

result of such fatal ignorance shall speak for itself. Oh! would that it were possible it should act as a warning!

Disturbances of rather a serious nature had brought a detachment of the — Regiment, commanded by Captain Warburton, into the immediate neighborhood of Granby Lodge. Of course, a young man, so highly prepossessing in appearance and manners as he, could not fail to secure every kind of attention from the principal families in that part of the country. Amongst the first to show these were Mr. and Mrs. Atherston, who never dreamed there could be danger in admitting the handsome stranger into the society of Katherine, a mere child, not yet emancipated from the school room. The first evening he dined at the Lodge, she came in with her governess, when the ladies had returned to the drawing room. Nothing could exceed the beauty of her appearance, dressed as she was in a simple white frock, her golden ringlets waving luxuriantly over her shoulders, while her sweet modest demeanor attracted the admiration of all, and many a fair speech in her praise was made to her gratified mamma, some of which reached her own ears. One of the ladies then began talking of Captain Warburton in terms of rapture—"he was the most fascinating, delightful being she had ever beheld."

At this the attention of the young girl became attracted, and on his entrance soon afterwards with the gentlemen, her eyes naturally turned upon him, when meeting his in pleased and admiring surprise, she deeply blushed and looked away. He soon found an opportunity of drawing nearer and of entering into conversation with her, though she was seated on the sofa with Madame, who from time to time cast reproving glances on her pupil, if she ventured to laugh at the lively remarks made by the handsome soldier. Presently Mrs. Atherston walked over to her daughter, and fondly stroking her on the head she said,

"Captain Warburton is very kind to notice you, my love! but you must come and sing for Mrs. Falkland, who has expressed a wish to hear you."

Without a word Katherine instantly rose to obey her mother, followed by Captain Warburton, who thought that it was no great stretch of kindness on his part to notice so very lovely a creature. He continued to stand by her while she sang, delightedly listening to the rich melody of her voice, the governess on the other side marking time with her foot, and rapping her hand on the instrument, to his utter annoyance and disgust. When the song was concluded he asked for a little English ballad, saying it was a great favorite of his.

"Mademoiselle Atherston no sing English songs, sare!" said Madame, answering for the blushing girl.

"Oh! indeed I do sometimes," rejoined Katherine; "Papa is fond of them and I practise a few to please him. I think I have your favorite," she added, smiling and turning over her music, in which he assisted her.

At length the desired one was found, and executed in the most feeling and beautiful manner; Captain Warburton seemed perfectly enchanted, while Madame looked extremely angry—and in a little time afterwards held up her watch, saying that her pupil must retire.

"What! so soon?" exclaimed Katherine. "Oh! how quickly has this evening flown."

Captain Warburton thought so too, and darkly he frowned on the governess, who hurried Katherine away the moment she perceived the tenderness with which he pressed her hand, as he bade her good night.

On the following day it was observed by Madame that her pupil was very abstracted and inattentive during the hours of study. Constantly she found cause to scold her, threatening to double her lessons if she did not give her mind to them. Katherine promised amendment, and in the next moment forgot her promise. It was the same when drawing,—listlessly she hung over the board, idly sketching heads on the margin, and neglecting to trace her flowers.

"Mademoiselle Atherston," said the governess stamping her foot, "why you no pursue your task? I am extremest displeased."

She rose as she spoke and looked over her shoulder. Katherine in haste applied her Indian rubber on the paper, but not before Madame had discovered the face of Captain Warburton sketched to the life.

"*Mon Dieu!*" shrieked the Frenchwoman, with looks of horror, "how extremest indelicate for de young lady to draw de resemblance of de young gentlemen—I am shocked, quite ashamed of you, Mademoiselle!"

"Indelicate?" repeated Katherine, her cheeks dyed with the blush of indignation, "surely it is not so improper as your taking God's name in vain so repeatedly as you do!"

"Who taught you to lecture me for de fault, you saueebox!" said the governess, now in a violent passion, "I have half a mind to slap your face; put away your drawing and sit in dat corner, while I give you de long lesson. *Mon Dieu!* de sky vill fall next."

Katherine pouted, but she was obliged to obey—and with her feet in the stocks and her face turned towards the wall, she sat conning a page from Tasso's Jerusalem, thinking all the while of