

"I lost my father three months ago." I tried to keep my voice steady, but, as I felt, in vain.

"Poor Child!" Mrs. Knollys said no more, but the tone was kind and encouraging. Altogether, I left her with a sensation of relief, and gratitude that my new life was to begin under such favorable auspices.

Feb. 25th—A week has elapsed since my arrival at Thornhaugh, under the care of Mrs Knollys and her maid. I say "her maid" advisedly, for though in name the lady was the director and chaperone of our party, in fact it was governed by Mrs. Short, as energetic and sour faced an Abigail as one would desire to see. The journey was agreeable enough, in spite of the cold weather, and the drive from the station, (of nine miles), would in summer be beautiful, as I could see even through its present mantle of snow. Thornhaugh itself is an old, and somewhat gloomy mansion, with a fir wood behind, and pleasure grounds in front and on one side of it. On the other, close (much too close,) to the house, runs the stone wall of the neighbouring park of Lord C.—the place has no pretensions to natural beauty, but is kept in exquisite order, and is highly valued by its owner as having been from time immemorial in the family; it is considered as in a peculiar manner the property of a younger or second son, and this rule has been observed for more generations than Mrs. Knollys could count when she told me the story. She seems to have great pride of birth, belonging herself to a good old family, and having married into that of Knollys, which dates back to—heaven knows when.

The time I have been here, has sufficed to enable me to make some observations on the inmates as well as on the place. Miss Knollys is absent on a visit to an aunt in the neighbourhood, so I have not yet made her acquaintance, but with my two pupils I am already on good terms. The first introduction was not particularly favorable. On our arrival I was taken to Mrs. Knollys' dressingroom, and the young ladies sent for. Two children, of eleven and nine apparently, came bounding in, but at sight of a stranger stopped short.

"Come here Clara;" said Mrs. Knollys. "This is Miss Norton, who is to be your governess in future."

The child came forward with a disappointed expression, "Oh mama!" she said. "You told me I should go to school."

"You are too young to go away from home, my dear; and besides I am sure you would not like to leave Emily, who you know could not go with you. Miss Norton will be very kind to you, and make you as clever and accomplished as she is herself."