

in his opinion, to be mainly dependent on the early extinction of the candles, and his daily cry, towards ten o'clock, P. M., "Put out them lights" was about the only injunction I ever remember to have heard from his lips. A common expression of his wife's—"powerful sorry" or "powerful glad" made a very powerful impression on me. The society at Warrenton was very small, but good; and I was specially pleased with the kind attentions of Mrs. G., the wife of the Presbyterian minister. But at home, misrule reigned supreme; we were treated with little or no attention by the proprietor and his family, and our discontent increased day by day. The corps of teachers was composed of two daughters of the Principal, three young ladies from the State of New York, myself, and Mr. T., Professor of the piano and harp. I was teacher of French and Assistant-Teacher of Music. The school house was a few yards from the main building, but having stipulated for a bedroom to myself, (a *sine qua non* in every engagement I made) I received all my pupils in my room, which boasted the luxury of a sweet-toned piano, whence in the deepening twilight, with a dear friend by my side, my wandering chords often evoked "The light of other days." This friend was Miss F. of New York, the teacher of English, Mathematics, and Oil Painting, between whom and myself there soon sprung up a friendship which I count to this day among the most cherished of my life. She occupied a large room adjoining mine, which she shared with two other teachers, sisters from the same State. They were also extremely agreeable and pleasant company, and when the "Quartette" assembled in their rooms after school hours, with locked doors, they breathed freely, threw dignity to the winds, and gave themselves up to enjoyment, as far as circumstances would permit. Our festivity was of a very mild character, however, being limited, so far as I can remember, to the popping of corn, as we sat on the floor round the hearth, while the blazing pine logs sent their cheerful light dancing all over the wall. Those were cozy hours. But outside all seemed "stale, flat and unprofitable." I counted time by mail days, which were tri-weekly, I think. Nobody ever seemed to reach Warrenton from the outer world, and we felt completely cut off from it. Bochsa and Madame Anna Bishop, did, however, manage to get there once, (I think the cars must have run off the track, or something of the kind) and we lived on the incident for weeks. Mr. T. was, however in my humble opinion, a superior harpist to Bochsa. He and his invalid wife occupied a little two-roomed cottage, on the Seminary grounds, quite close to the school and much of my leisure was spent with them. Mr. T.'s harp and chess board being irresistible attractions. His wife, a sweetly amiable woman, (from Upper Canada, I believe,) was hopelessly ill from a spinal complaint, but her patience and cheerfulness were a sermon in them-