Euphrasia.

Our dinner had waited above an hour before Lady Euphrasia returned ; she came back with her brother, from whom I had not yet had a visit, and these two blighted sprigs of quality, as I had called them in my anger, when discoursing with Juliette, sat down to table without taking the smallest notice of me, conversing with each other during the whole repast ; whilst I felt myself more embarrassed than ever, by the consciousness of my late improper communications with Juliette.

We were to walk, as usual, after dinner, and Lord S—— accompanied us. The excessive boisterousness of this little nobleman, together with the occasional hauteur of his manner, had so entirely prejudiced me against him, that I had not even taken the trouble to consider whether there might not be some

good points about him. I was therefore surprised when Juliette, as we were walking, happening to mention Miss Barker, who was the governess that had preceded me in the family. The little boy interrupted her, by saying, "Don't talk of Miss Barker, Juliette. She is too good for you to speak of."

"Did you love her then, Lord S——, I asked?"

"Yes I did," he answered, "though she was sent away because she could not *parlez-vous*."

"Why did you love her?" I asked.

"Because she told me stories, and took care of me when I was ill," he answered, adding; "Can you tell stories? Do you know the story of Joseph? Miss Barker told me about him."

Here was undoubtedly an opening for good; but I did not follow it up; and Lord S—— soon again entirely forfeited the good opinion which his kind remembrance of Miss Barker had made me conceive of him, by some new expression of pride and contempt used towards myself; but I must not enter

into too many minute particulars of this part of my history. Nothing could well pass more uncomfortably and unsatisfactorily, than did the whole of the time of my residence at Lord H——'s. I was seldom admitted into the drawing-room, excepting when required to perform upon the harp or piano forte; and never allowed to advance one step farther towards any thing like familiar intercourse with Lady H——. I defended myself against the hauteur of Lady Euphrasia, by a corresponding coldness of manner; in consequence of which I never obtained the smallest influence over the young lady. There is little doubt that my pride was at that time not much inferior to her own; and as two parallel lines, though extended through all space, can never meet, so is it wholly impossible that two equally proud persons can ever assimilate; one or the other must bend a little before any thing like a union can possibly take place.

But although I was too proud to attempt to conciliate my little pupil, I felt my isolated state in the family so powerfully, that I yield-

ed to the temptation of making an intimate of Juliette, whom I found exceedingly approachable, and very ready to flatter and soothe me.

I made her acquainted with all my thoughts respecting the family, and in return she told me all the tittle-tattle of the housekeeper's-room; she brought me acquainted with Mrs. Lappet, my lady's maid, who used often to drop in, in an evening, and sit with me, and show me how to make up my caps, ruffles, &c.; and this woman, who was equally artful with Juliette, drew me on to speak my mind as plainly to her as I had before done to the Frenchwoman.

I remember afterwards that Mrs. Lappet used always to laugh heartily when I described the airs of Lady Euphrasia at her lessons, though I did not at the time observe that she never added a comment of her own. Though she used frequently to say, "Really, Miss Mordaunt, you have such a way of describing things, that it is better than a comedy to hear you."

I had entered Lord H——'s family in the

midsummer vacation, and had no idea of leaving the place for some years, thinking, that could I drag out my time till Lady Euphrasia's education was supposed to be finished, my name would be greatly exalted, by having it said of me that I had conducted the education of the Lady Euphrasia——, and it certainly was my own fault that I did not remain where I was much longer than I did. It happened, however, that one evening in Christmas, that being tired of my own company, and that of Juliette, I sent the latter to invite Mrs. Lappet to sit with me. The invitation being accepted, we gathered round the fire, Juliette making one of the party, and allowing the candles to die in the sockets, sat with our feet on the fender, whilst I amused my companions by my satirical remarks on my pupil and her mother; and was actually making my comments on the insignificant person of my pupil, when suddenly Mrs. Lappet, who sat with her face towards the door, said, "Miss Mordaunt, you may assert what you will, but I must needs say, that I do think there is something

uncommonly pretty and genteel about Lady Euphrasia; I wonder you think the contrary."

"Pretty and genteel," I replied; "little affected conceited thing! I never could see any thing pretty about her pale face, or genteel either, unless excessive pride and coldness are symptoms of gentility."

I had scarcely uttered these words before Lady Euphrasia, who had entered the room the moment before unseen by me, though not so by Mrs. Lappet, said in her usually cold haughty manner, — "Miss Mordaunt, my mamma desires you will come into the drawing-room, to play a quadrille for the ladies and gentlemen to dance to,—you are to come immediately." So saying, the young lady walked out of the room, drawing the door after her with a force which resounded through every gallery of the mansion.

Mrs. Lappet instantly rose and followed her, and Juliette looked alarmed.

I endeavoured to seem cool and unconcerned, but trembled from head to foot.

Neither was I surprised the next day, when Lady H—— sent me a year's salary,

with a hint that my services were no longer required, for, as it afterwards appeared, Juliette having been questioned by Lady H—, on the general tendency of my comments upon my pupil, had turned king's evidence, and had extricated herself and Mrs. Lappet from any share in my punishment, by repeating all she had ever heard me say.

It was with a deep sense of my disgraceful conduct that I got into a coach, which passed through the village of H—, to surprise my cousin by my sudden appearance. And thus concluded my first attempt at conducting an education.

CHAPTER III.

I SHALL begin this chapter with a succinct recapitulation of such portions of my early history as I have already narrated. I was left an orphan, early in life, under the care of a worthy cousin, a man many years older than myself, who caused me to be educated in such a manner as fitted me to support myself as a governess. This respectable relative also provided me with a highly creditable situation in a noble family, where I had the tuition of one young lady. This situation was lost to me, as I have before stated, through indiscreet familiarity with Mrs. Lappet, my lady's maid, and my cousin's house supplied a refuge for me till another

situation was offered to me, through the interest of a next door neighbour of my cousin, whose good word I had obtained through the medium of a fire-screen which I painted and varnished for her with admirable nicety, as she was pleased to say. I have often thought that my worthy cousin was not less patient and indefatigable in his endeavours to serve me, than was Hercules in effecting those twelve prodigious labours by which he has obtained a sort of immortality in the legends of heathen romance. Preparatory to my second expedition, the good man corded and directed my boxes with his own hands, paid my fare from his own purse, and rose at four o'clock to see me safe in the coach; but the place which my fire-screen had obtained for me, was inferior in dignity to the one from which I had fallen—it was that of a merchant of the city of London, who had his country house, in which his family resided, in Epping Forest.

I would wish my reader to understand that as I am now an old woman, nearly forty years have elapsed since I entered upon this

my second situation; at which time the mercantile members of our capital were not the polished and intelligent persons which they now are; the line of separation was at that period much wider between the nobility and those engaged in business. I therefore beg that no person will please to take offence at the description which truth compels me to give of my new situation.

I must confess that when I found myself in the heavy stage, where I expected to spend, at least, the largest portion of the next twenty-four hours, my proud blood began to stir itself in the comparison between this clumsy, heavy, dirty vehicle, with the elegant carriage in which I had sometimes been permitted to accompany my late pupil and her noble mother to church on a rainy Sunday; and there is no doubt that I exhibited some very disagreeable airs to my fellow passengers, no less than five of whom were crowded with me in the inside of the stage. I arrived in town before it was light the next morning, and got a few hours of rest in the inconvenient inn where the coach stopped in the City,

but I was young then and in full health, and all was new, and therefore interesting to me. I arose accordingly in good spirits, and having breakfasted, took a coach, as my cousin had directed me, to the country house of my new patron, — Joshua Barlow, Esq. Briar Cottage, Epping Forest.

Being seated in the coach, with all my worldly goods about me, I enjoyed the drive through those parts of the town which I had to pass, and was really gratified when I entered the beautiful precincts of the Forest.

The morning was clear and fine, and there was only one drawback in my prospects; I did not like the idea of the descent I was about to make. I had devoted my services to nobility, and I had acquired some aristocratic notions. I felt that it would be intolerably irksome to me to serve (in whatever capacity it might be) a woman who was no better than the wife of a merchant, although she might be genteel enough to correct the awkward ways and habits of the little cockneys; and also, perhaps, as I said to myself, to do the civil to the low relations of the

family, who will think, no doubt, that their notice will be an honour to me: but I shall keep myself to myself. It shall not be said of me, as it was in my last situation, that I made myself too free with my inferiors. Whilst indulging these laudable resolutions, and determining, because I had been too free with the servants in one place, that I would insult the relations at the next, the coachman suddenly came to a stop, on which, looking out of the windows on both sides, I saw, from that on the left, that I was on a wide and beautiful green, scattered with forest trees, and interspersed here and there with small neat houses, or rather ornamental cottages, set in little shrubberies and gardens; and from the other, on the right, I perceived that we had actually come to a stand at the gate of one of these houses.

The country houses of the London merchants were not then what they are now; there was not then, generally speaking, the elegance or magnificence which is displayed through all the environs of the great capital; neither were the habits of the trading part of

our population so assimilated to those of our nobles: but this I have hinted before. The country house or cottage, before which I had stopped, was exceedingly small in front, consisting, on the ground floor, of a vestibule and two little parlours, and above, of a drawing-room which extended along the whole front. This was all of the house which presented itself to my view: though it ran backwards to some extent as I afterwards found.

It stood in a garden which was laid out in heart-shaped, square, and triangular parterres: and it had a green porch covered with sweetbriar, from which sweetbriar it had taken its name. "This is Briar Cottage, miss," said the coachman, "will you please to alight?"

"This Briar Cottage! impossible," I replied; "it cannot be the place," I would have added, had I thought it advisable, "where the late governess of Lady Euphrasia Harley is expected;" but I retained myself, and bid the man go up to the house and knock or ring.

The knocker soon brought forth an elderly

woman, who looked something between a domestic and a sort of poor cousin, followed by a pert female servant. This elderly person, understanding that the lady in the coach was come from town, hastened to the door of the carriage, asked me if I were the young lady expected from the country; invited me in with all civility, and insisted upon paying the coachman, saying, that Mr. Barlow would not be pleased if she did not see to these things.

I would here wish to interrupt my narrative by remarking, that it is by no means in the highest families that young women in my situation may expect to find most comfort; but of this I am assured, that unless persons in every conceivable station of life, make up their minds to expect some inconveniences, they assuredly never will enjoy any degree of peace. Religious persons, in general, who are accustomed to look from this present scene to that which is to come, are undoubtedly more happy than persons of any other description, inasmuch as they disregard many slight inconveniences which en-

tirely destroy the repose of those to whom this world is an all in all ; but I beg my reader to understand that I had no idea whatever of religion at that period of my life of which I am speaking. She therefore, (for I am chiefly addressing my own sex) must not expect to find from my conduct then, or from any of such of my private thoughts as I may think it expedient to make known to her, any traces of those divine influences, the effects of which I trust to be able to make more manifest in the latter portions of my narrative.

The coachman being dismissed, and the sturdy servant maid having brought in my luggage, I was led, by the elderly person who had received me, into a sort of back parlour looking upon the offices. This parlour being wainscotted, was lined with cupboards, and garnished with huge baskets of linen which seemed fresh from the laundry. A small round table covered with a green cloth, and scattered with the materials for sewing, stood before the fire, which last burned brightly, for although the trees were already budding, the air was sharp and cold.

“Here, miss, sit down,” said my new acquaintance, “and warm your feet, and you shall have some refreshments in a minute, and you will please to pardon my going on with my sewing. I am seeing that the linen does not want mending before I put it up — business must be done, you know, miss.”

“Will you do me the favour to inform me whom I am addressing, madam,” I replied, endeavouring to inspire respect by the most formal politeness. “Am I speaking to Mrs. Barlow?”

The poor woman opened her eyes as if I had uttered some sort of profaneness in conceiving it possible that she could be so great a lady as she held Mrs. Barlow to be. “My dear,” she replied, “my dear, how could you think it? My cousin, Mrs. Barlow, is in town to-day—gone in the carriage with Miss Grace, and Miss Prudence: she will be back by and by. My name is Mercy Hare; and Mrs. Barlow is the very best friend I have in the world. My father was unfortunate, but I have a comfortable home under this roof, and every respect is paid to me; so I

employ myself with my needle. I take care of the linen; one likes to be useful to those whose bread one eats," she added, brushing away a tear.

Here, thought I, is one of the very sort of persons I had pictured to myself, in the carriage, as haunting this merchant's house—just the woman I must keep at a distance. I therefore took no notice of her humble and candid acknowledgment of her lowly lot, but immediately turned the subject of discourse, by asking the ages of my future pupils.

"Twelve and fourteen," she replied, proceeding to give me an account of their accomplishments, which, in her eyes, at least, were superlative. Whilst Mrs. Mercy was still enlarging on this wonderful subject, the servant maid, mentioned before, entered with refreshments, which she set before me in a tray, after which, turning to the humble cousin, she said, "if it is of our young ladies that you are talking to the new governess, you should tell her that she will have enough to do to keep them at their books and their

needles, for it is what no one ever could do yet, and that is what you know, Mrs. Hare, as well as I do."

"What is this you have brought me to drink," I said, resolving at once to teach the impertinent damsel that she was not to meddle with my department, "if it is malt liquor, take it away and bring me some water in a glass if you please." The servant bridled up, looked as if some very insolent word was on her lips, yet obeyed my commands, bringing me what I desired, as handsomely served as if she were waiting on Mrs. Barlow herself.

I was then shown to the apartment which had been prepared for me, and being asked whether I would wish a fire in my room, said, "certainly: I must desire you to light one every morning as soon as you are up."

I had the pleasure to find that my manner had already awed one into respect; and, being in such good train, I was resolved to carry matters through.

I had hardly arranged my clothes in my drawers, and changed my dress, when I heard

the wheels of a carriage, and presently I was made aware of the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Barlow, by the appearance of Mrs. Mercy, at my door, who, having announced herself by one gentle tap, told me that Mr. and Mrs. Barlow wished to see me. "Inform them," I replied, "that I shall be with them immediately." Mrs. Mercy trotted down before me, whilst I, coming after her, with as much grave dignity as I could throw into my young face, presently stood before my new patron and his lady.

It would not, perhaps, be very easy, in the present polished state of society, to find a pair, in the same class of society in the metropolis, in any degree answerable to those who presented themselves to me as I entered the dining parlour in which the family were then assembled, awaiting their dinners.

Mr. Barlow was a short man, of a circumference which did credit to the culinary skill of his housekeeper, and though having a particularly dull expression of countenance, betraying, in his very first address to me, his ambition of being thought a wit, and a man

of superior breeding;—a sort of pretension which sat as ill upon him as a robe of gossamer would have done on the substantial form of his helpmeet; for Mrs. Barlow's figure was not more delicate, in proportion, than that of her husband.

This last worthy personage was, I presently perceived, little more than a bustling housewife,—one who, under the idea of economy, would soon have reduced a man of moderate income to the debtor's place in the nearest jail; but being happily allied to a man of a deep purse, had hitherto effected little by her plans of good management, except to swell his Christmas bills to about double the amount of what they might otherwise have been. As to the two young ladies, who were to be my pupils, I remember little of them during that first interview, but that the youngest had her fore finger in her mouth, and the eldest her head on one side, and that at dinner the one said, "La, papa!" and the other answered both her parents as if they had offended her, and she had not yet made up her mind whether she should admit them

into favour again. I have often, since that time, seen excessive awkwardness take the appearance of sullenness, but the thing was new to me then.

But I have said that I was convinced of Mr. Barlow's pretensions to being a man of erudition and wit, and that sort of thing, by his very first address to me; for taking his daughters in each hand; "Miss Mordaunt," he said, "there is nothing I desire so much for my children, as the cultivation of their minds; make them women of refined minds, and you will bestow a lasting obligation upon me — an obligation which gold can never repay, but which, I trust, you will consider as duly returned by the gratitude of a father's heart, continually pouring itself out in expressions of that admiration which you will have truly merited. That you are capable of doing much for my daughters, I cannot question, when I look upon your face. Do not blush, young lady, I am not going to extol your beauty. The roses and the lilies" — he was happily interrupted in this place by a call to dinner. But after the first

help, (as children say, who always calculate the quantity they have swallowed by the number of helps they have had,) he started again; though he did not take up the roses and lilies which he had dropped, but began to explain to me the plan which he would wish me to pursue, in the education of his children, requesting particularly that, in my historical instructions, I would begin with modern history, and that of my own country and times; and from that point, or points, proceed to that which is more ancient with regard to time, and more remote with respect to place.

“I will do it with pleasure, sir,” I answered, “if you can direct me to any history which is written backwards, and any work on geography where England is made the centre of the world.”

“Upon my word, Miss Mordaunt,” he replied, “you are very smart.” He was, however, a good-natured man, and a truly worthy man in his way, and he accordingly passed over this piece of impertinence as a mere joke, and not intended, as it really was, to expose his ignorance.

I do not recollect any other circumstance which took place during that meal: some friends came in in the evening, and we all sat together in the drawing-room, and I kept up my dignity by employing myself with my needle, whilst all the rest of the family were engaged in a game of commerce. A hot supper finished the evening.

After breakfast, the next day, Mr. Barlow went to London, and Mrs. Barlow introduced me into a comfortable school-room, where she told me that her daughters would attend me for six hours every day. These hours being left to my choice with the exception of those after tea, when Mr. Barlow expected us to be all together. Mrs. Barlow, good woman, left it much to me to teach the young people what I chose, and I soon found that I had almost every thing to do in the way of instruction. And here I might have been as easy, or more so, perhaps, than in almost any other place I could have chosen, putting religion out of consideration, as a thing never thought of by any of us on a week day, and observed only in form on a

Sunday; but the rock which I split on, in this situation, was one on which many a young sailor has foundered his bark. I despised my companions, old and young, masters and servants, all in a mass. I was cold, haughty, and disdainful. I worked with the children, indeed, but I did not obtain their love or confidence. I looked on Mrs. Barlow as little more than a cook maid, or at best as a confectioner; and I irritated the worthy merchant, continually, by exposing his false pretensions to knowledge, not only to his family and visitors, but, what was still worse, to himself.

I recollect to this day, and blush at the recollection of one or two of my many impertinences. I detected him in taking some person through the Gulph of Mexico to the East Indies; and in placing Cape Horn in the South of Africa; in insisting that the Grecian Hercules, being a native of Thebes, was born in Egypt, and that King Arthur was one of the Saxon Kings of all England.

One day when he had been reciting some well-known scrap of poetry, as something

very new and very extraordinary, I told the story of the young man who went to London and gave himself credit when he returned into the country, for having been the first person to discover the merits of Dryden's Alexander's Feast, a piece which had set all the literary world in a blaze, months if not years before; and I put the finishing stroke to my impertinence by correcting the grammar of a French quotation, on which he had ventured, in a large company, at his own table. The end of all this was, that when my twelve months were complete, my salary was paid, and I was sent back to my cousin with this character, that I was a remarkably clever young woman, but too much so for a private family. The only person who shed a tear when I left Briar Cottage, was Mrs. Hare, who, as I stepped into the carriage, slipped into my hand a heart-shaped embroidered pincushion, having a tarnished silver tassel at every corner. There was much kindness, I have often thought, in the mind that had designed that pincushion.

CHAPTER IV.

I WOULD willingly have grounds for the assurance that I have already created a sufficient interest in the minds of my readers, to induce them to express some anxiety respecting the sort of reception the pert young governess was likely to meet with from the good man, her cousin.

I would willingly fancy these same readers expressing themselves to the following effect : Did the worthy old gentleman open his door to her ? — did he welcome her with affection ? — or did he overwhelm her with reproaches ? Did he say, What ! are you here again ? — is there to be no end of the trouble I am to have with you ? When left an orphan did I not put you to the best of schools where you might acquire every accomplishment ? and

did I not obtain for you an honourable establishment in the family of the Earl of S——? — did you not disgrace me there by your female volubility of tongue, and your close intimacy with that artful personage, Mrs. Lappet? Did I not then, through the medium of my worthy friend, and next door neighbour, get you snugly placed in the family of Joshua Barlow, Esq. merchant of the city of London? And now, behold, here you are again, when I least thought of you. Is there to be no end to all this?

My readers might suppose that this would have been the sort of address with which my cousin would have received me, when I appeared, quite unexpectedly in his presence, one frosty morning, just as he was sitting down to his breakfast, in his little back parlour. Surprise he did indeed express, at my entrance, and a shade of dissatisfaction did indeed cross his brow, but I told my own story, made my own tale a good one, and found myself comfortably installed in my little sleeping apartment, in the attics, within two hours after I had quitted the stage.

My cousin gave no hint whatever of his desire to get rid of me, or rather of his wish that I should exert myself to obtain an independence, until I had been with him more than a month. At length he took occasion, one afternoon as I was preparing his tea, to open his mind to me, which he did in the kindest manner possible.

“Cousin Caroline,” said the worthy man, “nothing would give me more pleasure than to have you always with me: your presence would be a comfort and consolation to me, old as I am, and without wife or children, but the thing would not do. My income is small, though quite sufficient for me; and what I shall have to leave behind must be divided amongst my relations. I cannot adopt one cousin to the exclusion of others. When I die, there may be about £400 coming to you; but what would the interest of that small sum be to keep you in your station as a gentlewoman, though it would be a pretty addition to your own savings. A life with me, would also be a life of comparative indolence. The talents you have acquired

would be lost. You would soon become a useless being — a mere idler, and perhaps a simple village gossip. You must go out again, cousin Caroline, and we must begin to inquire for a place for you. I must set my neighbours at work — perhaps your being over clever may not be so great an objection to others as it was to Mr. Barlow.”

It seems that my worthy cousin had taken Mr. Barlow's letter, in which he had stated his reasons for parting with me, in its most literal sense, and it cannot be supposed that I should have taken very great pains to undeceive him.

It was not long after this conversation that a lady from Bath arrived on a visit in the neighbourhood, with one daughter about fourteen years of age.

This lady's name was Delaney, and that of her daughter Laura. The mother was a widow of fortune residing at Bath, and a sort of leader, as I afterwards found, not of the fashionables of that gay city, but of the literati and the genuine and the would-be wits. This lady had, it seems, just parted

with the preceptress of her daughter, on the score of dulness, and was therefore exceedingly delighted when she heard that it was in her power to engage a governess who was thought too clever for any private family. The comment she made, on hearing my character was this; "For most private families, perhaps Miss Mordaunt may be too clever, but I never yet met with any young person who was too clever for me. I should like for once to meet with an English woman whom I could look upon as an equal in intellectual matters — a female who could understand what one said would be a delightful creature. I have indeed met with foreign ladies, who are not heavy as lead: but, alas! for my poor country-women! However, let me see this paragon — this phenomenon — this extraordinary young person, who is too clever for any private family." I was accordingly sent for, received in a room full of company, and engaged on the spot,—my new patroness having slipped her card into my hand, and directed me to follow her in three days to her house in Portman Place, Bath.

I did not see Miss Laura that morning, but I returned to my cousin's in raptures with Mrs. Delaney. — "She is a charming woman, cousin," I said, "of a certain age indeed, but still beautiful; a fine bloom in her cheeks, and dressed with so much ease, such grace! I never saw so elegant a dishabille. I must actually make myself one like it: and the mob tied under the chin with lemon-coloured ribbons was the prettiest thing of the kind I ever saw. And do you know that she was not above shaking hands with me before all the company, and called me *la petite* more than once. There is no pride there, cousin, and her conversation is an intellectual feast. She has actually seen the delightful philosopher of Ferney, and drank *eau sucrée* with Madame Genlis. And do you know, cousin, that a new star has lately arisen in the horizon of literature; it has appeared at Bath — the most brilliant star of the prevailing hemisphere — a young man, having the talents of a Shakspeare, and the simplicity of a babe — he is called the child of nature."

“What,” said my cousin, who happened at the moment to be pulling on a pair of worsted gaiters, or spatterdashes as they were formerly called, “What’s that you say? Well, we shall see; but if I don’t have you back again from this fine place in less time than you were turned upon my hands from the other two situations, I know less of mankind — I should say of womankind,—than I ought to do, considering I have had opportunity of observing their freaks these sixty years. But Caroline, my dear, don’t you be presuming on the lady’s familiarity; let all that sort of nonsense be on her side, and none on yours; and don’t you be giving her French names in return for hers; and remember, that there is no reason whatever for your imitating the patterns of your mistress’s caps and gowns.”

“Mistress!” I repeated.

“Well, well,” said my cousin, “I won’t say mistress again if you will put another suitable word in my mouth.”

“Say patroness,” I replied.

“Well, patroness,” repeated my cousin,

“don't you be aping the dress of your patroness, Caroline, nor presuming on her freedom. Let me tell you, there is no situation in the world, where good sense is of more use than that in which you are, — as a governess — and a young one too.”

I did not much regard the advice of my cousin at that time: I was then like most other young people, not to be taught by precept.

And now, my readers, if they please, must follow me again to the stage, hear my cousin's parting advice, and accompany me till I am set down at the White Hart, in the beautiful city of Bath, where I arrived about six in the evening; then having stepped into a sedan chair, and hired a porter to carry my property (for my effects were very easily conveyed at that period of my life), I proceeded to the habitation of my patroness in Portman Place. The exterior of the house before which I was set down pleased me better than that of Briar Cottage. I was carried into an extensive vestibule, and received by Mrs. Delaney's own maid, a genteel looking per-

son according to her situation. She informed me that her lady had a large party above stairs, "and such a one," added the Abigail, in a lowered cadence, "as she would particularly wish you to see on your first arrival; she therefore directed me to introduce you to your apartment, and assist you to dress."

"But my clothes," I said, "are not yet unpacked."

"All that is prepared for and arranged," she replied; "my lady has ordered me to assist you from her own wardrobe."

"Really," I answered, "this is so kind, so good, so thoughtful of your lady," and as I ran up stairs after the maid into a large upper room, which was to be mine, and where a fire already blazed,—*"This will do,"* I said to myself, "this will do. Mrs. Delaney knows how to treat a young lady in my situation."

The maid was very speedy in her operations, and while she decorated me in a style entirely new to me, she not only contrived to insinuate some hints respecting the delight she had in setting off such a person as na-

ture had bestowed on me, but informed me what sort of company I might expect in the drawing-room.

“This is my lady’s evening,” she said, “the belle assemblée evening; it takes place every Thursday, when all the literary persons in Bath are here. They are already nearly all assembled. There is the Abbé Reynard, and Monsieur le Comte, and the Marquis, and Signior Figaro, and the Poet Laureat, and Madame Blarny, and the author of the new novel, I think they call it—but I have forgot the name—it is of no consequence,—but he is a wonderful man; and the celebrated writer of Sonnets and Elegies, I think my lady calls them; and the great tragedian, Malpas, and many others; but the child of nature is not come yet. My lady told me to tell you that you must, if possible, see his entrée, that is always excellent; but you cannot be sure of him afterwards; he is not to be depended upon, Miss Mordaunt; he is often most silent when my lady is most anxious that he should shine.”

“The child of nature,” I asked, impatiently, “Who is he—what is he?”

“My lady bid me not tell you,” replied the Abigail, “you will be the more surprised, but make haste—look at yourself in the glass. My lady’s cap suits you to a miracle: really, Miss Mordaunt, when I first saw you issuing from the sedan, I could not have thought—I could not have believed,”—and so saying, she took up the candle and hurried down with me to the drawing-room door, which was opened for me by a footman. And now what a blaze burst upon my eyes!—what a scene of noise and confusion! The room was filled, and every body talking at once. The figures, too, were all so new—so grotesque—at least my unpractised eyes thought them so. Half the company were evidently foreign; most of them of a certain age, and all marked in their deportment and physiognomies.

I heard nothing, for a moment, but a mingled jargon of exclamations in English, French, and Italian; the French predominating; whilst the speakers used so much ac-

tion, and such emphasis, with such contortions of countenance, that I could almost have thought myself suddenly ushered upon a stage where a numerous company were acting pantomimes.

It was more than a minute before I could distinguish Mrs. Delaney. When my eye, at length, rested upon her, she was standing at the very farthest end of the room, conversing with an exceedingly short gentleman, in spectacles; I made my way to her, and was watching a moment to address her, when she extended one finger to me, nodded and smiled, adding these words, "*Ne m'interrompez pas à présent;*" and turning again to the little gentleman, said, "*Continuez, mon ami, je respire à peine.*"

"Mark me, observe me," continued the small man, evidently carrying on some recital which I had interrupted. "In that crisis, just in that particular moment, I arose. I elevated myself to my utmost height, and I uttered these words, 'Ah, Maria! can it be?' Now, Mrs. Delaney, in that 'can it be?' — those few simple words—those words

which, out of unlettered lips"— . He was proceeding, when a whisper ran round the circle:—"The child of nature!—the child of nature!" All was instantly still: many who were standing sat down. I drew myself close up to the wall, and a tall handsome young man, of Herculean limb, entered the apartment. He advanced towards one part of the room, with a sort of run which would have well suited a child just going without leading strings; and coming close up to Mrs. Delaney, he said, "I dare say you were thinking I should not come at all. Should you have been sorry if I had not come?"

"Should I not," replied my patroness, in her gentlest accents. "Has nature lost its charms in this sophisticated age." But her words seemed to have been thrown away, for the child of nature had extended his arm—drawn a chair into the middle of the circle—and was already sitting down, with his back half turned to the company, strumming with his fingers as if playing on the keys of a harpsichord, on his own knee.

"What *naïveté*," said Mrs. Delaney to a

lady who stood between herself and me, "he has already forgotten that any one is present."

The child of nature began to hum a tune, showing even by this small specimen, that he had an uncommonly fine voice; then making a false note — then correcting himself, and finishing off by going to an instrument, at the farther end of the room, and accompanying his voice in the same air which he had been humming. In the mean time all was silent in the room, excepting when the ladies whispered "unequalled, unrivalled, excellent." But the child of nature stopped again at the same note, at which he had hesitated before, and struck the keys like a petted miss, as if they were to blame for his pretended want of memory; and, not seeming to heed the entreaties of the company that he would continue to ravish their ears with his unrivalled melody, he took a little book from his pocket, threw himself on the corner of a couch, and read as determinately as if he were reading for a first class at Oxford. "There now," said Mrs. Delaney, with a

mortified air, "there he is, and there he will be to the end of the night. We should not have noticed his singing. He would have gone on for an hour, if no one had noticed him; and, perhaps, have come amongst us afterwards, and ravished us as much by the charms of his conversation as he has done by his singing, but we have nothing more to expect from him to-night. We are thrown upon our own resources," and she sighed as she uttered these words.

"Our own resources," said the small man in spectacles, "and can any company want resources, rich resources, when a Delaney is present."

"When a Christopher Malpas is present," returned the lady, and then, as if with one accord, the haranguing, reciting, criticising, and complimenting, which had been interrupted by the child of nature, recommenced in every corner of the room; and as I thought it rather tiresome to be a mere auditor in such a scene, I ventured to try my own powers, and found myself presently drawn into a very animated discourse with a deeply

wrinkled French Count, who ventured to pass over the ceremony of an introduction, on the strength of having picked up my glove and presented it to me.

I remember little more worth noticing that evening. When the party was dispersed, my patroness took her candle and wished me a good night, just as she would have done had I been domesticated with her for the last three months; and the next morning I was duly inducted in my office as superintendent of Miss Laura's education.

Laura Delaney was one of the loveliest children I ever had the pleasure of instructing. She was beautiful, modest, and gentle; but her course was a very short one, and her history is soon told. She died, of over education, in her sixteenth year. I trust that she was taken from the evil to come; for even when I was with her she had many aspirations after a better world, which I could myself then sympathize as little with, as did the other worldly persons with whom she was environed.

The proofs I had had of Mrs. Delaney's

indulgence during the first evening were, however, ill suited to prepare me for the torments, as I then thought them, which were to ensue in the course of my attendance on Miss Laura. Mrs. Delaney insisted on interfering with me in every plan which I formed for the improvement of her child. She counteracted and re-arranged every system. It was impossible for Laura or myself to please her by any exertions we could make; it was in vain that the child complained of severe headaches, and looked the picture of distress; and that I stated the impossibility of forcing improvement beyond a certain point—suffice it to say, that after having endured this pragmatistical temper of the blue stocking mother, for about a month, I became impertinent, and was desired to look out for another situation. All that my good cousin said, when I was once again set down at his door, was, “you will find your bed well aired, Caroline, for I have been looking out for you for the last week.”

CHAPTER V.

Is my reader weary of Caroline Mordaunt? I trust not so. I even believe that had I been of the number of those truly respectable individuals of my own peculiar description; who, when once received into a family render their services so valuable, that they become, as it were, fixtures in that family, I should not have afforded half the entertainment to my reader which I now hope to do, and therefore, under the consolation of this idea, I will proceed, beginning, as my custom has hitherto been, to enumerate my former wanderings before I enter upon a new adventure. I had been at this time chosen and rejected three times. My first situation had been in a noble family, where my error

had been too great familiarity with my lady's maid. My second, and most comfortable residence, had been in Briar Cottage, where I was justly turned away for my impertinence to the head of the family. And in my third situation with Mrs. Delaney, at Bath, I had been the victim of caprice, and had the less to charge myself with, as Mrs. Delaney's favourites seldom reigned longer, as I afterwards found, than I had done.

My readers must, therefore, be so kind as to picture me to themselves as again living with my kind old bachelor cousin, (whose unassuming dwelling stands in the market-place of a country town) inhabiting a little parlour next to the street, and dividing my time between gossiping and certain domestic duties which I thought very far beneath my attention, but which I judged it expedient to perform, in order to show some sort of gratitude to my worthy relation. In this manner I completed the remainder of that winter which I had commenced at Bath; but inasmuch as I considered that my talents were entirely thrown away in the sort of oc-

cupations I am speaking of, I was rather pleased than otherwise, when my cousin informed me one morning that he had heard of a situation which he trusted might suit me, in the family of a Mrs. Marchmont, the lady of a country gentleman residing about twenty miles from our town,—advising me at the same time to write to the lady, and state my qualifications.

“How many children has this Mrs. Marchmont?” was my first question.

“Really,” he replied, “I do not know; but, my good cousin, you must not be over nice in these matters if you are to get on in life. Shall I tell you,” he added, “the difference between a house of one’s own and hired lodgings?”

“If you please,” I answered, “but what has that to do with the subject in question?”

“A vast deal,” he replied, “when a man lives in a house of his own, he tries to make the best of every inconvenience, and is neither sharp in finding out its imperfections on his own account, or in pointing them out to his neighbours; but when his dwelling is

hired from another, he observes all defects, and makes the most of them, and fancies probably that he shall improve his comforts by change. Do you see now, Caroline, how this remark bears upon the subject under our consideration?"

I made no reply, though he waited some moments for one, and then he added, "if you are looking out, Caroline, for a situation without its discomforts, you may look long enough, for I promise you that you will not find such an one."

There was no disputing this point, I therefore quietly acquiesced in writing to Mrs. Marchmont, without asking any further questions, and accordingly penned an epistle, in which I stated all my accomplishments, real and supposed, *sans façon*, as our continental neighbours would say, and being able to bring forward very respectable references, was honoured soon afterwards with a letter from the lady, accepting my services, stating my salary, and fixed the day when the carriage should fetch me. There was nothing in the letter which could lead me to understand the sort of

place I was to expect, neither could I learn any thing from the neighbours, excepting Mrs. Marchmont lived in a handsome house on the London road ; and there was a paddock and deer ; that a coach was kept, and a large establishment ; and that there were many children.

“ Many children !” No governess likes the idea of many children, unless she is to be paid by the number of her pupils ; and yet one child is often much more troublesome than many ; and certainly, all other things being equal, two are better than one, inasmuch as they afford each other amusement in the hours of leisure, which hours, where the pupil is solitary, are often the heaviest to the governess. However, as I before said, I did not like the idea of a large family, yet I was somewhat put into spirits when a very handsome family coach drove up to my cousin’s door, on the day which Mrs. Marchmont had appointed to convey me and my luggage to Maple Hall, the residence of the family. Neither did my spirits sink when I saw the place, which was a handsome old fashioned

residence standing on a lawn, and relieved with beautiful plantations of no modern date. There was also a fine piece of water, and a park abounding with deer, and scattered with groves of oak, conveying to my mind the idea of many pleasant walks to be enjoyed in the hours of *leisure*. On the whole, therefore, my anticipations, when driven up to the principal entrance, were far from unpleasant.

A footman received me at the door, and gave orders to a female servant, who appeared at the same time, where to convey my luggage. All which being done, he led me through several vestibules and halls into a large and elegantly furnished drawing-room, where he left me to inform his lady of my arrival.

I was kept in this room probably more than an hour before any of the family appeared; it was an anxious hour, and during the delay I felt my spirits gradually sinking from the pleasing state in which they were on my first arrival. I had nothing to do, for although the apartment was scattered (more

in accordance with the fashions of the present than the past day,) with every species of article which could contribute to amusement, yet I hardly knew whether I might presume to sit down and take up a book; and certainly, I could not have thought of touching either a harp or piano, although there was one of each of these instruments in the room. I, therefore, after having stood about a quarter of an hour at the window, looking on the beautiful shrubbery and the lake, and a temple of white stone, which peeped from among the woods on the highest point of the park, sat down on a sofa, and endeavoured to conjecture what I might expect from the family. From such indications as the apartments afforded, lavishness, I thought, is one of the qualities, taking my ideas from the quantity of various expensive articles huddled together on the numerous sofa tables—gold thimbles, bright steel scissors, and tangled skeins of silk, bits of coloured paper; beautifully bound books, some of which were much stained; a half-finished screen of filagrée work, which was at that

time the vogue ; a basket of London worsteds, so twisted and tangled, that the wand of Percinet would have been needed to have restored each thread to its proper place ; and finally, a portfolio of beautiful plates lying on the carpet with more than half its contents scattered around it ; to these might be added whips, tops, balls, gilt toys, ivory letters, and dolls, with all their appurtenances thrown in disorder through every part of the room, mingled with dog-eared books, and two or three silk and satin slippers, evidently belonging to very diminutive personages. What want of order ! What lavishness and extravagance I could not but think ; but after all, this is nothing to me. My business will be to teach, and not to arrange the house. I shall not interfere in any of these matters. However, I trust that, as Mrs. Marchmont prizes her worldly goods so little she will be liberal in her dealings with me. Well, I hope I shall have an easy life, at any rate. There are no symptoms of much precision in this place.

At length, when by my watch I had been waiting precisely an hour, the distant mur

mur of voices from the shrubbery arose on my ear; presently these became more distinct, and soon the marble halls and vestibules through which I had been led to the drawing-room, began to ring with various shrill voices. The next minute the door was thrown open with violence, and a little girl with flaxen hair hanging in ringlets round a pretty face, appeared in the wide door-way, fixed at the sight of a stranger, where she had not expected to see one.

“Mamma,” she exclaimed, “here — here — here’s somebody come — Don’t stay, pulling off your clogs — but come — here’s somebody.”

“Who? what? where?” said a boy of about nine years of age, appearing behind his sister in a jockey cap, with a whip in his hand; and then came another, and another child, till the door-way was filled — all vociferating together for their mamma, whilst I stood up, feeling the awkwardness of my situation, and not knowing how to introduce myself.

At length the figure of Mrs. Marchmont

appeared in the back ground — a tall genteel person — somewhat thin, and having a very decided colour in her cheeks, — a colour which was very evidently not lent by nature, with bright hazel eyes, a lady-like physiognomy,—I know not whether my readers will understand the phrase,— a very elegant bonnet of the last fashion, and an enormous pair of hoop ear-rings, just then the newest mode. I advanced as she came into view ; but my situation was embarrassing, as the children still stood in the door-way.

“ Miss Mordaunt, I presume,” said the lady ; “ I am glad to see you ;” and she made an effort to break the phalanx in the door-way, but not with much success, for she had no sooner repeated my name than a still greater commotion took place among the little people ; and I heard many questions to the following effect : “ Is it the new governess ? Is that the governess, mamma ? I say mamma, is it the governess ?” But the lady pushing the children aside, stepped into the room, and very politely extending her hand to me, expressed her pleasure at seeing me,

giving, at the same time, however, a reason which somewhat deducted from the compliment, namely, that she had been so dreadfully fatigued with the children ever since their last instructress had left them; that she had truly rejoiced in the arrival of the day which was to bring her relief; "but sit down, Miss Mordaunt," she added, "I am keeping you standing, which, after your journey, is not very considerate of me; and let me introduce your future pupils to you. Don't be alarmed, you are to have nothing to do with these great boys, excepting when they invade your premises.—Do not shake your wise heads, Edward and Thomas," proceeded the lady. "I know what you would say, that you would not be under petticoat jurisdiction. Well then, keep out of the queen's dominions, if you do not admit of female authority. If you choose to visit Miss Mordaunt's apartments, you must submit to Miss Mordaunt's pre-eminence.—But these three little girls, Miss Mordaunt," continued Mrs. Marchmont, "Anna, Maria, and Fanny, these are to be wholly and entirely amenable

to you, and Master Robert there, in his little jacket and trowsers. These are all to be yours, and there are two more still less who will sometimes visit you ; that is, when they are vastly good, and nurse gives leave ;” but lowering her tone, for the little party were listening intently to every word she uttered, “ I trust you will have very little trouble, Miss Mordaunt. The dear little things are lively and thoughtless, and we certainly do scatter our playthings about in a sad untidy way ; and we are not over fond of our lessons, but we are very good sort of people, take us all in all. Yet I ought to put you up, to use one of Edward’s elegant expressions, to one or two things, Miss Mordaunt.—Stand back, my dears, a little—look, don’t I see papa there riding down the park—run into the bow, see if you can discern him.—Children, you know, Miss Mordaunt, should not hear all one has to say ; but I think it right to make you acquainted with the peculiarities of the little dears ; and in fact, with some of my own ideas respecting the management of them ; whims, perhaps we may call them ;

but you must know, Miss Mordaunt, that Anna and Maria have remarkably delicate constitutions, and are the most nervous little dears on the face of the earth. Your predecessor, who was a charming woman, however, certainly injured them very seriously, as my physician, Dr. Prattleton assures me, by keeping them two hours for lessons, strict regular hours, which were never to be invaded on any account; and you can have no idea how this dull sort of routine affected their little nerves. The poor children got into such a way at last, that they quite started at the sound of a clock, for every stroke reminded them of some duty to be done, or some observance neglected; but I trust, Miss Mordaunt, from what I have heard of you, that you have none of these stiff and starched methods of conveying instruction. I dare say, that you will understand how to watch your opportunity when the little mind is inclined to take instruction; and that you will spare me the pain of ever seeing my poor little girls blubbing over dog-eared books, and those sort of things. As to the rest, I

leave them much to your own good judgment. You know what young ladies ought to learn much better than I do; but I should tell you, that Fanny is, I am sorry to say, very resolved in her disposition. Very fond of her own way, in fact, and I have generally found, that any sort of opposition, when it can be avoided, vastly increases the evil. Poor little soul! she suffered a great deal when I was last in town, and left her in the country, as my housekeeper told me on my return, from the various attempts which my late governess made to subdue her, but all without success; for as soon as I returned, she became as determined as ever. Therefore, Miss Mordaunt, we must let her alone, avoid disputes, and trust to time and reason to set all things right. One never hears of girls of seventeen or eighteen refusing to say good night, as she did last evening, and insisting on sucking their thumbs at church, as Miss was decided upon doing last Sunday. These are things which will mend themselves of course. I do not know that I have any other hints to give you, Miss Mordaunt,"

proceeded the lady, "before I introduce you to your apartments, excepting that I hope you will not object to Robert's puppies,—he has two little darling things, of the French breed, and can you believe it, your predecessor would not allow them to be in the school-room."

I am truly sorry that circumstances will not permit me to extend this portion of my narrative beyond the limits to which I restrict myself; because I might, perhaps, have been able to have described some very amusing scenes which took place within the range of my apartments, for I had a superb suite allotted to me and my little people, and was otherwise very handsomely treated. Nevertheless, I found it totally impossible to endure the torments inflicted upon me by the children, over whom I had no authority whatever, for a longer space than twelve months; for what with the nervous affections of Miss Anna and Miss Maria, which always exhibited themselves at the sight of a book; the resolute disposition of Miss Fanny; the daily visits of those friends

of the Salic law, Master Thomas and Master Edward, the gambols of Master Robert's puppies, and the perpetual invasions of two nurses and two babies, I found myself so totally incapable of performing the duties of my situation as preceptress, that I took occasion, one fine morning, to request permission to return to my cousin's, and being taken at my word, waited only till another person could be found to take my place, before I exchanged my elegant apartments for the quiet and peaceful upper chamber of my cousin's house.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER I had left Mrs. Marchmont's about two months, I was taking a walk with my cousin one Sunday after divine service, when, after a few minutes' silence the worthy old gentleman delivered himself to the following purpose :

“I have been thinking, Caroline, of the various situations through which you have already passed ; and asking myself candidly, and without partiality, whether the fault lay in yourself, or in your patronesses, or in my too easy and false kindness in opening my door so freely to you, whenever you found it either agreeable or convenient to honour me with your company ; to say that I am not always glad to see your young saucy face

would not be true ; but I verily believe, nevertheless, that the kindest thing I could do for you, would be to tell you, that when you next go from me, you shall return no more on any account whatever."

"Oh! cousin," I replied, "you would not be so cruel."

"I would, if I could," he answered, "I know I ought so to do; but come, let me enumerate the situations which you have tried already; first, let me see, there was my Lady Harley's. Well, you were quite inexperienced at that time, and if you did lose the place, and offend your mistress by your own indiscretion, it was pardonable."

"Situation, if you please, cousin, and patroness," I replied.

"I beg pardon, Miss; I beg pardon," said the old gentleman; "but it all comes to the same thing after all. Well then, next to my Lady Harley's situation was that of Mrs. Barlow. You might have done well there, Caroline, and been as happy as folks generally are in this world of trouble; but that is past, and we will say no more about it, and

then came Madame Delaney's, your blue-stocking patroness. Well, I never had much opinion of that situation; and last of all, Mrs. Marchmont's, with the nerves, and the puppy dogs, and the other disagreeables, I hardly know what to say of this last place: situation I mean — but there is an old proverb, Caroline — 'a rolling stone gathers no moss;' and, moreover, there is such a thing as a name. Servants who are always changing their places are never counted much of."

"Servants, cousin!" I retorted. "I wish you would not use such expressions."

"Caroline," replied my cousin, "suppose I hire you myself, to teach me politeness, though I am afraid you would find the situation rather a wearisome one; but come now, you must learn to take things as you find them in this world,—to take the good and the bad together, or rather the sweet and the bitter, this is what you want, my child. You are too fastidious,—there's a fine word for you. You expect too much, and hence arise half your troubles. You know me to be a sincere friend, and one, who, as your own kith

and kin, can have no interest in lowering and degrading you; yet you take exception at my words, and again where words are sweet, actions don't please, and so on. This won't do, Caroline; you will never get on in life, I promise you, if you do not get rid of some of this fine-lady sensitiveness; you will be quarrelling with your next patroness, I expect, if you can find no other cause, because she don't speak good grammar."

"I hope, cousin," I answered, "that it will never be my fate to reside in a family, where the lady of the house does not speak pure English."

"You must not hire with a Scotchwoman then," replied my cousin.

"You do not mean to say that no Scotch lady understands grammar, cousin," I said.

"No," replied my cousin, "I had no such thought; but you don't mean to say that those who have any accent but our own speak pure English, do you? Unless you are from the United States, where they hold it as an opinion, that we English have forgotten our own language, and that our tongue is

only to be found in its purity among the Yankees."

The conversation above cited, which proceeded to some length, was so very unpleasant to me, that I lost no opportunity after this of inquiring for another situation, and was so fortunate as to procure one, to which I repaired without loss of time. Secretly resolving, in a sort of pet, that I would not inconvenience my cousin with my company again for one while.

I shall not trouble my reader with any account of my journey, excepting that it was performed in a stage-coach, did not occupy many hours, and terminated at the door of a widow lady, who resided in a handsome house, in a cathedral town,—a residence which was actually within the shadow of the gothic towers, and within hearing of the daws which haunted the ancient pile.

I had some nervous palpitations as I passed through a wide old-fashioned hall, and was led up a flight of stairs, which spoke of former magnificence, (the balustrades being carved and gilt) into a long low room, where

I found my patroness, Mrs. Elverton, surrounded by her family. This lady had become a widow within the twelvemonth, and still wore her weeds. She had three daughters, who also were in deep mourning, — the eldest of these might be fourteen years of age, and the youngest could not be more than six. They were naturally pale, and the close mourning added to the paleness of their appearance. The modern novelists are very fond of endowing their heroines with fragile forms and transparent complexion, qualifications very suitable to a vase of Sevre china no doubt, but how far consistent with true ideas of human beauty I do not pretend to decide, but certain it was that this mother and daughters were precisely the sort of persons who might be thus described; and if, to these two qualifications, of fragility of form, and transparency of complexion, my reader will add light blue lack-lustre eyes, exceedingly soft glossy flaxen hair, and a sort of redness about the eye-lids, she will have the whole family group before her; but they were people whom one could not actu-

ally dislike, though as to their ever being able to excite a decided feeling in any human breast, unless it was that of weariness, I much doubt.

I was received very kindly; refreshments were ordered for me immediately; and, as I was supposed to be tired, my room was to be prepared immediately, and I was to go to bed as soon as ever I chose; but whilst I was waiting, the moment when I thought it might be decent to take my leave for the night, Mrs. Elverton opened out to me upon that subject which never failed from that period to that which separated us, namely, a recapitulation of her misfortunes; the leading heads of this recapitulation were the long illness of her husband, his death—the trouble of managing her own affairs—the imposition put upon widows—the delicate constitutions of her children—Eleanor's tendency to a spine complaint—Amelia's weakness of ancles—Julia's tender eyes—her own dyspepsy, and want of appetite—her constant nervous headaches—John's, that was the footman, want of respect, his manner being quite changed

since the death of poor Mr. Elverton — her own maid's encroachments — the liberties taken by the cook and house-maid — the neglect of old neighbours, since she had found it out of her power to give grand entertainments — and finally, her dread lest the tower of the cathedral, which was at that time under repair, should give way, and bury them all in its ruins.

What could I say to all this, but affect to sympathize and condole; but my younger reader will not be surprised, if, during the course of the evening, I wished myself a thousand times in the hurricane of Maple Hall, or any where else on the face of the earth, except in this lamentable and sable abode. I was conducted to my bed-room by my lady's own maid, who, whilst she showed me all the conveniences of a large tapestried chamber which was to be mine, and which seemed to be (as I looked out of my window,) fearfully close to the threatening tower, she seemed very much inclined to enter into discourse with me, and to give me a view of the other side of the family piece,

by beginning to inform me of the doleful change which had taken place in the house since the death of her master — a jolly old gentleman, as she described him, who had been fond of company and gaiety; but I remembered Mrs. Lappet, and encouraged no familiarity. I was, therefore, speedily left to my own cogitations, and to the murmurs of the wind sweeping along the aisles and cloisters, towers and pinnacles, which were directly before and beneath my large oriel window. The sun shining in at my casement, and the chattering of the daws in the battlements, awakened me at an early hour; and whilst I was dressing I was much delighted with the choral harmony which reached me from within the cathedral. I must have been dull indeed, although I had not much notion of religion at that time, if these sweet strains had not excited some pleasing ideas in my mind, and if, in consequence, I did not begin to hope that things might not be quite so bad as I had anticipated; for instance, I trusted that I should see but little of Mrs. Elverton; that I should

have a comfortable school-room, and that I might, perhaps, be able to make something of the three pieces of still life, her daughters, who, as I should tell my reader, had sat all the time their mother had been talking to me, making broad hems to strips of muslin, without betraying one single evidence of impatience. Oh! what must that young mind be that can hem muslin hour after hour, and not feel restless? But, alas! I was entirely disappointed in these expectations. Mrs. Elverton always sat in the room with the children, in the breakfast-room in the morning, in the saloon at dinner-time, in the drawing-room after dinner. The children were thought too delicate to do much in the literary way, and Mrs. Elverton did not approve of light books, under which denomination she designated all books which had any interest in them. Indeed, I am not sure whether she did not think the Bible too exciting for young minds, though she was exceedingly fond of Blair's Sermons, and we read one every day, and two between the services on a Sunday; but whereas the chil-

dren were her own, they never expressed any impatience at the monotony of their lives. In truth, I believe, that its long continuance had so enfeebled their constitutions, which were originally far from good, that they had scarcely energy to desire any thing more than what they daily met with. They all died early. Not one of the family now remains ; but my readers will inquire, how did I endure this dull life? I shall hasten to inform them, there is an old saying, that intellect is power, and without paying myself any extraordinary compliment, I soon perceived that I was the only person in the menage, with the exception of John and my lady's maid, who had any shrewdness whatever. Mrs. Betty had hitherto entirely governed her lady since her master's death, but her star was on the descent when I arrived, owing to her having exercised her authority somewhat too roughly ; yet I think Mrs. Elverton would never have had courage to have dismissed her, had she not herself relieved her of her presence, by a marriage with John, leaving me to step at once into

her place as prime minister. From that time I carried the purse, settled the accounts, paid the bills,—talked to the medical man—gave my opinion where it differed with his—and became so generally useful, that Mrs. Elverton used to call me her dear Caroline, and to say to me, how could I ever have done without you: really I cannot describe the comfort I find in you; and then she spoke of me to all her morning visitors,—old ladies for the most part who used to attend prayers in the cathedral, and call on us on their return,—and I used to be caressed by them, and called my dear, and bid to take care of my own health, and not to overdo myself. And in order to show my entire devotedness to my patroness, I did a thousand things which the servants would have done better than I could have done. Not a posset or a slop of any kind was to be made, but I must stir it, and dish it, and bring it up; and, if Miss Eleanor's back, or Miss Amelia's ankle were to be rubbed, I would let nobody do it but myself; and I instituted reforms without end in the offices, and of-

fended the washer-woman, and got the cook dismissed, and hired another, &c. &c., and was vastly pleased with my own exploits.

It was at this time that I wrote a letter to my cousin, speaking in very high terms of my present happy situation; stating the services I was performing for the family, with sundry other particulars, which, I trusted, would fill his mind with a very high opinion of me.

In answer to this, I got a short epistle, much to the following purpose:

“MY DEAR MISS,—Your letter, as dated September 18th, came to hand on Saturday morning. Glad to hear you are so happy—hope it will last. Remember the proverb, a new broom, &c.

“You know I am not much of a penman, so hope you will excuse all deficiencies, and believe me to be

“Your loving Cousin,

“NATHANIEL BLAGDEN.”

“Postscript. Nancy wants to know whe-

ther you will be back in time to see the mushroom pickling ; or whether she is to do it herself. I told her at any rate to put it off as long as she could, so as to give a chance of their being done under your direction."

I was excessively angry when I read this letter ; and highly irritated at the postscript. And for once my cousin had miscalculated ; for the mushroom, and even the mince-pie season was over before I returned home ; although my favour began to wane before the blossoms appeared. The truth was, that I was too young, and not of a temper of mind to be flattered, and put into power ; to be allowed to turn away and hire servants, and control other people's families. I grew arrogant over my inferiors, and at length, to use a homely phrase, began to kick at the ladder by which I had mounted. In short, I made Mrs. Elverton feel that she was not to indulge her indolence, excepting by paying the penalty of not being her own mistress, and yet I believe that she would hardly ever have exerted herself sufficiently to have broken

the chains which she had forged for herself, had I not, under the idea that I could not be dispensed with, presumed so far (one day when she had offended me,) as to threaten to leave her, and thus put it into her power, by a calm and quiet acquiescence in my own decision, to deliver herself from a thralldom, which for some time past she had found exceedingly painful.

I would gladly then have recovered my ground by an apology, could I have compelled myself to have made that apology; but to this I could not bend, and therefore, at the end of one month after I had given notice to quit, I once more found myself in the coach, which was to convey me to my cousin's.

CHAPTER VII.

I FANCIED, though I hardly know whether it was fancy or not, that my good cousin looked somewhat oddly upon me when I walked into his little parlour, on my return from Mrs. Elverton's. He was just taking off his boots, after a dusty ride, for the spring was far advanced, and as he put his foot into one of his slippers, "What, Miss Caroline, again," he said, with unchanged countenance, "how did you leave the good lady; and how did she contrive to spare you, Miss?" but you are just in time to bottle the gooseberries. I never think any thing of that sort so well done as by you. Come, sit you down, what will you have — dinner or tea? — I dare say you are hungry."

“ You think it odd, perhaps, cousin,” I replied, for I felt much embarrassed to see him again, so soon after my letter.

“ Not at all,” he said ; “ not at all—your letter prepared me.”

“ But I wish to explain,” I answered.

“ No need, Miss Caroline—no need whatever,” he replied. “ I prognosticated,” he added, laying an emphasis on each syllable of the long word prognosticated, “ how it would be. — Shall I tell you how it happened—You were made too much of, confided in too soon, grew conceited, waxed fat, and then kicked. Was it not so ?—Am I right ? — Well—sit you down. What shall Nancy get for you ? You will be wiser by and bye. I tell you there is no use in talking about it. You shall mend my linen, and make the preserves, and amuse yourself for a few weeks, and then try another voyage of experiment ; and I trust, that you will not carry so much sail another time, and then you may hope not to be driven back so speedily into the harbour from whence you started ; but, come, no more of this—be sure that you are wel-

come here, and I only wish I could keep you with me always ; but that must not be."

I was thoroughly vexed at being addressed in the manner I have described. I would rather a thousand times have been severely scolded, but there was no help for it; and, therefore, I made the best of it, and spent at that period, I think it might be as much as three months, at my cousin's. At the end of which time, through the favour of a distant relation, I obtained a situation in the family of a minister of the Church of Scotland, who resided in London, and had a handsome private fortune. This was my sixth situation within a very short space of time, and was in its circumstances totally different from every other. I have hitherto made a rule, on occasion of each change, to enumerate my various past situations ; but, in attempting to carry on my purpose, I am reminded of the rigmarole of "*this is the house that Jack built,*" which becomes longer and longer on every repetition. I fear, therefore, that I must depart from my laudable and methodical custom, lest I should occupy more space than I can well spare.

My parting with my cousin, on the occasion of my leaving him at this time, was particularly kind, although our meeting had been so cold, and the advice he gave me was excellent, and, had I endeavoured to follow it, might have spared me much uneasiness; but I was not to learn in any other way than from painful experience. The residence of my new patroness was in one of those quiet and airy streets in the neighbourhood of Russell Square, which are equally removed from the city and the court. I arrived in town not very long before midnight, and having removed myself and my possessions into a hackney-coach, was immediately conveyed to the place of my destination. There I was received in a handsome vestibule by a respectable elderly servant, who informed me that the family were gone to bed, but that she had orders to provide me with every accommodation; and such was her care, that she would not leave me till she had seen me on my pillow, and dosed me with warm negus. I was soon asleep, and did not awake till between eight or nine, when the same servant

appeared again, helped me to dress, and brought me down into a handsomely furnished library in the back of the house, where the family were assembled. The family consisted of the father and mother, two grown-up daughters, two sons, who might be seventeen or eighteen, and two lesser girls, the eldest of whom was hardly twelve. The individual whose figure first drew my attention, and indeed, fixed it for some time, was the father. He was a sort of person I had never happened to meet with; and I could not ascertain whether I liked him or otherwise. He was not tall, and was thick set and robust, though not corpulent; his complexion a clear brown tending to pale; and the upper part of his head was perfectly bald, and as glossy and white as polished ivory; he had very dark eyes and bushy eye-brows, and his eyes kindled and flashed as he spoke, though from time to time assuming a milder cast; his teeth were extremely white, and his smile remarkable, from the peculiar sweetness it imparted to his countenance. He addressed me the instant I entered, and continued so to

occupy my attention during the meal, that I had hardly a moment to look round on the lady and her children.

The manner in which he wished me to cooperate with their mother in the management of his children, was the subject on which he engaged me; and I was made to understand that nothing more was required of me, than to endeavour to impart my accomplishments to his daughters, and to improve them in music, French, drawing, and fine needle-work, in the presence of their mother. He then, as if taking his text from the word mother, proceeded to enlarge upon the duties of that parent, and of the peculiar blessing which attends the instruction of a mother, above that of every other person; and became at length so warmed by his subject, that he raised his voice as if he had been actually in the pulpit of a large church, and made his face to shine again with the effects of his vehemence. This burst of oratory startled me, and made me look around to ascertain if the rest of the party were equally affected by it; but I soon

perceived that every person present but myself was perfectly unmoved. After a while, however, the thunder of the oratory subsided, and Mrs. Simmons, — for Simmons was the surname of the family, — arose and left the room, followed by all her daughters.

It was impossible to have spent an hour in the company of this lady without loving and esteeming her. She was particularly kind and gentle, and anxious to make every body happy about her. I had not conversed with her five minutes before she called me her dear: and she presently made me understand that it should not be her fault if I were not happy in the family, assuring me that she should expect all her children to treat me with kindness, and to pay the utmost deference to my instruction. The young people did not quite satisfy me so well as their mother; they partook more, I thought, of their father's character, and there was a decision in their manner, which sometimes amounted to roughness; but, if they used me with little ceremony, they used less to

each other; there was, therefore, no cause of particular offence.

I have never yet felt myself at all at a loss to describe any of the persons with whom I have associated, or to bring the whole family circle into my reader's view: but I must confess, that here I am somewhat at fault, and wherefore, but, because in this family, there was more intellect and more decision of character than in all the other families put together.

The father was an eminent divine, and stentorian orator. The mother as perfect a Christian as ever appeared in a sinful human form. The elder daughters, young women of strong minds, and strong feeling, yet under the control of religion. The young men wanting, indeed, the polish of very refined society, but richly endowed with something of almost every species of general knowledge; and the two little girls rising up to be just the counterparts of their elder sisters; and then there was an activity and an independence in each individual which astonished me. Not a moment was lost in the family;

even the times of our meals were devoted to some improving discussion or study. The young ladies had their charity schools, which they attended. The young men their chemical and philosophical experiments. Twice a day the father expounded the Scripture to his family—the mother presided over a society for clothing the poor; and during one morning in a week we all cut out flannel petticoats, and old women's night-caps.

I liked the bustle, and I liked the instruction which was to be acquired, for every body was ready to teach. In short, I liked it all very well, with the exception of one thing only, and that was, what I ought to have prized above all other things, viz. the religious instruction; but I was always out of humour, and vexed, and angry, when obliged to hear my patron's exposition, and I thought several times of asking leave to absent myself from family prayers, on the plea of our difference of religion; for I had been brought up in the national Church of England, and Mr. Simmons was of the Church of Scotland. Hence, as I reasoned, we are

of different religions, and it is very hard that another religion should be forced upon me; to be sure I am allowed to go where I best like on a Sunday, and use my privilege as I please, but then what good does it do, if I am obliged to hear Mr. Simmons on a week-day—for he very often read and expounded to us for an hour or two whilst we were employed with our needles. Thus I reasoned with myself, and as my prejudices and ill humour increased, I at length ventured one evening to make some slight objection to the doctrine of man's natural depravity, on which he happened to be discussing with his usual animation. "Really, sir," I said, "you will excuse me, but I cannot quite agree with you in this particular doctrine. How many amiable good people one sees in the world, and what pleasing dispositions many little children exhibit, and yet you say that we are all utterly vile."

"I don't say it," replied Mr. Simmons, "that is, I don't assert it on my own authority, but by the authority of Scripture, which maintains that all evil works proceed from

the heart of man ; whereas all that are good are the fruit of the Spirit."

"Sir," I replied, "I am not learned in these matters, I am not able to argue with you ; but you must remember that we are of different religions, I am of the Church of England, and you are a Presbyterian, therefore of course we must have a different creed on all subjects." A violent burst of laughter on the part of the young people followed this remark, and would only yield to the thunders of the father, after several milder reproofs had failed of their effect.

"And pray, Miss Mordaunt," he said, after order was restored, "will you do me the favour to tell me where my religion differs from yours ; or rather, where the religion of my church differs from your church?"

"I do not know what your religion is, sir," I answered.

"Strange!" he replied, "when you hear me explain it every day — but pardon me, it is not mine you do not understand, but your own—do you know, are you acquainted with the articles of your own church, Miss Mordaunt?"

“No, sir,” I replied, “they are not intended for the people, but for the ministers.”

“Indeed,” he answered, “I never knew that before — then the people are not to know the articles of the church to which they belong — and yet these articles are printed and placed in every hand which holds a Common Prayer Book. However that be, since you do not know the articles of your own church, nor the points in which we differ from you, it is my duty to teach you. Understand, then, that there is no one essential point of faith in which the Church of Scotland varies from the Church of England,—and although in matters of forms and church government we may differ, yet in every other point we entirely go together, and therefore if my doctrinal instruction is wholesome and good for one of the Presbyterian church, it must be so for you who are of the Church of England, for we all hold one Lord, one Faith, and one Baptism.”

“Then, why,” I answered, “if the two churches agree in essentials, should they disagree in things which are unimportant?”

This dissent shows a spirit which I am sure you cannot think right, sir. Why cannot you observe the same forms that we do, and have bishops, and a form of prayer, and the same occasional services."

"Why does not my wife wear the same cut of a sleeve as you do, Miss Mordaunt? but I will have no argument with you about forms," he answered, "if you should choose your bishops to wear white satin sleeves instead of lawn ones, or to preach in a tye wig instead of a bushy one, it is all the same to me; but when it comes to the consideration of matters of eternal truth, then indeed I do earnestly desire a conformity of sentiment, and I do consider the doctrine of the depravity of man's nature, as an indispensable article of belief to be admitted by every Christian."

"Sir," I replied, "I never heard any of my friends speak of this doctrine, I cannot think it is a correct one, I am certain it is not admitted in our church."

Had I laid a lighted match to a train of gunpowder, I could not have created a greater

sensation than I did by this remark. Up rose my patron and walked round the table, till he came close between me and his wife—and from that period for several succeeding months, the controversy was carried on whenever we met, to the infinite annoyance, I should have thought, of all the family — but I was determined not to give way—I was resolved to maintain the doctrine of the amiability of human nature — even although my antagonist did not fail to throw the ninth article of my church in my teeth ; but during this controversy, I had, through a letter from a neighbour of my cousin, become acquainted with the lady of a clergyman of my own church, a man who spoke smooth things from the pulpit of a fashionable chapel at the west end of the town, and as I was permitted to spend every Sunday afternoon in this family — I never failed to bring home with me every possible argument which might, I trusted, prevail against my doughty opponent. Nevertheless, though I fought so vehemently against the truth, I was not wholly able to resist its influence. I began

to see that Mr. Simmons had not only Scripture but experience, and the doctrines of my own church on his side — and perhaps I might have yielded — had not my friend in the west stated my situation to an acquaintance of hers then on a visit with her, who happened to want a governess — describing me as a charming accomplished young creature, suffering cruel persecution in the family of a gloomy bigot — a dear, sweet soul who was truly pious, though she could not be persuaded to think all her fellow-creatures utterly abominable, with the exception only of certain congregations in whom all human virtue is supposed to exist, as in one brilliant focus, being alone worthy to be lifted up as an ensign to a lost world — and had not this acquaintance taken pity upon me, and persuaded me to break my chains and accompany her to her country residence on the borders of Wales, where she assured me I should see religion exhibited in its most lovely form in her two daughters and her worthy and valuable husband, — nothing more being required of me in return, but

some attention to a little grand-daughter whom she had adopted on the death of its mother, the wife of her eldest son. I yielded to the solicitations of this lady, and whereas she expected to leave town very shortly, I disengaged myself from Mrs. Simmons with very little ceremony, and having written to inform my cousin, found myself shortly in the mail coach, side by side with Mrs. Ellismere, my new patroness.

CHAPTER VIII.

I ALMOST fear that my serious reader may be tired of me, and may begin to have some apprehensions lest, as I have already stated myself to have been in six families in the situation of a governess, without having evidenced the smallest regard for religion, I should have nothing better to say of myself to the end of my history; neither have I any thing whatever as yet to mention, nor do I ever hope to have any good to say of myself; but I have much, very much to say of the various providences by which I was gradually brought to know myself, to esteem myself as the chief of sinners, and to comprehend in some degree what the Almighty has done, and is still doing for me. I had been turned out from the school in which I had been

educated in total ignorance of every Christian doctrine, I knew no more of the God I pretended to worship, than a Mohammedan knows of the Redeemer. I was an absolute infidel as it respected the doctrine of justification by Christ, and as to the works of God the Spirit, I doubt whether I could not have said with the persons mentioned in *Acts* xix. 2. "We have not heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." As to what are called the higher doctrines of the scriptures, I scoffed openly at them; in short, I was an infidel, though I should have been highly offended, had any one presumed to call me such; but I think it right to be very particular in stating my case, as it regarded my pious feelings during the early part of my life, in order to account for the utter absence of all reference to religion in the preceding chapters. How could I speak, excepting by anticipation of that which I never felt — of that which was wholly absent from my thoughts, and which, when forced upon my attention was utterly hateful to me, because "the carnal mind is enmity against God,

for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be," *Rom.* viii. 7. In my last situation in the family of the excellent, although somewhat impetuous, Mr. Simmons, I had resisted and fought hard against conviction, and my false friends had given me credit for my obstinacy, and had chosen to treat me as a martyr to my church, and to impute to me all the merit of one who had endured a fiery trial; and in consequence, I was full of self-satisfaction, and being fallen into the hands of a weak and easy person, I was neither subjected to inward nor outward control. My reader, therefore, will not be much astonished, if the new situation into which I threw myself, without consulting my cousin, or even writing to advertise him of the change I proposed, did not contribute so precisely to my advantage as my best friends might have wished.

When I entered upon this, my seventh trial, I was still very young, and had profited so little by my various experiences, as still to attribute all my failures to every person with whom I had had to deal, rather than to myself.

Whereas, had I been silent at Lady Harley's, only tolerably civil at Mr. Barlow's, accommodating in a certain degree at Mrs. Delaney's, thought less of my nerves at Mrs. Marchmont's, let the cook alone at Mrs. Elverton's, and held my peace upon subjects I did not understand at Mr. Simmons's, I might have roughed it or smoothed it in any of these situations as long as my services were required, and then have transferred myself, and my accomplishments, with credit into any other respectable place which might have offered. Whereas, on the contrary, I had made almost as many enemies, or to use a milder term, had lost as many friends and advocates, as I had made acquaintance, in the various families in which I had resided; but I did not choose to think with advantage to myself upon these things; I rather liked to suppose that I had been ill used; not considering that the person who is never able to please, must have something either in temper or manners which would not be the worse for some degree of reformation.

The lady under whose patronage I was

now about to enter, was a Mrs. Llewellyn, the wife of a gentleman of some consequence, residing in North Wales; she was of a certain age, and her husband, as she informed me, was much older than herself. She was the mother of a large family chiefly grown up; but she required my services for a grand-daughter, the child of her eldest son, a widower, who having married and lost his wife, soon afterwards had consigned the little girl to his mother, whilst he went abroad with his regiment, adding the especial charge that his little Dulcey, for such was the name of the child, might not be educated to death. "So, my dear," added Mrs. Llewellyn, as we were travelling down from London, towards the North West, "you will not be bored to death with books and accomplishments, and those sort of things of which I never could see the use; for, if a girl has no fortune, they are in the way, and if she has a fortune, she does not want them, she will pass without them just as well. But I shall want you to watch Dulcey, and to see that she does not break her neck, for she is always following her

aunts and uncles,—you know they are nearer her age than I am ; for my youngest son, whom we call uncle John, is only four years older than his niece, and I have seen him more than once, set her on one of our mountain ponies without saddle, or at least without a side saddle, and set her to gallop round the park at the hazard of her neck. Now these are the sort of things which I want you to guard against, and I am quite sure that you will do this with prudence and kindness. I shall be entirely at ease when Dulcey is with you, Miss Mordaunt : my friend in town has given me such a character of you, such a high description of your discretion, and principles, I mean religious principles, that I cannot entertain the slightest doubt of your doing all that we can wish for my grand-daughter.” And then she proceeded to inform me that Mr. Llewellyn was an uncommonly religious person, and that nothing would delight him more than to hear how firmly I had withstood the attempts which had been made to misguide me in that particular.

In return for all these agreeable speeches which were continually repeated during a journey occupying several days, I failed not to express my delight in having found such a patroness, and in the anticipation of so much happiness as seemed to open before me; at the same time taking full credit to myself for all she chose to say in my favour, though I had discernment enough to judge that I ought to affect at least, to appear somewhat more modest than I really was.

At length the mountains which arose upon our view as we approached the boundaries of Shropshire, admonished me that our journey would speedily terminate, and accordingly on the third morning after leaving Oswestry, where we had spent the night, we entered that gloriously beautiful country of which I had often heard, but of which I could have formed no adequate conception. Having passed by Chirk, and obtained a noble view of Wynnstay, we descended into the valley of Llangollen, and having crossed the Dee, whose troubled waters pass through the bottom of the valley, we presently found our-

selves in a region of the wildest beauty, where the hills seemed to have been tossed one upon another as in the battle of the Giants, where all the cottages were thatched, and the trees whose roots were bathed in innumerable mountain streams, which were hastening to fill the channel of the Dee, spread their gigantic arms in many places quite across the road. We had not proceeded half a mile from the river before Mrs. Llewellyn pointed out my future residence ; it was a castellated mansion, situated on a shelf of a hill, peeping out from thick clusters of trees, being totally irregular in its construction, yet conveying the idea of comfort and respectability.

It seems that the report of our approach had gone some time before us, for the cottager who occupied a sort of beautifully decorated rural lodge had hardly done her office of opening the gate to us, before all the younger part of my patroness's family appeared on the steep lawn running to meet us with uncovered heads, to the number of seven, namely, three daughters and three

sous with their niece, my future pupil, who was the first of the smiling group who approached us, which she actually did, by climbing upon the bars of the gate, and throwing a handful of flowers in at the carriage window as a tribute of her affection to her grandmamma. There was so strong a likeness in the family, that the description of the one who first presented herself will serve for all the rest; her complexion was beautifully clear red and brown, every tint being just where it should be, her eyes dark and sparkling, and her hair soft and inclined to curl, but disposed with great irregularity, as also was her dress, and her whole figure being such as would have better suited a cottage door than a drawing-room in town. Let my reader remember that I am describing things as they were in gentlemen's families far from the metropolis forty years ago, when the elegancies of life did not travel so speedily into the country as they now do. But we had only a momentary glance of Miss Dulcey; we passed speedily up the steep ascent, and were presently at the door of the

great hall, where we were met by the master of the family, a fine looking rubicund old gentleman, who, as I afterwards found, had addicted himself so long and so determinately to the sports of the field, that he literally had not, at the age of seventy-six, a sound leg to stand upon, and was obliged to assist himself with a pair of crutches to come to meet his lady. He gave me a hearty shake by the hand when I was introduced to him, expressed a hope that we should be better acquainted by and bye, and when I had been presented to Miss Bell, Miss Kitty, and Miss Jane, and had acknowledged the nods of Mr. David, Mr. Griffith, and uncle John, — as the youngest son was called by distinction, in consideration of his not being more than four years older than his niece, — the old gentleman led us all ; for our numbers were greatly multiplied by a great number of dogs of every possible description, into a large old fashioned dining-room, hung round with family portraits (none of which indicated the manner of a Sir Godfrey Kneller or of a Sir Joshua Reynolds,) where a most

hospitable luncheon was set forth with huge flagons of good ale, and decanters of gooseberry wine; there, whilst we were regaling ourselves, for I was treated rather as a visitor than as a person in the situation in which I really was, I was not a little attentive to the sort of discourse which was passing about me: and first the young ladies questioned their mother respecting what she had brought them from town. After which, a sort of playful altercation arose between my pupil and her grandfather, during which, several appeals were made to me: "and so Miss Dulcey," said the old gentleman, "you are to run wild no more, no more jumping on horses backs without a saddle, no more pulling off grand-papa's wig and popping it on uncle John's pate, no more playing at blind-man's-buff and sliding on the pond next winter, &c. &c.—hey, Miss Dulcey, Miss Mordaunt is come here to sort all these things."

"But I am sure she is not!" replied the young lady.

"Nay, my dear," said Mrs. Llewellyn,

“you know that good Miss Mordaunt came all the way from London to teach you to behave like a lady, and I am certain that you would not be so ungrateful as not to try to oblige her.”

“But why should she begin with me first?” returned the little Miss; “a’nt I the youngest? Let her begin with aunt Bell.”

In reply to this sally, the grand-mamma and aunts bridled and cried shame; but the grandfather knocked the table till the glasses jingled again, and the uncles to a man cried “Hear, hear!” adding “well done, little Miss.”

“Come, come,” said Mrs. Llewellyn, “enough of this; and now for the unpacking and ascertaining what I have brought from London.” This occasioned a general move; the father hobbled to an arm chair and took up a newspaper, the young men walked out of the room and whistled the dogs after them, and we (the female part of the family) went up a grand flight of carved oak stairs to the first floor.

I had never happened to have seen a place

of the description of this into which I was introduced that day ; there was a lobby at the top of the stairs nearly as large as the hall below, from which, galleries and passages diverged in various directions without the smallest attention to regularity, and where were doors opening into rooms of various dimensions and descriptions. Into one of which I was introduced as being for my use. The furniture of this room was somewhat antique, the bed being a monument of needle-work, and the hangings of the apartment of tent-stitch, representing the whole family of Jacob going down into Egypt. The view from the windows was astonishingly fine, commanding a charming valley, and beyond, the castle crags of Dinas Bran : but I was not to take possession of my apartment then, I was to assist at the interesting work of unpacking mamma's boxes, and for this purpose I was invited by my patroness and her daughters to the room of the former ; where I had very explicit demonstrations of the humours of the young ladies, and was amazingly entertained with the romping scrambles

of the young people, for the beautiful specimens of the latest fashions which were brought out one by one from the boxes. There was, however, so much good humour displayed by all parties, and so much of originality in the manner of every individual, that I thought I should have expired with laughter, as I sate upon a trunk which had been emptied, in the midst of a heterogeneous mass of every species of what uncle John and his father used to call "trumpery."

In the mean time I had forgotten all my pretensions to the character which had been given to me, namely, of one suffering and ready to suffer all things for the cause of religion; truly I had already forgotten that there was such a thing as religion in the world, and when the great business of dividing the articles was concluded, I obtained for myself vast popularity by undertaking to match for the other sisters the fashionable articles of which one of each sort had been purchased by Mrs. Llewellyn, in order that they might all appear dressed alike at a race ball in a neighbouring town, which was to

take place in a few weeks. Neither was I without my hopes, that if I made myself useful I might also be permitted to partake of this pleasure. My offer was thankfully accepted, and that very evening I found myself in the young ladies' dressing-room presiding over my workwomen, for there were two maids called in to our assistance, and exhibiting my skill in making caps, trimming dresses, and furbishing up old bonnets to make them look like new ones of the first ton; and then when we met at dinner, how were my praises held forth, for I had won all the hearts of the female part of the family, not excepting Miss Dulcey, who, with a shrewdness commonly found in children, had ascertained that there were some weak points in my character, and that when I took the reins in my own hands which it was decided I should not do, until the work I had undertaken was finished, she might easily attack and vanquish me by these points; for, as I afterwards learnt, she had told her old nurse, who had asked her how she liked the new governess, that she did not care much

for me, that is, was not much afraid of me, for she had found out how to manage me. She had seen me try the new caps in the glass, and twist my curls to look well, and she knew that I thought myself very pretty, and that I should like to show myself, and she should know how to put me in good humour when I was cross. Neither was the little hussey (I must call her names, although I am grieved to think how sweet a child she might have been in better hands) false to the plans she had concerted with her nurse; for by force of flattery she completely managed me; when I was placed in charge over her, and carried every point on which she had set her heart, by calling me her pretty Miss Mor-daunt, and saying it was impossible for me with my sweet face to look cross, and then, as her grand-papa said, I was so good, and had borne so much for the cause of religion, in short I could do nothing wrong. In fact, I possessed the entire confidence of the family, and if I allowed my pupil to do amiss, I was the more to be blamed; but the old-fashioned gaiety and ease of the household,

with the various pleasures I was permitted to enjoy, quite turned my head, for I was taken to the race ball and appeared with credit as I thought to myself, amongst the first of the land, and was the chief belle in our dances in the Hall among the tenants, and was far the most ingenious in crying forfeits, and playing at commerce; and in rattling off country dances on the piano, I had no equal. So, as I said, my head was completely turned, and on one sad occasion being persuaded by uncle John, I allowed my little pupil to get upon the pony without a saddle, and to canter about the park, her grandmother and aunts being from home; the consequence of which was, that the pony being alarmed by some sudden noise in a neighbouring lane, started, threw his little rider and broke her arm.

I have not room to describe the many painful scenes which ensued; in short I was not myself for a long time afterwards, neither can I give any idea of the horrible state of my feelings when I withdrew to my own room from the presence of the family. They

were more allied to something of despair; than any thing which, I thank God! I have ever felt since that period. I threw myself on my bed in an agony which cannot be described, calling myself a weak, presumptuous, contemptible person; a fool, the worst of fools; in measure as I had been self-elated before, was I now depressed; and then it was, for the first time, that many of the subjects which I had heard discussed at Mr. Simmons, came to my mind, but in a manner so dark and confused, that instead of finding comfort from the pure Gospel, which I had heard there, the half revealed truths seemed only to add to my alarms; all my follies rising up before me at once in long and frightful array, and especially those which I had committed in my (then) present situation. I felt myself lost, and believed that my case was hopeless, and that I had nothing to look forward to, but the consequences of the divine displeasure, both in this world and the next. As my obstinacy and self-conceit had been great, so my convictions of sin were dreadfully strong; neither was the blessed

Saviour at that time revealed to me ; so that I continued to be extremely low, and when my dismissal was given to me, the morning after the accident, I said not a word, but silently prepared to return to my cousin, for I had no other home than with him ; yet I expected his reproaches, and felt that I had richly deserved them.

My journey, therefore, was melancholy in the extreme, yet, as I became more distant from the family I had so cruelly injured, I felt some small renewal of courage, and formed the foolish desire, if possible, of making light of what had happened to my worthy relation.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN I entered my cousin's parlour, which I did late one evening in the end of autumn, after an absence of several months, which had been filled up by my two last situations, I affected a sort of gaiety which I was very far from feeling, and came tripping up to the old gentleman in a sort of playful way, saying, "So here I am again, cousin; will you receive a poor persecuted damsel, who comes once again to sue for your kindness?" The old gentleman was reading with his spectacles on, and the light being between himself and the book, he startled on hearing my voice, laid down his volume, took up the candle in one hand, and looking over his spectacles, uttered a sort of fretful exclamation—adding, "So, Miss Caroline, what's the matter now?"

what's the last complaint? Arn't your patronesses respectful enough? But come in, I suppose I must house you for a while; but where are your rattletraps? have you seen them safe?" And then without waiting a reply, he rang the bell rather violently, and ordered the servant who appeared, immediately to bring in supper, and then see me to my room.

"You are not pleased with me, cousin," I said, as the servant went out.

"If you know that I am not, it will save me the trouble of telling you as much," he answered laconically; "but go, take off your bonnet and wrappers, by then the supper will be ready." I could not bear this severity, I loved my cousin, and I had been sincerely grieved by the effects of my carelessness towards my last pupil, and bursting into tears, I came round the table to the old gentleman; I begged his pardon, and acknowledged my late fault in a manner which, although I saw it hurt him much, totally disarmed him. His eyes became moist, although no tear escaped from them; but he had occasion to rub his

hands across them, and he said, "Come, come, no more of this, let by-gones be by-gones; and after all, where should a young fool of a girl run in her troubles, but to her own kith and kin?—Go and see if your old room is where it used to be, and don't let my passage be littered with your rubbish; if Tom is within, he will carry up your trunks." This was as much as to say, take possession of your usual chamber. Nevertheless, it was with an aching heart and weary limbs, (for I had no rest since the accident of poor little Dulcey, that I ascended the stairs.)

I remained with my cousin at that time about four months, and as his seriousness, if not his displeasure, never wore off in his intercourse with me during the whole period, I felt that something must be done by me to recover his good opinion. I therefore resolved to enter into another situation, and to remain in it, if possible, let the disagreeables of it be what they might. On this account I made interest with all my acquaintance in the town, begging them to apply to their friends in my behalf; but I am not aware that my

cousin ever did any thing of the sort for me at that time. In the meanwhile I was in such a depressed state of spirits, and I was so extremely uneasy about little Dulcey, that I could not bear to see any company. I had requested some of the family in Wales to write to me, but this request had not been attended to, and I was kept in dreadful suspense for weeks. Oh, how miserable I was; if the child should die, I thought, how can I ever be pardoned by her friends? How can I ever excuse myself? O that I had never left Mr. Simmons's family; that I had hearkened to his discourse, that I had suffered him to instruct me in the nature of my own heart; truly he was right when he told me that the heart is desperately wicked, and that every imagination of the thoughts of man is only evil continually; but I refused to hear the word of truth, and I have been justly punished. Then would I weep as one without hope, till at length the enquiry occurred to me, (no doubt through a divine suggestion,) what is that Saviour whom my pious patron would have forced on my attention?

where shall I find him? how shall I know him? I remembered then, that Mr. Simmons had made some references in his conversation to the articles of the church, and I was led to examine these, and from them to turn to the Scriptures to ascertain how they were borne out by the word of God, and I took the trouble to write all the proofs to each article: and very considerable was the heart knowledge which I acquired during the progress of this work, although I was not yet admitted beyond the outer court of the temple of divine instruction. Neither was I permitted to rest there, but I was led on to study the Scriptures sedulously from day to day, using my cousin's old family bible with marginal references, which the old gentleman observed as he was in and out of the parlour, and seemed pleased, and proposed to me that I should read to him from the same word of God, during the long evenings; and from reading we proceeded to converse, and I have reason to think that the same divine light which was thus gradually revealing itself to me, was imparting its benefits to the soul of this,

my best friend ; for as he said to me some years afterwards, " Cousin Mordaunt, that was a refreshing season which we spent together at that time, when you came back to me after your pranks among the mountains. I never was brought till then to suspect any thing of my own insufficiency, and the free nature of that salvation which is provided for the believer in Christ through the love of the Father, and applied to the soul by the influence of the Spirit."

When I had been at home about two months, I received a short letter from the curate of the parish in which Mrs. Llewellyn resided, a humble, modest, and pious young man, whom I had never seen but at church, and [for whose sermons I never felt much respect, on account of the strong Welsh accent which had pervaded every syllable of them. This letter had been written by the express desire of Mrs. Llewellyn, and it was to inform me that my little pupil was recovering rapidly. Oh! what a weight did this information remove from my heart. My pious reader will be pleased to hear that I had no

sooner perused the letter, than I fell on my knees to return thanks to my God, and the reply that I sent by return of post, was, no doubt, filled with expressions of that ardent gratitude to my heavenly Father with which my heart was then so full. But I must not enlarge too much on what passed at home during that period. About two months after Christmas, I heard of a place which indeed promised little, but which, circumstanced as I then was, I thought that I ought to accept. This was no other than an assistant in a young ladies' boarding school, of considerable repute in its neighbourhood, although it was an establishment of the most ordinary description. I obtained information of this situation from an advertisement in a newspaper. I therefore was entirely unacquainted with the sort of persons into whose family I was about to enter, neither had I ever happened to have visited the city in which this school was established; suffice it to say, that the house occupied by the school, had been a monastery of White Nuns, that its apartments extended round a small court or square, and

that our school-room was situated over an inner gateway flanked on either side by stone walls.

It is said that education in general, and the management of schools in particular, were not so well understood forty years ago as in the present day ; and certainly, if I may judge by the school into which I am about to introduce my reader, I may venture to say that in the present period, an establishment of the same kind would assuredly not be long endured in the darkest town of the three kingdoms. I had travelled from four o'clock in the morning, but did not reach the place of my destination till near two in the afternoon ; when being set down with my possessions at the door of the house, I was ushered into the parlour and desired to wait awhile, as the family were at dinner. The parlour was large and low-wainscoted with oak, and hung round with various specimens of grotesque needle-work. The most magnificent of which represented Petrarch weeping at the tomb of Laura, in a bag wig and embroidered coat. The table in the centre of

this room was littered with cut paper for filligree work, together with the materials for making artificial flowers, some specimens of which were already lying nearly complete. I had hardly, however, finished my examination of the apartment, before the sound of many voices reached me from without a window, which looked into the court. The children had dined and were turned out to play, whilst the heads of the family hastened to the parlour, being apprised of my arrival. My patronesses were sisters, single ladies, and all of a certain age, although the last born had still her pretensions to youth. Their names were Lessingham, and they rather prided themselves in being descended by their father from a foreign family. They all three entered at once, and stopped within the door to curtesy with more ceremony than the occasion required. They were all dressed with peculiar precision, and had in perfection that certain something in the manner which so frequently marks a person who has never been in any other situation than that of the conductress of a ladies' boarding-school; but

I am not about to define what this certain something is, there being nothing more difficult to describe than that peculiar air which marks the state and situation of any individual in society; from the royal bearing of the crowned head, to the cringing bow of the beggar by profession. But what chiefly annoyed me in these, my new patronesses, was, that although they all spoke very deliberately, they generally contrived when together to speak all at the same time; hence, during this our first conversation, I was much perplexed, and scarcely able to make out what were to be my duties and employments, for these (as our intercourse by letter had been very succinct) were the subjects on which we immediately entered, whilst the servant had been admonished to prepare me some refreshments, and set them for me in the school-room.

“ We have forty boarders, Miss Mordaunt,” said Miss Lessingham, “ young ladies of superior birth. We have only one other teacher beside yourself.”

“ But Miss Mordaunt should be made to

understand, that Mademoiselle Vaurien, being of one of the first families in France, merely undertakes embroidery and the French language, and neither combs nor washes the ladies," added Miss Abigail.

"And the English teacher is expected to attend to that line of duty on a Saturday," subjoined Miss Cecily Lessingham.

"And we are rather particular as to mending," rejoined the elder sister, "and to taking in and putting out for the wash, Miss Mordaunt."

"My sister is very exact about the stockings, Miss Mordaunt. She will not have them botched and slurred as they are done at Mrs. Stanley's extraordinary establishment in the next street."

"You must be very exact in looking to the stockings," added Miss Abigail.

"But ladies," I said, "I thought that you required my assistance in teaching, rather than needlework and dressing the young ladies; I should have thought that a servant" — They all opened upon me on hearing this, exclaiming at once, "Teaching, to be sure

you are to teach, you are always to be in the school-room of course, and hear all the English lessons. You understand the use of the globes, we trust, Miss Mordaunt, or we have been strangely deceived, and geography, English grammar, and the history of England. Most of our young ladies learn all these. We have very little time ourselves to attend to the school; you must not depend upon us; the housekeeping entirely employs one of us, and company coming in and out, totally engages another, and a third can do little else but attend to the filligree, and the artificial flowers, and the chenille work. — Really, Miss Mordaunt, you surprise us: certainly, you are to teach — what did you come here for, but to teach? we are very particular in our hours, we ring our bell before six, and you will be in the school-room soon afterwards to hear the lessons, that is, the English lessons; we breakfast at eight, at nine the school hours recommence, and you of course, must never leave it, for Mademoiselle does not undertake any thing but the French and the embroidery, and then

there is the exercise; — you will walk with the young ladies, or watch them when at play, for Mademoiselle is no great walker. We dine at one, and are in school again from three to five, and then we have tea, and you will have to hear the English reading from six to eight, when you don't walk again, and then you must see the children to bed; (for Mademoiselle Vaurien only undertakes her own language and the fine needle work.) After which, you will have the privilege of coming into the parlour to supper, and being introduced to our society, which is particularly genteel; but you will, we trust, Miss Mor-daunt, be extremely attentive, and keep every thing in order, and not suffer the ladies to be untidy, and see that they do not get together gossiping in their apartments at play time, and have your eyes about you, and be active, and keep close to the school-room, and see that the linen is well mended." I made no reply to all this, for my mind, through the divine blessing, was in a humble state, and I was disposed to try what I could do; with the secret determination of doing

what I should be enabled to effect to lead the young people in the right way, not being at all conscious that I had not yet ascertained that way myself, but was walking in darkness, though, I am assured, that I was even then divinely led.

When all that was thought necessary had been said to me, I was led through several wide chambers and long galleries into the school-room, where I found Mademoiselle and forty young ladies, all anxiously waiting to see me. My patronesses introduced me to Mademoiselle, who instantly appeared to me to be one of the worst specimens of her country-women, being strangely dressed and highly rouged, and carrying all before her by caprice, loudness of voice, and consummate assurance; but she could flatter, and she had a strong party among the young ladies, and this party instantly united itself to thwart and trouble me, while those who disliked the French teacher repaired to my standard, rallying round me, and declared themselves on my side. In the mean time I set to work, to fulfil my incompatible and heterogeneous

duties, to be present in one place and watchful in another, to teach all day, and to sew and darn and stitch at the same time, I had also to dress every child who was suddenly called out; to comb and to wash every Saturday; to give out and receive the clothes from the washerwoman, and to hear three or four lessons from each of the forty children every day. How these lessons were said and heard will be understood by those who comprehend these matters; but in very deed I was a slave, always weary, always bewildered, always running after my work, and never reaching up to it. It was impossible for me to be comfortable in such a situation, and yet I now remember that period of severe labour and actual suffering, with more pleasure than many of the gayer and brighter periods of my former life; still my views were very dark; I had had an obscure view of my own weakness, I would say, rather than of my innate corruption; I had seen the Lord the Saviour as a friend and helper, and I had adopted this solitary text, namely, "Work out your own salvation with fear and

trembling,"—without any reference whatever to what follows, namely, "for it is God that worketh in you."—This working of the indwelling God, being a doctrine, as yet, entirely hidden from me. I therefore thought that I was to work, and to add duty to duty, till my cup, already filled with labour and toil, did truly run over, so that my health began to give way. I was, however, permitted to be the instrument of some good, through the mercy and condescension of Almighty God;—the same great God, who directed the unclean birds to feed his prophet. I instituted the reading of the bible in my own chamber, where were at least as many as five double beds, for our apartments were vast, and induced many who had not bibles, to purchase them, for it will hardly be believed in these days, that when I first entered that school, my bible was the only one, with one single exception, visible in the house,—I give this as a fact.

I have since been so happy, as to have been informed, by several of the pupils I had then, now become mothers of families, that

the first views of religion which were ever vouchsafed them, had been granted through the medium of certain portions of scripture read by me at that time; nevertheless the life I led in that house, was overpoweringly fatiguing to me, because the work was not divided properly: had every one taken her due share, we might all have been comfortable, but far too much was thrown upon me, and my duties were incompatible, and I was truly thankful when a way was unexpectedly opened to me, for entering on another sphere.

CHAPTER X.

I HAD observed, from the time in which I had first entered the Miss Lessinghams' establishment, a young lady of about fourteen years of age ; they called her Emily Selburn ; she was tall and very fair, and her hair hung in lovely natural ringlets over her neck. There was in the face of this young creature, a singularly beautiful arrangement of features, and an air of elegance shed over her whole person, unequalled by any thing I ever saw before, or shall ever see again on this side of the grave. This fair child had been placed under the especial tutorage of the teacher, who had been my predecessor, and it seems that there had been a reciprocally strong affection, for whenever the name of the de-

parted teacher was mentioned, the lip of the young lady always trembled, and she generally contrived to bend her sweet face over her book or work, or whatsoever else she might be employed upon at the time, in order, no doubt, to prevent any exhibition of her feelings. On the removal of her friend she had been especially consigned to the care of the French teacher, and in fact became her bed-fellow, an association, as I afterwards found, most painful to the delicate young creature. The history of this lovely girl was, that she was the only daughter of a gentleman, who resided near London; her mother had died when she was quite an infant, and he had married again immediately afterwards to a widow lady, who had two daughters by her first husband, and who presented two sons to the second. The family therefore consisted of three sets, each child of which had a mother with the exception of the sweet Emily.

It seems that when the educations of the two Miss Chestertons, the step-sisters of my young acquaintance, were accounted as fin-

ished, Mr. Selburn had prevailed on his wife, to let his daughter be sent to school, and Miss Lessinghams' seminary had been proposed and adopted for the young lady, for what reason I never could find out; but it was very evident to me from the first that the young lady was not at home, and never would be so in this worldly minded and very common-place establishment. I saw at once that she was not easy, and although it was little that I could do for her, yet I was so attracted by her peculiarly elegant and gentle manner, that I never lost an opportunity of manifesting my regard for her; but I am not sensible that we ever exchanged many words, till one morning just before the midsummer holidays, a servant came to apprise us that Mrs. Selburn was arrived in her own carriage, (a circumstance by no means to be omitted,) and that Miss Emily was immediately to be prepared to see her mamma. It was my place to dress any young lady who was to be seen by her friends; I therefore hastened to perform my office for Miss Selburn, and was rather surprised instead of observing any

exhibition of natural joy in the young lady, to remark that she trembled and looked very pale; I had prudence enough not to give utterance to my thoughts, and she speedily left me, and went out with her mamma to the inn, where her papa and other members of the family were waiting to see her. In the evening towards dusk she came back again, and to my surprise came to my room where I was sorting clean clothes, and said, "Miss Mordaunt, I am going to leave school;—and I am to have a governess,—I have begged for you, — will you come with me?"

Never shall I forget the sweet earnestness of her expression as she said these words, "will you come with me;" I was for a moment so thunderstruck that I could not speak, at length I said, "Can I in honour leave Miss Lessinghams' so suddenly?"

"They have given their permission," she replied, "they have a cousin ready to take your place. I begged mamma to let you be my governess, and all is so far settled, will you come with me, dear Miss Mordaunt?"

I remember that I did not answer, but

opening my arms, the lovely child rushed into them, and yielded to a violent fit of tears, then recovering herself and clasping her hands with beautiful earnestness, she said, "Then my prayer is granted, and I shall have you to love me, and to read the bible to me."

"To read the bible, Miss Emily," I said, "is it on that account you wish me to be with you, if so why did not you come to my room at night to hear me read."

"Because I might not," she answered, "I was ordered to obey Mademoiselle. I was therefore obliged to read my Bible by myself; must not young people be obedient, Miss Mordaunt?" I stood fixed in admiration, but I was restrained by one wiser than myself from expressing more than love and gratitude.

"Yes, my sweet one," I exclaimed, "I will go with you, — I care not for salary, all that shall be left to your parents, I am ready to go to-morrow, but let me not do any thing unhandsome by the Miss Lessinghams. She then informed me that her parents

were going early the next day to visit a family, where they were to remain till the breaking up; that then they were to return and take us up, and she further told me what had been proposed with regard to my salary; the proposal was handsome, but I could not care about it; such was the state of delightful excitement into which this prospect of a change, which had so many agreeable circumstances attending it, had thrown my mind, that it was some time after my lovely young friend had left me, before I could fix my attention to the various figures and hieroglyphics, which were to enable me to arrange the mountain of cotton stockings, which lay before me on the bed.

From that time until the breaking-up I had little or no conversation with Miss Selburn, but I was in a continual whirl of darning, sorting, combing, scrubbing, packing and cording. At length, all these occupations being completed, a letter came to apprise me and my gentle pupil to be ready the next morning. A tear stood in the eye of the lovely young creature as she took leave of

her late governess, but as all my own little friends were gone, I could bid adieu to the rest of the household without shedding a tear.

A hackney coach, which waited at the door, speedily conveyed us to the inn, where Mr. Selburn and his family were waiting for us.

I had not sought to know any thing of the characters of the persons with whom I was soon to be so intimately associated, but it had not escaped my observation, that Emily had never expressed any thing like the usual natural joy, in the anticipation of returning home; my expectations were therefore not high as to what I was to see, but I already felt such an affection for my new pupil that I thought only how I could make her happy without much regard for myself. From the time in which she had testified her regard for me, in wishing me to be her governess, my heart had been drawn forcibly towards her, and that love increased even unto the end,—no child of my own, ever since, has been dearer to me than was that lovely one, and why and wherefore was it that my heart

should have been thus drawn out towards her? This will appear full evidently in the sequel.

A few minutes brought us under the gateway of the inn, where a footman in a plain, though handsome livery, stood to help us out. A waiter then ran before us into a parlour, where were assembled all the family, just on the *qui vive*.

Mr. Selburn came forward to accost me, and to embrace Emily, but I was surprised to find that he looked rather like the grandfather than the father of his daughter; he had been handsome, nay, he was still handsome, but from first to last of my intercourse with the family, I never heard him utter an independent sentiment. Mrs. Selburn was a very spare person, of middle height, her features were sharp, her eyes having a circle of red about them, her complexion of an irritable hue, (I know not how better to express it,) and her voice when not querulous, decidedly mournful; she was dressed with care but without taste. Her two daughters were like herself, spare, and brown, and sharp-fea-

tured; and all three had this remarkable qualification, that when they smiled with their lips, their eyes never lighted up in the smallest degree; in short, they were people that no one liked at first sight. Two boys under thirteen, finished the family group; they were just come from school, and were by no means remarkable in any way; nor should I perhaps have been aware of their existence, had not a kind of quarrel in an under tone been going on continually between them and Miss Chesterton, their eldest sister, all the while I was in the room. I was received by the ladies with as much cordiality of manner, as (it appeared from my after observations) they ever had at command. Then ensued a bustle, and in a few minutes afterwards we were all duly packed for the journey; Mr. Selburn and his sons in a post chaise, and Mrs. Selburn, her daughters, myself, and my beloved pupil, in the family coach with four horses. We rattled over the stones without speaking, and no one observed, I believe, that, as soon as we were seated, the lovely little girl had placed her hand

within mine, whilst a sweet expression of quiet happiness shed itself over her charming features. It appeared to me afterwards, on knowing more of her situation, that she felt she had secured a friend in me, and her heart was full of pious gratitude in the thought. Ah! my lovely one, why is it that of all my pupils, this should be the only one, on whom I cannot now reflect without a tear! Laura Delaney was a sweet child, but she was not to me what my Emily was; this last fair creature was as a bright vision glancing for a few moments on the senses, and then snatched away until the end of all present things shall be at hand.

Having left the streets and pavement behind us, a conversation ensued which very speedily let me into the characters of my new associates. Mrs. Selburn spoke first; — she commenced by fetching a long breath, after which, she thus exclaimed; “Well! I am thankful that we are at last out of the oppressive air of that town, and indeed, Emily, I cannot think how your papa could have suffered himself to be persuaded to place you,

where there was no one advantage to be derived, either for health or improvement? And there is a change I find," she continued; "you are learning to dance,— this is worse than throwing money away: why did you not mention in your letters that you were taking dancing lessons?"

"I did not know, mamma," replied Miss Selburn; "that it was not by your orders."

"By my orders!" returned the mother; "and do you not know my principles better, than that I should allow of dancing? What does the scripture say, but come out and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing: and again, be not conformed to the world; indeed, Emily, you should have written to me, when they set you to do, what you cannot but know to be so decidedly sinful." The hand of my dear pupil, as it lay on mine, was drawn with a sort of nervous or shrinking affection, when her stepmother gave her this reproof, but she made no other answer, than to say, that she was sorry she had neglected to mention the subject in her letters; on which Mrs. Selburn addressed me, saying, "Miss

Mordaunt, permit me to tell you, that although a very superior character in many respects was given of you to me, by the Misses Lessingham, yet that I should certainly not have ventured to have introduced you into my family on their word; what my daughter told me of the pains you took with the little people who slept in your room was, I can assure you, the circumstance which settled my choice; and I trust that I shall not be disappointed in you, but that I shall find you a willing and faithful coadjutor, in the great work of preparing my family for that dread account, which they must give of their actions, and even of every idle word they speak, in that day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed."

This, thought I, is an excellent woman, and I answered, (really I trust without hypocrisy) that I hoped it would be my sole endeavour to do all that in me lay, to strengthen her hand.

The conversation then became more general,—Miss Chesterton and her younger sister, Miss Esther, both spoke in their turns, and

delivered their sentiments. The young ladies spoke of the vain pleasures of the world, and especially of the love of public amusements, fashion and admiration, as things to be shunned as most destructive to the soul. And to these the mother added, all sorts of games, with the exception of chess, all music which was not sacred, and every species and description of works of imagination.

I was about to expostulate on feeling that the cord was gathering tighter and tighter over the neck of my liberty, but one gentle pleading glance from the eye of Emily, silenced me, and I changed my intended expostulation to a question, by asking what sort of reading the lady thought right to recommend? the answer she gave me was a general one, but it was one which I felt deeply; it was to this effect: "Inasmuch as eternity is important in comparison with time, we ought to be ready to give up all the enjoyments of time for the infinite advantages we hope to derive in eternity from our self-denial, seeking to be as Moses, who, as St. Paul says, chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of

God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," &c.

"But," remarked Miss Chesterton, "you do not mean to say, mamma, that people are rewarded according to their works in the world to come? if so, you exclude Christ entirely."

"God forbid that I should do so," replied Mrs. Selburn; "God forbid that I should deny my Saviour; but at the same time I presume that you do not think that we are to sin that grace may abound; and that we are to expect to be saved by truth, when we work all uncleanness with greediness."

"Undoubtedly not," replied the daughter with some acerbity, I thought, of manner, and a somewhat hot argument ensued, in which both the worthy disputants used many hard words, and brought forward many texts of Scripture, making it evident even to my dark mind, that they were both of them puzzled with the question which had arisen. At length the mother introduced a book from her pocket, for reticules were not known in those days, and we read aloud alternately, till

we stopped for dinner. Taking up the book again, when we set forward after dinner, we so concluded the day. It was quite dark when we drove within the gates of a beautiful villa about twenty miles from town, on the Hertfordshire side of London, and I found myself during the next hour most delightfully settled in a small suite of apartments, which formed the first floor of one wing of the house, with no other companion in my hours of retirement, than that sweet young creature, the extraordinary consistency of whose beautiful character was at that time an enigma which no wisdom of mine could solve.

CHAPTER XI.

I SHALL commence this eleventh chapter of my string of manifold adventures, by giving a description of the general proceedings of Mrs. Selburn's family. The house, notwithstanding Mrs. Selburn's vehemently expressed objection to any thing like conformity to the world, was elegantly and expensively appointed, and in such a way, as to manifest that much care and thought was continually bestowed upon it. In order to keep it up, there was great order and regularity as to hours, meals, &c. At eight o'clock, every one was required to be present at family prayers. I love to see a family assembled to acknowledge the sense of the divine superintendence, before the bustle of the day com-

mences. Yet, notwithstanding the tendency of my mind at that time, through the divine blessing, to seek after heavenly things, the extreme length and dryness of this morning exercise, would, whether or not, bring such a sense of weariness and ennui over my mind, that I could not hide it from myself that I was glad when the service was over.

Mr. Selburn, who was at best a heavy minded man, had been duly tutored to read every morning three or four verses of Scripture, and as many more long winded passages of dull commentaries, most of which, as I afterwards found, served only to put false glosses on the words of truth, which had gone before; then came a long form of prayer, generally to this effect, to entreat of God to save his people, and not to suffer them, through their own negligence or obstinacy, to die eternally,—a sort of sentiment which is full of error, for if an individual is a child of God, he is saved, and must live for ever; and if he is not a child of God, wherefore should he be encouraged to take upon himself the name of a child.

After this service we breakfasted, and this meal always went off with a continual bickering, for the worthy mother, who was no doubt sincere in all she said and did, as far as light was vouchsafed, and whose religion was as yet but a covenant of works, only being so far a Christian, as that she had some dark notion that Christ would help to make up her short comings,—was always urging some new effort, or self-denial, or penance on her children, endeavouring from day to day, to abridge some privilege, and to exact some new form, while the elder daughters, half fretfully and yet half doubtingly of the correctness of what they were doing, struggled in a covert way against these encroachments, and the boys defied them in a more open way. Master John, telling his mamma, that if she would not let him have any pleasure at home, he would have more fun abroad, and master Charles, openly declaring that he hated the very name of religion. The father in the mean time breaking his eggs and carving his ham, in total silence, excepting when called upon to take a part,

on which occasions he generally said, "Come, come, young people, you know that what mamma says, must be right, let us hear no more of this."

After breakfast, Emily and I were permitted to withdraw to our pleasant rooms; but for a few months after my arrival at Selburn Grove, such was the name of the villa, we were seldom left to enjoy our quiet for more than an hour, but were called down, and probably sent out, on some bustling, I will not call it charitable expedition. Mrs. Selburn was the squire's lady of the village, and there was not a household in which her active spirit was not felt. I trust that she did some good, I cannot believe that all her labour was thrown away; but she had begun to teach without being herself instructed in the truth, and not only to teach but to intrude into people's affairs, and to censure with severity, bringing the terrors of the law on the minds of persons, to whom she ought to have opened out the good news of salvation; but I am not going, I trust, to judge this well meaning person: I mean merely to speak of

the effect too often produced by these restless persons. I was myself at that time not in strong health, and my beloved pupil was a tall delicate girl, whose mother had died in a consumption soon after her birth ; these constant exertions, therefore, occasioned in both of us at first, great fatigue ; I, however, was not materially injured by them,—could I say as much of my beloved one !

We often returned just in time to dress for dinner, after having spent the greater part of the morning in reading aloud, hearing classes, or collecting books, which had been lent from house to house, in burning heat, or dirty roads and drizzling weather, for this mode of life continued with us till near Christmas ; nor must it be supposed that we were the only labourers in the family, the two Miss Chestertons and their mother were equally active. I am not in a capacity to say, what was the result of these then extraordinary labours, but my experience has since led me to think, that too much interference with the hale and healthy poor, does not produce the good which at one time was expected from it ; and

assuredly, that religious teaching which is not entirely scriptural, cannot be expected to profit society.

In the evening, there was a general reunion of the family, but the entire exclusion of all amusement, even that of books, and the constant pressing of this principle upon the mind, that something was to be done to redeem the time, and to ward off, if possible, the sentence of eternal death ever hanging over the children of God, according to the principle of the prayer quoted above, cast such an excessive gloom over these hours of assembly, that every individual was more or less affected by it. From day to day, Mr. Selburn became more dull and heavy; Miss Chesterton betrayed her uneasiness, by constant fretfulness, and a disposition to argue every thing that was said; and Miss Esther became more and more reserved and silent; — as to myself, the terrors always held before me, took strong hold of my mind, so much so, that I began to think it a sin even to smile, and yet I was glad to run from the subject of religion, and in consequence, spoke

little of it when alone with my pupil. As to the presiding spirit of the family, namely, Mrs. Selburn, she became from hour to hour more strict and intolerant, her diseased conscience creating sins in every the most trifling occurrence of life. Such was our state when Christmas came, and the boys returned for the holidays, for they had quitted us after the mid-summer vacation; and they had hardly been in the house a day, before they made it appear, that they would not submit any longer to the maternal thralldom, using at the same time expressions alarmingly indicative of a spirit of rebellion, against a superior supremacy than that of an earthly parent.

And now to speak more at length, than I have yet done, of my beloved pupil, whose name, it will be perceived, has not been enumerated among the uncomfortable personages mentioned above.

It must be remembered, that I was not at that time a novice in my profession, and that my first grand failure had proceeded from levity of speech; I had therefore, learnt one

grand lesson of earthly policy, and this was, in whatever situation I might be, to be very careful of what I said to one member of the household respecting another; I had perceived also from the very first, that Miss Selburn, had never made any comment, on what was said by her stepmother; and this was the more remarkable, as she often seemed when alone with me, to be quite off her guard, and would talk on any thing she saw, as very young people do talk, without seeming to call forth the wisdom which she really possessed, that is, in other words, as if she were giving her mind a holiday,—a thing by the by, which her stepmother never permitted to be done in her presence; but still this sweet girl never made any comments on the wearisome ways of that stepmother, nor did she much open to me on the subject of religion, till one day in the Christmas holidays, when I found her in her own little room in tears.

“My love,” I said, “what is the matter?”

“Oh! dear, Miss Mordaunt,” she said, bursting into tears, and throwing herself into

my arms. "I do not feel well, there is something here,"—and she put her hand on her heart, "but that is not what makes me cry; it is my good mamma, for she is a kind woman," she added, "and therefore I call her good, she will make John and Charles hate religion, by forcing upon them that which is not true?"

"Is not true, Emily!" I repeated, "what can you mean?"—She gave me a sweet inquiring look, a look peculiar to herself, and then said,

"Can it be possible, my dear Miss Mor-daunt, that you have not perceived the great mistake under which poor mamma lies,— the mistake which makes her so uneasy— and is the cause, that she gives herself no rest?"

I was amused to hear a creature so young and childlike speak in this way, nor could I suffer her to break off the discourse till she had fully explained her meaning. I was, however, astonished beyond all measure, when I heard such words of wisdom falling from the lips of such a babe, — for in years,

and the infantine expression of her sweet calm countenance, she was as a babe.

“Dear Miss Mordaunt,” she said, “my kind Miss Mordaunt, do not think me conceited when I presume to say that mamma is wrong in her opinions of religion; she acknowledges the corruption of our nature; she sometimes says that we can do no good thing, and yet she adds that our entering into happiness in the world to come must depend on ourselves.”

“And does it not?” I answered.

“Thank God,” replied the lovely girl, clasping her hands and looking first upwards and then down on me, (for I was sitting and she standing) “or what would become of Emily? No, no, Miss Mordaunt, my heavenly Father predestinated me with thousands and tens of thousands and thousands of thousands of lost and undone creatures like myself, to glory before the world began; and provided justification and sanctification for me in the death and merits of his Son, who is at once both God and man, before I entered into life;

and being entered, he revealed his Son to my soul, and made me to be assured not only that I am justified, but also that I am sanctified: therefore I know that I am redeemed, and that I possess a life eternal, and that nothing can snatch me from my heavenly Father's arms."

"Emily!" I exclaimed, "is this you?"

She coloured and looked apprehensively at me, saying, "Don't be angry, ma'am, don't reject what I say, but think of it; nay, think of it, dear Miss Mordaunt."

"I am not angry, lovely one," I replied, "but I am astonished; where did you learn all this? be it true or not true, you do not speak the language of a child,—who, my dear Emily, taught you all this?"

"I have had no teacher, ma'am," she replied, "but my Bible, my own dear mother's Bible; where there are on the margin many little marks and notices especially respecting the privileges of a child of God."

"If what you say is the truth, Emily," I answered, "you have had a divine teacher, no human instruction could have wrought these fruits of faith and hope in your heart,

as you have but now expressed, and no human guide could have led you on in a path so calm and blameless, as that in which you have walked ever since I knew you." She blushed and looked upon the floor.

"Do not speak, Miss Mordaunt," she said, "of any thing you think that you have seen good in me, pray do not, but please to think of what I say. Let us get the Bible and examine all these things, and especially about that one grand mistake of poor mamma; for surely faith or knowledge must be faulty when a person can think that any thing such sinners as we can do, can make perfect that work of salvation, which was finished when our Saviour cried out upon the cross, 'It is done.'"

"But Emily," I asked, "if our salvation was finished before we entered this life, may we in dependence thereon do any evil thing we please? may we sin that grace may abound?"

In reply to this, she tried to explain to me that when the Father had revealed his Son as the Saviour to any soul, and when that soul had been enabled to receive the Saviour, then

followed sanctification through the indwelling of God the Spirit in the heart, inspiring love and joy, and peace, and every holy feeling. It was long before she could make me understand this simple truth, for it is a simple truth, though never to be understood by the natural heart; and we were called down to dinner before I had recovered from the amazement caused by this most extraordinary conversation; I had never before seen an instance of spiritual teaching of this kind; I could not have conceived that so much real wisdom should have been inspired into so young a mind; indeed, to this day I may say that I have never seen any example at all to be compared with this of Miss Selburn, excepting in cases resembling that of this most lovely one, where the time is short, and that which is to be done, must be done quickly.

It was surprising also to me that this glorious work in the heart of my pupil, should have been going on for months before I had known her, and that no one in the house should have been aware of it; al-

though after I knew it, I recollected numbers of small indications of a renewed mind in her conduct, which, had I known more of spiritual things, could not have failed to have manifested the truth to me; but the overbearing temper of worthy Mrs. Selburn, and the continual bustle which she excited, was no doubt one great means of throwing the perfections of her lovely step-daughter into the shade,—and this will ever be the case with noisy professors,—they lose many means of improving themselves, and doing justice to others, by the bustle which they make in their own progress through life.

I thank God who so prepared my heart at that time, that I was made willing to examine with her the new view of the subject of the Christian religion given to me by my beloved pupil, and through the divine blessing upon our examination of scripture, I became an entire convert to her way of thinking, and the result of my examinations were simply these, that God is all in all, and man nothing,—that the glorious Trinity in Unity, is the Alpha and Omega of man's salvation;— and

that he who predestinated an individual to glory,—who justified him, and is his sanctification, will also assure unto him that personal holiness, without which no man shall see God:—and having been brought to receive these truths, and to see that the Father had already made me to see the Son as the Saviour, a truth which human reason never taught,—I became assured that the work was begun with me, and begun by Him with whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning, and from that period I date the commencement of that peace which the world knoweth not, and which even the bitterest trial I had ever known, and which I had to endure only a few months afterwards, had no power to disturb, for my peace was fixed, and seated on the Rock of Ages.

But I shrink from the description of this trial, to which I have alluded, although years are past since that period; I will tell it, therefore, shortly.—Perhaps my reader may already have anticipated it, for assuredly the character of my pupil, such as I have described, it must have suggested the idea of a

rapid ripening for a higher state of being.— Suffice it then to say, that before the summer bloomed again, my lovely Emily was removed by a rapid consumption, from this world of many changes—I was blessed in being permitted to be with her to the last moment, and to do, what in affection lies, to ease the hours of languor and of pain.

Never shall I forget some of the conversation within the last month, with her parents, and brothers and sisters,—nor the divinely supported composure of her dying hours; she expired in my arms, and the last words spoken to a fellow creature, by my lovely one, were addressed to me. When I had seen her laid in her grave, I hastened from the place. Mrs. Selburn having given me a handsome present, for which, at that time, I cared but little, and was received by my good cousin with a ten-fold portion of his usual kindness.

CHAPTER XII.

It was the beginning of summer when I returned to the paternal roof of my worthy cousin. After the mournful event spoken of above, he insisted that I should remain with him some months, to recover from my fatigue and deep depression of spirits.

The quiet of those few months, thus spent in retirement, was exceedingly beneficial to me, and gave me time to reflect, — and deep and vast indeed were the subjects on which I had to reflect.

Madame Genlis remarks, in one of her works, “that if the mind, after any affliction, however it may seem to be weighed down with it at the time, ever again recovers the frames and modes of thinking and feeling,

which it had before that affliction, the impression has not been deep." It may be said that this is a sort of truism,—I grant that it is so ; but it is often profitable to state a truism to our own minds, and to those of our readers: judging, however, by this truism, the impression on my mind, taking it in all its bearings, made by the loss of the most beloved of all my pupils, has never worn away ; connected as it was with the divine truths of the gospel, it seemed to have changed all my views and all my feelings, and to make me look upon my previous life, and my own self-sufficient character in a very different point of view, than that in which I had seen it before. During that residence with my cousin, we discussed many important doctrines: he heard me with humility, and consulted his Bible to prove or disprove what I asserted, particularly on the subjects of assurance of justification, and assurance of sanctification ; but, as he has since told me, without receiving conviction: however, we were happy together, and it was with reluctance that we yielded after a while to the

suggestions of prudence, and another situation was sought for me; though it was agreed, before we parted, that should the infirmities of age increase upon this my paternal friend, who was then in his seventy-fourth year, I was to return, and continue with him for the remainder of his time, if it was so permitted by a Divine Providence.

About a month after Christmas, for I had returned to my cousin at Christmas, I heard of a situation in a town in Berkshire, and having succeeded in procuring it, I once more took leave of my kind and worthy cousin; our parting was affectionate, and my journey without incidents. The coach set me down in the skirts of a genteel town, before a handsome modern mansion, standing back from the road, and having a small well-arranged shrubbery in the front; it was the dusk of the evening, in the beginning of February, and extremely cold. A respectable footman opened the door for me, took in my trunks, and ushered me into a large handsomely furnished drawing-room, illumined partially by the fire which was burning very low in the

grate. Here I had waited a very short time before my new patroness appeared; she seemed to be about forty, had an extremely spare figure, was excessively erect, and had a long pale face, with as little expression as I ever beheld in a human countenance; but I presently found that she had been an assiduous studier of Madame Genlis, whose works were then new, and had attributed to herself the character of the tender, anxious mother, a sort of affectation which was particularly ill suited to a constitution, which was one of extraordinary apathy; agreeably, however, with the assumed part of her character, without observing that I was cold, fatigued, and probably hungry, she entered into a long, elaborate, dull, and complicated discussion on her plans of education, saying that she required nothing more of me than to follow her up, and to be, in fact, her second self. She informed me that the health of her children was her first object, and that every thing must, of course, be sacrificed to that consideration. On this account, she added, "we walk regularly, and in all weathers,

twice a day in winter, and three times in summer,—I hope, Miss Mordaunt, that you like walking;—and we repeat our French verbs during our first walk, and our English grammar during our second walk; for we are extremely regular; and there is another thing to which I hope you will not object: I am convinced, that in order to strengthen the system, large fires should be avoided; I never allow much fire in the school-room, and indeed, without all these little attentions, I doubt whether I should have reared my girls, for they are uncommonly delicate. Anna is the worst sleeper I know of her age, and is always complaining of shivering: yet I have attended to what Madame Genlis recommends; she has only a mattress, a hard pillow, and a thin blanket on her bed, and you know, nothing can be more healthy than a hard mattress, for a growing girl; but as she is nervous, I think it right for her to have a bedfellow, and one who will know how to manage her. You will not object, of course, to sleep with her.”

A hard bed, no fire, and constant walking

I thought,—worse and worse ; and this cold, heartless mother to deal with ! I groaned inwardly, but she was going on, and I was compelled to attend.

“ Maria,” she continued, “ is very thin too, and is far from what I could desire, as regards her health ; and Julia and Dorothy are poor little starvling things ; they make me very anxious, and you cannot wonder at my anxiety, Miss Mordaunt, for although you are not a mother, you must be aware that a mother’s feelings are of a nature ——”

Here we were happily interrupted by the entrance of the father of the family, a gentleman-like man, who seemed to have taken the part of letting his wife do what she pleased, provided she did not enquire into his pursuits, for he was seldom at home ; and when at home, quite wrapped up in himself, having, as I speedily observed, a most perfect, entire, and supreme contempt for his amiable helpmate. He was, however, sufficiently attentive to discern, in one moment, the uncomfortable and weary state of my feelings, of every description, being somewhat

more alive to them from the recollections of certain inflictions of the same kind to which he had seen others exposed. "What a fire you have, Mrs. Fenton," he said, at the same time ringing for coals, and then bowing to me. "Miss Mordaunt, I suppose," he added, "you must be fatigued, cold, and perhaps in need of refreshment, and very unfit, after your journey, for discussions of plans; you shall have tea, and then, if you please, retire to rest. Your future pupils happen to be from home with their great aunt, Mrs. Dory Fenton, spending an evening, and therefore you cannot see them to-night."

"But my dear," said Mrs. Fenton, in a tone of expostulation, "Miss Mordaunt is to sleep with Anna, instead of the servant."

"No such thing," replied the husband, "Miss Mordaunt has not been accustomed to your hard-mattress system; and I do not see why she should be subjected to it. Our children suffer enough from it. I will not have the evil carried any further." I was glad, at that moment, to be summoned from the room by a female servant, who received

orders from her master to show me into the room occupied by the late governess.

What a reprieve was this! I was to have a room to myself, and a warm bed; but wherefore the poor children were to suffer what was thought not proper for me, I could not understand.

Mr. Fenton sat with us whilst we took our tea. It was, however, a very silent meal, for he was reading the newspaper, and his lady looked disturbed.

I never enjoyed a good bed more than I did that night, merely from the dread, which had been inflicted of the hard mattress: still I went to sleep in thinking of my last situation, and of my lost and lovely companion—pupil, I must no longer call her, for had she not been my teacher, through the Divine mercy, in the highest matters? Yet my heart was drawn out in pity for the children, who were the next day to be put under my care, and I was led to pray that I might love them and profit them. I was called early, and introduced by the servant into the school-room, where I found my four pupils, kneeling down

before a handful of fire, for it was excessively cold; and they not expecting me at the moment, all jumped up at the sight of me, and crowded into a cluster on the side of the chimney, looking scared, and like persons detected in some grievous folly. I hastened, however, to relieve them, by kissing each of them, and saying, that I hoped we should love each other, and spend many happy hours together in that room, on which their young faces brightened up; and the eldest made some apology for being found in so odd a situation; "but we were so very cold, ma'am," she said, "and the fire was not burnt up." I found that we were to take all our meals, and our tea, together in the school-room; and I was truly glad to hear it, for I felt that I should lose nothing by not being admitted to the first table, and accordingly, we presently sat down to breakfast, a tea equipage being arranged for me, and four basins of porridge for the young ladies, a sort of mess which is generally loathed by English palates, and which I presently perceived, that nothing but excessive hunger

would have compelled these young people to swallow. Poor little things ! I thought, they may well look meagre, and sallow, (and all points, and angles, when they have not even the comfort of a tolerable breakfast, and have scarcely any fire in their room, and are required to walk in all weathers, and have no covering to their beds ; but, if I have patience, with the Divine help, perhaps I may succeed in procuring more comforts for them. When we had breakfasted, Miss Anna made me acquainted with the routine of study I was to follow with them ; and I secretly resolved to interfere with this routine no farther than by endeavouring to throw life into these dead forms, and to insinuate what divine instruction I could in compliance with this dull round ; and I thank God, that during my residence in that family, I was peculiarly assisted in my endeavours of this kind, and in striving to teach others, I was blessed in my own soul ; the great work of salvation in all its bearings and without any reserves, as far as I saw it, being the object to which I was induced, by the power of the indwelling

Spirit, to lead them continually, so that our conversations, wherever they might commence, were seldom concluded without some reference to what God has done, and is still doing, for his sinful creature, man; but, oh! how, when I saw the influence of truth on the minds of these young people, did I lament the multitude of lost occasions, wherein I might have spoken a word in season to the little ones placed under my care; but though humbled, I was not driven to despair, for I had been brought fully to feel that no individual is justified by works. And God gave me, after awhile, much influence in the family. The children doated upon me, — and the mother, by my entreaties and strong representations, when some weeks had elapsed, allowed her children a few more comforts; but the greatest evil, namely, the walking, was never corrected whilst I was in the family.

Such was this walking mania, that it rarely happened that we had got into the spirit of a lesson — that we were engaged in an interesting conversation — that we had cut our

pencils, and arranged our paper for drawing—or mended our pens for writing, but Mrs. Fenton would come in, saying, “Miss Mordaunt, you will not forget your exercise;” and then she would generally advance to the window and examine the sky from thence, looking up to the heavens, and down again upon the earth, never failing to find some very particular reason for putting up the books, and setting out to walk, at that precise moment. “You certainly will lose your walk to-day, Miss Mordaunt,” she would say, “if you do not take the present moment—it rains now, to be sure, (it would sometimes be,) but it will be fine before you have your things on, and then you will be able to take the very first advantage of the sun-shine;” or, “it is now moderately cool, it will be excessively hot by and by, you had better avail yourself of the present hour, you will never be able to endure the heat at noon;” and then again at twelve o’clock, “we shall have rain, or thunder, or mist, or snow, or wind in the evening, you had better get your second walk before dinner,” and again before tea, or

after tea, in summer, it was the same thing ; and we were to be out so long, and to walk so far. She was particularly careful in ascertaining that we did not abridge our excursions ; in one word she was as restless as poor Mrs. Selburn, but without her object : there was no end or aim for this continual motion, but the very false persuasion, that health was to be obtained, by delicate growing girls from constant fatigues.

Another caprice she had, which was almost as bad as this walking system. She had an excessive dread lest her daughters should injure their eyes. If she saw a sketch, or a piece of needle-work successfully performed, instead of expressing satisfaction, she would say, " Miss Mordaunt, I think you would do well for a few days to let Anna, Maria, Julia, or Dorothy, whosoever it might happen to be, lay aside her pencil, or her needle, for a few days, to rest her eyes, and, in the mean time, let her refresh her memory with her French verbs ; I wish her to be thoroughly grounded in her French verbs ;" or if we had been fortunate in our French exercises, which

Mrs. Fenton always looked over with a key, then I felt certain that I should have the neglect of my own language urged upon me, with some such expressions as the following.

“Really, Miss Mordaunt, I cannot but say, that Anna is getting on in French, and so are the other girls; but, after all, too much attention to a foreign language is an error. We are English women, and are, I trust, to live in England; and though I do not presume to know as much as you do, yet I am a mother, and am looking forward with all the tenderness of a mother’s heart, to what my children are to be; permit me to propose that the French books should be laid aside for awhile, and the English grammar be attended to.”

But enough of this, it being understood, that the whole of Mrs. Fenton’s system consisted in constant interruptions, under the plea of maternal anxiety. Notwithstanding which, we had many happy hours when this perturbed spirit was out of the way. We undoubtedly all felt the pain of her presence, but I never suffered my pupils to express their pleasure in her absence; and endea-

voured not to let it appear to the daughters that I rejoiced as much as they could in the absence of their mother. I was enabled to use this forbearance by a strength superior to my own, and have often since wondered how I was daily thus restrained ; but, through the Divine influence, I was rendered exceedingly anxious to lead these dear children in the way of holiness. We made our hours of exercise subservient to religious instruction, and thus we acquired the habit of associating the most beautiful objects of nature with things which are spiritual, taking the Holy Scriptures for our constant guide ; neither did we hide it from the mother, that we had banished the French and English grammar from our walking hours, and substituted religious instruction. She murmured, indeed, at the first suggestion of such an innovation ; but was evidently restrained from adding more, by some sort of respect for religion. Thus, we enjoyed many pleasant hours, as I said before, and had I been left to my own judgment as to the length of our walks, I have reason to think that all would have

been well; but the children were growing very rapidly, and as each day their strength was taxed to the utmost, it became evident that this system, so strenuously insisted upon by their mother, would terminate, sooner or later, in the destruction of their constitutions, —the two elder girls, especially, looked worse from day to day. Yet it was not till Miss Anna actually took to her couch, with a weakness of the spine, that the father took alarm, consulted me, and sent for a new physician, who changed the whole system. I had remained in the family for two years and a half under the ancient regime, and my Heavenly Father, in whom are the hearts of all mankind, had given me the hearts of these dear children; and I had hoped to have finished their education, when, one morning, after the physician had been in the house, and spoken very openly and decidedly to Mrs. Fenton, respecting her management of her young people, she flew into the school-room, in an excess of wounded pride, and charged me with having suggested to her husband all that he had said to the

physician. It was in vain for me to assure her that I had never spoken to Mr. Fenton on the subject of her children's health. She failed not to give me to understand, that she should be obliged to me if I would return to my friends, adding, that I had robbed her of the hearts of her children, and inspired them with the spirit of rebellion.

It was a deep affliction to me to part from these dear children, and I made every concession to regain her favour, but in vain : and I was told to prepare to quit the house in one month from that day. Thus were my feelings wounded again, nor had I that satisfaction in resigning these poor children to the tender mercies of their cold and vain mother, as I had in giving up my precious Emily into the arms of her Heavenly Father ; yet I was blessed in the assurance that all would be well with them ; and the last words I said to them, when we embraced each other with many tears, were these : " Remember, my beloved ones, the hope of Emily Selburn." For it had been one of their chief delights to hear me tell all I could recollect of that redeemed one.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE last chapter left me in the family of Mrs. Fenton, looking forward to a lasting separation from four children whom I dearly loved, and who, not having a mother in whom they could delight, had given their whole hearts to me. I had the pain also of looking to a separation from the eldest, at the time when she most wanted the consolation of my presence, as the new physician had insisted upon her being kept in perfect quiet ; and I was uneasy too, because I did not like to be a burden so soon again upon the kindness of my cousin. Whilst in this state of distress, I heard that Mrs. Dorothy Fenton, the aunt of Mr. Fenton, was looking out for a companion — as she was going from the town in which she had resided, near her nephew, to spend a year between Cheltenham and Bath. I had only seen this lady two or three times,

and had not been particularly delighted when I had seen her ; but I was attached to the family, and wanted a situation — I therefore engaged Mr. Fenton to speak for me to his aunt — and immediately procured the enviable situation of companion to a nervous old lady, who loved the world, and was aware that it was sliding from her as an icicle grasped by a fevered hand.

When my stipulated month was concluded, and I had, with many tears, parted from my dear pupils, beseeching them to remember all that I had been enabled to teach them, especially on the subject of religion, I hired a porter to carry my trunks, and set off on foot to Mrs. Dorothy's lodgings, which were distant only a quarter of a mile from my former residence ; yet I took a circuitous course by retired lanes, and under dead walls, in order that I might give a free course to my tears, before it behoved me to look all tranquil and satisfied in the presence of my new patroness.

I lingered long in this, my solitary walk, and felt in its strongest sense that deep feel-

ing of loneliness in the world, to which young women in my situation are often subjected. At that period I almost envied the inhabitants of every little tenement in which I witnessed the union of domestic ties; (although I was not walking near thatched cottages standing in gardens of roses, but in the neighbourhood of such small houses as are commonly found in the outskirts of a town) and I would then, I felt, have gladly exchanged my situation with the poorest mother or the humblest daughter.

Fresh tears gushed from my eyes at the sight of every domestic group, and when my thoughts recurred to the beloved children whom I had left in deep concern, and hourly dreading the arrival of a governess better conformed to their mother's taste than I had been, they flowed still faster; suddenly, however, these words of a beautiful hymn came to my mind:

“One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.”

And again I thought of this sweet promise, "I will not *leave you comfortless*, (or rather, as it should be translated, *orphans*) I will come to you." *John* xiv. 18. And great was the consolation which then came to me, and my very tears became sweet to me.

I felt myself strengthened, and I blessed God, who, by divesting me of human comfort, had enriched me with heavenly consolation: I was led to say, for I spoke the words, though no one heard me, "May I never again walk in self-confidence; may I never more depend on myself; may I be enabled to walk in the strength of the Lord. I shall be strengthened to be faithful and patient in the duties I have undertaken: I know that my former grievous offences of presumption and self-confidence shall be blotted from the book of remembrance, by the blood of the Lamb." I then wiped away my tears, and turned into the public streets, in order to proceed immediately to my place of destination. Mrs. Dorothy Fenton had long inhabited a handsome lodging in the principal street of the town, but she was to leave it the next day for

Cheltenham, with the intention of proceeding, after a few months, to Bath. I had seen her, as I said, several times, although we had never spent many minutes in each other's society. I, however, thought I knew pretty well what I had to expect—but it is one thing I found, to see a person in a morning visit, and to be intimately allied to the same person in a state of dependence.

I thought, as I ascended the steps, that I heard some shrill objurgatory tones within, and when the door was opened to me, I saw with some perturbation the cause of these acrid sounds—the porter, it seems, had just brought in my luggage, consisting of two trunks, a bandbox, and a green baize bag; a pair of clogs, an umbrella, and a cloak; and my new patroness was standing on the stairs, inquiring of the porter if he thought it possible that Miss Mordaunt, or any other Miss in the world, could imagine that she should suffer so much luggage to be crammed into her post-chaise. Her figure, as she stood in the elevated place she had chosen, is worthy of description. She was a little

woman, and her face was very much inflamed, either from some natural defect of complexion, or from the continual irritation of her temper. Her eyes were small, and her other features large. She always wore a small hoop, a negligée, and large ruffles — but on this occasion, having on what she called her packing dress, both hoop and negligée, as well as ruffles, apron, handkerchief, and cap, wore an extraordinary appearance of disorder; her grey hair having lost its powder, and escaped from the toupee or horse-hair cushion to which it was usually fastened with double black pins.

The porter, who was waiting for my arrival that he might be paid, was standing doggedly stupid by his burdens, making no farther reply to the observations of the lady, than that he “could na tell;” which words he was repeating when I entered, at which moment both parties attacked me, one rudely demanding his money, and the other screamingly requiring me to say whether it were quite necessary for me to carry so much lumber with me. I soon dismissed the man, and

quieted my patroness, by informing her that I would send away one trunk at least to my cousin's—if she desired it.

“Send it where you will, Miss Mordaunt,” she replied, “but I cannot suffer you to go thus loaded about the country, and if you do mean to make any fresh arrangements in your packages, let it be done immediately—for I shall want your assistance for myself, and I cannot see why all this might not have been completed before you left my nephew's.” Such was the reception which she gave me; neither could I, were I so inclined, give you, my reader, an idea of the continued petty torments of this last situation into which I had entered.

We were fidgeting, packing, and unpacking; arranging, and re-arranging, half the night. I was roused by my patroness herself, arrayed in a flannel cap and bedgown, and a pair of spectacles, shaking me awake at five o'clock, and yet we were not off till eight—for we were to breakfast, and to unpack a large trunk for a shawl which had been put up in mistake, and we had the lap-

dog to feed, (for we had a little odious porsy dog, called Korah, odious because he had been rendered so by much pampering, which I afterwards found to be one of my duties to carry in my arms when he did not choose to walk home, for he never objected to walk out,) and to fee the maid of the house, which my patroness enjoined me to do for her, being ashamed at the smallness of her donation, with a thousand other indescribable things to attend to, which had been neglected in the bustle of the day before. At length we were off — and I hoped out of our trouble — but I was mistaken; we had scarcely got down one street before Mrs. Dorothy began to discover that the windows of the post-chaise rattled worse than windows ever rattled before; that when they were down there was too much dust, when they were up there was too little air; that the postilion was an impertinent fellow, because he looked back once or twice when he heard the windows going up and down every minute; that the roads were bad, the hills steep, that he went too fast, that the linchpins

were not secured, &c. &c. ; neither was it possible to turn the conversation in any way which did not point to some subject of discontent ; and what was to me the most annoying of all her habits, was, that she was offended if I were long silent, although she never acquiesced in any opinion which I ventured to express. She very commonly used the tone of irony, a tone hardly ever resorted to by a humble mind ; for instance, if I said I liked any one ; “ Indeed,” she would reply, “ you must have a very singular taste, Miss Mordaunt, a very peculiar one ; and pray upon what foundation may your opinion be built ? — it does not happen to coincide with mine ; but young people of course must have more penetration than their elders, they have so many lights from experience, you know, Miss Mordaunt.”

If I uttered a sentiment, however commonplace, she instantly answered, “ O ! well, that is your opinion : when I was your age I was taught to venerate the opinion of my elders ; my parents actually thought themselves wiser than their daughter, — perhaps

they were wrong, Miss Mordaunt — perhaps they were mistaken — young people are (it may be) more sage and prudent than their elders — at least now-a-days.”

But the greatest offence, as I hinted before, was a long silence on my part; such a circumstance always gave an occasion for a remark to the following effect. “Old people are dull companions; what a pity it is that there is not some law for putting persons of a certain age to death; after awhile they are but encumberers of the ground — keeping the family property out of the hands of their juniors — always in the way — scarcely to be endured by the very people who eat their bread.”

How many times during that journey did that Spirit which is divine, and which works against the evil passions of our corrupt nature, compel me, as it were, to pray, and earnestly to pray, for patience, and that I might be directed to the proper way of conducting myself to this poor woman; and, I trust, that my prayers were heard, for it was put into my mind, after awhile, to feel pity

rather than anger, and to consider that if the old lady really were without a religious hope, which I believed her to be, I ought not to wonder at the miserable irritation of her feelings: and then came the blessed thought, O! that I might be the humble means in the hand of God, to lead her in the way of peace.

This journey was not concluded till the end of the second day; we arrived at Cheltenham in the evening, and having slept at the inn, set out the next morning to look for lodgings.

Our beloved King George the Third had been at Cheltenham some years before that period, and had rendered the place fashionable by his royal presence; still it was small and inconsiderable then, in comparison of what it is now; but Mrs. Dorothy was resolved to have lodgings between the royal wells and the church, and I verily thought that we never should have succeeded in getting any to suit us, for some were too small, some too large, some too dear, others too cheap, some too much exposed, others too

close, and at length we took the very worst set of apartments we had seen, and I verily believe, from no other reason than because I had happened to say when first introduced to them, "I am quite certain these will not do." On which my patroness had replied, "If they please me, Miss Mordaunt, I think they might do for you — though certainly you are the person to be first consulted."

I had not a word more to say, and the lodgings were taken; and it was right it should be so, as I afterwards found — for they looked out upon the church-yard, and we witnessed every funeral, and never could be inattentive to the tolling of the bell; and these memorials of mortality are sometimes made useful in bringing a worldly mind to reflection, though of themselves, they are, like all other means externally applied, wholly inadequate to produce a salutary effect in the soul, for the natural man, though he may be terrified, cannot comprehend the things of the Spirit, he has no faculty by which he can appreciate the divine love; no, he must be born again through the

inspiration of the Lord the Spirit, before any real and saving change can pass in his feelings and desires. In about a week,—for so long it took us to arrange all my patroness's various articles of convenience, and to accustom Korah to his bed in the corner, &c.,—we were duly settled; then we fell into a routine which was little varied for some months.

My patroness always rose early, and drank the waters at the king's well, after which we walked up and down the avenue for an hour, the dog waddling after us when not carried by me. During these walks, if I happened to be in favour, I was allowed to speak now and then, without being contradicted, and if I were not so, I was excited to speak that I might be contradicted: but if I ventured one word on the subject of religion, I was instantly silenced, by being told that I was known to be a methodist, that I was certainly a dissenter at heart, and that the least thing I could do was to keep my heresies to myself.

After our walk we returned to breakfast, and it was very rarely that I could make the

tea to the satisfaction of my patroness. After breakfast I was to read aloud. We subscribed to an exceedingly poor circulating library ; but I was not allowed to make my own selections even from this meagre assortment, — my patroness had her own ideas of literature, and she had the vulgar notion,—I call it vulgar, as being very common with the lower classes,—that it is being pious and performing a sort of meritorious duty to read a dull grave book. She therefore always selected the most prosing book, such as essays and sermons of the most ordinary descriptions for our lectures ; and when I seemed weary, for it is most difficult to conceal a sense of weariness, we generally had two essays, or two sermons instead of one, although she seldom attended to my reading, making these hours of lecture occasions for combing the dog, putting pins in her pin-cushion, or settling her drawers, for we always read in her chamber, where we not unseldom breakfasted. Then came another walk, if it were not prayer-day, for she was uncommonly attentive to the external forms

of religion ; then came an early dinner ; then another dreary walk, and then a long weary evening, and perhaps another walk ; but it must be observed that she never let me out of her sight, and if I retired for a few minutes, she would stand on the stair-head and cry in a shrill tone ; “ Ho, Miss Mordaunt, are you above ? When you are at liberty, I should be glad of your company, but not till then, — I beg you will not put yourself out of the way for me, I cannot understand that it can be a duty in you to attend to me.”

When we had been in Cheltenham about a month, I was much relieved by the arrival of three old ladies, sisters ; a widow and two spinsters, who came to lodge near us, and formed so violent an intimacy with Mrs. Dorothy, that they met every evening to play at quadrille, and to abuse domestics and companions of every description — which they did with little reference to the only person present of these denominations ; but I was so truly thankful to have a little time to myself, that I really was often as much ab-

stracted from what they said, as I usually was from the puffings and wheezings of poor Korah.

O! the luxury of being permitted to be sometimes alone: who can understand it so well as persons who have been in dependent situations, such as mine then was? But at the end of three months, to my great dismay, Mrs. Dorothy and her friends quarrelled over a pool of quadrille, and the next time we met them in the long walk, they brushed by us and would not speak; they were sorry for it afterwards, and sent a note saying, that if Mrs. Fenton would permit them, they would call, and should no doubt be able to clear up their conduct, and to make it appear wherefore they had been induced to act so rudely.

“I hate all *eclariments*,” exclaimed my patroness, “and shall proceed immediately to Bath to be out of the way of any such people.” My reader will understand that my worthy patroness by this word *eclariments*, intended the French word *eclaircissement* — or in plain English, that sort of explanatory

conversation by which doubts and coldnesses are removed between friends; and in fact, Mrs. Dorothy's dislike to *eclarishments* had so much reduced her stock of well-wishers, that she was in her old age nearly as friendless as if she had been dwelling in a foreign land.

Accordingly, every thing was put in action for our expedition, and we were on the point of departure, when my poor patroness received a stroke of the palsy, whilst she was stooping over a trunk which I was packing for her; and from that period, though she lingered more than a year and a half, she was helpless as an infant, and in fact, in many respects, quite as unreasonable; but that was a blessed period, blessed both to me and to her,—for I was enabled, worthless as I am, to be a daughter to her during all that time, and to lead her, with the divine assistance, in the way that she had never known before. Various and solemn were the scenes through which we passed together, shut out from, and forgotten by the world; but the Lord was our guide, and the Holy Spirit

was, I have no question, present with us,—for as her death approached, such a change passed in her whole appearance and manner, and modes of expression, as proved beyond all question, to my grateful heart, that she had been found of Him whom she had never sought. But I cannot enlarge on this scene, which reminded me of the last death-bed I had witnessed, and in consequence, opened afresh many of those wounds which had hardly been skinned over; yet could I help acknowledging that irresistible Power, by which a woman, who in life had made herself disliked by all who knew her, was rendered before death so lovely, that I could not look upon her without hoping that my end might be such as hers. Her last words were indicative of her ardent gratitude to that God who had shewn her, the chief of sinners, the way of salvation; added to which, was a sweet expression of tender affection and thankfulness to me. Mr. Fenton came to her funeral, after which he presented me, over and above my salary, with all the clothes of the deceased, and notes to the amount of one

hundred and fifty pounds, all of which I carried with me to my cousin's, having previously written to request him to receive me again for a few months. But before I conclude this portion of my history, I should say that Mr. Fenton informed me, that finding his daughters becoming more weakly from day to day, he had used his authority, and sent the three youngest to a pleasant boarding school near town, with the especial stipulation that they should be kept warm, well fed, and only be compelled to walk, when they found themselves equal to the exercise.

CHAPTER XIV.

SEVERAL years had elapsed since I had last seen my cousin, and I found him much changed; he was become an old man, and it would be little to say that he retained all his kindness; for he was tenderer, milder, and kinder than ever. He was truly pleased to see me, and when he observed that I looked pale and thin, he was all anxiety to know what he should do for me. I spent all the winter and part of the spring with him, and we enjoyed our winter evenings beyond expression; for we read the Bible, and the Bible only, and I have reason to say that the Holy Spirit, the divine remembrancer, took of the things of Christ, and revealed them unto us. Sometimes, in the dusk, we used to love to

talk over my various situations, and the old gentleman, who had always resided in one town, was amused by hearing my descriptions of the ways of the different families in which I had resided: to wit — the cold hauteur of the aristocratic lady Harley; — the comforts of Briar Cottage, and the kindness of its inmates; — the fantastic freaks of the blue stocking, Mrs. Delaney; — the uproars of Maple Grove; — the follies of which I was guilty at Mrs. Elverton's; — my extreme conceit in the house of the worthy Mr. Simmons; — my frisky behaviour, as my cousin used to call it, in my short day of prosperity in the vale of Llangollen; — my incompatible duties at Miss Lessingham's — my short interval of happiness I could hardly have conceived in the society of my lovely Emily in her father's elegant villa; — my cold comfort at Mr. Fenton's; — and finally, my severe but blessed servitude with poor Mrs. Dorothy. My good cousin loved to enumerate these sundry perambulations, and to trace the hand of God in all that had befallen me, showing how my various misadventures had been calculated to

humble me, and bring me to a knowledge of myself; for, as he would often say, "Take my word for it, cousin Caroline, you were at one time of your life, as conceited a piece of goods as ever was turned out of those manufactories of folly, a young ladies' boarding school," (my cousin alluded to schools as they then were) "you were all foil, and tinsel, and gilding then, my good girl, and there was very little I fear, that would have stood the burning; but for the matter of that," he added, "I fear there are but few of us that would stand the furnace, or rather, I should say, none — that is, if we were to be tried by our own merits; the more blessed therefore, are those who have been stripped of all self-dependence, even although the process may not have been over agreeable to flesh and blood."

Towards the end of the spring, when by rest, and the sweet refreshment of many delightful evenings spent in searching the Scriptures with my worthy cousin, and when I was beginning to think that I must prepare for another situation, I was surprised by

seeing a handsome carriage driving up to the door, from which a lady and gentleman of a very pleasing appearance alighted, inquiring for me. When introduced into our little parlour, they brought themselves to my recollection, as neighbours of Mr. Llewellyn, and informed me that the object of their present visit was to inquire if I were disposed to assist them in the management of their large family.

I blushed, and candidly stated to them that I could not understand how they should have been brought to look after a person who had conducted herself so ill in the only family where they had heard of her.

“You are mistaken, Miss Mordaunt,” replied Mrs. Wynne, for such was the name of the lady, “if you suppose that I have heard of you only as the preceptress of Miss Llewellyn; I am related to Mr. Fenton, and Miss Anna Fenton is now with my children in Wales; she loves you tenderly, she owes much to you, and she has been exceedingly earnest in persuading me to apply to you, and I am assured that it would gladden her heart if you would engage with us.”

I could not refrain from tears at this proof of regard from the dearest of my pupils then on earth, and my reader may be assured, that I only waited to consult my cousin before I gave my answer to Mrs. Wynne, and this answer being favourable, I left my beloved relation once again, to take a place in Mrs. Wynne's coach, with prospects such as I had seldom enjoyed in any situation. We had a most agreeable journey, our companions being Mr. and Mrs. Wynne, and a respectable young woman, who was Mrs. Wynne's maid, and had been brought up in the family.

I spoke but little during this journey, but listened with delight to Mr. Wynne's conversation. I had never, as it happened, been so much associated with a gentleman who united these three qualifications, namely, the most perfect manners, real and enlightened piety, and much knowledge of various descriptions. One source of delightful information was the history of the various places renowned in ancient story, which he gave us we passed; the first lesson of botany which I ever received was as I walked up a steep hill with

him and my patroness, and it was then that he promised me further instruction if I would be diligent. We had much conversation respecting religion, and I thought him particularly happy in some of his statements of doctrines: there was one point especially which had always been perplexed in my mind, it was this:—wherefore it had been necessary that the human nature should be received into the Godhead before man could be saved. I had been led to see, and be grateful for the wonderful kindness and condescension of this measure, but, as I before said, I had not seen the reason for it till Mr. Wynne stated to me the nature of the divine attributes, which are infinite and unchangeable, and that therefore, the attribute of justice must be satisfied before mercy could have her perfect work; but inasmuch as no merits or sufferings of any created being could have been sufficient to have satisfied this justice, in the fulness of time God became man, and by his obedience and death wrought that work whereby divine justice

was more than satisfied, and left to the perfect exercise of her gentle influences.

This was one of the points which we discussed, and my excellent protectors treated me as if I had been their own elder daughter, and I trust that I was restrained (for I hope never again to attribute any good to myself) from taking liberties on this kindness and condescension. On the whole I never spent a more blessed season than the three days which were occupied in this journey. At length we entered the principality, and descended the lovely valley of Llangollen; and soon I saw the troubled channel of the Dee, and crossed to the other side in the same way as I had passed it before; and now I was in a place where every object was familiar to my eyes.

We passed the lodge which led up to Mr. Llewellyn's mansion, and inquiring of the old woman, heard with pleasure that all the family were well. Quitting the lodge, our way lay through a deep but most beautiful lane, shaded on each side by tall trees; and about half a mile further we came to the village, where a small white house, close beside the church-

yard indicated the abode of the young gentleman who had been employed to write to me by Mrs. Llewellyn. Mrs. Wynne informed me that he was now become the incumbent, and was a blessing to his little flock, though he lived in the most humble and simple fashion, having little more than a hundred a-year to depend upon, yet having something always to spare for those in need. As we skirted the railing of the churchyard, I saw several tombs hung with fresh garlands, according to the beautiful custom of the principality. Another half mile brought us to Mr. Wynne's, a noble mansion standing in a park, and commanding a glorious prospect of the mountains, and a fine fall of water nearly opposite the front of the house. Here, as we stepped from the carriage, a lovely group of children, all wild with health and joy, came to meet their parents, and I was received at the same time into the arms of my own beloved Anna Fenton.

“Dear, dear Miss Mordaunt,” she said, “I was so afraid you would not come; and I am to stay here till I am well — quite

well, perhaps a year, and we shall be so happy together — and this is so sweet a family, and they are so kind to me.” All these words, and many more, were said, as she led me across the great hall into the dining-room, where tea, and fruit, and cream, and white bread, and rolls were all elegantly set out, for it was evening; and where I heard with pleasure that all the family ate together, no other restraint being placed on the children than that which is always graceful and beautiful in young people when in the presence of their elders. But as I passed through the door-way I was startled by a merry shriek in my years. I started back, and the next moment was seized round the neck by Miss Dulcey—grown a tall girl of fifteen years of age, but otherwise little changed.

“You did not expect to see me, Miss Mordaunt,” she exclaimed, “but here I am to torment you again with my freaks. Oh, what a trouble I was to you! but you made Anna a better girl than me, Miss Mordaunt,” she added, her sweet face assuming a more serious aspect. “I wish I had always been like

Anna ; I shall never be half so good ;—but come, you want refreshment ;” and she took one of my hands, whilst Miss Fenton took the other, and thus I was led to the table, and there I had the leisure to examine the little flock over whom I was to preside, and to admire the modesty, simplicity, and courtesy of their deportment.

Nothing was said during that evening or the next day of our plans of study, &c., but I was introduced into a lovely suite of rooms, which were to be entirely mine and my pupils’—shut out from the rest of the house, and from whence we were not to issue into public till four o’clock, at which time it was supposed that our most serious studies were completed. In these apartments Miss Fenton was my constant companion, and Miss Llewellyn my occasional one ; and here we studied — and here we enjoyed a degree of happiness I could hardly have conceived—for the children were so humble, so gentle, so affectionate, being all more or less influenced by religious principles, that it was a delight to instruct them, and to be associated with them.

We always studied till one, or later, varying our employments every hour; after which we walked, often visiting the cottages and the day school in the village; we then returned and dressed for dinner, filling up all odd intervals with our studies.

At dinner was a general re-union of all the members of the family, commonly augmented by some guests, and then it was that I experienced that which is so rarely to be met with in this life, namely, what it was to hear the conversation of elegant, intellectual, pious, and polished individuals. I had no idea whatever till then, of what the charms of such conversations are; here was no overbearing person who talked all and would not allow another to edge in a word—no efforts made for exhibiting self—no discussions on the faults of neighbours—but a general desire in each individual to render himself as agreeable as possible, and to contribute as much as in him lay to the general improvement and amusement.

The ladies did not sit long after dinner; music commonly filled up our time till tea; we had our little concerts in the drawing-room,

and sometimes our little dances in the great hall ; then came tea, after which, seated round a large table with huge baskets of coarse articles, we all worked for the poor, each of us taking charge of a certain number of cottages for which we were to provide, the lady visitors being always drawn in to assist ; and while this work was going forward, the young gentlemen used to draw, or make pack-thread nets for the fruit trees. This was the time in which the excellent father instructed his family ; for these instructions he took the scripture as his basis, though at times taking occasion to diverge from his text as any peculiar circumstance seemed to point ; for instance, when, in course of reading, he came to the flood, he read one or two of the best theories selected from his library, respecting the natural causes and effects of the deluge, and thus he kept the attention of his auditors continually awake, and brought them back with renewed interest to the simple text of scripture.

. I must now suddenly pass over many years, years which have brought me from

mature age, (for I did not leave Mr. Wynne's happy household, till I was some years more than thirty,) to something very near bordering on actual old age; and my reader must present me to herself, with grey hairs, or hairs at least much mixed with grey, with many more than incipient wrinkles, and acknowledging a considerable diminution of strength and activity, though not of the enjoyment of any faculty; she must also understand that when I had been two years at Mr. Wynne's, the humble rector of the parish, of whom honourable mention is made above, began to think that he wanted a housekeeper, and as there was no other person in the neighbourhood who would be likely to suit him, and as he saw me often, it was not to be wondered at, if it occurred to him that I was the very object he desired; the matter, therefore, was soon settled in his own mind, and having received the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Wynne, he made his wishes known to me. I made no difficulty, for he was pious and humble, and possessed all that natural courtesy, which originates from piety and humility:

our religious principles agreed, and the only difficulty I had, was the promise I had made to be with my cousin, when infirmity should require my filial attentions : this difficulty, however, was speedily obviated ; Mr. Jones rode over to my cousin's, though the journey was long, and actually persuaded the worthy old man to give up his house, sell his furniture, and come to live with us ; to the infinite horror of all our mutual relatives ; but my cousin had made his will before this arrangement, and Mr. Jones would never permit him to alter it.

The good old gentleman arrived the week before the marriage, to be ready as he said, to receive me when I should return from my wedding excursion, adding, with one of those looks of his, which in my high days I had not always relished, " It will not be the first time that I have received Caroline, when she came to look for a home."

He accordingly came as he had planned, and chose his sleeping room in the little parsonage, bringing few treasures with him, but some bulbs, and seeds for the garden ; and

from that time, as long as he lived with us, which was until his eighty-sixth year, he presided entirely over the horticultural part of our establishment.

Miss Dulcey made our wedding a day of vast bustle; nor were my other dear pupils backward in any little services within their power, and they actually, all together, made my parlour (we had but one, as we lived habitually in our best kitchen,) the admiration of the whole village. Our income, when we settled, was a hundred a-year from the living, with a house and a few acres of land: a salary from my cousin above our expectation, and a few hundreds of mine; of which, however, we have annually, through the divine favour, been enabled to put by the interest; so that, with four hundred and fifty pounds left me some years since, by my ever-to-be-beloved cousin, or rather I should say, my second father, we have made a comfortable little sum against a rainy day.

I have been blessed with six children; four are now living, but two passed away in their infancy into a state of glory; nor would I

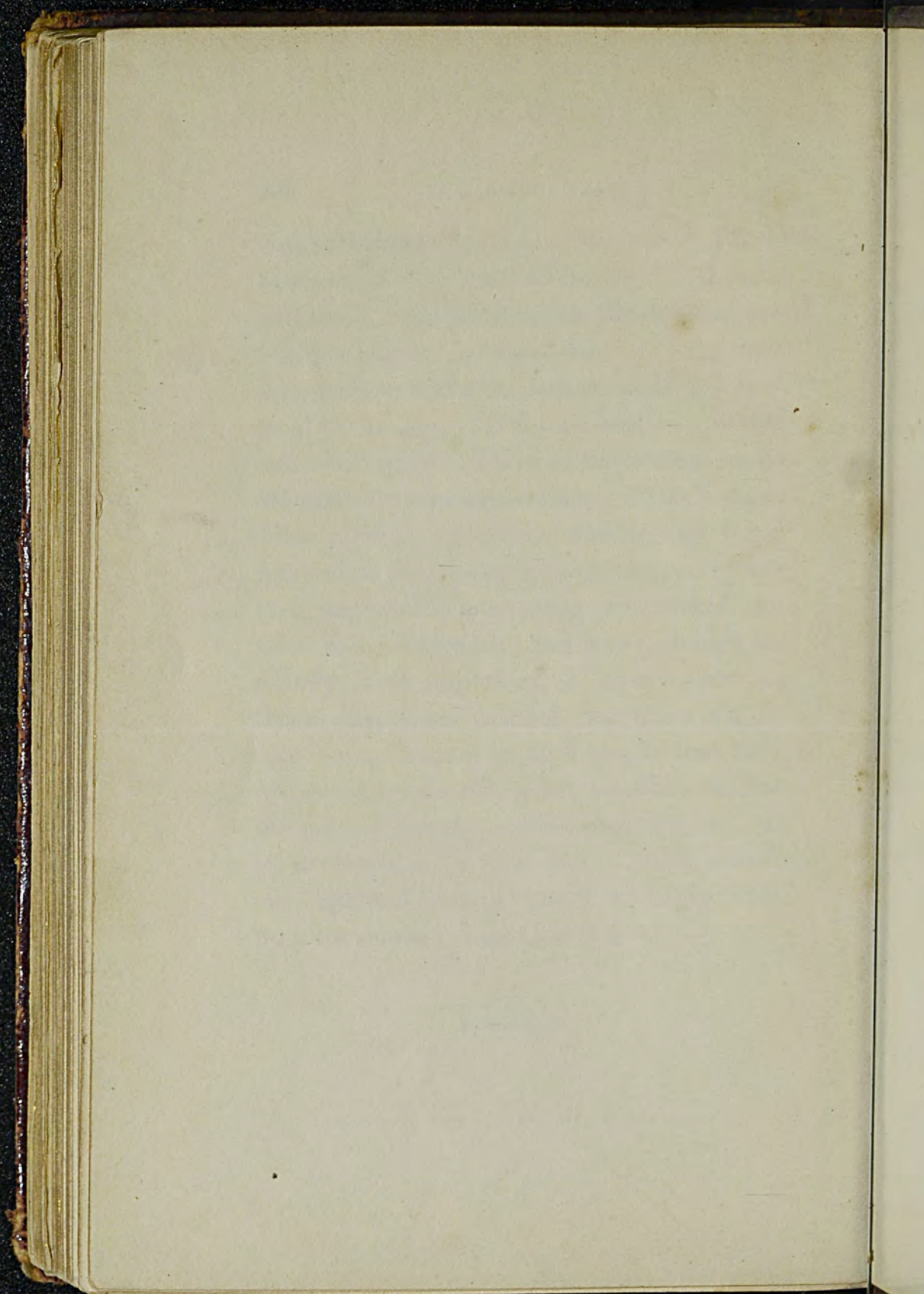
wish them with me again ; we have two sons, and two daughters. I have tried to educate the last rather with the view of making them plain men's wives, than of sending them out into the world. When I remember my own trials, all of which I have not spoken of, as not being necessary to my story, I cannot but wonder, that any mother should rather see her daughter a governess, than a respectable wife in a humbler station. I could wish that such situations as that of the governess, should be left for the daughters of unfortunate gentlemen ; for young women of family without fortune, or orphans of a certain degree ; were it so, young ladies in the trying situation of preceptresses would be more respected, and every thing would be more in its place. But what avails my opinion ? the world will go on in its own way, when I have said all I have to say, and the fashion of bringing up every portionless girl as a governess, will continue till the evil cures itself.

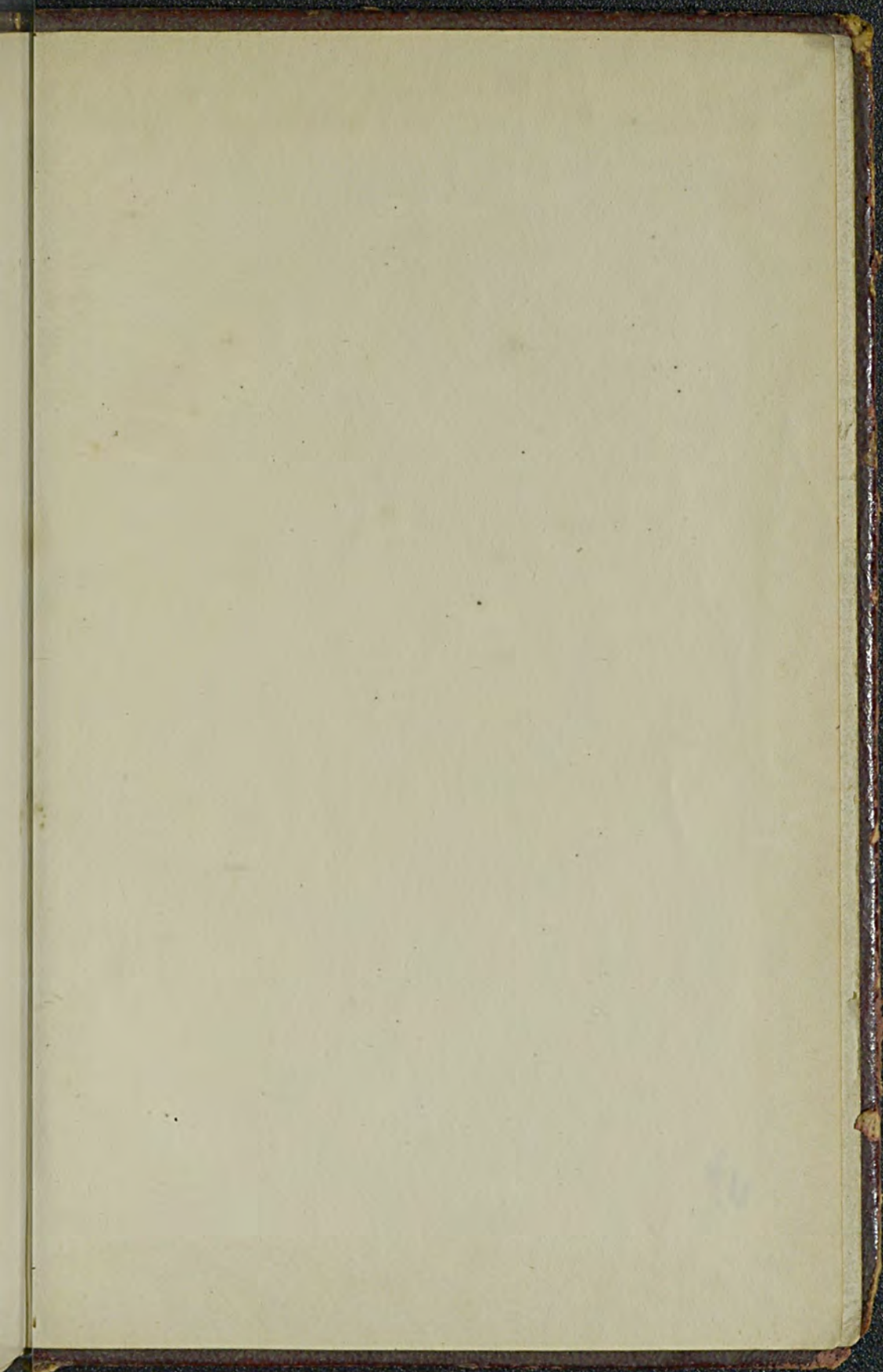
And now I conclude, by thanking my God for the peace, nay, happiness, I have enjoyed ever since I became a wife. My

cup of comfort has indeed run over. I have had one of the best of husbands. I have witnessed with pleasure his humble and unwearied labours in his parish. I have been permitted to make the last years of my cousin's life as happy, as the present state of this earth will admit. Three of my dearest pupils are settled about me, namely, Miss Wynne, Miss Fenton, and Miss Dulcey, all being married to gentlemen in the country. I have seen my children growing up around my table as I could wish; and lastly, though infinitely most important, I have reason to think, nay, I am assured, that there is a divine hand, leading on all I love to that land which is very far off, where we shall see the King in his beauty, and shall be better able to understand the consolatory truth, which our spiritual enemy would willingly hide from us, namely, that God is love.

THE END.

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