

But I did not think he was a man at all, yet; and, though I liked him very much, I did not want to be so wonderfully respectful to him. So one day we had a quarrel. I think it was because he had taken my place in the oriel window, and I said something very saucy to him, and he went and told papa.

Papa had not time to come and inquire into the affair, but he knew I had been saucy to my cousin once or twice before, and he had no doubt I was in the wrong this time, too, and he sent a message back, that I might either make an apology to Montem, or go and stay in my own room for an hour.

Now, I hate apologising. I always did, and I always shall do. Apologising is the stupidest thing in the world, especially when you are not a bit sorry for what you have done. Of course if you are, it makes all the difference. I was not a bit sorry for what I had said to Montem, and, to show him that I was not, I said it all over again to him, in just the very same words, as nearly as I could remember them, when he came to me with his message from papa. And having thus patted my pride on the head, I marched off upstairs, feeling as grand as an empress.