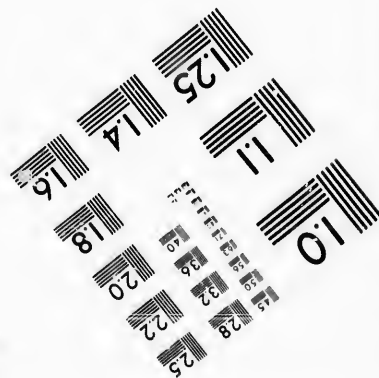
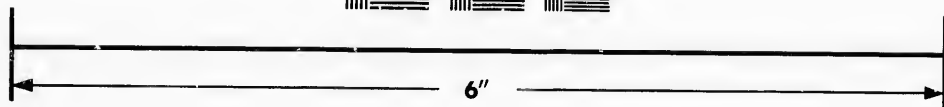
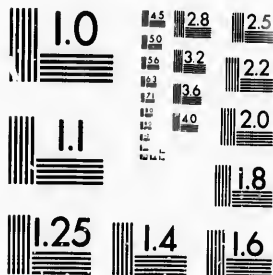
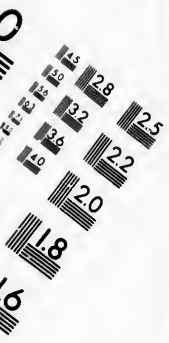


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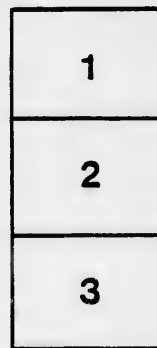
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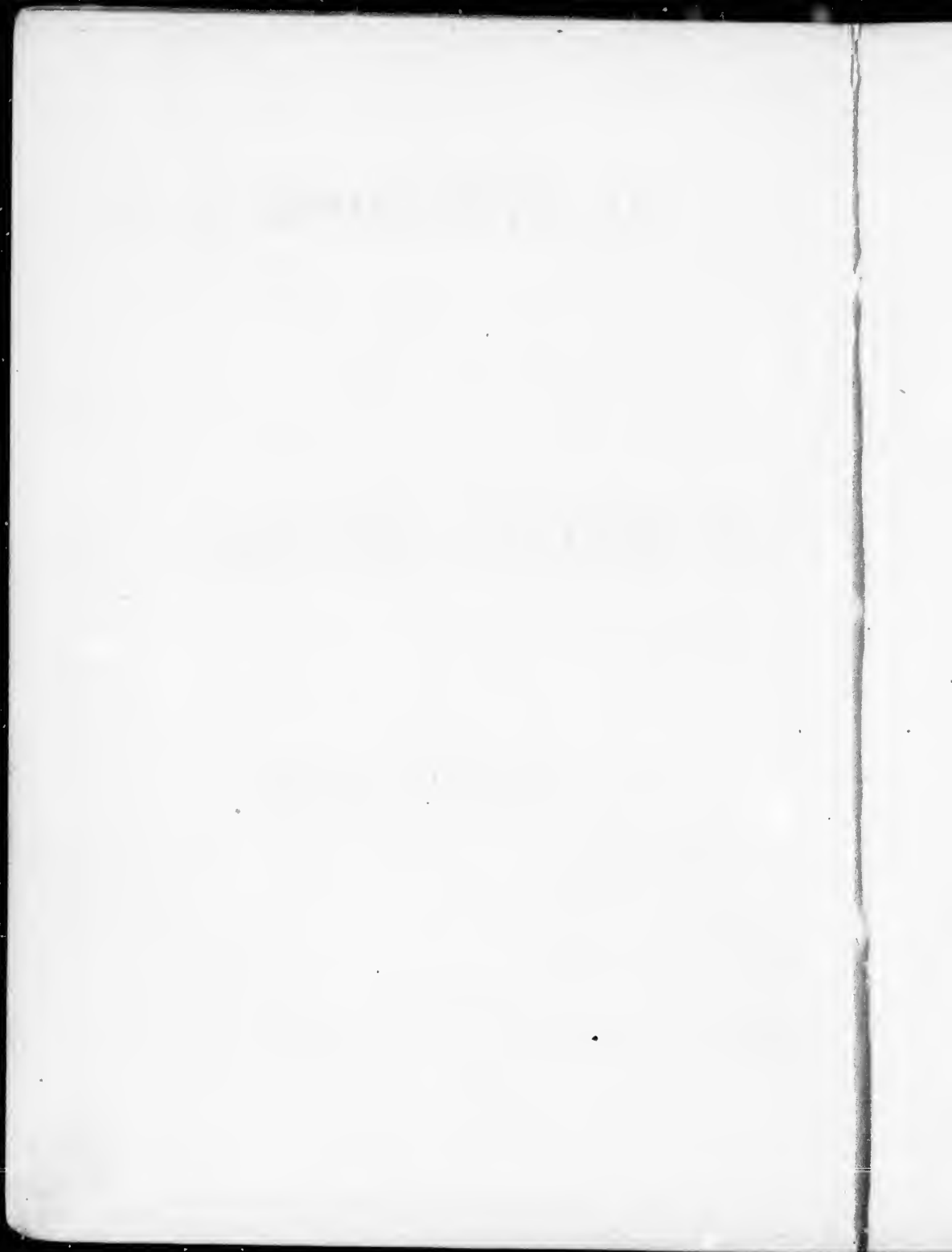
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A

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
AN ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law
of Christ."—GAL. vi. 2.

MONTREAL :
PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL, ST. NICHOLAS ST.
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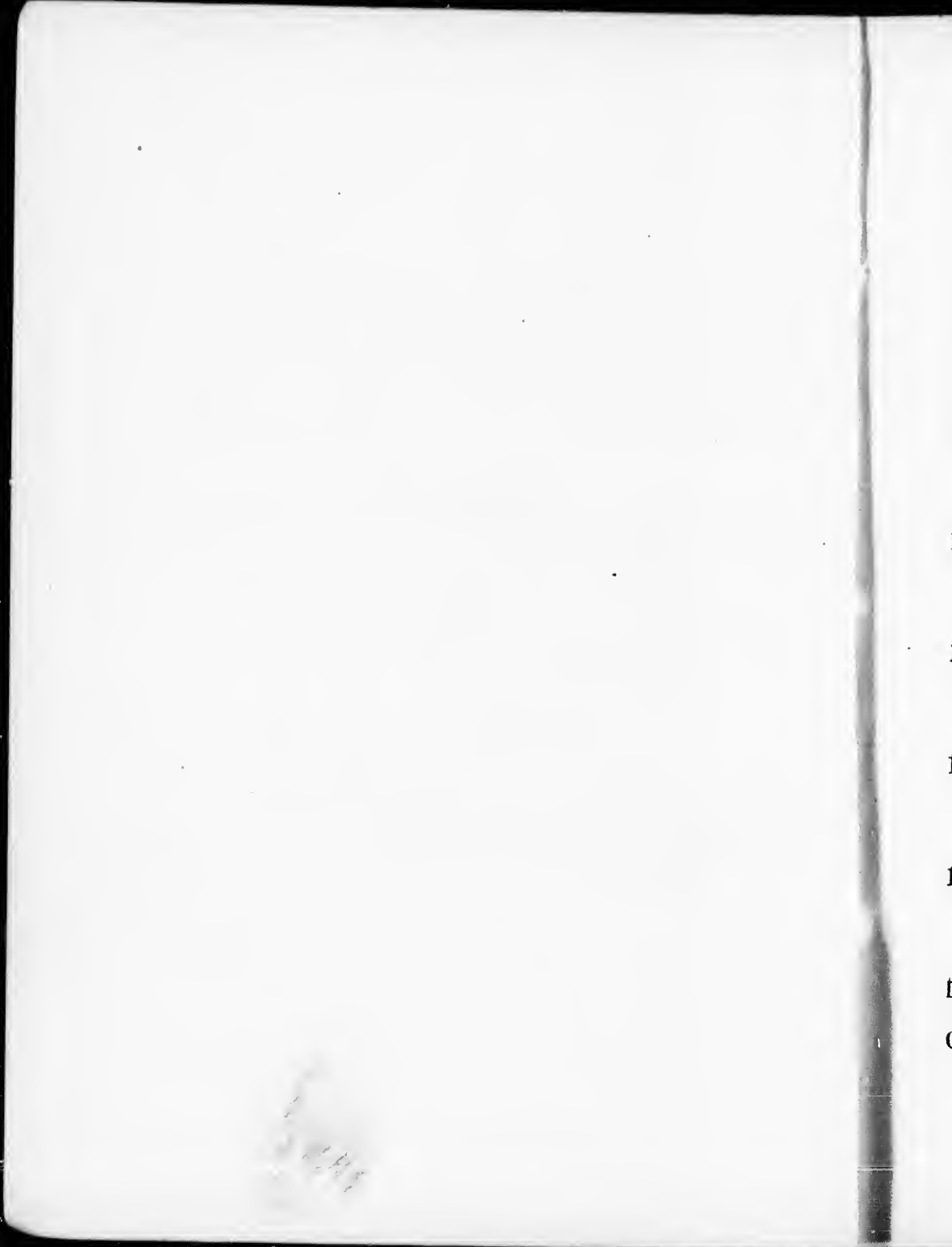
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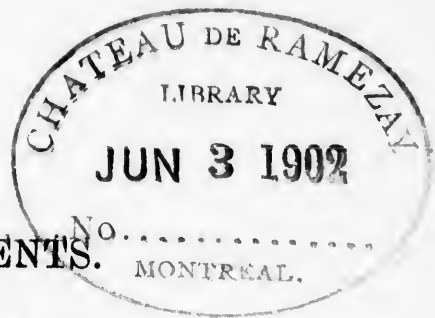
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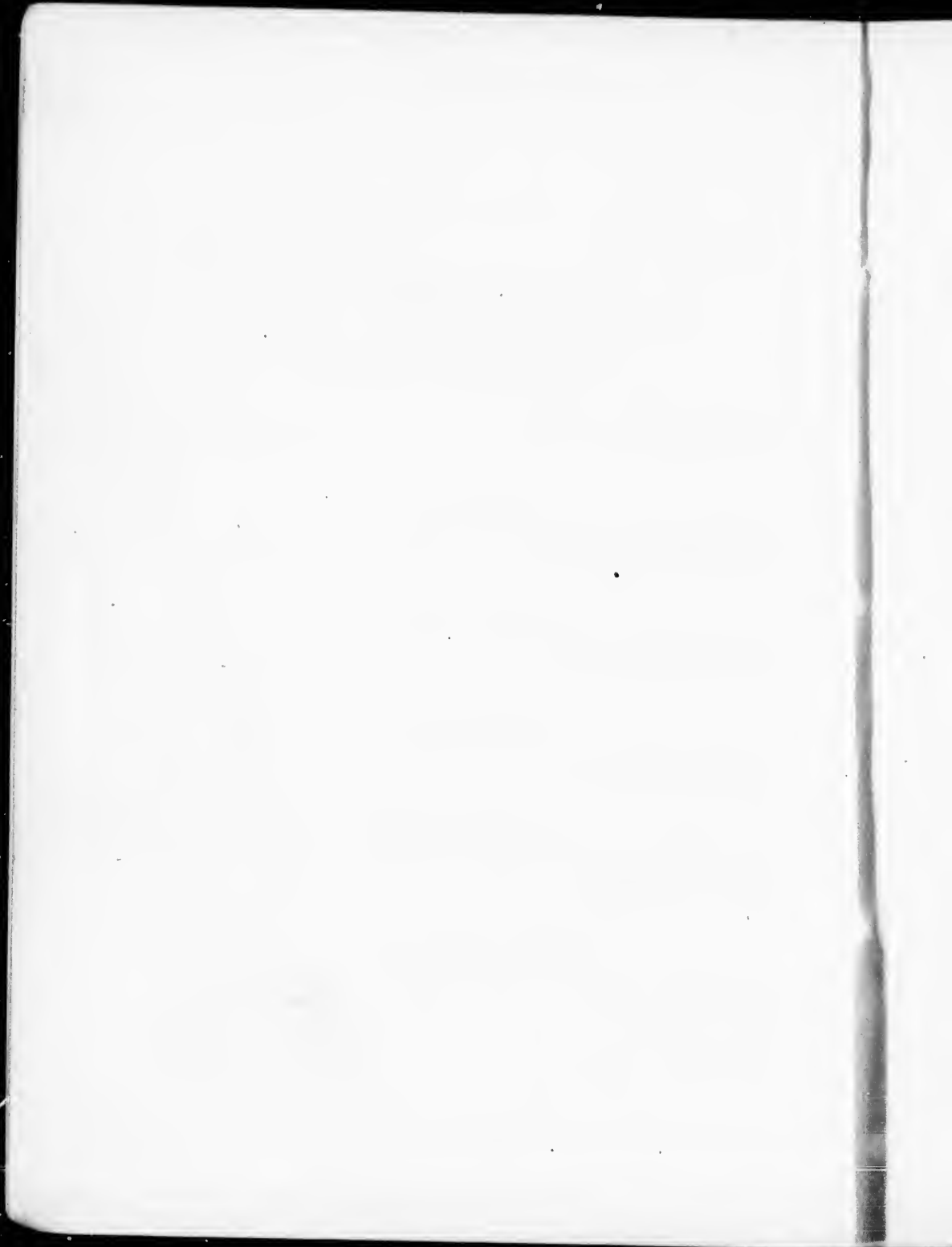


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PREFACE.

THE following pages contain simple facts experienced in the writer's history, who, called to a governess' life, narrates them not in the spirit of a *cynic*, but with the earnest desire to impress those who employ governesses with the solemn fact that it is in the power of the engager to render so *onerous* a life either profoundly unhappy,—and every day's experience goes to prove such is the actual fact,—or as happy as the circumstances of the

case *will* admit of. The governess must be put in the position she is entitled to as the instructor of youth. Respect and consideration are her right and due, which she on her part must appreciate. And if the advice of a craftswoman to a sister workwoman shall help on one step the *patient, laborious*, but, how often, the ill-requited teacher, then this simple record of facts will not have been noted in vain, which in the year of grace, 1868, I now give to the reader, wishing all whom it may concern heartily farewell.

CHAPTER I.

“Guides of my life ! Instructors of my youth !
Who first unveiled the hallowed form of truth.”—ROGERS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

I WAS born in the historic town of B——, in the county of S ——. The noble abbey which in ages long lapsed reared its head in majestic grandeur, and in the pomp of its cremonial attracted its admirers, is now regarded as a relic of the past rather than as a monument of the present. At an early age I was sent to school, returning each evening to my home. My first ten years were passed in a place celebrated for its fashion, a town dignified by

the frequent presence of royalty. My parents soon after this removed to London, and there I remained some years. After a good deal of preparatory instruction, I was taken to the continent. My family is English to the remotest generation. My father, a man of law, one who had received a liberal education, and the usual term of articleship to the first man in the legal profession in his native county, assisted in our education by my tender, judicious, painstaking mother, who descended from that honoured and respected class called landed proprietors, were through circumstances little thought of in the earlier days of their union, obliged to feel it was most probable their children would have to use their talents to secure independence. A family cared for as we were, would be rather hard to find in this day of *luxuriousness*, when children are either spoiled with the most destroy-

ing indulgence or felt too much trouble. At the age of fifteen I was taken to France to be prepared for my future calling. The prudent parent who knows the patrimony which at his death will fall to his children will not be one "of silver or gold," will consider, next to a good name, a good and liberal education as an endowment for his daughters whereby they may be provided with that which ought, *but not always* does, secure to them the means for a comfortable position in the world. Besides my book education, which is but the key to all other, I received a domestic and natural education; by this I mean a simple yet careful training. I was neither taken to the ball-room nor to the theatre, and never in my life have I sighed for such vain and foolish places of amusement. Our pleasures were those of the country. The children's tea-party, with our small tray,

little black tea-pot, and our own cups and saucers, was something considerable. Walks in the country and the like were all hailed and enjoyed with a zest and perfect enjoyment, which, as far as my experience goes, no young girl of the same age now knows anything about in this day of artificial pleasure, and of dress carried to a height even to call forth the animadversion of men, and that is something—for is it not a woman's duty to render herself pleasing in the "eyes of the lords of creation?" In these days of mere "parading," instead of walking; in these days when, what were children in my time, aspire if not to the office of a matron, at least begin to think it is time "some one should be coming to woo;" in these days, finally, when it is a relief to meet with some one not quite so exquisitely turned as the young lady just home from the first-class school, at D. or else-

where. The kind of education which I call domestic is that which will enable a woman to take her part in the race of life. No other education is worthy the name. My mother's first care was to impress her children with the love of truth, the rules of justice, and the beauty of piety, real, healthy, and domestic; not only that religion which will endure well in prosperity, but which will stand up against the storms of adversity. What is a mere worldly training? The shadow for the substance, "a tinkling cymbal," of no use when put to the test; a veil of tinsel, beautiful in the sunlight of prosperity, but of no avail in the cloudy day of adversity; a glittering spangle, pretty to look at, but, as a mere bauble, worthless when stern necessity drives us to our foundations.

The arrival of a young English girl in France is an important era in her life, everything at this period so new,

so fresh, so interesting. Travelling is part of education; for what are mere books? for the most part recitals of the lives, sayings, and doings of men, women, and children; and what is travel, but a kind of key to unlock the book of nations; not a volume printed, but a volume studied with the discerning eye in the living and never-dying example of men, women, and children. To have the mind enlarged, to see there are others in the world who know as much, often far more, than we; to know that England may copy things from her neighbours that we are able to improve, either our manufactures, or our taste, or ourselves, from what we see elsewhere, should be the grand aim in all travel, to do good when we can, and to get good. Being yet but a scholar, I was to get good. Here I had an opportunity of seeing the difference between an English Sabbath and a continental

Sunday. Here was the Church of Rome in the fulness of its ritual.

The *pension* to which I was introduced was large, as most of these establishments are abroad, more like colleges than schools. Well do I remember the first few days of my *noviciate*, in my attempts to master the language of the country, now by a continual residence and practice became nearly as familiar to me as my mother tongue — *broad, rich, Saxon English*. After a long sojourn in the town where I first studied French, I was sent to a *pension* as boarder, in a Protestant school, kept by two ladies, *Parisiennes*, who did their duty to the English girls committed to their care. At the *pension*, rue St. André, No. 23, I soon became not only conversant, but fluent with the language, able to enter into and enjoy the services of the Reformed Church of France, whose simple and pure Liturgy commends

itself to those who love the truth, whatever may be the sectional denomination to which they belong. I am not going for a moment to allow that the French tongue is so rich in its expression, or so varied in its etymology as is our own; no! Colder as we are, and more allied to the Saxon than to the French, nevertheless, for *richness* of expression, for *body* of thought, the English language must have the preference; all this I admit. Yet I must declare that never have I felt more elevated in mind, never have I had my warmest sympathies drawn out, never has "the silver trumpet" proclaiming the Gospel message, borne so sweet an invitation to me as through the medium of the French tongue. I have heard services in the glorious Cathedral, I have attended parish churches, I have listened to men whose oratory was sufficient to excite admiration, but never did I

feel more or as much as when hearing French preaching.

At the end of twelve months I returned to England, a young girl just at the age when one has a keen relish for *home*, after all the rules and necessary restrictions of school life. I was not subjected to many punishments, however once I was "*au pain sec*," for this reason: I had transgressed a rule by buying a half-pound of butter. We really had but very little of this luxury. I had no other excuse to offer, and therefore had to go without altogether. It was now I had to learn the meaning of those two words—*a governess*; for I soon found myself located in my first sphere as governess-pupil in the County of Kent, in a ladies' school. Happily for me, this my first start in life was a fortunate one. "The lines were cast in pleasant places." The family was kind. If there were a certain stiffness of

manner and a scholastic turn of mind in these ladies; if I missed, as I most assuredly did, the congenial atmosphere of *home*, I must yet declare I *was* considered, I was treated kindly; I was cared for; and if not joyous, I at least was happy.

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CHAPTER II.

MY FIRST SITUATION.

HITHERTO I had but been half inducted into my profession. The time had now arrived when I had to go *alone* into the world. A short time before my 21st birth-day, I was engaged as governess in the family of the Rev. —, rector of —, in one of the Midland Counties. I arrived in early spring. Everything looked beautiful ; the quiet rectory, with its thatched roof and white stuccoed walls, looked so peaceful ; the nice lawn in front, with its beautiful rose-trees, the carriage drive, etc., etc., all impressed me favourably. I was met

at the Station by the rector, who received me with gentlemanly courtesy. I never found his deportment any other; nevertheless, it was in this house that I first discovered the *loose thread* in the intricate skein which has to be decided between the parents and the governess. The former considering themselves, and very justly, as the best judges of their children's interests, whilst the latter cannot, must not in very truth, forget she also has *her* authority, and *her régime* has to be maintained. As far as practicable, the governess should yield to the parents' wish, but she will often have to act in direct opposition to it. Whilst speaking on this head, I perfectly well know the difficulty of the subject I am handling. A parent may, for many reasons, be unfit for the instruction of her children, either from the varied duties entailed upon her, either from physi-

cal inability to do so, perhaps because she has not been educated herself in such a way as to fit her for the position. It may be probably because she knows and feels she is lacking in that moral courage which is required for the correction of her children. Then it is that the governess, is engaged; and she must understand what her duties are *to be*. It is not fair either to the children or to the teacher that her requirements should be *improperly* interfered with. A parent has *no right* to correct the governess before the children, neither has she any reason *to dictate* to her as to the course to be pursued. A teacher and parent may confer together as to what is best for the children, but undue *interference* cannot be allowed, and plenty of it *there is*. If not, we should not hear young children threaten to "*tell mamma.*" If it were possible that mothers could educate their children,

all this *petty* strife would cease, but as it is not possible, the sooner the *bounds* of each are measured the better. "A special licence" should be allowed the *Christian* teacher, and I wish to consider no other, to do what in her judgment she considers *is* best to be done. I was young at this juncture, raw from the school-room, at once entrusted with the care of three pupils and the occasional direction of three boys, who, to say the least, were very boyish. What with these and certain canine favourites introduced under the tea-table, it was no wonder if I found it difficult to retain the authority as mistress of the assembly. Oh! how I disliked the dinner, it was my *bugbear* always. Generally before I quitted the table I might have vied with the damask rose. The visits of grandmothers I deprecate. It was during a visit of a rather critical lady bearing this title, that I was found too

inexperienced, sometimes I was questioned whether any tears had been dropped! then A. did not look happy. Ah, this A. was a difficult child in truth, *rude* and disagreeable; thus it came to pass, I one day found myself homeward bound in the same carriage which had brought me to the rectory. The kind rector expressed the regret felt at my departure, but yet depart I did. Soon after, I was engaged as French governess in another school in one of the richest counties in England, the birth-place of one of England's great poets, where the very ground seemed almost classic, and where pilgrimages were made to revered shrines. If we so value and esteem talent, what a day will that be when talent shall all be turned to God's glory? When the poet's song shall tell of *Him* who is "the first and the last," and when even the arts and sciences shall all be directed to the

right end. Art is beautiful, who can dispute it? talent is admirable, who will deny it? beauty is a thing to be admired, there will be a day when all shall once more turn on the right axis, when all shall tend to happiness. Here then I was, governess in Miss — school. I sometimes wonder how I could even have borne the *entré* into the governess life at all, specially in schools. I am generally no advocate for them, yet schools have their advantages. In all first class establishments there is a companion teacher; the governess has, therefore, less of isolation, provided her companion be moderately agreeable. She has one to run with her the same daily round of duty, to enter into her scholastic joys and sorrows, and sometimes to share with her those joys common to us all. Can it be imagined what it is to feel twenty pair of eyes are upon you, to see young girls walking off

as if *your society* was not what they sought? There is seldom much confidence shown by school girls to their teachers. The early bell to be attended to, the having to be in one's seat at a given moment, this and more constitutes the teacher's life in a school. I certainly was not altogether so fully appreciated as I was in my first sphere. Once more, then, I became a resident instructress in a family. Here I beg leave to give a few words of friendly counsel and advice to young females generally. I do it in the kindest spirit, which I desire should be valued, yet I feel almost sure to encounter their censure, nevertheless I say, KEEP to your *own station*. Ye young women whose fathers are maintaining themselves by a thriving shop, be prepared to take your places as his loving intelligent helpers, his prudent honest clerks—whether in weighing out lbs. of tea, coffee, and the like, whether

as the saleswoman behind the board, whether as the seller of natty little bonnets just imported from Paris, whether as the plain needle woman. Why do I advise you to do this? for two obvious reasons. In my judgment *the governess in a private family* is not that beau ideal of happiness you may suppose. The fit and *proper* persons for teachers are gentlewomen without fortune. In the good old times it was the case; a governess *then was comparatively rare*, she was a very different individual from what this nondescript in the 19th century is. Let none think to go out of their sphere. The result is that England is burdened with 20,000 governesses to whom salaries varying from £30 to £15, and £12 a year are offered—payment worse in many cases than “the merest mechanic.” Many think the shelter of a lodging sufficient without any payment at all. The office of the

governess has become far too common ; it has been as a natural consequence lowered, and many smart under the vulgar, coarse and contemptible treatment they receive. Now when every woman sets herself as a teacher of the young, many would be far more respected in their father's shop and at their father's counter. The mortifications of a governess are not few. Well would it be if all knew the value of not wishing to be greater than they are. Away, then, with such spasmodic efforts ; never mind how homely your home is, stay in it, let it be your joy to abide there till you have a home of your own, with some one to share life's burdens. Most women look forward to this, depend upon it you have far more likelihood of finding your Mr. Wright at home than in the home of another. What are pictures and gildings ? what is all the etc. of rank, compared with loving hearts, a tender

look, a warm grasp of the hand, a mother's love, a father's arm to shield and protect. These the governess cannot enjoy in another's home. Let men push on as they will in the great mart of life, but let the women of England not forget to retain that position which, in God's providence, is assigned to them. Remember that a governess' life must be more or less at its very best estate a trial of temper, a tax of strength, care and patience, and this truly as regularly as each morning we behold the sun rise to run his race.

CHAPTER III.

FURTHER EXPERIENCES.

A governess should not be too attractive, woe be to her if she have a pretty face, and why? because A, B, C or D, might happen to fall into that strange mistake of being partial to this lady. Why may he not? is she not a lady? Why may he not! is she not educated? Why may he not? because she is only the governess. What this *only* means is to be defined simply that the governess has no fortune, and consequently pays no income tax; therefore the reason why neither Henry nor Ernest must run into the grave mistake of saying in a whisper a more

gentle word to her than to any one else in the park, when the soft moon shines on his young sisters who are close at hand, and he begins, if he had not felt it before to feel that Miss —— is something more to him than their instructress.

On leaving W, my next situation was with the family of another clergyman. My pupils, *six in number*, were nice docile children, with one exception. They had been early trained to *obedience*, the value of which I felt; but here again I was subject to daily vexations. One of the greatest trials of the teacher's life is the ever recurring matter of *rights*. Here the children were permitted little play; I considered far more liberty should have been allowed them. On my first joining the family, I began by giving the children a little more liberty; but it was soon made known to me that it was not approved

of. "What did the children want of play, at their ages," the mamma said. "She had none." I did contrive to go into the nursery sometimes, and make merry. We are all the better for a little *unbending*, and I am an entire advocate for *play* at the right time and place; but then, I am as much an advocate for work when it has to be attended to. In this sphere the skein of rights became very entangled, very sadly confused. The mother perceiving the love of my pupils for me, did not like it; and on an occasion which occurred, one of the little girls said with naïveté, "if you do that," speaking to her sister, "you will love Miss — more than you do mamma." My teaching was commended by the vicar sometimes. This, too was disliked. Then every little failing or omission was watched for, rude messages sent, and I experienced at the hands of this lady treatment

very far below that of the wife of a clergyman. Alas! there is no redress for us; but He who knows the right will surely mark injustice. Matters went on, till retreat became the only course, and we took leave the one of the other, I feeling the unjust treatment I had been subjected to, which was more than I ought to have expected after my faithful endeavours to do my duty; the love of my pupils, I had, but from the mother, nothing but the contrary. I remained a short time in the metropolis, when again I met with an engagement in B. Once more I packed up my things, once more came the adieus, once more I entered the home of another. The pupils were three in number, the house that of a gentleman, the grounds beautiful, the country pretty, the preaching scriptural; but I was holding the misunderstood position of a teacher. The children were much, if not entirely,

spoiled; the lady of the house, a very disagreeable temper, formerly an instructress herself,—it may appear strange she knew so little of the regard to be paid to the office,—had a most cutting way of speaking, and not unfrequently the sting caused me to long for and pant after retreat. Did I, for instance, speak in praise of Kirke White's sweet poetry—"Why then it was only last week I was speaking against his Hags. But what connection was there between Clifton Grove or his Hags? I ask." Had the cat but snuffed at a certain dish, why then Miss—— would not taste it. Did I desire my young charges to keep their seats till their elders had done, why then she thought they would have plenty to do and bear as they went through life, and therefore they were to jump down, feed cats, play, or be guilty of any other want of respect towards an elderly grandmamma and

aunt. I talked too much, Mrs. ——— thought, in her room. Did I on one occasion say the little girls were not truthful, "I then had made them so." Hard was it to receive the tip of the fingers as an icy pledge of good night, after an entire day given up for the benefit and progress of her children, not only as the paid teacher, but as the loving companion. Let me suggest the propriety of not shaking hands generally with the heads of families. It will often be found tedious, oftener still, absolutely disagreeable. Difficult is it when the heart is burdened with a sense of wrong to shake hands cordially. Will it be wondered at that when I saw the little omnibus which daily plied to London, a longing almost as intense as that which seizes on the home-sick Swiss should have taken me to pay my fare and be away! The children were to learn, but then how their

mamma objected sometimes. A friend once suggested that the children should learn music, as the little *birds did*. "Those teachers who act as seeing Him who is invisible," whose whole conduct is referred to the standard of the gopel, must not be surprised if they be not popular with the parents. Respected they may be, but it is the governess who either conceals facts, or so glosses over faults, that there is little to do but to commend who will be the one preferred by most mothers, whose love would naturally incline them to wish to hear "smooth things." The honest teacher who seeks "not to please man" at the expense of truth, must care not, at all times when she can commend. Let her delight be to do it, but when she has to find fault her course is plain. Alas! for those who have weak digestions. Mine happened to be one of that number. Laughs I have had at my ex-

pense. Here on one occasion it was suggested I could eat a bit of a *cheval* if I did not know what it was. A cheval! yes, a bit of a horse, who had perhaps trotted his last paces the day before. Again I wanted to be at home; changes many had taken place, but still I had my parents. Here was home. What is it which is required for happiness? Is it luxury? No. What is it which makes us satisfied? Wealth? No. We must have just enough to keep us from the scorning of the proud; and this, with the "true riches," is enough, at least for me. Vulgarity may exist, and does, with luxury; true refinements may be coupled with but little of this world's wealth. If the blessing of ample means are bestowed it is a privilege not to be despised. What a rich joy to be able to soothe those whose eyes overflow often in secret; whose spirit is pierced by the biting cares of life, and yet

who suffer alone. God knows, but not their best friend, perhaps, what they have borne, as day after day, weary and sad, they tread life's rough path; but when such a fortune is not given them, it is surprising to find how little will do, much less than many are aware of, who are accustomed to look on luxuries as necessities. We English do so delight ourselves in the word *home*, not "at me," not "at the home," but HOME; and be it the palace or the cottage, the rights of home belong to it. Let me relate how I passed an engagement in one of the noblest chateaux in one of the most flourishing parts of France. I have one other experience in England, however, which I reserve for the concluding page of my life as resident governess.

Here at L——I was indeed made much of; that is to say I was well treated. The life of the governess in

France in a family is very different from that position in Britain. No comfort was lacking me, from the fire in my *elegant* bed-room, furnished with all and more than I needed; and my delicious chocolate brought to me to my room, I was well waited on. My services were not required *till* eleven o'clock. Then I gave my English lesson to my Parisienne pupil, whose intelligent knowledge of the English language was owing to the great pains that had been taken with her. She could construe English into French very *correctly*, and with a rapidity for a child of eight, which surprised me. At noon we lunched, and after, attended by a pretty *femme de chambre*, we took our usual walk in the noble park, whose lovely flower-beds, fine wood in the distance, to which we occasionally wandered, allowed a pleasing variety. The grounds abounded with thousands of Shake-

spear's sweet primroses. How my eye feasted on the prodigal profusion with which the hand of nature had beautified the sward. Why is it that spring flowers are so loved? It is not always easy to give reasons for everything, but I think it is obvious here, they bring back *the grand idea* of life. Man is born heir to death, and nature suffers on his account; but man was created *immortal* and nature with him. Winter is the season of death. It may have its beauties, just as an old ruin possesses some picturesque attractions; but put up the whole pile as it once stood, and who cares to linger among the fusty moulderings of the past with the glorious structure before him? So when spring comes and spring flowers, we see and experience a bright foreshadowing of the future, restoring recollection of the enjoyed past. Thus the violet "down in a green and shady vale," the pure little snowdrop,

the primrose, "which dies before marriage," are prized far more than the succeeding attractive beauties of Flora's domains.

Even the bride herself is not so welcomed and admired, albeit "she excelleth them all," as her lovely subjects who precede the appearance of the crowned queen. Often I was not required for hours together, but my time passed pleasantly. I made excursions alone to the neighbouring hamlets, and visited the churches where I sat in solemn reflection, which such places are likely to call forth. I beheld the flickering lamp burning at the altar, I gazed on the numerous statues which mark the Roman Church, I listened to the confession of a youthful penitent, made to the aged *curé*, and then would return to the *chateau* in time for the seven o'clock dinner. After half past eight I was again my own mistress.

This is certainly a very different life from that of the governess in England, I used often to request something more to do. My salary was not large, large salaries are not given on the continent, but nothing was *demande*d of me; certainly I desire ever to retain a pleasing recollection of the kindness I received here.

What a life I had as——, the French teacher in a public school at W——; this said school was managed by a very well meaning, but ill judging ladies' committee, who came to the institution once in the week, and saw things on the surface; all was well so far, but did they know what the real life of the teacher was? verily nay, the control of one, the spurring on to action of another, the pride and impertinence of a fourth, the stern necessity of discipline, the absolute need for command in a school of more than forty, what with the banging of

lockers, what with the chattering of tongues and the noise, it was next to an impossibility to maintain order, without which no real good can be arrived at. I made an attempt to stem this wild torrent; I thought it my duty so to do. I found it no sine-cure, for the children were *absolutely* encouraged to go to the committee with their version of the teacher's conduct. The governess was told that "the committee had to do with the lessons." The very best friend the institution had was dignified with the title of an Ape. It was in order to bring under subjection kindred spirits that I essayed improvement; but the committee, however, thought it bad for the children. Bad indeed it was for my health, which suffered severely, and I was at the end of a few months politely advised to give up the charge. I now beg to refer my reader to the events in my life of a daily and

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CHAPTER IV.

"Live for the day, tomorrow's light,
Tomorrow's cares will bring to light,
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And heaven thy morn shall bless."—KEBLE.

DAILY TEACHING.

THE time had arrived when I exchanged the sphere of resident teacher for the life of a daily one. To live in the houses of others had ever been painful to my feelings, I therefore resided with my parents and undertook daily education. Further on in my experience I had entirely to cater for myself; the events about to be recorded happened either when I was yet sheltered by my father's protection, or after, when he had been gathered

to his rest, or yet further on when alone I had still to pursue my daily routine.

All positions have their difficulties. If there be more freedom, and no doubt there is double for the daily teacher, she has nevertheless more responsibility, which, unless she receives a good salary, renders her life more anxious.

It is nothing to the resident teacher what the bill of fare will be for each day. Nothing to her whether meat be cheap or whether it be dear. Nothing to her whether butter be one shilling or two shillings the pound; not so the daily governess, who has to provide herself with life's comforts with often not more than half enough to do it on.

No daily instructress should receive less than eighty guineas a year. I have had this and more, but only as a grand exception. What is the payment generally offered? £30, £40, and £50 a year. And this often for

the whole day's services. I feel that every teacher is ill requited who does not receive one guinea a week for the morning hours, only this leaves her free to take a double engagement, no little tax on her strength, but which will enable her to live. Some governesses pretend they are not required to teach for support. I confess I have my doubts when I hear such assertions. If it be so, how much better for these said ladies to retire and make way for those who teach because they expect to live by their talents. The truth is some young females may do it only for pocket money, but if they would be without so useful a purse, did they not teach, then they too require it. I never thought I could teach everything, I neither understand German, Italian, the harp, nor the guitar, nor painting. Nevertheless the governess who can give a thorough English education with the acquisition of

French, acquired in France and well spoken, with good music in addition, with, moreover, the tact and aptitude so important with children, for such an one to be offered and compelled to take £1 a week and half the sum, is an evil which is grievous to think on. Why are such sums accepted? because teachers are in want of lessons.

Does the governess suggest such a sum as too little, she is answered "lessons can be got for it." Yes, can be got at the expense of an under paid individual. A governess can be had at that rate; yes, because the supply in the educational market is far greater than the demand. A certain militaire on one occasion ventured to call his governess' salary "wages." Gross as was his remark, in value a salary is often of no other fractional denomination. No doubt, teachers can be got who profess to teach what they cannot;

persons can be engaged who are utterly unfit for the office. It may be, alas! is, that those who are fit for it, yet are compelled to take such fees, and so really are taken advantage of. People have no right to do so any more than I have to expect to purchase a handsome garment at half its proper value. The really good teacher acts from higher motives than her money; she must look at this as one of her objects in life, to gain sufficient for herself by means of high and honourable work. But she will have a higher motive, in training her charges, not for this life only, but for that which is to come. While she herself seeks her pecuniary reward, she will endeavour to lead those committed to her care to the attainment of "durable riches and righteousness." Another evil besides the small fees offered to the daily teacher, is the unjust request frequently made for her to take two walks a day

with her pupils. One should not be required ; but seeing it may be expedient one hour should be devoted to exercise in the day, the governess who is engaged for the pupils must be prepared for this tax on her strength ; but what shall be said of those who have had the demand of two such excursions a day ?

I have been asked, and because I refused to undertake to do so, was told by the mother, " I had no right to come and experimentize on her situation." If I were no chicken, as this same lady once informed me, I was not prepared to do what I felt to be a most unfair duty. This person introduced the housemaid to the children's tea-table, at which I was to preside. I objected, and she remarked I had not been far enough out of my nest. The annoyance was removed ; but the said individual knew nothing of the courtesy due to a lady. She was a

fine, even handsome woman, but her mind did not correspond to her person, for I think a more vulgar specimen I have seldom met with. Let all governesses refuse two walks a day.

The teacher comes often from a distance of two, three or four miles, is she fit to return to her home at night when she has dragged through two such walks. I knew of an instance amongst my friends of the most serious consequences ensuing from such an overtax of strength.

Many an omnibus ride have I taken, many a long mile have I traversed.

Wind and rain, hail and frost, wet or dry the daily teacher is looked for,—she must expect it,—therefore the necessity for her to receive such fees as shall enable her to ride on pressing occasions. One morning I had to stop and take shelter at a house in order to avoid the drenching rain, such rain it was that had I ventured to go through

it every garment must have been soaked. I considered it my best plan to wait. I did not know on my arrival at — Square the door of the house would not be opened by the butler as was usually the case, nor even by the pretty page, but by the master of the said house, who although a most complete gentleman, could so far forget himself as to greet me with the words "It is very late, teachers should be punctual." We all know the old adage "Punctuality is the soul of business;" but not punctuality at the risk of life. My watch was a little behind on the morning in question. I felt this Mr. — had sunk far in my esteem. This was not the first time I had met with a similar reproof. A further trial to the daily instructress is the non-payment of her fees at the appointed time. The inconvenience following such non-payment can, perhaps, be hardly conceived. Can a lady whose feelings are

probably become doubly acute because she suffers so much, bring herself to ask for her enclosure I have had to do it. Sometimes the money is not forthcoming for a fortnight after it is due, and this when an arrangement has been made that the fees should be paid weekly. All weekly engagements are so regulated. Who can imagine what it is to wait from day to day hoping for to-morrow and still to-morrow. Delicacy shrinks from telling the result; let it be conceived rather than written. The omission, no doubt, proceeds sometimes from mere want of thought, sometimes because the engager lives beyond the income and has not ready money. I record with gratitude there are cases where the most careful attention is shown in this matter. One lady there was who never on one single occasion forgot my claim, who never failed to produce a certain little packet on the Friday in

each week. Peace to her memory! for she was cut off in the prime of life. There is a necessity that fees should be remembered. Let no one be surprised to know that the teacher is glad of her stipend. The thought of her home is a pleasant one to the daily governess; she looks forward to it to see as I once saw a beloved mother watching for her child's return. I look in vain for that now, yet courage, soon we shall see "eye to eye and face to face," soon the time will come when the last tear shall be wiped away, or as it literally is "wiped, out from every eye." Then this little scene will be the grand stage where the creature shall be restored to his pristine glory, and "the restitution of all things come."

The house, small or large, the rooms in which, as a member of no mean college, that of preceptors, or even *à la Française*, the boudoir by day with the pretty little sofa changed into a bed

by night, may be the home of the daily governess, still she calls it and feels such. Surely we are endowed with the native feeling of liberty which needs to be explained to none, not that it may be extinguished but cultivated more and more. I must yet touch upon one feature more in the life of the daily governess, sometimes, too, in that of the resident teacher: that of introductions, or what we in technical terms call "Interviews," to which I devote my last chapter.

CHAPTER V.

INTERVIEWS.

It is of course to be expected that a lady about to engage a governess will like to *see her*, this happens more frequently in the case of the daily than in a resident governess. The interview should be given but to two or three ladies at a time, at the most; but ladies are frequently sent in numbers to be viewed for one engagement. The engager must see who looks the youngest or the oldest according to her requisitions, who is the best French scholar, as far as her own knowledge of the language goes, which may be very small. On one occasion this was the experience of an inter-

view. Are you Scotch? I answered no. How old are you? The necessary reply was supplied. The conclusion this person came to was that I should not "suit her at all." I might have added, nor you me, but I said nothing, and simply wishing her good morning, I retired.

On a hot summer's day, I was sent several miles into the country to see Mrs——, who was seeking an instructress. When I reached my destination I found other ladies on the same errand. I was soon summoned to the drawing room, and after a very few minutes the lady told me she could engage no one till she had seen a certain person, who had been well recommended by an agent. This system of agency is not the best way of procuring engagements, what was the use of my being sent in advance of the above named teacher. I certainly had been unfairly treated; the

result of that day's journey was indisposition for three months after. Of course Mrs—— never gave me a further thought, I never came into her recollection. Let mothers ask themselves this question, should I wish my child subjected to such treatment? I am ready to give an interview, but I am not ready to go in company with others on the mere speculation of pleasing the whim of the lady whose own good feeling should point out the ill effect of such a congress as she has convoked. In another interview I had to meet the wife of a clergyman at the Great Western Hotel, this lady, most elegantly attired, met me with politeness; but in the course of her conversation she informed me "she could not treat a governess as a sister." I certainly neither expected it or wished that she should. But when she added, "nor as a friend," I really felt ashamed. Here was the wife

of one of the appointed teachers of our Church uttering so unworthy a sentiment. O how different from the declaration of Him who eighteen hundred years ago on the blessed shores of the Lake of Galilee received all who came, and who said "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you" Shall anyone with right Christian feeling attempt to justify such an observation? Is it not enough to leave home ties, and take up with the children of others? is it not enough to endure the conflict which every one has to endure who has not a fortune, in passing through life without having the feelings wounded to the uttermost? Is it to be expected that a nice feeling will ever exist in the governess's mind as long as such heartless and unrefined conduct is shown towards them? If love begets love, at least consideration begets respect.

CONCLUSION.

I now venture to put forth these details to the public. I must say in conclusion that the life of a governess is a life of much self-denial at its very best estate. I have shown how she has peculiar duties, *peculiar* difficulties, to contend against. The position is one which is not cared for as it ought. It is highly important that a lady should be as particular to know with whom she is about to live as the family should be to enquire who *she is*. A refined lady teacher will never desire to go one step beyond her PROPER place; she

should be *courteous* and *affable* to the heads of the family, neither *servile* nor *proud* in her demeanour, loving and friendly with her pupils, kind and considerate with the servants. The heads of the house, on their part, must know how to treat such an one. Her position in life is not equal to theirs as regards externals, but her social standard is just as equal if she be one of the class alluded to in a former chapter. In thus committing my experience to the world, I desire in closing to offer thanks to the few who have shown me acts of kindness and true regard. There are special remembrances which linger around special fields of tuition which will ever remain as pleasing memories: even those who so unhappily did so much to render my stay amongst them bitter, had their considerations occasionally; but what the governess needs is universal consideration and evenness

of treatment. Life is a special campaign for the teacher; let then her hands be upheld, let her spirit be refreshed with the hearty good will of those who employ her talents. If I have drawn the life in very shady colours let not the instructress be alarmed. The time may not be far distant, and will assuredly one day come, when a brilliant crown will be hers if she has been faithful. A crown not of laurel or parsley, but the crown of glory which fadeth not away.

