

A Sweet Little Dear.

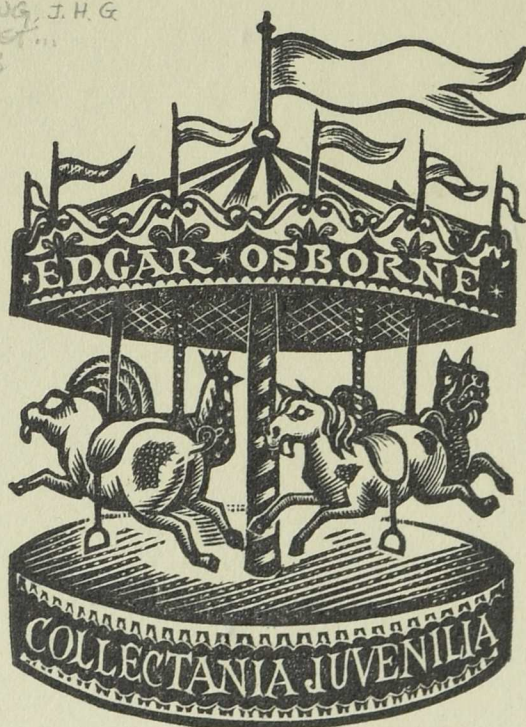
Written by
Juliana Horatia Ewing.

Depicted by
R. André.



London:
Society for
Promoting
Christian Knowledge.
New York
E. & J. B. Young & Co.

216
P
EWING, J. H. &
Sweet
1863



3713/039 915186

II 637

666





A Sweet
Little Dear

Written by
Juliana Horatia Ewing: ~~~~~

Depicted by,
R. André: ~~~~~



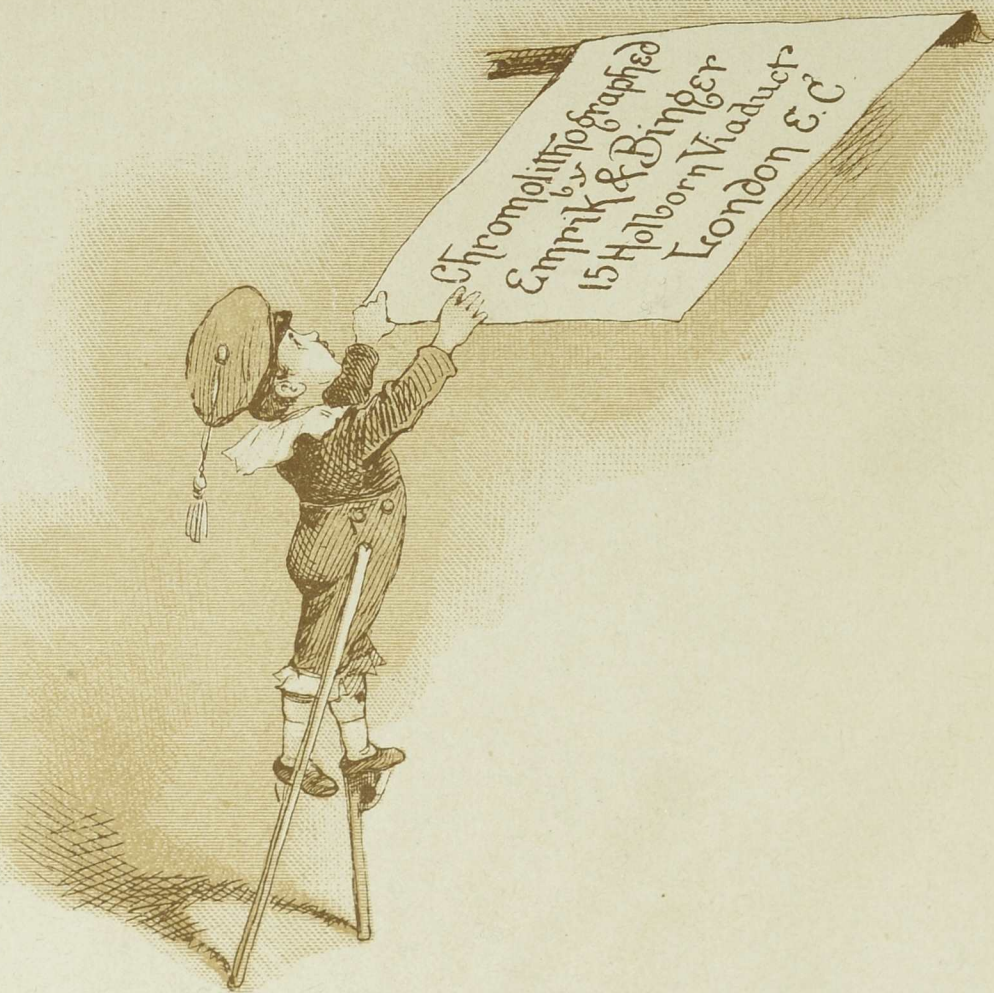
A Sweet Little Dear

Written by
Juliana Horatia Ewing:

pictured by R. André

London
Society for
Promoting
Christian Knowledge

New-York
L. & J. B. Young
& Co.



A Sweet Little Dear:



always 'WAS' a
remarkable child;
so old for my age,
and such a sensitive
nature! Mamma
often says so.

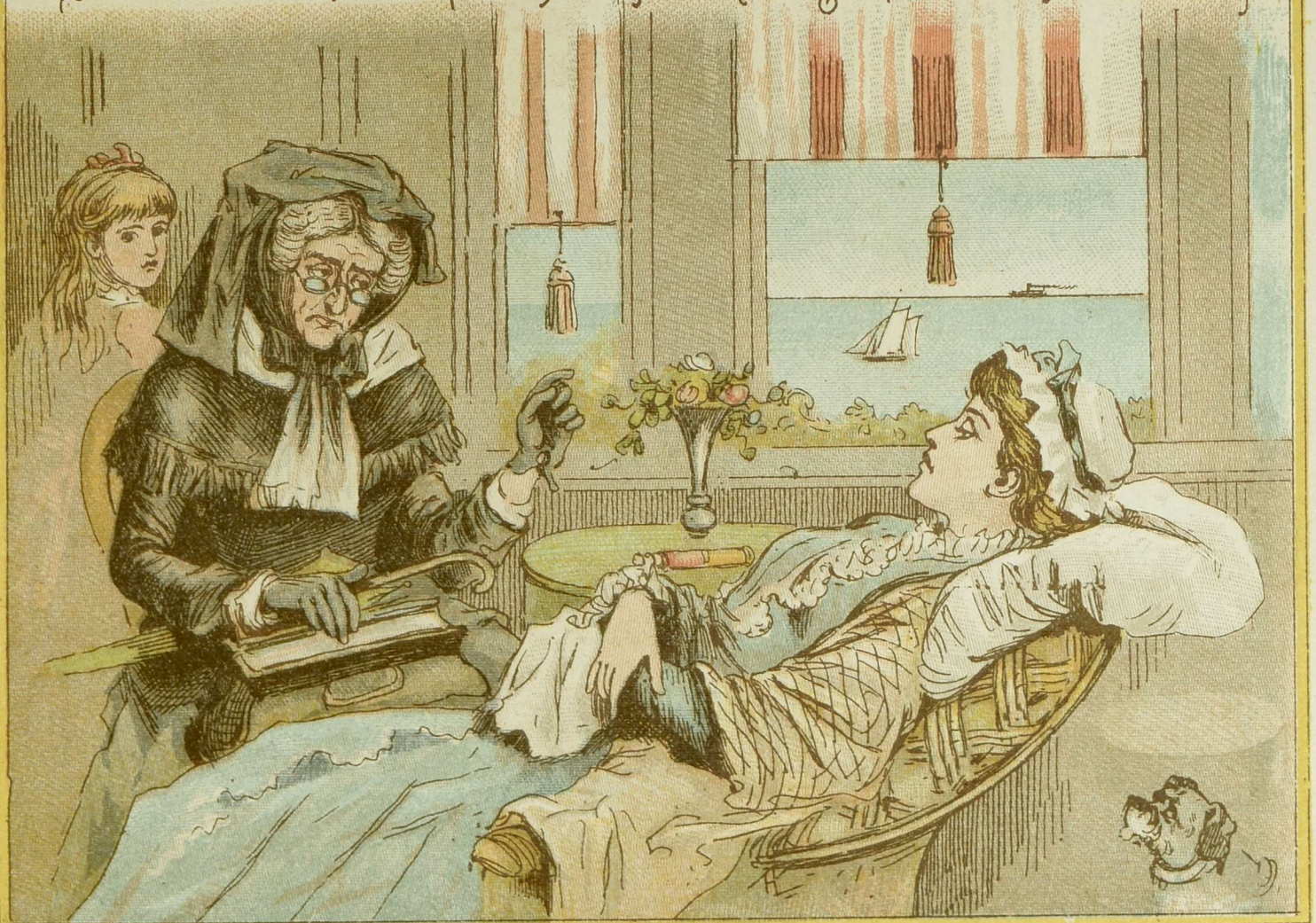
And I'm the sweetest
little dear in my blue
ribbons, and quite a
picture in my Pomp-
-adour hat! Mrs:
Brown told her so on
Sunday, and that's how I know.

who Died
Ocl^r 19 in y^e Year of our
Lord 1766 He
All is Vanitie

And I'm
a sacred
responsibility
to my parents
(it was what
the clergyman's
wife at the
seaside
said),



And a solemn charge, and a fair white page, and a tender bud, and a spotless nature of wax to be moulded: — but the rest of it has gone out of my head.



There was a lot more,
and she left two books
as well, and I think she
called me a Privilege,
and Mamma said "yes",
and began
to cry.

And nurse
came in with
luncheon on a tray,
and put away the
books, and said she
was as weak as a
kitten, and worried to
fiddlestrings, as anyone
with common sense could see with half an eye.



I was hopping round the room, but I stopped and said:
 "My Kitten's not weak, and I don't believe anybody could
 see with only half an eye. Could they, Mamma?"

And Nurse
 said, "Go and
 play, my dear,
 and let your
 Mamma rest;"
 but Mamma
 said, "No, my
 love, stay
 where you are."



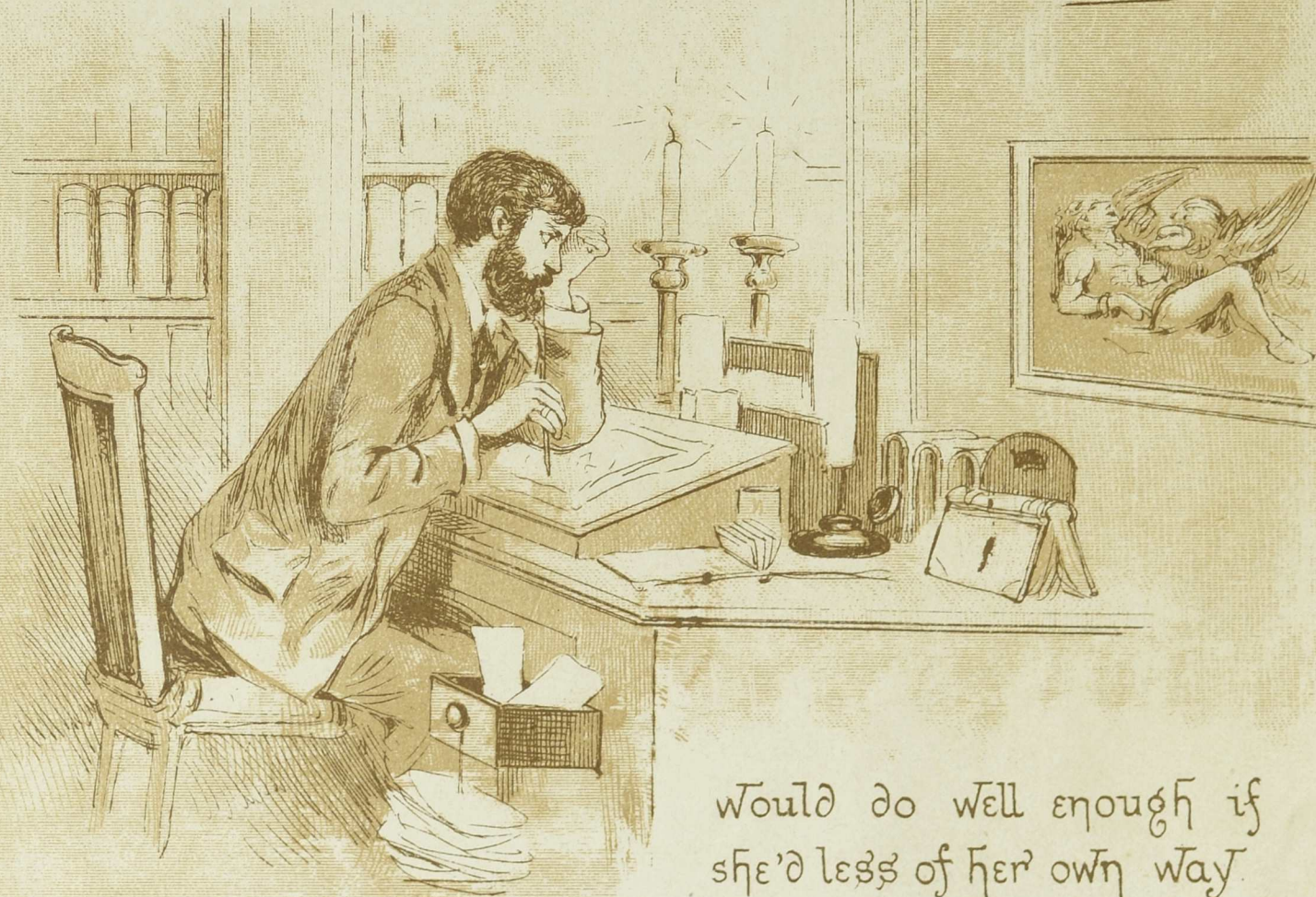
Dear nurse, lift me up, and put a pillow
to my back, I know you mean to be kind.
But she does ask such
remarkable questions, and
while I've strength to
speak, don't let me check
the inquiring mind.





If I should fail to be all a mother ought—
 oh, how my head throbs when the dear
 child jumps!" and then nurse said, "Ugh!
 "When you're worried into your grave,
 she'll have no mother at all, and'll have to
 tumble up as other folks do.

"There's the poor master at his wit's
end — a child's not all a grown person
has to think of — and Miss Jane



would do well enough if
she'd less of her own way.

"But there's more children spoilt with care than the want of it, and more mothers murdered than there's folks hanged for and that's what I say.



"Children learns what you, teach 'em, and Miss' Jane's old enough to have learned, to wait upon you:

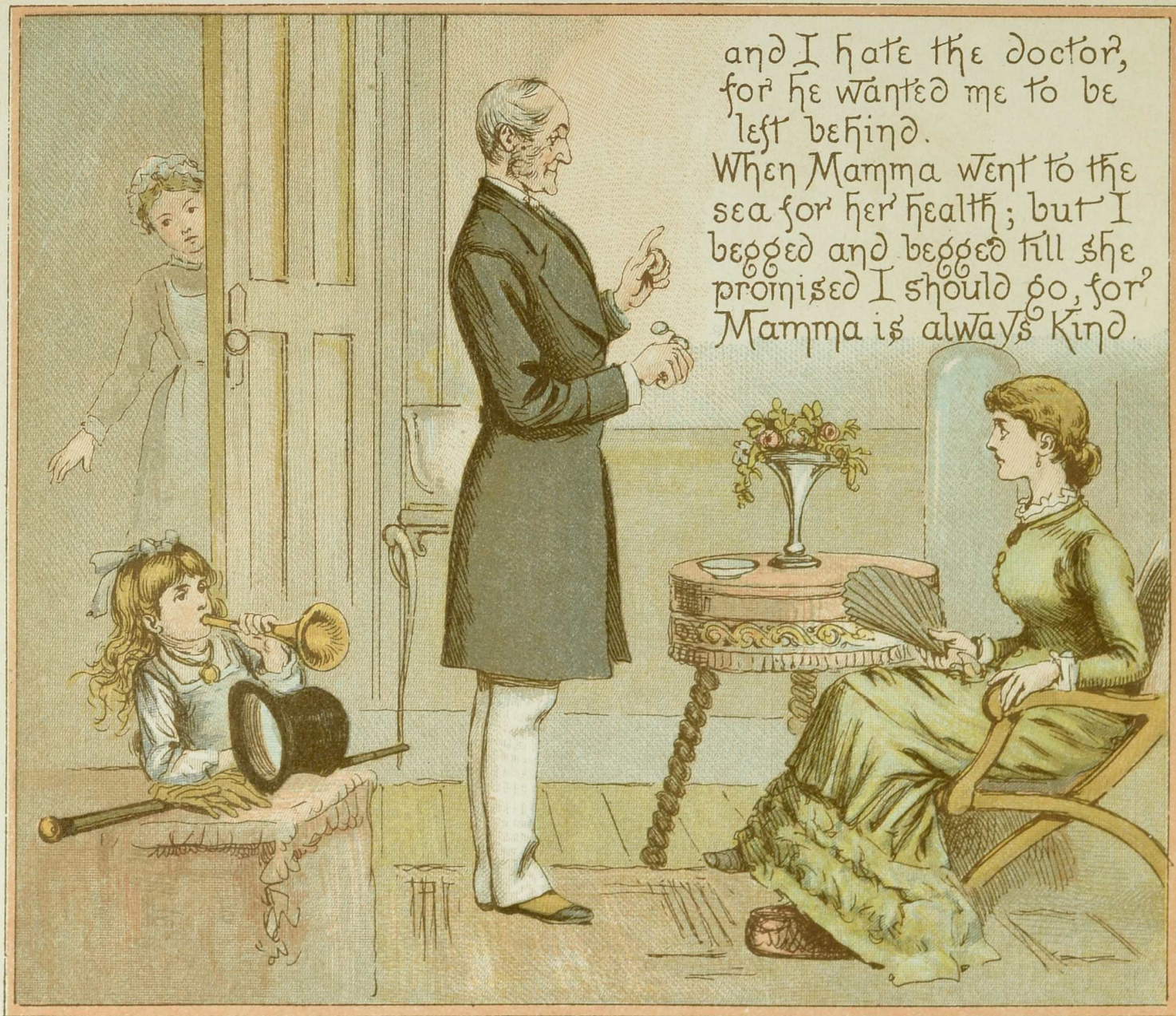
"And if her mother thought less of her and she thought more of her mother, it would be better for her too."



But Nurse is a nasty cross old thing—I hate her;

and I hate the doctor,
for he wanted me to be
left behind.

When Mamma went to the
sea for her health; but I
begged and begged till she
promised I should go, for
Mamma is always kind.





And she bought me a new
wooden spade and a basket,



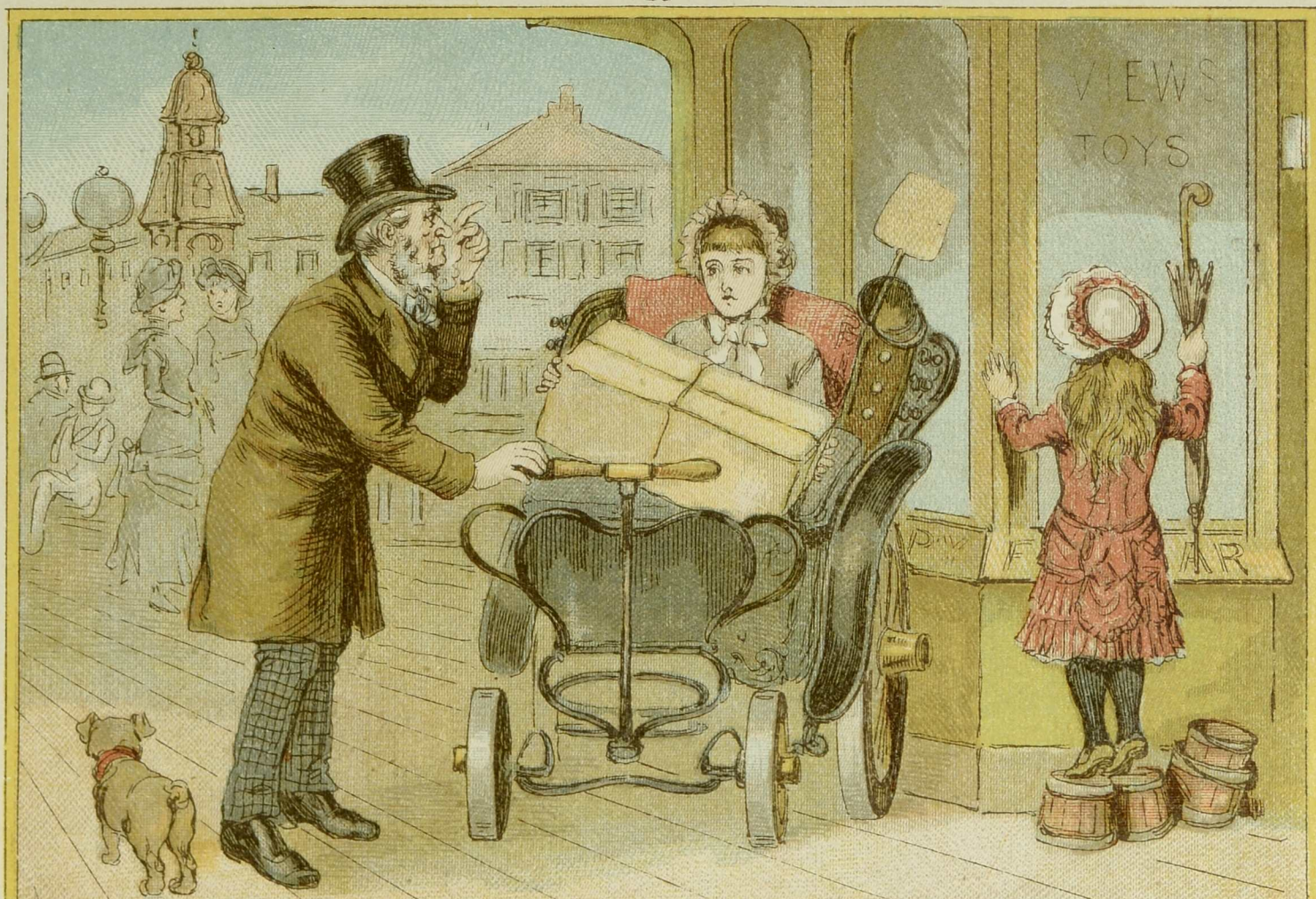
and a red and green ship with three masts,

and a one and sixpenny telescope to look at the sea;





But when I got
 on to the sands, I
 thought I'd rather be
 on the esplanade, for
 there was a little girl there who was looking at me,
 Dressed in a navy blue suit and a sailor hat, with
 beautiful fair hair tied with ribbons; so I told Mamma,



And she got me a suit, ready made (but she said it
it was dreadfully dear), and a hat to match, in the
Pebble Brooch Repository and Universal Bazaar.



It faded in
the sun, and
came all to
pieces in the
wash; but I
was tired of
it before,

For the esplanade is very dull,
and the little girl with fair hair
had got sand-boots and a ~~~
shrimping-net,
and was playing
on the shore.



And when my sand boots came home, and I'd got a better



net than her's,
she went donkey-riding, and I know it was to tease me.



But nurse was so cross, and said if they sent a man in a herring-boat to the moon for what I wanted that nothing would please me.



So I said the seaside was a very disagreeable
place, and
I wished I
hadn't come.
And I told
Mamma so,
and begged

her to try and get
well soon, to take
us all home.

But now we've

got home, it's very hot, and
I'm afraid of the wasps; and I'm sure it was cooler at the
sea,



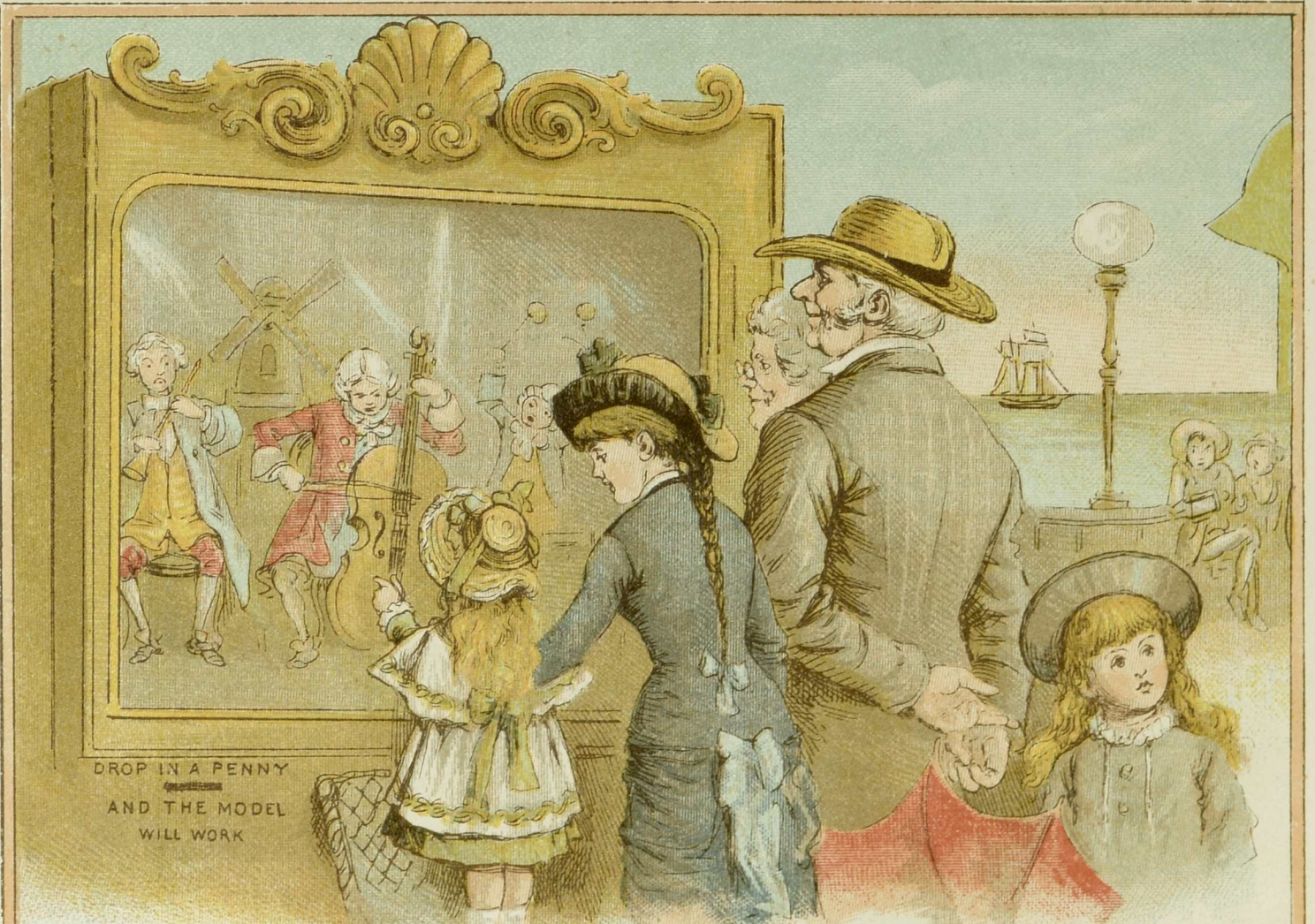
And the Smiths won't be back for a fortnight, so I can't even have Matilda to tea.

I don't care much for my new doll — I think I'm too old for dolls now; I like books better, though I didn't like the last.

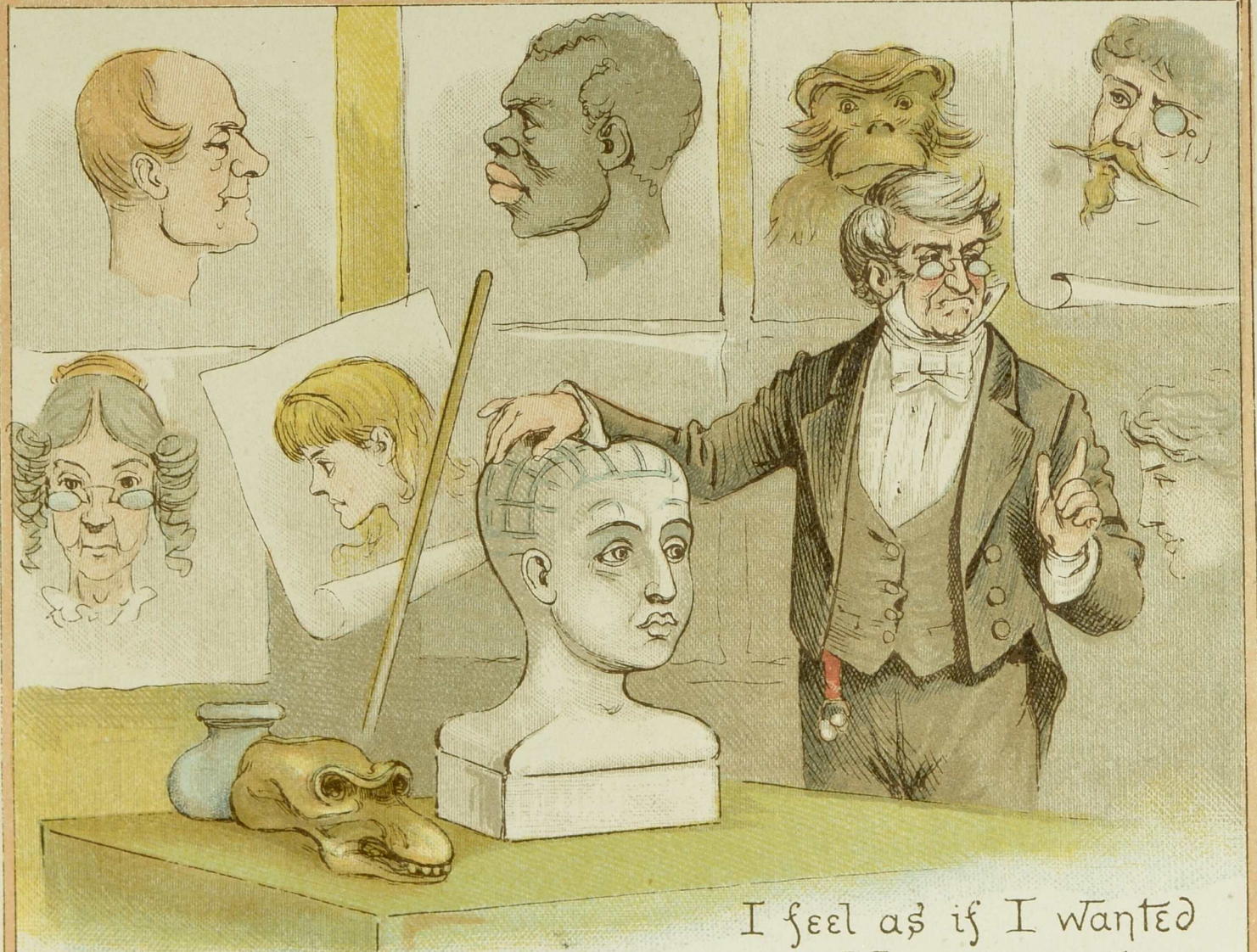
And I've read all I have: I always skip

the dull parts.
and when you skip a good deal you get through them so fast. o





I like toys if they're the best kind, with works; though when I've had one good game with them, I don't much care to play with them again.



I feel as if I wanted something new to amuse me, and Mamma says it's because I've got such an active brain.

Nurse says I don't know
what I want, and I know I don't,
and that's just what it is.

It seems so sad a young
creature like me should feel
unhappy, and not know what's
amiss?

But nurse never thinks of
my feelings, any more than
the cruel nurse in the story
about the little girl who
was so good,

And if I die early as
she did, perhaps then people
will be sorry I've been
misunderstood.



I shouldn't like to die early,
but I should like people to be sorry
for me, and to praise me
when I was dead:

If I could only
come to life again when they
had missed me very much,
and I'd heard what they
said.

Of course that's
impossible, I know, but
I wish I knew what
to do instead!

It seems such
a pity that a sweet
little dear like me should
ever be sad!

And Mamma
says she buys everything I want,





and has taught me
everything I will learn, and reads every book ~~~~~



and takes every hint she can pick up, and keeps me with her all day, and worries about me all night, till she's nearly mad:

And if any kind person can think of any better way.
to make me happy we shall both of us be glad. ~:



: Verse Books for Children by J. H. Ewing :
: Illustrated in Colours by R. André :



: PRICE—One Shilling each — :
: Published by Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge: London:
New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.