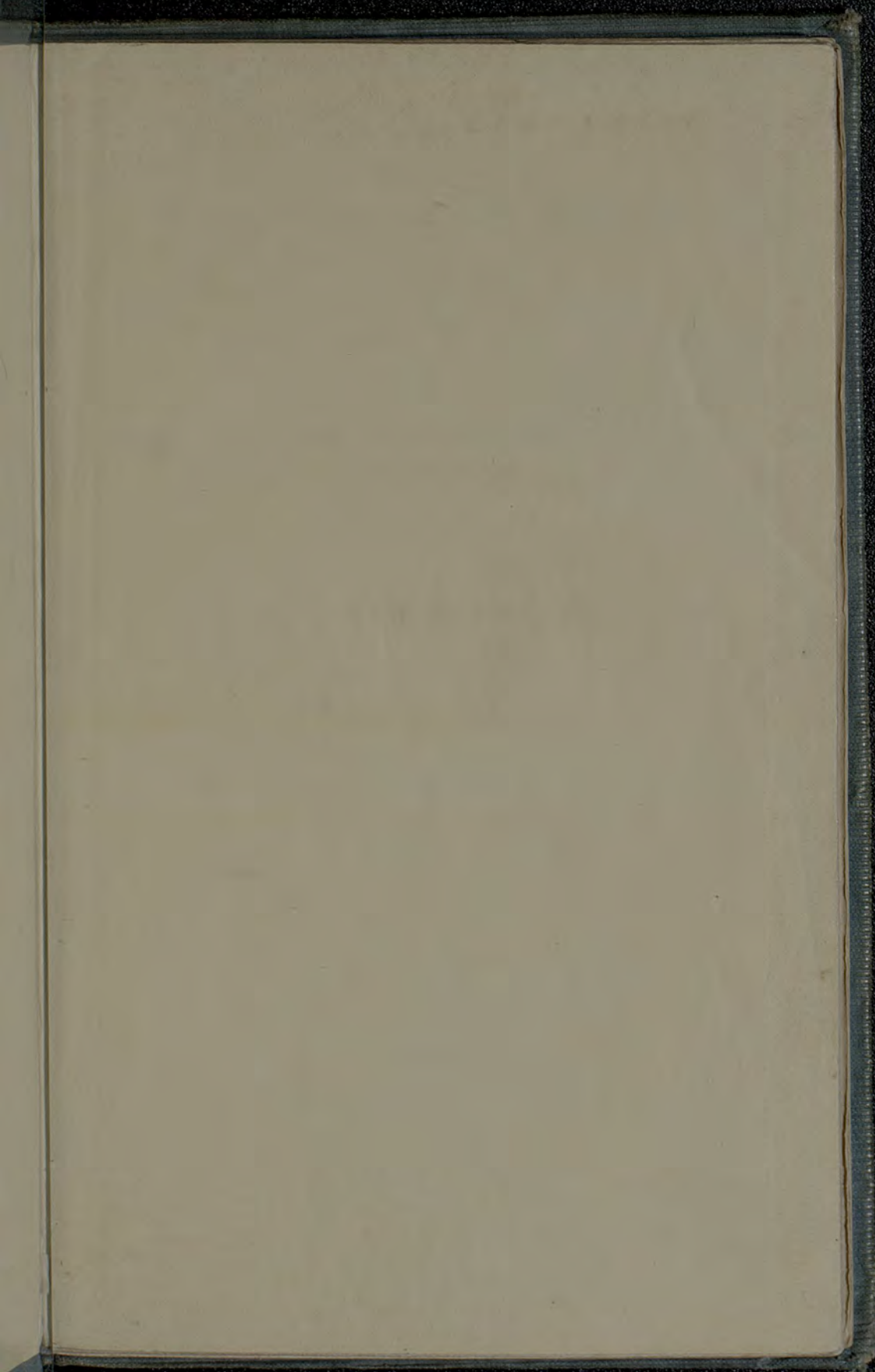
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LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF A DOLL

Anna Maria Davis
Aug. 29th 1844 -



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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A DOLL.

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

M<sup>LE</sup>. LOUISE D'AULNAY.

LONDON:

THOMAS HURST, 5, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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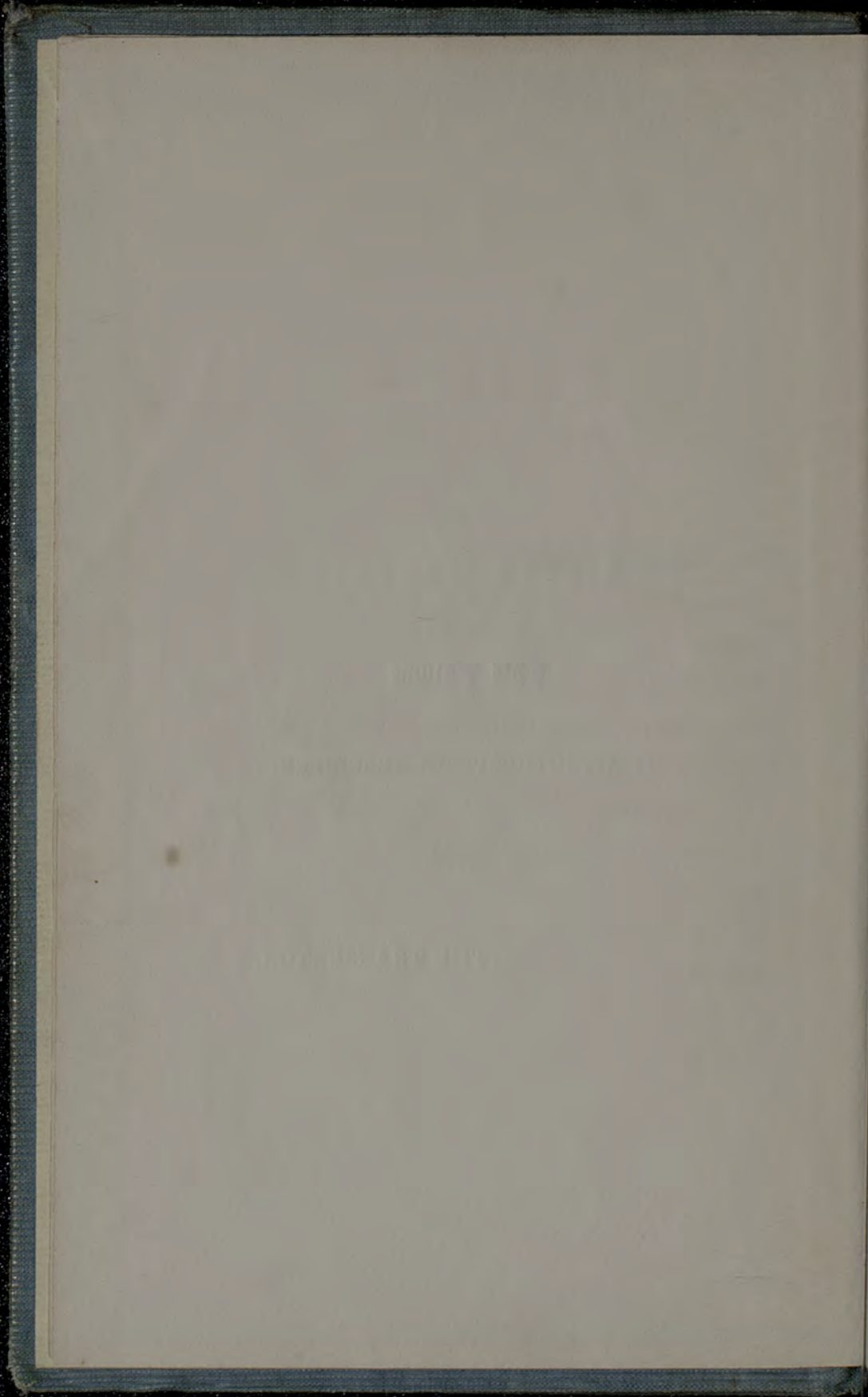
MY LITTLE MAYFLOWER,

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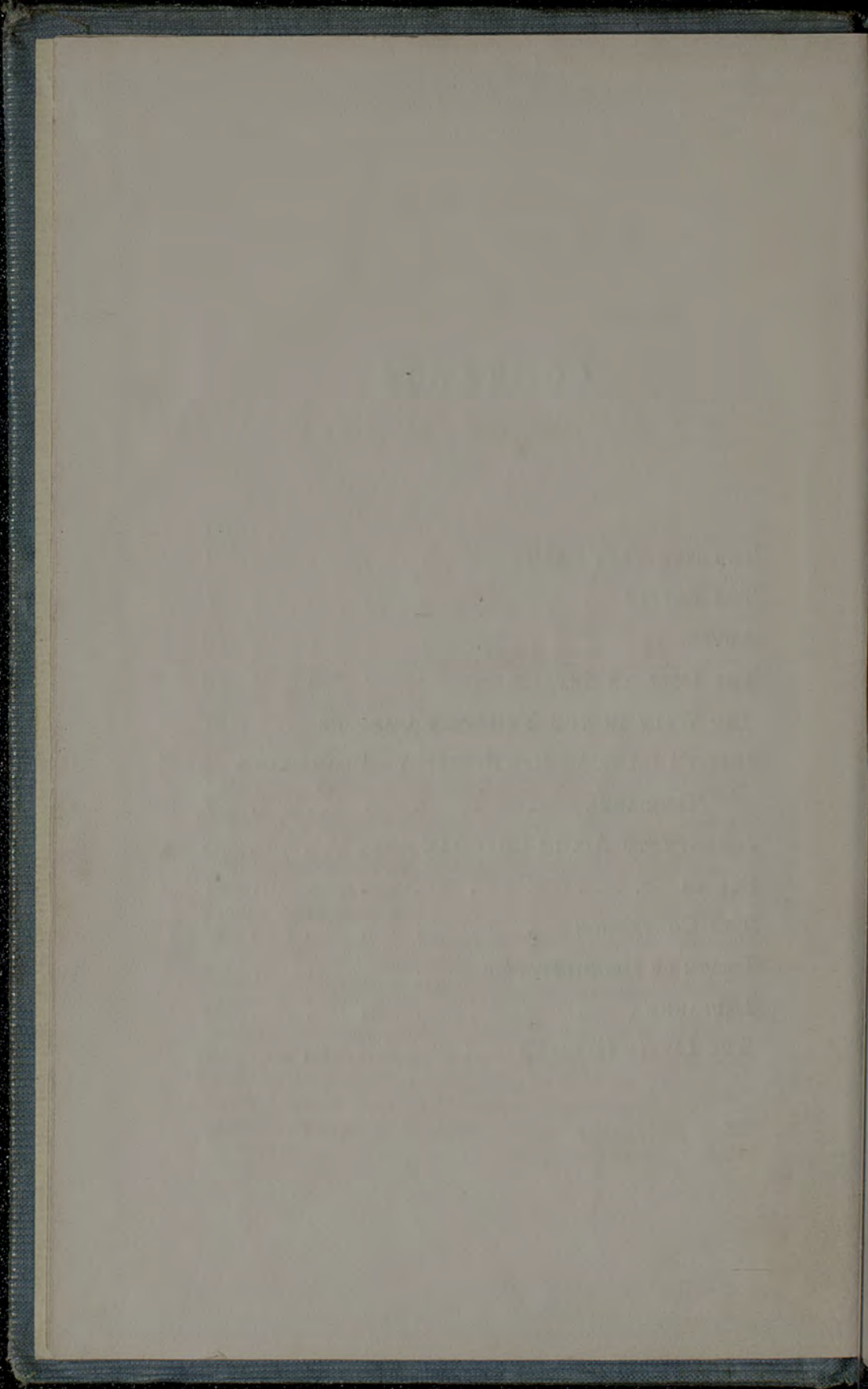




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# MEMOIRS OF A DOLL.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY is an important day—both to little girls and to dolls. What joy on the one part, what anxieties on the other!

I need not detail the process by which I became the most remarkable doll in the Rue Chapon.

I had already lain two months at the warehouse, when one day I saw a lady enter, holding by the hand a little girl between eight and nine years old.

It was Madame d'Aymard and her daughter, Henrietta.

“What is it you please to want, ma'am?” asked Mademoiselle Celestine, advancing to meet them.

“A doll,” replied, with emphasis, the little Henrietta.

“Here is a beauty, miss! only look at her: what pretty blue eyes! what charming black hair!—feet, hands!—she is perfection!”

How much I longed to thank Mademoiselle Celestine for these praises! I had seen, during the last month, so many slovenly little girls, into whose hands I had been afraid of falling; and Henrietta appeared to me so amiable and sweet tempered.

To my great astonishment she would have nothing to say to me; but preferred, she said, a doll ready drest, "for, you know, dear mamma," said the little thing, taking Madame d'Aymard by the arm—"you know how unable I am to make a gown or a bonnet; why, it is all I can do to hem a handkerchief after you have turned it down for me."

"That is the very reason, my love, that makes *me* prefer the undrest doll for you. Try and do your best, and, with a little patience, you will soon be able to sew as well as I can."

Henrietta hung her head; her infantine joy changed to sorrow; large crystal tears ran down her cheeks.

"Dear mamma, pray—pray don't make me any new-year's gift at all!"

"My child, Henrietta! do I hear you speak to me so, and you nearly nine years old?"

Madame d'Aymard sat down, and took Henrietta on her knees. "Henrietta," said she, with a sweet maternal smile, "Henrietta, I too have been a little girl like you, and I well remember the pleasure I had in making the clothes of my doll, Rosette; you have no idea how amusing it will be, folding them up and putting them by in the little wardrobe I intend giving you; making her bed too, singing her to sleep, and taking her up in the morning. How can you hesitate a moment? And that fat Swiss doll I see you looking at so earnestly, what pleasure would *it* give you in comparison? She is drest for years to come, has only the gown she has on, and that will soon be dirty, for she cannot change it. Besides" —

Henrietta had listened attentively to her mamma; her tears dried up, and her face shone again with smiles. "Yes, dear mamma, you are quite right; pray, buy it."

During this conversation, Mlle. Celestine had turned me round and round in her hands, shrugging her shoulders at every word the little Henrietta uttered; but seeing the change operated in my favour, her face also brightened, and she began singing my praises anew.

"What is the price of this doll?" asked Madame d'Aymard.

"Seventy francs, ma'am, precisely;" and Madame d'Aymard did not even say I was dear at that sum.

The child, quite delighted, tried at first to carry me herself under her arm, but I was too heavy, and fearing lest she should let me fall, she begged her mamma to take charge of me. But they had not walked far, when "Let me look at her," I heard her say, "let me look at her again; how pretty she is! I never saw a doll with such an expression; one would say she thinks. Oh! you dear doll! Thank you, dear mamma, thank you, for having made me take it."

Arrived at the house, she undid the brown paper that Mlle. Celestine had wrapt me up in; then she admired me afresh, counted my fingers and toes, and (nobody being in the room) pressed me to her heart, kissed me, and said in a whisper:

"Poor doll! how cold you must be! but I will learn to sew as quick as I can; you shan't remain cold through my fault, I promise you. We shall be often together, for I intend doing all I can to please mamma, and you will see what a nice good mamma she is."

Ah! said I to myself, what a happy futurity dawns before me! there will be no punishments here. Henrietta is a good girl, and we shall have all our studies and play together.

My little friend passed the rest of the day in trying to think of a name for me, but she could not hit upon one to her mind. In the evening she made me a little bed at the foot of her own; and the whole time she was undressing, spoke of nothing but me to her nurse Eulalie, who, I was glad to observe, seemed to be a

good-tempered girl, of whom I need have no fear in point of temper. No one knows what dolls have often to undergo from nurses and housemaids.

After making me as comfortable as she could, Henrietta bade me good night, promising to wake me on the morrow.

The child slept ill; twenty times she nearly kicked me out of bed; she talked a great deal in her sleep; but it was the same kind heart by night as by day—nothing but caresses and thanks to her kind mamma for giving her such a pretty doll.

So much happiness really made me uneasy. Alas! thought I to myself, the fate of dolls is too well known; will not the time come when I shall belong to some naughty child, who, herself the victim of her own bad disposition, will be the torment of all around her, from her doll upwards?

Next morning, at eight o'clock, I was interrupted in my reflections by the sweet voice of Henrietta. "Good morning, my dear," said she, taking me in her arms. "Aha, miss! what shall I call you?"

She reflected a moment with a very serious air. All on a sudden she jumped up in her bed. "Eulalie! Eulalie! come, quick! I have found a name for my doll! we will call her VERMEILLE, after the beautiful princess in the fairy tale I am so fond of! Look, her cheeks are quite rosy enough for that!"

Henrietta always got up the moment her nurse told her to do so; she was a very obedient little girl,—no one ever had occasion to remind her to say her prayers, or to do anything else which she had once been told to do. Why are not all little girls like Henrietta?

Madame d'Aymard, delighted with her daughter's industry, took quite a pleasure in teaching her; Eulalie also helped; so that in a few months I had the prettiest *trousseau* that a doll could wish for.

Henrietta's papa bought me a charming little cot-bed, hung with elegant sky-blue curtains. Madame d'Aymard gave me a dressing-table, and a writing-case,

well furnished with pens, ink, and paper. Never surely did a doll's existence glide away more happily than mine.

In the winter, Henrietta never failed to rub my feet to warm them, before putting me to bed; bedgown, nightcap—I wanted nothing. My dress for the day—satin robe, boa, muff, velvet tippet, everything was of the best material and last fashion, and always kept neat and tidy,—I had my visiting cards too; winter and summer, I passed for the most elegant doll in the Faubourg St. Germain.

I well remember what pleasure Henrietta and I had at a children's ball at Miledi Stuart's, the English ambassadress. We were drest alike; Henrietta was my chaperon,—our entry excited general admiration and not a little envy.

A naughty little girl plotted with her brother to seize the moment when Henrietta was dancing to scratch me with a pin, which she held ready in her hand.

I shuddered at overhearing this scheme against my beauty; but, I assure you, it was less on my own account than Henrietta's, who had kept me as fresh and bright as the day she received me from the hands of Mlle. Celestine.

Fortunately, Henrietta loved me too well to let me out of her sight for a moment; and when a little beau came to ask her to dance, she only accepted him on condition that he would dance with me at the same time with herself.

No one blamed this whim; besides, it was a novel sight for the children. Sometimes Henrietta took me by the arms, and made me spin round with a grace peculiar to myself; but the delight became general when Henrietta's cousin Louis obtained her permission to waltz with me; he was a good boy whom she could trust me with, and an excellent dancer too; he made me cut pirouettes in the air, and caught me again with the utmost dexterity; the cries of excitement and joy were really overpowering; as for me, I was in raptures.

The evening closed in perfect harmony, and Henrietta and her doll went to bed in the highest possible good humour with themselves and with all the world.

During the hours of study, I was ever at the side of my little friend; more than once she repeated me her lessons without missing a word—no question of it, for I had the pen in my hand and the paper before me, to mark her faults if she made any.

Whenever Monsieur Benoit, Henrietta's writing-master, was pleased with his pupil, he gave me too a lesson, which proved more to my advantage than the good man was aware of. How precious then became my writing-case! Unable as I was to tell Henrietta how dearly I loved her, I had at least the satisfaction of recording with my pen what I thought of her.

Whenever she wrote a page of copy to be exhibited at any of the family festivals, M. Benoit made use of my hand to embellish it with exquisite flourishes, all which I had the credit of.

No!—it is impossible to conceive the happiness of the doll which belongs to a good and amiable child! Alas! I was not to remain long with my dear Henrietta, and it was her own good heart that occasioned our separation.



## CHAPTER II.

### THE RAFFLE.

ONE day that Henrietta had played with me more than usual (we had been paying full-dress visits of ceremony to some of our acquaintance), a poor woman called at Madame d'Aymard's, with her three children, thinly clad and shivering with cold.

This poor woman had been recommended to her by one of her friends, who begged her assistance towards sending her home to her native country, Anjou.

Thérèse had lost her husband at Paris, an excellent workman, who supported his wife and children by his labour; his death had left them utterly destitute.

Henrietta listened with swimming eyes to this sad story,—I was asleep in her arms, which did not, however, prevent my seeing her cast many anxious looks on these poor children, whose clothes were all hanging in rags; and when I felt her little hand stroke the stockings of Cashmere wool that she had knit for me, I could not doubt what was passing in her mind,—“ Vermeille has warm stockings and shoes lined with fur, and these poor children have no stockings at all, and only a little straw in their wooden shoes!”

She sighed, went down stairs, and returned with some biscuits and old clothes, which Eulalie had given her.

Madame d'Aymard, too, gave poor Thérèse some money, and she went away not a little consoled by such a kind reception.

Left alone with her mamma, Henrietta began to talk

of the widow and her children: all the little reasonings of the dear child were admirable.

"But, my dear mamma, how will they manage if they do not get money enough to go in the coach? What will they do?"

"They must walk, my child."

"Walk, mamma! only think,—they will die on the road, before reaching Anjou. Oh! that I were but grown up! I should then be able to pay their fare for them. I should have a watch like my cousins; but a little girl has nothing—nothing—but her doll!"

"Well!" said Madame d'Aymard.

"Well, my dear mamma!" replied Henrietta, blushing and hugging me with all her might, "what good would that do? And then—part with Vermeille, with Vermeille, mamma! What an idea!"

"Why, Henrietta, I thought you were really interested about these poor children, and that we had hit on an expedient which would pay their fare, and even leave something over for them. But we will not talk of it any more; you have deceived yourself, Henrietta, as to your sensibility, and this too often happens with you. The fact is, you are *not* interested about them as you thought you were."

"Mamma, mamma, don't say so," replied Henrietta, all in tears; "I *am* sorry for them, indeed I am; but Vermeille!" said the poor little thing, throwing her arms round her mother's neck, but without quitting me; "I am so fond of my doll!"

"I grant," replied Madame d'Aymard, kissing her, "that Vermeille is a rare doll! I know how well she amuses you, and that is precisely the reason why I would now urge you to make the sacrifice of her. I shall then be able to say, with perfect confidence, my Henrietta has a good heart! You do not know, my child, what pleasure, what comfort you will have in thinking to yourself, 'Those poor little girls are warmly drest; they are travelling in the *diligence!*' You will see them in imagination sitting down to the dinner

which is prepared for those only who have money to pay for it. They will think of *you* too; they will bless and pray for you! Ah, my love," said Madame d'Aymard, embracing Henrietta, "if you knew the joy this good action will give you, you would not hesitate a moment. Have confidence in your mother: come, take courage; part with Vermeille. Besides, you are now old enough to be useful; we shall have the poor to work for, the poor for whom the good Dorcas worked, whose story you read yesterday in the Bible; and you already sew very neatly,—well?"

"My dear mamma, you are right, and your heart is better than mine; I *will* give up Vermeille; but, mamma," said the poor child, hiding her face in her two little hands, "dear mamma, do not be angry with me for crying! Vermeille is *so* amiable! Look at her, mamma, one would say she loved me! Well, well; who shall we sell her to? I won't sell Vermeille cheap, mamma!"

"I will tell you, Henrietta," returned Madame d'Aymard, "what my idea is. We will have a raffle,—doll, trousseau, bed, and wardrobe, all shall be included in the ticket, which we will fix at five francs; this will make a total of 450 francs, and that will make a handsome sum, sufficient for Thérèse (after paying her fare) to settle herself in the country and set to work with. We will ask all *your* friends and their friends, and draw the tickets here."

"Ah, mamma! should Vermeille fall to some careless naughty girl!—Poor Vermeille!"

The day passed in writing the tickets. At night, entering her room, Henrietta came close up to my bedside, opened the curtains, and looked in at me. "Dear Vermeille," she whispered, "you won't in future be so carefully put to bed, so nicely tucked in!" She kissed and pressed me to her heart a thousand times.

"Thus, then," said I to myself, "thus ends my happiness! Oh, Henrietta! how dear will your good heart cost me!"

Yet I could not help doing justice both to Madame

d'Aymard's good sense and the dear child's sensibility. After all, I could not blind myself to it,—of what earthly consequence is a doll?

All our past happiness presented itself to my imagination in the liveliest colours; our walks together, the children's ball, our little feasts, and even our hours of study. Sweet, but sad reminiscences!

Madame d'Aymard had many acquaintances, Henrietta many friends, and all the little girls admired and longed for Vermeille; so that by the end of the week every ticket was taken, and the day was fixed for the raffle.

All that morning Henrietta, resolved as she was to part with me, could not retain her tears. Eulalie, affected herself, constantly reminded her of the surprise and happiness that awaited the good Thérèse.

Henrietta, dear child, admired me as much as on the first day of our acquaintance. For the last time she dressed me, and did my hair—words of sorrow!—for the last time. I appeared in the saloon in my full lustre.

I had on my finest stockings, my shoes (the prettiest ever seen) of white satin, my white crape gown, studded with blue wafers, a mantille of old point, pearls whose whiteness set off the beauty of my sable hair; I held in my hand a perfumed handkerchief embroidered by Henrietta, and a bouquet of fresh flowers.

Towards seven o'clock the guests began to arrive. Madame d'Aymard had intended that they should play first at some little games she had thought of, but the little creatures could think of nothing but Vermeille; so she gave up that idea.

Henrietta proposed that I should draw the decisive number. This was unanimously agreed to. She took me by the waist, plunged my hands into the fatal urn, and I brought up the number

“77.”

Madame d'Aymard proclaimed it in a loud voice.

A general confusion pervaded the assemblage.

"It is me! it is me!" cried, from the extremity of the saloon, Adèle de Versac, a claim which was received by a general silence of disapprobation.

And no wonder; for Adèle was detested: she was known to be disobedient, idle, and passionate. Did she take part in any game, a quarrel was sure to ensue. More than once had I been the witness of her bad temper.

Words, then, cannot express what passed within me, when Henrietta, whose heart I felt beat against mine, placed me in the arms of that naughty child! Alas, of what use to me were these beautiful eyes that could not weep!

All the little girls gathered round Adèle to admire me.

"How happy is she to have got Vermeille!" said one.

"It is a thousand pities," answered another; "how much that dear good Henrietta must regret her! I am sure *I* could never have given her up so!"

Adèle, proud of her prize, never parted with me the whole evening; she exhibited with pride my magnificent trousseau, permitting no one to touch the simplest article.

A dance finished the evening; but what attraction could a ball, which was the seal of our separation, have for *me*?

The door-bell rang—"The servant is come for Mlle. Adèle!"

Henrietta pressed me to her heart once more—once more. One of her tears wet my cheek: it was the first stain on my beauty!

## CHAPTER III.

### ADVERSITY.

My sad anticipations were too soon realized. Adèle had as many faults as Henrietta merits.

The very evening that she won me at the raffle I was thrown on a canopy-bed, no one dreaming of taking charge of me. What a change!

Next morning, the servant, in dusting the saloon, threw me into an arm-chair. "Not an ugly doll," said he, glancing at me; "but what will it look like a fortnight hence?"

Everything then warned me of my impending fate, and flight was impossible!

As soon as Adèle had got up, she came to look for me, and violently scolded the servant for not having covered me with a duster before sweeping the room; my pretty crape gown was quite spoilt; my pearls and hair were covered with dust—the brightness of my eyes was gone. In passing before the glass, I had seen all the indignity which an hour of adversity had overwhelmed me with. Alas! on how frail a tenure depends the beauty of a doll!

Adèle roughly undressed me, put on me a morning gown all askew, did not even give herself the trouble of arranging my hair, and said to me, in the sulkiest tone imaginable, "Do you think, then, Miss Vermeille, that you are going to lead the same idle life with me that you did with Henrietta?—be dressed ten times a day?—no such thing! No, no—they torment me to

work:—well, I will torment you in my turn. To the piano, miss! you shall see how amusing it is playing the scales!

She sat down to the instrument and placed my fingers on the keys, striking them at random; the saloon rang with discords.

This scene was repeated every time that Madame de Versac was not present at her daughter's lessons.

It was not thus that Henrietta amused herself with me. What a difference! When *she* had finished her lessons, the dear child placed my hands on hers, and played all her prettiest airs. If a false note occurred—"Attention, Vermeille!" she cried—"begin again—very well! Oh, my pretty doll!" At other times, she would sing, and I accompanied her.

In Henrietta's play there always mingled something good and intelligent; really, without vanity, I consider myself an impartial judge in the praises I bestow on her.

On the contrary, whenever Adèle had done her lessons ill, she revenged herself on me for the reproaches her idleness had justly merited.

Every day brought on some new scene.

One morning, Madame de Versac, entering her daughter's room, found me lying in my chemise, beside the bellows and the little broom, in the corner of the room.

"Could any one believe it?" said she, stopping and looking at me—"Vermeille already thrown aside, stripped of her clothes, her complexion faded, her feet and hands dirty—who would not know that this is the doll of a naughty little idle girl?—And you longed so for her! She would have been much better bestowed on Suzette, the porter's child. Idle girl! dress her immediately, and let her come down to the drawing-room this evening, that, if your little friends come to see you, they may be the witnesses of your negligence."

Nothing certainly could surpass Madame de Versac's generosity in taking my part in this manner, and yet I

could not feel as grateful as I ought, foreseeing the irritation that observations so just would excite in Adèle; and, moreover, to confess the truth, I was not much flattered at hearing my altered appearance described in such plain terms. Appear in the saloon in the condition I was in! admiration would be exchanged for contempt. It was a bitter pill to my vanity.

As soon as Madame de Versac had left the room, Adèle seized me in a rage, whipped me, and added several blows, which nearly broke through my cheeks.

"Nasty thing!" cried she, "there wanted only you in the house to get me scolded more than I was before. Dress you, indeed! yes, I *will* dress you; but don't try my patience, mind! or you shall suffer for it!"

It was with some difficulty that she found a gown for me; and when my arm had to be passed through a rather tight lilac sleeve, which Henrietta had often and often put on for me, she did it so roughly that the arm came off in her hand.

In the utmost consternation Adèle became red and calm at the same moment. She tried to fasten my poor arm on again with pins; but her efforts were in vain, and all my bran was running out: in a few minutes that arm so round and graceful, presented nothing but a miserable collapsed sheath of leather!

Adèle, in despair, went in search of her nurse, described her misfortune, and patiently endured all her remonstrances, and "I told you so's," which ended, however, in her coming to her assistance. Charlotte was a handy young woman, and soon mended my wounded arm.

From this day Adèle showed herself much better tempered towards me; she even arranged my clothes with some care. Whence this change? What were her projects? I have never been able to imagine them. She never spoke except to scold me.

Madame de Versac's portress had a charming little girl, whom Miss Adèle, in spite of her pride, now and then sent for upstairs to play with.



Suzette was excessively fond of dolls; she had for her only plaything a wretched boy-doll, muffled up in rags which the housemaids had given her; before my arrival, she had never imagined anything more charming, but after seeing *me*, she became quite indifferent to it—than which nothing could be more natural.

“How happy you are, miss, in having a doll with legs and arms that move, and eyes that shine, like Vermeille’s! Let us play with her,” she said.

“No, Suzette; we will play at ladies! you shall be my maid and dress me, and I will scold you and turn you off—it will be fine fun!”

The pretty little portress did not agree with her, and truly with reason; for Adèle seasoned her play with all the ill-nature of her character, and the evening often ended with tears.

One evening Suzette, seeing me lying in a corner, ventured to ask Adèle’s leave to take and play with me for a whole day.

“Take her, my dear, and keep her till I ask for her again—it will be a nuisance the less; that doll tires me to death—one would say it lay there to spy all I do!”

Figure to yourself Suzette’s joy in carrying down in her arms her young lady’s doll!

When she entered the porter’s hall, the astonishment was general. “Has she given it you?” asked her mother.

“No,” answered the child, “but she says I may keep it till she asks for it.”

All the world admired me; a princess could not have made a greater sensation.

The good little girl made me welcome to half her bed; she undressed me, made me the best night-clothes she could; in short, the poor child thought of nothing but me—which always flatters people, even dolls.

Pierre and his wife were worthy folks, bringing up Suzette, their only daughter, with the utmost care, never allowing her to run and play about in the streets; her mother, who knew how to read and write, kept a

school. I was delighted with the harmony which reigned in the lodge.

Nine o'clock struck—Pierre, Suzette, and I went to bed—the good woman sat up part of the night.

I lay by Suzette's side. If a doll ever slept, I should indeed have thought myself dreaming! Vermeille sleeping with a portress! What had become of that elegant bed, with its little sky-blue curtains, in which I used to repose like a princess?

In point of positive happiness, I well know it is better to belong to a good little servant girl than a naughty young lady. Yet, nevertheless, it must be granted it would have been difficult to rest indifferent to such a loss of caste. Dolls are no wiser than other folks.

Till two in the morning I heard nothing but raps at the door, Pierre snoring, and the yawns of his wife, or her muttered grumblings at the lodgers for staying out so late.

Next morning Suzette, wishing to do my toilet in a *recherché* manner, wet the corner of her handkerchief with her tongue, and began rubbing me to clean me. In a second I became as pale as ashes! Suzette, whose roses only bloomed the brighter for the scrubbing her mother gave her every morning, had not foreseen this result.

The poor girl fell a crying and sobbing at the sight of my pale cheeks; she ran to find Charlotte, who was very fond of her, and always gave her a biscuit or a few comfits when she brought her up a letter or a card for her mistress.

"My poor child," said she, "don't fret yourself so much about it; Miss Adèle is tired of her doll; I will put it by in the wardrobe, and if she asks for it, I will tell her the dust has spoiled it. Don't cry so."

Suzette was only half consoled—she was to see Vermeille no more, and then—a lie!

New misery for me! to be exiled to the bottom of a clothes' press, with no other company than Charlotte's chemises and under-petticoats!

Ah, bitter remembrances!—And yet that exile, that seclusion was of no slight benefit to me. How many reflections passed through my mind during this tedious confinement!

At last—

(“It might be months, or years, or days,—  
I kept no count; I took no note”—)

at last, one day, Juliet de Marsillac—a fair-haired, merry-hearted little girl, with beautiful blue eyes—came to play with her cousin Adèle. She asked after me. Adèle blushed, rang the bell, and in a sulky tone ordered the servant to bring Vermeille for her little friend.

Juliet, alarmed at my looks of ill health, said nothing; but Adèle, divining her thoughts, exclaimed against my ugliness, and added, with a sneer, that she no longer played at dolls.

“Give her to me, then, Adèle,” said Juliet.

“Very willingly, my dear—let us look for her clothes. Look, here is her bed—take it, doll and all, with my whole heart.”

In an instant the wrecks of my *trousseau* were brought together again. My bed, my wardrobe, and my writing-case had been carefully laid by by Charlotte. I re-entered into possession of my property with no little satisfaction.

Juliet was ten years old; the good I had heard of her gave me hopes that some little happiness was in store for me yet. I departed in raptures at quitting the scene of so much suffering.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE DOLL AN INVALID.

RETURNED home, Juliet examined me attentively; she was grieved to find in me a hundred defects that had escaped her notice in the first joy of acquisition.

My arm came off again, my cheeks were falling off in flakes, my hair was hopelessly entangled.—All this did not dishearten Juliet, who was a devoted friend to dolls.

She went, however, to ask her mother what could be done towards putting me in order a little, and it was decided that I should pay a visit of a few days to my original home in the Rue Chapon.

Meanwhile, Juliet had no mind to lose her enjoyment of the present moment—always the most precious; she devised a mode of dissembling my ill looks, while she played with me.

“Suppose only,” said the amiable child, “that we have taken a journey—the carriage has upset—Vermeille has broken her arm and the tip of her nose,—nothing easier!”

Immediately she hung a black riband round my neck as a sling, placed my arm in it very gently, put me on a night-cap, the broad trimming of which served me as a partial veil—wrapped me up in her shawl,—in a word, all was so well arranged, that, with a little stretch of the imagination, one might have pronounced me positively pretty.

That day my bed was thoroughly well made—sheets, pillow—everything as neat as I could wish. On a little

table, placed beside me, stood a pretty china cup, about the size of a thimble, into which Juliet every now and then poured some excellent lemonade, which she encouraged me to take by tasting.

In the evening, several of her friends came to play with her, for she was a charming child, beloved by all the world.

"Mesdemoiselles," said the little girl, "I am enchanted to see you, but I can only allow you to stay on condition that you will make no noise—my doll is ill; she has had a bad fall, and I am apprehensive of a brain fever."

"My dear Juliet," cried Blanche, the wag of the party, "she must be bled immediately—not a moment to be lost; how lucky that I came this evening! my German doll fell from her donkey last year, at Montmorency, and but for me ——"

"Let us go and see Vermeille!" cried the children, foreseeing how much fun my illness would afford them.

"Gently, gently!" said Juliet, walking on tiptoe; "gently, now—perhaps she is asleep."

I then saw these sweet children advance cautiously to my bed, the curtains of which were half opened.

"Can you trust me?" asked Blanche, with an important air.

"Perfectly," replied Juliet.

"Then, Miss Vermeille, give me your arm. Ah! how it burns—poor doll! a raging fever—quick! my lancet! I will bleed her——"

"Stop!" cried Juliet, "I won't have Vermeille's arm spoiled."

"Pooh, my dear, who wants to spoil Vermeille's arm? Let me alone, will you; I have seen my nurse bled—you will see how well I understand these matters."

Blanche, with the utmost gravity, prepared bandages, tied up my arm, and with a large pin pierced a vein—a little bran escaped.

"Now," continued our doctor, "we must apply

blisters to the legs; how fortunate that I came in to-night!"

She took two large wafers and stuck them on.

All this was done with perfect seriousness; the little ones were delighted.

. . . . . It was six o'clock—the nurses came to take their little girls home—it was time to go. They kissed Juliet, and promised to return soon to enquire how I was going on.

These children had not been so well amused for many a day; and, as for me, I was not the least displeased with the play they had devised.—After having lain neglected so long in the corners of Mademoiselle de Versac's room, a good bed seemed to me by far the best remedy for my fatigues.

As for the lemonade, not a drop of it remained, and the consumption of lemons had been immense.

Am I right—or is it merely self-love? but I cannot help thinking that children so amiable, so attentive to the comforts of a sick doll, will some day make the best of nurses to their mothers or little sisters, when suffering in a similar manner.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE WALK IN THE TUILERIES GARDENS.

GREAT was the satisfaction of my little friend and me, when one morning I returned from the Rue Chapon, glowing with health, my arm healed, and my hair in beautiful condition. Juliet was enchanted with my good looks; she dressed me with the utmost elegance, and took me to walk with her in the Tuileries gardens.

It was the month of May; the lilacs in full blossom exhaled the sweetest perfume, and the delicious weather had tempted out all the little girls and their mammas.

This lovely sight brought back to my recollection the walks I had enjoyed some years before with my dear Henrietta. Alas, thought I, now that she is grown up, I fear that she no longer remembers me! She must be a charming person! She will make a good mother I am sure; she was so fond of her doll. Ah! were she to pass us in the garden I am sure I should know her again.

Delighted as Juliet was to have me hanging on her arm, she was not insensible to the charms of the skipping-rope. Her mamma gave us leave to join a party of young girls whose grace and gaiety attracted the notice of all the passers by.

Among those who looked on, I remarked a tall and very beautiful young lady, holding by the hand a very pretty little girl; the child wished to play with the older ones, which her sister would not allow, the little thing

being scarcely able to walk. Tears and cries succeeded.

Juliet, grieved to see any one crying while she was so happy, ran up to her, and put me into her arms to console her.

It answered completely.

“What is your doll’s name, my dear?” said the young lady to Juliet.

“Vermeille.”

“Vermeille!—Tell me, my dear, was it you that named it so?”

“No, mademoiselle! this doll is already very old, and has always been called by that name.”

The curiosity of the young person increased more and more—so much so, that Juliet, seeing the rope going round, and time passing away, assured her that her mother would willingly tell her the adventures of Vermeille.

Madame de Marsillac coming up at that moment, the conversation turned entirely upon me; and in a few moments I learnt beyond a doubt, that the tall young lady in question was Henrietta d’Aymard.

A scene really affecting ensued. Henrietta was deeply touched with the tale of my misfortunes—I saw a tear in her eye.—“The poor Vermeille,” said she, lifting me up; “would you believe it, madame? I *doated* on this doll; without Vermeille everything was indifferent to me—what tears that raffle cost me!”

The two ladies ended with fits of laughter—while I . . . was *agonizing* under my inability to express my feelings. Oh, if I could but have said to her, “I recognized *you* first—in happiness and misery I have thought of you—Oh! Henrietta.”—There are moments in which being merely a doll is insupportable!—In a word, I saw her again, that good Henrietta. Her beauty was enhanced by a sweetness of expression, such as I had seldom seen—and yet, there was something in her looks that made me uneasy, I



knew not why ; it did not, however, seem to strike the passers by, who never failed to turn round and admire her lovely figure.—“It is Mlle. d’Aymard,” I overheard a gentleman say,—“she is already her mother’s best friend ; she is good, simple-hearted, and generous, and gives to the poor what so many others lay out on the gratification of their own vanity.”

Were I writing these memoirs for the public, I should, I think, be more reserved in my reflections ; but, surely, a doll, writing simply for its own satisfaction, may record what passes in its head?—After all, supposing this manuscript *were* to fall into the hands of a little girl, she would see how much happiness a mere child that is good and amiable has it in its power to bestow.—Ah! were all known—if we dolls could tell papas and mammas all that we are daily witnesses of up-stairs, how many little gluttonous and idle girls would never come down to the drawing-room!—I may add, that one can always more or less judge of a child’s character by the manner in which it treats its doll.

I return to my walk in the Tuileries gardens.

Henrietta thanked my sweet friend for her goodness to the little Marie, and replaced me in Juliet’s hands.

Suddenly a quarrel arose among the dancers at the skipping-rope, and Juliet and I ran up to see what was the matter.

A pretty little Norman peasant-girl, neatly dressed in the costume of her country, was walking through the garden with her mother. The child wished to jump at the skipping-rope along with the elegant Parisian girls, but they drove her rudely away, and she, far from being daunted, resisted their violence, so that cries and angry words rose and attracted the notice of every one in that part of the garden.

“She shall not play with us!” exclaimed Honorine, a little girl of ten years old, pale, and affectedly dressed, and who, I am sure, had accompanied her mother to every ball during the last winter. “No, a country girl

has no right to interrupt our play; don't turn the rope for her!"

"But only see how obstinate she is," cried another. "Get away, little girl, will you? you annoy us." And other ill-natured girls held the same language. I was becoming furious.

Juliet, passing her fair head under her neighbour's arm, was equally indignant at seeing the pretty stranger so unkindly treated.

"She *shall* jump—she *shall* jump!" cried she; and twenty kind voices responded to her's.

The good Juliet took one end of the rope, another followed her example, the rope went round, the young peasant darted forward, threw back her head joyously, and, resting her hands on her sides, kept it up thirty times before stopping. The air rang with cries of joy and applause.

The airs of disdain put on by our fine young ladies ill dissembled their rage. "What a figure!" said Honorine. "Really it is too bad; every one is allowed to pass here; it has become quite a bear-garden. Mamma must positively speak to M. de Hamburg to-morrow about it."

Silly fool! why had I no tongue to ask if *you* were a blessing to your parents; if *you* could say your prayers and your catechism?

Let us return to our bold little Norman girl.

After having kissed her mother, blushing all over with joy, she made a pretty curtsey to the company, and went away quite happy, turning round from time to time to look back at Juliet, till she reached the iron gate leading to the Palais Royal.

It was five o'clock, and we returned to the house.

## CHAPTER VI.

### JULIET'S ILLNESS—HER RECOVERY—VERMEILLE'S MARRIAGE.

OUR walks in the Tuileries gardens were soon interrupted. Juliet fell ill; her bright blue eyes became dull and languid, and the freshness of her cheeks gave way for a pale transparency, which cruelly alarmed her fond mother and all who loved her.

"Miss Juliet is ill," said the servants among themselves; "how sad the house will be! Ah, were Madame to lose her, she would die of grief! never was there a child so amiable; she has always some kind word of excuse if a servant gets into a scrape; please God to spare her, she will make a kind and good mistress some day or other."

Are not such home praises worth all the flattery one hears out of doors? for it is *at home* only that what is good or bad in the character is fairly appreciated.

Never did I hear any one speak so of Adèle de Versac—quite the contrary; *she* was attended to from respect for her mother, never from good will to herself. She was always giving trouble, and about the veriest trifles too; one must have had the wings of a bird to attend to her caprices. I have often seen her in a passion with Charlotte for not having tied her shoestring properly, (to think of a little girl ever allowing a servant to do such a thing for her!) and even if poor old Richard did not bring her up a tartlet the moment she called for it, he was sure to be scolded.

But I must not forget, in the remembrance of that

naughty Adèle, my beloved Juliet, whose sweetness formed so striking a contrast to her cousin's ill nature.

Madame de Marsillac was almost in despair; she never quitted her daughter's bedside. How I envied her position!

I too, thrown on my bed, was plunged in the deepest affliction; Juliet's moans wrung my heart. Tears, alas! were denied me. Poor thing, with what resignation she took whatever her mother or her nurse offered her!

"Come, Juliet, drink this, dear child—it will do you good—that is a good little girl!" And after a little, a very little reluctance, the dear good Juliet did as her mother desired her.

From my position I could see and hear all that passed, and that was my only comfort. With what anxiety did I watch every symptom of her recovery! Sometimes I even fancied I felt her kisses, I heard the music of her sweet voice.

Juliet's patience was put to a severe trial for three long weeks, and, but for her obedience in taking all the remedies prescribed for her, she might have died, like many other foolish little girls before her.

I hasten to her recovery.

How shall I ever forget that happy day when she first asked for me!

"Mamma, where is Vermeille? Let me play with her. My fever is gone, and there is no danger now."

I wished for wings to fly to her bedside!

Delighted at a request which indicated the return of health, Madame de Marsillac immediately placed me in her daughter's arms. Tender caresses, sweet overflowings of my Juliet's heart, your remembrance even now agitates my pen!

To you, M. Benoit! to you my thanks are due for this blessed power of giving vent to the secret emotions of my heart; and to thee, too, dearest Henrietta!

From this day forward I no longer quitted Juliet; her recovery and mine (for of course I was understood to share her illness) were simultaneous; we rose at the same hour, and lay on the sofa during the day, dressed both of us as invalids.

In short, in a few weeks our little Juliet was almost herself again. Joy and gratitude reigned in every heart and on every face of the family.

"Juliet," said her mamma one day, "I intend giving a little fête to celebrate your recovery, and I wish to thank all your little friends for the kind interest they have shown for you during your illness. Let me hear, then, how you would like to amuse yourself? You shall find me an indulgent mamma. Tell me, my child?" said the good Madame de Marsillac, kissing her.

"Now, dear mamma, you must not laugh at me; I have grown three inches during my illness, and yet I fear you will think I am going to ask you something very childish."

"Never mind, my love; let me hear it; you need not be afraid of telling me."

"Mamma, several months ago Louise and I determined to marry Vermeille, and the only reason why I did not tell you before is, that this marriage is not so easy a matter as we thought. In the first place she must have a husband, must she not, mamma? Well—this is what Louise has thought of,—our little friends shall each buy a little boy-doll at the toyshop; I will be Vermeille's mamma, I will hear what each gentleman has to say for himself, and will consult Vermeille; and when all is decided, I will make the trousseau: for I intend," added Juliet, with animation, "that Vermeille shall have the prettiest trousseau in Paris! We will give a grand dinner, at which the bridegroom and bride shall preside; and *then*, dearest mamma, if you wish to make Louise and me the happiest of all little girls, you will have a little carriage that goes by itself made for me,—we will place them in it, and see them drive about side by side like living persons!

"Do not say no, dear mamma—Louise has often spoken to me of this; we constantly think of it, we have set our hearts upon it, and it will be *so* amusing!"

"Well, Juliet," replied Madame de Marsillac, "I consent, but I must impose my own conditions. I am pleased with your idea of making Vermeille's trousseau; it will be an excellent way of learning to work. I have no doubt your young friends' mammas will allow them to meet here and make it up. I will be manager in chief; I will furnish you with patterns and advice; the best workwomen shall direct the others; you shall work during the mornings, and, after lunch, play for an hour or two in the garden, and I think you will all be very happy. When the trousseau is finished, we will marry the doll, and I will be at the expense of the wedding-feast."

Never did I see a happier little face than Juliet's while her mother entered into these details. She sprung to her mamma's neck.

I, on the contrary, far from sharing her delight, foresaw nothing satisfactory or agreeable to me in this marriage. Some insipid punchinello or cherry-cheeked shepherd, forsooth! who, without the smallest pretensions of his own, was to share my success in society, and more than probably supplant me in the affections of those I loved! No wonder the prospect distracted me.

A few words from Juliet reassured me.

"Well, dear Vermeille!" said she, taking me in her arms, "so you are going to be married! To-morrow I go out with mamma to make the necessary purchases for your trousseau. Oh, my sweet! how beautiful you will be! Come, smile a little; do not put on so grave a face. You need have no fear, you know, of my sharing my heart between your husband and you: you will always be my beloved one. You know, too, that little girls have no sort of love for harlequins and punchinellos, it would be too absurd. But, understand me, will you? this is only a game that that foolish little

Louise and I have imagined for amusing ourselves with you,—that is all; you shall not be contradicted, you shall make your own choice of a husband." She gave me a thousand other reasons, each as good as the other, to reconcile me to the idea of this marriage.

Meanwhile, Madame de Marsillac called upon the mammas of Juliet's friends, and easily obtained the requisite permission. Six little girls, the eldest about twelve years old, accepted with the greatest delight an invitation, which extended to three weeks or a month.

All the patterns and stuffs were displayed on a table. Each was to try and do her best.

"Look, ladies, how well this corset fits!" "My dear, what do you think of this capote?"

Such was the usual conversation I now listened to.

I witnessed with admiration the zeal and address of these amiable children.

For a whole month they worked with the utmost assiduity. At last my trousseau was complete; and they laid it out in triumph, with as much skill in displaying it to advantage as you see at the best dress-makers' shops.

The mammas bestowed the praises they deserved on their little girls; they were delighted with the beneficial results of a game at dolls.

You can form no idea of the care these little creatures had taken; many grown-up young ladies could not have done half so much. Dolls! dolls only elicit this taste for the needle; and those (and it is to be feared there are many such) who despise us, do us, on that account alone, great injustice, in my humble opinion!

The day arrived, (a Tuesday, as I well remember,) and my little friends were all assembled in the drawing-room, with their respective protégés—humble aspirants to the honour of my hand for life.

Elise presented me a young gentleman well appointed in every respect, but—with the appendage of a pair of leading-strings! Juliet laughed heartily, and passed a

thousand jokes on the pretensions of the puppet, who was laid aside without further ceremony.

Poor Elise retired pouting.

Anna brought forward a young shepherd, whose beauty, I grant, fully entitled him to pretend to my hand. But Juliet, admirably sustaining her part, rejected him, addressing him all the time the prettiest-turned compliments imaginable.

"Dear shepherd," said she, "what would you do with a young lady of Paris, like Vermeille, accustomed to society, with a taste for the arts, and, I fear, not a little for the toilet? This doll of the world would remain insensible to the charms of your lovely fields. Return to your cottage, innocent shepherd! Village dolls will appreciate you better than those of Paris."

Anna bit her lip.

Sophie, with a grave and confident air, introduced an old field-marshal, glittering with diamonds and stars, and evidently, from his laced coat, black velvet waist-coat, and gold-headed cane, rich and of good family.

"M. le Maréchal!" said Juliet, with respectful gravity, "your proposal confers infinite honour on Vermeille and me; but you have presented yourself a century too late,—my doll does not choose to marry a ghost!"

"Well," said Clara, "here is a young man of fashion, to whom that objection, at least, cannot apply."

Juliet, pretending to be a little embarrassed, consulted me in a whisper, and then replied to the dandy,

"Sir! Vermeille does justice to the merits of your tailor, but she thinks you have the air of a puppy: excuse the frankness of a doll."

This refusal provoked Clara as much as if the puppy had been her own self.

A young sailor, presented by Caroline, excited general admiration. Tall and well proportioned, his countenance was frank and open, his eyes the most beautiful that enamel could produce; in short, there was but one opinion. For me, though duly sensible to his



attractions, I trembled at the idea of being united for life to a seaman. I could not think of the sea without fear; a mere rivulet of fresh water made me uneasy.

What then was my relief when I heard these words: "Gentle sailor, you are indeed fit to captivate all the dolls of fashion, and I am sure Vermeille appreciates you; but I know my doll's heart, she will wish to cross the seas with you, to share your dangers, and what can I say against it? The mere idea of such a separation affects me: what, then, would the reality be? Retire, then, young sailor; and give us credit for the sincerest regret at your disappointment."

At last my fate is to be decided! There remains only the protégé of Louise. He advances,—and who does he turn out to be but PRINCE FORTUNIO! Colonel of Hussars,—handsome as the day, and brave as a lion! tall and majestic, his military cloak was gracefully dependant on one shoulder; several crosses glittered on his breast; his blue eyes were set off by locks of the glossiest black; his whiskers, his mustachios, his tuft, were perfection! and there was altogether an indescribable air of dignity and sweetness about him which charmed all the little girls, and the doll into the bargain.

Yes; this Vermeille, so indifferent a moment ago, feels herself extremely well disposed for so charming a cavalier. A thousand little games instantly occurred to me, in which we might both be first objects in our several ways.

Prince Fortunio was proclaimed my husband, to the great joy of Louise, and the chagrin of all the other little girls.

Juliet, perceiving their disappointment, said to them, with her usual kindness:

"Don't vex yourselves about a doll, my good friends. Think a moment, and you will see that Vermeille cannot have six husbands; her choice must fall on one or the other, and I could not refuse this pleasure to little Louise, my oldest friend; it was she, too, who thought

of marrying Vermeille. Leave these gentlemen to pout by themselves, and let us attend to the bride's toilet." A proposal which speedily dispelled the impending cloud.

"First," said Louise—(dear sweet child, my heart warms when I think of her; she was two or three years younger than Juliet, full of fun, but with a pensive little look occasionally that revealed the sweetness and sensibility of her heart;)—"first," said Louise, "let me discharge a little commission Prince Fortunio has intrusted me with,—to entreat Miss Vermeille's acceptance of the marriage-gift." Juliet and her companions no more expected such a surprise than I did.

Judge of my delight, on opening a beautiful box of sandal-wood, in which we found a little perfumed bag, containing a blue Cashmere scarf, several pair of white gloves, a fan, a purse filled with five-sous pieces, with these words, "For the poor," embroidered on it, two or three necklaces of coral and lava, and, at the bottom, two superb gowns with trains, one of green velvet, the other of rose-coloured satin! Juliet was in transports of joy.

"Prince," said she, "I constitute myself Vermeille's interpreter; receive her thanks, she dare not express them herself; you, too, are silent, but we have no difficulty in divining your sentiments."

The right of dressing me belonged of course to Juliet, but all the little girls pressed round with their advice, and I was nearly deafened by my dressing-maids.

Over a cambric chemise, trimmed with lace, they put me on a corset of *Gros de Naples*, which they laced so tight, that I feared for a moment I should split in two. An under-petticoat of taffety, a gown of clear muslin, embroidered with lace, white shoes, a veil elegantly thrown over my head, ringlets, and a perfumed handkerchief, ornamented with my prince's coronet, held negligently in the hand, completed my costume.

They presented me to the Prince, who could not

entirely dissemble his satisfaction at seeing me look so beautiful.

"Charming Fortunio!" said Juliet, "I give thee Vermeille for a wife. She has been well brought up, has rare talents, is sweet-tempered and good, and it will be your own fault if she does not make you the happiest of the happy. Never will she say a word to displease you. You have seen the crowd of her suitors; be grateful, then, for the condescension which has singled you from the number. We are now going to celebrate your union, by a hearty dinner and a ride on the railroad to St. Germain's."

Dinner was announced; they placed the prince and me on the little carriage, which shot off as if by enchantment, traversed all the saloons, and arrived safely in the dining-room, where the servants were waiting for us.

Figure to yourself a table covered with fruit and flowers, a brilliant display of plate, damask linen—everything just as if, instead of mine, it had been the marriage-day of Mlle. Juliet de Marsillac!

Fortunio and I were king and queen of the feast. Seated on opposite sides of the table, in two little chairs of state mounted on stools, we looked to the best possible advantage.

The utmost gaiety animated the party. They drank our health with all the usual honours.

Much pleasure was expected from the excursion to St. Germain's. I should have preferred the Tuileries gardens, where dolls of fashion would not have failed to admire me; and then the noise—the bustle: in short, the railroad had no charms whatever for me.

We set off, however.

Fortunio paid me every sort of attention during the journey! he had a pretty little box filled with comfits, which smelt so good that I longed to taste them; now and then he put up his spy-glass, and pretended to look at the country as it flew past us, but it was merely a pretext for admiring me.

We arrived without accident—and yet I was melancholy, deeply melancholy!

How lovely that view is from the terrace of St. Germain's—how impossible, one would think it, to gaze with indifference on such a picture! And yet I felt like ice!

Re-embarked on our little carriage, we again excited universal applause—and Vermeille was indifferent to it: whence could arise such a change?

Whence, indeed! but from a presentiment of impending evil?

After a delicious walk in the forest, we returned by the railroad.—I was becoming every moment more uneasy, more agitated. Passing through that low and gloomy tunnel, Fortunio, my beloved spouse . . . I can hardly go on . . . held by an imprudent hand . . . he was leaning out of the window . . . the train redoubled its speed, the space of passage narrows, and the head . . . the head of the dear unhappy prince, is crushed to atoms against the wall—his body rolls at our feet—what a spectacle of horror for a newly-married bride!

Louise and Juliet gazed at each other, and at Fortunio, in mute consternation—and then burst out into a roar of laughter. It made me feel quite sick—

What! was I then a widow so uninteresting?

With a little reflection, they would have comprehended that this union *had* its charm for me. We should have shared the caresses and caprices of our young mistress—fatal railroad! all was ended now.

Juliet did her best to console me; she promised to respect my grief, and provide no other partner for me.

For a whole week, nothing else was talked of but the sad end of the young Prince; visits of condolence succeeded—the newspapers even made mention of the catastrophe, which gave me a new importance.

Ah! Juliet, dear child! if you had known my grief, you would have reproached yourself for that idea of

marrying me, which to you indeed was merely a joke, but to me ——

Before knowing Fortunio, your little games were full of charms for me ; henceforward, I feel it in my heart, sorrow and sadness must be my lot. Simple children, little think you of this,—little can you enter into feelings which your innocent hearts have never experienced ! You will drag me into society as before, and my grief must remain a mystery !

One solitary comfort is left me. I like submitting myself to be drest ! Fortunio—my lost Fortunio !—did you but see me in this green velvet gown, with my jewels on ! Dear prince, it is but the pleasures of memory that I seek in thus adorning myself ; my vanity is buried with thee !

It was my duty, however, to the good Juliet, to dissemble my sorrow.

A journey to the mineral waters was announced ; this news delighted me. Shaken as my health had been by these agitating events, I hoped a change of scene would be beneficial to me.

## CHAPTER VII.

### JOURNEY TO AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

It was the month of June. Juliet's mother having suffered from the severity of the winter, the physicians ordered her to drink the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle. Nothing delighted Juliet so much as a journey.

"Mamma," said she, "I cannot take Vermeille with me without a travelling-dress; may not my nurse make me one, since we have forgotten it in the trousseau?"

"Impossible, my love; there are too many things to be got ready before we start."

Juliet looked so disappointed, that her mother could not resolve to oppose her.

"Well, since I have been so much pleased with you, since you have paid so much attention to your lessons lately, I will send your doll to my dress-maker, and she shall equip her for the journey."

Juliet, transported, sprang to her mother's neck, skipped round the room, and then ran to tell the good news to everybody in the house.

And who was better pleased than Vermeille? I beheld myself in imagination issuing from the hand of Mlle. R——, fresh as a rose, and setting the fashion to all the dolls at Aix-la-Chapelle.

The following morning I was carried to the dress-maker's.

At the very first entrance, I was struck with the order and neatness of the house. Mlle. R—— was an angel of goodness; her aged mother, widowed and infirm, lived with her; and four young girls, who had been confided to her care by her brother on his death-bed, were also dependent on her;—she supported them all.

What peace, what harmony reigned in that happy family! It was perhaps the more striking to me, from having hitherto lived so entirely in the world.

The sleeping apartment of the young workwomen singularly contrasted with the untidy room of Mlle. de Versac. At five every morning, they said their prayers together, made good resolutions for the day, and, judging by their attention to their work, whether their aunt was in or out of the room, there could be no doubt of their sincerity. And how kind, too, and considerate was she!—no wonder they all loved her as a mother.

My appearance caused a general delight in this happy circle; it was a disputed point who should work for me; workhours and playtime, for eight days, they thought of nothing but Vermeille—and I returned with the prettiest travelling costume imaginable.

I must be pardoned for having dwelt so long on this episode in my life, but I could not pass over in silence a week of such happiness.

All our preparations being made, we set off in a stout travelling carriage, drawn by five post-horses.

I sat on Juliet's knees, my head resting on a little pillow; from time to time she put her salts to my nose. This visit to Aix was taken, she said, expressly on my account; for, in fact, since the death of the prince, in spite of my apparent gaiety, I had nourished a deep melancholy, which, betraying itself in my altered looks, made Juliet seriously uneasy about me.

Juliet was in a constant fidget during the journey; now she kicked her mother—now she looked out of the window—now she was hungry—now thirsty; then, after feeling my pulse, she put me to sleep; in short, the poor child knew not how to sit still, or what to do with herself.

I longed for the moment when the bright idea should suggest itself of changing my position. Drest as an invalid, I was half stifled under the thick green veil which concealed everything from me. It came at last—

the desired moment: Juliet placed me at the window. I saw magnificent and richly-cultivated fields; but who needs a description of the delicious banks of the Meuse?

The environs of Aix-la-Chapelle are enchanting; handsome country-houses, cloth manufactories, and fields of superb thistles, which surprised Juliet till she learnt their use in such manufactures. The freshness and beauty of this route gave the country the aspect of an immense garden.

We took up our quarters in the principal street, the only one with any pretensions to breadth or beauty at Aix-la-Chapelle. The baths were exactly opposite our hotel, and we attended them regularly every day.

Juliet could not recover from her astonishment at seeing a spring of warm water! "But, mamma," said she, "are you sure, *quite* sure, there is no fire underneath it?"

Her surprise was still greater when, in one of our walks, we came to a pool of water which boiled of itself, and where the poor people came to wash their dishes and linen.

Neither Madame de Marsillac's illness nor mine was sufficiently serious to prevent our taking part in the usual amusements of the place. The town is not pretty; the want of water renders it gloomy; the streets are badly paved; but, in return, all the walks are charming. I remember, especially, a delicious grove at one of the outlets of the town, where we often walked; there are no guards stationed there, yet no one ever thinks of plucking a rose or breaking a branch of jessamine: in this respect, I fear, the little girls of Paris do not resemble those of Aix-la-Chapelle.

They are constantly talking here of a certain M. Charlemagne, a great French lord, who lived some years ago in this town; they showed us his sword and his tomb.

All this sounds rather serious for a doll; but a journey is always a season of mental improvement.



There were many little girls that year drinking the waters, but they had all forgotten to bring their dolls; so that you may imagine the effect I produced, fresh from the hands of Mlle. R——.

One day Juliet and I were asked to a large children's party, at the Tower of Charlemagne, who, it seems, had formerly a sort of castle here, of which nothing now remains but an old tower, overlooking a little lake surrounded by grass and weeds; a few wild flowers cling to the ruined walls.

Ladies are almost always to be seen seated on the bank of this lake, sketching the landscape into their albums.

Under this tower was spread our luncheon. Among the young ladies present was one who paid Juliet and me peculiar attention, and I really thought she liked us. What then was my surprise, to hear her say to her friend, "I am going to spoil the lilac gown of that conceited doll!"

Stooping, as if to pick up her handkerchief, she rubbed her bread and butter on my beautiful gown; and springing hastily up after this pretty trick, struck her nose, and began crying with all her might.

The sweet Juliet hastened to help her, forgot her cakes and me, and surprised everybody by her dexterity in rendering her such little services, as one would only have expected from a grown-up person. I was well revenged.

While Juliet was conducting her to her mother, who was drawing at some distance off, I remained in the midst of the children.

"Look at that doll," said a little German girl to her sister; "did you ever see such a thing! What a waist! why a ring might go round it—any one may see she is a Frenchwoman."

These flattering remarks were interrupted by the arrival of a little English girl, who, suddenly stooping down when no one saw her, wrapt me up in her shawl, and disappeared.

On her return, Juliet asked after me, but in vain; the German girls had seen nothing of me. Poor Juliet wept as if her heart would break, crying "My doll! my doll!"

Her mother also enquired after me, but to no purpose. Vermeille was gone! And what had become of her? No one could conceive the possibility of a theft in the midst of such an assemblage.

In short Matilda had stolen me, and this was her motive.

She was nine years old, and only knew a few words of French; all her knowledge consisted in playing and eating sweetmeats. She was to start the following morning for Paris, where, to her great sorrow, her mother was going to put her to school. A pretty doll, she thought, would be a consolation, and so she stole me without ceremony.

The next morning, at the moment of departure, she covered my face with a handkerchief, and slipped me into an umbrella-case; so that I was placed in the net of the carriage without being remarked.

Pretty situation for a doll to be in, that liked so much to see and be seen, as Vermeille!

Adieu to the pleasant green fields, the sheep, and the passers by, and—to Juliet!

What *would* become of me at school? I shuddered in anticipating the miseries which awaited me.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### SCHOOL.

ARRIVED at Paris, Matilda thought of nothing but how to conceal me from the eyes of every one. From the umbrella-case I was transferred to a portfolio of prints carefully laid by in a cupboard of the saloon. Once or twice she paid me a stolen visit, and then shut me up again. My presence was torture to her. No longer quick and sprightly, as she used to be, she thought of nothing but how to get her beloved doll out of the house without any one perceiving it. Such are the pleasant emotions of guilt in fear of detection!

The morning being arrived on which she was to go to school, Matilda got up with a throbbing heart. Breakfast over, Madame de Croly took her back to her room, where a quantity of sweetmeats, biscuits, &c., and a large box for conveying them, had been laid on the table during her absence. This present decided my fate.

"My dear mamma," said Matilda, blushing, "may I pack these things up myself?"

"Certainly, my child; here, take the key, and mind you don't lose it; make haste; I am going out now, and in a little time I will return, to take you to Madame Gerard's."

Imagine the joy of our little thief! She bolted the door first, then, as quick as possible, made a little bed of raisins for me at the bottom of the box, wrapped me up in a napkin, and laid me on it; piled over me as many boxes of sugar-plums and pots of preserves as the box would hold; locked it up, slipped the key on a

riband, and hung it round her neck; and then—I could judge of her ecstasy by her repeated skips on the floor.

But, what an embarrassment! she suddenly stopped short,—she had not been able to get all the sweetmeats in. “What *will* my nurse say?” she cried; “and mamma?—they will open the box, and I shall be found out. Oh! what *shall* I do?”

I heard her walk hurriedly backwards and forwards: she stopped—she listened; a little sweep was passing in the street—she ran to the window and beckoned him to come up; he knocked at the house-door—it flew open, and the portress allowed him to enter, believing that some one of the lodgers had sent for him.

Matilda, opening the door softly, met him on the landing-place, and, with her finger on her lip, introduced him into the room, scarcely daring to breathe. Madame de Croly was out, and the servants were all up stairs.

The poor boy, understanding nothing of this mystery, took off his shoes and followed Matilda in silence into her room, the door of which she bolted, as before.

“Little sweep, what is your name?”

“André, miss, at your service.”

“Well, my good André, open your bag; here are some preserves and sugar-plums for you; you don't often get any, do you?—and I—I am very fond of little sweeps!”

André not seeming to comprehend the charm of the word *preserve*, Matilda took a biscuit, covered it with gooseberry-jam, and forced it into his mouth, the puzzled child scarcely daring to open it.

This speedily restored his speech. “Oh how good you are, my pretty young lady! for giving me these good things; I will send them to the country to my mother and my little sisters, who have nothing to eat but black bread; I will tell them it is you who have given me them. But you will have none left for yourself?”

Matilda knew not what to answer. Lies and dissimulation put one so terribly out.

Some one rang the bell,—“mamma! mamma!” cried the little girl, “it is mamma coming up! Hide yourself, André! hide yourself!”

The sweep threw his bag into the closet, and was up the chimney in a moment; and it was high time. Scarcely had he disappeared, when Victorine, her mother’s maid, entered, to tell Matilda that her mamma was waiting for her.

Matilda followed her out. “Oh! I have forgot something,” she cried, stopping at the head of the stairs; “I will be down in a moment.”

Victorine went down—Matilda ran back,—“André, come down—quick, quick, and save yourself!”

Down he tumbled in a moment, caught up his bag, thanked Matilda again, begged the favour of being employed to sweep the chimneys of the house, ran down stairs, and in a second or two she heard him singing in the street.

Matilda drew a long and deep breath, and then followed him down stairs. “Why have you been so long, my love?—but quick, jump into the carriage, you have kept me waiting. But where is your box? Richard, go and bring it immediately,—there, put it in, under our feet;” and in a few minutes they were driving to Madame Gerard’s, in the Rue St. Louis.

Stifled in my box, and deafened with the noise of the carriage, mine was not a very comfortable situation. For half an hour I heard nothing but the sobs of Matilda and the kisses of her mother.

We arrived at length; they laid me down in the laundry, which was situated on the ground-floor, and near the school-room, so that I could hear all that went on.

Madame de Croly introduced her daughter to the school-mistress, and after a few minutes’ conversation rose and departed. Madame Gerard then led Matilda to the garden, and presented her to her companions, who

all flocked round her; they were soon the best friends in the world, and spent a couple of hours in a delightful game at prisoners' base.

Lunch-time being arrived, Matilda bethought herself of the box of preserves, and consequently of Vermeille.

She entered the garden with a large pot of marmalade in one hand, and me in the other.

"Oh! what a pretty doll!" cried all the little girls, crowding round me.

Matilda played with me the rest of the day, the first at school being always a holiday.

It took Matilda and me a full week to get accustomed to this change of life, nor was it after all, I confess, much to my taste. To be sure, I had every sort of amusement: the skipping-rope, hide-and-seek—nothing was enjoyed if I was absent; but then, those long school-hours, during which I remained alone in the laundry! And yet, even there, I found some amusement. I heard all the petty scandal of the house: the maids grumbling at the little girls who wore such great holes in their stockings, who tore their frocks, and lost their pocket handkerchiefs. Then I had visits. Now Amelia came for a handkerchief, her own being drenched with tears; the poor child had made thirty faults in her exercise!—then Caroline, to get her frock mended. Each of these visits procured me a kiss or a compliment.

But my wardrobe (and it was the source of much sorrow and anxiety) was in a sad condition. Since leaving Aix-la-Chapelle, I had never once put off my lilac gown, on which the mark of a certain piece of bread and butter was still very distinctly visible. One day, however, Clemence, the laundress-in-chief, having found (in rummaging the old clothes-press) a beautiful piece of green silk, made me a gown of it, to surprise Matilda. While putting it on me, she was struck with the delicacy of my shape (which nothing could spoil or disguise), and from that time took really a personal interest in me, and made me up, at her leisure, a complete wardrobe.

This change in my appearance procured me the honour of a surreptitious introduction into the school-room.

I was installed in Matilda's desk; my legs, which were too long and hung out, were concealed by a handkerchief.

All eyes were turned towards the desk; the under mistress was constantly repeating, "Attention, young ladies!—how careless you all are this morning. Miss Caroline will learn a fable; and if Miss Matilda continues to open and shut her desk as she has done since entering the school-room, I shall set her the same imposition."

Order was re-established, and Mlle. Pauline left the room.

No sooner was her back turned, than out I came again; Matilda put a pen into my hand, and made me scribble a tense of her verb. I held my pen beautifully; and if my little friends had been quicker sighted, they might have seen that the doll's hand was apter at the task than her's who directed it.

I really at last conceived quite an affection for these little girls. There were but a dozen of them, the eldest only thirteen.

Matilda was all kindness to me, and yet it was not her that I should have chosen as my mistress. Giving her all due credit for her good heart, and the amiable qualities which she certainly possessed, still I could not esteem one who had obtained me by theft,—one who had betrayed her mother's confidence, by introducing a person into her house, who, for what she knew, might not have been the honest lad he proved to be. This want of principle showed itself in many ways. I have often seen her copy off her neighbour's exercise, and receive with a smile praise which she did not deserve, or look at the book under the desk while she repeated her fable.

—'Tis true she was the most obliging child in the world: her pens, paper, sweetmeats, and even her doll—

everything she possessed—were at the service of her companions. But, what then?—still she was a *dishonest girl*; for dishonesty, such as I have described, differs only in degree from that which robs you of your purse on the high road.

But it is never too late to mend; and I always looked forward to the moment when Matilda, repenting of her fault, would confess to her mother that she had stolen me, to satisfy her selfish caprice, without a moment's remorse for the pain she caused Juliet.

In this school there was a little girl, who served as a model to all the others; it was a pleasure to look at Martha's desk so tidily kept, her exercises all so neatly written; all her lessons were known the evening before; her person and clothes were always as neat as if her mamma were coming that very day to see her.

You never saw her with inky fingers, her frock unsewed, a torn apron, hair in disorder, stockings creased, or shoes out at the side, or down at heel; scarce a week passed without her having the cross.

Perhaps you think that her superiority excited her companions' envy?—no such thing: she was loved by all the boarders, great and small, and by me too.—She it was I should have liked to belong to, not Matilda.



## CHAPTER IX.

### THE CONFESSION.

MATILDA caught a bad cold, which confined her for a fortnight to the sick-room. Though in perfect health, I, of course, spared her confinement.

She would have got well much sooner, but for her tricks of jumping up whenever Dame Agatha, the old nurse, quitted the room, and running on her bare feet over the cold floor to the cupboard, where she drank a little of this, eat a little of that—syrups, cakes, whatever came in her way—and then darted into bed again, at the slightest noise. Thank heaven she never tasted any poison! for some poisons, it is well known, are used as medicines, and if taken in any quantity by an ignorant little girl, may KILL her.—Think of that, young ladies, who play tricks like these behind the housekeeper's back!

There are few persons I remember with more pleasure than Dame Agatha. She was an excellent old lady; for thirty years and more she had devoted her time and thoughts to the care of sick children; no mother could have had a tenderer heart or a sounder judgment. I can see her at this moment, as if it were yesterday! in her little old-fashioned white bonnet and black gown—the keenest eye could not have detected a speck of dust on it. Poor old Agatha!—And how pleasant too were her stories!—she had an inexhaustible fund of them, and they had always some useful moral in them. She was even good enough to address a few words occasionally to me.

One day that Matilda had taken her medicine with

unusual readiness, Dame Agatha rewarded her by telling her

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE PUPPET-SHOW BOY.

“When I was a little girl, I had a very kind and good godmother, whom I loved dearly. My mother allowed me to spend a couple of months with her every year. She lived at Monthermé, a very pretty village on the banks of the Meuse.

“During these holidays, (which I remember as well as I do your tricks of yesterday, Miss Matilda!) I passed the greater part of the day in playing with other children on the high road which runs by the river side; now we stood still and watched the fishermen—then we ran along the water’s edge, after the great barges, as they glided by, loaded with charcoal; at other times we bargained for gingerbread and sugar-plums, with the little hawker-boys who passed through the village.

“One day, it was my birth-day, my godmother bought me a beautiful doll covered with rose-coloured riband, and with blue feathers in her bonnet; I was as happy as a queen, and from that day forward I and Nanon were inseparable.

“But my happiness did not last long. You shall hear, Miss Matilda, what befel my poor doll.

“One Sunday, though my godmother had forbidden it, Nanon and I went to gather nuts in a wood near the house; we were conversing together, when one of those little good-for-nothing boys who travel from village to village, passed by with his puppet-show, all the little figures dancing like fairies to the music of his flageolet.

“The boy began singing, and asked me in a coaxing tone, whether I would not like him to teach my doll to dance?

“‘Very much,’ said I, much pleased.

“He then fastened poor innocent Nanon to one of the wires of his puppets, and she began immediately twirling round and round—now in front, now behind—while I stood and laughed with delight till the tears ran down my cheeks.

“‘Well,’ he continued, ‘I never saw a young lady with such a decided turn for dancing; it would be a thousand pities to leave her here—good-bye, my pretty miss!’—and off he ran as fast as his legs would carry him.

“You, Miss Matilda, who are so fond of Vermeille, may judge of my despair.

“I ran home, crying so loud, that, when I reached my godmother’s door, all the neighbours’ heads were seen peeping out of the doors and windows, wondering what could have happened to me.

“As soon as my misfortune was known, my godmother’s husband and one of his friends ran after the boy, who had climbed up a tree to hide himself; but they soon made him come down again, and took him to the mayor, who shut him up in the black-hole, and gave him nothing but bread and water; he was tried, the little thief! and sent to prison for a year.”

“A year!” cried Matilda, quite moved—“and all for a doll!”

“Why yes, miss, (replied Agatha,) a boy that steals a doll, is capable of anything. The mayor said he must make a public example of him, as a warning to other little children who do not fear God; and he was quite right. And yet, I confess, when I saw the poor child led through the village in the midst of the hoots and hisses of the children, crying ‘*thief! thief!*’ and throwing stones and dirt at him, I could not help crying bitterly.—He was an orphan, poor fellow; no kind father or mother had ever taken the trouble of teaching him the difference between right and wrong. I would willingly have begged him off;—but it could not be.

“In short, they gave me back my doll, and the puppets were nailed up on a tree, by order of the mayor, that any little boys who are not ashamed ‘of picking and stealing’ might be reminded, on seeing them, of *The story of the little puppet-show boy!*”

“But, my child! my child! what is the matter with you?—what are you crying about?—why, what a heart

she has, poor thing!—Don't you see it was quite right to punish the little raggamuffin, and a kindness too; only think, now, there is nothing more wicked than theft; and a little thief will become a great thief, if not corrected."

The good dame was in despair at what she thought a nervous seizure. "Dear child, do not take on so; she will make herself quite ill; surely, children now-a-days are becoming like grown-up persons in their ailments; it was not so in my younger days—come, my dear, dry your tears; here, play with Vermeille."—

It was enough; Matilda could refrain no longer. She jumped out of bed, threw herself on her knees, begged Dame Agatha's pardon, and, with a voice broken by sobs, confessed to her that she had stolen me at Aix-la-Chapelle, begging and praying her not to send her to prison.

Agatha, in astonishment, threw herself back in her arm-chair, and then, satisfied as to the nerves of her little patient, read her a severe but friendly lecture on her selfish and wicked conduct, and then advised her to tell the whole truth to her mamma, which Matilda consented to do,

It was really quite a pathetic scene when I arrived at Madame de Croly's house, under Dame Agatha's arm.

Matilda told the whole story without subterfuge, and her mamma, in consideration of her penitence, forgave her. But her conduct cost poor Matilda many, many bitter tears, and I trust the lesson has made a lasting impression upon her.

Two or three days afterwards, Dame Agatha received a new black gown and a white bonnet, as a present from the grateful Madame de Croly.

Juliet's mother being well known, her direction was easily obtained. Matilda begged to be allowed to write a few lines to Juliet (to go with Vermeille), begging her pardon,—this was her letter:

"MISS JULIET,

"It will be a year to-morrow since you were at Aix-la-Chapelle with your doll Vermeille.

“ At the moment when you were taking that naughty little girl to her mamma, I, far more naughty, stole your doll.

“ I am now sensible of my fault ; I am all over red, now that I am writing to you : pray, pray forgive me ! If Vermeille could speak, she would tell you I have not ill-treated her ; but no doubt she loves you better than me.

“ Good-bye, Miss Juliet ; pray do forgive me—I will never be a thief again.

“ MATILDA DE CROLY.

“ P.S. I have written this letter all myself, except the spelling, which has been corrected, or you could not have read it.”

## CHAPTER X.

### DEATH OF HENRIETTA, &c.

GREAT was Juliet's delight at receiving Matilda's letter.

"Is it possible?" she cried, kissing and pressing me to her heart, "after being lost for a year!—who could have thought it?"

During this year of separation, no other doll had usurped my place in Juliet's affections; a happiness to which I was very sensible; for, to say truth, I had not been without my apprehensions of a rival younger and fresher than myself.

Juliet had grown much during my absence. Her fair tresses no longer floated on her shoulders, but were disposed in plaits, carried round in wreaths under each ear, and meeting in a knot behind;—she still liked play, but already employed much of her time usefully.

I generally sat beside her in my little arm-chair, with a book in my hand, or at a work-frame, on which my needle often rested inactive for many quarters of an hour together, Juliet forgetting to make the occasional stitches on which the progress of my work depended.

Yet I had no repinings after my school life; having passed my early years with a child brought up by its mother, my prepossessions were naturally in favour of home education.

Juliet was, I believe, as fond of me as ever—when she thought of me; but feelings of a deeper character had for some time been dwelling on her mind, and moulding it to more serious impressions.

I had always remarked in her character a singular union of playfulness and reflection; serious thoughts

would chase each other over her sunny face like the shadows over the fields on an April day. But her merry laugh had been subdued for many weeks at the period which I now speak of—and, indeed, when I discovered the reason, my heart was fully disposed to sympathize with her sorrow.

Ever since the interview in the Tuileries Gardens, Henrietta d'Aymard and Juliet had taken a great fancy to each other, and their mothers had become equally attached. You may recollect that something in Henrietta's looks had given me a painful impression during that short interview; she had never been strong, and it gave me little surprise now to learn that she had been unaccountably drooping for the last two years. Juliet and her mother were constantly with her, and often took up their residence for several days together under Madame d'Aymard's roof. I had always loved Henrietta, but never so much as now—now that, alas! we were about to lose her!

It was interesting to observe the effect that pain and suffering had had on her character; she had always said her prayers attentively, and loved her Bible; but every day now she seemed to think more of her Saviour and of heaven; her dark hazel eyes would fill with tears when she spoke to Juliet, as she often did, of the sufferings of Him who had become man for her sake, and whose blood had been shed for her sins. She had now become so thin and weak that her maid carried her in and out of the drawing-room in her arms. But she was always the same Henrietta—cheerful and patient, always ready to be amused, and anxious to avoid giving trouble—no wonder every body loved her; she was so humble-minded, too, that she thought every one better than herself. Often, when left alone on the sofa, when the rest of the family had gone down to prayers, did I hear her praying in a low voice for herself or for those she loved, particularly her darling little Juliet.

In short, she grew weaker and weaker, till the doctor declared she could not live a week longer. Her mother

and Madame d'Aymard relieved each other in attendance at her bed-side, but she received almost all her medicines from Juliet. The evening before she died, I well remember watching her as she lay on her bed, her eyes fixed, and a sweet calm smile playing on her lips. "Mamma," she said at last, in a whisper, "mamma, here are angels in the room!" and her face shone as beautiful at that moment as if she was herself one of the guardian host that encircled her.—And so she died. Dear, dear Henrietta!

Juliet's intercourse with this beloved friend was of much use to her, and had a marked effect upon her future character. For a few weeks she felt her loss acutely, but then the elastic spirit of childhood reassumed its sway, and she was again the happy child she had ever been; her step as light, and her laugh as merry; and Vermeille became more of her companion than had been the case since her return from Matilda.

I was now to learn another feature in Juliet's character, which I confess I was not prepared for—her strength of mind.

About three months after Henrietta's death, paying our usual morning visit to Madame de Marsillac, we found her bathed in tears, her head supported on one hand, a letter hanging from the other, which seemed to contain some sad intelligence.

Juliet burst into tears, and, throwing herself into her mamma's arms, enquired what had happened to grieve her?

"Nothing, my child," she replied, wiping her daughter's tears, while her own still flowed; "I have only received a letter from your papa—something has happened to vex him, but he will soon come home again. Go and play, my love; I have letters to write."

"No, mamma, I cannot play while you are suffering so. Dear, dear mamma, tell me what makes you so sad? You won't?—then I must try and guess at it myself."

She sat down on a little stool at her mother's feet, and rested her chin on her hands. I saw an extreme



agitation working in her large blue eyes. All on a sudden, she hid her face in her mother's lap, crying out—"I know it, I know it! Papa is dead, and I shall never see him more!"

The poor child cried and sobbed; she neither felt her mother's caressing hand, nor heard her voice.

"No, dear love, calm yourself; your father is quite well, thank God! Here, read this letter—it is from him. Listen to me, Juliet, and I will tell you a secret I had wished to conceal from you."

Juliet raised up her head, and looked at her mother with surprise.

"My love, we are ruined;—we have no more money left!"

"Well?" said Juliet.

"What more would you have, my child? We must quit this house, dismiss the servants, sell our carriage and horses, and go and live in Switzerland—and you, my poor Juliet—I had such pleasure in the thoughts of bringing you out in the world, and now—" She could say no more, for sobs choked her utterance.

This extreme depression of Madame de Marsillac much surprised me, for it was not exactly what I should have expected from her. It proved, in effect, merely momentary.

But my astonishment was far greater when Juliet, looking doubtfully at her mother, repeated, "But this is not all, mamma; you still conceal something from me!"

"No, dear child, I do not—I have told you the whole truth."

"Well, then, my own dear mamma," returned Juliet, "do not cry so, for I see no reason why we should not be very happy still. In the first place, you know the doctor has ordered you to the country, and why not go to Switzerland? We shall not want the carriage there, for you will have no visits to pay; and these servants will be all useless, since you have no more money for giving great dinners. You need only keep Etienne, who makes those good creams papa is so fond of."

A great moral lesson was unconsciously conveyed in these simple words. Madame de Marsillac felt it so, and smiled.

"As for my masters," added Juliet, "I assure you, dear mamma, I shall be delighted to say 'good-bye' to them; not that I am ungrateful, I hope, but I love you a thousand times better, and if you will hear me my lessons, I will work twice as hard as before, that I may not give you trouble. Shan't it be so, my dear mamma?" kissing her.

"You know, dear mamma," she continued, "that all these visits tired you to death; how often you used to kiss me as if you were going a long, long journey, when you went out to pay them."

Madame de Marsillac's spirits revived all at once. She blushed with joy; perhaps she was a little ashamed too of having betrayed such weakness—who knows?

"But, Juliet," she continued, wishing to try her further, "what will you do without your maid?"

"*You* shall dress me, dear mamma, till I am old enough to dress myself. You shall do my hair for me; you will not hurt me with your soft white hands, as Fish does when she pulls my hair, and then scolds me if I cry. And I shall be *your* maid too, in return, may I not? But I shall be obliged to stand on the cushion till I am a little taller! You shall see how well I shall do for you. Look at Vermeille here—could Rosselet have dressed her better? Look at this bow;"—and Juliet turned me round and round.

"How happy we shall be, mamma! I must also learn to make my frocks, and then, when my work is done, I will play with Vermeille; I am so glad to have got her safe back again. Do not let us forget, dear mamma, to take with us the 'Contes des Fées,' and I will read you one of them every evening to amuse you."

Madame de Marsillac was comforted in her sorrow; her eyes filled with tears as she looked at Juliet—her lips moved; she was thanking God for having blessed her with such a child.

Visits of condolence succeeded.

In short, Madame de Marsillac was ruined; a little cottage and farm near Lausanne was the solitary wreck of her fortune.

I cannot pretend to say what degree of support a little girl twelve years old is capable of giving her mamma; but this I know, that Madame de Marsillac was no longer the woman she had been an hour ago. Were I a little girl, it is thus that I should wish to console *my* mamma in time of sorrow.

Juliet was enchanted at the prospect of revisiting Switzerland, where she had passed some happy months with her mamma three or four years before. Her joyful air much surprised her little friends who came to bid her good-bye.

"Poor Juliet!" they said, "how sad! what *will* you do with yourself in Switzerland?"

"Never fear," said she, "I shall run about; I shall walk, or ride on a donkey with mamma; I shall gather flowers and dry them, read my fairy tales, play with Vermeille,—I shall amuse myself quite as well as you."

Decidedly, thought I, it is my destiny to travel! Courage, then! let us visit this vaunted Switzerland, and see how they dress their dolls there!

## CHAPTER XI.

### LAUSANNE.

THE journey to Lausanne was performed in a much less brilliant style than the memorable one to Aix-la-Chapelle. A hackney coach conveyed us to the coach-office, where we started in the *coupé*,—Madame de Marsillac, Juliet, and myself,—one female servant only accompanied us.

“What fun to travel in the *diligence*, and look out at the horses!” cried Juliet. “Come, Vermeille, take your farewell of Paris, for in a few days we shall both of us be little peasant girls.”

We had few adventures on the road. We almost always walked up the hills, Juliet pretending that my legs ached with the confinement.

At Dijon, where we staid two days to rest ourselves, walking out after dinner we saw several poor children sitting on the bridge in rags, and Juliet employed me to distribute a few *sous* among them. “Look at Vermeille, mamma!” she said, “the good doll! how prettily she reproaches me—she is taking the money out of my pocket to give to the poor!”

Madame de Marsillac smiled good-humouredly at all her daughter’s little sallies. One time that she kissed Juliet, the latter pretended that I was jealous, and said she must kiss me too. “Pooh, pooh!” said mamma; but Juliet insisted, and thrust my head under Madame de Marsillac’s bonnet; she pushed me away, but Juliet would take no denial, and she kissed me at last,—but what a cold icy kiss! it makes me shiver to think of it. Commend me to the kisses of little girls.

At Dijon we were fortunate in finding Giovanni, a return *voiturier*, who carried us on to Lausanne.

The scenery on this road is not interesting till you reach the Jura; then, indeed, the prospect becomes sublime. Vermeille, you remember, had always a taste for the picturesque.

Juliet was in raptures at the first sight of the Lake of Geneva, and certainly I never saw anything so lovely. It was a sweet evening as we descended the last ridges above Lausanne, and the rays of the setting sun shone reflected so brilliantly on the glassy mirror, that any other doll might have fancied it a lake of molten gold,—but Vermeille was no such fool.

We reached the Hôtel Gibbon at Lausanne, about five in the afternoon; we were too late for the *table d'hôte*, but they gave us an excellent dinner in the *salle-à-manger*. But think of Juliet's delight and surprise, when, just as we had finished desert, the door opened, and in walked . . . her old friend Louise and her brothers, who had arrived a few days before with their papa and mamma from Rome, where they had been spending the winter. The meeting was equally unexpected on both sides—what with the rush, the kisses, the congratulations, the noise, all talking together, my poor nerves were quite overpowered.

Madame de Marsillac, recognizing her old acquaintance, the amiable Mademoiselle St. Jean, in the companion of Louise, committed her little Juliet, nothing loath, to her kind protection; and the four children, as happy as children could be, went out together under her auspices, to play in the little court behind the hôtel. Madame de Marsillac, meanwhile, went up stairs, and sat with her friend Madame de Coucy till eight o'clock, when the young people came in again, and they all drank tea together.

Madame de Coucy, it turned out, had engaged the very next villa to Madame de Marsillac's cottage, and was to remove to it the following day; the prospect of such close neighbourhood was delightful to all parties.

After a very happy evening the children went to bed, to dream of the morrow. As for me, Juliet had quite forgotten me in the delight of meeting her friends; I was left on the table in the *salle-à-manger*; and but for the attention of a dark-featured young man in a brown coat and spectacles, (whom I at first took for a tutor, but afterwards learnt was a cousin of Louise's,) I should have remained there all night. As it was, I never passed a more uncomfortable one; he took me up stairs, but laid me down so awkwardly on the sofa, with one leg bent under me, that I had the cramp for a week afterwards.

The following afternoon both parties walked down together to take possession of their respective abodes. The two properties joined each other; and, as is the custom in that primitive country, there were no hedges or walls of separation between the grounds.

L'E ———, the larger of the two houses, stood on an elevation a few hundred yards above the lake, about half a mile below Lausanne, and scarcely half so much from the sweet little village of Ouchet. From the steps of the drawing-room façade (which fronted the lake), a grassy lawn descended to a gravel walk or terrace ornamented with urns, at one extremity of which rose the pretty little cottage of Madame de Marsillac, at the other a pavilion or summer-house, fitted up with chairs and a sofa; while in the centre, rather to be sure intercepting the view from the windows, stood a most magnificent chestnut-tree. From this terrace a flight of steps led to a lower one, planted with flowers; and sloping meadows and vineyards descended from thence to the lake, on the further side of which the whole range of the Savoy Alps were seen towering in all their mingling beauty of light and shade, varying in tint to every colour of the rainbow, and seen through so pure an atmosphere that every village, every house at their base was distinctly visible across the bright blue waters; while above them all, but far, far distant, with his diadem of snow, and seated on his throne of clouds, the Ice-King, Mont Blanc, seemed at once to be

revealing himself to the spirits of the glaciers that attend his levee, and looking down with the tenderness of a parent on the little boats sporting on the sunny waters at his feet in filial security.

Such were the attractions of scenery that for the moment fully reconciled me to my banishment from the Tuileries gardens.

Nor were the interior accommodations of L'E ——— unworthy of its charming situation. The house was beautifully fitted up, and comfortable in the extreme. Louise, however, and her brothers, had visited it already, and to Juliet it was no novelty, having often been there before; the home of the latter, consequently, was the great object of curiosity to the children. Juliet had forgotten none of her old acquaintance; there were visits to be paid to the gardener, the labourer, the dairy-maid at the pretty Swiss farm, the poultry-yard, the peacock; Doria, the old dog, had immediately recognized her, and accompanied her everywhere,—now racing along like a mad thing, now sidling up and whining for a caress. Juliet had been more attentive to me this morning; yet I began to feel not a little jealous of his attentions to her, and the evident pleasure with which, though half afraid, she received them. The children never were happier.

Madame de Coucy had much to superintend in her domestic arrangements, but Madame de Marsillac, having written beforehand, had found everything ready for her reception. She sat under the chestnut-tree, but seemed more engaged in watching the gambols of the children than with the book she held in her hand. She had regained her usual cheerfulness, and if for a moment a shadow crossed her mind, it was instantly chased away by a smile at some little sally of Juliet's.

That night Juliet and her mamma went up stairs to bed at the same moment; this was a great triumph for Juliet; it had never happened at Paris. In a moment I was undressed and laid beside her, my own bed not being yet unpacked.

Next morning Juliet awoke at daybreak, jumped out of bed, opened the window, and looked out; she stood in rapture at that lovely prospect, admiring it, without, perhaps, being able to explain why she did so.

Juliet and her little friend Louise now became constant companions. I have already described Louise's character in a parenthesis—she shall now have a sentence, nay, a paragraph to herself! The liveliest, merriest little being, but full of sensibility and feeling, with (as Miss Mitford says of her favourite *Lizzy*,) “an exceeding power of loving,” and a fear of offending, and desire of pleasing those she loved—no wonder that Louise was the pet of her family, and in some danger of being spoilt by the caresses lavished on her by every one. But she had the most judicious of all papas and mammas, and, in her friend Mademoiselle St. Jean, one who was well competent, in conjunction with them, to train the young and flexile tendrils of her heart aright. The little jealousy, nay, I will be candid, the slight dislike that, I blush to confess, I felt to her at first on account of Juliet's fondness for her, soon yielded to her attentions. She was very fond of singing; and, when passing through the Tyrol, had completely caught the wild *jodeln* or guttural intonation of the country; her spectacled cousin, too, (whom I often wondered at her being so fond of) had taught her many old ballads; these, and her Tyrolese songs, she often sung me to sleep with, when Juliet was engaged with her mamma, and no little babies of superior interest were in the way—for then I had small chance of attracting her notice.

To her brothers, Edward and Robert, I paid little attention; in their masculine superiority they thought me beneath their notice, but I retaliated by the most pointed contempt, to which certain indications have since led me to suppose they were not insensible. Edward (a year or two older than Juliet) was devotedly fond of the water, and went out in his boat whenever his papa and mamma would allow it; and he had other



ways of amusing himself; we did not therefore see much of him. Little Robert, on the other hand, betrayed so determined a taste for entomology, that his sister and Juliet could hardly get him to stir from home; he spent hour after hour kneeling on the drawing-room steps, watching the humours of a community of ants! I must do him the justice to add, that (though I often, in the course of that summer, lay for hours together, neglected and tired to death, on the seat before the drawing-room window, watching his proceedings for lack of better amusement), I never saw him tease or hurt the little ants, or any other of God's creatures. I wish I could say as much for all other little boys; for some I know (and some may chance to read these pages when Vermeille is dead and gone), who forget that *God seeth in secret*, and will severely punish those who inflict pain on the poor dumb creatures in whose enjoyment He himself, their Creator, rejoices!

Juliet and Louise, then, had full leisure to amuse themselves in their own way. Both Madame de Marsillac and Madame de Coucy thought it but reasonable that they should have a few days of holiday before settling to their lessons.

The walks all along the shore of the lake are lovely. There are plenty of flat stones, and duck and drake was a favourite amusement, particularly with the dark-spectacled gentleman and his friend Edward, when they deigned to accompany us thus far on their road to the boat-house. Methought, indeed, that those who could derive amusement from so frivolous a pastime, had little right to look with contempt on dolls. They seemed, in fact, to be sensible of some discrepancy between their theory and their practice; at least, they often reminded each other of the example of two great Roman philosophers (I forget their names), who, according to their story, used regularly to play at duck and drake every fine evening at Mola di Gaeta in Italy. Juliet even tried her hand at the game, and Mlle. St. Jean became quite a proficient.

But those walks were happiest which I took with

Juliet and mamma alone; for then, and then only, had I my Juliet all to myself. One day, after a long and rather fatiguing stroll in the woods, we emerged unexpectedly on a little open sunny glade, through which ran a tiny rivulet—now this way, now that—with a gentle murmur, as if complaining that it had lost its way; a mossy bank, overshadowed by a spreading laburnum, in full flower, sloped to the brink.

“Sit down here, dear mamma,” said Juliet, “sit down and rest yourself, and I will gather you some strawberries. Come, Vermeille!” and then she looked at me, as if to ask what I should like to play at.

“How flushed your cheek is, my pet! let me feel your pulse; your hand is like fire! no wonder, under such a sun: I shall never forgive myself for having brought you out to-day. Seventy in the shade at least! I always tremble at the remembrance of your old illness. You must take a foot-bath immediately. Look at this little stream; how clear it is! your feet will not be hurt by these pretty pebbles.” She took off my shoes and stockings, seated me on her knees, and plunged my feet into the tepid stream.

I trembled not a little, but fortunately it did them no harm; Juliet wiped them carefully with her handkerchief, put my things on again, and then, after looking about and gathering a whole dock-leaf full of strawberries, rejoined her mamma.

Another of Juliet's pranks I could not so readily pardon. One morning, Antoine, the old gardener, lent her his fishing-rod. A little trout-stream ran under her window; she seated me on the window-frame, put the line into my hand, and drew back behind the curtain. A trout stopped—looked at the bait; it was tempting—nibbled—thought a moment, and looked up; saw I was only a doll—nibbled again—took courage at last, and ended by swallowing the bait, and Juliet pulled up the line in triumph with our captive at the end of it!—but with such haste, that she nearly threw me over into the water: I hung for a moment with my head down,

but my gown had fortunately caught by a nail—what an escape! You can well imagine what endearments she lavished on me, and how many excuses she made for the indecorous and dangerous position her carelessness had exposed me to. But Madame de Marsillac was much vexed at what had happened; for she had the aversion which all mammas have to the slightest familiarization of their daughters with the details of field-sports; as for boys—that is the papas' affair.

The last day of these preliminary holidays having arrived, Juliet and Louise determined on giving an entertainment in the pavilion to some other little girls of their acquaintance. I was to be queen of the feast. Juliet had a tiny service of china, ornamented with my crest and cipher, quite complete; I had my covers, my plates, my glass, &c. The guests arrived in their best frocks, and all sat down to table. Juliet presided, and I sat on her right hand; Louise carved at the bottom.

“Ladies,” said Juliet, “I have the honour to present you to the Princess Vermeille Psxkzski, just arrived from Poland; she is delighted to make your acquaintance and to see so many happy faces. She understands French perfectly, though she cannot speak a word of it; you must not therefore take her silence amiss; she desires me to tell you she is very fond of little children, and would be delighted to kiss you.”

“What a story!” here burst out little Robert, who, on promise of good behaviour, had been allowed to be of the party. He was immediately put out of the room for having insulted her Polish excellency, and the door bolted; but hearing his sobs, poor boy, I whispered—I mean, Juliet bent her ear to me, pretending I whispered—a few intercessory words in his favour; the door was opened, and the penitent was let in; he behaved very well the rest of the evening.

Order being re-established, the little guests, pursuant to Juliet's intimation, rose up, made me, one after the other, their best curtseys, and saluted me with the

most marked respect, which indeed my *distingué* air at all times merited.

The dinner passed off with a gaiety that enchanted me. Everything was offered me. Juliet every now and then stole something off my plate, exclaiming, "but you are eating nothing, princess!—absolutely nothing!—you do not feel ill?—the heat of the weather perhaps?—open the window, Louise!—or, possibly, you do not find this cream sweet enough; what shall I offer you?"

Then she leant towards my ear, whispered some words in a nonsense language of her own, and pretended to listen to my reply, adding, "well, I won't press you, since you really dislike it."

The little girls were in ecstasies. They now drank my health, and the toast, "Princess Vermeille!" was chorussed so loudly, that Madame de Marsillac put down her book on the seat below the chesnut tree, and ran in to call them to order. "Hip! hip! hip! hurrah! the Princess Vermeille for ever! with one cheer more!"

We then quitted the pavilion for a play on the lawn. Not a minute's enjoyment was lost *that* day, I am sure. I was completely knocked up.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE LITTLE GLEANER.

MADAME DE MARSILLAC had not forgotten her daughter's promise of industry. Taking daily more and more delight in watching her heart and mind, she resolved to become her sole instructress.

The morning after the feast in the pavilion, she was sitting as usual under the chesnut-tree, and Juliet was giving me my morning's airing on the terrace.

"Juliet, my love," said Madame de Marsillac, "come and sit down here by me; I want to speak to you. You promised me, you remember, to be very industrious—are your resolutions still as good as they were?"

"Yes, mamma," she replied, laying me down on the seat, as if to pay more attention to what her mamma was saying to her.

"Well, dear child, I intend doing my best to teach you all that I myself know. Let us make our arrangements;—we will get up at six in the morning—"

"At six! *you*, dear mamma—*you* get up at six, who have always lain in bed till eleven! no, no—it would make you quite ill. Only set me my lessons overnight, and I will have them ready by the time you are up; indeed I will, mamma; I will never go out of doors to play with Louise till you allow me, and Vermeille shall always sleep in your room."

"No, my love, it shall be as I said; I intend that we shall get up and go to bed—live, in short, together henceforward. I shall do my best to replace your masters, and while you are doing your lessons, I will sit and work beside you."

"Oh! how nice!—and then you will tell me the words

now and then when I am doing my translation? It is so tiresome always looking them out in the dictionary!"

From this day forward, indeed, Juliet was less of a child, and became more and more her mother's friend and companion,—not that she did not play as before with her little friends, (I wish I could say she did so as much with me!)—but there was a perceptible change. The De Coucys (to her great grief) quitted L'E— towards the end of summer, and then she was thrown still more on her mother's society; she had recourse to her doll occasionally, but she now required ideas, and I was not sufficient to her. Ah! had Mlle. Celestine but furnished me with a *tongue*, what an agreeable companion she would have found in *me*! But so it was. I foresaw, I say, the inevitable consequence . . . .

She made rapid progress in her studies—too rapid, alas! for my happiness. Hanging on her mother's arm, she seldom spoke to me. She was unceasingly asking questions about everything she saw, read, or heard of. Vermeille was only there from old habit. One day she forgot me altogether; another she hesitated a moment, and then took up a book instead of me.

Winter and spring had passed away; it was harvest time once more, and the fields glittered in the sun like cloth of gold. One evening Juliet had taken me with her (now an unusual attention) as far as the gate. A poor infirm old woman was resting herself on the stone seat. She looked at Juliet and her doll—

"What have you got in your apron, my good woman?" said Juliet.

"Only a few ears of corn, miss! that I have picked up to-day following the reapers. But, well-a-day! I am getting too old now for gleaning; younger fingers always get before me!"

"May I glean for you?" said Juliet; "I shall be much quicker about it."

"Dear heart!" replied the old woman, "it would not be half so amusing to you as playing with that pretty doll—and the sun too would burn your face."

“Pooh, pooh! to-morrow I will get up early and glean for you, and do you come back here in the evening, and I will give you all I have picked up; my doll will do her best too.”

The old woman smiled, promised to come back, and went away.

Juliet said nothing of her plan to her mamma; she went to bed, her head full of the morrow.

She woke at four o'clock; she put on her frock, forgot to say her prayers! (how I longed to remind her of them!) took me under her arm—we crept down stairs like a couple of mice, jumped out of the window into the garden, and presently were in the midst of the reapers, who were not a little surprised (as well they might be!) at seeing a little girl and her doll out so early in the morning.

Juliet worked away with all her might—sometimes with her own hand, sometimes with mine—till the sun began to be warm; she then thought of returning home.

The good-natured reapers helped her to tie up the two beautiful little sheaves she had collected, and she carried them off on her shoulder.

It was only on coming to the iron gate that she remembered her mamma. What anxiety her long absence must have occasioned her!

Sorrowful and ashamed of herself, Juliet sat down on the stone seat and began crying.

Some one came up with a slow step; it was the old woman going to the field to glean. Juliet ran to meet her, gave her the corn, and ended by telling her she was afraid of going in, as she was sure her mother would be very angry with her.

“Oh, miss! how could you do so!” said the old woman; “no doubt they are looking for you everywhere. And you are quite hot; and all this is owing to me! But come, and I will beg your mamma to forgive you.”

Juliet, her eyes cast down, her cheeks bathed in tears, walked slowly beside the old woman.

On reaching the house, they found Madame de

Marsillac sending out the servants in every direction to look for Miss Juliet. In an instant she ran up to her. "Dear mamma! forgive me! forgive me! I did very wrong not to tell you what I was going to do, but I will never conceal anything from you again; I have been so unhappy since I saw my fault."

The old woman, quite sorrowful for what had happened, told Madame de Marsillac the whole story, laying all the blame on herself. Juliet was forgiven, but her mamma spoke very seriously to her on the subject of her thoughtlessness; and she was quite right in doing so. But from this day Juliet had a regular allowance for the poor, and the good old woman was the first person put on her list.

Juliet now entirely gave up playing with me; we have passed a whole year in complete indifference.

The change afflicted me. But, after all, thought I, I have no reason to complain. Where is the doll that can boast of having been happier than I have been? It is time to repose,—to bid adieu to our youthful frivolities. Juliet is fourteen; what more natural than that she should prefer her mother's society to mine? Her books have become her favorite occupation; she already assists her mamma in managing the house: selfishness only could wish it otherwise with a child one really loves. No, my dear Juliet, I renounce all claim on you; you are growing into . . . . a woman, and I . . . . remain a doll: it is all in the nature of things.

All I desire now is to be considered as a family doll, awaiting, in some corner of the cottage where I shall not be in the way, the arrival of Juliet's eldest little girl. Soon may that happy hour arrive! I shall probably have several years still to wait; but when the little stranger *does* make her appearance, what delight I shall have in yielding myself to her soft dominion! I will lie by her side, like the faithful old dog that wags his tail, and submits, with the patient forbearance of wisdom, to every little caprice of his master's child.

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How little one knows what a day may bring forth! Madame de Marsillac has just received a letter from her husband, desiring her to start immediately for Marseilles, where he is waiting for her to embark for Naples. In two days the preparations will all be made. No longer pillows or smelling-bottles for Vermeille! I am to be crammed, without ceremony, into a trunk; for Juliet, dear girl, has still a regard for me, and cannot think of leaving poor old Vermeille behind.

Though I have no fears of sea-sickness, I do not at all like the idea of this journey; a presentiment sits heavy on my heart.

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JULIET DE MARSILLAC TO LOUISE DE COUCY.

“MY OWN DEAREST LOUISE,

“I wrote to you immediately on our reaching the land after our shipwreck; did you get it?—I would have written again, but mamma has been so ill ever since, and she is still confined to her room. I often dream of that terrible night, and fancy myself in the little boat again with papa and mamma, and the great waves opening their mouths as if to swallow us up, and the wind roaring—and I awake in such a fright—and then I thank God that he prevented the little boat from sinking, and saved dear, dear, dear papa and mamma, and all of us. Indeed, dear Louie, I ought to be a very good little girl in future, and I will try to be so; and I hope God will hear mamma's prayers for me, and

make me one of his *own* children, like dear Henrietta, whom I have so often talked to you about.

"But now, Louie dear, I have a most wonderful piece of news to tell you; you will think me out of my senses, but never mind—only hear what I have got to say.

"I am sure you cannot have forgotten Vermeille—who could? But you always thought her just like any other doll, didn't you? Well, so did I; but, only think—I opened her little writing-case—it was packed up in mamma's box which was saved, and I opened it about a month ago, and what do you think? I found all the little sheets of paper that had been put into it covered with writing, and so small, that I have been obliged to use a magnifying-glass to make it out. And the title is, 'Memoirs of the Life and Adventures of a Doll!'—And one of the humming-bird feathers is still black with ink!

"These memoirs have made, as the newspapers say, 'an unparalleled sensation' here; all the world is talking of them; some, indeed most people, say it cannot be Vermeille who has written them (and yet I am sure it is)—others, that it is mamma; some even think it is a ghost, (but then how could a ghost hold the pen?)—in short, nothing else is talked of. If poor Vermeille had not been packed up in one of the trunks that are lost, she might have explained it all.

"I have copied it all out for you into a little blank book which papa has given me. Could you but see the tiny, tiny writing, how you would stare! It has taken me a long time to write it out, and I have often been very tired; but then, dear Louie, I remembered it was for *you*, and went on again.

"Captain G— has promised to take charge of it for you; he says you must give him a kiss for it, and sing him 'Lord Ronald my son,' and I have promised him you shall. Most people here think Vermeille has given me far too good a character, and I think so myself. She mentions you too, as you will see.

" Good-bye, my own sweet Louise! I think these memoirs may be very useful to any little friends of yours; you may show them to any one you like.

" I have left this space blank; I have kissed it, and so must you. I wish I could kiss your ownself.

" Good-bye, once more,

" Your very affectionate,

" JULIET DE MARSILLAC.

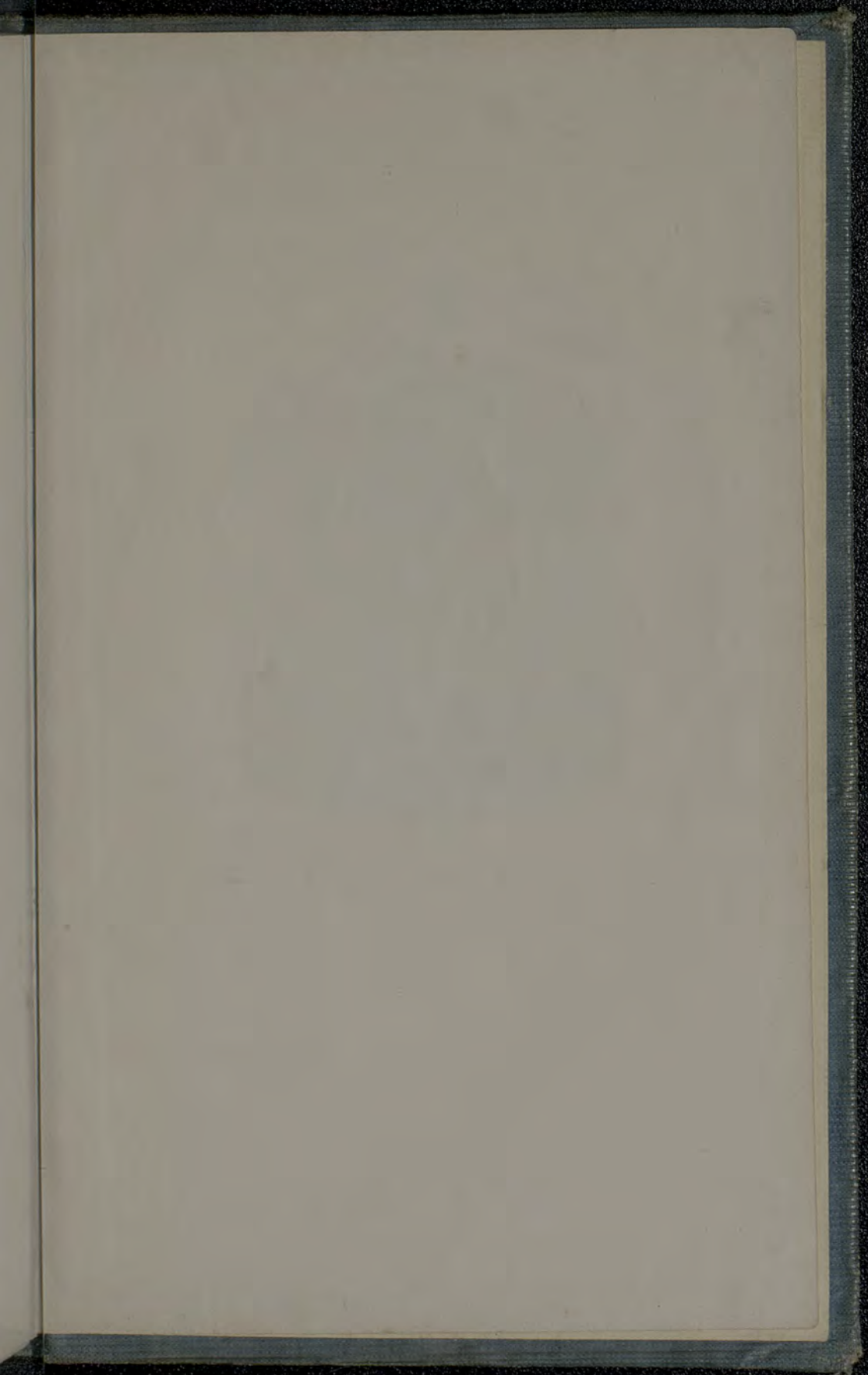
" P.S. It was really quite frightful reading this strange story; my heart went pat, pat, pat,—I sometimes shook all over as I turned the page, when I remembered something I had done wrong, and feared to find it put down by Vermeille. I told mamma so; and this is what she said:—' Ah! my love, if you are afraid of finding these things written down by Vermeille, never forget, that every word you say, every thing you do, which you ought *not* to do or say, is written down in the book of God's remembrance. But if you believe in Christ, love him, and try to do his will, they will be found crossed out with the red lines of his atoning blood at the day of judgment!'—These were her words; I have been thinking of them ever since, and of much too that dear Henrietta said to me before she died—I thought of her often during the storm.—Let us try and be good, Louie dear! not half-good only, but *good, good, good!* God only can make us so; let us pray to him, then, for ourselves, and for each other, and for our papas and mammas, and for every one we love. Once more, good-bye, my own darling Louie, and may God bless us both! How I wish—but you *are* my *real* sister, dearest!

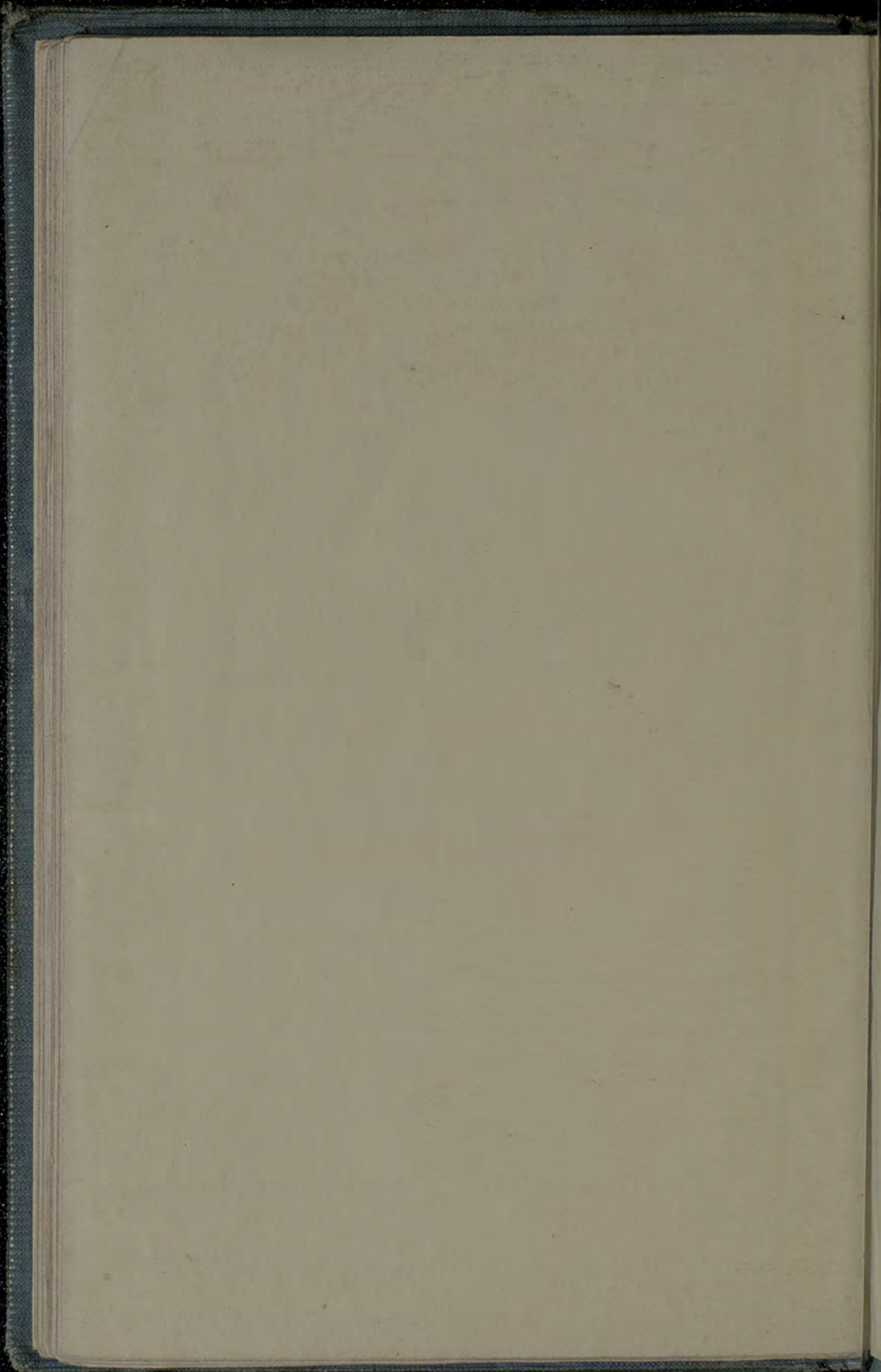
" Good bye!

" J. DE M."

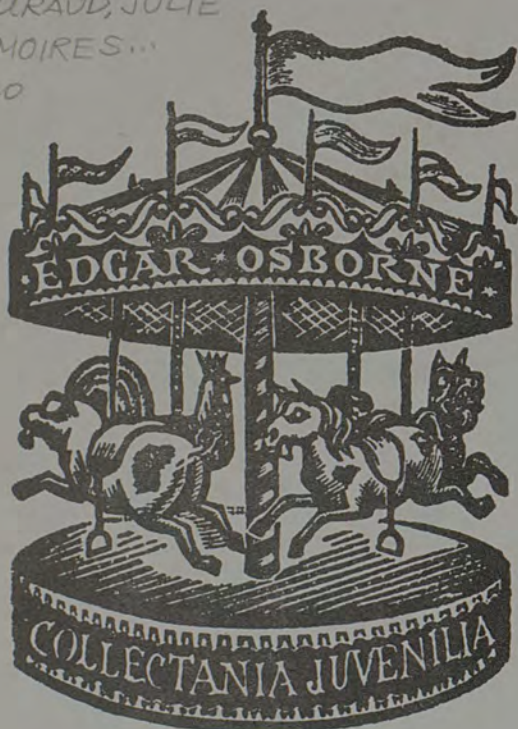
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