

just as he was in the act of pointing out a favourite song the door which was ajar softly opened, and without being announced, Mrs. Mayo entered the room. Somewhat confused, Emily rose, and coldly, though politely, received her visitor,—for though she had become slightly acquainted with her at Mrs. Payard's, her haughtiness had disgusted the gentle girl, and even had Mrs. Mayo desired it, she would have shrunk from forming an intimacy with her. On this occasion, however, that lady appeared extremely desirous of making a favourable impression. She apologised for calling at such an unseasonable hour, by remarking that her extreme solicitude about Mr. Percy, of whose accident she was doubtless aware, and who was at present an inmate of her house, had prevented her from calling before,—but now that he appeared so much better, she concluded to embrace the opportunity of calling on Miss Linwood, in behalf of a friend, who, residing in the country, had earnestly entreated her to select a suitable Seminary for her daughter.

“The very high encomiums bestowed on it by the friends of the children under your tuition, have convinced me that I could not select a more suitable Seminary than your own,—and I hastened to inquire if you could receive my friend's sweet little girl.”

“I am much obliged to you,” was the reply, “but, as I intend resigning the school, at the end of the term, which will expire in a few weeks, I shall not, of course, be able to receive any additional scholars.”

Mrs. Mayo, it must be confessed, dilated her small grey eyes at this intelligence,—though without expressing any more astonishment than, “Indeed, I was not previously aware of that. But do you still intend to reside in L?”

“No, I am about to return to my native village,” was the reply.

“If it were not selfish, I should regret it much on my friend's account, though I am well aware that the task of school-teaching is generally an uninviting and wearisome occupation, and though your resignation of the office will no doubt be severely felt by the community, for it is so difficult to procure a competent teacher,—on your part it might well be a subject of congratulation.”

Then changing the discourse, Mrs. Mayo made some remarks on the weather, news,

&c.—and then, with some skilful maneuvering, again alluded to Mr. Percy. After giving a detailed account of the accident, and we must confess she had *one* interested listener, in answer to Emily's inquiry, respecting his mother, she added,

“Mr. Percy agreed with me, that it was best not to write to inform his mother, as it could be of no possible benefit to him, and would render her very unhappy during her absence.”

“But really, I think, had she been here, she could scarcely have felt it more than poor Miss Elliot, who, I suppose you have heard, is engaged to Mr. Percy. Unconscious of the accident, she called on me a few hours after its occurrence, and when, somewhat thoughtlessly, I informed her of it, she, to my great astonishment, fainted away,—and I had much difficulty to restore her to her senses.”

The speaker had turned her face in the direction in which Emily was seated, trusting to mark, by her countenance, the effect her words had produced,—but in this she was disappointed, for Emily's position, and the obscure light, for the lamp burned somewhat dimly, prevented her from observing the emotion which, she trusted, her information would cause,—and in this matter perhaps, woman's chief stronghold, pride, enabled Emily calmly and coldly to return her affectedly gracious adieu,—as, rising and glancing at a magnificent gold watch, attached to her neck by a massive chain,—she remarked that the carriage must be waiting, and with a polite, “Good evening,” left the dwelling.

(To be continued.)

I confess I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast, and if I were to fall in love again, which is a great passion, and therefore I hope I have done with it, it would be I think with prettiness rather than majestic beauty.—*Cowley*.

Genius has one trial which finds no sympathy: it is the trial of being measured as coarse things are; of seeing its jewels accounted of no value; its inspiration lost for want of interpreters, or used up as fit mixtures with common things.