

*Caroline Howis.*

THE  
**JOURNAL OF A GOVERNESS.**

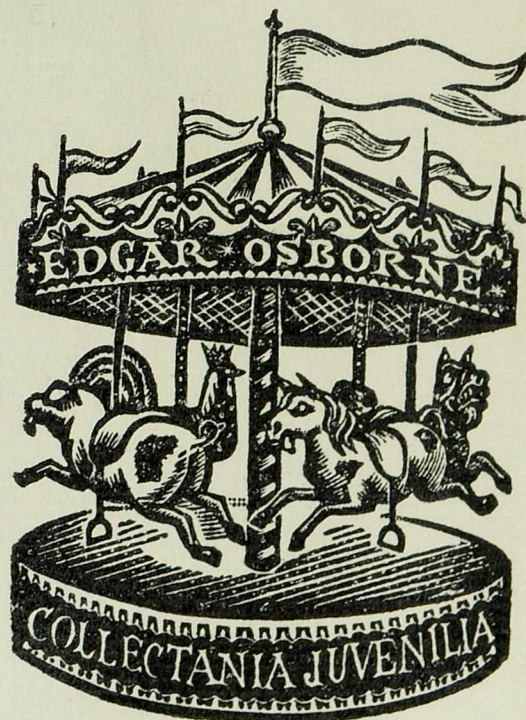
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

GRAY.

A COPPER-PLATE FRONTISPIECE.



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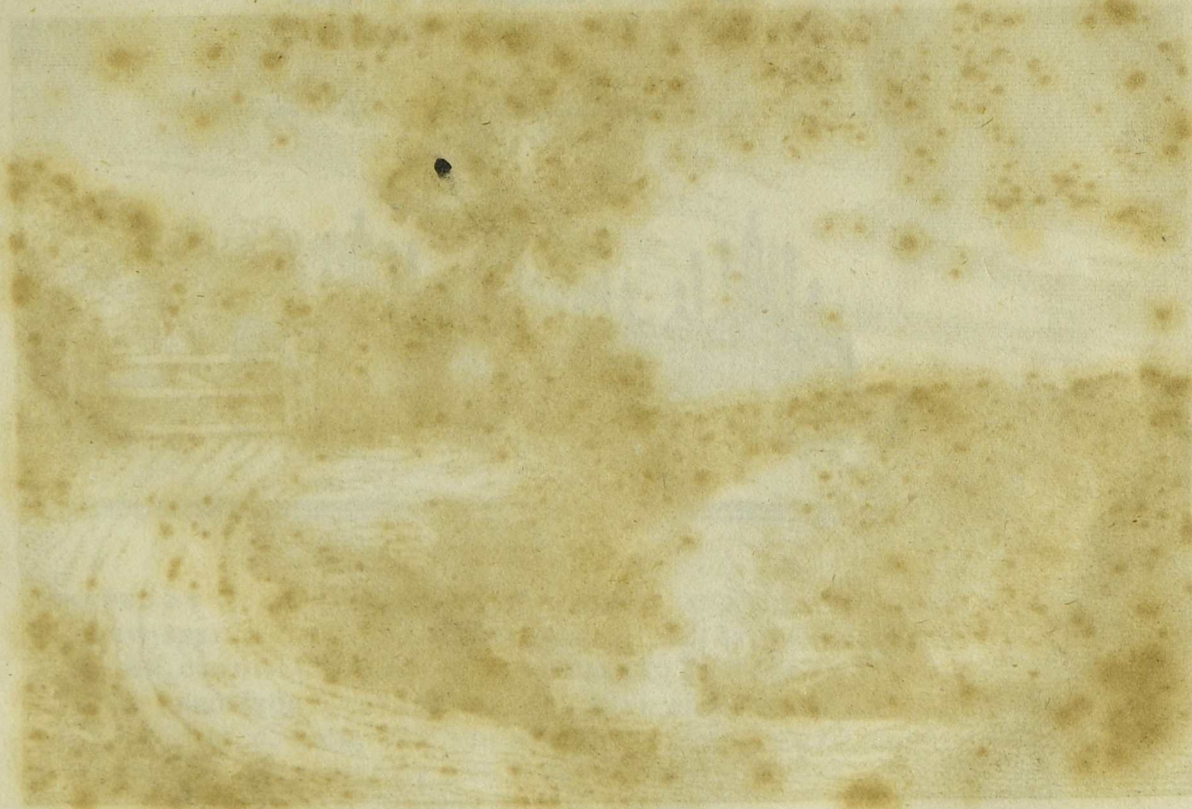


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# Journal of a Governor

at L. W.



1825



THE  
JOURNAL OF A GOVERNMENT

BY A. W.



1821



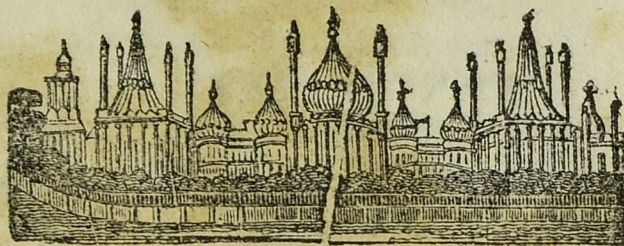
THE  
**Journal of a Governess;**

BY E. W.

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Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.  
GRAY.

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1823.







TO

MISS ANNE BUTLER

THIS LITTLE BOOK

IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED ;

AS A VERY HUMBLE ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE ESTEEM

THE AUTHOR

FEELS FOR THE PARENTS OF THAT DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

AND AS A TRIFLING MARK OF GRATITUDE

FOR THEIR FIRM AND UNVARIED FRIENDSHIP.



MISS ANNE BUTLER

THIS EARTH BOOK

IS MOST APPROPRIATELY DEDICATED

AS A TRIBUTE TO THE

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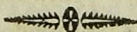
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## Introduction.



“WHAT have you brought me home, sister Mary?” said a spoilt and unmanageable boy who was confined to a sick-room, “What have you brought me from the fair? I will have something.” “*Will have*” said his sister, “you are not likely to receive any thing from me my dear Charles, while you speak in so rude a manner.” “Well then if you please, have you got any thing for me”? “Yes, my dear, I have brought you a book which I hope will entertain you, it is called “THE JOURNAL OF A GOVERNESS.” I know I shall not like that by the title. A Governess’s Journal can contain nothing but an account of how many times the children were flogged; or how Europe is bounded, and I know that already. North by the Frozen Ocean, East by Asia, South by the Mediterranean Sea, and West by the



Atlantic Ocean. "I am glad to hear you know it so perfectly ; however, you are mistaken. This book contains an account of the actions of some children who were more obedient and more grateful than you are." "Oh no, not more grateful, I know I am a very bad boy, but I am not ungrateful, indeed I am not dear sister. I mean to try and be better ; perhaps if you read me these pretty little Stories, they may help me." "As you give me so delightful a hope my darling boy, I will begin directly."



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## THE ARRIVAL.

What a goodly prospect spreads around,  
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires.

THOMSON.

“Oh! what a pretty place the Villa is,” said a little rosy-cheeked girl, peeping over the blinds of the carriage, as it drove briskly up to a neat house which her Papa had hired for the residence of his family during the Autumn and Winter. “How I love going into a new house, and seeing all the new rooms; and what a garden! look sister Maria, what a nice large garden! Mamma says we are to have a piece of ground to ourselves, and dig it. Oh look dear Miss Wilmot “addressing her Governess,” on one



side is the Dairy, on the other the Farm, will you be so very good as to take me (us I mean) to see the Farm?" "Yes, dear little chatter-box that I will, the first fine day," "but pray look at those green fields behind the house, I think we shall have many pleasant walks here during our stay."

By this time the carriage had reached the house, which they entered by a glass door, leading into a pretty hall, well furnished with plants and flowers. The little happy girl leading her sister Maria by the hand, ran from room to room, admiring first one thing, then another, pointing out every beauty of the Villa to Maria, who was as pleased and as noisy as herself, till the dinner bell summoned them to join their elder sisters and governess in the dining-room. Here they would have been equally talkative and noisy, had they not recollected, just in time, the rule



enjoined by Miss Wilmot, of silence during meals. They therefore contented themselves with *looking* at each other, whenever a very pretty plate or dish made its appearance. Dinner seemed to be a long time about, but by great good luck it was finished at last, and Maria jumping from her chair, desired Anne to come and see how prettily the salt-cellars were cut. "Oh, but Maria you have not looked at the pretty mug I had my toast-and-water in. It has a border of roses round the edge. These dinner things are prettier than those we had in London." To say the truth, nothing here was at all prettier than in the house they had left; but they were *new*, and that is a great recommendation to all children, and to these little girls particularly so. In the afternoon their governess took them to walk in the gardens belonging to their pretty new dwelling, here was fresh sub-



ject for admiration. The greenhouse, though small, was well-filled with plants, and the children walked with their frocks closely twisted round them, lest they should injure the plants by rubbing against them. By such attention, they gained the love of every body, and were trusted to walk alone in the garden. Their Mamma knew if they promised not to touch any thing they would keep their word. Anne and Maria continued to run about the garden till supper time, when after making a hearty meal they went to bed and slept soundly till morning.





## THE COTTAGE IN THE LANE.

---

Among the daisies and the violets blue.

Red hyacinth and yellow daffodil.

DAVORS.

---

“Will you take a walk with me to day, when sisters have done their lessons,” said little Anne to Miss Wilmot, on entering the school-room the morning after their arrival. “I long to see where those pretty fields lead to.” “If you have been good in the nursery, I shall have great pleasure in taking you my love!” “But may little Maria come too?” Yes, you may go and put on your bonnets while I put on mine, when you are ready meet me on the lawn, where I will wait for you, so make haste.



Well dear children you have been very quick, so we will begin our walk. Which way shall we go, to the right or to the left? "Do let us go and look at that Cottage in the Lane, which we passed in the carriage yesterday, it is just across that field, see Miss Wilmot, it is not far off." They crossed the stile, followed the path through the field, and found themselves close to the cottage, which at a distance appeared very pretty, but on a nearer approach they found it to be the abode of misery. It was a low, wretched, half-roofed house, situated under the shade of a thick wood; behind it were corn fields ripe for the harvest; and at a distance a fine open common: yet it was truly the abode of misery.

Our little friends entered and saw a poor woman with scarcely a rag to cover her, nursing a very sickly looking child. On the ground were two children



quarrelling for a dirty crust, their mother screaming in vain to them to be quiet; perhaps if she had spoken to them with gentle firmness she might have succeeded, but as it was, she only set them a bad example; however, we must not be too eager to blame this poor woman, whose fault proceeded from ignorance. The room was on the ground floor most completely, for it was neither boarded nor bricked, but of bare earth. There was no glass in the windows, and the shutters were off the hinges, consequently of no use. To add to all this, a small rivulet ran quite through the very room in which they sat.

My little readers who have not been in the habit of visiting the poor, will imagine this to be impossible; indeed I am sorry to say it is a faithful picture. When the poor woman whose name was Paine, perceived her visitors, she dropped a respectful courtesy,



and began to make an excuse for the dirt and untidiness of her family. "Little boy you have got no shoes and stockings on" said Anne, shocked at his bleeding feet which had been cut by the stones. "No, Miss, Mammy can't afford to buy us shoes, she has got no money." The elder girls proposed joining their little purses to assist this poor woman. "We are to have sixpence a piece on Saturday, and though Robert is at School, I am sure he would like to join us, if Mamma will pay his sixpence, he will repay her when he comes home for the holidays." They agreed to say no more lest they should raise the hopes of the poor woman before they had consulted their Mamma who was always ready to help them in good works. Her heart over-flowed with pleasure at every proof of benevolence; and often did these dear children afford her that best joy of a mother's heart. She had well



directed them from their infancy, and they were richly repaying her, by proving that her labour had not been in vain.

On enquiry, they found Mrs. Paine to be a very honest, worthy woman, whom sickness and poverty had depressed. With a little help and a great deal of encouragement, they succeeded in improving her abode. She was employed by their Mamma as a washerwoman; the elder children bought some serviceable, dark print, and made up into frocks and pin-cloths. Little Anne and Maria bought some very nice warm stockings; and even the baby just running alone was delighted to hold out her little hands with a pair of socks for one of her own size: their kind Mamma made up the deficiency. Never were children more happy than these, when bounding over the fields, each with a bundle under her arm, unmindful of the rain



which was beginning to fall, they thought only of the pleasure Mrs. Paine would feel on seeing her babes well-clothed.

Her husband too, through the interest of this good family, was employed at a neighbouring farm, and no longer spent his time at the ale-house. His leisure hours were devoted to the comfort of his family. He placed bricks over the earth in their sitting-room, and turned the current of the rivulet. In a very short time these children witnessed a thorough change in this once miserable family.

A little charity and a little encouragement will go a great way with those of the poor, who are not naturally vicious. Never did poor Mrs. Paine see these dear children pass her humble dwelling, without imploring a blessing for them, from Him, who sees all our actions, and prospers all our good intentions.



## THE BEE AND THE WASP.

---

“All is not gold that glitters.”

---

Sisters, sisters, do come here, make haste, there is a woman in the next field beating with a key upon a warmingpan. What can she be doing it for? Pray come with me to ask her. “You need not take that trouble little Anne” said Miss Wilmot, “I can tell you she is swarming bees.” Swarming bees! what do you mean? “Listen to me attentively, and I will endeavour to explain it.” Usually about this time of the year, the hive becomes too full, and the young bees are turned out by the old ones to find a new home; that has just happened here. The poor woman has prepared a hive to receive the young bees, and is



enticing them by the sound of the key on the warming-pan. "Stupid woman to swarm bees, I should swarm wasps, they are much prettier and better shaped. Bees are such ugly-looking, brown creatures." Do not my dear Anne, judge of any thing merely by its looks. The Wasp is a little worthless, idle insect, flying from flower to flower for no useful purpose whatever; while the bee labours hard to collect the nice honey you have for breakfast. Oh! how sorry I am I called it such names." It is always wrong to call names; you know my dear, I have told you so very often. I hope that in future you will remember it in time to prevent your feeling sorrow for being so hasty.

The bee is furnished with bags in its thighs, in which it deposits the honey; when these bags are full, it returns to the hive, and leaving its sweet burden, sallies



forth in search of more. The bee is likewise furnished with a sting to protect itself against the attacks of other insects, which would otherwise rob it of its hard-earned store; but it seldom makes use of its sting except in self-defence. “But, dear Miss Wilmot you have not told me where the bee gets the honey.” “From the flowers, my love, by means of its trunk, which is somewhat in the shape of a broom, with this it licks up the honey.” The bee is not a selfish little animal, it works to obtain provision for the whole community; that is, for all the bees which inhabit the same hive. They have also a queen bee, to which they pay great respect, never suffering her to go out unless attended by her subjects. If a bee should chance to be idle, it is instantly turned out of the hive by the rest and sometimes stung to death, for they are very



severe against idlers. The sting of the bee is provided with small darts somewhat resembling an arrow; it has also the power of poisoning the wound which makes the pain more acute; sometimes it leaves the sting in the wound, in which case the bee dies.

“Now, I think, I must tell you something concerning the Wasp, as you admire it so much more than the Bee.” “Oh, I do not, since you have told me how useful and industrious it is.” “The Wasp, as you say, is *better shaped* than the Bee, and has pretty yellow circles round its body.” It flies very swiftly, and builds its nest in some convenient hole, and while engaged in building this nest, works as briskly as the bee; but instead of gathering food for itself, robs that useful, little insect whenever it can do so, with impunity. It is a most cruel and rapacious little animal. “Rapacious,” yes, my dear,



that means thievish. The Wasp passes its time in killing and plundering every insect which comes in its way; fortunately for us and for the valuable bee, it cannot bear the cold and is destroyed by the first frost. "This conversation reminds me of some lines I used to repeat when about your age." "Will you say them to me?" willingly, my love:

"A Wasp met a Bee that was just buzzing by,

"And he said "little cousin, can you tell me why

"You are loved so much better by people than I?

"I have a fine shape and a delicate wing"—

" "Very true little cousin, but than there's one thing

"People cannot put up with, and that is your sting."

"From this little story let children beware,

"For like the Wasp, if, ill-natured they are,

"They will never be loved, if they 're ever so fair."

"Thank you, Miss Wilmot, I will learn those lines if you will write them for me like printing letters, for



you know I cannot read a running hand," that I will do with pleasure; but hark! Nurse calls you to tea, so good bye for the present.





## THE FARM YARD.

—••••—  
 The careful hen  
 Calls all her chirping family around.

THOMSON.  
 —••••—

By this time the weather was getting cold, and winter was advancing with hasty strides. Anne reminded her Governess of the promise made on her arrival, of taking them to see the Farm-Yard, and which had by some means been constantly delayed. Miss Wilmot did not require to be reminded twice, she took the little Anne and Maria by the hand, and proceeded to the Farm, where they arrived just in time to see the cows milked. They were delighted to observe how quietly the poor animals stood, and suffered the



dairy-maid to milk them. At first, Anne and Maria were rather afraid to touch them ; but they soon gained courage on seeing their governess boldly advance and stroke them. A beautiful white calf next attracted their attention, which frisked and bounded, till the little girls began to fear it would leap over the paling which confined it. There were a great many very pretty hens, and Miss Wilmot desired them, each to choose one for her own ; Anne chose a brown-speckled hen, and Maria chose a white one ; these hens were left at the Farm where the little girls walked every day to feed them, and had the pleasure of giving their Papa and Mamma a new laid egg for their breakfast very often. Nurse too was frequently treated with one for her supper. The pleasure of obliging others, was the greatest that could be granted to these generous children. After having examined every thing in the



Farm Yard, they were proceeding homewards full of glee, when they met the Gardener with a hive of bees in his hand. "What are you going to do with them Gardener?" said Anne, "not to take them away I hope, for I like them very much now." No Miss, I am only going to put them under shelter, we always do so when the weather becomes cold, lest the frost should harm them; they are such useful little animals they deserve to be taken care of. Should you like to go with me Miss Anne? "Oh very much indeed if I may," permission being granted, they followed the gardener to a little distance, but on seeing him approach a dog-kennel, in which was a large house-dog, they drew back, declaring they could not go near that fierce animal. "I am ashamed of you now Anne" said Miss Wilmot, "I expected you would have set a much better example to Maria who is so much younger; you know



what a noble animal the dog is, faithfully guarding his master's property, and fearing nothing but his displeasure. The dog is particularly gentle with children." "Do you mean this dog?" I speak of the character of the dog in general, this dog and every other. I wish I could see you stroke the poor creature, see how still he lies. "Well I will stroke him if Maria will: come let us have courage sister." They advanced towards the dog and Anne tremblingly put out her hand to stroke him. "Does he bite?" said Maria. Oh, no, not at all. I am not afraid now, so come dear Maria and touch him. Maria followed her sister's example, the poor dog licked their hands, lay down at their feet and shewed every sign of pleasure at being caressed. The children then walked home laughing all the way to think what cowards they had been.



or he must have been here long ago." "You forget my love" said one of her elder sisters, "that he has a long way to come;" "he might come quicker for all that I am sure. I will take your advice Miss Wilmot, and come from the window." She took her book and began to read, but the stories she thought were very dull and stupid. "Pray do tell me sisters, why all the books are so dull to-day; I used to like them, but now they do not please me at all." "They are quite as entertaining to-day as any other day my dear little Anne," said Miss Wilmot, "the fault is in yourself, not in the books, you cannot settle to any thing, because you are anxiously expecting your brother; if you would take my advice, and employ your thoughts the time would not appear so long. Besides my dear you are quite———" "Oh, here is Bob, here he is at last, do somebody open the door quick"! In a moment Robert



had opened the chaise door himself, and was in the arms of his sisters, who were overwhelming him with kisses. He was their only brother, and particularly kind and affectionate. They were delighted to see him looking so well, and grown so tall and stout, as he had left them when not in very good health. A school by the sea-side had however restored the roses to his cheeks, and he returned to his happy family, with as much joy as they had in receiving him. He was about nine years of age, a fine manly boy, yet so good natured, that he delighted in doing any thing to please and amuse his very young sisters, and joined in all their little innocent sports, as if he were amusing himself, instead of obliging them. How could they be other than glad to see so kind a brother?

After tea, he opened his play box, and distributed his presents, for he never came home without bringing something for each of them.



His first petition was for his sisters to be allowed to sit up for half-an-hour longer than usual, which was readily granted. He had so much to tell them; how many boys had been flogged, and who had got prizes. "Have you got a prize, Bob?" said Anne. "Yes, I have two." "Do tell us what for, and let us see them." He produced a very nicely bound Homer's Iliad, which was given him as a prize for Latin; and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, as a reward for Arithmetic. "You remember I used to be idle with Miss Wilmot and not settle to my sums quite so readily as I might have done; but now I am more diligent, I do not pore over a sum in the single rule-of-three for a whole morning, and find it wrong at last; I do it steadily off hand at once, and there is an end of it." "I am glad to hear it Robert," said Miss Wilmot, "for to own the



truth, I used to get a little out of patience with you and your sums ; yet I can never forget the pleasant walks we had together during the illness of your sisters, and your affectionate politeness in exploring the most cheerful walks and prettiest views, to vary the scene for me during my attendance in their sick-room ; neither shall I ever forget the pleasure with which you gave me your beautiful desk, which I had admired so much, leaving yourself without one." "Oh, I had forgotten all that," said Robert ; "But I have not, I felt too much gratified to allow it to pass from my recollection." Now my dears, I am sorry to break up so pleasant a party, but we must separate for the night as it is getting late.





## THE BAD READING LESSON.

---

Nul rose sans épine.

---

The next day Anne remained till nearly eleven o'clock in her Papa's study, with her brother Robert who was unpacking his things. This little girl ought to have been in the school-room by ten, to read to Miss Wilmot, who was always ready by that time to hear her; at last the servant was dispatched to desire her to take her books into the school-room. She came, but not with her usual smiling face; her step was slow, and her lips were pouting. Miss Wilmot would not at first notice it, hoping this little girl would recollect herself in time to avoid punishment; but she was disappointed. Anne stood first on one leg then



on the other, with her fingers in her mouth, calling *a--n--d but*, and *b--u--t for*, making such strange mistakes, that Miss Wilmot quietly shut the book, and declared she could not possibly waste her time on a little girl who could read if she would, but who unfortunately did not choose; she therefore desired her to leave the room. Anne did so with a heavy step, and tears in her eyes; she could not join in the play of her little sister, for she felt she was naughty, and had no heart to play. She therefore wandered up stairs and down, till she met her Mamma who gave her a kiss, and told her she might follow her into the drawing-room and look at some prints. She blushed and hesitated. "Do you not like to come my Anny?" said her Mamma. "Yes, I like it Mamma, but I must not come." "You may come if I bid you, my love, so cheer up and come with me." But Anne could not follow,



and bursting into tears, told her Mamma she had not deserved to see the pictures, for she had not read. "Not read! I am sorry to hear that, I am afraid you have been naughty." "Oh very naughty indeed Mamma, but I am sorry for it now, and should like to read if Miss Wilmot would hear me." "Go and try her, if you stay away she may think you are sulky, and that would be worse than not reading well." "Indeed, I am not sulky, so I will go and try if she will hear me now." She gently opened the school-room door; Miss Wilmot was engaged in looking over her sister's exercise, and did not look up. Anne advanced very slowly, and put her little hand on the shoulder of her governess, but said not a word, till Miss Wilmot having examined the exercise, took out her basket and began to work, then throwing her arms round her neck, Anne said in a subdued tone, "Pray do hear me, I will read



now, indeed I will," " then *indeed* I will hear you, and I hope we shall profit by the lesson; so dry your eyes, my little girl, and try to overcome idleness in future, you know you can conquer it if you like." She then took her book, and by her attention, made amends for her former naughtiness. " I suppose I may not look at the prints to day?" " No, my love, I cannot allow you that pleasure, if you read well to-morrow, you shall see them with all my heart, but to day you have not quite deserved it."





## MRS. HEDGE.



Content and careless of to-morrow's fare.

THOMSON.



As our young friends were walking one day in the fields during the month of December, they jumped over a stile, and found themselves in a pleasant lane. Under the hedge sat an old man and woman; the man employed in making door mats; the woman toasting a slice of bread over a fire made of sticks. On their approach, the man respectfully touched his hat and said "good day, ladies." Anne begged to stop and see him make his mats, which, as she was a good child, her governess allowed her to do. They asked the woman if she did not feel cold sitting in the open air.



She said 'No, my little dears, the hedge shelters us nicely.' "You have got nothing but bread for your dinner poor woman." "Oh never mind Miss, it is very good, and many poor creatures have not any thing to eat at all." "And where do you sleep?" "Why sometimes we *are* a little put to it for a night's lodging; but last night we slept very comfortably in Mr. Hudson's barn, he is very good to poor people, and often gives them leave to sleep there." "May I give the poor woman my little sixpence?" said Anne, "that you may, dear child." "Thank you, Miss, you have made me quite rich."

When Anne came home, her Mamma gave her a little cream to churn into butter, a treat she had long been promised. She beat it and beat it for a long time very patiently, at last she found it thicken, and in a few minutes was rewarded by seeing the butter really



come. "Oh my butter, my butter, I have made my butter," cried this happy little girl, jumping and clapping her hands, her little face crimson with joy. "And now Mamma, may I make it up into pats, and may I give one pat to Mrs. Hedge?" "Who is Mrs. Hedge?" "The poor woman we saw to day under the hedge Mamma, I do not know her name, so I call her Mrs. Hedge, may I give her a pat?" "That you may my dearest little girl, but how many pats will it make?" "Three Mamma, one for Miss Wilmot, one for Nurse, and one for Mrs. Hedge." What, and leave none for yourself? "I do not want any, you know Harriet has spread my bread ready for my supper. I promised Nurse and Miss Wilmot to make them one, and if I eat a pat, there will be none for Mrs. Hedge, who sleeps in a barn, and eats her bread so content." "Contentedly, you mean Anny," said Robert. "Contentedly, will



that do Bob?" Yes! and you are a darling little girl, for you are never offended when I correct you " " Oh I think it is very good-natured of you to tell me when I am wrong."

The next morning Anne awoke very early, and dressed herself, intending to get her reading and spelling soon over, that she might take the pat of butter to Mrs. Hedge: but alas! on looking out she perceived the ground covered with snow. This was indeed a disappointment, and it called for all her exertion to bear it well. She did exert herself however, and instead of crying and fretting, she silently wiped away *one* tear which *would* come in spite of all her endeavours, and employed herself at her needle-work with great steadiness. True, she did occasionally run to the window and exclaim, " Oh naughty snow, I wish you'd



go ;" but she did not by fretfulness and ill-temper add to her regret.

Her Governess who dearly loved her, (for who could help it ?) put on her cloak and thick shoes, and followed by Robert, (who was always ready to assist others) went through the snow to the place where the poor man and woman had been sitting the day before, but they were not there. The weather was too cold for these poor people to sit in the open air. They then went to the Farm, and found them sitting in Mr. Hudson's barn, and desiring them to follow, led the way to the villa, and placing the poor man and woman under the porch, called little Anne to the door. Her joy was beyond all bounds, when Miss Wilmot told her she might give her a pat of butter, with some bread and meat and a few shillings collected from the rest of the children. She presented her little offering with



such benevolence in her countenance, as to insure to her anxious friends the prospect of future excellence.

When the poor people were gone, she threw her arms round Miss Wilmot's neck, and kissed her most affectionately, promising never to be naughty again at her reading-lesson,---if she could help it.





## CHRISTMAS DAY.

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Now Christmas is come,  
Let us beat up the drum,  
And call all our neighbours together ;  
And when they appear,  
Let us make us such cheer  
As will keep out the wind and the weather.

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For some days before Christmas, our little friends had been busily engaged in making up small parcels in brown-paper, and stoutly resisted every enquiry as to what they were doing. As they did it in their play-hours, and by no means neglected their lessons, they were permitted to continue their secret occupation. Miss Wilmot to be sure, was a little anxious,



and a little troublesome, always finding some excuse for approaching that corner of the room where they were often so interested in their occupation as not to perceive her ; until rubbing her hands, she would exclaim, Ah ! now I *shall* find it out. With one consent, throwing their parcels under chairs or couches, they would lead her towards her work-table, finding great fault with her for not repressing her curiosity, and assuring her she should know in time.

On Christmas-day, when the family assembled to breakfast, these identical paper-parcels were found on the plate of each person round the table. Their Papa on opening his packet, found a very neat little almanack for the following year ; their Mamma had a purse ; Miss Wilmot a thimble ; in short each person received a Christmas-box from the other all through the house. This interchange of presents



was particularly gratifying, as they were purchased with the savings from their weekly allowance.

One little girl did not present any thing to her governess, but after breakfast, taking her aside, she said "I had no money left my dear Miss Wilmot, so I could not buy you any thing; you may remember some time ago telling us how much you admired the 23rd Psalm, and you wished we could repeat it. I have learnt it. Will you hear me repeat it? I have no other Christmas-gift to offer." "You could not possibly offer one which would give me half so much pleasure my love, you have attended to my wishes in the most gratifying manner."

Little Anne, who did not breakfast with the elder party, now made her appearance; her pincloth full of presents. The contents of her treasure-drawers were



distributed most liberally amongst her brothers and sisters. The little Maria presented a broken slate and a bit of pencil, the greatest treasures she possessed, to her brother Robert.

Christmas-day was always the happiest of the year to these children, who then dined with their Papa and Mamma, and were allowed to have a whole holiday, and amuse themselves as they pleased. This time they were not so happy as usual, owing to a headache and uneasiness which some of them felt. As they were healthy children this caused some alarm, which was encreased, when the next day their Mamma discovered they had the hoopingcough. All hopes of future pleasant walks were now at an end; however, they submitted with a very good grace, and determined not to add to the uneasiness of their Mamma, by



impatience. It was a trial, but it was borne quietly; and all did their best to attend upon, and entertain children, who thought so much of the comfort of others.





## THE LINNET.



I love to hear thy matin lay,  
And warbling wild notes die away.

SMYTH.



Little Anne was sitting at the window one bright morning, watching the dairy-maid feed the poultry, and wishing her hoopingcough would go, that she might run on the lawn and help her. She saw a poor man and woman enter the enclosure and advance towards the house. The man had some mats on his back; the woman carried a shabby-looking cage with a bird in it. "It certainly must be my friend Mrs. Hedge, said Anne, "Yes, it certainly must." She was not mistaken, it was Mrs. Hedge who knocked at the



door, and asked to see the little Miss who had given her the pat of butter. "I am sorry you cannot see her" said the servant, "she has the whoopingcough, and is not allowed to come down stairs." "I am very sorry to hear it Sir," said the good woman. "Will you be so kind as to give her this bird? It is a linnet which was forsaken by its mother, and we have taken care of it. We shall be very much pleased if the little lady will accept it." Anne was allowed to keep it. And Mrs. Hedge after receiving a small recompense, went away pleased to think her little offering had not been rejected.

Anne did not consider it a *little* offering; she thought that no child had ever been so rich or so happy. She promised to take the greatest care of it. And she kept her promise. Every morning before she ate her own breakfast, she attended to her bird, cleaned its



cage and gave it food and water. Her Papa seeing what care she took of it, promised to give her a handsome new cage, when they should be settled at the sea-side, where they were to go as soon as the hooping cough should have sufficiently subsided to admit of their changing the air.

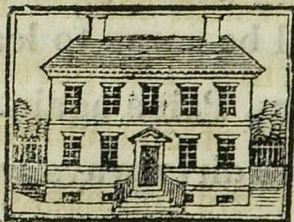
The little bird had been very much petted by good Mrs. Hedge, and was so tame, that it would eat hemp seed out of Anne's mouth. A friend who was visiting her Mamma gave her a very nice large bird's bath, for her linnet to bathe in. Anne thought he would be very tiresome, and not bathe at first, but she was mistaken. The bird was delighted and spent the greater part of the day in the water. A lady who had been in the habit of keeping birds, told Anne it would hurt her linnet to suffer it to bathe during the winter. "Oh very well then I will put it off till the



spring, then it shall bathe in the sea with me." It will be so nice you know my dear little bird for us to bathe together. "That will kill it, my love" said the lady, "it must bathe in fresh water." "I am sorry for that, as I should have liked it to bathe with me; but I will not do any thing to hurt it poor little fellow: besides it was a present from Mrs. Hedge, and I must keep it in remembrance of the happy days we have spent in this house. I shall be sorry to leave the Villa; and never to see poor Mrs. Paine again. I hope she will not return to her idle, dirty ways when we are gone." Anne had a little playroom by the side of the nursery, in which there was no chimney. Here she would give her linnet its liberty; and after flying about for some time, it would perch on her finger and suffer her to put it back into the cage. It would sometimes settle on her head or her shoulder. She always



treated the poor little bird with kindness, and it soon learnt to love her. And served to pass away many an hour which would otherwise appeared very tedious during the hoopingcough.





## THE TWELFTH CAKE.

These little things are great to little men.

GOLDSMITH.

On Twelfth-day their aunt made it a rule to send our young friends a twelfth cake. This year as usual she did not forget them. The parcel arrived and was opened in the presence of the children. What a profusion of good things did the basket contain! Cakes, sweetmeats, and oranges, with a set of twelfth-night characters; best of all was the cake, which was larger and richer than usual. "My wig! what a cake," exclaimed Robert, rubbing his hands. "Oh Bob" said Anne, "I *do* think that is an ugly word, I suppose you learnt it at school?" I did little Anne, but if you do



not like it I will not say it again? I own it is not a pretty expression; but did you ever see such a nice cake? "And we must not taste it because we have the hoopingcough" said Anne, with a sigh; "but perhaps we may give it away? May we Mamma?" If your elder sisters will consent, you may, my love, you know it is their cake as well as yours. "Will you give it away sisters?" "You may do just as you like with it Anne." "Oh then we will give it to your sister Fanny, Miss Wilmot. You are ~~n~~going to send a parcel, will you send the cake with it?" "That I will my dear, it will make Fanny very happy; first, because she will be pleased to find you do not forget her; and next, because she likes cake very much; as I believe most little girls do." Your elder sisters and Robert will perhaps paint some of these characters to send with it? "That we will Miss Wilmot" said Robert,



“but what are you going to put in besides to make up the parcel?” “I shall send a few new frocks for Fanny; some books for Charles; and a suit of clothes for Frank.” “That will be a parcel, my wi---I did not say wig, so you need not be so cunning little Anne.

The next day Anne's cousin came to see her, he was just come home from sea, and his arrival was the cause of great joy to the children. He was exceedingly good-natured, and often spent an hour in playing with his little relations, of whom he was very fond. When he was about to leave them he desired Anne would tell him what he should bring her from London. “Dear cousin, I should like to have a very pretty little teapot, but I have no money to pay for it.” “You shall pay me with a kiss my own Anny, and rely upon it I will bring you the prettiest I can procure.



When her uncle was gone, Miss Wilmot asked her why she chose a tea-pot, as she had one already among a very pretty set of tea things. She blushed and said "it is not for myself I want it." "For whom then my love?" "For little Fanny Wilmot, if you will be so very good as to put it in your parcel, you know she was so pleased with the tea-pot which my sisters sent her when she had the small-pox." Miss Wilmot could not refuse so kind a request. Anne's cousin on his return, brought her the prettiest little tea-pot he could find in London. Her joy and gratitude were beyond all bounds, and running to Miss Wilmot she had the satisfaction to pack it up herself and put it into the parcel, with the cake, and several other presents from her sisters to their young friends, who received their kindness with gratitude.



## THE FAREWELL.

---

Gay hope is their's, by fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possess ;  
The tear forgot, as soon as shed ;  
The sun-shine of the breast.

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The hooping-cough was now quite gone, and Anne and her sisters began to walk about a little. As they were to leave their pleasant Villa in a few days, the intermediate time was spent in paying farewell visits to their humble friends. Mrs. Paine's family was one of the first. In her they felt peculiar interest ; she was their first acquaintance. They encouraged her by their praises ; and entreated the children to pay attention to their mother, and be constant in their attendance at the Sunday School.



They visited the poor woman at the turnpike-gate, and called in upon Farmer Spriggs, to hope he would soon lose his troublesome visitor "the gout," from which he had suffered for so many weeks. They then proceeded to Stoke Park, and visited for the last time, with feelings of great regret, the pleasant woods and bowers of Stoke; the magnificent house; the rural church; and the simply elegant monument to the memory of the Poet Gray. They did not fail to call on Mrs. Hudson, and recommend to her particular care their friend Mrs. Hedge. Little Anne begged she would always allow them a night's lodging in the barn for her sake. A promise Mrs. Hudson made with great pleasure.

Anne and Maria were very sorry to part with their pretty little hens, and begged hard to be allowed to take them, assuring their Mamma the hens would



travel very conveniently in a basket, which they would hold on their knees without troubling any body. It was in vain to argue, this request could not be granted; they therefore left them to some poor little girls in the neighbourhood who promised to take great care of them for the sake of Miss Anne and Miss Maria, whom they said they should always regret. These little girls had not the power of doing much good; but the kindness of their manner, and their happy benevolent countenances made them always welcome visitors to the poor cottagers.

The pleasures of a country-life had been very short to them; but they looked forward with hope to the time when they should once more be settled in a Villa, where they might exercise their ingenuity in making clothes for the poor; and their limbs in running up and down the green hills; when they might



again have a garden to cultivate; and poultry to feed and take care of. However, as they were very fond of each other, they were certain of happiness while together. They returned home rather sorrowful, yet gratified by the kind farewell of their humble neighbours.





## THE SEA SIDE.

Albion Cliffs from age to age,  
That bear the roaring storms of Heaven.

BLOOMFIELD.

The farewell once over, Anne and Maria began to enjoy the bustle of preparing for a removal. Their play boxes were packed and unpacked three or four times a day. At last the expected morning arrived, and they jumped into the carriage, delighted to be packed closely together, to make room for as many as the carriage could hold.

They drove off amidst the kind wishes of all the good people whom they were leaving. They looked back with regret on their quiet little Villa, and were expressing their hopes of some day revisiting it.



when Anne called out loudly to the postilion to stop, "We have left the dear little linnet, pray do stop," The servant was dispatched to fetch it, and met the gardener half way down the lane running as fast as he could with the cage in his hand. They once more set off and were soon out of sight of their happy Villa. After a long day's journey they arrived safely at the Sea-side. As Anne and Maria had never before seen the sea, their astonishment was very great. And for some time they were almost as delighted with their new residence as they had been with the country-villa; though they never ceased to regret the friends they had made during their stay there.

After a short residence on the sea coast, their health was fully re-established, and they enjoyed many pleasant rides, and walks on the beach. Anne frequently rode on a donkey, attended by a boy who ran after



them, beating the poor animal to make it go faster; but the kind-hearted Anne often begged the boy to let it go just as slow as it chose rather than to beat it.

Their Papa occasionally treated them with a sail on the sea; and as they were never sea-sick it was a very great treat.

We conducted our little friends to the Villa, we have conducted them out of it; and we leave them happy in the consciousness of *trying* to fulfil their duty towards every body.

And here ends our little history, for a *history* it truly is. Imagination has had no share in these simple stories; but the real sentiments and actions of my little group are here related, and in their own words. Therefore this performance has at least the merit of truth and nature. And I flatter myself, they will be deemed no inconsiderable merit; and that what has



been so pleasant and profitable to my dear young friends *in the action*, cannot fail to prove *in the relation* both interesting and instructive to others of a similar age. They will here learn *how very pleasant a thing it is to be good*; and if, like my little group, they are dutiful to their parents, affectionate to each other, and kind and benevolent to all; like them too they will be happy and beloved by every one.



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W. Leppard, Letter-press and Copper-plate Printer, 17, East Street, Brighton

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