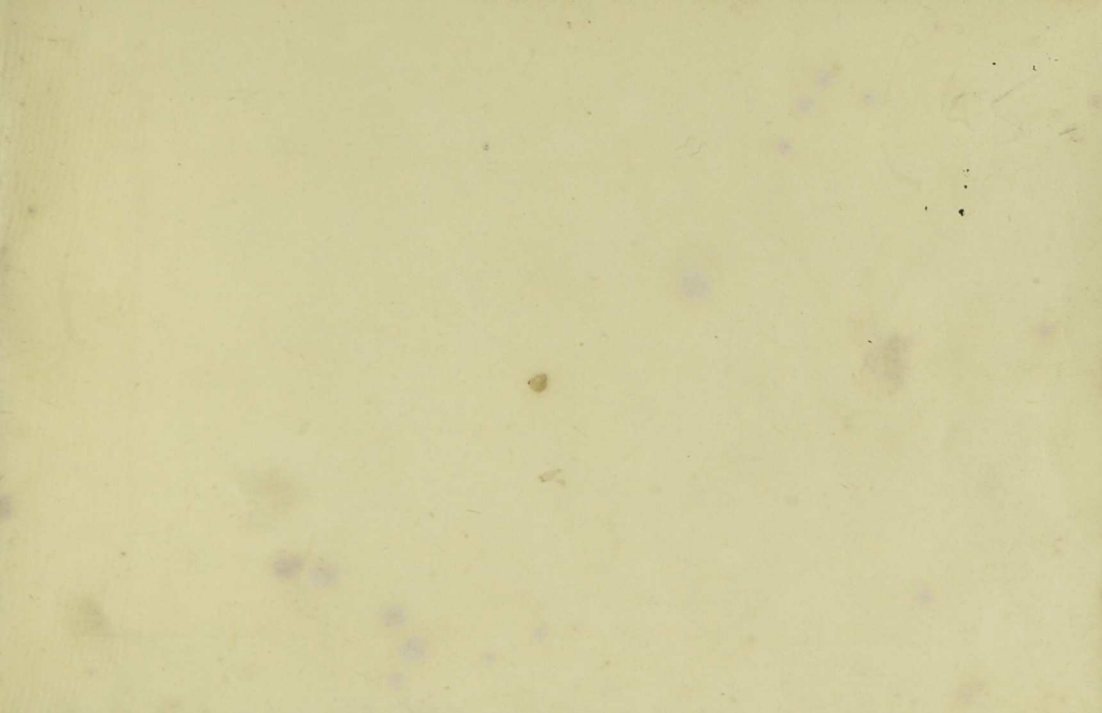


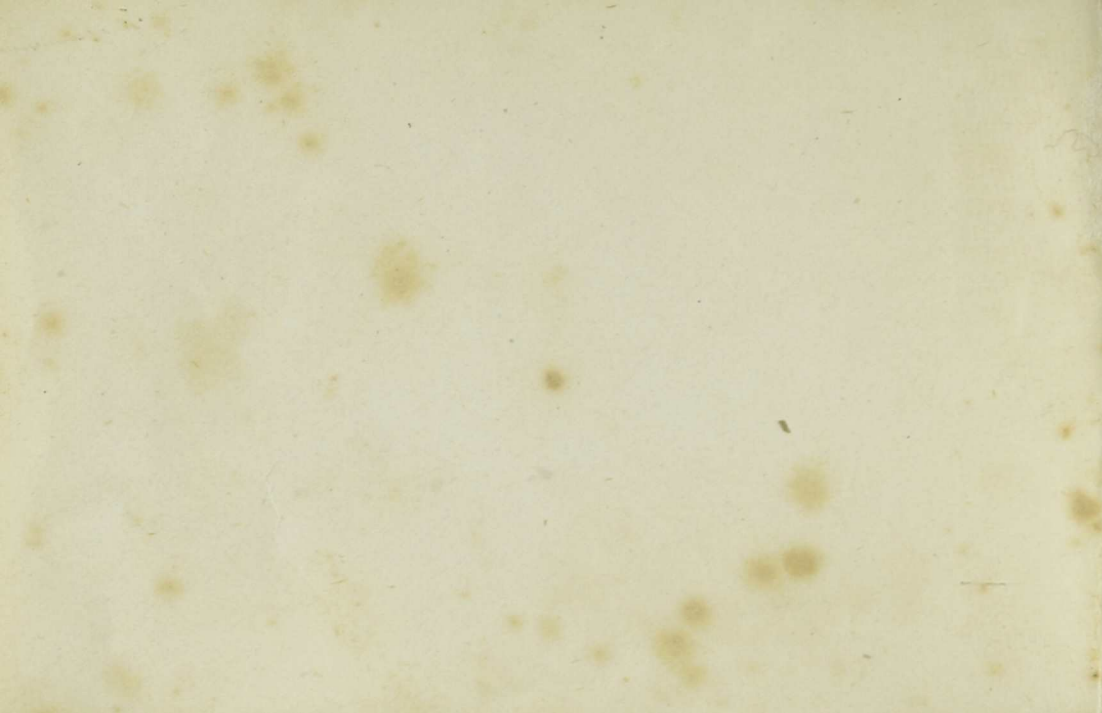
EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF MISS DOLLIKINS



T. NELSON & SONS · LONDON & EDINBURGH









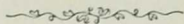
EVENTS IN THE
LIFE OF MISS DOLLIKINS.

"Listen to me, O Readers dear!
And all about Dollikins you shall hear."

T. NELSON AND SONS, LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

[1869]

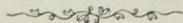
THE NEW DRESS.



MISS STITCHWELL has sent your new dress home, and hopes
You will like the tight sleeves, and the *à la mode* slopes;
She fears that, for walking, the dress you will find
Too puffy before, and too scanty behind.
But what does it matter? 'Twill do well enough,
And she couldn't do more than use all the stuff:
It is short in the skirt, but that is not wrong—
She says that dolls' dresses are *never worn long*.



THE DRIVE.



Now out for a drive dear Dollikins see,
As stately as any young dolly need be.
Some dollies in carriages tumble about,
Until from their elbows the sawdust runs out ;
Some dangle their arms, or fall head over heels ;
And some let their dresses get caught in the wheels.
But Dollikins shuns such unladylike ways—
To proper behaviour attention she pays !



R. PATERSON & CO.

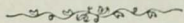
THE WALK.



'Tis pleasant to walk on a beautiful day ;
So, Dollikins dear, we will teach you the way.
In learning to walk you must not be a dunce,
You ought not to try to lift two feet at once !
And how can a young lady dolly suppose
She'll walk as she ought if she turns in her toes !
And pray do not stare at each person you meet,
In town or in country, in meadow or street.



THE GARDEN.



Now pretty Miss Dollikins tell me, I pray,
What pleases you most in the garden to-day?
You smelt all the flowers, you saw all the trees,
And now you may sit on my lap at your ease.
You're not quite as rude as Doll Dowdie, who treads
On nicely trimmed borders, and nicely raked beds:
So Robin will give you a pretty bouquet,
To put in your vase on the table to-day.



THE PIANO.

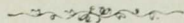


THOUGH Dollikins never will play well at sight,
She practises often—and that is quite right.
Her touch is so gentle, the darling! that we,
To make a note sound, press her hand on the key.
The scales she is learning. How can she improve
In passing “thumb under”? Her thumbs do not move!
She’s still very little; that being the case,
She uses two hands for one note in the bass!

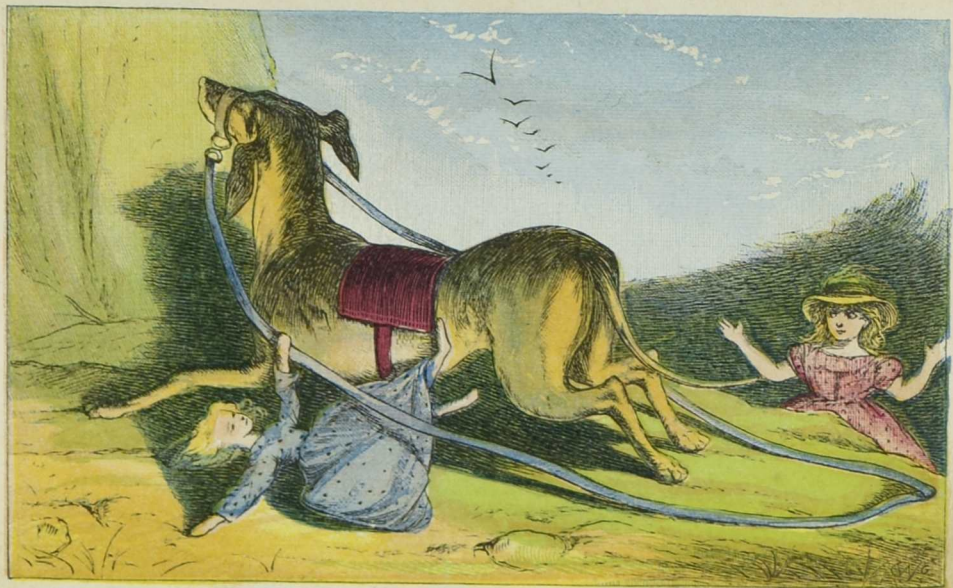




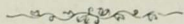
THE DOWNFALL.



O RUFUS! How naughty! See what you have done!
I know, by your bark, that you think it fine fun.
To make you a pony I try day by day;
You're as bad as a donkey to act in this way!
To the end of your life you will be but a hound.
Oh! see poor Miss Dollikins thrown on the ground!
I'm sure she is stunned by the fall on her head,
So home I must take her, and put her to bed.



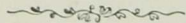
THE MORNING CALL.



Good morning, Miss Johnson; I hope you're quite well,
And are getting on nicely in learning to spell.
I am sorry to hear Dolly Dowdie is ill—
Put her feet in cold gruel and give her a pill.
Matilda our cook dolls' gruel can make,
And doctors make pills out of crumbs of plum-cake.
So now, dear Miss Johnson, I'll bid you good-bye—
If you write me a letter, I'll send a reply.



THE TEA-PARTY.

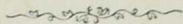


MISS DOLLIKINS often a tea-party gives,
For tea-leaves are cheap in the house where she lives.
The tea-pot is broken, so this is her plan—
For tea-pot she uses a watering-can !
'Tis only a toy one—of tin, painted green ;
Of course, on the table it must not be seen !
Miss Annie for Dollikins pours out the tea,
For Dollikins wishes her useful to be.

(See Frontispiece.)



INTRODUCTION TO BABY.

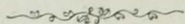


DEAR baby ! we bring you our dolly, that you
May see her, and kiss her, and say "How d'you do?"
She doesn't say much, but she thinks all the more.
Excuse her queer kisses, her lips are so sore.
She kisses so many, and drinks so much tea,
That her lips get quite white, and wet too, you see.
Now, baby, you ought not to pull dolly's hair ;
She doesn't pull yours, so *that* isn't fair !





THE RESCUE.



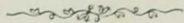
DEAR Dollikins, pray don't scream loudly at all,
I'll hold your arm firmly, I'll not let you fall ;
'Twas only last week you were thrown by the hound,
And now if I let go your arm, you'll be drowned !
I fear it will give your poor nerves a sad shock,
And, what is as bad, it will spoil your new frock.
But never mind, Dollikins, pray do not cry,
Your frock and yourself can be hung up to dry !





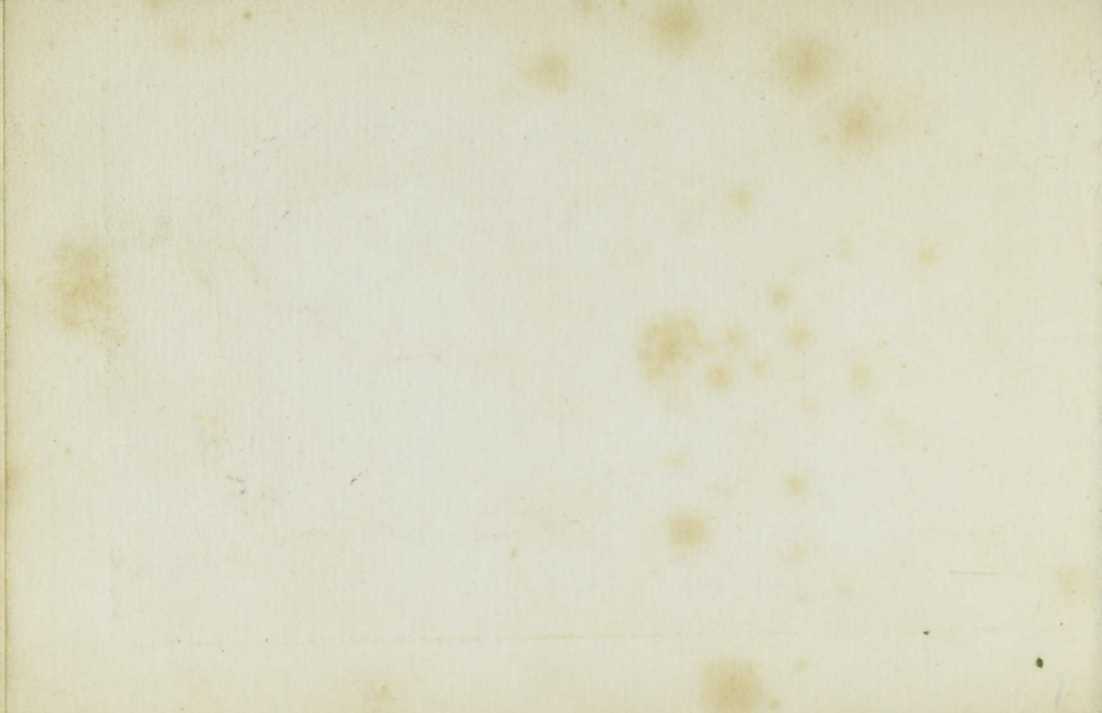


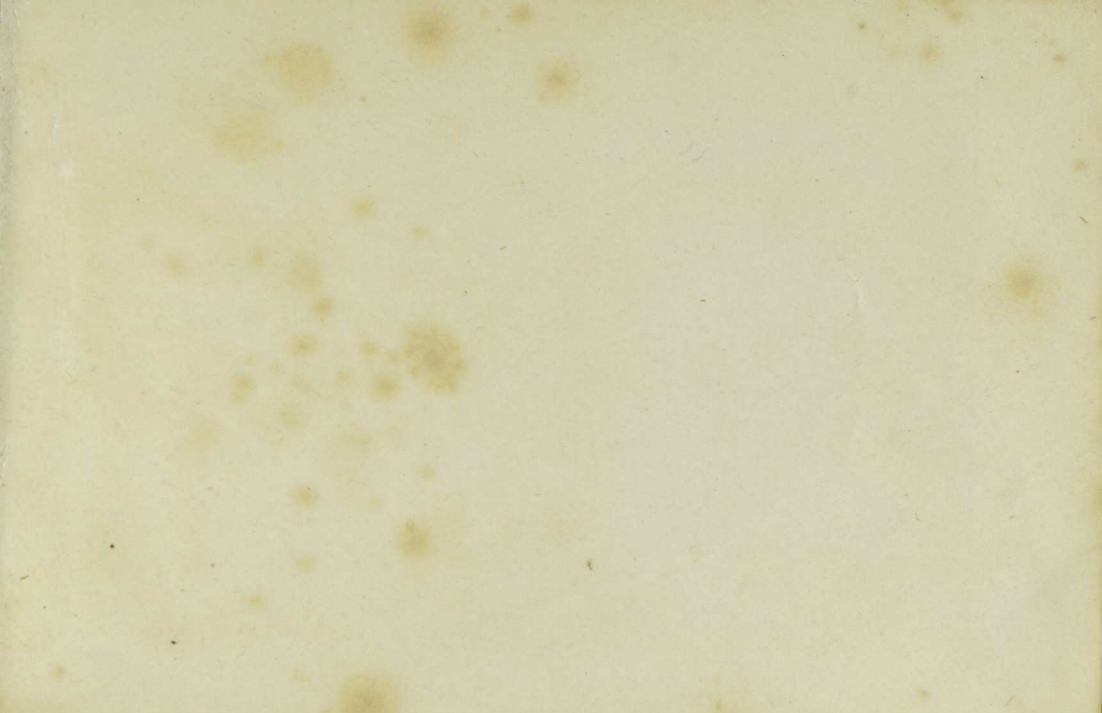
ILL IN BED.

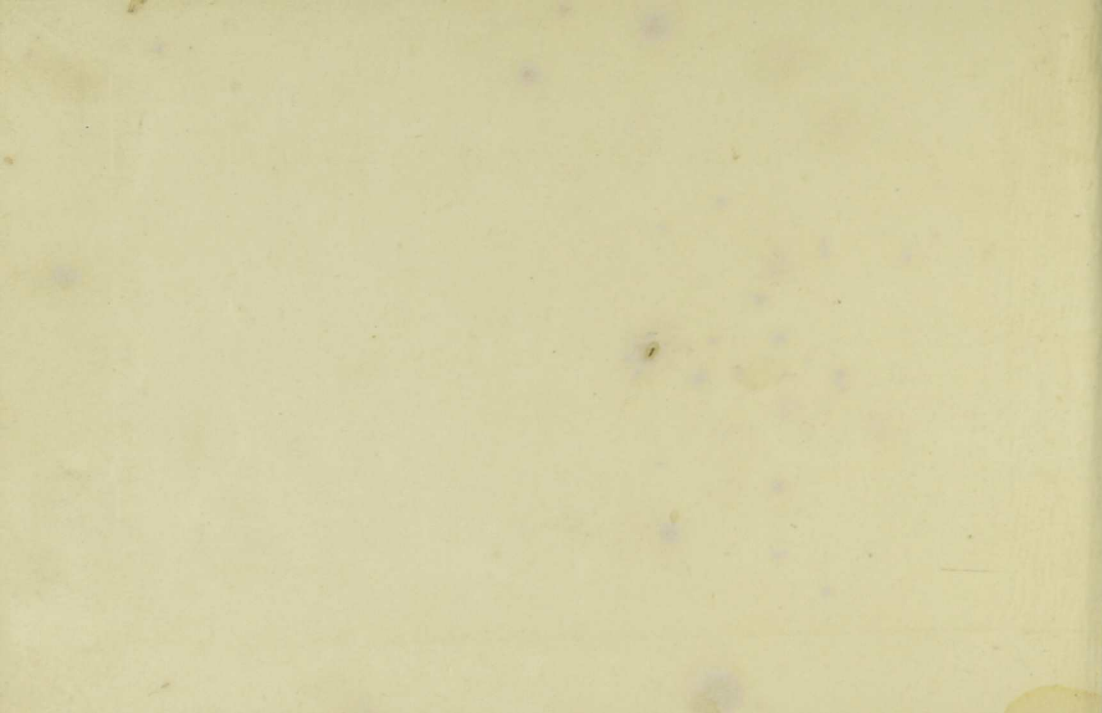


HERE's poor little Dollikins lying quite still;
She does not complain, but she looks very ill.
We know what's the matter. The poor little pet
Was left in the garden all night, and got wet.
She's fast asleep now, so she's sure not to cry;
She'll wake up quite well when her clothes are all dry.
She doesn't like physic, brown, yellow, or red,
So we'll give her some lavender water instead.









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