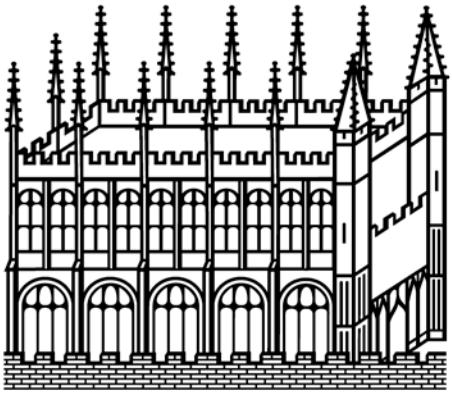

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William Nevins

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Leeds

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1821.

ROSAMOND

A

SEQUEL

TO

EARLY LESSONS.

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

"Oh teach her, while your lessons last,
To judge the present by the past!
The mind to strengthen and anneal,
While on the stithy glows the steel."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO PARENTS.

ROSAMOND, when we last saw her in the days of "The Black Bonnet," "The India Cabinet," and "The Microscope," was, we believe, about nine or ten years old. This Sequel to her history comprises about three years, from ten to thirteen. Her Biographer mentions this to prevent mistakes, and to enforce the advice,

the entreaty, that this book may not be read at an earlier age.

The same principles will here be found as in all the preceding Early Lessons, but applied to those new views of character, new thoughts, feelings, and objects, which present themselves at this time of life. The young readers will still see in Rosamond's less childish, but ever fluctuating mind, an image of their own. Few may have her infinite variety of faults, follies, and foibles; but some of her youthful errors will probably fall to the share of each, and some passing likeness will be continually caught by the young, or imputed by

the old. May all, who are at any time conscious of resembling Rosamond, or reproached with being like her, imitate her constant candour, and follow her example in that ardent, active desire to improve, by which she was characterised in childhood, still more in youth, which made her the *darling* of her own family, and which will, we hope, influence generous strangers in her favour.

Though the following little volumes are not intended for young children, yet it is not here attempted to give what is called a knowledge of the world, which ought not, cannot be given prematurely.

It is the object of this book to give young people, in addition to their moral and religious principles, some knowledge and control of their own minds in seeming trifles, and in all those lesser observances on which the greater virtues often remotely, but necessarily depend. This knowledge, and this self-command, which cannot be given too early, it is in the power of all to attain, even before they are called into the active scenes of life. Without this, all that gold can purchase, or fashion give; all that masters, governesses, or parents can say or do for their pupils, will prove unavailing for their happiness, because

insufficient for their conduct. But with this power over their own minds, confirmed by habit, and by conviction of its utility and its necessity, they may, in after life, be left securely to their own guidance; and thus *early lessons*, judiciously given, will prevent the necessity of *late lectures*.

"I have been labouring to make myself useless," was the saying of an excellent writer on education. A stupid commentator concluded, that this must be a mistake, and in a note added, for *useless* read *useful*.

M. E.

January, 1821.

ROSAMOND.

PETTY SCANDAL.

"I HAVE been dreaming of Anne Townsend," said Rosamond, one morning as she wakened. "My dear Laura, you did not hear all the things she was telling us last night. She certainly is the most entertaining person in the world!"

"In the world!" repeated Laura, with somewhat of an incredulous smile, which provoked Rosamond to start up in her bed.

"Yes, indeed, Laura!" cried she, "without any exaggeration, Anne

Townsend is the most entertaining person that I ever knew in the world; and you would have acknowledged it if you had heard her last night; but you never would see my nods, and becks, and signs to you to come to us; you seemed as if you could not stir from your place among the wise ones, and there you were all evening looking at those prints, which you have seen fifty times. How I pitied you!"

"Thank you," said Laura, "but I was not at all to be pitied; I was very much entertained listening to an account, which a gentleman, who has lately returned from Italy, was giving of his visit to Pompeii, that town which was buried, you know, under a shower of ashes, and which remains as perfect ——

"Yes, yes," interrupted Rosamond,

"I read an account of it long ago; and I remember it put me in mind of the old desert town in the Arabian Tales, where every body was dead, and all turned to stone! and all silence! Very shocking, and very entertaining, the first time one hears of it; but I've heard it so often, I like something new."

"And I heard something, that was quite new to me, about Pompeii," said Laura.

"Very likely; and you can tell me that another time," interrupted Rosamond; "but I must go on now about Anne Townsend; and in the first place I may observe, that she never tells of all the grand, musty things one can find in books; but of those little things of living people, that are so excessively diverting."

"What kind of little things?" said Laura.

"I cannot describe them," said Rosamond; "but all sorts of anecdotes, and stories of all sorts of people, for Anne Townsend has seen a vast deal of the world."

'Anne Townsend! What, at thirteen!" said Laura.

"Fourteen at least, if not fifteen," said Rosamond, "and she has been going about lately everywhere with her mamma; she counted to me twelve houses in the country where they have been paying visits this summer, and where the people were all so fond of her; and she did make me laugh so, by describing the odd ways of many of these people!"

"Of these people, who had been so kind to her," said Laura.

"That is so like you, Laura," cried Rosamond, "I knew you would say that! And I own I did not think that it was quite right of Anne Townsend to repeat *some things;* but I am sure she did not mean to be ill-natured. It was all to divert me, and only for *me*, you know."

"But you have not yet told me any of those entertaining things," said Laura.

"Because, though they were excessively entertaining at the time when I heard them," said Rosamond, "I cannot repeat them in the way Anne Townsend told them."

"Pray tell me some of them; I shall be content with your way of telling them," said Laura.

"But almost all the anecdotes were about people you do not know, and I

forget the names, and it is all confusion in my head—Stay, I remember some curious things about the pretty Miss Belmonts. My dear! you cannot conceive how excessively poor and excessively shabby they are: Anne Townsend says, that they have only one riding habit among the three, that is the reason that they never ride more than one at a time; and they never subscribe to raffles, or charity sermons, or charity balls, or any of those sort of things; and I forget how much, I mean I forget how little, pocket money they have. That is their mother's fault indeed, but, as Anne Townsend says, avarice runs in the blood."

Laura was going to interpose something in favour of the Miss Belmonts, but Rosamond ran on to another anecdote, and another, and another, and

another, and at every close repeated, "Anne Townsend is so entertaining! But, my dear Laura," continued she, "what name do you think Anne Townsend has found for old Mrs. Cole? Red-hot Coal! You must not repeat this."

"No," said Laura, "I should be sorry to repeat it; because, though Mrs. Cole is, perhaps, a little passionate, mamma says, that she is a very good natured woman, and very kind to the poor in our neighbourhood in the country. Do not you recollect hearing of that little orphan girl to whom she is so good."

"That is all a mistake," said Rosamond, giving a very significant, mysterious nod.

"It cannot be *all* a mistake," replied Laura, "because I saw, and

know some of her kindness to that little Bessy Bell."

"No matter, my dear Laura, what you saw," said Rosamond, "for I have heard just the contrary from the best authority."

"But," said Laura, "I heard from Bessy Bell herself, that Mrs. Cole was as kind as possible to her; and I loved that child for the affection and gratitude with which she spoke of her dear good old lady."

"That is all quite changed now," persisted Rosamond, "for Bessy Bell hates her now: Bessy Bell was the very person who said so, and who told this to Anne Townsend."

"I am sorry for it," said Laura, gravely.

"You would be sorry for her," said Rosamond, "if you knew but all.

Mrs. Cole is a terribly passionate, horribly cruel woman."

"My dear Rosamond, do not believe it," said Laura; "and do not repeat such things, when you are not sure that they are true."

"I am quite sure that what I have heard is true," said Rosamond, "I will tell you the whole story, and then I will answer for it you will acknowledge, that Mrs. Cole is, and ought to be called, a horribly passionate, cruel woman.

"One day, just in the dusk of the evening——"

Rosamond stopped short in her story, for her mother came into the room, and told her that breakfast was ready. As they were going into the breakfast room, Rosamond whispered

to Laura, "You must not ask me to go on with that story till we are by ourselves."

Laura looked grave: she said nothing however at that time, but, as soon as breakfast was over, she asked Rosamond to come to their own room, where they could be by themselves.

"Ho! Ho!" said Rosamond, as soon as they were in their room, "I see that I have excited your curiosity at last, Mrs. Laura. I know the reason you are in such a hurry to have me alone with you again, to hear my story of Red-hot Coal."

"I confess I am curious to hear it, and anxious too," said Laura.

"Anxious and curious, to be sure you are, I don't doubt it in the least," cried Rosamond; "and I am delighted

to find, that I have made the sage Laura so curious, and so anxious."

"But you don't understand me. The reason why I am anxious is——

"I suppose," interrupted Rosamond, "that you are anxious only for poor dear Mrs. Cole's sake, and that you have no curiosity for your own part, at least so you would make me believe. But, as Anne Townsend says, I understand human nature a little too well, to be taken in so easily. Ah Laura, you may sigh, and look as demure, or as impatient as you please. I have you in my power. Oh! the joy of having a good story, and a good secret to tell!" continued Rosamond. "But I assure you, that you should not hear it this half hour, but that I am afraid my dancing master will come, before I have time to tell it to you, if

I don't tell it directly. But, Laura, if you do not quite laugh, and almost cry, I will never tell you any thing again."

"That is a threat that does not frighten me much," said Laura, smiling.

"Because you think I can't help telling every thing; that is very provoking; but the dancing master will be here, so this once I will tell you.

"One winter's day, just in the dusk of the evening, when people sit round the fire, before the candles come, old Mrs. Cole was sitting by the fire in her arm chair, making that poor little girl read to her, that Bessy Bell: and she went on and on, reading, while old Mrs. Cole, never perceiving that there was not light enough, cried, 'Go on, go on,' while she was all the time going

to sleep; till at last little Bessy heard a loud snoring, and, looking up, she saw Mrs. Cole fast asleep, with her head back and her mouth open; and just then, the servant coming in with the candles, and Mrs. Cole stirring a little, cap, wig, and all fell off, over the back of the chair; and she did look so very droll, that the child could not help bursting out laughing," said Rosamond, who was here obliged to pause in her story, she was so much diverted at the recollection of Anne Townsend's description of her. "Well, my dear, Mrs. Cole wakened while Bessy Bell was laughing, and she was extremely angry; and all the time she was scolding she looked so excessively ugly, and so odd without cap or wig, so very odd, that though Bessy Bell did all she could to stop it, she could

not help laughing again: so Hot Coal, Red-hot Coal, came up to her, saying, 'I'll teach you to laugh at me!' and gave her such a box on the ear, that flashes of light came from her eyes; and before she knew where she was, Mrs. Cole gave her another blow, which knocked her down, and she fell—Oh! now comes the shocking part—she fell on the spikes of the fender, and one of the spikes ran into her arm, and she cried out; and that horrible woman, when she saw this, left her there, I cannot tell you how long, saying, 'That will teach you to laugh again at me, you ungrateful creature.' Oh, my dear, think of leaving her writhing on the spikes!"

"I do not believe that part of the story in the least," said Laura.

"But I give you my word it is true,"

said Rosamond: "but stay, you have not heard all. When at last she took the child up, who was all streaming with blood, and just fainting, what do you think she did? She took her by the very arm that the spike had run into, and shook her so that she broke the arm!"

"Broke it!" cried Laura, with a look of horror; "but I am sure it is not true. I cannot believe it."

"But you must believe it: I assure you it is certainly true," said Rosamond.

"How can you be certain of that," said Laura; "you did not see it?"

"No, but I heard it," said Rosamond, "from one who heard it from the very girl herself, who, you know, you say is a girl that speaks truth."

"That is true; but you heard this

account from Miss Townsend, did not you?"

"I did; but surely you do not suspect that Anne Townsend would tell a falsehood, and such a falsehood, such a horrible lie! You do not think that she invented the whole. Oh, my dear Laura, could you, who are so good, think so ill of any human creature! I could not have conceived it."

"Stay, Rosamond, you do not understand me; I do not suspect Miss Townsend of having invented the whole of this story, or think her capable of telling such a horrible falsehood."

"No, nor a falsehood of any kind," cried Rosamond;" surely you do not think she would."

"Not intentionally," said Laura; "but, my dear Rosamond, I have heard her, for the sake of making out

a good story, and to divert or to surprise people, in short, to produce a great effect, exaggerate sometimes, so that I cannot think her so exact about the truth as she ought to be."

Rosamond became serious and thoughtful, and, after some minutes silence, said, "I acknowledge, that sometimes Anne Townsend does exaggerate a little; but that is only in droll stories, or in describing, and that she says is allowable: but in earnest I am sure she would be careful, and you will see, that all she has told me will prove to be true, quite true."

"But is not it more likely, my dear Rosamond, that she should have exaggerated or misunderstood, than that any body should have been so cruel as she represents Mrs. Cole to have been,

a woman who was never known or suspected to be cruel before?"

"But, Laura, you are prepossessed in favour of Mrs. Cole," said Rosamond, "and prejudiced against poor Anne Townsend; but I shall see her again to-morrow, when we go to Mrs. Townsend's to practise the quadrille, and then I will ask her to tell me over again every particular, and you shall be convinced."

Here Rosamond was interrupted by a servant, who came to tell her, that her dancing master was waiting. Laura said she was sorry that they had been called so soon, for that she had not had time to say what she was most anxious to say to Rosamond.

"What can you mean?" cried Rosamond, stopping short, "I thought

you were anxious only about my story."

"I am much more anxious about you, my dear Rosamond," said Laura. Do not be angry with me if I say, that, though Miss Townsend is very entertaining, I should be sorry you were like her; and I should be sorry, my dear Rosamond, that you were to imitate her; I don't think she is a good friend for you."

"Why so?" asked Rosamond, in a tone of much disappointment and dissatisfaction.

"Because I don't like her habit of laughing at every body. Even those who have been most kind to her she ridicules, you see, the moment she is out of their company. Then she repeats every thing she sees and hears in every family she goes into, and almost

all the anecdotes she tells are ill-natured: what mamma calls petty scandal. Besides, I do not like her desiring you not to mention to mamma what she told you."

"Now that is very unjust indeed," said Rosamond; "you blame her both for not telling, and for telling; you say you don't like her habit of repeating every thing she hears, and you do not like her desiring me not to repeat what she said to mamma."

"But is not there a great deal of difference," said Laura, "between telling little ill-natured stories, and telling what we hear and what we think to our best friends, to mamma for instance; but I have not time to explain what I mean entirely," said Laura, "we must go down to the dancing master."

Rosamond acknowledged, that there was some truth in Laura's general opinion of Miss Townsend's love of scandal; but she was eager to prove, that in the present instance what she had said was perfectly true.

"But, my dear Rosamond," said Laura, "how happens it, that you, who are in general so good-natured, should be anxious to prove that this horrible story of Mrs. Cole is quite true? *Is* it merely because you have heard it, or because you have told it?"

Whether Rosamond heard this last question, or not, never appeared; she made no answer to it, but observed, that she could keep poor M. Deschamps waiting no longer.

THE next day Laura and Rosamond went to Mrs. Townsend's, as it was their custom at this time to do, twice a week, to practise quadrilles with the Miss Townsend's, and with some other young people, who met by turns at each other's houses. Rosamond, impatient to see Miss Anne Townsend, flattered herself, that she should have an opportunity, if they went early, to talk to her in private, before the rest of their companions should come. But, to her disappointment, on their arrival she heard from Mrs. Townsend, that her daughter Anne had caught such a cold, that she was not allowed this night to join the dancing party, and was confined to her bed. "But you will not lose your quadrille, Miss Rosamond," said Mrs. Townsend, observing

Rosamond's look of disappointment and despair. "I have invited one of the Miss Belmonts here, to take Anne's place for to night. To be sure Miss Belmont does not dance quite so well as our own set, and may, perhaps, put you out; but we can manage it for once; and I must do her the justice to say that she is very obliging, which makes up for any other little deficiencies. Here she is; I believe you have never been introduced to each other," continued Mrs. Townsend: taking Rosamond's hand she led her to Miss Belmont. As the dancing did not immediately begin, Rosamond and Miss Belmont were left together. With the recollection of all she had heard, and all she had said of this young lady's shabbiness full in her mind, Rosamond felt somewhat embarrassed: whatever she

tried to talk of, all the stories she had heard crossed and puzzled her thoughts, so that she never could finish any one distinct sentence. Miss Belmont meantime, quite at her ease, in the most obliging manner tried to find subjects of conversation, not disdaining to talk to Rosamond, though she was some years younger than herself: of dancing, music, drawing, she spoke, but in vain; Rosamond did not know what she said, and the conversation dropped: at length some one came up, and said to Miss Belmont, "I hope you had a pleasant ride this morning. Do you ride to-morrow?

Miss Belmont answered that she did not, that it was her sister's turn to ride the next day, and that they never rode on the same days.

"Ah, ha! I know the reason of

that," thought Rosamond. "Anne Townsend is certainly right about this."

The friend, who was speaking to Miss Belmont, and who was her near relation, said, "I know you have but one horse that you like to ride; but I can lend you my little Jannette to-morrow, and all next week, so if you please you and your sister can ride together."

Miss Belmont thanked her friend, but declined her kind offer, saying, in a whisper, "There is another difficulty: we have only one habit as well as one horse amongst us;" and, with a slight blush, ingenuous countenance, and sweet voice, she added, "you know we are poor, and in mamma's circumstances we should be as little expense

to her as possible, in our dress or our pleasures."

Miss Belmont's partner then taking her out to dance, her relation, turning to another friend, said, "Though they are my own relations, I hope I may be allowed to say, that the Miss Belmonts are most amiable girls."

"Yes," replied the friend, "so generous too; come with me, and I will tell you such an instance!"

"What a different person she is from what she was represented to me," thought Rosamond. "Anne Townsend did not exaggerate the circumstances, but she misrepresented the motives, that is, she did not understand, or she did not know them; and I will tell her how much she was mistaken."

Dancing interrupted Rosamond's

moral reflections, and dancing employed her till late in the evening, when, as she was drinking some lemonade, Mrs. Townsend came to her, and said, "If you are quite cool now, Miss Rosamond, I can take you up to Anne for a few minutes, as you are so anxious to see her. She is awake now, and will be delighted to see you."

Rosamond looked back for Laura, as Mrs. Townsend took her out of the room; but Laura was dancing, and Mrs. Townsend could not wait.

The history of what passed in this interview, Rosamond gave to her sister at night, when they were going to bed, in the following manner:—

"Well, my dear Laura, it is all over; and how do you think it has ended? We have come to an explanation, and I am convinced you were

quite right, and that Anne Townsend is too fond of scandal; and I told her so; and we have had such a quarrel! When I went to her room, we began by talking about her cold, and *all that;* then we went on to the dancing, and the quadrille, and she asked me how Miss Belmont had got through it, and regretted that her mother had asked her; then I took Miss Belmont's part, and said, that I was sure, if Miss Townsend knew her she would like her; I said, I thought that she had been quite misrepresented by whoever told the ill-natured stories. I repeated what I had heard her say, and added what her friend and relation had said of her being generous: but Miss Townsend still insisted upon it she was right, instead of fairly acknowledging that she had been wrong, or that she was

convinced she had been misinformed. She only laughed at my credulity, as she called it, and said, that when I had seen more of the world I should know better—worse she meant. That it was very natural, that Miss Belmont's own friend and relation should say the best she could for her, but this was no proof she deserved it; that she is shabby, and that all the Belmonts are shabby; and that she could tell me fifty other stories of them worse than the habit, and more diverting. And, as Miss Townsend said this, that flattering, mincing maid of hers, who was fidgeting about the bed with jelly, or something which nobody wanted, smiled, and said, To be sure; that she knew enough of the shabbiness of the Belmonts, of which she could tell a hundred instances if she pleased.

But I said I had no curiosity to hear any such stories. I perceived from this, where Anne Townsend's anecdotes came from, and I felt ashamed for her; and I believe I looked as if I wished the maid away; but she did not go till Anne, who perhaps was a little ashamed herself, told her she need not stay. As soon as she was gone I lost no time, for I was determined to know the truth, and to see the very bottom of Anne Townsend's mind."

"Ah, my dear Rosamond," said Laura, "you think it is as easy to see to the bottom of every body's mind as it is to see to the bottom of your own open heart."

"On I went into the very middle of the *Hot Coal* business," continued Rosamond; "and I told her, that I had repeated the story to you, and that

you doubted the truth of it, and thought she had been misinformed. She began to look angry directly, and reproached me with always repeating every thing I hear.—Only think of her charging me with the very thing she does herself! She wondered why you doubted the story; she asserted that she *knew* it was all perfectly true, and that she had it from the very best authority: 'Yes,' said I, 'I assured Laura that you heard it from Bessy Bell herself.' But Anne Townsend interrupted me, and explained to me, that the story was not actually told to her by Bessy Bell, but only that it *came* from herself; that is, the person who told it to Anne Townsend heard it from somebody who heard it from Bessy Bell."

"Oh! that makes a great difference," said Laura.

"Yes," said Rosamond, "quite another thing! Then came out another change in the business: I thought that the affair had but just happened, and that the child was lying wounded and half dead at this moment; but this was all a mistake in my foolish imagination, as Anne Townsend says, for at this moment the girl is as well as I am. All this happened a year ago; 'Therefore,' said she, 'it is not worth while to say any thing more about it;' and she added, that unless I wanted to make mischief, I must never speak of it again, and must never let any body know that I had heard it. She bid me recollect, that when she told me this, I had promised

her I would not tell a word of it to mamma. But this I could not recollect, because it was not so. When I insisted upon this fact, she was very much vexed, and then asked what reason I could have for wanting to tell it to mamma, except to make mischief. I said, that I always tell mamma every thing, and that you, who are my best friend, advised me not to hear any secrets which I must not tell my mother. She said, that this was all 'mighty fine,' but that she was sure I had some other reason for wishing to tell it to mamma. I answered, that I had another reason; that I desired to find out the exact truth of the Cole story, that I might prove to you, that she had not exaggerated in telling it. She thanked me proudly, and after a little silence she said,

'Now pray tell me exactly all you told your sister Laura.' I repeated it as exactly as I could. But when I came to Bessy Bell's being knocked down by old Mrs. Cole, and falling on the spikes of the fender, and 'the stream of blood,' Anne Townsend cried, 'No such thing! No such thing!' and protested, that she had never said a word of a 'stream of blood.' But, worse and worse—when I came to Mrs. Cole's shaking Bessy Bell's arm till she broke it, Anne Townsend stopped me again, and put in an *almost*, that entirely altered the case. But indeed, my dear Laura, I remember, when she first told me the story, exclaiming with horror, 'What! broke her arm!' and Miss Townsend could have set me right then. When I reminded her of this,

she would not listen to me. She knew she was wrong, and would not acknowledge it, and she wanted to throw all the blame upon me. At last she was quite out of humour, and said I had misrepresented and exaggerated the whole story. Then I confess I grew very angry, and I cannot exactly remember what I said, but I believe that the sense of it was, that I should be very sorry to have any person for my friend who was not exact about truth, and that I was very glad that I had found out her real character before I had grown too fond of her. She laughed, which provoked me more than all the rest; and only think of her punning at such a time! She said, she believed I was indeed fitter to be a friend of old Hot Coal; that she fancied I was of the family of the Hot Coals, nearly related — *Kindle Coal,*

certainly. I wished her a good night, and left her; and I never desire to see her again. She may be as entertaining and witty as she pleases, I shall never love her again; who would wish to have such a friend as Anne Townsend? You were very right, Laura, and I was very foolish."

THE next morning, when Rosamond wakened, she began the day with this sage reflection, "How different the same person, and the same things appear to me now, from what they did even this time yesterday—Anne Townsend for instance, and Anne Townsend's wit;—wit is very entertaining; but, my dear Laura, I think I like people better for friends who have no wit."

"Why so, my dear Rosamond," said Laura, smiling; "would you keep all the wit for yourself?"

"No," said Rosamond, "I would rather not have wit myself; it may tempt people to be ill-natured, and to ridicule every thing, and every body."

"But by the same rule," said Laura, "you would rather not have any fire, I suppose, because fire sometimes burns people, if they are not careful about it."

Rosamond laughed, and soon gave up her rash resolution against wit, when Laura reminded her of the character of Lady Lyttleton:—

A wit, that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light,
All pleasing shone, nor ever past
The decent bounds that wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet benevolence's mild command,
And bashful modesty, before it cast.

"I love those lines," cried Rosamond; "that is the kind of wit I should like to have! But I must make haste and dress myself, that I may go to mamma, and tell her the whole affair."

And when she had related all that had passed, she was very anxious to know what her mother thought of the whole. Her mother told her, that she thought she had been too sudden in her liking for Miss Anne Townsend at first, and perhaps a little too angry at last; yet she was upon the whole well satisfied with her conduct, and glad that she felt such aversion to any appearance of prevarication and falsehood. It was not yet possible to decide, whether or not Miss Townsend had told an absolute intentional falsehood; but it was

plain, that, in her desire to surprise or to entertain, she had been careless about truth, and had considerably exaggerated and misrepresented facts.

"That she certainly did," cried Rosamond. "But now, mamma, that we may get quite to the bottom of the truth, will you be so kind to call this morning to inquire how poor old Mrs. Cole does? If she lets you in, as I dare say she will, you can find out for me, without making any mischief, the whole truth exactly about Bessy Bell, and the fender, and the blood; for I am excessively curious to know all the particulars exactly."

"But I do not see that any good purpose can be answered by gratifying this curiosity of yours, my dear," said her mother; "therefore let me advise you to repress it. You are assured,

that the child is quite well; and as to the rest, you cannot do her any good, and you might do her injury by interference. From all that has passed, you may observe the danger of exaggeration; and, I advise you, take warning by this. Do not repeat what Miss Townsend told you to any of your young companions."

"But, mamma," said Rosamond, "I wish you would explain to me the right and the wrong about *repeating*: I am very much puzzled about it.—Let me consider; it is right, always, to tell you and Laura every thing I hear; and it is wrong, *sometimes*, to tell the same things to my young companions; and I do not know how to settle these contradictions: and, mamma, you love those who have an open temper, and you esteem those who are sincere; and yet

some things are never to be repeated: you like people that are entertaining, and yet people cannot be entertaining if they never tell any thing they hear, can they? I am sure, that many of those you like, mamma, and whom you think the most sensible, agreeable people, often, in conversation, relate anecdotes that amuse you, and that show the characters of different persons; and how am I to distinguish the difference between this and what you call petty scandal?"

"My dear, you have put so many difficult questions," said her mother, smiling, "I shall find it impossible, I am afraid, to answer them all at once. But to begin with your puzzle about secresy and sincerity: you may be perfectly sincere and open about every thing that concerns yourself, and a

the same time you may forbear to tell what does not concern you, and what might injure others. Never repeat any thing to the disadvantage of any person, unless you are sure it is true; never tell any thing ill-natured of any one, even if it be true, unless it is to be of use, and to do some good, greater than the pain you inflict; in short, never repeat what is ill-natured, merely for the pleasure of telling what may divert others, or show your own cleverness, as it is called."

"That last is a very good rule, mamma," said Rosamond, blushing.

"And to this rule there can be no exception," continued her mother. "To my other general rules there may be some exceptions. Circumstances may possibly occur, in which, for the sake of justice and truth, it is our duty

to repeat or to reveal what may be much to the disadvantage of others."

"Ah! there's the thing, mamma; how am I to distinguish?"

"At your age, and with your inexperience, you cannot yet judge in these difficult circumstances, my dear," answered her mother; "therefore I advise you to consult those who have more experience; and it is safest to apply, in all difficulties, to those who are most interested for your happiness."

"That is to you, mamma,—yes, certainly, and to Laura. I will always tell you when I am in doubt about right and wrong."

"If you do, my dear, I will always, to the best of my power, give you my advice. I acknowledge, that petty scandal may be entertaining, and—

"Oh! yes, mamma, Anne Townsend is very entertaining."

"But you perceived some of the mischief she might do. And when you know more of the world, you will find, that a scandalous story is scarcely ever repeated without inaccuracy or exaggeration: even by those who do not intend to alter or exaggerate in the least, some little difference is made in the warmth of description, the eagerness to interest, and the desire to produce effect."

"Very true: I recollect, that even I said *streaming with blood*, when I was telling Laura about Bessy Bell; and, if I had been quite exact, I should have only said bleeding, or covered with blood; for, to do Anne Townsend justice, that was, as she reminded me,

all she said. But go on, mamma, for I am really anxious to know how to do right for the future."

"I am sure you are," said her mother, kissing her affectionately; "and with such good dispositions and good principles you cannot go much wrong. You have as yet, however, so little knowledge of the world, that it is not possible for me to explain to you all the mischief that may be done by spreading trifling reports. Some instances may give you an idea of the sort of things you should avoid repeating. Your own feelings tell you how painful it would be to yourself to hear repeated to you what any one you love had said of you, at some time when they were displeased with you, or when they had spoken hastily of you or your faults."

"Yes, mamma, I remember Anne Townsend once told me something that was said by *somebody*—I will not tell you who—it gave me a great deal of pain, and made me like that person less—and much less than if she had found fault with me to my face."

"Yes, such repetitions are injurious," said her mother.—"You know, Rosamond, how sorry you would feel, if every hasty word you say was repeated."

"Certainly, mamma; people forget so soon what they say when they are angry; and they never mean half so much as they say."

"And," continued her mother, "in repeating such things, the tone and manner in which they were said must often be altered by the repeater, and then they appear a great deal worse than they

really were. What might be said half in jest is turned into earnest, and perhaps these trifling, vexatious things are repeated at a time when those to whom they are told are not in good humour, or when they have other causes of complaint; so that altogether they produce suspicions and quarrels among acquaintance and friends."

"I recollect, mamma, your being displeased once, when somebody repeated to you some dispute which they had overheard, no, *heard* (let me take care to be exact) between a husband and wife. You stopped them by turning the conversation to something else; and you said afterwards to Laura, that such things should never be repeated. Laura," continued Rosamond, as she turned to look for her, "what are you searching for in that book, in-

stead of listening to what we are saying?"

"I have heard all you were saying," said Laura; "and I am looking for a story that I think you will like to read; it is an account of a girl, who ruined a whole family by repeating something about family affairs which she did not understand.

"Oh! give it me!" cried Rosamond: "but is it true?"

"I should think it is true; I am sure it might be true," answered Laura.

"What is the name of the book?"

"Mrs. Palmerstone's Letters to her Daughter."

"I will read the story before I stir from this place," said Rosamond.

Accordingly she read the story. It interested her very much, so much,

that she could hardly think of any thing else for some hours, and she said to Laura,

"What a striking lesson! I am sure it has made an impression upon me that I never, never can forget."

But the impressions on Rosamond's mind, though easily made, and seemingly strong and deep, were like the writing on sand, often shaken and quickly obliterated.

Not more than a fortnight afterwards, when she was at Mrs. Belmont's, where it had been arranged that she was to meet her young companions to practise quadrilles, it happened, that one of the Miss Belmonts asked her, what was the cause of her not liking Anne Townsend so well as she did formerly. She at first answered, pru-

dently, "I cannot tell you any thing about it;—Oh, don't ask me."

But some one present declared, that she knew the whole already, and that she had had it all from Miss Townsend. Rosamond was provoked at perceiving, that the whole had been told to her disadvantage; and that it was insinuated, that the fear, that something discreditable to herself should *come out*, was the cause of her present reserve. Forgetting her mother's cautions, and her own resolutions, Rosamond then began, and told all that had passed, and all that she had heard from Miss Townsend. It was not till she was in the middle of her story that she recollected herself, and, stopping short, exclaimed, "But I cannot, I must not tell you any more about Mrs. Cole

and Bessy Bell; for mamma desired that I would not repeat it."

"Oh, my dear Rosamond," cried one of her companions, "you have gone so far you must go on, for poor Mrs. Cole's sake, or we shall think it is something horrible, much worse probably than it really is."

"That's true," said Rosamond; "but still I ought not to repeat it."

"But we shall never tell it again; it will be as safe with us as with yourself; you may depend upon it we shall never say any thing about it," said the young ladies, adding all the arguments of this sort, with all the asseverations and promises, usually made by the curious upon such occasions. Poor Rosamond was overpowered by their persuasions, went on, and bit by bit told the whole; and while she was in

the midst and warmth of her narration, her eyes always fixed on the young lady to whom she was speaking, she did not perceive, that one or two more of their acquaintance came into the little music room, where they were standing, and joined the party of listeners. When at last Rosamond wakened to the sight of the new faces among her auditors, she stopped and started; but one of her companions whispered her, "Go on, go on, she is my cousin Susan, I will answer for her; and the other is only Mary Law, she will not understand what you are saying; you may say any thing before her, she is deaf, and stupid besides, and too full of the quadrille to think of any thing else." Rosamond, thus reassured, went on to the end of her story. When all was

over and when she went home, and found herself again with Laura and her mother, she told them what had passed, not without some shame: but still, she said, she hoped that none of the company would repeat what she had said. Her mother and Laura hoped so too. They did not reproach Rosamond, but they were sorry that she had been tempted to break her wise resolutions.

Some days passed. No more was said upon the subject. Rosamond forgave herself, and had almost forgotten the circumstance, when one morning it was brought to her recollection in a painful manner.

She happened to go with her mother and sister to a glover's shop: the woman who kept this small shop had been once a faithful servant in her mother's

family, and therefore they were interested for her. Laura first remarked, that the poor woman did not look as well as usual. She answered, that she was well, but that she had been very much vexed this day; she begged pardon, however, it was not a matter of great consequence, and she would not trouble them about it.

While she was speaking, Rosamond thought she heard the sound of some one sobbing. The sound came from a room within the shop. The woman shut the door close, which had been a little open; and, in doing this, she by accident pushed aside the green curtain, that hung before the glass panes in the upper part of the door.

Rosamond looked into the room, and saw a child kneeling, by a chair, with her head down, and her face hid

in her hands, crying as if her heart would break. Rosamond looked at Laura, and with much emotion exclaimed, "What can be the matter with her, poor little thing?"

"Ah, poor thing, she may well cry as she does," said Mrs. White, the woman of the shop; "she has lost a good friend, and the best friend she had in the world; and the only one, I may say, that could and would have served her through life; but she is an unfortunate little creature, an orphan; Bessy Bell, ladies, that you may remember to have seen in the country with good old Mrs. Cole; but Miss Rosamond, my dear Miss Rosamond! is as pale as death!"

"Oh!" cried Rosamond, as soon as she could speak, "I am certain I am

the cause of all the mischief; but go on, go on, tell me all."

Mrs. White, much astonished, then related all she knew of the matter; that Mrs. Cole had been so extremely displeased by some report, that had been repeated to her of Bessy Bell's having complained of her cruelty, and having told, with many circumstances that were not true, *something that happened in her family* above a year ago, that she had resolved to have nothing more to do with the child. "Indeed," continued Mrs. White, "considering how excessively generous and kind, and like a mother Mrs. Cole has been to Bessy, and the pains she has taken with her, and the affection she had for her, I cannot wonder she should be cut to the heart, and made as angry

as she is, by what must appear to her such base ingratitude and treachery in this child. I don't like to tell all the circumstances, lest I should be guilty of spreading scandalous false reports, as others have been."

But Rosamond told her, that she knew all the circumstances, she believed; and as well as she could, in the extreme agitation of her mind, repeated what she had heard from Anne Townsend, and asked if this was the report to which Mrs. White alluded.

"Yes, ladies, the very same, as far as I can make out: it was written as news to the country, and so came round again to Mrs. Cole, and never was a story more exaggerated. Bessy Bell! Bess! Come here, child, and tell how it was; or please to step in here,

ladies, for she is ashamed, poor thing, and she is in such a condition."

Bessy wiped the tears from her face, tried to stop her sobs, and endeavoured to speak. She said, she had done wrong, very wrong indeed! but not as wrong or as wickedly as had been reported of her; she had, a year ago, when she was angry, told her friend, the apothecary's daughter, that Mrs. Cole had been very passionate one evening, and had given her such a box on the ear, as had nearly knocked her down; and she had said, that if she had fallen, she *might* have fallen upon the spikes of the fender. But the letter asserted, that she had fallen down, and that the spikes of the fender had run into her arm to the bone; and that while she was *all streaming with blood*, Mrs. Cole shook

her till she broke her arm; but oh, ma'am! I never, never uttered such falsehoods! I was very wrong ever to tell any thing about it; for Mrs. Cole was so very, *very* kind to me: what I did let out, ma'am, I told at the minute when I was in a passion, and that was a year ago, and I had forgotten it, and every thing I said; and how it came up, and how it came out again, I cannot conceive.

Rosamond's mother inquired, whether Bessy knew the name of the lady who had written the letter. She replied, that she was not quite certain, for that the letter was put into her hands but for a minute, but that she believed it was Law—Martha or Mary Law.

It appeared now too plain, that the whole mischief had arisen from that young lady's having written an ex-

aggerated account of what she had imperfectly heard, and imperfectly understood of the story Rosamond told to her companions in the music room at Mrs. Belmont's. She had not heard the explanation and contradiction of the first part of Anne Townsend's assertions, and had gone off with the falsehoods instead of the truth; then, for want of something to say in her next letter, slow, dull Miss Law had repeated this story. Thus it often happens, that the stupid and slow, as well as the quick and lively, become spreaders of false reports.

Rosamond was miserable when she saw the mischief she had occasioned; she could not cry, she could not speak, she stood pale and motionless, while her mother and Laura thought for her what could be done. They proposed

immediately, that they should go to Mrs. Cole's, and that Rosamond should tell her exactly what had passed; but Bessy Bell said, their going to her house in town would be of no use, for that she had left London this morning early. And then Mrs. White increased Rosamond's sorrow by saying, that little Bessy was to have gone with Mrs. Cole to the country, to Devonshire, to the sea, and that every thing had been arranged for the journey, "and clothes and books even, ma'am, bought for her: see there!" pointing to a little trunk half packed up. "But all is over now."

"Bessy, why did not you tell Mrs. Cole," said Laura, "what you have told us; and why did not you assure her, that the falsehoods, which have

been reported did not come from you?"

"I did, ma'am; but I could not deny, that there was some part of the story true. I could not deny, that I had talked foolishly, and that I had told some part of what was repeated. This vexed her exceedingly, as well it might; and she did not perhaps believe me, or perhaps she did not hear the rest of what I was saying, to explain to her that I did not say all the horrible things that were reported. Oh! she was very much vexed."

"Aye," said Mrs. White, "the only fault Mrs. Cole has upon earth is the being a little too touchy and hasty."

"Pray! pray! don't say any thing more about that!" cried little Bessy, "because Mrs. Cole has been so very

kind to me: she has taught me every thing good in the world, that I know, and she has given me almost every thing I have, and she has been a mother to me: I was an orphan, and starving when she first took me in. Oh!" said the child, kneeling down again, and hiding her face on the chair, "I have been very, very ungrateful, and I shall never forgive myself."

"Poor Rosamond!" said Laura.

Rosamond's mother forbore to reproach her for her imprudence. It was plain, that the reproaches of her own heart, at this moment, were sufficiently acute: but what was to be done to repair the evil. Mrs. Cole was to stay in Devonshire two months at least. It was proposed, that Rosamond should write to her; she did so, and gave as clear a statement of the

facts as she could, and as pathetic a petition in favour of the orphan.

During the days that elapsed, before an answer to this letter could be received, Rosamond suffered bitterly: nor did the answer, when it arrived, relieve her mind. Mrs. Cole's physicians had advised her, instead of staying in Devonshire, to proceed immediately to the Continent for her health; and she was upon the point of sailing, when she wrote a short, hurried answer to Rosamond's petition. She regetted, she said, the mistakes and misrepresentations that had occurred. She wished that it was now in her power to take the child with her, but it was impossible she could delay her voyage; and she could only hope, that when she should return to England, in the course of six or seven months, she

should be able to take Bessy Bell again: in the mean time, she desired that Bessy might remain with Mrs. White. The letter concluded with a kind message of forgiveness to the child, and of regret for her disappointment.

This message was some consolation to Rosamond. But still she felt very unhappy till a bright idea darted across her imagination, a generous project, which, if she could but execute, would turn all her sorrow into joy. She asked her mother, if she would give her leave to have Bessy Bell, and to take care of her while Mrs. Cole was away. But her mother did not approve of her plan. Changing suddenly from the tone of delight in which she had made the request,

Rosamond exclaimed, "Oh, mamma! what objections can you have?"

"Several, my dear, on the child's own account, and with respect to Mrs. Cole, who has desired, that her pupil should remain with Mrs. White. But my chief objection is on your own account."

"My own account! Oh! my dear mother, nothing in this world could make me so happy."

"Yes, my dear, I know, that, to your kind heart and generous temper, it would be a great pleasure to do all this—it would be as great a reward as I could give you. But, Rosamond, do you think that you deserve to be rewarded?"

"I acknowledge that I do not," said Rosamond; "but have not I been

punished enough, mamma? I see so strongly the bad consequences of my folly and imprudence, I cannot be more convinced than I am, nor more resolved never to fall into the same fault again. All that I have felt has made such a deep impression upon me, I never, never can forget it."

"Do you recollect your former good resolutions, my dear Rosamond," said her mother, "and the *deep impression* made by reading that affecting story?"

"I do, mamma," said Rosamond, colouring; "and I cannot conceive how I could ever forget it, when I was so very much struck and touched by it, and so resolved! But," added she, after a pause, "I do not mean it as an excuse; but I may say, that I did not know, at least I was not quite sure, that it was a true

story; and certainly no story can make such an impression as what is true, and especially what really has happened to oneself."

"And why, Rosamond? Shall I tell you?" said her mother.

"If you please, mamma, and if you can."

"One reason," said her mother, "may be, that the consequences of our actions last longer in real life than in fiction. The moral of a story is read or perceived in three or four minutes; the consequences of our own actions last often for months, for years. If they did not, perhaps we should forget them, and profit as little by experience, even by our own experience, as by good advice, or good stories."

"Oh, mamma, what a reproach." said Rosamond.

"My love, I do not reproach, or wish to give you pain; but I speak seriously, because, Rosamond, you are no longer a child, and you must consider not only the present but the future. I know it is your sincere wish to correct your own faults, and to make yourself an amiable woman. This habit of exaggeration, of repeating every thing you hear, is not easily broken; it is a fault to which we women are, it is said, peculiarly liable, because we have fewer subjects of importance to engage our thoughts, and we come frequently into those little competitions and rivalships, which lead to envy and jealousy, and thence to detraction and slander. Lively people, who can entertain by mimicry, or exaggerated description, are, of all others, the most exposed to continually recurring temp-

tation on that subject; and you, Rosamond, should therefore watch over yourself. Now I will say no more, my dear daughter, judge and decide for yourself."

"Temptations will recur," repeated Rosamond. "Yes, I know they will, when I am again in company, mamma, where example encourages me, and the wish to amuse. Oh! I know, mamma, all the difficulties; and I am convinced, that it is better that all my sorrow should not be turned to joy immediately, or else perhaps I should, as you say, quite forget it. Well, my dear mother, I will prove to you, that I am in earnest resolved to make myself an amiable woman: I submit; I will give up my scheme. I am only sorry for Bessy Bell; but it will do me good for life, I am almost sure. It

will be a great punishment to know and recollect every day, that this poor child is suffering for my imprudence," said Rosamond, in a faltering voice; "but let it be so."

Her mother was so well satisfied, not only with the candour, but with the resolution, which Rosamond showed by this determination, that she mitigated the punishment by giving her permission, that Bessy Bell might come to her every morning for one hour. It was settled, that this must not interfere with any of Rosamond's own lessons or daily duties. The time fixed was, as she had proposed, an hour before breakfast. And, to Rosamond's credit be it recorded, that, well as she loved sleeping late, she was regularly up in good time, and never, even for a single morning, missed hear-

ing this child read, seeing her work, and attending to all that she had learned.

Bessy Bell was sweet tempered and docile, and her gratitude might be depended upon, because she was grateful, not only to Rosamond, but to the benefactress who was at a distance, of whom she often spoke with great affection, and about whose health she expressed great anxiety.

At last, happily for this child and for Rosamond, Mrs. Cole recovered, returned to England, and sent for Bessy Bell, who went to her, and was received by her benefactress again with all her former kindness.

Nothing more is to be known concerning Mrs. Cole and Bessy Bell; but we have the pleasure to assure all, who are interested for Rosamond, that the

pain which she endured, in consequence of the imprudence of which she had been guilty, made a lasting and useful impression upon her mind. Whenever she was tempted to tell an ill-natured anecdote, to amuse or to produce surprise or effect, she recollected Bessy Bell, checked herself, and carefully refrained from any exaggeration, and from all *Petty Scandal.*

AIRS AND GRACES.

ROSAMOND had now arrived at that age, when girls are considered neither quite as children, nor quite as women. She became very desirous to please, and anxious about her appearance and manners. Her mother was in London; and Rosamond, though she was much too young to *go out*, as it is called, had opportunity of seeing, at her mother's, and of meeting, at different houses, many young companions. Uncertain which of their manners she liked best, or what would best become her, she tried a great variety; sometimes catch-

ing involuntarily, sometimes purposely imitating, every new tone, look, gesture, and mode of expression of those whom she heard admired, or whom she thought pretty, graceful, or fashionable. In consequence of these imitations and changes of manner, Rosamond had become a little, perhaps not a little, affected.

About this time her brother Godfrey, who had been at school, returned to spend the holidays at home.

One morning, a few days after his arrival, he found Rosamond alone, practising attitudes before a large mirror.

"I am practising; I am going to practise my chassè for the quadrille this evening, Godfrey," said she. "You have never seen me dance since I learned quadrilles. — I'll show you my steps."

"Do so," said Godfrey; "but I am afraid I shall not do as well for you as the glass."

"Never mind, you'll do very well: better, indeed, for you can speak to me," said Rosamond.

And then, in the hope of surprising and delighting him, "she ran her female exercises o'er," displaying all her newly acquired airs and graces.

Godfrey, when she stopped to take breath, and when she looked towards him with modest expectation of applause, sang, in a mock tone of rapture, the words of an old song,

With an air and a grace,
And a shape and a face,
She charms like beauty's goddess.

Rosamond was not quite pleased with Godfrey's tone the first time he sang her praises; but when, at each

pause, as her eye ever involuntarily turned upon him for approbation, he recommenced the same song, she was no longer able to conceal her disappointment, and, in a tone of vexation, she exclaimed, "Godfrey, I do wish you would not sing so!"

"And suppose I was to answer, Rosamond, I do wish you would not dance so."

"How, brother?" asked Rosamond.

"This way," replied he, imitating the affected turns of the head, and all her favourite grimaces, in a ludicrous manner.

"How very odd! how very awkward!" said Rosamond, half laughing. "To be sure nobody could like to see any body dance so."

"That is just what I was thinking," said Godfrey.

"But, my dear Godfrey, I don't dance in that ridiculous way."

"Are you sure that my way is at all more ridiculous than yours?" said Godfrey.

"I can only assure you," said Rosamond, with a little conceited motion of her head, and with a look and tone of decided superiority, "I must only beg leave to assure you, brother, that my way was learned from somebody, who is not thought at all ridiculous, but who is universally admired."

"*Universally* admired! Who can that be?"

"One whom M. Deschamps called 'La reine des sylphes.' Lady Cecilia

Bouverie's niece, too, Susanetta Manners."

"Susanetta Manners! Before I went to school, did not I know one Susan Manners?" said Godfrey.

"One Susan Manners! such a way of speaking! Yes, you did know her, Godfrey, and you thought her very pretty; but she is much prettier now, since she has been in Paris and Italy.

"But how comes she to have turned into Susanetta?" said Godfrey.

"Not *turned* at all," replied Rosamond; "but Susanetta is the Italian for Susan; little Susan, the Italian diminutive, you know. She was always Susanetta in Italy."

"But why not Susan in England," said the downright Godfrey, with a look of stupidity.

"Oh, I don't know, because Su-

sanetta is so much prettier, and shows she has been abroad. She learned to dance from M. Deschamps in Paris; and she, like a dear creature as she is, taught me all her steps, and the right way of doing every thing. So you need not laugh at me, Godfrey."

"Well, I will be serious; you know I am but an ignoramus. Let me see you do it again," said Godfrey; "encore! encore!"

With all the simplicity, all the credulity of vanity, Rosamond recommenced her dance, exhibiting new graces for Godfrey, who, she hoped, was now really in admiration, for he was quite silent, and profoundly attentive; till, just at the moment when the favourite turn of the neck, at the end of the chassè, came, he burst forth again,

With an air and a grace,
And a shape and a face,
She charm'd like beauty's god-dess,

bowing when he came to the flourish in the middle of goddess. He sang in so rude and insulting a strain, that Rosamond, stopping in the midst of her dance, exclaimed, "Indeed, Godfrey, you put me out entirely; I can *not* do my chassè."

"I am only admiring you, my dear, to the best of my ability; I thought you wanted to be admired."

"No, I do not in the least want you to admire me, Godfrey," said Rosamond; "only do not put me out with that odious 'beauty's god-dess.'"

"What can beauty's goddess have to do with your chassè?"

"I don't say that it has any thing to do with it; but"—

At this moment Laura, opening the folding doors of the front drawing room, told Rosamond, that she was ready to play for her, if she was ready to dance.

"I am quite ready," said Rosamond, "if Godfrey will be quiet. Now, brother, do pray," added she, turning to him with a look and tone of affected distress, "when I tell you it really annoys me so."

"It really annoys you so," repeated Godfrey. "An-noys me: I wish I could say *annoy* with that pretty turn of my head, that sweet close of my eyelids, and that languid drawl of my voice. — Rosamond, could you teach me, do you think? Look now, is this it? — It an-noys me so."

"Pray, Godfrey, do not be so provoking, so foolish," said Rosamond.

"Did you never hear the word annoy before. Every body says annoy, I assure you; and if you had not been at school you would have learned it too. But," continued she, "there is poor dear Laura playing Il Pastorale for me, wasting her music on the desart air."

"Il Pastorale! Poor dear Laura! wasting her sweetness on the desart air," repeated Godfrey. "How fine! I wish I could talk so. How I have wasted my time at school! Oh Virgil! Ovid! Homer! Horace! Cæsar, and all your commentaries! where are you now? What are you all to this?"

"It is too much, Godfrey! I cannot bear it!" cried Rosamond. She ran to the pianoforte, and, stopping Laura's hand, "Stop, and hear me," said she. "Now, Laura, I appeal to

you: when I have not seen Godfrey for such a length of time, and when I expected such pleasure, you know, from his coming home at his holidays, is it kind of him, is not it cruel of him, when I was doing all I could to please him, too; is not it very ill-natured of him to laugh at me, and sing at me, and mimic me?"

Laura was going to speak, but Godfrey put his hand before her mouth.

"Ha! my own dear little sister Rosamond! Now I hear your own voice again; now I see you yourself again; and now I love you with all my heart."

"Love me!" said Rosamond, and tears would have flowed, but pride struggled and repressed them.

"My dear, dear Rosamond," cried Godfrey, "I love you with all my

heart, and that is the very reason I cannot bear to see you any thing but what you really are — so be my own dear Rosamond."

"Well! am not I your own dear Rosamond?"

"Now you are."

"I am sure I am the same to you, Godfrey; I love you as well as ever," said Rosamond.

"But I could not love you as well as ever," said Godfrey, "if"—

"If what?" said Rosamond. "Now finish your sentence."

"Well, then; *if* you were to have all those airs and graces that you have lately learned, I could not like you so well, Rosamond. You can't think how the boys at school hate all affectation; and I would not for any thing have a sister of mine affected!"

"I am sure, Godfrey, I am not affected.—I don't know what you mean by affectation.—Nobody hates affectation more than I do."

"I am glad to hear that," replied Godfrey. "But if you hate it so much, you must acknowledge that you know what I mean by it, else you say you hate you don't know what. You see, my dear, I have not been at school and learned logic for nothing."

"Indeed, I see you have not been at school for nothing," said Rosamond; "you have learned to triumph over, and laugh at your poor little sister."

"Come, come, I will triumph over you no more, Rosamond," said Godfrey, kissing her affectionately. "Here is my hand, I promise you I will not laugh at you any more, if you will

be your own dear self. — Only promise me that."

Rosamond, though now touched by her brother's tone of tenderness and affection, felt some remains of resentment for his former irony, and had a strong desire to make him retract his charge of affectation, on which point she was perhaps the more nice, from a secret consciousness that there was some truth in the reproach. She gave him her hand, but not quite cordially.

"Upon condition, brother," said she, "that you will never say I am affected any more."

"Upon condition, Rosamond, that you will never be affected any more," said Godfrey.

"But who is to be judge," said Rosamond; "we shall never agree."

"Will you agree that Laura shall be judge?" said Godfrey.

"With all my heart," said Rosamond; "for I am sure she never thought me affected: did you, Laura?"

A slight downcast look, and a playful smile upon Laura's countenance, prevented Rosamond from repeating her question: but Godfrey pressed for an answer.

"Now do, Laura, answer, that Rosamond may be convinced I am not unjust, and that it is not all my fancy, and that I am not so very hard upon her. Now, Laura, can you say that you never thought her affected?"

"No, I cannot say that," replied Laura; "I acknowledge I have seen her sometimes, lately, appear a little

affected; but I don't think she is really so, that is, I don't think she has the habit of affectation. She has caught looks, and manners, and ways from different people."

"Oh yes, I know. I acknowledge, Laura, you told me of that, but in such a different way from Godfrey—"

"That it did you no good, you find," said Godfrey, laughing.

"No, no," said Rosamond; "but the truth is, I imitate them often without intending it, and I really don't always know when I do it. If you would tell me at the minute—"

"Then, my dear," said Godfrey, "I will tell you whenever you do it and don't know it. I'll always sing,

With an air and a grace, &c."

"But you cannot sing in company, you know," said Rosamond.

"But I could hum in a low tone, just loud enough for you, and nobody else to hear."

"No, you could not hum; that will never do," said Rosamond.

"Well, then, just the two words, beauty's goddess! will do."

"No—beauty's goddess—nonsense: how could you bring them in?" said Rosamond.

"Trust to my ingenuity for that," said Godfrey; "or, without my saying a word, this look, Rosamond, will put you in mind, and you will comprehend my meaning, I will answer for it."

Pleased to see his power over Rosamond, eager to exercise it, and flattering himself that his only motive was the wish to do his sister good, Godfrey spared no opportunity of singing, humming, saying, "beauty's goddess,"

calling up his warning look. Rosamond felt sometimes ashamed, sometimes vexed. Often she appealed in private to Laura, who endeavoured, as kindly and gently as she could, to do justice between them, and neither to flatter Rosamond, nor to indulge Godfrey in his love of power, and habit of teazing. Rosamond, sincerely wishing to please her brother, and as earnestly wishing to avoid his dreaded ridicule, laid aside, in the course of a fortnight, most of the little affected habits of which she was conscious; but still there were some remaining to which she adhered, either because they had grown habitual, and she was therefore unconscious of them, or because she thought that they were too becoming, and too like some fashionable and charming model, to be hastily abandoned, even

in complaisance to Godfrey. She thought he might not be a perfect judge of fashion and manner, and that he might be a little prejudiced, a little perverse, and perhaps a little capricious.

One instance, of what she thought caprice in him, she keenly felt. In consequence of his dislike and ridicule of what he had called the twist, and she the turn, of her head in the quadrille, she had taken pains to alter it, and had abandoned various attitudes and graces of the dance which she had learned from Susanetta, "the queen of the sylphs;" Godfrey had thanked her and approved of her, and had declared, he liked her own natural style of dancing a thousand times better.

She was, or she endeavoured to be satisfied with his being pleased, though it was some sacrifice, she thought, to

give up what others admired so much. But Godfrey had not seen Susanetta's dancing, till one night, when he met her at a "children's ball," where she was acknowledged to be the prettiest girl in the room. Rosamond heard some mothers near her wish, that their daughters could dance like Miss Susanetta Manners; and many gentlemen exclaimed, "Graceful! beautiful little creature! certainly she dances inimitably!" "Inimitably! Now," thought Rosamond, "I could imitate that exactly, and did; but I gave it up because Godfrey called it affectation. Yet there he is admiring it, after all."

At the first convenient opportunity, when she and her brother were together, Rosamond reproached him with his inconsistency.

"So, Godfrey, after all, I saw you admiring Susanetta's dancing last night."

"Certainly," said he; "she dances very well."

"Very well! So I told you," said Rosamond.

"I am happy to agree with you, sister," said Godfrey.

"Happy to disagree with me, you mean; else why did you laugh at me for the very same way of dancing that you admire in Miss Manners."

"It did not appear to me the same," said Godfrey.

"But it was the same, I assure you: I imitated her exactly, though some people say she is inimitable," said Rosamond.

"By your own account there was one great difference."

"Great difference! What?"

"That one was original, and the other imitation," said Godfrey.

"Ah! there was my folly in telling you that I imitated her," said Rosamond; "if I had not told it to you, you never could have found it out."

"I beg your pardon, Rosamond; I should have found it out immediately."

"You! so little used to dancing! pretend to be such a judge! such a connoisseur! If this is not affectation!" cried Rosamond—"I only wish that Laura was here, that I might appeal to her."

"Without appealing to any body, try me, not only as to your dancing, but as to your manners in general, and I will tell you from whom you imitate various tones, and twists, and words, and even thoughts."

Rosamond doubted whether he could do so, but not much liking to put him to the proof, she passed over his offer hastily, and said, "Well! but suppose I did imitate those people, what then? Where is the shame? Where is the harm?"

"The shame is in your cheeks at this moment: you blush at being found out," said Godfrey.

"At being suspected," said Rosamond. "But still I don't know the harm of copying what I think engaging or graceful in others."

"Only the chance of making yourself ridiculous and disagreeable," replied Godfrey.

"But why disagreeable? Why ridiculous? Why should that be disagreeable in me," said Rosamond, "which is thought agreeable in an-

other? I come round to my first question."

"And I to my first answer," said Godfrey; "that one is original, and the other imitation; and I detest all imitations, of manners at least."

"But still your detesting them is no reason," said Rosamond.

"Every body detests them!" cried Godfrey.

"*That*, begging your pardon, is a mistake," said Rosamond, "for many people have liked and admired in me the very same things that you *detest*. So you see there's no disputing about tastes. But why do you detest imitations? Now, for the sake of argument, as you say, Godfrey, suppose that you were one of the persons who did not find out the difference, why should not my dancing, or my manner,

in all those little things that you dislike, be as agreeable as the originals, if the imitation is quite perfect."

"But I tell you there is always this difference, that one is natural and the other affected; and though some few may be taken in for a little time, it is always found out at last."

"And when it is found out, why is it disagreeable," persisted Rosamond.

"Oh, you are arguing in a circle," cried Godfrey, impatiently.

"*We* are," said Rosamond, "and I can't help it."

"And I can't bear it," said Godfrey; "so I am off."

Rosamond felt that she was not convinced by any thing he had said, and saw that he went off because he was not able to explain himself farther, or to give her any farther reason or an-

swer to her questions. She, after this conversation, became much less submissive to his opinion, and even withstood his ridicule, in a manner that surprised him. Sometimes she relapsed, as he said, into her former follies, and then he exerted all his wit and power over her, not only to cure her, as he professed, but to prove that he was in the right, and to obtain the victory. Rosamond at last became quite puzzled, and her manners suddenly altered, and grew constrained and awkward, especially when Godfrey was present. When he was out of the room she was more at her ease, but her manner was not more natural or agreeable, because, when relieved from his observation, and from the fear of his laughing at her, she took the opportunity of trying experiments on new graces, which she

found, or fancied she found, succeeded with new spectators.

All this had not passed unobserved by her mother, who, one morning at breakfast, took notice of some sudden change in Rosamond's look and manner when Godfrey came into the room, and asked her to explain the cause of her sudden silence, reserve, and constraint. Rosamond, blushing, and seeming yet more constrained and embarrassed, said only, she was sorry, but she could not help feeling awkward sometimes.

This answer not being quite satisfactory, Godfrey could not forbear smiling: but then Rosamond's discomfiture increasing, and Laura looking at him reproachfully, he became serious, and a very awkward silence ensued for at least five minutes, which appeared,

to the parties concerned, of incalculable length. Indeed, Rosamond doubted whether it ever would end, or how, or who would next venture to speak: she was certain she could not, she hoped Godfrey would not, and she wondered Laura did not. Laura understood her wishes, and made the effort, but what she said will never reach posterity, as not a creature present heard or understood more, than that it was some observation on hot rolls.

"I believe, mother," exclaimed Godfrey; "I am the cause of it all; for I believe I have gone too far, and done more harm than good. Poor Rosamond! I have plagued her too much, and I am very sorry for it."

"Well, then, if you are, it's all over," said Rosamond; "I am sure I forgive you with all my heart, and there is an

end of the matter—only don't let us say any more about it."

"My dear Rosamond," said her father, "I love your generous, forgiving, amiable temper: it is particularly amiable in a woman to be ready to yield, and avoid disputing about trifles. And I am convinced this will make your brother more careful not to teaze you;

And trust, my dear, good humour will prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scoldings fail.

"But, papa," said Rosamond, shrinking back a little as her father was going to kiss her, "I am afraid I don't quite deserve *it*, for it was not all, or *only* good humour that made me in such a hurry to forgive Godfrey, and that made me say, Let us say no more about it; I was rather ashamed of tell-

ing before you, and mamma, and *every body* all about it."

"Who do you mean by every body, Rosamond, my dear," said her mother. "Here are only your father, your sister, your brothers, and myself. Which of us stands for *every body?*"

"I suppose I must be *every body*," said Orlando, as Rosamond timidly looked towards him. "Since I am such a terrific person, I'll go away as soon as I have swallowed this cup of tea."

"Pray don't go, Orlando," said Rosamond. "It is better for me that you should stay; indeed, my dear Orlando, it is my real wish."

She pressed so urgently upon his shoulder, that he could not rise, in opposition to what he felt was her "real wish."

"And now, my dear, go on," said her father.

"You must know, then, papa," said Rosamond, "that Godfrey's dispute and mine—I mean Godfrey's argument and mine, was about *affectation*."

It seemed to be with some shame or difficulty that she pronounced the word affectation.

"Affectation, my dear," said her father, "is, after all, as the wise and indulgent Locke has observed, only a mistaken attempt to please."

"Mistaken, indeed!" cried Orlando, and he spoke with a tone and look of contempt, which Rosamond deeply felt. But Orlando was so much taken up with his own thoughts, that he did not perceive the effect of his words.

"Well, Rosamond, go on," said her father.

"As soon as I can—as soon as I can recollect what I was going to say, papa; I do not know, then, exactly what is meant by affectation."

"Not know what is meant by affectation!" cried Orlando, turning with a look of astonishment.

"Oh, Rosamond! Rosamond!" said Godfrey.

"Take your own time, my dear Rosamond," said her mother; "your father will hear you patiently."

"That I will, if I sit here till dinner time," said her father.

"Heaven forbid," thought Godfrey, making some sort of interjection, between a sigh and a groan; but without minding him, his father attended to Rosamond.

Rosamond then determining to state her old difficulties in a new way, and to keep as far from Susanetta as possible, began again in general terms:—

"People, young people, are continually told, that they ought to have agreeable manners. But when young people, girls I mean particularly, do their best to try to have these agreeable manners, and begin to imitate what other people do, they are told not to imitate, and they are laughed at for being affected; they are told to be themselves, and to be natural; but then again, I don't know what is meant by being natural."

"Then you must be a natural!" cried Godfrey.

"Gently, Godfrey," said his mother; "that is not fair."

"Go on, Rosamond," said her father,

in an encouraging tone, "I would rather hear reason than wit at present."

"It is not *natural*, it is not born with us to have any manner, is it?" said Rosamond. "Even to use our knives and forks in the way we do, or to make a bow or a curtsey, or in our ways of sitting and standing, must not we imitate others? You would not call this affectation?"

"Certainly not," cried all present.

"In all these things," said her father, "which depend on established forms and usages, we must imitate whatever is the custom or fashion of the society in which we live."

"So I say, papa; but then why not imitate other things in manners, which are just as much the fashion. But if one begins to imitate any pretty ways, motions, words, manners, even

of those who are most admired—then comes the outcry against affectation."

"And very justly, surely," said Orlando.

"I say nothing," said Godfrey.

"But I say," continued Rosamond, "there is my great difficulty, papa, to know where wrong imitation begins, and where right imitation ends."

"That is a sensible question, and not easy to answer," said her father; "but I will answer you from your own words. As long as people imitate only what is of established form and custom in manners they are not affected: when they begin voluntarily to imitate pretty motions and ways, as you call them, and when they do this with the aim of pleasing, by what they are conscious is not their own manner, then they are affected."

"And why should not we imitate what is agreeable in others, and why does it displease people?" said Rosamond. "If the things please in one person, why should not they please in another?"

"There may be many reasons for this, Rosamond: if you have patience to hear them all, I will endeavour to explain them."

"I! Oh, *I* have patience," said Rosamond.

"In the first place, you take it for granted, that the *pretty ways* imitated are really agreeable: this may be a mistake: they may have pleased, and have been admired, merely because they belonged to some pretty person; and when they are imitated by one less pretty, they may not only

have no longer any power to please, but they may be ridiculous."

"The very truth!" said Godfrey, "though I could not explain it."

"I understand," said Rosamond: "but suppose, papa, that the motions and manners are really in themselves graceful and agreeable, then why should not we imitate them?"

"I will not stop you at present, my dear, to inquire what manners are in themselves *really graceful*, because this would lead us too far; but take it for granted that they are such, still the exact imitation would not please, because what suits in one person will not suit in another; the figure, or the manner in general, may be so different from the manner imitated as to strike us with the contrast and unfitness. Sup-

pose you put the arms and legs of a clumsy statue to the body of a thin one, or a young and beautiful head upon the body of a statue representing an aged, wrinkled figure, would not the unfitness, and incongruity, and want of agreement in the whole, strike you?"

"Certainly," said Rosamond, laughing.

"And suppose," continued her father, "that if, instead of merely changing arms and legs, the statues were allowed the powers of motion, will, and imitation, do you think that any whole statue could, with any chance of pleasing, assume the attitude and air of another? Suppose the well-clothed statue of Minerva was set in motion, and assumed the air of Canova's Venus or Hebe; or suppose

Hebe tried to look like Niobe, or to assume the helmet and the air of Minerva, would not this be monstrous or ridiculous?"

"Yes; but those are such very different figures and characters," said Rosamond. "Surely some might be better suited, if not among statues, papa, among real people."

"Yet," said her father, "we seldom, if ever, see two persons so much alike in person and mind, that manners which suit the one would become the other; therefore even exact imitation would appear awkward, unfit, unnatural, or disagreeable, or, in short, what we call affected. But I began by supposing the most favourable case, where the imitation is as perfect as possible; but this rarely occurs. In most imitations of manner there is

some failure, some exaggeration, some awkwardness, or some apparent consciousness or effort, which betrays that the manner is not natural, and this effort it is painful to the spectator to see."

"Very painful!" said Orlando, writhing himself. "I have felt tired, as if I had been hard at work, when I have been in company with an affected person; doubly tired—tired for myself, and tired for the person, who works so hard to no purpose."

"Besides, there is another disagreeable feeling we have when in company with affected people," said Laura. "I am always afraid, that they should perceive that I have found them out, and that I dislike them; they are all the time trying to conceal what I cannot help discovering."

"I confess I have felt this," said Rosamond, "with affected people."

"But then each person hopes they may not be found out, though others are," said Godfrey.

"So far for affectation of mere external manners," said his father, "what we may call bodily affectation: but when we go farther, and consider the imitation of sentiments, feelings, and opinions, what may be called mental affectation, the affectation, for instance, of sensibility or vivacity, then we dislike the imitators still more: we not only despise those, who attempt to please us by pretending to sentiments or feelings which are not their own, but we resent the endeavour to impose upon us."

"But, papa," interrupted Rosamond, "now you are speaking of dis-

simulation and falsehood, not mere affectation."

"And is not all affectation a sort of dissimulation?" said her father: "and is there not some falsehood in all affectation?"

"Surely there is," said Orlando; "that is the reason why I detest and despise it. It is impossible to sympathise with affected people; whether they pretend to feel joy, or grief, or surprise, or delight, it is all overdone; we do not understand their real feelings, and we cannot sympathise with what is not true or natural. I never could love or make a friend of an affected person."

While Orlando, with a vehemence of indignation uncommon in him, uttered these words, Rosamond's colour grew deeper and deeper, and there came the choaking feeling in her

throat: at last she exclaimed, "Now I have lost all! Orlando, too! This was the reason I was at first afraid of his staying—of his hearing. I had a feeling, that he hated and despised affectation!"

"And what then, my dear?" said the astonished Orlando.

"His thoughts," cried Godfrey, "were at least four hundred miles off, I'll engage."

"Exactly," said Orlando, "for they were at Edinburgh, with a person I saw there last week."

"I am glad of it," said Rosamond, recovering a little; "I am sure I am glad your thoughts were not with me, when you gave that look. One look of contempt from Orlando is worse to me than all your ridicule, Godfrey."

"I do not understand above a third

of what is going on here," said Orlando. "You do not mean, Godfrey, that Rosamond, *my* sister Rosamond, is affected? When I went to Edinburgh she was the most natural little creature I ever knew; and I see no difference in her now, but that she has grown taller and rather prettier, which is a good thing, as she is to be a woman, and which I am very glad to see.—That's all I have to say."

The abrupt and drolly grave manner in which Orlando said this, viewing Rosamond from head to foot as he spoke, and finishing by turning her round and contemplating her back, made Godfrey burst into laughter, and proved a happy relief to Rosamond's embarrassment.

"Bravo! my dear absent brother!

Cheer up, Rosamond, my girl! All is safe."

"But," said Rosamond, gaining fresh courage, "mamma has said nothing; I must know what mamma thinks; I must ask her one question: Mamma, did you ever see in me—did you ever think me—you know what I mean?"

"Yes, my dear, I do know what you mean," said her mother, smiling; "and since you ask the question, I must answer, and acknowledge, that I have sometimes lately seen some little airs and graces, and have seen many different manners, none of which I liked as well as your own."

"But, my dear mother, why did not you tell me of these things," said Rosamond.

"Because, my dear, they changed so quickly, that there was no danger of their becoming habitual; I left you to try your own little experiments, trusting to your good sense and good taste to find out and settle at last, that what is natural in manner is best."

"But a word or two, a hint from you, mamma, would have saved me all this! And would not it have been better?"

"No, my dear, I think not: I saw what was going on between you and Godfrey, and I was willing that you should hear his opinion—this was for so much experience. A little of his raillery, I knew, would be of more service than a great deal of my grave advice. Frequent advice and remonstrance to young people, about

their manners, is apt to do more harm than good."

"Yes; even I said a little too much, and gave a little too much good advice, you see," said Godfrey; "I made her feel awkward."

"I am very glad, Godfrey, that you perceive this," continued his mother. "It is of the greatest consequence to your sister, that she should not become constrained in the company of her own family and best friends, not merely because this would make them disagreeable to her, but because it might lessen the candour and openness of her character."

"Very true," said Rosamond.

"Very true, indeed," said Godfrey; "I know I went too far, and I will not do it again. Now, father, shall we go

to the riding house, for it is almost time; I want to show you how well I can sit Curvette to day."

"Stay, my boy," said his father, "your sister looks as if she had something more to say."

"More!" said Godfrey.

"Only one thing more: I wish, papa, before we go, that you, and mamma, and all of you would fix upon some person whom you would wish that I should be like: though I must not imitate parts of different manners, not suited to me, I may fix upon one model for imitation, surely. You know you hear people say to their daughters, Make such a person your model: now, mamma, give me a model. If Laura was out of the room I should say — somebody. Who would you say, mamma?"

"I should say nobody, my dear," replied her mother.

"And I should say the same," said her father.

"Indeed! but then how can *I form my manners*," cried Rosamond. "I hear people continually talking of *forming the manners*. Now I really do not exactly know what is meant by a *manner*, mamma, nor how to set about to acquire it."

"I might almost venture to assert," said her father, "that those who have the best manners have no *manner* at all. To form your own, my dear, without making any one particular person your model, observe all those who have the most amiable and agreeable manners; try to find out the cause, the principle, on which their power of pleasing depends, and this you may

apply to your own use. Imperceptibly, involuntarily, without conscious imitation of any particular person, you will acquire that air and manner which is common to well bred people. It has been said, and truly, that good breeding is the result of good nature and good sense. Be attentive to others, and good natured, and you will not fail to please. When you see more of the world, observe, and you will find, that in the best company in the higher, in the highest ranks, those who have the most agreeable manners, and the manners most admired by the best judges, are perfectly free from affectation."

"Quite above it," said Orlando. "In all ranks of life, those, who have strong minds, those, who depend upon themselves, and who do not want, on

every trifling occasion, the applause of others, are never affected. You generally see weakness, vanity, and affectation go altogether."

"Generally, but not always," said Laura. "Affectation and humility sometimes go together: those, as you say, who have not sufficient dependence on themselves, are apt to lean on the opinions of others, and to affect any manner, which they think more pleasing than their own."

"From this time forward," said Rosamond, "I am determined, that neither humility nor vanity shall ever make me affected again as long as I live; and thank you, papa, for staying from your ride, and assisting me to go to the bottom of the business, and for explaining all the reasons."

"My dear Rosamond, you may

now depend more securely on your good resolution against affectation, since your understanding is really convinced of its folly, than if you were only afraid of Godfrey's ridicule, or of Orlando's contempt: your brothers will not be always with you, or some other influence may sometimes rival theirs; but the conviction of your understanding will be always with you, and must ever last the same."

"But Godfrey did me a great deal of good, too," said Rosamond, "though it was a little disagreeable at the time."

"You are the best tempered, as well as best natured sister in the world," said Godfrey. "So come all of you, and see me sit Curvette. And, Rosamond, I promise you," added he, in a whisper,

" there shall be an end with me for ever of 'a shape and a face,' and odious 'beauty's goddess.'"

" And I promise you," said Rosamond, " there shall be an end with me for ever of airs and graces."

THE

NINE DAYS' WONDER.

"LAUGH on! laugh on, Rosamond!" cried Godfrey. "Why not laugh in this world, at every thing and every body that is ridiculous."

"But oh! my dear Godfrey! I must not laugh at my *friends*," said Rosamond, checking herself, as he was beginning to mimic an elderly lady, who had been very kind to her.

Laura, who was present, looked up from her drawing with a countenance which plainly said, "Right, Rosa-

mond!" and which almost as plainly implied, "Wrong, Godfrey."

Godfrey, a little piqued, immediately made a low bow, with mock solemnity, to Laura, and said, "I submit with all due deference to the Lady Laura Graveairs, who is Propriety personified, with a camel's hair pencil in her mouth!"

"You shall not make me laugh, Godfrey, I assure you," said Rosamond, "either at Laura, or at my friend Mrs. Egerton."

"As you please, my dear; be as grave and as stupid as you please, by way of being *very good*. But pray, Rosamond, now I recollect," continued he, "is not this grand Mrs. Egerton the lady of the black bonnet, the very woman you took such a dislike to, once

upon a time, because she had a pinch in her bonnet?"

"That was when I was a child, *quite*," said Rosamond.

"Oh! and now you are a woman *quite!*" replied Godfrey, "and a lady quite—the Lady Rosamond Graveairs, who is trying to prim up her mouth, and look like that model of perfection, the Lady Laura. Let me try, now, if I can please you, ladies.—I will practise in this glass. Now, Rosamond, is this right?—No; I am afraid it is not quite the thing yet; I cannot keep the corners of my mouth down to the true Graveair point.—Stay, now I have Laura's mouth—look!"

"I will not laugh," repeated Rosamond.

"What! not when I choose to make you laugh?" said Godfrey. "I defy

you to keep your countenance—I see it giving way already. I will be bound that, before I have done, I will make you laugh at old Mrs. Pinch-bonnet and her wiggy brother.

"Never, never, Godfrey," insisted Rosamond.

"We shall see," continued he, following her up and down the room, making some ridiculous old woman's face, while Rosamond, resolving to avoid looking at him, went in search of her music books, opened the piano-forte, and began to play the Duke of Wellington's march: the full band prevented her from hearing any thing more that Godfrey was saying; but when she paused for an instant, to turn over the leaf, Godfrey coughed so like old Mrs. Egerton, and turned over the leaf for her, with a "Very

well indeed, my dear Miss Rosamond," said in a voice so like Dr. Egerton's, that Rosamond could scarcely keep to her resolution; feeling this, she suddenly rose and ran out of the room.

"Victory! victory!" cried Godfrey. "I like her daring to tell me that she would not laugh, when I chose to make her laugh.—Victory! victory! victory!—Acknowledge that I have won the victory, Laura; acknowledge it."

"No; the victory is Rosamond's, I think," said Laura.

"So it seems, in truth, by her running away," replied Godfrey. "No, no, it is clear that I remain master of the field, so I am satisfied; and I can assure you, Laura, once for all, that I will never give up my power over Rosamond's risible muscles. I know lit-

tle, and care nothing about these Egertons," continued he; "but I am tired of hearing of their excellencies: and besides, I own, I think Rosamond gives up too much of her time, during my holidays, to them: I think her wrong there; and so, with your leave, my dear, on your own principles, I shall do right to laugh her out of that: I shall do my best, depend upon it, to laugh her out of her love and reverence for their Excellencies."

"No, no, you will not do that, I think," said Laura.

"We shall see," said Godfrey. "Do you defy me?"

"I do not defy you," said Laura, "for I know that would be the way to provoke you to make the trial: but the truth is, my dear Godfrey, that I have too good an opinion of you to believe that you would do this, even if

you could; and I have too good an opinion of Rosamond to think you could if you would."

"Finely said! only too great a jingle of *goods*, *coulds*, and *woulds*— my eloquent sister Antithesis," said Godfrey. "And as to the plain matter of fact, my dear, your good opinion of Rosamond and of me is, I have a notion, equally ill founded, as I shall have the honour of proving to you before a week be at an end.—Pray what is to day?—Wednesday. Then I have just nine days left of my holidays, and to-morrow I begin my operations. But you will keep my council? You will not give her warning?"

"I am not of your council; I will certainly give her warning," said Laura.

"That's not fair," said Godfrey;

" but do so and welcome; so sure of my game am I, that I will give you up the first move, only let us settle what we shall acknowledge to be *game*. Let me see — Rosamond plagues me by going every morning, at some regular time (which, by the bye, I hate), to her dear Mrs. Pinch-bonnet's, to do something or other *with* her, or *for* her, I don't know what; and when I remonstrated yesterday, Rosamond had the assurance to tell me, with an emphatic nod of her dear little impertinent head, that she would never give up that hour to me —"

" And I do not think she will," said Laura.

" Then this shall be my point," said Godfrey; " if I make her give it up I have the victory. Oh, rare diversion I shall have, at any rate! A fine trial

of skill! A fair trial of my power; and if against yours, my dear Laura, so much the better! so much the more glorious the victory! If you will, I'll give you leave to call it the *nine days' wonder;* so good morning to you. At Rosamond's appointed hour, to-morrow, I'll meet you and her, tongue to tongue, and my motto shall be,

Let those laugh now, who never laugh'd before,
Let those, who always laugh'd, now laugh the more."

At Rosamond's *appointed hour*, as Godfrey called it, she was in the habit of going regularly to read to her old friend, Mrs. Egerton, who was confined to her room by rheumatism; she had so much lost her hearing, that she was obliged to use a trumpet in common conversation; but there were some voices, to which she had been long ac-

customed, and some persons, who spoke very distinctly, and who had the art of pitching their voice so as to suit her ear so well as to prevent the necessity of using her trumpet. Of this number was Rosamond, whose voice was peculiarly pleasing to her, as she could hear it when it was not raised above the usual tone of conversation. Rosamond read aloud very well. Mrs. Egerton, who had a strong and lively taste for the pleasure of reading, and a quick and grateful feeling of any attention and kindness from her friends, especially from Rosamond, of whom she was excessively fond, enjoyed so much that time of the day, when Rosamond read to her, that she called it *her happy hour*. She looked forward to it, as she said, when she lay awake in the night; or when she wakened in the morning,

it was her first pleasant idea. Rosamond, to whom Mrs. Egerton had shown constant kindness ever since their first acquaintance in the days of the India Cabinet, was delighted to have this opportunity of showing her gratitude, and of contributing to her old friend's daily comfort. Mrs. Egerton had this season taken a house so near to that in which Rosamond lived, and so situated, that she could pass and repass through the Green Park in a few minutes at any time, without the difficulties which in town usually attend the exits and entrances of young ladies. Her mother had given her leave to go to Mrs. Egerton's constantly, provided always, that she should be punctual to the hour, when a servant was appointed to attend her: but it was a rule, that if she were not ready

at that moment, she was not to go at any other time of the day, and then her old friend missed, for that day, *her happy hour*. Gratitude, and the pleasure of giving pleasure, had been sufficiently powerful to make Rosamond, what all who knew her once despaired of her ever being, very punctual. She was now reading Waverley to her friend; and as she had a quick ear, and had caught many varieties of Scotch pronunciation, which she learned during a visit she paid in her childhood to a friend of her father's in Scotland, she could do greater justice to the admirable scenes in that romance than many a more experienced English reader.

It is doing necessary justice to Godfrey to premise, that he, having been at school for some time past, knew

little or nothing of the kindness, which Rosamond had received from Mrs. Egerton, or of the progress of her friendship. All he knew of Mrs. Egerton was from a schoolfellow, who was connected with her family, and who happened not to like the Egertons; whether from ignorance, levity, or prejudice, remains to be decided.

Though not in general more noted for punctuality than was his sister Rosamond, Godfrey could be exact with extraordinary motive, and the next morning he appeared at the appointed hour.

"So, brother!" Rosamond began, with a face that promised no easy victory, and a tone of voice that expressed as much indignation as the occasion required, "I am to thank you for the good opinion you have of me. I find

you think me such a poor, weak, despicable creature, that you can by a little ridicule laugh me out of my friends, and out of my gratitude, and out of my principles, and out of my senses: and this is the way you return all my love and confidence! But do your best, do your worst, I hope, I trust you will find, that well as I love you, brother Godfrey, your power over me does not go quite so far as this comes to. I am not quite such an ideot, nor quite so ungrateful: if I were, I should very ill deserve such friends as I have."

"Meaning their Excellencies," said Godfrey, speaking with the most provoking composure.

"Brother, if *you* mean Mrs. Egerton and Doctor Egerton, you may call them their Excellencies, or what you

please, as long as you please, you will never make them ridiculous, for they are not ridiculous."

"Certainly, if they are not ridiculous I cannot make them ridiculous," said Godfrey: "that's a truth, or a truism."

"A truth I think you'll find it," said Rosamond. "With all your wit, Godfrey, there is nothing like truth: and as the gentleman who dined here yesterday said, 'Ridicule is the test of truth.'"

"Take it the other way," said Laura, "as my father said to him, 'Truth is, or ought to be, the test of ridicule.'"

"Oh! ladies, one at a time, for pity's sake," cried Godfrey: "between two such sharp choppers of logic, what will become of a poor blockhead like

me? Not a chip of me will be left: I must give up the point."

"Give up! not you," cried Rosamond. "Oh! I know you too well. We know him too well; don't we, Laura?

'Though, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his slaves.'"

"There you do me injustice," said Godfrey; "all that *I* say is at least quite unpremeditated. Observe, I have spoken only in reply: you had the advantage of me; for I gave you four and twenty hours, and you came upon me with a set oration; and a very fine one it was! full of fine sentiments and principles; with only one fault—that it was rather too grand for the occasion."

"Was it?" said Rosamond; "I

did not know it was fine; I spoke just from my heart."

"And you went *just* to my heart," said Godfrey, "by one thing, about love and confidence. Oh, Rosamond! that was too serious, too bitter."

"I did not mean to be bitter," replied Rosamond; "but I own I was a little angry at your thinking me such an ideot, and so changeable."

"And could you imagine, that I think you an ideot?" said Godfrey. "There's nobody living has a better opinion of your understanding than I have. Proof positive — Should I argue and reason with you continually if I had not? If I did not think you my equal, would there be any pleasure or any glory in conquering you?"

"To be sure, there is some truth in

that," said Rosamond; "but I know, Godfrey, that you think me weak."

"If you call being good-natured being weak," replied Godfrey, "I don't deny that I think you weak; and I should be very sorry to have a sister, who had not this sort of feminine weakness. I don't like women, who are as strong as Hercules."

"Not as Hercules, to be sure," said Rosamond.

"But strength of mind and of body are different," said Laura; "and surely strength of mind is not unfeminine."

"Unpleasing, which comes to the same thing," said Godfrey.

"Seriously, brother," said Rosamond, "do you think me so easily governed by ridicule?"

"Honestly, sister, I do not think

that you are to be 'touched and moved' by ridicule *alone:* nor should I like any girl who pretends to be *ridicule proof:* I would as soon have her bullet proof; a woman is never called on to stand to be shot at, or to stand to be laughed at; in either case she makes a woefully awkward figure."

"But, Godfrey," said Laura, "might not she be in rather a worse condition, and end by being worse than an awkward figure, if she could never bear to be laughed at when in the right? Then, indeed, she would be a poor, weak, despicable creature, who could, by a little ridicule, be laughed out of her principles, and her gratitude, and her friends."

"It is time to go to Mrs. Egerton!" cried Rosamond, suddenly starting

up. "So good morning to you, brother."

"Gone, I declare! and I am conquered!" said Godfrey, as she left the room; "but it is only the first day. You need not look so proud and delighted, Laura; I don't value losing a day."

"So I see," said Laura.

The second morning, full five minutes before the appointed hour, Godfrey found Rosamond with her bonnet on, and a watch upon the table before her, while she and Laura were sitting drawing.

"Prepared, I see, Rosamond!" said Godfrey. "The combined forces drawn up!" added he, looking at Laura. "Two to one against me, which shows that you are desperately

afraid. If I were you, Rosamond, I should be quite ashamed to call in assistance to keep my own wise and good resolutions."

"I did not call in any assistance," said Rosamond.

"Nor need she be ashamed of it, if she had," said Laura. "Rosamond is too wise to be ashamed of having the advice and assistance of her friends."

"So I perceive," said Godfrey, looking at Rosamond, who did her very best not to appear out of countenance. "But, for my part," continued Godfrey, "I would not give the ninety-ninth part of a straw for man, woman, or child, who cannot keep their own good resolutions, without having a flapper beside them, to put

them in mind of what they ought to do."

"Do you remember, brother," said Laura, "your wish, when you were reading that story in the Adventurer, last week?"

"Not I. What wish?" said Godfrey. "What story?"

"Don't you remember," said Laura, "when you were reading the story of Amureth and his ring, which always pressed his finger when he was going to do any thing wrong?"

"Yes; I wished to have such a ring," said Godfrey.

"Well, a friend is as good as such a ring," said Rosamond; "for a friend is, as somebody observed, a *second conscience;* I may call Laura my *second conscience.*"

"Mighty fine! but I don't like secondary conscience; a first conscience is, in my opinion, a better thing," said Godfrey.

"You may have that too," said Rosamond."

"Too! but I'd rather have it alone," said Godfrey. "There is something so cowardly in not daring to stand alone."

"You are a man, and are bound to be courageous," said Rosamond; "I am a woman, and may be allowed not to be so bold."

"Now Laura looks so proud, and so much delighted with that speech, because it is vastly like one of her own proud-humility speeches. But that's not your natural character, Rosamond, my dear, and you will never hold it long; and remember what my father

said, that mental affectation is worse than bodily affectation."

"Oh! Godfrey, how unjust!" cried Rosamond, "to call my trying to do right affectation. Now, Laura, is not he wrong?"

"Very wrong indeed, and he knows it," said Laura.

Godfrey made no reply, but began to whistle.

"Reduced to whistling!" cried Rosamond. "I have observed, that Godfrey is always in a bad way when he whistles; he whistles for want of something to say."

In her triumph, Rosamond might perhaps have forgotten to look at the watch, which lay on the table, and might not have observed, that the hand was within a few seconds of the appointed hour, had not Laura held the

watch before her eyes. Immediately Rosamond disappeared, crying, "The second hand is not yet at the appointed hour."

"It is good to have a *second hand* conscience, I acknowledge," said Godfrey, as she shut the door.

"And good to be able to pay oneself with a pun for having no conscience at all," said Laura, smiling.

This pun was all Godfrey had to console him for this day's failure. But what were two days to him, who had seven in store! He scorned them, as a first-rate player at draughts throws his men away, or seems to throw them away carelessly in the onset, trusting, that success in the beginning will induce that self-confidence, which leads to ultimate defeat.

On the third morning Rosamond

was proud to be alone, hoping thus to prove, as she said, to Godfrey, that she needed no second-hand conscience."

"And pray, my dear," said Godfrey, "a propos to second hand, what is this strange machine that you have on the table?"

"This watch, do you mean?" said Rosamond.

"Aye, this huge, ugly, clumsy, warming pan of a watch: I never saw such a ridiculous thing in my life."

"You say this, brother, only because you know whose it is: let me tell you, that this watch is a great curiosity. You don't know its value."

"Its value, I presume, depends on its having had the honour to belong to old Mrs. Pinch-bonnet; a frightful pinchbeck thing it is!"

"Gold, not pinchbeck," said Rosa-

mond; "made before pinchbeck existed: it belonged to Charles the Second, and is one of the first watches that ever was made in England, and it goes remarkably well."

"And pray where is it to go in future?" said Godfrey. "Is it to go by your side, Rosamond, or to hang round your neck in this manner; my dear, its weight will strangle you."

"Round my neck! oh no, brother."

"Next your heart, then; this way: an antiquarian keepsake from dearest dear Mrs. Pinch-bonnet."

"I am not going to wear it," said Rosamond. "The watch is not mine, I am only making a case to hang it in, to stand upon the chimney-piece in Dr. Egerton's study."

"Clock and watch, and pendule ease maker to the Reverend Dr. Eger-

ton," cried Godfrey, "that is an honour indeed! I do not wonder you look so cock-a-hoop."

"Cock-a-hoop!" repeated Rosamond, with cool disdain; "such a vulgar expression!"

"Not elegant enough for Mrs. Pinchbonnet's pet, or pettish pupil," said Godfrey.

"Poor wit," said Rosamond.

"But here is something superlatively elegant," cried Godfrey, looking with mock admiration at a pendule stand, which Rosamond was making; "is this a clock case which I see before me?"

"Brother, it is really ill-natured to laugh at every thing I do," said Rosamond.

"At every thing you do! No, my dear," said Godfrey, "only at

every thing you do for Mrs. Pinch-bonnet."

"As if there was the least wit in eternally repeating *Mrs. Pinchbonnet*," said Rosamond; "and as if that could alter my opinion of her!"

"It seems to alter your opinion of me," said Godfrey; "and if it can produce so great an effect, why not the lesser; for I suppose you don't *yet* love Mrs., I must not say Pinchbonnet, quite so well as you do poor me, your own flesh and blood, brother, and once your friend, Rosamond. Tell me, do you like these curmudgeons as well as you like me?"

"Nonsense! you know very well; but I will not answer that question: I must, however, observe, brother, that you are quite wrong to call such excellent people *curmudgeons*.

"Why so, Rosamond? Excellent people may be curmudgeons."

"No, brother; pray look in Johnson's Dictionary, and you will find, that curmudgeon comes from cœur-mechant, a bad heart; now nobody ever had a better heart than Mrs. Egerton."

"Except dear old wiggy, her brother," said Godfrey; "how could you forget him, ungrateful Rosamond! Poor dear old excellentissimo wiggy!"

"How can you make me laugh at such nonsense!" said Rosamond.

"How can I?" said Godfrey; "I really do not know; but I am right glad to see you laugh once more; for, seriously, Rosamond, you are infinitely more agreeable when you are your own merry self, than when you look like old Mrs. Egerton, and set up for a prim Pattern-of-perfection-miss in her teens."

"I never set up for any pattern of perfection; and I did not mean to be prim; and I don't believe that I look like old Mrs. Egerton," said Rosamond.

"You don't believe you look like her! My dear, you are growing as like her as ever you can stare."

"Stare! but I don't stare, nor Mrs. Egerton neither; and you never used such vulgar expressions till lately."

"Translate it into what elegant terms you will," said Godfrey, "the fact remains the same; you are growing very like your friend, Mrs. Egerton."

"Impossible, brother! An old lady of her age! How ridiculous!"

"How ridiculous, indeed!"

"But in what, or how can I be like her?"

"In a hundred things; but let me alone now, Rosamond, I have no more time to talk; I want to read, really; where is my book?"

Godfrey sat down to read, and after five minutes silence, Rosamond could not refrain from saying,

"Seriously, Godfrey, *do* pray tell me in what I am growing like Mrs. Egerton, and explain what you mean by my prim ways."

"My dear, pray let me alone now: I must read," replied he, shaking off her hand from his shoulder.

Rosamond was silent for some minutes, and then said, "I will only ask you one question, brother: were you in earnest when you said I was growing disagreeable?"

"Oh, don't plague me, Rosamond," said Godfrey, impatiently.

"Plague you! Oh brother! when you plague me for ever. What can I do to please you?" cried Rosamond.

"You don't want to please me," replied Godfrey. "Go and please Mrs. Egerton."

"But cannot I please you both?" said Rosamond; "I am sure I love you both."

"May be so, but you cannot please us both; so please yourself, I advise you: go, it's just time; go and read to your *new* friend, and leave me in peace to read to myself."

"Are you really serious, Godfrey? If I thought you were really serious—" said poor Rosamond.

Fortunately for her, Laura came into the room at this moment, to remind her what o'clock it was.

Rosamond took the bonnet, which Laura put into her hand, and moved toward the door, but still looked back anxiously at Godfrey, who, in a mock heroic tone, exclaimed,

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

And *such* a hand! Oh *such* a hand!" added he.

His emphasis recalled the idea of poor Mrs. Egerton's maimed hand. Rosamond put on her bonnet directly, and turned away decidedly.

"Oh! brother," said she, "now I am certain you are only acting a part to try me; for you could not, I am sure, be so cruel as to laugh at bodily infirmity; especially when you know,

as well as I do, *how* that hand was burned. Thank you, Laura, for coming to warn me; you are my good genius."

"And my evil genius," cried Godfrey, the moment Rosamond had left the room. "I wish, Laura, that you had staid away; you won this day for her; if you had but staid away five minutes longer I should have gained my point; Rosamond was such a fool when you were away, my dear! And she grew so wise the moment you came near her; she found my tricks out directly."

"Yes; and when tricks are found out, you know," said Laura, "the tricker loses his power."

"Not at all: Rosamond will be just such a fool again, you will see—no, you will not see, for it must be when

you are not by; she grows in sense so prodigiously whenever you come near. But if that should always be her doom in life it would be inconvenient," said Godfrey, "and very ridiculous."

"Ridiculous! But, Godfrey, is all you think of, how ridiculous your friends will look?"

"I beg your pardon, my dear," interrupted Godfrey; but I have just thought of an excellent allusion. Did you ever know that Venus was frightened, when she found Cupid never grew; and she complained to old Jupiter, and asked what she should do to make him grow; and Jupiter, or Minerva, or some of the wise ones, told her, that her boy should never grow till he had a brother; so presently he had a brother, and Anteros was his name, as much wiser than

Cupid as you are wiser than Rosamond, my dear; and the gods ordained, that whenever Anteros should come near Cupid, Cupid should grow up; but whenever Anteros should go away, Cupid should sink down again; so he ended, by being the little fellow he is. Just as Rosamond grows in sense when Laura comes near, and sinks down again when Laura goes away. Oh! a capital allusion! if I could but make it out neatly: Folliott Brown shall do it for me; and it pays me for losing my day. Tremble for to-morrow!—you see I am no fool. Tremble, guardian angels all!"

The morning of the fourth day came, and Godfrey this day began, not with "How ridiculous," but with "How beautiful! My dear Laura! My dear Rosamond! how beautifully you

have done this drawing! Which of you did it?"

"It is Laura's drawing for my pendule case," said Rosamond. "It is to be in a tablet at the bottom: won't it be beautiful? It is Guido's Aurora and the dancing Hours; has not Laura diminished them well from that large engraving?"

"Admirably, indeed! But what are these little winged creatures in the circle above?"

"Those are the Minutes, the little winged Minutes flying away, and the motto," continued Rosamond, eagerly, "the motto is mine, Franklin's, I mean, but of my choosing for the clock case: pray listen to the motto, Godfrey: 'Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves.'"

Godfrey admired the motto, and

went on admiring every thing that was shown to him, till he so far succeeded in engaging the attention of both the pleased artists, that he flattered himself they would take care neither of the minutes nor the hours. But even in the midst of a compliment he was paying to Laura's Apollo, and to the ease with which he held the reins, Laura, faithful to her charge, pointed to the watch, and reminded Rosamond that it was time to depart.

"But surely she is not tied to a minute, more or less," said Godfrey; don't drive her away *yet*, time enough yet: stay, Rosamond, don't take your portfolio away, I have not half looked it over."

"There's my portfolio," said Rosamond, "keep it as long as you please; but I must go, my dear Godfrey; I

must be punctual; Mrs. Egerton likes it; and, as mamma says, when we do any thing for our friends, we should take care to do it in the way which they like."

"Aye, do it then in the way Mrs. Egerton likes," cried Godfrey, then really vexed. "So tiresome! so ridiculous to hear of nothing but Mrs. Egerton. I begin absolutely to hate the sound of that woman's name."

"Because you know nothing of her, but her name," said Rosamond. "Only come with me, Godfrey, and see her; I know that she and Dr. Egerton are just such people as you would like: do come."

"Not I," answered Godfrey. "I know enough of them already."

"You! How?"

"Oh, that's a secret: I know as

well as if I had lived with them a hundred years, what they are; just people I would go a hundred miles to avoid. Some of your mighty good, precise, dull folk, who think it a prodigious virtue to do every thing to a minute by their watches and their clocks; the very reason I can't bear them: people who, as Folliott Brown says,

'Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer,
For dullness ever must be regular.'"

"Bad rhyme," said Rosamond.

"And no reason," said Laura.

"But are you gone?" said Godfrey, catching Rosamond's arm as she passed.

"Yes, gone; for, as there is neither rhyme nor reason in what you are saying, brother," said she, "I had better not stay any longer to hear it, lest you

should laugh at me as you did yesterday. You see I am not so very foolish to-day; you see I have not grown down again to-day. I am not ashamed to take the advice of a good friend: if I were, brother, you might with justice laugh at me the moment I shut the door, and you might say, How ri-ridiculous! and make, or get somebody else to make a fable on me. You need not blush so very much: I am not angry because I am in the right. Goodbye."

Godfrey stood for a moment silent and ashamed, but recovering himself, he blamed Laura. "This is not fair, Laura," said he, "to repeat what I said."

"Perfectly fair," said Laura. "Recollect, I gave you warning from the beginning that I should do so."

"Oh that I had kept my fable and my wit to myself," cried Godfrey. "But it is good to have such a skilful enemy; many a man, as some great general said, has learned how to conquer by being defeated."

"You are in a fair way to victory, then," said Laura.

The next morning, the fifth day of trial, Godfrey did not come till Rosamond began to think he would not make his appearance at all. He burst into the room, exclaiming, "The Panorama of Athens! Orlando and I are going to it!"

"Are you, indeed?" said Rosamond.

"Yes; and mamma says you may go with us, Rosamond, so come; on with your bonnet."

"But," said Rosamond, drawing

back, "I cannot go now; cannot you be so kind to go one hour later?"

"No; now or never," said Godfrey.

"It must be *never* for me, then," said Rosamond, sorrowfully, "for I cannot break my resolution; in five minutes it will be my hour for Mrs. Egerton."

"Nonsense, child! would you really give up seeing Athens? Consider what it is to see Athens! Very different from seeing London," continued Godfrey, chucking her under the chin, as she stood with a face of deep consideration; "would you give up seeing Athens for the sake of going at an appointed hour to read Scotch, which you can't read, to an old woman who can't hear. How ridiculous! and how people continually mistake their own motives, and sacrifice to vanity when

they fancy they are sacrificing to friendship, and virtue, and generosity, and *all that*. How very ridiculous!"

Rosamond coloured; but after a look at Laura, answered, with composure, "Laugh on, laugh on, brother; I can bear to be laughed at. When I know I am right, Godfrey, even your ridicule can do me no harm; can it, Laura."

"Then," said Godfrey, "I may laugh on with a safe conscience: thank you, Rosamond, but I have no time for it now. Hark! Orlando calls: decide, Egerton or Athens."

"I cannot go with you, Godfrey," said Rosamond, "if you must go now."

"I must: goodbye," said he, going to the door.

"Goodbye," said Rosamond.

He went out of the room, but hold-

ing the door half open, put his head back again, looking at her for her last words.

"Goodbye," repeated Rosamond, steadily.

"How ridiculous!" cried he; and clapping to the door, he ran down stairs.

"Victory over myself!" cried Rosamond, "and the hardest fought battle I have had yet," added she, turning to Laura, who congratulated her with looks of affectionate approbation; and suppressing a sigh for Athens, she went to her old friend. So ended her fifth day's trial.

At dinner, when they next met, Godfrey was loud in the praises of the Panorama; and Orlando, and his father, and mother, expressed surprise that Rosamond did not accept of the

invitation to go with her brothers. Rosamond, when her mother questioned her, said, "I will tell you all, mamma, at the end of four days more; don't ask me till then. Trust me, mamma; trust me, papa; trust me, Orlando, I have a good reason. It is a trial of power between Godfrey and me."

"Very well, my dear, I will ask no more," said her mother, "till you choose to tell me more; only remember, trials of power are dangerous things between friends."

"The very words that Laura said when I was going to sleep last night," cried Rosamond.

"But it is no wager, mother," said Godfrey.

"And since we have begun, do pray let us go through with it, mamma, if

you please," said Rosamond; "because, my dear mamma, you must know that I have won five days, that is, I have stood steady five days, and I have only four days more of trial, and it will be a victory over myself; and *that*, you know, both papa and you like."

"Divert yourselves your own way, my dear children," said her father. "I trust to you, and do not want to know your little secrets, or to meddle with all your little affairs."

Godfrey, perceiving that it had cost Rosamond much to give up the Panorama of Athens, and that she had particularly felt the ridicule he had thrown upon this sacrifice, judged it best to pursue the same mode of attack on the morning of the sixth day's trial. In one half of this judgment

he was right, the other half was wrong. The giving Rosamond an opportunity of making a sacrifice for a friend was the way to attach, instead of detaching her from that friend. But, on the other hand, there was the chance, that the ridicule thrown on the sacrifice might make her give it up as worthless.

"Well, Rosamond," cried he, "I hope you will accompany us to day; we are going to a better thing than the Panorama of Athens."

"Better! what can that be? Better," said Rosamond, "than the Panorama of Athens!"

"Athens itself," replied Godfrey. "What do you think of the Elgin marbles? We are going to the British Museum, and you may come with us if you will give up your *nonsense*."

'I cannot, Godfrey, give up going

to Mrs. Egerton; yet, perhaps, I can change the hour, and go to her before we set out, or after we return."

Godfrey, seeing her ready to give up so much, thought he could now gain his whole point.

"No, no," said he, "changing the hour will not do, Rosamond; all or nothing; we must have the whole day for the Museum, we must go as early as possible: so take your choice, Elgin marbles or Pinch-bonnet! Come, don't be ridiculous!"

"Nothing very ridiculous in keeping my resolution," said Rosamond.

"Very ridiculous, if it be a ridiculous resolution," said Godfrey.

"But there's the point to be decided," said Laura.

"Aye, there is the point," said Godfrey. "Well, I acknowledge Ro-

samond is quite sublime in giving up the Elgin marbles; superior in friendship to Achilles himself; for he sacrificed only a hundred oxen, or a hundred swine, to his beloved Patroclus; but Rosamond sacrifices a hecatomb of gods and demi-gods to her dearly be loved Mrs. Pinch-bonnet. I must tell this to Folliott Brown."

Rosamond laughed, but, with a little mixture of shame in her laughter, she asked, "Pray who is Folliott Brown?"

"The cleverest young man I know," replied Godfrey; "the best of classical scholars, the best quizzer, and the greatest lover of fun."

"Fun! quizzer! I hate those schoolboy words," said Rosamond.

"You mean that you hate to be quizzed," said Godfrey. "Then take

care if ever you see Folliott Brown, and don't let him get to your ridiculous side, my dear, for no mortal can seize it better. Quizzing is his delight."

"You know papa hates quizzing," said Rosamond, "and it is very vulgar."

"Very likely," said Godfrey; "but Folliott Brown is very fashionable; and I know if he were to get hold of it he would enjoy your classical sacrifice to friendship most amazingly; just the thing for him! So if you don't go with us to the Elgin marbles, he shall have it, my dear sister."

"Very kind, indeed, to your dear sister, to make her your sport and your butt with your friends," said Rosamond, evidently much disturbed.

"But did not my dear sister tell me to laugh on, and that she could bear to be laughed at?"

"And so I can, and so I will," cried Rosamond; "but all I say is, that it is not very kind, Godfrey."

"Come, come, my dear little Rosamond," said he, in a coaxing tone, "don't let that old witch of Egerton, worse than the witch of Endor, make us quarrel about nothing. Give up the point in a gracious, graceful, feminine way, and be my own dear Rosamond. You'll come with me then to the Elgin marbles? Yes; and write an apology to Mrs. Pinch-bonnet."

Rosamond shook her head.

"But consider, these are my holidays," continued Godfrey; "and surely, Rosamond, you ought to indulge me with your company."

"Oh, Godfrey, how you try persuasion, when you see that ridicule will not do," said Rosamond.

Godfrey could not refrain from smiling.

"But, after all," said he, "what an abominably selfish creature this precious old Pinch-bonnet must be, not to give up her little amusement to your great pleasure."

"There you are quite mistaken," said Rosamond; "for when Laura told her that I had given up the Panorama of Athens, she was exceedingly sorry, and she begged me not to come to her again during your holidays: she said she could not bear to take me from you. But I told her, that it was easy to arrange matters, so that I should lose none of your company, because I could always go to her at the time when you are busy at your Latin and Greek. You know, that you must be at least an hour a day at your studies; and if you

will tell me your hour, Godfrey, we can settle it so, and all will be right, and I can go to the Elgin marbles, if you please."

"That will never do," said Godfrey; "for I like to have my Latin hour at night, when I go up to bed, and then I lose nothing by day."

"But I cannot go to Mrs. Egerton at night," said Rosamond.

"So I say: therefore you must give it up," said Godfrey.

"Who is selfish now, Godfrey?" said Laura. "You fix your hour at night, that you may lose nothing; yet you will not give up any thing for Rosamond, or for Mrs. Egerton's pleasure."

"Why should I give up any thing to Mrs. Egerton? She is not my friend, I am sure," replied Godfrey.

"But I am your friend, I hope," said Rosamond; "and yet you will not do this for me? But you are only trying your power over me, brother; and all you want is to gain your point."

"Rosamond," cried Godfrey, "you really are growing too cunning, too suspicious."

"If I am growing a little suspicious, I know who has made me so," replied Rosamond. "Deceiving, even in play, or trying to deceive, makes one suspicious: you know, Godfrey, the speech of your own favourite Achilles,

'For once deceiv'd was his, but twice were mine.'"

Godfrey felt the force of these words, and stood for a minute silent; then, turning upon his heel, said, "I've begun with it, and I'll go through with it; I will not give up."

During the remainder of this day, and of the next, Godfrey never recurred to the subject, never mentioned the name of Mrs. Egerton, or made the slightest attempt to prevent Rosamond, either by ridicule or persuasion, from adhering to her resolution. But whether this proceeded from forgetfulness or design, from his wish to lull Rosamond's caution to sleep, or from repenting of his having engaged in a trial unworthy of him; whether, in fact, his thoughts were taken up with his friend Folliott Brown, with whom he spent the morning of the seventh day, are historic doubts not easy to solve.

Laura could not believe that Godfrey had given up his point, and this was very provoking to Rosamond.

"Consider," said Rosamond, "there are but two days more to come of my

trial; I may surely look back on the hardest part, and laugh. Besides, you see, Laura, that Godfrey's head has turned quite to other things; he can think of nothing now but his friend Folliott Brown, and those lines he has written, 'The Parguinote's Farewell to his Country,' which, by the bye, are beautiful. Folliott Brown must be a young man of great genius and feeling; and, besides, he says the Folliott Browns are all very fashionable. I am so glad we shall meet all the Browns at Monsieur Deschamp's ball to-morrow. "Godfrey," continued Rosamond, "really thinks that nothing is right or fashionable but what they say or do; and that every thing is wrong and ridiculous that they laugh at. How very full poor Godfrey's head is of these Folliott Browns!"

"And I think he has filled your head with them too, has not he, Rosamond?" said her mother, who came into the room while Rosamond was finishing this speech.

"No, mamma; not at all," said Rosamond: you don't know *all* I am thinking of; I am only curious to know whether Godfrey has really given up a certain trial of power."

The next time she saw him, she said, in a secure tone, "Godfrey, do you recollect? There are only two days more to come!"

He was silent, but he had not his triumphant look.

Godfrey's father remarked, that his son had of late constantly used the words *fashionable* and *right*, as if they meant always one and the same thing; and observed, that Godfrey continually

spoke of his friend, Folliott Brown, as if he were the supreme judge of taste, and manners, and morals, and literature. It happened, that, just after his father had been rallying him on this subject, and before he had well recovered from the surprise he felt at hearing Folliott Brown's infallibility questioned, Rosamond came into the room, and, not knowing what had passed, increased his vexation, by whispering, "Remember, brother, this is the last day but one."

"The ides of March are come, but not past, Rosamond!" said Godfrey.

Alarmed by this speech, she prepared for some new attack; but nothing was said, till, just as she was setting out for Mrs. Egerton's, Godfrey exclaimed, "Surely, Rosamond, on such a day as this, on the day of the

dancing master's ball, when you must have so much to do and to think of for yourself, you cannot be so very kind to your old friend Mrs. Egerton as to give up an hour, a whole hour to her!"

"Yes, but I can, and I shall, as you will see," said Rosamond, leaving the room with dignity.

"Magnanimously said! Magnanimously looked! Magnanimously done!" cried Godfrey, turning to Laura. "But, as we have been told, you know, there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous."

"And as we may know, without being told," answered Laura; "it depends upon every body's own sense, whether they will take that one step or not."

"What steps people take do not always depend upon their own sense,

nor upon the sense of their friends," retorted Godfrey. "We shall see, we shall see: I don't ask you now, my dear, not to put Rosamond on her guard, because I see you can't do it. You have done your best — you have done your very best: but your mistake was, my dear, you trusted to reason instead of wit. How ridiculous! To a woman, and from a woman! How ridiculous!"

Monsieur Deschamps' ball was delightful, we will not say beyond all power, but certainly beyond any need of description. Many of the relations of the young ladies, his pupils, were there; and Godfrey accompanied his sisters. Rosamond was amazingly charmed with the beauty, elegance, and fashion, which then, for the first time, struck her eyes, and perhaps her imagination, in

the persons, dress, and air of the Miss Folliott Browns, and of the Lady Frances Folliott Brown, their mother.

Godfrey's friend appeared also an object of universal admiration; not among the younger part of the little assembly, for these Folliott Brown scarcely condescended to notice; and therefore, resenting his disdain, they confessed that they could not like, or did not understand him; but the mothers and matrons, who presided as judges and spectators of the ball; and the elder sisters, the grown up young ladies; those enviable, envied beings, who *go out*, or who have *come out*, who are *in the world;* in short, who know all that is right, and all that is wrong as to dress, fashion, men, and manners, each in their *coteries* apart, allowed Folliott Brown to be quite charming!

Some praised his poetry, and others admired the tying of his neckcloth.

In the intervals between the quadrilles, Rosamond, when she sat down beside different parties of young ladies, heard much that was said to this purpose; and the high opinion, with which Godfrey had prepossessed her in favour of his friend, was thus increased by the voice of numbers, and still more by their looks.

Mr. Folliott Brown was some years older than her brother; there was between him and Godfrey all the difference of pretensions, which usually appear between a schoolboy of the higher forms, and a young man at the university. But former friendship attached him to his schoolfellow; and Godfrey, feeling pride in his notice, increased Rosamond's high opinion of his talents.

They were indeed considerable. Nothing he said, however, this night justified his reputation, in Laura's opinion: but Rosamond, overawed and dazzled, thought she was in the wrong when she did not admire, and listened still in expectation of something more. Rosamond was just at that age when girls do not join in conversation, but when they sit modestly silent, and have leisure, if they have sense, to judge of what others say, and to form by choice, and not by chance, their opinions of what goes on in that great world, into which they have not yet entered.

Mr. Folliott Brown was much too grand a person to dance at such a ball as this; and Godfrey also this night seemed to prefer talking to dancing. At supper, Rosamond, separated from

Godfrey, from Laura, and from her mother, was seated at a small table with the young people of her quadrille. Godfrey, who had his own object in view, contrived to persuade one of the young ladies near him to be afraid of catching cold from the wind of some terrible window or door, and he made Rosamond change places with her, declaring, at the same time, that Rosamond never in her life had been known to catch cold. She saw, that her brother did this on purpose to get her near him and his friend, and among the Folliott Browns, at whose table he was sitting. She felt obliged to him for his good nature, smiled at the manœuvre in her own favour, and enjoyed her situation. She found Folliott Brown very entertaining, and she thought his sisters *charming*, though,

in truth, they and their partners talked only of a number of fine people, whom Rosamond had never seen or heard of; so that beforehand it might have been imagined, that the conversation could not in any way have interested her. How it happened that she was so much pleased, we know not: but so it was. Godfrey's "How ridiculous!" perpetually recurred. From any of the Folliott Browns the expression was decisive, against any thing or person on whom this sentence was thus pronounced. At length, when all had supped, and all had talked, in one of those intervals of silence, which occur even among the wittiest, the wisest, and the most indefatigable talkers, Godfrey took his opportunity to ask his friend, whether he was not related

to the Egertons—to Dr. and Mrs. Egerton.

"Distantly. Thank Heaven! *only* distantly." was Folliott Brown's answer.

"But are not they delightful people?" said Godfrey.

Folliott and his sisters interchanged looks, which sufficiently expressed their opinions.

"Delightful people! How ridiculous! Who could have put that into your head?" said Folliott.

"A friend of mine," replied Godfrey.

Rosamond blushed, she did not well know why, and wished not to be named.

"A judicious friend, no doubt," said Folliott Brown. "But I admire

his judgment more than his taste.—Your old tutor, may be?"

"No, no," said Godfrey, laughing. "Very far from the mark; neither a tutor, nor old."

"Then one who has a grey head upon green shoulders, it seems," said Folliott; "and that, to my fancy, is an unbecoming mixture."

"So ridiculous!" said one of the Miss Browns.

"So unnatural!" said the other.

"I like for young people to be young; I hate what you call a wise young person, don't you?" said another young lady to her partner, who perfectly agreed with her, but was more intent upon a glass of champagne.

"But do you know," continued Miss Brown, "I have a little cousin

(Helen Egerton, you know, Folliott), who, by living so much with old people, poor little thing, has really got that sort of grey head upon green shoulders look, which, as you say, is so unnatural, so affected, so ridiculous!"

Rosamond, sitting in all the agony of consciousness, felt as if she really had a grey head on green shoulders, and as if every body was looking at it. But nobody was looking at her; and though what was said seemed, she thought, as if aimed at her, it was in fact mere random nonsense.

"Affected!" said Miss Annetta Folliott Brown. "No; now really I acquit poor Helen Egerton of affectation: but some people have the misfortune to have that formal, wizzen old look and way, and really like to be with old people. Now, for my part,

I think young people should always be with young people."

"Always! always! always!" was echoed round the table by all but Rosamond.

"Nemine contradicente! we have it," cried Folliott Brown, for Rosamond's silence was perceived only by Godfrey. In this company she was of too little consequence to have a voice. When Folliott, looking round, again repeated, "Nemine contradicente! I should like to hear from ruby lips a dissentient voice." She longed to speak, but dared not. "Shakspeare," continued Folliott Brown, "and who understood the human heart and life in all its ages better than Shakspeare? tells us, that

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together,

Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care."

"Oh, go on, delightful!" said one of the young ladies. "Such a charming old word, pleasance! Oh, go on; I do so doat on Shakspeare."

"I forget the rest; I have the worst memory in the world," said Folliott; "but I know it ends with

Age, I do abhor thee;
Youth, I do adore thee."

"Miss Rosamond, let me help you to some grapes; won't you take an orange?" said Miss Folliott Brown, observing Rosamond's uneasy look, and attributing it to displeasure at not having been sufficiently attended to.

This was vexatious; but Rosamond accepted of the orange, and began to peel it, that she might have some employment for her hands and eyes.

Godfrey was sorry for her; but as he thought this his last, best chance of gaining his point, he was anxious that the conversation should go on. "But pray, after all, what sort of people are Mrs. Egerton and Dr. Egerton?"

"Oh! I don't know," answered Miss Folliott Brown. "Mighty good people, you know; but people one never meets, one never hears of any where but in the country."

"Vastly too good," said Miss Annetta; "very good family to be sure, mamma's relations: but old-fashioned, old people, old Manor House, old mannered people. Stupid: just what you call quizzes!"

"Aye, quizzes!" cried Folliott. "Quizzes, bores; and bores, you know, should be hunted out of society."

"Very good!" said a young lady.

"Oh! the Egertons, though they are connections of ours, *are* very stupid, shockingly good, quite quizzes!" These sentences were repeated by the Miss Browns and their brother all together, in chorus; Godfrey declaring, that he had heard quite a different description of the Egertons, urged on the conversation, till all grew eager in support of their opinions, and each told some anecdote, that placed Mrs. Egerton, or her brother, in a ridiculous point of view. Rosamond was convinced, that of these anecdotes many were absolutely false, others exaggerated, and others no ways disgraceful to any human creature; as they proved only that Dr. and Mrs. Egerton were careful to do what they thought right, and that they did not

approve of folly and extravagance. Yet no one circumstance was mentioned, which she could absolutely say she knew to be false, and to contradict the opinions of those, who were more nearly connected with the Egertons, and who pretended to know them all so perfectly well, required some courage. Rosamond had coloured and coloured more deeply, and had become so very uneasy, that her embarrassment was now visible to one of the Miss Browns, who sat opposite to her, and in an instant afterwards to all the company. Godfrey suddenly arose, and went round to her to pick up her gloves, for which she stooped, and, in a whisper, as he returned them to her, said, "Give up *the point*, and I'll bring you off."

"Never," replied a look from Rosa-

mond, which made Godfrey not a little ashamed.

"Suppose we were to look for my mother and Laura, they are at the other end of the room," said he; "I've a notion it is late, and time to go."

"Aye! time to go!" cried Folliott Brown. "You have used us abominably; I have a notion you have exposed us all to your judicious friend."

Rosamond rose hastily, and Godfrey picked up her dropped fan.

"A very judicious friend, I grant," pursued Folliott Brown, as Godfrey drew her arm within his: "most judiciously silent."

Rosamond resolutely stopped, as Godfrey was leading her away. "Silent only because I had not the courage to speak," said she. "How I wish," added she, commanding her

trembling voice, "that I could be a judicious friend! Such a one as Mrs. Egerton has been to me!"

All were silent for an instant: Rosamond then went away with Godfrey as fast as he pleased. She thought she heard from behind her the sound of "*How ridiculous!*"

"I know they think me very ridiculous, but I don't mind that," said she.

Godfrey made no answer.

"Oh, there is Laura! And mamma I see is ready to go! I am so glad!" cried Rosamond. "Godfrey, will you come with us, or will you walk home with Mr. Brown?"

Godfrey, without making any answer, ran to order the carriage to draw up, handed his mother and sisters into it, and then asked, "Can you make room for me?"

"I thought, Godfrey," said his mother, "that you were to walk home with your friend, Mr. Folliott Brown?"

Still he made no answer, but, keeping his foot on the step, seemed anxious to get into the carriage: immediately Rosamond squeezed herself into the smallest compass possible, and made room for him between her and Laura. The carriage door shut, and they drove off. After some minutes, during which Laura and her mother supported the conversation, her mother observed, that they had not allowed Rosamond and Godfrey time to say a word: time was now given, but no words were heard from either.

"Who did you dance with, Godfrey?" asked his mother.

"I don't recollect, ma'am: with two or three," said Godfrey.

"Miss Annetta Brown," said Laura,

was one of your partners, was not she?"

"Yes, I believe so. But don't talk to me of any thing but what I am thinking of," said Godfrey.

"And how are we to find out that, my dear son!" said his mother.

"Oh, mother! I don't deserve to be your dear son to night. But here is one, who does deserve to be your dear daughter," said Godfrey, putting Rosamond's hand into his mother's. "Yes, do love and esteem her, mother and Laura; she deserves it well."

"But how is this? Tears, Rosamond, I can feel, though I don't see," said her mother, as she felt them drop on her hand.

"Tears of my causing," said Godfrey.

"Caused by these kind words, then,"

said Rosamond; "for they never came till this moment."

"Laura," continued Godfrey, "she has quite conquered me; I give up the point: I only wish I had given it up sooner, for I have been wrong, very wrong; but then she has been right, very right, and that is a comfort."

"You are always generous and candid, Godfrey," said Rosamond, "except—you understand me," added she, "when you—when you want to try your power. But now that is over,"

"Over, yes; over for ever," said Godfrey. "This was much worse than beauty's goddess, and the airs and graces; there I was right in the main, though wrong in going a little too far, but here I was, as Laura said, from the first wrong in the principle, and I

felt it all the time. I knew you had the best of the argument, but my desire to show my power over you, and to gain my point, my foolish point, made me go on, from one step to another. I really did not mean to be so ill-natured and wrong in every way as I have been. But you have stood steady, and *therefore* I have done you no harm: but I might have done you real harm, confusing all right and wrong as I did, and only to gain my paltry point. But you have the victory, and the best victory, as Laura would say, over yourself; and I am sure, let all those people say *How ridiculous!* a million of times over, they must have admired and respected you at *that* moment in their hearts; not one of them could have done it, or said it; especially at your age! and

when all mouths were open, all their foolish mouths, and mine, the most foolish, the most unpardonably wrong of the whole party, were against you. She has stood this trial steadily indeed, Laura, and your opinion of *her* was right, I acknowledge, and I am glad of it. I was quite wrong."

"I shall be very glad, my dear Godfrey, when I can understand the wrongs and the rights clearly," said his mother.

Godfrey related all that had passed during the whole of this nine days' trial; and he spared himself so little, and did such justice to both his sisters, that his mother found it impossible to be as angry with him as she acknowledged that he deserved that she should be.

"There is one favour that I wish to

ask from you, Godfrey," said Rosamond.

"Do not *ask* it, my dear," said Godfrey; "let me have the pleasure of doing it without your asking it: I will do it to-morrow morning."

"Then I perceive you guess what it is," said Rosamond, smiling.

The next morning, at the appointed hour, when Rosamond was going to Mrs. Egerton's, Godfrey begged to accompany her.

"Thank you; the very thing I wished," said Rosamond; "I ask you only to see, hear, and judge for yourself."

Just as they were setting out, however, they were stopped by a servant, who put a note into Rosamond's hand from Mrs. Egerton. This note requested, that Rosamond would not come

to her this day, as some unhappy circumstances had happened, which must prevent her enjoying the pleasure of seeing her young friend.

What these *unhappy circumstances* were, Rosamond did not hear till long afterwards. They related to the affairs of the Folliott Browns, which, by the extravagance of that family, began at this time to be much deranged. The young people, who had been so thoughtlessly talking the preceding night, little knew, that they would so soon need the assistance of the excellent persons, whom they were endeavouring to turn into ridicule. In the absolute ruin of Mr. Folliott Brown's fortune, which some months afterwards ensued, when they were obliged to sell their house in town, their carriages, and all that could be sold of

their property; when all their fine friends only said, "The poor Folliott Browns, I hear, are quite ruined! quite gone!" Mrs. Egerton and her brother received them kindly, and assisted them generously.

As Godfrey observed, they had reason to be glad, that Rosamond was both a judicious and a *silent* friend.

EGERTON ABBEY.

A YEAR and some months had passed since "Rosamond's nine days' trial," which was now counted among childish occurrences, or, if referred to, prefaced with, "Do you remember the time, Rosamond, of that foolish trial?" or, "Do you recollect, Godfrey, that time, before the time of the nine days' wonder, when you did not like the Egertons; I mean when you did not know the Egertons?"

That time had long been in the pre-

terpluperfect tense with Godfrey. It was so completely past, that it was with difficulty that he could remember it; and it was not only with difficulty, but with some sense of shame or self-reproach, that he called it to mind. Rosamond, observing this, had kindly consigned the subject to oblivion.

Godfrey had never been at Egerton Abbey, which belonged to Dr. Egerton, brother in law to Rosamond's excellent old friend. Rosamond, who had often been there with her mother, during the time that her brother had been at school, was delighted with the prospect of his accompanying them on a visit, which they were now going to pay there. She was eager to introduce him to a place she particularly loved, and to see him enjoy the company of those, whom she was proud of

having made his friends. Godfrey, perceiving this, gave her the greatest pleasure, by being as gay as possible on their happy journey to the Abbey.

It was a delightful day in autumn. They travelled in an open carriage, and through a beautiful country. If the carriage had stopped as often as Rosamond wished that it should, for Laura to sketch every "charming picturesque view!" her drawing book would have been filled in the course of this day, and they would not have arrived at the end of their journey before midnight. But, fortunately, Laura's wish to reach Egerton Abbey before it grew dusk was gratified, as the red setting sun was still shining on the top of the great oak wood, and gleaming on the windows in the western front of the Abbey, as they drove up the avenue.

Godfrey was quite as much pleased with the first view as Rosamond had expected, and his delight increased, even beyond her hopes, when he entered the Gothic hall, and followed her as she hurried him along the matted cloisters, dimly lighted through painted glass, to the "happy library," opening to a conservatory, rich, as Rosamond had described it, "in bloom and perfume, and on which the sun always shone." The library, with books and prints scattered on various tables, gave evidence, that people had been happily employed. No one was in the room when they first entered; the family were out on the terrace, watching for the arrival of their friends. A pleasing young girl soon came running in eagerly to welcome Rosamond; this was Helen, Mrs. Egerton's granddaughter. While Mrs. Egerton, who

could not walk fast, was returning from the farthest end of the terrace, Helen had time to tell them the names of all the people who were at the Abbey. Rosamond enjoyed Godfrey's look of surprise and satisfaction, when he heard, that amongst the guests were two persons whom he had particularly wished to see, or rather to hear; one was a celebrated traveller, the other a distinguished orator and patriot.

The first evening at Egerton Abbey was spent so happily, that when it was time to go to rest, Godfrey lingered so long in his mother's apartment, talking over with Rosamond the pleasures they had enjoyed since their arrival, and the still greater pleasures they anticipated for the morrow, that his father was at last obliged to take him by the shoulders, put him out of the room,

and lodge him in the turret assigned him. Even then, unless his father had prudently bolted his own door, Godfrey would have returned, yea, even at midnight, to have made him come to look at something he had discovered in his turret. It was Rosamond's pendule case, with the flying minutes and dancing hours, which he saw placed on his chimneypiece.

From the turret, in which Godfrey slept, a back staircase led down to Dr. Egerton's study, and one from Rosamond's turret led to Mrs. Egerton's dressing room. They had each leave to go to their friends, and of this happy privilege they availed themselves as soon as possible. The first morning, before breakfast, they were made acquainted with the characters, and with all that could be entertaining or in-

structive in the histories of the various guests then at Egerton Abbey. These judicious friends were anxious to introduce them, early in life, to persons distinguished for their knowledge, talents, or virtues; to all who could best, by precept and example, excite generous emulation, and direct useful energy.

It is certain, that much of what was said and done, during this visit, made an indelible impression both on Godfrey and Rosamond; but it will not be possible for their historian to do more than touch upon the principal points.

The first day, at dinner, the conversation turned upon Athens and the Elgin marbles, and then diverged to Greece, and Turkey, and Ali Pacha. Godfrey and Rosamond had read and remembered enough of the Travels of

Holland and Clarke, to excite their interest in all that was said, and to enable them to follow the conversation with the double satisfaction arising from the consciousness of knowing a little, and the sense of learning more. Though neither of them joined in the conversation, their interest and attention were constantly kept up; when this agreeable traveller said he had seen the yanar, or perpetual fire, of which they had read an account in "Karamania;" that he had walked on the banks of the Scamander, and clambered into the pyramids; when he asserted, that he had remained long enough at Tripoli to confirm the truth of the picture of that country, so well given in the narrative of Mr. Tully's residence there—great was their pleasure in listening;

and they almost felt as if they had themselves travelled over these regions.

The conversation afterwards turned upon the female character and manners, and their influence on the fate and happiness of nations, in the Oriental and the European world; and many curious facts were mentioned, and many allusions made, both to history and to works of fiction, which kept up the lively attention of the young audience.

It was particularly agreeable to Rosamond, who was the youngest of the party, to feel that she could take a real interest in such conversation, and that the books which she had read, or that she had heard read at home, now came into use. Well educated, well-informed young people, will here recollect and recognise their own feelings of

delight in similar circumstances. As Dr. Egerton pointed out, her pleasure arose, not only from the taste she had acquired for knowledge and literature, but from the feelings of sympathy and domestic affection, which made every subject, that was interesting to her father and brothers, doubly interesting to herself.

The day after the conversation about the Elgin marbles, Tweddell's Life having been referred to by some of the company, his Memoirs were left open on the library table, as it chanced, at a part which caught Rosamond's attention. It was the letter, which gives an account of the country seat and princely establishment of a certain Polish Countess. It was not the charming country seat, or the princely establishment, that excited Rosamond's

admiration, but the generosity of this noble lady to a family of French emigrants, who had, in their prosperity, shown her kindness at Paris, and whom, in their adversity, she received with splendid hospitality and magnificent gratitude. Rosamond, delighted with this account, carried it directly to Mrs. Egerton, and, resting the quarto on the elbow of her arm chair, read the whole passage. When she had finished reading, she exclaimed, "How I wish I had been that Polish Countess! I wish I had such an immense fortune, and such vast power; because, without great riches, or great power, whatever one may feel, it is impossible to show such generosity, such gratitude!"

"I allow, my dear," replied Mrs. Egerton, "without such a fortune, and power, it is impossible to show

what you call magnificent gratitude; but consider, that such is rarely called for in the common course of life; while in every condition, in yours, in mine, in every class, in those far below us in fortune and power, even in the very poorest, generosity or gratitude, equal to that of your noble countess, may be shown, if not as magnificently or as usefully, at least as essentially to the happiness of those for whom it is exercised."

"Perhaps so," said Rosamond; "but still one cannot do so much good—such grand things."

"Not such grand things, certainly, but as much good," said Mrs. Egerton, "on a small scale. If each person in their own little way does something, and if all do the best they can, the numbers will in time work out as

much good for their fellow creatures, more, perhaps, than any individual can perform by the greatest exertions. The effect will not, I grant, be so immediately striking to the young imagination, or so flattering to the feelings of vanity."

"To the young imagination! that means to *me*," said Rosamond, smiling. "But now, my dear Mrs. Egerton, even with your sober judgment, you would not — would you? you could not — could you? love and value that small-scale gratitude so much as the magnificent generosity we were talking of?"

"I think I value it more, and love it more," said Mrs. Egerton. "I value it more, because it is more useful; I love it more, because it affects the happiness of the human creatures for whom

I am immediately interested; and I both love and value what you call the small-scale generosity and gratitude, because it is generally the effect of more real feeling; and it requires, in its exercise, and in its continuance, more self denial and self control."

The conversation was here interrupted by a summons to Rosamond to join her mamma, and Laura, and Godfrey, and the rest of the company, who were ready to go and take a long walk to the oak wood. Mrs. Egerton was not able to accompany the young party on these long walks, but while they rambled, to their heart's content, through every alley green, dingle, and bushy dell, and while they, still more to their heart's content, took always the most difficult path, and that which promised the greatest number of stiles

to scramble over, she was satisfied to drive on the beaten road, in her low garden chair, to meet the party at some favourite spot, where she joined with her young friends in as much of their walk as her advanced years and declining strength permitted her to attempt. This morning she told Helen she would meet them at a certain gate leading from the high road into the forest, opposite to the great scathed oak. She met them there; and while Laura, after sketching the great oak, was busy drawing a group of peasants with their children, who were pulling acorns from the boughs, Mrs. Egerton took Rosamond with her down a path, which led to the thickest part of the glen.

"Let me lean on you, my love, and you will take care of me down this

steep path," said she. "And now, without going so far as to the Ukraine, and without the power or fortune of the Polish Countess, I think I can show you an example of what we may class among the *small-scale* instances of gratitude."

"What a delightful path! What a romantic scene! What a picturesque situation for a cottage!" cried Rosamond. "I think I shall finish by wishing to live in that little cottage."

"Stay till you see the inside of it, my dear, and believe me, you will not wish to call that little hut your home; and though it is summer now, and that this glen looks cheerful in the sunshine, do not forget that winter will come. You will find in the inside of that hut nothing but poverty, plain, sordid poverty, without any thing for picturesque

effect. I found out these poor people the other day by chance, when I went to a straw chairmaker's, in the village, to bespeak for the grotto what you call my beehive chair. While I was there, a poor girl came in with some bosses, for which she waited to be paid. The moment the money was put into her hand she asked for fresh work, received it with thankfulness, and ran off. The chairmaker then told me, that she was one of the most hard-working and best girls he ever knew, and the most grateful creature; that, besides her day's business as servant girl to a hard mistress, in the spare time she secured, by sitting up late and getting up early, she made enough by her work to pay her mistress for the lodging and food of a poor bedridden paralytic woman, who had formerly

nursed her when in distress; or, as the man expressed it, "had brought her through the small pox when every one else fled from her."

As Mrs. Egerton finished this account they reached the cottage, from whence the first sound they heard was the shrill voice of a woman, scolding. This woman, just returned from market, with her cloak thrown back, her flat black silk hat on her head, high stiff-peaked stays, white cuffs, and black mittens, was standing, with arms a-kimbo, in all the authority of her market-day attire, scolding a slight formed, thin girl, seemingly about thirteen or fourteen, who was standing before her in a submissive posture, her whole figure and face quite motionless. The moment the girl saw Mrs. Egerton appear at the

door behind her mistress, with a start of joy she clasped her hands, and came forward several steps, so that Rosamond then saw her face more distinctly. It was not handsome; it was marked, nay seamed, by the small pox, emaciated and deadly pale, except while a hectic flush crossed it at the instant she first came forward. Her mistress, turning abruptly as they entered, began, in a softened tone, with "Sarvant, Madam Egerton." But as soon as she saw Madam Egerton look kindly towards the girl, her countenance again clouded over; and when Madam went to feel Mary's pulse, and asked her how she did, the mistress, in a low murmur, speaking to herself as she swung aside the chair she had set for Mrs. Egerton, said, "She's well enough,

if *Quality* would not be coming to put notions into her head: strong enough, too, of all conscience, for all my work, and her *own too*, when she pleases, as she used fast enough afore she was half her height, until of late days, since ever that vagary of pretending to be weak, like a lady, was put into her silly brain."

Gaining courage from her rekindling anger, and observing that the ladies heard her, and that their eyes were fixed upon her, the woman let loose her temper, and poured forth, in her natural shrill objurgatory voice, a torrent of reproaches against this Mary, this object of her hourly wrath. While the storm raged, Mary stood as before, quite still, without ever raising her eyes, resolutely patient. But Rosamond observed, that one spot of colour, which appeared

high upon each thin cheek bone, gradually became of a deep fixed red.

"Oh! ma'am," cried Rosamond, "pray don't scold her any more!"

Loud squalls of children interrupted Rosamond. The girl quickly turning to open the back door, a tribe of crying children rushed in, stretching out their dirty hands, and screaming, "Mary! Mary!" Suddenly silenced by the sight of the strangers, they clung round Mary, who wiped their eyes, and set their rags to rights. But fresh subjects for abuse now occurred to the mistress, who railed anew against Mary for standing there, as she did always, while her children were breaking their necks. "No care from her of any thing within or without: so you see how it is with your own eyes at last, Madam Egerton! And I am glad on it."

"And I am glad of it, too," said Mrs. Egerton. "But pray how is the poor paralytic woman to-day?"

"What, old Sarah! Why, madam, the same as usual, I do suppose. No great chance, I guess, of her being better or worse. And I've reason, I'm sure, to rue the day she ever darkened my doors, and did not go on the parish as she ought; for since the day Mary took to tending her, and that's four years come Michaelmas, I have had no service out of her, to say proper service; and she, my 'prentice, regular bound, as I can show you, Madam," added she, going to an old dark press in the wall to rummage for papers—

"I do not doubt it," said Mrs. Egerton, "and we will look to that by and by; but first, can we see old Sarah?"

"Yes, sure, Madam!" cried Mary,

a ray of joy darting from her eyes, if you could but cross the yard;" and disengaging herself at one motion from all the children, she threw open the hatch door and disappeared.

Rosamond and Mrs. Egerton followed through the litter and dirt to what was called the old cow house, a low hovel, of which the roof was strangely propped, and the thatch, black and overgrown with grass, was in places curiously patched with new straw. One of the children was watching for them at the hovel door: there was so little light within, that at first entering Rosamond could scarcely see any thing, or discern the figure of Mary standing by some sort of bed on the ground, in one corner of the place.

"Be kind enough to come closer, Madam, Miss," said Mary, "*she*

won't be startled; I come first to warn her."

She, as Rosamond saw, when she came closer to the bed, was the paralytic woman, who was sitting propped up with a bundle of straw against the wall behind her; the remains of a patchwork quilt covering her lower limbs, of which she had entirely lost the use.

"But see, Madam, she can move her hands and arms now as well as ever, thanks be to God!"

"Thanks be to God! and you, dear Mary!" said the palsied woman, joining her hands in prayer. "Madam Egerton, there's no tongue on Earth can tell what that girl does, and has done these four long years for me, little worth that I am!"

"Little I can do," said Mary, wip-

ing her eyes and forehead with one quick motion. "And too happy I should be could I be allowed to do that little."

"Oh, Madam Egerton!" continued the sick woman, "if I had words! if you could but know all!"

"If you did know all, Madam," said the girl, "then you'd know how grateful I ought for to be to her who is lying there; and so I would be if I could, but I cannot!"

Throwing the apron over her face, Mary ran out into the yard, and Sarah was silent for some moments, hearing her sobbing.

"The most gratefullest girl!" said the palsied woman; "the most hard-workingest grateful soul of a poor body God ever made! Oh, the happy day for me, when I once nursed her in

sickness! That was all, madam, I ever did for her; and see what she has been to me ever since! me, a cripple, such as you see, and she scarce more than a child, and slight of body as that young lady there! and as tender of heart," added she, seeing Rosamond's tears.

Mrs. Egerton then went away, notwithstanding Rosamond's earnest wishes to see and hear more: and though she begged most anxiously to be permitted to do *something*, and expressed the most eager desire to do a great deal as soon as possible, Mrs. Egerton gently, but steadily, resisted. "No, my love, no, leave it to me; I hope I shall do all that can, that ought to be done for both. But we must not take from this grateful girl the merit and the pleasure, which, be assured, she

has, in the depth of poverty, and in the midst of her hard struggles, in bearing and forbearing, in feeling that she is all in all to that poor cripple, and that her grateful heart gives what neither our money, nor any money, can purchase."

"True, indeed; I do believe it; I am convinced of it," said Rosamond, reluctantly; and, as she returned with Mrs. Egerton, walking slowly up the steep path, she reflected in silence, till Mrs. Egerton pausing to rest, Rosamond repeated, "I am convinced you are right, ma'am. That poor girl had literally nothing of her own to give; yet her gratitude was most touching, and more truly generous than that of my magnificent Countess, and far more meritorious, because, as you say, here is such constant self denial, such wonder-

ful power over herself!" continued Rosamond. "Oh, think of what it must be to bear that scolding woman, added to all her own misery, day and night for four years! half starved, and sick, and working so hard!"

That, which words could not fully express, Rosamond finished by shedding a few uncontrollable tears, and by several deep sighs, which relieved her, as they walked slowly up the glen to rejoin the party, whom they had left in the forest.

Laura had not only finished sketching the group of children gathering acorns, and the scathed oak, but she had taken a view of a beautiful glade in the forest before Rosamond's return. Godfrey, the moment he saw her, ran to meet her, calling to beg she would help them to recollect the description

of the scathed oak in Mundy's Needwood Forest. This turned Rosamond's attention from the miseries she had just witnessed, and, after a little recollection, she repeated the whole passage. Mrs. Egerton said she often thought of those lines when she looked at that favourite old tree; but that she loved better still, the verses to his "Arm Chair," and those to his "little grandson of seven years old," and asked Godfrey to repeat them for her.

During the latter part of the walk home, the conversation took a different turn. A country gentleman, who was one of the party, was well acquainted with Mr. Mundy, having been once his schoolfellow, and always his friend. He was pleased to find that his verses had been selected and liked by these young people. Though Mr. Mundy

had been dead some time, his memory was still fresh in the minds of all who had known him. "By some," said his friend, "perhaps he was liked only for his convivial qualities, or as a good companion in the fox chase: but he was better appreciated by others, who admired his cultivated taste, agreeable conversation, and polite manners. By all he was loved for his amiable temper and his benevolent habits: and in every rank his loss was felt as a kind neighbour, a good landlord, an excellent magistrate, and a useful country gentleman." To this eulogium Godfrey and Rosamond listened with an interest, excited by their previous acquaintance with his poetry. Rosamond was much gratified by perceiving, that rational conversation was addressed to her; that she was herself considered,

neither as an ignorant child, nor yet as a mere young lady, thinking only of dress and nonsense.

It was observed, that she and her brother always attended to good conversation, instead of carrying on, as many young persons do, all the time any rational subject is discussed, some tittering, trifling, ill-bred whispering apart among themselves, or else sitting or standing in all the constraint of uninterested, stupified silence.

To tell things just as they were, however, it should be here confessed, that Rosamond, proud of some particular notice that had been taken of her brother, continued, in complaisance to Godfrey, to listen a little longer than she really wished to do, to a conversation, which began among the gentlemen, on the advantages and disad-

vantages of the game laws. She made several attempts to draw Godfrey off, that she might tell him what she had seen of the grateful girl, and of the paralytic woman, but his attention was too much engaged. At length Rosamond, hearing some words of a more entertaining subject from another division of the walkers, withdrew her arm gently from her brother's.

"So! Rosamond," exclaimed he, "you don't like to hear all this of the game laws?"

"No thank you," said she; "I want to hear something that Laura is listening to; some account of a fire in London: will you come?"

"Oh no," said Godfrey; "I must hear what these gentlemen are saying about the game laws; but you are a woman, and you are quite right not to

meddle with politics: go, go, Rosamond, you are quite right," added he, with a little nod of manly superiority.

On nearer approach, Rosamond found, that the fire in London, of which Laura was speaking, was no new accident, but one which had happened one hundred and fifty years ago, the old fire of 1666, which nearly destroyed the city in the time of Charles the Second.

"But how came you to talk of this, my dear Laura?" said Rosamond. "When I left you, you were talking of Mr. Mundy and country gentlemen. How did you get to the fire of London?"

"Very easily," said Laura. "From country gentlemen to planting, and Evelyn's Sylva; then to his Diary, which brought to our minds the recol-

lection of his interesting account of that dreadful fire in London."

Rosamond was well acquainted with this passage, and had heard so many others read aloud by her father, and had learnt so much of Evelyn in the course of conversation, that she knew his history and his character, and felt interested about Wotton, the house and place he so often mentions, and to which he was so much attached. So that it was with the greatest pleasure that she heard arrangements made for going to see that place the next day, and listened with eagerness to the detail of open carriages, side saddles, and ponies.

The moment they arrived at the Abbey, Godfrey and Rosamond hurried to Dr. Egerton's study, and, with their customary preface of "I hope we don't

disturb you, Sir," they began to tell him all that they had seen, heard, felt, and understood, since they had left him. As soon as they came into his study, Dr. Egerton put away his papers, dismissed his man of business, seated himself in what he called his idle arm chair, and listened to his young friends with that polite, benevolent, encouraging look, which assured them, even more than his words could do, "that they were never troublesome."

Laura's sketches were put into his hands, but before he could well have time to begin his praises or his criticisms, Godfrey had begun his report of the debate on the game laws, and Rosamond was imploring leave to tell her history of the walk with Mrs. Egerton. But Dr. Egerton, as soon as

he heard Rosamond mention the poor girl and the paralytic woman, told her, that Mrs. Egerton had just been speaking to him on this subject, and that they had been contriving together some means of bettering their condition; and that Mrs. Egerton was already occupied in preparing to carry their plan into execution.

"So soon! Oh, delightful!" said Rosamond. "You and Mrs. Egerton are not what my father calls *sayers*, but *doers*. You know, Godfrey, what my father was saying the other day, that there are two sets of people in this world; one, the very large class of the *sayers;* the other the very, *very* small one of the *doers*."

But Godfrey did not listen to Rosamond, for at this moment he wanted to be one of the *sayers;* and having at

length caught Dr. Egerton's eye, he went on with the speech on the game laws, which Rosamond had interrupted; and, to do him justice, he summed up the argument he had heard from his able and honourable friends very fairly; and, quoting the orator's words, he declared, that, well as he loved riding, leaping, and hunting, he hoped he should never be one of those, who think it the best birthright of a free-born Briton, and the first privilege of a gentleman, to gallop after foxes, hunt hares, or shoot small birds; in short, if his vote were to decide the matter, it should be for the total abolition of the game laws.

Dr. Egerton smiled at the young orator's warmth, and commending his humanity, seemed, nevertheless, to doubt whether he might continue to

be of his present opinion some years hence, when he should become one of the privileged tribe of Nimrod himself, and when he would probably see things in quite another light, and, like others, leave the hare to her many friends, and the fox to his many enemies. No; Godfrey, with eager benevolence, protested against this, and pledged himself to support his present opinion when he should be twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred years old. "Meantime," said Dr. Egerton, "take my advice; hear much, and say as little as possible upon this, or any other question which requires extensive and accurate knowledge before any safe judgment can be formed of the bearings of the different points, and of the consequences of abolishing

old, or making new regulations. But pray, my young politician," continued Dr. Egerton, "understand, that I do not wish to repress your spirit of inquiry, or your wish to exercise your reasoning powers, as you do, upon every subject that you hear discussed. But till you are sure of your ground, tell your opinions on such subjects only to your private friends, such as myself, for instance, or your father or mother."

Godfrey, in whom the spirit, not only of a young politician, but of a parliamentary debater, was just rising, looked much disappointed by this speech of Dr. Egerton's, and not relishing this advice, he said, he confessed that he was afraid he should not have liked to have been one of the disciples

of Pythagoras, during that terrible year of silence that was required from them.

But that was *absolute* silence, Dr. Egerton observed, which he by no means advised to his young friends, especially as he should be a great sufferer by it; as there was no one enjoyed more than he did their free, natural first thoughts; but he only recommended their refraining from giving to strangers decisive opinions on subjects where they had not means of judging.

Godfrey thanked Dr. Egerton for the kindness of this advice, but could not refrain from proceeding to farther lengths against the principle, policy, and wisdom of the measure, when Helen burst in eagerly, to announce the joyful news, that all was settled for

their next day's expedition to Wotton, and that she was to go, and Rosamond was to go, and Laura, and Godfrey, and every body, provided the day should be fine enough for riding.

END OF VOL. I.

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