

pursue a woman's usual calling, and become a governess. There might be a worse fate, if I can but find a home that at all deserves to be so called. I have ransacked the columns of this morning's "Times," and selected therefrom two advertisements to reply to. One of these promises well. There are but two pupils, and an elder daughter, to whom the governess is expected to be companion and friend. That might be pleasant enough if she is a girl to be made a friend of; and at twenty-three I am not yet too old to be a companion to one of eighteen or so. I have other advantages too. I am not handsome, so that whether she be pretty or plain, I am safe; I can excite neither her jealousy nor her envy. I should like to have a girl friend once more, since I am never to marry, I had better make friends.

I have written my letter. Whether I wish the answer to be favorable or not I scarcely know. I have asked for an interview, and I would rather see the lady into whose hands I give myself up, before making any definite arrangements for the surrender. I am very silly perhaps; but I cannot quite forget that I am Grace Norton, and that once——what was I going to say?

---

Feb. 11th—I have just returned from my interview with Mrs. Knollys; Mrs. Knollys of Thornhaugh, as she informed me with great dignity, or at least what was meant to be great dignity, but rather failed in its object, coming from her. A tiny woman, bearing the traces of great beauty, with a languid manner, and the softest imaginable voice; who complained of the delicate state of her nerves in the first five minutes I was in the room with her, and who, at every seventh word, heaved a deep sigh, and applied with an air of exhaustion to her scent-bottle. Whatever other trouble I may have in my new situation, she has not energy enough to give me much, either by word or deed.

It did not take long to come to a settlement. Mrs. Knollys asked a few questions regarding my accomplishments and the masters under whom I had studied, and seemed satisfied with the replies. Indeed I was not afraid of her scrutiny in this respect. For references, I gave the names of two or three of those who had been friends and patrons of my father in other days; this also appeared satisfactory; and Mrs. Knollys then descended to detail. "You see Miss——pardon me, I have not asked your name?"

"Grace Paulet Norton." She had forgotten that my letter had been signed.

"What a pretty name! I am so glad you have a pretty name, it is a weakness of mine, quite, that of names. What was I saying? Oh! I remember. You see Miss Norton, I would not think of engaging any