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Arthur Hugh Smith Barry.

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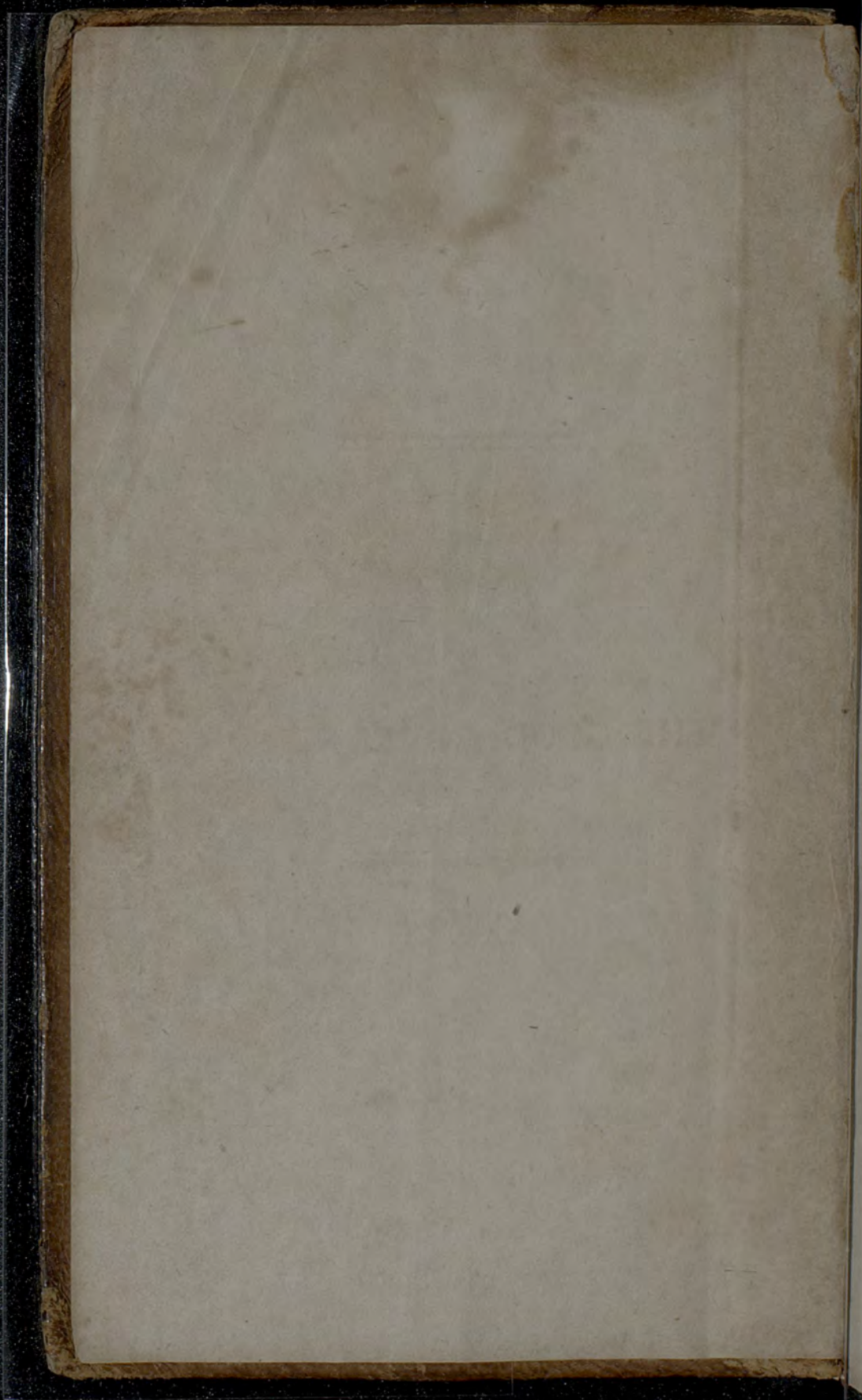
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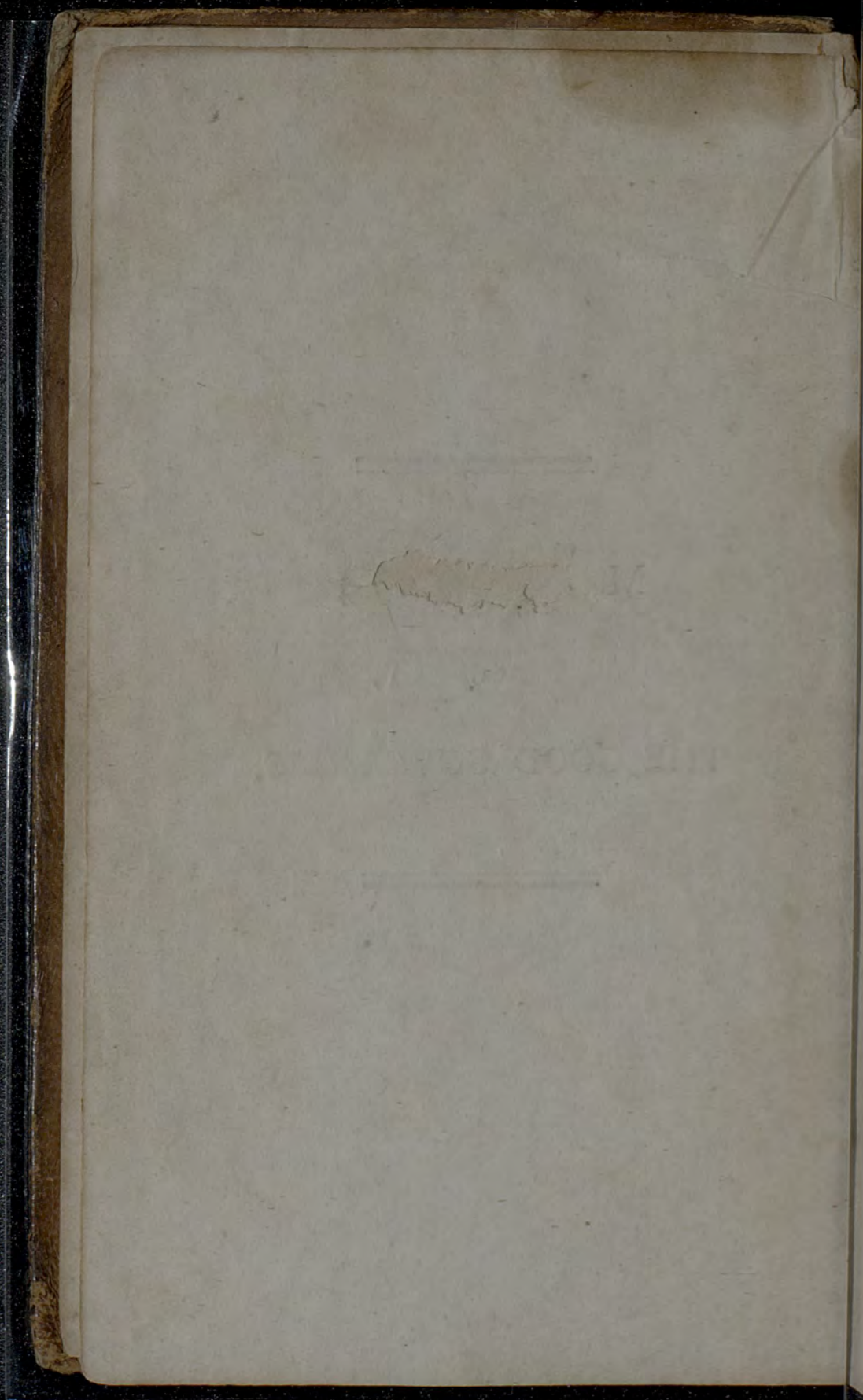
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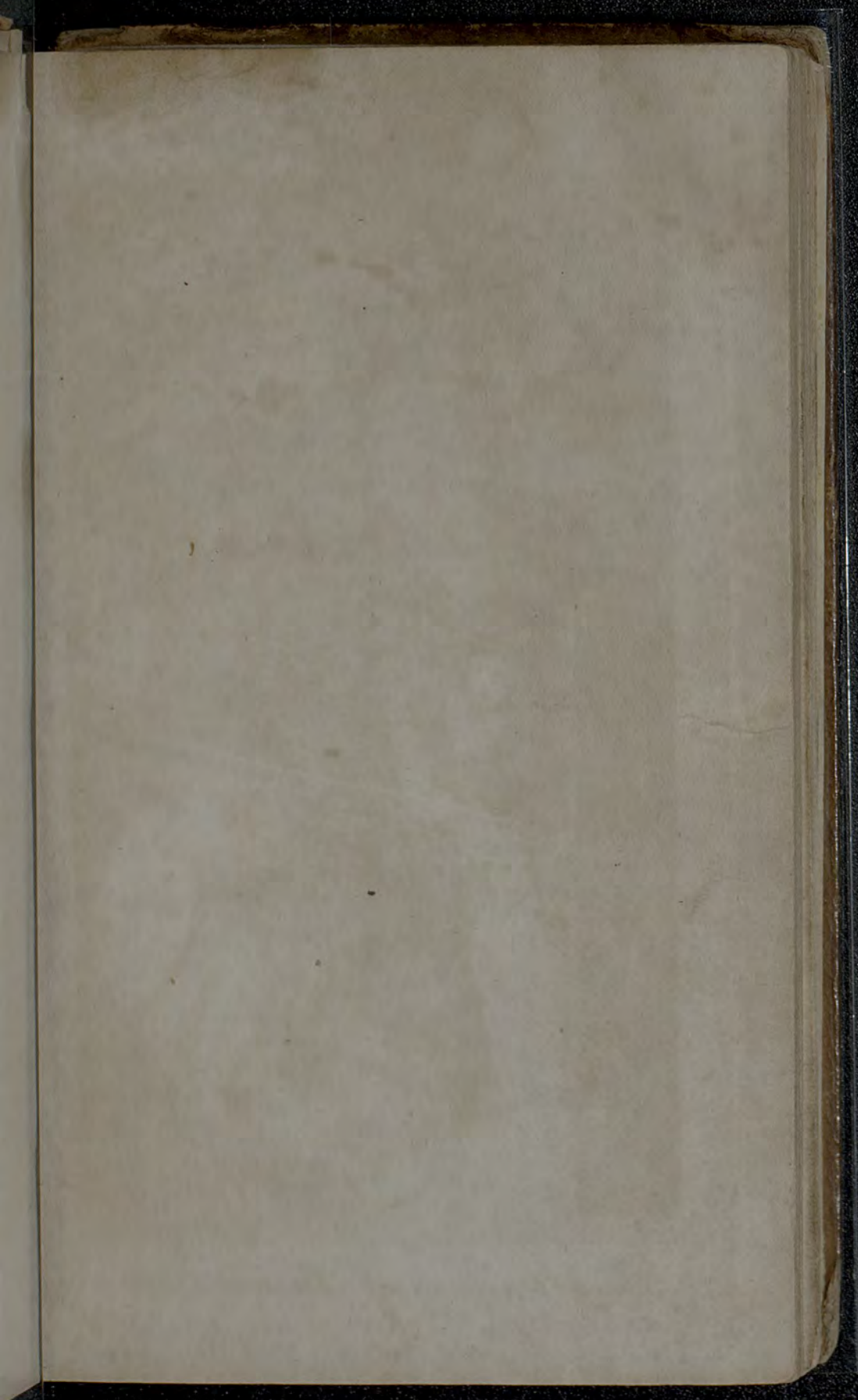
THE GOOD GOVERNESS.

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FRONTISPIECE.



*The Pleasures of Benevolence?*

*See Page 74. Vol. I.*



A N E C D O T E S

*Eliza M* O B

M A R Y;

O R,

THE GOOD GOVERNESS.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF THE  
DAVENPORT FAMILY.

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“ Il faut pétrir le pain des Enfans avec le Levain  
de la Raïson et les accoutumer à la sentir et à la  
gouter.”

ECOLE DES MOEURS DE L'ABBÉ BLANCHARD.

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L O N D O N:

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M,DCC,XCV.



THE HISTORY OF

M. A. R. I.

THE GOOD GOVERNMENT

BY THE REV. J. H. B. B. B. B.

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE HISTORY OF THE

GOVERNMENT OF THE

REPUBLIC OF THE

UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

BY



T H E  
GOOD GOVERNESS;  
OR  
*ANECDOTES OF MARY.*

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C H A P T E R I.

LADY Mary M——, at eight years of age, was taken from her nursery and put under the care of a Lady whom she had never before seen, and of whom she had conceived no very favourable opinion, from the notions she had formed of a governess. Her nurse was a good sort of woman, but too much disposed to spoil children by a mistaken indulgence of their whims and caprices. Lady Mary's mother had provided a comfortable situation

B

for



for her in the country, and it was settled that she was to leave the house on the same day Mrs. Montfort should enter it. The nurse was much afflicted at parting with her young charge, but her grief soon subsided; and before she had travelled three miles, she thought only of the little cottage and the field she was going to possess. I must, however, do the poor woman the justice to say, she reflected with some pleasure upon the probability there was of Lady Mary's paying her a visit in the summer, and eating strawberries and cream at her expence.— Mary spent the remainder of the day in her mama's dressing-room: she was at first very low spirited, but a crowd of visitors, who all declared she was *the sweetest little girl that ever was seen,*



diverted her sorrows, and when the clock struck five, and her mama left her, in order to dress for dinner, Mary immediately consulted the pier glasses, and found that the ladies were much in the right, and that, to be sure she was very handsome. When Lady S—'s toilet was finished Mary went to supper, and from thence to her nursery, but how was she surprized to find it quite altered. Her play-room (which before was almost empty) was now furnished with a book-case, writing-table, drawing-desk, globes and harpsichord. In the room where she was accustomed to sleep was a little bed, placed by the side of a large white dimity one. She presently guessed what all this meant, and turning to the maid who accompanied her, she hastily cried, "For



God's sake put me to bed, that I may not see her till morning." "Oh, if you mean your governess, ma'am, you must make haste, for 'tis now half past seven, and she is to come at eight."

Lady Mary—"I don't know what business she has to come at all, a great plague—Nurse told me she would be cross—horrid creature! I wish, with nurse had stayed—she said she would have taken my part against any cross-brained governess.—Oh, I wish the coach would overturn, and nurse would come back again."

Ann—"Your nurse is much obliged to your good wishes, ma'am; for my part I think it a very happy thing she is gone. Your governess will soon teach you another story, than to sit in the chimney corner all day."

Lady



Lady Mary—"I'll tell mama of you."

Ann—"Do you chuse to go to bed, ma'am, or I shall take away the candle."

Lady Mary—"That you dare not do—I'm sure it is no business of yours, whether I sit up or no—I won't go to bed if I do not like it."

Ann—"With all my heart, ma'am, and then when your governess comes, you will have the pleasure of seeing her."

Lady Mary—"Hang the governess! If she was not coming, I'll be hanged if I would not stay up on purpose to teize you."

Ann—"Fye, miss, to use such words, *I'll be hanged* indeed!—Pretty words for a young lady—but, as I said before, you'll soon be taught another



story; to-morrow it will not be—" *I'll be hanged,*" but "*I'll be whipt.*"

Mary felt the irony of the speech, but hearing a noise on the stairs, she concluded it must be Mrs. Montfort, and peevishly ordering Ann to go and look, tore off her apparel, and made so much haste in putting on her night clothes, that when her maid returned, to tell her her fears were unfounded, she had laid her head on the pillow, and was feigning a deep sleep. Ann now folded up her young lady's apparel, and wishing her a good night, left her to dream of her governess.

At a quarter past eight Mrs. Montfort arrived: this Mary soon discovered by the bustle she heard in the next room, but as she dreaded nothing so much as her first introduction, she lay



lay very quiet, nor did she even move when her chamber door opened, and a strange voice said, "Is Lady Mary in bed?" Ann replied in the affirmative, and Mrs. Montfort, (for it was she that enquired) opening the curtains gently, said "I fancy she is asleep." "Shall I wake her?" replied the maid. "By no means, we shall see each other in the morning, and it would be a pity to disturb her."

The little girl lay all this time as still as a mouse; she longed much to take a peep, but, as her curtains were again closed, she was forced to suspend her curiosity.



CHAPTER II.

AT seven the next morning, Lady Mary was awakened by Mrs. Montfort, who was already dressed. At first, forgetting that her nurse was gone, she yawned, and peevishly drawled out "I can't get up, I'm sleepy;" but presently recollecting the change that had taken place, she opened her eyes, and for the first time, had a full view of her governess. What sort of a woman she expected to see, I cannot exactly tell, all I know is, that she was much pleased to find she had the same good-natured smile as her dear mama. "Come," said Mrs. Montfort, "the clock has struck seven, it is time to get up, besides I long to be acquainted with you." Mary obeyed, and



and whilst Ann was dressing her, she lost no time in examining her governess from head to foot, who, on her part was not idle in surveying Lady Mary, from the happiness of whose physiognomy, she prognosticated much success in her undertaking. The faults which this little girl had contracted had not yet sunk deep enough to be discernible in the features of her face, and her countenance, open and good-humoured, bore the marks of an amiable and ingenuous disposition. When she was dressed they said prayers together, and Mary read a chapter in the New Testament. Mrs. Montfort then asked her several questions, in order to judge of the progress she had made in her education, and finding her in general very deficient, talked a



great deal about the necessity there was of making good use of time, and endeavouring to render her sensible of the very disadvantageous light in which an ignorant woman always appears.

Breakfast coming in, Mary no longer gave attention to her governess's remarks, but with an eager eye, surveying the table, saw that dry toast and a basin of milk and water, were substituted in the place of what she usually eat. When children are suffered to eat as much as they please, they soon become greedy. Mary's nurse unfortunately thought they could not have too much; the consequence was, that the little girl was never satisfied, and after having devoured every morning a quantity of bread and butter, three or four cups of tea, and half of  
the



the good woman's buttered toast or muffin, she would cry and roar till they brought her biscuits. But the scene was now to be changed, and Mary was no longer to be indulged in her whims: this she pretty well understood from some hints Mrs. Montfort had dropped, in conversation they just had had together, and accordingly thought it better not to dispute the point, though she was evidently much displeased at the simple fare provided for her.

Mrs. Montfort did not seem to notice her ill humour, and when breakfast was over, took a walk with her round the square in which she lived, where they happened to meet with some little girls with whom Mary was acquainted. When they asked after her



health, and that of her father and mother, instead of satisfying their enquiries, and returning the compliment, she hung down her head, and turning her back upon them, was preparing to walk away, when Mrs. Montfort prevented her, and with much difficulty prevailed on her to curtsy and say "very well I thank you," and that was all, not one word more would this foolish girl say. Her little friends passed on, much disgusted with her behaviour, and rather surpris'd at it, as she generally accosted them with a great deal of boldness; and though she never enquired after their parents, she had always a great deal to say upon some new toy her nurse had either bought, or promised her, and had never till now appeared afraid of speaking to them.

The



The truth was, Mary had often boasted to her friends of the liberty she enjoyed, telling them how easily she could get any thing by pretending to cry, that she did just as she pleased, never read but when she was in the humour for it, &c. &c.

This nonsense she generally forced upon her auditors with an air of exultation, as much as to say, "you are treated as children, but I am quite a woman; they are afraid to give me rules, they know very well I should break them presently." In answer, Mary was constantly told the case would soon be quite different, but she always contended, no governess should make her do what she did not like; that if she had an hundred, she would conquer them all; and as for learning,  
French,



French, that she positively never would do. A great deal of stuff like this she was continually uttering, and now, when she found all her boasted liberty gone, all prospects of regaining it vanished, she felt herself so humbled that she was ashamed to look those in the face, to whom she had so frequently boasted.

"My dear," said Mrs. Montfort to her, as they walked home, "what could make you so rude to those young ladies? I confess I am at a loss to account for your behaviour, as from the little I saw of them, I cannot suppose your mama has forbidden you to be acquainted."

After a great deal of evasion on Mary's part, she was at last brought, with much difficulty to confess the reason.

"I am



“ I am glad you have explained yourself at last,” said her governess, “ and before I make any remark upon the ridiculous notions you have imbibed, let me caution you against using prevarication with me ; I have had too much experience ever to be deceived by it, and the fault you endeavour to hide, will always be punished with additional severity. Perhaps you may not yet have been taught this lesson, and therefore, supposing your error proceeded from ignorance, for this once I shall take no farther notice of it. As to your idea of being ashamed of not having your own way, it is really a most ridiculous one. You wish then to be left entirely to yourself, to forego the most noble advantage your situation affords you, that of enabling  
you



you to receive a good education; in short, you wish to put yourself upon a level with common beggars, who are under no restraint, and whose greatest misfortune is that of having nobody to point out to them the difference between good and evil. Besides this, you must consider how bad a compliment you pay your parents, in being ashamed of the plan they adopt for your improvement. On the contrary, ought you not to be grateful for the interest they take in your welfare? Be assured they are the best judges of what is most conducive to it, and believe them to be actuated only by their ardent wishes for your future happiness. You can never make a sufficient return for their goodness, but by using your utmost endeavours to  
profit



profit by the care and expence they bestow upon you. You will at least shew you are sensible of the obligation."

They had now reached home, and by the time Mary had, for the first time in her life, folded up her tippet herself, the clock struck ten, and she was told to expect her music master. In a few minutes he arrived, and she was not a little disappointed upon hearing there was a great deal to learn before she would be permitted to touch the harpsichord. She began to give herself a great many airs upon the occasion, but soon perceiving they were to no purpose, as the instrument remained unopened, and Mr. D—— still persisted in making her name the notes according to the given cliff, she grew



more patient, and got through her lesson with a tolerable degree of credit. Her capacity was in reality good; she was quick, and had an excellent memory, but, to balance these gifts, she was idle, giddy, and obstinate: when opposed she generally flew into a passion, and when once this was the case, it was difficult to pacify her, except by yielding the point, which method, unhappily for the poor child, her nurse had always been accustomed to pursue.

When Mr. D—— was gone, Mrs. Montfort bestowed some praises upon Mary for the attention she had given to her master's instructions, and as a recompence, proposed to begin teaching her geography immediately. The terrestrial



terrestrial globe was accordingly uncovered, and Mrs. Montfort explained to her in the most familiar manner the different circles described upon it, making her comprehend the meaning of the words latitude and longitude, &c. &c.

“And now, my dear,” said she, “repeat to me as much as you can recollect of what I have been saying.”

As the study happened to accord with the little girl's fancy, she had listened with pleasure, and was of course able to comply with her governess's request, who was much pleased to speak in her praise to Lady S—, who came into the room just as the lesson was over.

“I am very glad indeed,” said this Lady (as she tenderly kissed Mary) to hear so good an account of my little girl.



girl. You must continue, my dear child, to deserve such commendation; if you love me you will, as nothing can give me more pleasure. You have hitherto been very idle, but you are now eight years old, and must no longer play the baby. Surely you will always attend to Mrs. Montfort's instructions, when I tell you, that from this time forward I shall only judge of the love my little Mary bears her mama, by the improvement she makes. If you have no objection, my dear Madam, I will run away with your pupil for two or three hours after she has dined, as you probably wish to have to-day some time to yourself. You may, besides, look over your little library, and if any other books are  
wanted,



wanted, you will, of course, send for them as soon as possible."

After conversing some time with Mrs. Montfort, Lady S— — went down stairs, and Mary complaining of hunger, the bell was rung, and a piece of bread ordered. The maid who brought it up, said "she was afraid her Ladyship would not eat it without butter or sweetmeat," but Mrs. Montfort would permit neither to be added, and as the little girl had breakfasted early, she was too hungry to argue upon the occasion. When she had done eating, she was to write a copy, and had some rules in arithmetic to learn by heart.

It was past two o'clock before she could say this task, short as it was; her page of writing was very bad, but

as



as she had never before held a pen, Mrs. Montfort allowed for its imperfections. At three they were summoned to dinner. Mary was so eager to go down, that she would not suffer her sash to be tied, and though they were at the bottom of the staircase before Mrs. Montfort perceived the ends trailing on the ground, she was forced to go up again to have her dress completed.

Fresh mortifications were preparing for her below.—She found she was to leave nothing on her plate, to be helped but once to meat, to eat no butter or sugar with her pudding, to drink but twice during dinner. No cheese was allowed, nor was she to call for pepper and vinegar to her greens, and above all she was not permitted to rest her  
 elbows



elbows upon the table. These little arrangements gave her some pain, as she had always been accustomed to place a great deal of her happiness in the like trifling gratifications, and now thought it very hard to be deprived of them. As soon as dinner was over, she went up to her mama, with whom she soon after went out.

Her governess in the mean time was busily employed in looking over the books in their apartment. The selection had been made with great judgment by Lady S———; it was complete, and contained a regular course of reading for many years. She afterwards drew out a plan of study for her little pupil, and when Lady S——— came home, submitted it to her opinion. It met with her highest approbation,



bation, and the fond mother felicitated herself upon the treasure she had found for her girl. After tea the dancing master came. Mary had already had two lessons, and each time had put Mr. F—— out of all patience; the poor man was much pleased to find the presence of her governess made his task a little easier, and though he still was forced to find a great deal of fault, began to entertain some hope of her improvement. At nine Mary, after saying her prayers to Mrs. Montfort, was put to bed, where she soon fell asleep, upon which her governess quitted her to join Lady S——, who was then alone in her dressing-room.



C H A P T E R   I I I .

**I**T would be extremely tiresome to my readers were I to present them every day with so particular a journal as that of yesterday. They need not be alarmed—Mrs. Montfort is to stay twelve years with Mary, and I shall not engage in so great an undertaking. My prolixity has hitherto been occasioned by a wish to bring them acquainted with those persons who will by and bye make the most conspicuous figure in my narrative; now that I suppose them upon an intimate footing, I shall no longer enter into such minute circumstances.

Mary has already appeared a little angry upon having nothing but bread

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and



and milk for breakfast. She ventured this morning to complain: after stirring it about for two or three minutes, then tasting it, then stirring it again, she at last said to her Governess—"I don't like milk, ma'am, I want tea."

Mrs M.—"Tea, my dear, is unwholesome for children; when you are a little older, you shall have it in the afternoon, but at present, you must drink none."

Mary—"But I like tea; I used to drink it when nurse was here, and it never hurt me."

Mrs. Montfort—"Oh, I assure you it has already done you harm; had you never drank any thing but milk, you would not look so pale, nor have been so much tired yesterday with your walk."

Mary



Mary—"But I drank milk yesterday."

Mrs. Montfort—"You did: but one basin of milk is not sufficient to give you strength, or restore your colour. You must drink it regularly every morning for a long time, before you can be sensible of its good effects."

Mary—"But I can't drink it, I can't swallow it."

Mrs. Montfort—"You must allow me to doubt that, especially as you reminded me of your having breakfasted yesterday upon milk, not a moment ago."

Mary—"But I hate it, I want tea, I won't drink the nasty milk."

Mrs. Montfort—"I'm sorry to see you so perverse; I have told you my reasons for preferring it to tea, and



you are not to expect me to act contrary to my opinion, for the sake of indulging your nonsensical whims."

Mary—"Then I must go without my breakfast."

Mrs. Montfort—"Indeed you must, if you do not chuse that which is prepared for you."

Mary—"Then I'll have none."

She said no more, but lolling back in her chair, began to pout. As her governess was reading the newspaper, the little girl, who had thrown herself into this attitude with a view to excite pity, was forced to kick her feet against the legs of the table, in order to draw her attention. She was told to desist, but not being in a humour to comply, in less than a minute she recommenced her attacks. Mrs. Montfort

now



now rose from table, and in spite of resistance, locked her into an adjoining light closet. Mary stamped, and thumped against the door with all her might, but no one answered her. At length her strength failed, she could storm no longer, but changing her note, she begged, she intreated to be let out, promising to behave well in future; the door was opened, but no breakfast was to be seen.

“As you have chosen,” said Mrs. M. “to pass in that closet the time allotted to breakfast and a walk, you lose both: this is the hour for reading, pray waste no more time, but bring your book immediately.”

Mary, after some hesitation, obeyed, but before she had read half a page, shut the book, and beginning to cry,



her governess asked what ailed her?

Mary—"Oh, I am so hungry!"

Mrs. Montfort—"It is your own fault, you had enough set before you, if you had chosen to eat it."

Mary—"Oh dear, I'll eat it now indeed!"

Mrs. Montfort—"It is no longer the hour for breakfast, they will bring some bread at twelve, and you must wait till that time with patience."

Mary—"I'm sure I shall be sick."

Mrs. Montfort—"It is very likely you may be so, but that will give me but little pain, as I shall think it a just punishment for your obstinacy.—However you had better dry up your tears, they will have no further effect, than to give me a worse opinion of  
your



your temper; besides, you must now write a copy, and I will not allow the book to be blotted."

Mary—"I'm sure I can't write without having something to eat first."

Mrs. Montfort—"You shew your folly in persisting to argue with me; nothing, I assure you, shall alter my determination. You are mistaken if you think you alarm me by these complaints, they only tell me you are sensible of the punishment I inflict upon you. Your writing must be finished before you will be allowed to eat, so if you really suffer, why do you not begin?"

This last argument had its effect; Mary sat down, but wrote her copy so badly, that Mrs. Montfort insisted upon its being repeated. A little



more care was, however, taken of the second, and when the bread at last came, she was permitted to eat it.

Lady L—— soon after joined them, and upon hearing how ill the little girl had behaved, would not take her down to see her papa, as she had at first intended.

This cost Mary a few tears, which, as she met with no pity, were soon dried up; but they began to flow afresh when, about a quarter of an hour after Mr. S—— was announced, whose name was very familiar to her ears. She immediately ran to her mama, who was conversing with Mrs. Montfort, and begged her for God's sake to send him away. "Indeed, mama, I cannot wear a back-board, I am sure I can't,



it will kill me—I know it will, pray mama don't let me have one.

Lady L.—“ I wish, my dear child, you would be quiet, you have such silly notions; how can a back-board *kill* you? on the contrary, it is absolutely necessary for your health; indeed you are much more likely to kill yourself by this excessive violence.”

Mary—“ Oh, but mama, pray send him off, I can't bear to see him, it makes me quite ill—Oh dear! Oh dear!”

Mr. S—— now made his appearance, and in spite of Mary's intreaties, was ordered to take her measure. As she still continued to cry, he told her with a smile, that he could easily contrive something to prevent little girls from crying. She thought he really



meant to try the experiment upon her, which idea being by no means calculated to afford her any consolation, it made her grief so audible, that she almost stunned the poor man, who took his leave with all possible expedition, telling her she made more noise than all the coaches, carts and waggons, that passed through his street in the course of the day. When he had left the room Mary ceased crying, and her mama began to expostulate with her on her late behaviour. "What have you gained," said she, "by all this resistance? you find it has been to no purpose; you have exposed yourself to a stranger, have offended Mrs. Montfort, and grieved me. Should not a little girl be willing to suppose, when she is thwarted by her friends, that

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they



have good reasons for their conduct? and though they may not communicate them to her, she is to rely upon their superior judgment, and remember that she is but a child, and what little knowledge she does possess, she has received from their instructions.— There is no excuse for your conduct: You saw by Mr. S——'s coming to measure you, that it was my wish you should wear a back board: your desire of obliging me ought to have balanced all your objections, instead of which you opposed your weak opinion to mine, and though I went so far as to vindicate the step I had taken, by telling you your health was concerned in it, you would not listen, but aggravated your fault by putting yourself in a passion. You have to-day forfeited



all the fine promises you yesterday made me, when we were out together. I cannot have a good opinion of people who break their word, nor can I believe myself to be loved by those who will not make the smallest sacrifice to afford me pleasure. As your affection for me is not sufficient to induce you to behave well, and the punishment you incurred this morning has had no effect, I fear indeed there is but little prospect of your amendment. You are very sensible how painful such a reflection must be to me, as you know how much I love you! Remember what I say, and endeavour to make me think otherwise by adopting a different mode of behaviour. I am going to ——— for a few days—I leave you in Mrs. Montfort's



fort's care, and hope upon my return, to find you have profited by the attention I am certain she will bestow upon you."

"Indeed, mama," said the sobbing Mary, "I love you dearly, indeed I do."

"Prove it then to me, by attending to what I have said; let me have the pleasure, this day se'nnight, of taking you down to your papa, and of saying, "Here is our little Mary, who *has been* a naughty girl, but is now sensible of her faults, and means in future to forsake them."

Mary—"Oh yes, mama, indeed I will behave better, I know I should be happier if I had no faults."

"Lady L—" "Then you must love Mrs Montfort, who will have the goodness



ness to point them out to you, and afford you assistance in correcting them."

After renewing her promises of amendment, the little girl took leave of her mama, who set off much pleased with the effect this conversation had apparently produced.



## CHAPTER IV.

MRS. Montfort had little fault to find during Lady L---'s absence; Mary took her lessons with docility, was contented to give up tea, and submitted to Mr. S---'s discipline without any sign of impatience. Her governess gave her a large wax doll, and assisted her in making clothes for it; Mary was in such a hurry to complete it's wardrobe, that her work was often to be unpicked, as Mrs. Montfort would suffer nothing to be done with carelessness. When the week was expired, her heart began to beat at the sound of every carriage that stopped at the door; as the school-room windows were not in the front of the house, how often did she wish for dinner, not as before, for  
the



the sake of eating, but merely to be in a room which had a view of the square; a strong proof, that by directing children's attention to proper objects, they may easily be led to forget such as they have been accustomed to dwell upon with the greatest satisfaction. At last, when her papa and mama arrived, Mary flew to their embraces with the consciousness of having kept her promise. She thought at that moment she could never again willingly cause them any uneasiness. How little did she know herself! She had been too long in error, to become all at once a perfect character. With a sufficient degree of good sense to know when she is in the wrong, she wants resolution to correct herself, and instead of exerting her power in conquering her own passions, she



she wastes it in vain opposition to commands imposed only with a view to her happiness. But this disposition did not appear till some days after her mama's return: she had lately behaved so well, that persons of less discernment than Mrs. Montfort would have been led to imagine, from the apparent change in her temper, that a total reform had taken place: but how cruelly would they have been undeceived, when, before a fortnight was over, she became weary of compliance, and began to give as much trouble as ever. Mrs. Montfort having watched her throughout with the most vigilant attention, was not surprised to see the flame re-kindle, and was the better prepared to oppose its fury. Her suspicions were all confirmed one morning, when M'D——

was



was endeavouring to make the little girl comprehend the difference between a major and a minor key. She had been very inattentive, and he was telling her to repeat the rule for the third time, when an order came for Mary to attend some ladies who wished to see her, *provided she was engaged with no master*. She immediately jumped up to obey the summons, but Mrs. Montfort reminded her of the latter part of the message, and desired the servant to say that Lady Mary was with her music master.

“But that does not signify,” said the little girl.

Mr. D——. *Je vous demande pardon, mademoiselle*—it signify a great deal. You must, if you please, attend to

vat



vat I say, to know when de key is, but you no give attention, *mademoiselle*.

Mary. To know when the key.

Mr. D——. *Achevez*.

Mary. *Achevez*.

Mr. D——. *Fi donc, mademoiselle*, vat you repeat my words for.

Mary. Why you bid me say it after you.

Mrs. Montfort. I have before told you, Lady Mary, what is meant by the word “*Achevez*”, you know Mr. D—— did not mean you to repeat it.

Mary. But mama sent for me to see Mrs. B——.

Mrs. Montfort. If Mrs. B—— is not gone when your lesson is finished, you shall then go down.

Mary. But mama sent for me directly.

Mrs.



Mrs. Montfort. Your mama particularly desired that your studies should not be interrupted.

Mary. I know Mrs. B—— will be gone before I have done with this nasty music.

Mr. D——. *Allons mademoiselle,* you lose de time—dis will not do at all.

Mary. Pray, ma'am, let me go down.

Mrs. Montfort. I certainly cannot consent that you should go now, nor even when Mr. D—— is gone, except he is perfectly satisfied with you.

Mary. It's very hard when mama sends for me, that I must stay here.

Mrs. Montfort. Lady Mary, you are growing perverse; attend to your music,



music, or you will force me to punish you.

Mary. Mama sent for me—it's very hard—I hate music—I want to go to Mrs. B———so ill-natured!—

The music master now interfered, but as he spoke in French, Mary did not understand him; he said it was impossible to communicate any instruction to his pupil while she continued in such a bad humour, and therefore begged to be dismissed for that day. Mrs. Montfort gave him his ticket, and upon his going out of the room, had recourse to her former expedient of locking Mary in the closet: all her struggling was to no purpose, she knocked and thumped as before, but it did not procure her a release; at last she heard her mama's voice in the room,



room, and remained quiet a few minutes, in order to listen to what passed. She heard Mrs. Montfort give an exact account of her behaviour, and was much vexed to hear herself condemned by somebody whose voice she presently recollected to be that of her favourite Mrs. B——; her distresses increased upon finding that this lady had purposely prolonged her visit, that she might take Mary to the exhibition of pictures at Somerset House. Her tears of perverseness were now changed into those of sorrow; upon reflection she found how much she had been to blame, and began heartily to repent the fault she had committed; she made no more noise, and upon Mrs. Montfort's opening the door soon after, she  
beg-



begged to be forgiven, promising at the same time, that nothing of the same kind should ever happen again. "How can you expect me," said Mrs. Montfort, "to give credit to your promises after having broken all those you so lately made to your mama; you ought to set a resolution to behave well, and that resolution should be as binding to you as the most solemn promise; let me advise you for your own sake to do this; but make no promises to me, I can rely so little upon the command you have over yourself, that I desire to be spared the mortification of knowing when you break through your engagement; if you have a proper sense of the solemnity of promises, though made only to yourself, you will be sufficiently punished by your own reflections when-



whenever you forfeit them; you will now go and dress, as dinner must be nearly ready."

Mary, with tears in her eyes, walked into the next room, where Ann was waiting for her; Mrs. Montfort soon after joined them, and found the maid consoling her pupil for the punishment she had undergone; she left off speaking upon hearing that Lady's footstep, a bad lesson to a child who was not very willing to consider her governess as her best friend. Eager to efface any bad impression the little girl might have received, Mrs. Montfort addressing herself to the maid, told her she had by accident overheard part of her conversation, and that from the manner in which she had been talking to Mary, it was impossible she could be acquainted



quainted with the whole of the affair. She then related it to her, and the maid confessed that one of the house-maids had told her that Lady Mary was in disgrace, but that *that* was all she had heard, and she consequently owned herself but a bad judge of the propriety of her being punished. Mary was taught by this occurrence, not to be flattered by the good opinion of those who were not witnesses to the whole of her conduct; she was taught to consider Mrs. Montfort as the best judge on earth of her actions, and only when receiving praise from her, to feel herself conscious of deserving it from other people; she spent the rest of the day very uncomfortably; her governess, who was evidently much displeased with her, did not converse

D

with



with the same freedom as before, and when the doll was, according to custom, produced after dinner, she found Mrs. Montfort would no longer assist her in making its clothes. When she saw her mama the next day, she ventured not to make promises, but felt so hurt by the coolness with which Lady L—— accosted her, that she thought it impossible she should ever be so foolish as again to expose herself to the chance of such a punishment; it gave her, besides, much mortification to find she was expected to apologise to Mr. D—— for the manner in which she had taken her last lesson; he had been half an hour in the room before she could bring herself to say what Mrs. Montfort had dictated as a proper apology for the unnecessary trouble she had



had given him; she frequently met this lady's eye, which seemed to reproach her for her non-compliance. At last, when Mr. D—— paused, she caught the opportunity, and began:—  
“ Mr. D—— ——— Sir, ——— I behaved — very ——— ill last time, ——— but ——— but I ——— hope I —- shall not ——— give ——— you ——— so much trouble any more.” The last words of the sentence came out with a rapidity that plainly evinced how glad she was to find this penance over. Her music master bowed, and hoped for “ *mademoiselle's* own sake, that she would give proper attention.” Mary looked acquiescence, and Mr. D—— considered a few blunders she afterwards made, as occasioned by his momentary inattention, instead of attri-



bating them to her giddiness. After this, she was gradually restored to favour, and for a long time, did nothing to forfeit the good opinion her friends began to entertain of her disposition.



## CHAPTER V.

LORD L——'s niece was shortly to be presented to the Queen. Mary was very desirous of attending her toilet on the day of presentation, and without much difficulty, persuaded her cousin to ask Mrs. Montfort's permission; the request was readily complied with, and the little girl accordingly breakfasted in St. James's Square the following Thursday. Mrs. Montfort excused herself from accompanying her, having an opportunity of conveying letters of consequence to her relations at Paris. The little girl was very busy the whole morning, and would not be prevailed on to return home till she had actually assisted Lady



Eleanor's women in putting her into her sedan chair. Her aunt smiled at such pretty officiousness, and nodded to her as she stepped into her own. When the little procession began to move, Mary walked home with high ideas of the pleasure that must necessarily attend the first introduction at Court, wishing most fervently, that she was eighteen; and lamenting bitterly the long term of years that separated her from this delightful æra. She found her mama preparing to follow her niece, and immediately began expatiating upon the beauty of Lady Eleanor's dress, and intreated that she might have one exactly like it on the day she should be presented. "But, oh dear!" continued she, "that happy day won't come a great while; I  
with



wish the Queen would let little girls go to the drawing room. It would make me so happy to be drest like Eleanor."

Lady L——. My little Mary would make but a droll figure in a hoop and long lappets.

Mary. But if I had not a hoop and long lappets, I might wear feathers, and diamonds, and foil.—Oh I wish I was eighteen, I should be so happy.

"So you think," said her papa, who was standing by, "that happiness consists in wearing feathers, diamonds, and foil."

Mary. Why yes papa, I am sure I should so like to wear them. When I have any money, (you know I have none at present) I believe I shall lay it all out in buying such things.



Lord L.——. I hope, my dear child, when you have money, you will make a better use of it; you must of course, be in possession of these fine things bye and bye, but you will, I trust, by that time, have been taught to think them of little value. They are not the distinctions of which you should be proud.——But you say you have no money, if you wish for some, you shall have it—How much shall I give you?

Mary was highly delighted, but did not know what sum to name. “Well then,” said Lord L.—, “there are ten guineas, consult with your governess on the manner in which they shall be laid out.” Mary was just going to throw her arms about her papa’s neck, when she recollected that  
his



his hair was dressed for Court, and being at that moment too much intoxicated with the love of dress, to think it proper openly to declare war against it, she checked her transports, and contented herself with kissing his hand, at the same time, thanking him in the most lively manner, for his generosity. "Here, ma'am," said she to her governess, as she burst into the room where that lady was writing, "see what my papa has given me—Papa says, ma'am, you must tell me how to lay it out;—but I intend to buy a new wax doll."

Mrs. Montfort. Another doll, my dear!

Mary. Oh yes ma'am, that I have got is so cloudy. I must have one just like Eleanor.



Mrs. Montfort. I think the doll you have already, is very pretty.

Mary. Oh, I dont think so, since I have seen my coufin's drefs. But if you won't let me have it——why then——I must go——without.

Mrs. Montfort. I have no objection, my dear, to your laying out your money in such a doll, if you think it will amuse you; I only wish to tell you how much greater pleasure you might procure to yourself, with the sum your papa has furnished you with.

Mary. I know papa said, ma'am, you were to advise me, but if—if I may not buy that—I don't want to buy any thing at all.

Mrs. Montfort. It is a pity you can think of nothing else——but we  
will



will say no more about it—only as your papa said I was to advise you, I'll tell you what shall be done, keep six guineas for your doll, and give me the other four.

Mary. But ma'am, I would rather spend it all at once.

Mrs. Montfort. My dear, you *shall* spend *it all at once*, we will go immediately, and give six guineas for the doll, and what hinders you from laying out the other four at the same time.

Mary. Oh yes ma'am, that is just what I meant.

Mrs. Montfort. Not exactly; as I do not mean that they should be expended on trinkets, but given to me.

Mary. To keep?

Mrs. Montfort. Oh I dare say I



shall not keep them long, though I do not promise to buy myself play-things.

“Well, ma’am, there they are,” said Mary with a sigh, seeing that Mrs. Montfort was determined to have them. “As I have now done writing,” said that lady, “you may put on your bonnet, or we shall not be back in time for dinner.” It was not necessary to repeat this command, the little girl was ready in a minute, and before the clock struck three, the doll was chose, and Lady Eleanor’s milliner had received orders to dress it. The following morning it came home, and Mary could think of nothing else: she read very ill, wrote still worse, the music master threatened, her dancing master scolded, her governess remonstrated, but all to no purpose, she was not in a humour



a humour to apply, and the consequence was, that Lady Eleanor's presentation did not take place on that day, but, hard to tell! she was locked up 'till her fair mistress had received some lectures on docility, and the necessity of application. When these lectures had produced the desired effect, her Ladyship was released from her confinement, and had the honour of meeting with a most gracious reception; but like other favourites, she soon experienced a reverse of fortune, for before a week had passed, her attendance was dispensed with, and she had the mortification to see her lately neglected rival, once more, regain her influence over her mistress's affections; to speak plainer, the new doll was forgotten, and the old one restored to favour.



favour. One morning when Mary went to see her papa, he asked her in what manner she had disposed of the ten guineas, she told him; and spoke with so little pleasure of the purchase she had made, that Lord L—— was tempted to try her once more, and accordingly gave her five guineas. “As you are now quite rich again,” said he, “I hope you will be able to satisfy all your wants, but were I to be in your place, I should not determine too hastily.”

Mary. “Oh, but papa, I have determined already, for I thought last night that if you were ever to give me more money, I should lay it out in quite a different manner.”

“And how, my dear girl, would you lay it out,” asked Lord L——, with  
the



the eagerness of a father who wishes to hear from his child, the same sentiments he has always himself cherished; but his countenance fell when Mary made the following reply:—"Why papa, I wished a little while ago for a Court dress, but I saw plainly that I should only be laughed at if I had one, and *so* as I could not have one myself, I was resolved my doll *should*, and *so* I bought one dressed very fine indeed, but then I found that *looking* at fine cloaths is not the same as *wearing* them, and *so* as I cannot have a Court dress, I shall at least buy myself some finer sashes and knots than I have at present—and *so* papa, that is the way I shall lay it out."

Lord L——. Do as you please, child, only do not come to see me in your finery, as I dislike it.

Mary.



Mary. But papa, you have no great objection to my buying what I said?

Lord L——. I gave you the money to procure you amusement:—Do with it as you please, but leave me now, as I must go out.

Mary saw that her papa was not quite satisfied with her intention, but had not the courage to ask him for advice, fearing to be contradicted in the prosecution of this her darling scheme; much less did she think of applying to her governess. When Mrs. Montfort saw the five guineas, and Mary had told her what had past, she readily comprehended Lord L——'s motive in thus indulging her love of dress. She did not offer her advice as before, that would have spoiled all, but contented herself with



with giving the little girl time to think on the subject, and therefore told her, the money could not be spent till the next day. Mary, upon this delay, grew peevish, and as a penance, was sent to bed before tea. Having made an apology the following morning for her behaviour, she was permitted after breakfast, to go again to the milliner, when the five guineas were quickly transformed into as many knots and fashes. Five new fashes! and those not such as common children wear—what a delightful reflection! not calculated, however, to afford her lasting satisfaction; as such things, when once possessed, soon lose their relish. At the end of five days, she had exhausted her whole stock of finery; the ribbon she had preferred before all the others, did  
not



not look so pretty the second time of wearing, and so it was with the rest. She found that her masters were not awed by her shewy appearance, into an indulgence of her inattention, on the contrary, she thought they scolded more than ever; and even the maid, who had at first, admired the *noble air* produced by a fine fash, no longer expressed her admiration. It was plain then, that finery would not procure happiness; how then ought she to have employed her money? This question she put to her governess, who engaged to give her a satisfactory answer the next morning, if she would promise to rise the moment she should be called. More than once it came into the little girl's head to ask, whether to have made herself happy, she ought not to have bought  
a cargo



a cargo of confectionary? but she soon rejected this idea, knowing that Mrs. Montfort, far from taking any pleasure in such things herself, even looked with pity and regret on those who thought them worth a moment's consideration. The money must, however, be laid out in some way or other, but will toys and finery, make people happy? Mary's case is a proof to the contrary. Well then, when this little girl has done reading, and hurried down her breakfast, we will follow her and Mrs. Montfort, to the corner of — street, taking care to set out before eight, that we may return in time for the music master.



## CHAPTER VI.

AFTER walking about half an hour, Mrs. M—— arrived before the shop of a green-grocer, and having entered, and obtained a seat, speaks softly to her pupil in the following manner: “ You have, my dear child, in the course of ten days, received fifteen guineas, eleven of which have been absolutely thrown away; as you certainly are already tired of your new doll, and confess that the fashions no longer give you any pleasure; the other four, I know you considered as lost, but trust you will think differently, when I inform you of the good effects they have produced; I did not mean by taking this money away, to deprive you of any  
plea-



pleasure; I meant, on the contrary, to purchase you an everlasting source of delight; hoping by the use I should make of it, to point out to you, the means of enjoying a pleasure that never fades,—the pleasure of doing good! Your ideas of happiness have been hitherto much confined, and I was anxious to persuade you that our real enjoyments do not arise from such paltry gratifications as those in which you have lately indulged yourself; no, my dear child, it is not by giving way to these extravagant whims, that we can ever make ourselves happy; there is no true pleasure arising from the use of money, but when, by administering to the wants of others, we perform our duty, a duty imposed upon us by God—incumbent upon all, but more particularly upon those



those who are in affluent circumstances. But we will talk more of this, hereafter; I see you are eager to know for what reason I have brought you here, and will therefore begin my story: Do you remember when we went to buy your last new doll, with what impatience you bade the woman begone, who so modestly solicited relief, as you entered the shop? I reproved you for your want of feeling, but instead of listening to me, you began teasing the toy man with an hundred foolish questions, about as many different dolls. Street beggars are not in general, objects of charity, as there are many of them, who, though well able, being too lazy to work, make a trade of begging, and depend upon being fed by the bounty of such people as are taken in by the appearance



ance of a broken leg or arm; but this is not always the case, we sometimes meet with persons, who, by sickness, and the loss of friends, are deprived of every other means of procuring an honest livelihood: I suspected the unfortunate woman who accosted us, to be of the latter description, and leaving you for a few moments, went again to the shop door, in hopes of confirming my suspicions; she was still there, and endeavouring to escape observation, by appearing closely to examine something in the window, whilst she wiped away her tears with the corner of her apron; her countenance brightened upon my asking her name, and address, and I had only time to slip half a crown into her hand, and promise to call upon her soon, before you had completed



pleated your purchase, and was ready to pursue your walk. Two days elapsed before I had an opportunity of performing this promise. On the following Sunday you went out with your mama, for three hours; I immediately repaired to the young woman's habitation, and was witness to such a scene, as had you beheld it, would for ever have banished all desire of entering into idle expence: After ascending three pair of dark narrow stairs, I came, at last, on a landing place, where were two doors, one open, the other shut, I knocked softly at the latter, but no one answered; upon repeating the sound, I heard somebody move, and presently after the latch was lifted slowly up, and a face as pale as ashes peeped out. I started back, and the

door



door immediately shut. I was going to knock again, when hearing a foot upon the stair-case, I turned round, and perceived my young woman, who had been out as before, to ask alms; she quickened her pace upon seeing me, and with the greatest eagerness clasping my hands with both hers: 'God Almighty be praised,' said she, 'you are then come to relieve us—for God's sake, madam, make haste, my husband is indeed very ill.' 'I have seen him, I believe.' 'And is he better?' asked she, with a degree of mildness that convinced me I was just come in time to prevent her falling a victim to her grief; before I could answer, she had opened the door, and I saw her husband, who had wrapped their only blanket round him, sitting in the cor-

E

ner



ner of the room upon some straw, his head resting on his knees. The young woman flew to him, and throwing her arms about his neck, cried with energy, 'My husband, see what heaven has sent us.' The poor man turned his hollow eyes towards me; he attempted to speak, but his voice faltered, and he burst into tears. I saw there was not a moment to lose, and bidding his wife be easy, I made all possible haste to reach the nearest shop, where I luckily met with a little boy who was accustomed to go on errands. I sent a note to Mr. A——, an apothecary in the next street, and in half an hour, had the satisfaction to hear, that poor Ambrose was not in immediate danger. This apothecary took leave of his patient yesterday, who is now so far recovered



covered, as to think of beginning to work next week. His wife, who is an industrious young woman, used to earn a little money by working for the shops, and her œconomy had enabled her to lay by eighteen shillings, but this sum, about a fortnight ago, was all given to a surgeon, who had the inhumanity to ask a guinea for extracting a needle, which she had unfortunately, broken in her thumb : As unskilful as he was greedy, he performed the operation in so clumsy a manner, that she has not yet regained the free use of her hand. This resource cut off, Ambrose, who is a bricklayer, worked harder than ever, and returning home one very wet night, after excessive labour, caught cold, and was soon confined to his lodging by a violent fever.



Margaret had recourse to her needle, but notwithstanding all her resolutions, she could not bear the pain which this exertion caused her, and to procure medicine for her husband, was forced to sell one piece of furniture after another, till all was gone but their bed. Margaret, then sold the greatest part of her wardrobe, but as the whole was worth but a trifle, this afforded them but little relief. She went to the tradesmen for whom she had worked, but the treatment she experienced from them, was not of a nature to alleviate her distress. ‘We paid you very well for what you did;’ said they, ‘we cannot afford to lose our profits, and it’s very hard indeed if we are expected to maintain those people who work for us.’ In vain did she represent the certainty



tainty of returning the sum, if ever her husband, who was getting better, should recover. 'That,' they said, 'was trusting to a great chance. He might die, or he might live, but it did not suit them to run such hazards.' Thus are the ears of some people shut to the cries of distress; be the aid demanded, ever so trifling, they are unwilling to sacrifice any one of their indulgencies, though it were only to procure to the unfortunate sufferer, the absolute necessities of life. Repulsed in this manner, the poor woman saw no other resource but in begging: She accordingly asked of several people on her way home, but without effect; and finding Ambrose faint for want of nourishment, was reduced to the sad necessity of being obliged to deprive him of his



bed, in order to procure proper sustenance. When this money was expended, they were reduced to the last extremity, and Margaret, half distracted, once more solicited relief from strangers. After having wandered for some time about the most frequented streets, and asked of several passengers to no purpose, she began to give over all hopes, and was returning home to die with her Ambrose, when she saw us entering the toy shop. ‘This young lady,’ said she to herself, ‘has money to spare, as she is going to buy toys, perhaps she——’

“Oh, pray say no more,” said Mary, interrupting her governess, “I know I had money to spare, and I am sure I could have made a better use of it.”

Mrs.



Mrs. Montfort. If any thing farther is necessary to convince you, my dear child, it is the sight of those people, who have been literally saved from death, by the right application of a sum, small in proportion to that which you have lately squandered away. Let us go and see Ambrose and his wife, they are up stairs.

Mary. Are they up stairs indeed?

“ You shall see them immediately,” said Mrs. Montfort, giving her hand to the little girl, who squeezed it affectionately, as they ascended the staircase. Ambrose rose, upon their entering the room, but as he was yet feeble, Mrs. Montfort insisted upon his resuming his comfortable seat by the fireside. Margaret stood behind his chair and answered the questions put to her,



with cheerfulness and respect. Mary soon understood that what remained of the four guineas, would be gone in a week, and whispered her governess to beg that she might promise them some. Mrs. Montfort made no reply, but continued her conversation with the man and his wife, which she ended by engaging herself to visit them again. "Do not be uneasy Margaret," said she, "you may depend upon my never forsaking you whilst you are industrious, but you must not be in a hurry to work, nor let your husband go out too soon, take good care of yourself, and expect to see me in a few days.

"Pray Ma'am," said Mary, as they were walking home, "why would not you let me promise to give them more money; I meant to have asked papa  
for



for some, and then we could have brought it to them."

Mrs. Montfort. In that case, my dear, the present would have come from your papa, and not from you.

Mary. And so must *every thing* I *give* away, because I get *every thing* from papa.

Mrs. Montfort. Suppose your papa gives you, we will say five guineas, and says, "*Do with it as you please;*" you are then at liberty to buy dolls, fashies, what you will; or if inclined to be charitable, you can, with such a sum, relieve many distressed people. You may *choose* between these different modes of expending it, and consequently, that which you fix upon, becomes your own act; but if he gives you money for any express purpose, you



are bound to apply it to no other, and having no choice left, it becomes the act of the person who furnishes the sum.

Mary. Well then, I must wait.

Mrs. Montfort. But what will Margaret and her husband do in the mean time; he will not be able to work as hard as before, for several weeks, and as *her* hand is still troublesome, how will they maintain themselves.

Mary. I am sure I can't tell.

Mrs. Montfort. But you must endeavour to find out some method of assisting them. You certainly ought not to encroach farther upon your papa's generosity, and as your mama has already a long list of pensioners to relieve, and for whom she sacrifices a great many indulgencies, we must not apply to her.

Mary,



Mary. I have no money, but *you* have.

Mrs. Montfort. Almost all I have to spare, I regularly send to a near relation, who is a widow, with a large family of children; as for these unexpected demands, I can only answer them by depriving myself of some indulgence. I meant to have bought a writing desk, but as Ambrose and his wife must not be disappointed, I no longer think of it, and shall be much better pleased to bestow the money upon them; it will last about three weeks, we shall then quit town for the summer, and I should be glad to leave them a small sum in store, that if Margaret should not recover the use of her hand, Ambrose may not be again laid



84 THE GOOD GOVERNESS; OR,  
up, by working too hard for her support.

Mary. And how large must that sum be?

Mrs. Montfort. Not less than five guineas.

Mary. Oh dear, I wish I had not bought the doll; I shall never get so much money again.

Mrs. Montfort. Oh, do not despair; I have no doubt but that we shall be able to raise it; I mean to save all I can—you must do the same, and by this means, we shall manage very well.

Mary. I wish we may, but I am sadly afraid.—What can I save?—I don't buy my own cloaths.

Mrs. Montfort. I think you once bought some fashes.

Mary.



Mary. Oh, pray don't mention that—I mean to be contented with plain ones now.

Mrs. Montfort. You are in the right, my dear child, they are more suitable to your age. I only reminded you of this circumstance, to shew how improperly you had judged for yourself, and to point out the manner in which you might save money. Your dress, when a woman, will of course be more expensive, manufacturers must be encouraged, but it will not become you, even then, to be extravagant; remember to reflect a little, before you lay out the next sum of money you receive; I hope you will neither think of ribbons or toys, but call to remembrance this day's conversation.

Mary



Mary again squeezed Mrs. Montfort's hand: the clock striking ten, they quickened their pace, and reached home at the same moment that Mr. D. knocked at the street door.



## CHAPTER VII.

A WHOLE week passed, before Mary had an opportunity of exercising her charitable intentions towards Ambrose and his wife: She began to give over all hopes, and was preparing to look very grave on the occasion, when one morning, Lady L—— came to see her a full hour earlier than usual. The little girl was writing, but the moment she heard her mama enter the room, she flung down her pen, and ran to embrace her.—“Oh, mama,” said she, “I don’t know what I shall do about that poor bricklayer, there is a long week gone, and nothing at all done, what will become of him when we are away!”

Lady



Lady L—. Mrs Montfort tells me, he wants nothing at present, and I make no doubt but that you will have it in your power to fend him five guineas before we leave town; so we will talk no more of him just now, as I long to tell you the reason of my early visit this morning. But first let me ask, is Mrs. Montfort perfectly satisfied with you?

Mary. Oh, pray mama, don't ask any thing about the matter; I know Mrs. Montfort will only say *pretty well*; so pray, for this once, don't enquire.

Lady L—. Well, be it so? Mrs. Montfort, I think, does not look as if you had greatly displeased her this morning, and so I shall suppose that all has gone on well, and proceed to inform



form you that I have not forgotten the promise I made last year, of letting you go to the music meeting at St. Margaret's; the performance is to be on this day se'ennight;—I shall be otherwise engaged, but I dare say Mrs. Montfort will be kind enough to go with you.

Mary. I shall like so much to go, mama; I remember Mrs. B--- wanted to take me with her, last year, and I was so sorry when you said I was too young.

Lady L—. Yes, I can likewise recollect that you put yourself into a frightful passion, which circumstance, finally determined me to refuse you.

Mary. But mama,——we were talking of this year.

Lady



Lady L——. Oh, I am very glad to see you are ashamed of your faults. —Well, we will talk only of *this* year, and even in *this* year, I am afraid we must go no farther back than the present moment.

Mary. Well, mama, but where are the tickets?

Lady L——. I mean to purchase them to day, if Mrs. Montfort will consent to go with you.

Mary. Oh, I know she will like to go of all things: won't you ma'am?

Mrs. Montfort. You know I am very fond of music; but——

Mary. Now don't say *but*.—Pray ma'am tell mama you will go—now do—you know I must otherwise stay at home.

Mrs.



Mrs. Montfort. And you have a great desire to go!

Mary. Oh, it would be *such* a pleasure!

Mrs. Montfort. And do you think I cannot give you a very good reason for relinquishing it?

Mary. I am sure I can't tell, ma'am, but I don't want to hear it, because then, I suppose, I must stay at home.

Mrs. Montfort. In *this* case, I should be satisfied with telling you my opinion, and then leave you to determine for yourself.

Mary. But mama says I may go.

Lady L——. You see, Mrs. Montfort, Mary is not at all inclined to be reasonable this morning.

Mrs. Montfort. Lady Mary hates contradiction, which is a pity, as being

so



so apt to be in the wrong; she has, yet, a great deal of it to experience. However, as she has lately behaved *pretty well*, I shall certainly meet your Ladyship's wishes, and attend her to St. Margaret's.

This affair settled, Mary was told to resume her seat at the writing table, but her head ran so much upon the promised pleasure, that she was but little inclined to attend to any thing else. She was very desirous to know at what hour the music was to begin—what the distance might be between Grosvenor Square, and the place where it was to be performed, but above all, how much her mama was to pay for the tickets. These questions, as unnecessary as they were ill-timed, were evaded by, “Pray, my dear, attend to what you are about;”



about ;” then—“ Oh, but mama, I can write very well while I am talking, I only want you to tell me.”—“ You shall talk as much as you please after school ; but I insist upon silence being preserved till that time.”

The little girl obeyed, but her page of writing sufficiently evinced the unwillingness with which she had resigned the point. What did she gain by this ill humour ? Had she submitted patiently, she would have written her copy well, and would consequently have avoided the penance of having it to do again, a penance the more heavy, as it postponed the gratification ; at last, however, the task was compleated, and Lady L—— having left the room, she applied to Mrs. Montfort, for answers to the questions she had previously



ly put to her mama. She expressed great surprise, on hearing that each ticket would cost a guinea, and her governess soon after, insensibly turning the subject of conversation to Ambrose and his wife, she became thoughtful, and for some minutes was totally silent. "You appear melancholy, my dear:" said Mrs. Montfort, "What are you thinking of?" "I was only thinking about St. Margaret's." "Then why so grave?" "I don't know, ma'am:" said Mary, with a deep sigh. "You appear to hesitate between two opinions, let me hear them, perhaps I may assist you to decide." "Oh, I know very well, to which you will give the preference." "And do you think I shall judge properly?" "Certainly." "Then I hope you would abide by my  
3 deter-



determination. Shall I tell it you?"

—"You do not know yet, what puzzles me."—"I beg your pardon; I know very well."—"It is impossible."

—"By no means."—"But *how* do you know it?"—"By knowing *you*. Children have their little schemes and contrivances, and thinking themselves wonderful politicians, are persuaded that what is buried in their own bosom must be hid from others. They may in this manner, sometimes deceive common observers, but never those by whom they are educated. A person accustomed to superintend the conduct of young people, can read every look and penetrate the source of every action.—Your ladyship need not blush, you have no reason to be ashamed of the sentiment that gives birth to the struggle  
now



now existing in your own mind, but at the same time I assure you in such a case there is no room for hesitation. Whether on one hand, to purchase an amusement to oneself, or on the other, to make two people quite happy, ought not to be the debate even of a moment. Now will you tell me it is *impossible* to discover your thoughts?"——"Then I have determined, ma'am," said Mary, "I will ask mama to give me two guineas for Ambrose, instead of buying the tickets."

"Suppose you were to go down immediately; you cannot too soon communicate your resolutions to your mama; she will be delighted to find her little girl's disposition promise to be as generous as her own." But first, —and ringing the bell, Mrs. Montfort de-



fired the servant to enquire if Lady L—— was alone. The answer being in the affirmative, Mary, after receiving a kiss from her governess, as a reward for her good intentions, hurried down to her mama's dressing room, to ask the boon in question; she had no reason to complain of ill success in her undertaking; Lady L—— granted her request with pleasure, and in order to make her quite easy, added the other three guineas. Thus was the necessary sum completed, and Mary had the satisfaction of presenting it to the honest bricklayer, the very next day.



## CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. B—— did not fail to repeat the request she had made to Lady L—— the preceding year. When she was informed of what had already passed, she set no bounds to the encomiums she bestowed upon the little girl:—“*Such generosity! such charity! really her dear little girl was quite a prodigy!*” Such praise was the more dangerous, as the child possessed a considerable share of vanity, and was very apt to imagine she had done wonders, when perhaps nothing more than a mere discharge of duty had taken place. To such a disposition, excessive praise must ever be injurious; but nothing could make  
Mrs.



Mrs. B—— desist, no hints enable her to comprehend the mischief she was creating, nor would any intreaties persuade her to suffer Mary to go up to her governess, 'till she had obtained a promise from Lady L——, to let the little girl dine with her the next day.

Mary twice stumbled, and tore her frock, in ascending the stair-case, in so great a hurry was she to tell this joyful piece of news to Mrs. Montfort, who, as may well be imagined, did not appear much delighted with the arrangement. Her pupil seeing her dissatisfaction, did not fail to attribute it to the circumstance of Mrs. B—— having neglected to include her in the invitation; but as this neglect secretly afforded her some pleasure, she did not



think of remedying it, but only endeavoured to palliate the supposed vexation, by reminding her that she would have the day to herself:—"Only think, ma'am," said she, "I shall go at twelve;—Mrs. B—— says I *must not* be later;—to be sure you are to take me to her house, but as you are not to stay, ma'am, you will have nothing more to do from that time, 'till you fetch me home at night; you will have almost a whole day to *yourself*;—be at liberty to go wherever you please."

Mrs. Montfort. And what will become of you, meanwhile?

Mary. Oh, I shall have a holiday.

Mrs. Montfort. Well, I hope you will not make a bad use of it. Are you to meet any body at Mrs. B——'s?

Mary



Mary. There is to be her little niece Constantia, and Caroline G——. I like them both—we shall have such a happy day.—I wish you were to be of the party.

Mrs. Montfort. Hush! hush! You are yet too much inclined to do wrong, not to be very glad I do not join your company. As I have so recently convinced you I can read your thoughts, I wonder you should attempt to impose upon me by such a ridiculous assurance.

Mary. But mama says I ought not to like to be absent from you.

Mrs. Montfort. But your mama is far from wishing you to express a concern you do not feel. I flatter myself, a time may come, when you *will* feel a



concern at my absence, and that proceeding from an affection for me, and a desire for my society;—indeed, at present, you ought to be so conscious of your own incapacity, to conduct yourself properly, as to be uneasy when the person is not present to whom you are accustomed to apply for advice; but this humility is not natural to you; you are too vain to believe yourself in want of a guide, and you always obey my commands with such manifest impatience, that you must give me leave to doubt the possibility of your feeling any great affection for me.

A summons to dinner, interrupted a conversation now become highly distressing to Mary, who, however, soon consoled herself for the mortification  
this



this unexpected detection of her insincerity had caused her, by anticipating the many pleasant hours she was likely to spend in the course of the next day. But how frail is human felicity! At eight o'clock, a note addressed to The Hon. Lady Mary M——, was brought in:—With a fluttering heart, and trembling hands—The Hon. Lady Mary M——, opened it, and found its contents to be as follows:—

“ My charming little friend will not, I hope, be *very* angry with me if I defer the the pleasure of receiving her, 'till Thursday. To-morrow morning I shall peep into the *school room*, (but not interrupt *business* for the world) and endeavour to find out how soon I may be received into *favor*.”



“She may dine by herself on Thursday;”—said Mary, tearing the letter piecemeal, “she may dine by herself—I am sure I wont go—no, that I will not—she may ask me as often as she pleases, but I never will, no.”—Mrs. Montfort now thought proper to interfere, and begging to know the cause of this sudden emotion, Mary repeated the chief part of the note, and was continuing her invectives against the authoress of it, when her governess suddenly stopped her:—“I will permit no such language, Lady Mary. You are too young to be a companion for Mrs. B——, she can derive no pleasure from your conversation; consequently she did not invite you to gratify herself, but to afford you an opportunity of passing  
a happy



a happy day, with two children of your own age, and if by some means she is prevented from receiving you, why are you to be offended! as her design was clearly to give you pleasure, it is foolish to suppose her ill-natured enough to feign an excuse in order to disappoint you.

Mary. I did not say I thought she feigned an excuse.

Mrs. Montfort. You suppose, then, that Mrs. B—— is really otherwise engaged?

Mary. I am sure I don't care.

Mrs. Montfort. That is a strange answer.

Mary. Well then, I suppose she is; or she would not have put me off.

Mrs. Montfort. Then surely you have no reason to complain, if she



106 THE GOOD GOVERNESS; OR  
gives herself the trouble of apologizing to you for the disappointment.

Mary. I don't care for her apologies.

Mrs. Montfort. I am sorry to see you so childish. An apology on such circumstances as this, is always admitted by well bred people.

Mary. O, but I shan't accept one.—I have no notion of being treated in this manner.

Mrs. Montfort. No, I see you are too deficient in politeness, and good-nature, to feel the force of an apology; and too much of a child to bear a disappointment with patience.

Mary. I should like to know what mama will say to her, when she comes to-morrow.

Mrs.



Mrs. Montfort. Mrs. B--- is coming to-morrow, then?

Mary. I said so, didn't I?

Mrs. Montfort. Your Ladyship is much mistaken if you think I will suffer these impertinent replies. I shall talk no longer with you to night, and as you have nothing to do, I desire you will go to bed.

Mary. It is not my hour.

Mrs. Montfort. I know you are eight years old, and generally sit up 'till nine o'clock, but you have behaved this afternoon, like a baby, and I treat you as such.

Mary. But I don't like to go so soon.

Mrs. Montfort. Nevertheless you must go, and *that* immediately.

Mary. It is very hard.



Mrs. Montfort. Not at all. *My* case would indeed be hard, were I forced to keep company with you when you are in these impertinent humours. You know very well, that in our leisure hours I often lay down my book, or leave off writing, in order to converse with you; I permit you to ask questions, and frequently explain to you the motives by which I am actuated, but this can only be when you are inclined to be reasonable; I cannot submit to the chance of being answered with impertinence. You will meet with Anne in the next room;—leave this door open; and if, after a little reflection, you find how much you have been in the wrong, and think fit to make me an apology for your behaviour



haviour, I shall come and pray with you, but not else."

Mary walked slowly to her bed room, left the door open as she had been desired, and Mrs. Montfort heard no more of her that night, as she was fast asleep when that lady retired to rest.



## CHAPTER IX.

THE little girl awoke early the next morning; her ill-humour having in some measure subsided, she was enabled to reflect seriously, upon what had passed the preceding evening; she soon discovered that in her behaviour to Mrs. Montfort, she had been much to blame, and repentance quickly followed the conviction. It was not so easy to divest herself of resentment towards Mrs. B——, considering her as the cause of a disappointment which she still felt, and the more severely, as it had been the occasion of involving her in a quarrel with her governess; but as this quarrel did exist, some means must



be devised, in order to produce a reconciliation. If Mrs. Montfort was displeased with her, she was to expect no kind of notice from her father and mother; Mrs. B—— too, would see her in disgrace, and the idea of passing a day in this manner, was become terrible to her: but what was to be done? How was she to regain Mrs. Montfort's good opinion? This appeared to her, a matter requiring some consideration, and she had half determined upon asking for pardon, as the quickest method of obtaining it, when the clock struck six, and she heard her governess move. This was the moment, then; the bell would presently ring for Anne, who was by no means, to witness her humiliation. But how to begin? One  
minute



minute slipped away after another, and the bell was rung. "I'll count twenty," said Mary, "and then I'll begin, —one, two, three — four—five—fix—seven—— eight—nine——ten." The maid entered, and the opportunity was lost. How silly was it thus to hesitate, conscious she had behaved ill, no false shame ought to have made her defer offering an apology for her conduct, and no humiliation thought a sufficient atonement for it; she repented, it is true, but her repentance did not arise from the proper source, it was occasioned by the regret she felt at having thus brought herself into trouble.

Mrs. Montfort was not long at her toilet, but Mary had in that time, reasoned herself into an opinion, that all  
would



would pass on as usual, and had accordingly put on a very cheerful countenance, which, however, soon fell, when she was accosted with the formal greeting of "Good morning to you, Lady Mary!" Lady Mary, who now looked very silly, could make no answer, and was ready to cry through vexation. Mrs. Montfort said no more, and soon went to prepare the lessons, in the next room. Anne, who remained with her young lady, was fully inclined to ask questions, and administer consolation, but Mrs. Montfort unfortunately kept the door, between the rooms open, and thus prevented all conversation. As the dancing master was expected soon after seven, Mary, though never more inclined to dawdle, had actually

no



no time to lose, as she had yet to say prayers with her governess, who would afterwards read to her in the New Testament, explaining to her such passages as were difficult to understand.\* But she so much dreaded to enter the next room, that Mrs. Montfort was forced to remind her that she was waiting, two or three times, before she could prevail upon herself to obey the summons. "You have been unusually long," said that lady to her, as she came slowly in, "I should have thought that after your behaviour last night——"

Mary. I did not mean——

Mrs.

\* Mary had been taught, besides, to address a short prayer to the Deity, immediately upon waking, to acknowledge his goodness in having defended her from all "perils and dangers of the night," a tribute no grateful mind can neglect to pay.



Mrs. Montfort. What?

Mary. ——— To be impertinent.

Mrs. Montfort. And are you convinced you were so.

Mary. I did not mean——

Mrs. Montfort. Do you remember what passed?

Mary. A little.—

Mrs. Montfort. You may perhaps recollect my asking you if Mrs. B—— was to come here to day.—Your answer was,—“ *I said so, didn't I?*” Now tell me what you meant by such a reply?

Mary. I did not like to be asked.

Mrs. Montfort. That, by the bye, is no answer; but pray what might be your objection?

Mary.



Mary. I don't know—I did not like it.—

Mrs. Montfort. But what did you mean?

Mary. I thought you knew before that Mrs. B—— was coming.

Mrs. Montfort. In that case, I should not have put the question, but supposing I did certainly know, still, I expect you to tell me what you meant by “I said so, didn't I?”

Mary. Why I meant——I am sure I don't know.—I meant, I suppose, to tell you that I thought you knew.

Mrs. Montfort. And why was this information necessary? What reason had you to wish me to understand that such was your opinion?

Mary. I thought — it would make you mad.

Mrs.



Mrs. Montfort. I really do not comprehend you.

Mary. Why — mad — vexed.

Mrs. Montfort. Then you have a pleasure in vexing me!

Mary. No, I have not.

Mrs. Montfort. Had you not last night?

Mary. But I'm sorry for it.

Mrs. Montfort. Yes, because it is uncomfortable to be in disgrace.

Mary. I beg your pardon, ma'am.

Mrs. Montfort. I grant it you;— though if the apology had been made sooner, I should have had a better opinion of your repentance. At present, I can only think it to be the desire of getting into favour.—I hope you are convinced of the injustice you have



have been guilty of, towards Mrs. B——.

Mary. Oh, Mrs. B——, I shan't speak one word to her when she comes to day. I never will forgive her.

Mrs. Montfort. Now you talk foolishly, for I will not believe you so wicked, as really to mean what your words express.

Mary. I mean that I never will forgive her as long as I live.

Mrs. Montfort. You, who, in a few minutes will kneel down and say, "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us;"—and have by your mother, been so well taught to understand the prayers you use; can you make such a declaration?

Mary.



Mary. I can't say I see any harm in not forgiving a person who injures you.

Mrs. Montfort. Then, when you pray, you content yourself with repeating words, without attending to the sense they contain.

Mary. No, I do not.

Mrs. Montfort. What is meant by the sentence I this moment alluded to?

Mary. — As our crimes are offences against God, we beseech him to pardon all that we commit, in proportion to the forgiveness we shew towards such of our fellow creatures as offend us. That is what mama told me.

Mrs. Montfort. Then, when you implore God to pardon your transgressions, how can you venture to subjoin this condition!

Mary.



Mary. Oh, I never think of that, for I never commit crimes.

Mrs. Montfort. Indeed you do.—God forbid they should be enormous in themselves, but with respect to you, they certainly are so. Revenge, is a crime;—and yet at this moment, you are meditating the commission of it, in the cold reception you mean to give to Mrs. B——. You think you shall hurt her—you intend it—and but that your power is limited, you would willingly do something to hurt her still more. This, then is revenge, and in you, it is revenge carried to an excess, for you exercise it as far as you are able.

Mary. But I'm angry with Mrs. B——. I must not *pretend* to be in a good humour with her.

Mrs.



Mrs. Montfort. If you would but take the trouble to think seriously upon what has passed, you would find you have not the least reason to be offended with her.

Mary. But you must allow it was very provoking to be so *cruelly* disappointed.

Mrs. Montfort. If you had not been determined to think yourself affronted, I much question if the disappointment would have appeared so very *cruel*; the pleasure is only deferred for a day or two.

Mary. Oh, but a day or two will seem to me as long as six years: I shall think of nothing else; I am *sure* I shall not be able to attend to any of my lessons 'till the day is over.

G

Mrs.



Mrs. Montfort. Pray don't take that into your head, for I warn you, that if our business does not go on well, you will not go at all;—and then we, in our turn, shall have an excuse to send.—But I thought you said you would never go again.

Mary. -Oh, but I begin to think she did not mean to be ill-natured.

Mrs. Montfort. Then you *begin* likewise to *think* that you have been a little in the wrong.

Mary. Oh, never mind, I shall know better another time.

Mrs. Montfort. I hope so; but we have been talking a long time, come now and sit down, that I may begin reading.



## CHAPTER X.

THUS did the conversation end;— Mrs. B—— found she was still a favourite, and her young friend profiting by the hint she had received, applied so closely to her different studies, that when the long-looked-for day arrived, she did not experience a second disappointment, but sat off for Albemarle-street at the hour appointed. She was in such a hurry to *begin the day*, as she called it, that, hardly giving the servant time to announce her, she galloped up stairs as fast as possible, under



pretence of shewing the way to her governess, who found it difficult to keep up with her.

Mrs. B—— was writing a note at her breakfast table; she held out a hand to Mary, who ran to embrace her, but her niece Constantia, who was at the harpsichord, continued to play without noticing her old play-fellow. “Constantia, my dear,” said her aunt, “do pray leave off that thrumming, and come and talk with my little girl—Good morning to you my dear Mrs. Monson, I really did not see you before, you are very good to trust your little *Eleve* with me; I won’t spoil her, I assure you, but she must make me a very long visit. Won’t you, my puppet?”

Mrs.



Mrs. Montfort. If you will give me leave, I will call for her Ladyship at nine.

Mrs. B——. Nine! My dear Mrs. Monson, we shall be all dancing at that time. I have promised Constantia a reel, and as I know Lady Mary dances delightfully, I positively cannot part with her 'till ten.

Mrs. M——. I fear——

Mrs. B——. Oh, now you are going to tell me she will fall fast asleep, —well then! we will put her to bed, but I beg you will let me have her 'till then.

Mrs. Montfort seeing it was in vain to contend, at last gave way to Mrs. B——'s entreaties, and immediately took her leave.



“ Well, now we will think of amusing ourselves ;” said Mrs. B——, “ come and eat some strawberries while I finish my note.—Constantia can tell you a droll story about strawberries.” Constantia blushed: “ Indeed ma’am I know no story.”—“ I will tell it then.”—“ Now pray don’t.”—“ Oh yes, I shall indeed; there was once a little girl—shall I go on?”—“ I don’t care whether you do or no, I’m sure.

Mrs. B——. Well then, there was once a little girl, who had a plate of strawberries given to her when she came down after dinner. She sat by her—aunt—was it not, Constantia?”

Constantia. Indeed I know nothing about it.

Mrs.



Mrs. B——. Well then, it was her aunt—who was talking very earnestly with the gentleman who sat next to *her*,—so she did not observe the little girl, who, in the mean time, had ate up her strawberries, *stalks* and all!

Mary. Stalks! she must have been very hungry.

Mrs. B——. Not so indeed, for she had but the moment before devoured a large piece of cake.

Mary. Then she must have been very *greedy*.

Mrs. B——. Most abominably so; and now shall I tell you who this little girl was?

Constantia, whose cheeks were become as red as the scarlet strawberries



she was eating, now got up, and was marching towards the door.

“Come Constantia,” said her aunt, “I will not tell, so you may come back—you are so soon affronted!”

Constantia. It is enough to affront any one to have a thing mentioned, that happened four years ago.

Mrs. B——. Well, well, I have done.—We must go presently and fetch Caroline; has my puppet seen her lately?

Mary. Not for a great while.

Mrs. B——. You know she has got a governess?

Mary. Oh yes, I know that—

Mrs. B——. But not such a good one as Mrs. Monson is.

Mary.



Mary. You *will* call her Mrs. Montson;—her name is Montfort.

Mrs. B——. Montfort, is it! Well then, I will call her so; she looks mighty grave.

Mary. Oh, but she is not at all grave; quite the contrary.

Mrs. B——. So much the better for you my child—but do look at my niece; what amusement can she possibly find in opening and shutting that work-box; go and ask her to shew you my bullfinch;—I shall never finish my note if I have you to chat with.

Mary went to see the bird, and was so delighted with it, that she did not think of leaving the room where it was



kept, 'till Mrs. B—— sent to tell her the carriage was at the door.

Constantia, who had now pretty well recovered her spirits, accompanied her into the drawing-room, where they found two ladies, to whom Mary was introduced as the little girl of whom Mrs. B—— had been relating a charming anecdote the night before. These two ladies seemed to vie with each other in paying compliments to Mary; they even out-did Mrs. B——, who was almost tempted to smile at the extravagance of their encomiums, and from this circumstance my readers will no doubt infer, that they must have been very extravagant indeed. Mrs. B—— was excessively fond of children, and from her great desire of pleasing them,



them, was too often led to extol their most indifferent actions, though at the same time, she was by no means blind to their faults, and could admit the necessity of correcting them. In the particular attention she had all along shewed to Mary, she had been actuated by no motive but good-nature: not so, Mrs. M—— and her daughter, without fondness for children, and certainly not possessing any high idea of the understanding of their parents, they always made a great fuss with every young person that fell in their way, merely with a view of paying court to, and receiving civilities from their connections. Strange, that people should thus sacrifice the happiness of others to the gratification of their own paltry



vanity, deceiving those, whom, as future members of society, it is their interest, nay, their *duty* to preserve from bad impressions. I am willing to hope, for the honor of humanity, that there are not many, but that *some* such characters do exist is but too certain. But to return to Mary:—She was not of a disposition (as has been before remarked) to believe any praise bestowed upon her exaggerated. How then was it possible, when thus assailed, to refrain from thinking herself a nonpareille in goodness of heart:—But this was not all, her conversation afforded so many proofs of the extent of her genius; she was *so* elegant, *so* polite, and withal, so *unconscious* of her own qualifications, that—



that—in short, she was already exactly like the *dear* Lady L——, her mama.

Constantia, who had hitherto been accustomed to receive the homage now paid to the Peer's daughter, felt her vanity not a little hurt. She was twelve years old, and had profited so well by instructions from the best masters in music, drawing, dancing, and the languages, that in these branches she had made a greater proficiency than is usual at her age. But the misfortune now threatening Mary had overtaken her long before, and the excessive vanity she had imbibed, whilst it led her to aim at perfection in these branches of education, made her neglect the cultivation of those nobler talents for which we are indebted to nature. Her



aunt would frequently send for her from school, in order to exhibit at her private concerts, and the skill with which, on those occasions, she performed the most difficult lessons on the harpsichord, drew from all her auditors exclamations of astonishment and delight. This was sufficient; she grew confident, and lost that timidity which in young people is always the attendant upon real merit. Her aunt saw this defect, and would sometimes reason with her upon the frivolity of her acquirements, in order to make her think less highly of herself; but what good effect could these conversations produce, when perhaps the very next day she would exact from her, and appear highly flattered by a display of her



her accomplishments before an hundred people. With an education of the same kind, Mary would in the end have resembled Constantia, but her mother, in many respects, differed in opinion from Mrs. B——.

Mrs. and Miss N——, having at last exhausted their whole stock of *pretty sayings*, went away, and more company coming in, Mary, who did not experience any kind of notice from them, grew tired of staying in one room, and asked Constantia to shew her the bullfinch once more. “Lord, child! I wonder what you can like in that nasty bullfinch, it does not sing two notes together in time.” “I *thought*,” returned Mary, “there was something the matter with it’s singing.” “You  
are



are right. Why you know nothing of music." "Oh, yes I do." "And who is your master?" "Mr. D——." "He is mine: does he ever talk of me?" "No, never." "Never! that is very odd!" "Why is it odd?" "Why! because he reckons me his best scholar." "Does he indeed!" "And he intends to dedicate three Sonatas to me next month.—But if you chuse to hear the bullfinch, you must come now, for these people will go soon, and then——" "Oh, I do not want to hear it any more; I *bate* any thing that *hurts the ear*." Constantia eyeing her companion with a look that seemed to say, "You do not know what you are talking of," resumed her seat, and Mary walked to the window.



## CHAPTER XI.

IN about a quarter of an hour, Mrs. B——'s carriage was called up, and getting in, they drove to Wimpole-street. Caroline had been waiting for them some time, of which circumstance she took great care they should not remain ignorant. Mrs. B——, however, soon changed the conversation, and they became very cheerful. After driving from one place to another, 'till four o'clock, they stopped at an Exhibition of Pictures, where this lady meeting some friends, chatted with them 'till  
near



near five, when all at once recollecting that the poor children must be dying with hunger, she returned to Albemarle-street, where leaving them with cakes and sandwiches, she went up to dress: Constantia soon followed her aunt. Caroline and Mary, now left to themselves, ate very fast, and talked of their governesses. After dinner their kind hostess contrived to amuse them 'till ten, at which hour Mrs. Montfort arrived. Heated and tired with dancing and running about, Mary was not very sorry to return home, and indeed she was so much fatigued as to fall fast asleep in the carriage, she was put to bed immediately, and did not awake the next morning before nine o'clock; after breakfast she went to see her  
mama,



mama, and then walked out. "I wish," said she to her governess, "I wish I was going to Mrs. B——'s again to-day; you cannot imagine, Ma'am, what a happy day I spent." "I am very glad you had so much pleasure, my dear," said Mrs. Montfort, "but you know yesterday was spent in idleness, you made no progress in any branch of your education; I must own I should be very sorry if many such days occurred.

Mary. But then you so seldom let me have a holiday! Caroline told me her governess very often excuses her her lessons, and then they walk out together into the streets, and Miss Richard takes her to see a great many  
of



of her acquaintance. You never do so.

Mrs. Montfort. I never yet heard it was the duty of a governess to introduce her pupil into company.

Mary. No, I don't know that it is her *duty*, but I am sure it makes a very pleasant change; I'm quite sick of walking round and round this nasty square.

Mrs. Montfort. Well then, to-morrow we will walk in Hyde Park.

Mary. Oh, but I don't like Hyde Park;—I hate walking at all.

Mrs. Montfort. Then suppose we sit at home all the morning.

Mary. No, no,—you know what I mean; I should like—there, to turn down that street, and so go into Bond-street,



street, and all along Bond-street, and see somebody, and go into a house and talk.

Mrs. Montfort. All these pleasures are in your reach, excepting, indeed, the walk into Bond-street; we *now see* a great many people, if you want to go *into a house*, we shall be at our own door in five minutes, and as to *talking*, here I am, you may talk to me as much as you please.

Mary. Now you laugh at me: what I want, is to go and see somebody you are acquainted with.

Mrs. Montfort. Suppose we go and see your mama?

Mary. Nonsense! You *won't* understand me: I tell you Miss Richard, Caroline G—'s governess, knows a  
great



great many people that Mrs. G—— does *not* know, and Miss Richard takes Caroline through the streets to see these people——and——that——is what I want *you* to do.

Mrs. Montfort. You have taken a wonderful deal of pains to tell me you think Miss G—— leads a happier life than yourself, but you do not consider how much time she must lose in paying these visits.

Mary. I cannot say I see any use in sitting the whole day reading and writing and working.

Mrs. Montfort. You never do it.

Mary. Oh yes I do; there was the day before yesterday, first when I came in from walking, I learned lessons by heart, then I read geography, and that  
nafty



nasty history, then danced, and then practised, and then went down to dinner—

Mrs. Montfort. At three o'clock, —you go to bed at nine, still you have the employment of six hours to mention.

Mary. Oh, after dinner I went to mama, and then practised again, and then—I suppose—oh, then you read to me—and then——

Mrs. Montfort. Then we played together with the maps, and when you grew tired of the game, I gave you your doll.

Mary. Yes, I know you did.

Mrs. Montfort. Thus you see, in this day of reading, writing and working, we contrived to find time for practising,



tising, dancing, going down to dinner, seeing mama, walking, and playing with maps and dolls.

Mary. But will you promise to take me to see some of your acquaintance? It must be quite dull for *you*.

Mrs. Montfort. Your Ladyship may depend upon it, I should never have undertaken so great a charge as the superintendence of a young person's education, had I not determined to dedicate the whole of my time to her improvement. Miss Richard may, perhaps, think it right to introduce her pupil to all her acquaintance, I think differently, and I assure you, the few people I know will never see you at their houses.

Mary. But why?

Mrs.



Mrs. Montfort. I have already told you, I think such visits must engross too much of our time.

Mary. But we might go at night instead of playing.

Mrs. Montfort. Yes, and then you would be so tired in the morning, that instead of rising at six——

Mary. Well, well, I give up going out at night, but still—in the morning what should hinder our going, now, instead of walking.

Mrs. Montfort. We walk for the sake of exercise, it is necessary we should each day make this sacrifice of some of our time in order to be in good health. If you and I were to pay visits every morning, we must either shorten our walks, or you must unavoidably neglect some of your studies.

H

Mary.



Mary. Oh, *that* I'm sure I should think no hardship.

Mrs. Montfort. How much like a baby you talk sometimes! If you will not study, you must prove an ignorant woman, and this very world, into which you are so impatient to plunge yourself, will despise you as such. Nothing being spared in your education, it would be ungrateful and dishonest towards your parents, to suffer them to expend so much upon what you are determined not to profit by. I have frequently talked to you on this subject before.

Mary. Oh yes, I know you have, but I still think it very disagreeable to study—can I help thinking so.

Mrs. Montfort. If you were regularly to sit down every day, with a determination



termination to improve yourself, and suffer nothing to call off your attention, depend upon it, you would soon find it *even* agreeable to study, but when you hate the very idea of applying yourself, and give way to every silly thought that comes into your head: “how that Miss G—— is now visiting whilst you are forced to stay at home, and how another Miss, whilst you are shut up, is enjoying a holiday,” how is it possible you should be interested in the history I give you to read.

Mary. I know such thoughts very often come into my head, and then you tell me I make blunders.

Mrs. Montfort. When people don't attend to what they are about, they always do.



Mary. Well, I will try to attend.

Mrs. Montfort. You will find your advantage in it, my dear child; but it is now the hour for returning home.—

Remember your promise.

Mary. Yes, yes, never fear.

C H A P.



## CHAPTER XII.

MARY was agreeably surpris'd, upon her return home, to find her only brother just arriv'd from Eton. He was one year older than herself, clever, extremely lively, and of an ingenuous disposition. He had just been long enough at school to lose the sheepishness that children generally contract in their nurseries, and had too much good sense to follow the example of other boys, who, during their first few months of absence from home, contrive to adopt



in it's stead, a pert boldness of manner, which, though often tolerated, never fails to disgust.

Mary had just sat down to read, and was endeavouring to confine her attention to the subject, when her mama brought Lord T—— into the room. "How d'ye do? how d'ye do?" was all they could at first say to each other, but soon finding they had a great deal to talk about, their little heads got close together, and questions innumerable were put on both sides. But T——'s impatience to see his father would not permit him to hold a very long conversation with his sister; he heard a bell ring, he was sure it could be no other than Lord L——'s, and away he flew to embrace him. His mother following, Mary resumed



her seat near Mrs. Montfort, and apparently with great reluctance took up her book and began reading. Five blunders in the first four lines were sufficient to afford a strong proof that she was thinking of something very foreign to the author's meaning. This inattention was perhaps pardonable, she was very fond of her brother, and the surprise and joy she had felt upon seeing him, still engrossed all her ideas.

"His Lordship has deranged us not a little," said Mrs. Montfort, "however, I am glad he is come; you will pass many pleasant hours together, how long is he to be absent from school?"

Mary. Oh, he is to stay at home a long time, more than five weeks I believe.



Mrs. Montfort. Then we shall all go into the country together.

Mary. Into the country! How soon do you think it will be ma'am? Oh how I do long for the day.

Mrs. Montfort. The day will come very soon.

Mary. Oh pray tell me when it is to be?

Mrs. Montfort. Put your book in it's proper place and then come and sit down, and I will tell you all about it.

"Oh! how happy I shall be," said the little girl as she skipped towards the book-case, and immediately returning, "now ma'am I am ready."

Mrs. Montfort. We go on Thursday.

Mary.



Mary. Do we indeed go so soon?  
Oh! how glad I am!

Mrs. Montfort. And what makes you so eager to leave town?

Mary. Oh first, because I shall have no masters in the country, so shall have more time to myself—and then it is so unpleasant in London when the weather is warm.

Mrs. Montfort. I admire your first reason.

Mary. Oh I know very well you think it a very odd one to give, but then you have never known the plague of them.

Mrs. Montfort. Of masters do you mean?

Mary. Oh yes, I do indeed—they are certainly great plagues. There is Mr. D——, with his broken English—



Mrs. Montfort. I cannot conceive his broken English renders him an object of ridicule.

Mary. He might have learned to talk better.

Mrs. Montfort. Were you more inclined to profit by the instructions I give you in the French language, he would be under no necessity of using any English words at all. He puts himself to an inconvenience in order to make you comprehend him, and this compliance on his part instead of meeting with your thanks, serves but to excite your ridicule.

Mary. But why does he not learn to talk better English?

Mrs. Montfort. He can have but little time to attend to any other accomplishment.



plishment but that by which he earns his bread.

Mary. But it is extremely ridiculous to hear a man talk so.

Mrs. Montfort. Shall I desire him to talk nothing butrench?

Mary. Oh you know very well I should not then understand him in the least.

Mrs. Montfort. You must then either submit to hear bad English, or endeavour to improve yourself in the knowledge of his language—in your *own*—I wish you to correct a habit you have acquired of beginning every sentence with Oh! the word is quite unnecessary, and besides, gives a certain tone of pertness to your replies that is very unpleasing.

Mary.



Mary. I don't think I use it often.

Mrs. Montfort. So often, that it is become natural to you, and you are not sensible of the defect.

Mary. Oh I am sure I should be sensible of the defect if I had it.

Mrs. Montfort. Then you think I am mistaken?

Mary. I am sure you are so.

Mrs. Montfort. It is much more likely to be your case than mine. Being continually on the watch for opportunities to advise you, not one word you utter escapes my observation; it is therefore very improbable that I should be deceived.

Mary. Oh but I must know best what I say myself.

Mrs.



Mrs. Montfort. By no means, you speak fast and without thought.

Mary. Oh no, I do not always accustom myself to think before I speak.

Mrs. Montfort. Then I wish you would reflect a little before you next speak to me, for I have already told you I do not approve of your making so frequent an use of that word.

Mary. I do *not* think that I use it often, and if I do I am sure I can't help it. I suppose it is a trick—

Mrs. Montfort. Of which you must break yourself before I hold any conversation with you—

Mary. I don't know how to break myself of it.

Mrs. Montfort. Say rather, you do not chuse to take the trouble—nothing is so easy as to think before you speak :



you will probably do it, when you find yourself under the necessity of remaining silent.

Mary. Oh I shall not be silent long—there is my brother, I know he will often come and talk to me.—

— — — — —  
— — — It is very hard to be forced to think of every word one speaks—

— — — — —  
— — — If — — — — —

— — — If—If ma'am you will but begin to talk again, I promise to take more care—

Mrs. Montfort. That is sufficient— But I do not like to see you idle, come and work with me, and we will talk about the country.

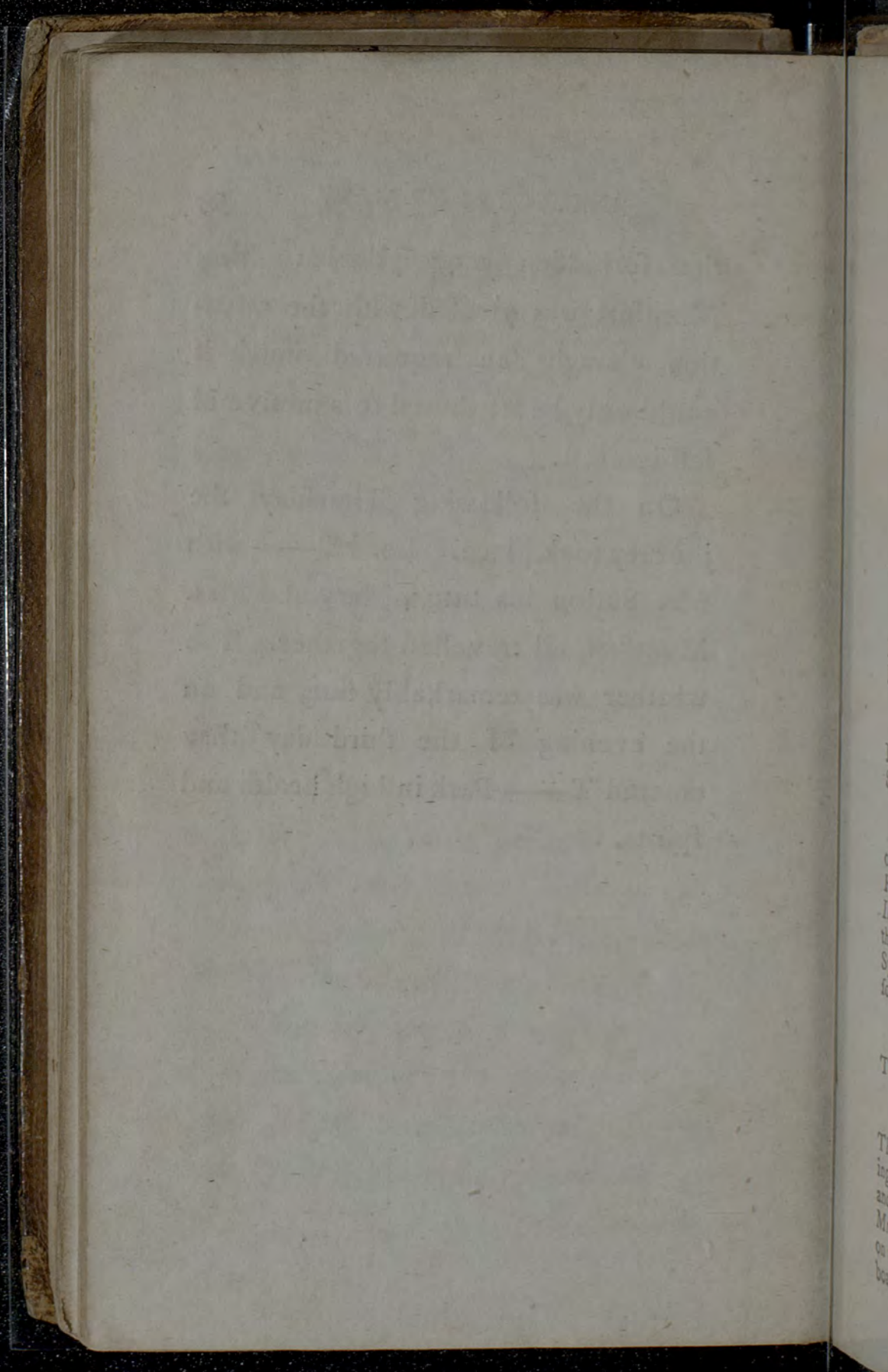
During the long conversation that ensued, Mary did not once pronounce  
the



the forbidden monosyllable: Mrs. Montfort was pleased with the attention, though she regretted much it could only be attributed to a motive of self-interest.

On the following Thursday the journey took place. Lord T—— with Mr. Sutton his tutor, Mary and Mrs. Montfort, all travelled together. The weather was remarkably fine, and on the evening of the third day they entered T—— Park in high health and spirits.







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