

moderately. What was to be done? Whilst deliberating, the situation of governess to the daughter of a rich banker in the *Chausée d'Autin* was offered, and accepted of.

"What a miserable time I passed in this family! The child entrusted to my care was an *enfant gâté*, in the fullest force of that term. The father recommended me to be strict and even severe with her, if necessary; whilst the mother gave me to understand that her daughter was so sensitive and delicate, she could not bear contradiction. This lady was young, whimsical, and coquetish. She treated me by turns with kindness and disdain. Her caprice I could have submitted to, for my spirit was subdued; but the demands made on my time, for the amusement of her hours of lassitude, were incompatible with the duty I owed my *élève*.

"When giving lessons to the child, I was often called upon to read a romance to the mother, or play a favourite piece, which was rarely attended to, or probably interrupted, with as little regard to my feelings, as if I was a piece of mechanism. Sometimes every thing went wrong: the child, whose most unpardonable offences were usually overlooked, would, at those seasons of ill humour in the parent, be reprimanded without reason; and, if I attempted to excuse her, I was reproached with *lostering* the faults of a child entrusted to my care. This was a discouraging trial in my first essay of self-dependence. I had not expected much; but I was unprepared for what I met with. Labour would have been sweet, cheered by a smile of kindness; assuence was insupportable, attended with insult and scorn. After three months' passive endurance, I resigned my unenviable post, determined not to place myself again in the power of the wealthy, as experience made me dread they might be unfeeling.

"In a short time I considered myself fortunate in having procured the situation of teacher to a second class in one of the most distinguished seminaries of the city. The tuition of thirty young persons devolved upon me. To these I had so many things to teach, in which I was myself imperfect; that the night, the only time in the twenty-four hours, in which I could enjoy a moment's liberty, was devoted to study. A life of such unremitting labour, added to the inroads grief had made, impaired my health. I struggled long with the disease I felt was overpowering me; but my strength was at last prostrate, and, in my sickness, I was carried to my humble home.

"The nervous debility which remained, when the crisis of my disorder passed, utterly incapacitated me for the laborious life I had undertaken; and, with a painful apprehension that increased

my disease, I saw day after day our little star diminish, through the generous anxiety of my poor friend to procure me such delicacies as might tempt my appetite, and which affection led her to think essential to the restoration of my health. Something must be done; but to what could I devote my time? During my convalescence I employed myself in little works of taste, to please the eye of the luxurious: ornamented boxes, fans, screens, and such trifles—to dispose of these things was difficult, and the demand uncertain. The experiment convinced me that a competency must be secured by other means.

"An attempt at authorship—*pray don't smile*—but an attempt at authorship was my next effort to ward off poverty. A lady of an ancient *émigrée* family, with whom I became acquainted through my friend, led me to this act of vanity. Descended from one of the highest families in France, she was now reduced to a position in the world resembling my own, and asked out her means of subsistence by translating German works, sometimes for celebrated authors, at others for periodicals; in the latter case she arranged her translations, curtailing chapters, and transposing portions to suit the pages they were intended for. She urged me to adopt a similar pursuit. I selected a work of Miss Edgeworth's, to which I thought I could do justice; but I had little idea of the labour I had undertaken. However, I consoled myself, pending the task, with visions of fame that awaited me as an authoress. After fifteen days of incessant toil, I completed a volume. My literary friend read over the work, made some corrections and undertook to dispose of it to the proprietor of a magazine, by whom she was employed. It was excusable in my age to believe I had completed a *chef-d'œuvre*. I sincerely thought the praise bestowed by my friend was cold, and felt short of the merits of the work; but my vanity was doomed to receive a greater humiliation. The novel was returned to me, the margin covered with marks of correction, and such alterations required as would have occupied as much time as the original translation. I had not courage to face the task. Weeping bitterly, I threw the manuscript into the fire. 'Ungrateful country!' exclaimed the Greek patriot, 'you shall not have my bones!' 'Wretched journal!' I mentally cried, with as much pride as the indignant Greek, 'you shall not have my prose!' I vowed to write no more, convinced that a literary life was of all things the most unhappy and laborious. In justice, I must admit that my disappointment blessed my judgment. In mixing more in the world, in seeing more of life and its realities, I have learned that every undertaking has in the commencement