

*Sec. niece.* Why, I'll tell you what effect it had upon one of my maids. I had told her my mind very roundly one day, upon occasion of something I did not like, and truly my maid turned very short upon me, and told me she was sorry she could not please me, and hoped I would provide myself then. I told her, that she should not say, she could not please me, but that she would not please me.

She answered very pertly, that it was as I would, I might take it which way I pleased.

Very well, says I, Mary, you are very tart with me, I hope when you send your next mistress to me for a character, you will expect to hear those very words again.

Why, would I be so barbarous, said she, to rip up words that passed in anger, and give them for the character of any servant?

No, Mary, says I, you should not say, will I be so barbarous; you should say, would I be so honest as to give a character of you from your own mouth. Depend upon it, Mary, says I, I shall not be so unjust to any mistress to conceal a thing of that moment from them; why, it would be doing them the greatest injury in the world.

She stood still a good while, and said nothing; but as she saw me looking at her, as if I expected an answer, the girl fell a crying, ran to me, and offering to kneel to me, begged my pardon, and told me, she hoped I would allow her to recall her warning, for she was resolved she would live with me till she deserved a better character.

*Aunt.* Poor girl! I should have told her she might go when she would then, for she had deserved a better character just then.

*Sec. niece.* I did not say so to her, but I would not let her kneel; and I told her I would not insist upon her warning; for as long as she behaved so to me, I believed I should never put her away.