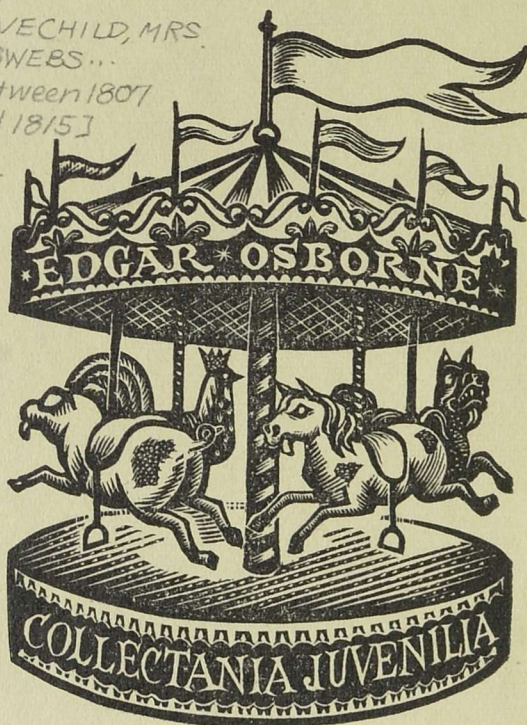


BI.

LOVECHILD, MRS.
COBWEBS...

[between 1807
and 1815]

V. 1



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I, 117-8

Ellen Dodgson
the gift of deum. Maria
23 April 1815

By Lady Ellinor Fern

(see Trus, F. Children's Book
pp. 21-24, regarding
our ed. (ca. 1800))



See the engraving on page 50.

THE DOLL.

Page 50, Vol. I.

C O B W E B S

TO CATCH

FLIES;

OR,

DIALOGUES

IN SHORT SENTENCES,

ADAPTED TO CHILDREN

FROM

The Age of Three to Eight Years.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Vol. I. containing Easy Les-

sons in words of

THREE LETTERS,

FOUR LETTERS,

FIVE LETTERS,

SIX LETTERS,

Suited to Children from Three

to Five Years of Age.

Vol. II. containing Instructive

Lessons in Words of

ONE SYLLABLE,

TWO SYLLABLES,

THREE SYLLABLES,

FOUR SYLLABLES,

Suited to Children from Five to

Eight Years of Age.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY JOHN MARSHALL,

NO. 140, FLEET STREET,

FROM ALDERMARY CHURCH YARD.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	PAGE
The Cat - - -	11
The Morning - - -	14
The Window - - -	17
The Rat - - -	21
The Dog - - -	24
The Farm-Yard - - -	31
The Doll - - -	36
The Toilet - - -	41
The Fan - - -	45
The Toy-Shop - - -	50
The Walk - - -	56
The Baby-House - - -	60

DEDICATION.

TO

Mrs. E*****D F*****.

*My dear *****,*

I CANNOT deny myself the pleasure of dedicating one of my little works to *you*. I please myself with the thought of your infant son imbibing his first ideas from the same books which afforded so much pleasure to his cousin. And I flatter myself that the little lessons will be particularly agreeable to him, as coming from me,—from me who loves him,—whom you will teach him to love.

As a mother, you will accept this trifle with satisfaction. Maternal affection, doubtless, already anticipates the hour when your sweet boy will enjoy the perusal of a dialogue which is perfectly adapted to his comprehension; when he will smile with pleasure over his book, and have no idea of a task or a lesson, but think you very indulgent when you allow him to leave his toys, and come to your elbow, where he may amuse himself more agreeably in reading.

You see that I am sanguine in my hopes of success among my little readers. I think that I am mistress of the infantile language; and I print for the sake of those ladies who have less leisure than myself. Nor need I blush to supply prattle for infants, since a lady of superior genius condescended, long since, to set the example, as a hint, I suppose, how to convey instruction blended with amusement.

I wish none but fond mothers to see my books, and I conceive it possible that even parental tenderness may neglect to advert to the necessity of such exceeding simplicity as is required in conveying ideas to the infant mind. I conceive a lady, whose babes are but the visitors of an hour in the parlour, to exclaim—"This is just such stuff as my boy and girl themselves would write, if they could make use of a pen." Now that is precisely the highest compliment which I could receive. If it *be* such, then they will understand and relish it, they will read it with propriety; they will imbibe notions of tenderness toward the brute creation almost with their milk.

If the human mind be a *rasa tabula*, you to whom it is entrusted should be cautious what is written upon it. Who would leave their common-place book among fools to be scrawled upon! Yet how often are *nurses* and *common servants* allowed to give the first intimations to children respecting the objects with which they are surrounded! Ideas they *will* have. It is your business (Mothers, to you I speak) to watch that they be just. But I am wandering from my purpose, which was merely to express my wishes that my little work might be acceptable to you, as a token of affection in,

My dear,

*Your affectionate ******

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE writer of these volumes was advised by a friend to prefix an advertisement to them, explaining their design. Her answer to that friend was to this effect:

“ Those for whom they are designed will not need an explanation; and others will not regard it. The Mother, who is surrounded by smiling Prattlers, will enter with spirit into my first Dialogues, will declare that they are such as she has wished for a thousand times, and that she esteems herself obliged to me for having condescended to walk in shuffles for the sake of keeping pace with her infant. She will be aware of some difficulty in the task; she will (to pursue the metaphor) allow that it is not easy to move gracefully when we shorten our steps to those of a child; she will, therefore, pardon such inaccuracies as arise from the necessity of confining the language to short words.

“ For the rest, I am persuaded (from experience, and the remarks of the most judicious mothers) that a book of this kind will be acceptable.

“ The mother who herself watches the dawn of reason in her babe, who teaches him the first rudiments of knowledge, who infuses the first ideas in his mind, will approve my COBWEBS. She will, if she be desirous of bringing her little darling forward (and where it can be done with ease and satisfaction, who is not?) she will be aware of the consequence of the first lessons, where nothing meets the eye of the learner, but objects with which he is already familiar; nothing arises to his mind, but subjects with which he begins to be acquainted; sentiments level to his capacity, explained in words which are suited to his progress.

“ Such is the first volume of the COBWEBS designed to be; if such it be, it will meet the smile of Mothers. For the second, it was written to please a set of children dear to the writer, and it did please them. In the hope that it may be agreeable to other little people, it is given to the Public.”

ADDRESS

TO

ALL GOOD CHILDREN.

YOU all love to see something which is new ; so I do not doubt but you are eager to see your new books. I speak to you as good children ; so I conclude that the eldest looks first : to the eldest, then, I speak. You can read any words you meet with ; therefore I shall not confine myself to short words, but give you the pleasure of obliging your brothers and sisters by reading my address aloud to them ; after which you will resign my first volume to one of the younger children, who is only able to read words of three letters ; and he will be amused by my dialogue about the Cat, whilst he gratifies the curiosity of the little happy circle, and enjoys the satisfaction of entertaining the whole family.

Mamma surveys the smiling audience with complacency, rejoicing in their mutual affection.

This is the scene which my imagination paints. Now let us chat a little.

WILLIAM FREEWILL was a very good boy : he did every thing he was bid to do ; and he did it directly ; now and then he said *Why?* but he soon left off doing so, and then he was quite good.

He loved to learn to read ; and, indeed, he seemed to love to do as he was desired in every thing.

One day a lady gave him a book ; it had some cuts in it : there were little folks dancing, and children riding in a *Merry-go-round*, boys and girls tossed up and down,

and a great many pretty things ; but I did not like the story at all. He was content without attempting to read in the book, as I did not approve of it ; but he used to wish that it had been proper. This was before the IMPERIAL SPELLING-BOOK came out. I do not know who made that book ; but I am sure that you little folk are much obliged to the author. Did you never see it ? it is good print, and has stories in short words, and several cuts. But there was no such book then, nor any of the kind ; it was before your good friend Mr. Marshall had begun to print for you in a large clear type. Reading is now the most pleasing of your amusements.

This good child took great pains, and learned very fast. One day, when he had done his lesson very well indeed, he had a reward which you will never guess at. I sent him to play in the garden without me, telling him I should be busy. And what do you think I did ? I cut out the prints, wrote some stories to suit them, and pasted the prints into my little book. I covered it nicely ; and the next morning, when he had done his lesson well, I took it—"Here, my dear," said I, "is a book for you, in which you can read." I wish you had seen his joy. I do not think that ever your lively fancies can figure to you how he capered about ; he ran to tell the maids ; he jumped ; he shouted ; he danced ; (he could not sing) but, what was best, he read in it very well—so I hope *you* little ones will do.

That little smiling rogue of three years old longs to take his turn ; he is impatient to read in the new book.

May it teach you all to be good ! and then it will answer the intention of

YOUR FRIEND,

TO MY LITTLE READERS.

My Dears,

DO not imagine that, like a great spider, I will give you a hard gripe, and infuse venom to blow you up. No; I mean to catch you gently, whisper in your ear,

Be good, and you will be beloved;

Be good, and you will be happy :

and then release you, to frisk about in pursuit of your innocent pastimes.

Dear little creatures ! enjoy your sports ; be as merry as you will ; but remember the old proverb,

“ Be merry and wise.”

Your whole duty is contained in one short precept—

Obey readily and cheerfully.

Happy little creatures ! you will never taste such careless hours as you do now ; when you grow up, you will have many cares, you will have many sorrows ; yet assure yourselves, that if you be good, you will be happy,—be happy for ever. Remember this, my dear little readers, from

Your Friend,

The AUTHOR.

Cobwebs to catch Flies.

THE CAT.

In Words of Three Letters.



BOY.

OUR cat can get a rat; can
she not?

VOL. I.

B

MAMMA.

Yes, she can; but she was bit by an old rat one day.

BOY.

Ah! my kit! why did you try to get the old rat?

MAMMA.

One day the dog bit our cat; he bit her jaw.

BOY.

May the cat get on my bed?

MAMMA.

Yes, she may.

BOY.

May she lie by me?

MAMMA.

Yes; go, get up; go to the boy.

BOY.

Kit! kit! kit! you may get on the bed.

Now you are up.

Why do you say mew?

Why do you say pur?
 You may lie by me, cat.
 See her joy as I pat her ear!
 Why do you get off the bed?
 Why do you beg to be let out?

MAMMA.

To go to her kit.

BOY.

Has she a kit?
 Why do you go to the kit?
 Is she to go?

MAMMA.

Yes, let her go now.



THE MORNING.

In Words of Three Letters.



MAMMA.

Now get up, it is six.

BOY.

O me! is it six?

MAMMA.

Yes, it is; and the dew is off.

BOY.

I see the sun. It is fit for me to go out.

MAMMA.

Now it is; but by ten it may be hot ; so get up now.

BOY.

May I go to day, and buy my top ?

MAMMA.

Yes, you may.

BOY.

A peg-top? Sam has a peg-top. He has let me get his. One day he did.

I met Tom one day, and he had a top so big !

I can hop as far as Tom can.

Tom has a bat too ! and Tom is but of my age.

Let us buy a cup and a mug for Bet.

And let us get a gun for Sam.
And a pot and an urn for Bet.

An ant has bit my leg; see
how red it is!

May I get a bag for Bet?

MAMMA.

Can you pay for it?

BOY.

O, no; but you can pay for
all.

May the dog go?

MAMMA.

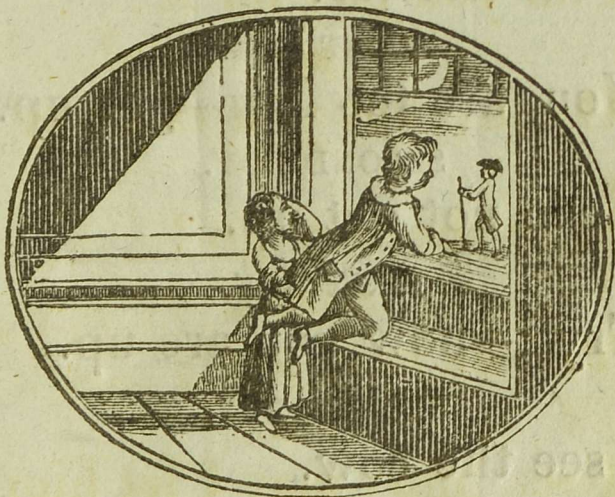
Yes, he may go.

BOY.

I see him; may I let him in?

THE WINDOW.

In Words of Three Letters.



FIRST BOY.

I SEE a man !
The man has a dog.
The man is got in.
The dog is not got in.

He can not get in.

MAMMA.

Do not cry; you will see the man by-and-by. Dog! why do you cry?

SECOND BOY.

I can not see.

FIRST BOY.

You are too low---get up.

SECOND BOY.

I can not get up.

FIRST BOY.

Try ;--now you are up.

SECOND BOY.

I see the cow.

FIRST BOY.

I see two.

I see the red cow; and I see the dun cow.

SECOND BOY.

I see a hog. Pig! pig! why do you run?

FIRST BOY.

Now I see ten. Why do you
all run?

Now let us get off.

SECOND BOY.

You can not see me.

FIRST BOY.

You are hid.

SECOND BOY.

I see you. Can you not see me.

FIRST BOY.

O! now I can get up.

SECOND BOY.

No. I can run; you can not
get me.

FIRST BOY.

Yes, I can.

SECOND BOY.

Let us go to Tom.

FIRST BOY.

We may not go out.

SECOND BOY.

I can get out.

FIRST BOY.

So can I: but do not go yet.

SECOND BOY.

Why may we not go yet?

FIRST BOY.

Do as you are bid, and do not ask why, is the law for a boy.



THE RAT.

In Words of Three Letters.



BOY.

I saw a rat; and I saw the
dog try to get it.

GIRL.

And did he get it;

BOY.

No? but the cat did.

GIRL.

My cat?

BOY.

No; it was the old cat.

GIRL.

How did she get it? she can not run.

BOY.

No, it is not the way?---she was hid---the rat ran out: and pop! she got him.

GIRL.

A dog can run.

BOY.

Yes, but the cat is sly.

GIRL.

The kit can not get a rat.

BOY.

No, she can not yet; but she
can get a fly. I saw her get a
fly.



THE DOG.

In Words of Four Letters.



BOY.

I love the dog.

Do not you?

MAMMA.

Yes, sure.

BOY.

Wag! do you love me?

MAMMA.

You see he does: he wags his

tail. When he wags his tail, he says, I love you.

BOY.

Does his tail tell me so?

MAMMA.

Yes; it says, I love you, I love you, pray love me.

BOY.

When we go out, he wags his tail; what does his tail say then?

MAMMA.

Pray let me go; I wish to go with you.

BOY.

I love to have him go with me.

MAMMA.

Here is a cake for you.

BOY.

Nice cake! See the dog how he wags his tail now! Why do you wag your tail? Why do you look so? Why does he wag his tail so much? Why does he look at me?

MAMMA.

To beg for some cake. His tail says, I love you; you have a cake, and I have none: will you not be good to me! Will you not give some of your cake to your poor dog?

BOY.

Poor dog! do you want some cake? take a bit. Here! I hold it to him, but he does not take

a bit---take some, O! he has got it all---he was not to take all. Fie, Wag! to take all. Now I have none left. You are rude Wag.

MAMMA.

He did stay sometime.—Here. I will give you a plum-cake.

BOY.

Now you are to have none, Wag. You are to have none of this cake; you were rude.

MAMMA.

He did not know that he was not to take all. He can not know all that you say.

BOY.

Well, you may have a bit of this. I will take a bit off, and give to him.

F.

MAMMA.

Do so. You are a good boy.
We must be kind to all; we must
give to them who want.

BOY.

Why do you ask for more?

MAMMA.

He has not had a meal to day.
He had not a bit till now.
You had had food.

BOY.

I hope he will have meat at
noon, I will ask cook to give him
a bone; and he may have some
milk; and he can have some
bran. Cook will boil them for
him. Poor dog he can not ask
as we can, so I will ask for him.
Wag I wish you could talk,
Why does he bark at poor men?

MAMMA.

When he sees a man whom
he does not know then he says
“ Who are you ? who are you ?
“ why do you come ?---what do
“ you do here ?---I am at home :
“ I must tell the folk---I must
“ tell that you are here---I will
“ call our folk to look at you.
“ Come out man ; come out
“ maid ;-----see who this is.---
“ Bow, wow, wow, wow !”

BOY.

Does the dog say all that ?
Why does he stop as soon as
the folk come out ?

MAMMA.

He is so wise as to know that
he need bark no more then. If

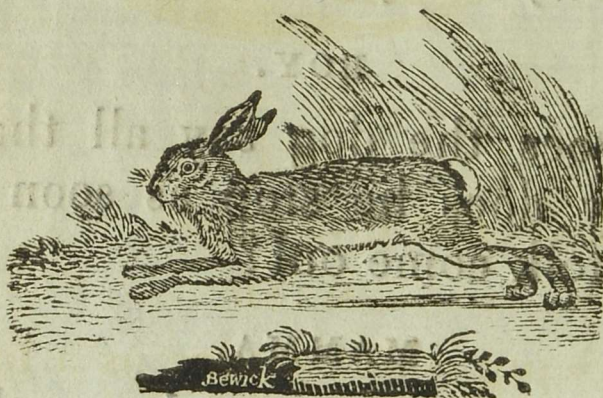
he mean to call them out, he will stop when they are come out.

BOY.

Wag, why do you gape when you are hot? Can you tell me why he does so.

MAMMA.

To cool himself.



THE FARM-YARD.

In Words of Four Letters.



BOY.

I do not love pigs.

MAID.

A pig is not so nice as a fowl ;
yet we must feed the pigs ; pigs

must eat as well as boys ; poor pigs want food.

BOY.

Do they cry for food ? I hear them cry.

MAID.

They cry to me for food ; in the way they can call, they call ---“ Pray feed me, pray feed me ; “ do pray feed me now !”

BOY.

What do you give them ?

MAID.

This pail full of milk. Will you not like to see them ? they will be so glad !

BOY.

How they jump ! how they run to the gate ! Why do they run so ?

MAID.

They are so glad to see me. They know me: I feed them when they want food: and you see they love me.

BOY.

I like to see them so glad. I like to see a pig feed. But I love a lamb: may I not love a lamb more than I do a pig?

MAID.

Yes; but you must be good to all.

BOY.

My aunt has a tame lamb; I love to give him milk. Once I saw a fawn; I do not mean in a park, but I saw a tame fawn;

the old doe was dead, so we fed the fawn at home : we kept him a long time, but he bit off the buds.

MAID.

Have you seen a goat ?

BOY.

Yes : he has not wool---he has hair.

MAID.

Now you may go with me ; we will go and see the cows.

BOY.

Why is one duck by its self ?

MAID.

The duck sits ; she has a nest just by. I must feed her ; she will not go far from her nest.

The rest can get food. You
may give her some corn; we
will get some for her! come.

BOY.

I like to feed the poor duck.



THE DOLL.

In Words of four Letters.



GIRL.

What a nice doll ! I like this,
pray may I have this ? I wish
to have a wax doll.

MAMMA.

You must then take care to keep her cool, else you will melt her face; and she must be kept dry, or this nice pink on her face will be lost.

GIRL.

What a neat coat ! I like a blue silk. And her hat ! I love a doll in a hat. What sort of a cap have you got, miss ; but a poor one ; but it is not much seen. She has some soil on her neck. I can rub it off I see. No, that I will not do ; I must not wet her skin. What sort of a foot have you ? O ! a nice one : and a nice silk shoe : a blue knot too ; well that is what I like : to suit her coat. I

am fond of blue too. Now, miss, if I have you home with me, then I am to be your maid! to wait on you. Will not that be nice? I will take care of you, and keep you so neat? and I will work for you: you can not sew, or hem: and I will read to you in my new book; and I will take you out with me when you are good. You shall sit by me near the tree, on a low seat, fit for you. I wish you to walk! can not I make you walk? so---step on---step on---see how my new doll can walk!

MAMMA.

You will pull off her legs, my dear.

GIRL.

Now if I had a pin to pin this sash back. Stay, I can tie it. O me! see! here is a bag for her work! who has seen the like? a bag for her work! I must have this doll---if you like it, I mean.

MAMMA.

You must then work for her. You will have much to do, to make and mend all that your doll will want to wear. Will you not wish her in the shop. I fear that you will, you who are so fond of play.

GIRL.

Work for my doll will not tire me.

MAMMA.

Take it then.

GIRL.

You are so good! Pray let
me hug you. I must kiss you
too, my dear doll, for joy.



THE TOILET.

In Words of Four Letters.



G I R L.

I like this cap, but it will not keep on. Why will it not keep on?

M A I D.

It is too big for you, miss.

G I R L.

It is off; it will fall off.

MAID.

You had best lay it down,
miss.

GIRL.

I like to have it; I will put
it on.

MAMMA.

My dear! lay it down when
you are bid to do so; do not
wait to be made to do well.

GIRL.

I will not, mamma; Smith,
I will be good. Pray may I
look in this box?

MAMMA.

You see it is shut now; you
may see it by-and-bye.

GIRL.

I will not hurt the lock.

MAMMA.

You must not try.

GIRL.

May I play with your muff?

MAMMA.

You may.

GIRL.

What is this made of?

MAMMA.

Fur; and fur is skin with the hair on.

GIRL.

It is like puss; how soft it is!
How warm it is when I hold it
to my nose! it is like wool.

MAMMA.

Now come and kiss me: I
am sure you will be good to
John; go and play with him.

GIRL.

Do you stay all day? do you stay till John is in bed?

MAMMA.

Yes; till you are both in bed. Now go.

GIRL.

Pray let me get my workbag first. May I get my workbag?

MAMMA.

Why do you want it?

GIRL.

I want some silk out of it, that I may work a ball for John.



THE FAN.

In Words of Four Letters.



LADY.

What does he want?

What does he mean?

GIRL.

It is his way to say pray.

LADY.

And what does he wish ?

GIRL.

To have your fan :
But he will tear it.

LADY.

Can you take care of it ?

GIRL.

O ! yes : I can shew it to him.

LADY.

Take it ; and let him see it.

GIRL.

Now sit by me.

Pray set him down by me.

Look ! no, you must not have
it.

I must keep it in my hand.

You can not hold it.

Here is a boy. See! he runs to get that bird. O fie! do not get the bird. No! you must not put the bird in a cage. Let the bird fly; let him sing; and let him help to make a nest.

Do not hurt the poor bird.

You must be good and kind.

You must not vex the bird.

Here is a girl. Look at her pink coat. Here is her foot. She has a blue shoe. She is at play with the boy.

Miss! you must be good. You must tell the boy to be good; that we may love him. All good folk will love him if he is good; not else.

Now let us turn the fan.

Now we will look at this side.

Here is a nice pink. This
is a rose. That is a fly.

MAMMA.

Now John will walk. Ring
the bell. Go and walk with
your maid.

GIRL.

Am I to go?

MAMMA.

As you like.

GIRL.

I like best to stay; but John
says with his hand, "pray go."
I will go then! dear boy! I will
go with you.

MAMMA.

Good girl.

GIRL.

John! you must love me; I wish to stay here, and you hear that I may stay.

MAMMA.

Take hold of him and lead him out. You will meet the maid at the door.



THE TOY-SHOP.

In Words of Four Letters.



BOY.

I will have a gun. No, I will have this dog. May I not have both?

MAMMA.

You may have both.

BOY.

Let me see, here is a goat. Do look at his face; how like it is to a goat! Here is a ball; and a lamb, with wool on it, just like my lamb that I feed at home. And here is a cock; can you crow? Crow, and tell us that it is time to rise. Can you not? What a tail he has! A fine tail! No, I will not have that, for his tail will soon be off. Some part of it is come off now.

MAMMA.

You must not pull. You do harm.

BOY.

I did not pull hard.

MAMMA.

You are a long time.

GIRL.

O, here is a horse ! I like this horse, I like his long tail. You shall not have your tail cut---no, nor your ears ; but you cannot feel. Come, Sir, walk and trot. Do you move well ? I will rub you down, and give you oats and hay, and chop straw for you. I will be good to you, not whip you much,---no more than just to say---“ Now go on,”---nor spur you, nor gall your poor skin ; no, nor let the hair rub off. So---you set your tail well ; but if you did not, Tom must not nick you ; no, nor yet dock your poor tail ; you will want it to keep the

flies from you when it is hot. I see poor Crop toss his head all day; he does it to keep the flies from him: but it is all in vain, he can not keep them off. I will be good to you; I will tend and feed you; and I will not ride too hard, and hurt your feet; nor trot on hard road, so as to make you fall and cut your knees; but I will pat your neck when I get up, and I will make you know me; so that you will turn your head, and seem to like to have me get on your back. At night you must have a warm bed. When I have rode you in the day, I will see that you have good corn, and hay, and straw; and Tom must wash the hot sand out of your poor feet, so

that they may not ache, and make you grow lame.

MAMMA.

I can not but give you the horse, as you seem to plan so well for him; I hope you will be good and kind to all things.

BOY.

I do not care now for the lamb, nor for the---

MAMMA.

My dear, I would have you know your own mind; if you get the trick to like now this, now that, and now you know not what, it will do you harm all your life. So it is that boys and men spend too much; so it is that they act like fools. I would give you all the toys in

the shop if it were for your good to have them: the horse you have got; now take some one else; take the gun, do you like the gun?

BOY.

I do; I thank you, mamma. I will keep the horse: and I will give the gun to Jack. Oh! my dear horse, how I love you!



THE WALK.

In Words of Five and Six Letters.



BOY.

THERE is a field full of net-
tles.

PAPA.

No, not so; it is hemp.

BOY.

What is that for, papa?

PAPA.

To make cloth of ; the stalk has a tough peel on it, and that peel is what they make thread of. The thread they weave, and make strong cloth.

BOY.

I want to know all the trees ; pray what leaf is this ?

PAPA.

That is an oak ; that bush is may ; we call it too white-thorn ; it blooms late in May ; its fruit are called haws ; so we call it haw-thorn. The birds eat the fruit.

That is black-thorn ; that blooms soon in spring : it has white bloom, and has then few

or no leaves. The fruit is a sloe. They are like a small blue plum; but so sour that you can not eat them.

BOY.

What is this?

PAPA.

Wild rose, its fruits are hips; they are kept, and we take them for coughs. That is broom; it has a bloom like a pea in shape, but it is yellow.

BOY.

There is a bush of it in bloom.

PAPA.

No; that is furze, such as you see on heaths. Feel this; broom does not prick like this.

BOY.

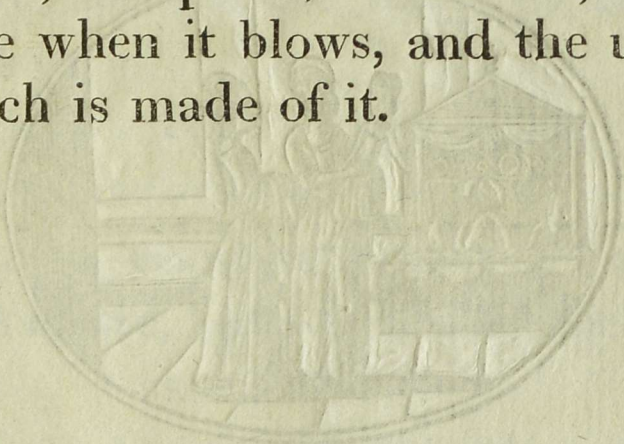
I will keep a leaf of each to shew to James.

PAPA.

You may put them in a book,
and write what I have told you.

BOY.

I will get all sorts of plants ;
and I will mark by each the
name, the place, the bloom, the
time when it blows, and the use
which is made of it.



THE BABY-HOUSE.

In Words of Six Letters.



FIRST GIRL.

My doll's quilt is chintz.---
What is this?

SECOND GIRL.

Old point.

FIRST GIRL.

Let us take the doll up.

SECOND GIRL.

With all my heart.

FIRST GIRL.

Where are her clothes ?

SECOND GIRL.

Here they are ; some in this chest, and some hang in the press.

FIRST GIRL.

Bless me ! what a nice press ! I have a chest at home, in my doll's house, but I have no press.

SECOND GIRL.

Here are her shift and coat ; those shoes are her best, do not put them on ; take *these*.

FIRST GIRL.

What gown does she put on ?

SECOND GIRL.

Her white one. I will take it out whilst you lace her stays.

FIRST GIRL.

What is her best cloak ?

SECOND GIRL.

White ; with a neat blond lace round it.

FIRST GIRL.

Mine has a muff ; has your doll a muff ?

SECOND GIRL.

No, she has not ; my aunt says she will teach me to do chain-stitch ; and then I am to work one.

FIRST GIRL.

What is her best dress ?

SECOND GIRL.

You shall see them all. There is the gown which I like best.

FIRST GIRL.

It is my dear mamma's work : see how neat it is ; and there is a green silk.

SECOND GIRL.

My doll's best coat is brown, with a stripe of blue; and she has a white, wrought with a moss rose, a pink, and a large bunch of leaves; that was her best, but it is just worn out now: she must leave it off soon.

FIRST GIRL.

Why does she wear it so long?

SECOND GIRL.

I had a crown to buy her a piece of silk; as I went in the coach with my aunt to buy it, we met a poor child who had no clothes, but the worst rags which you can think.

FIRST GIRL.

And you gave it to her?

My doll should wear her old

gown for a long time, for the sake of such a use to put my crown to.

SECOND GIRL.

I had more joy in that than I could have had in my doll's new gown. Dolls cannot feel the want of clothes.

FIRST GIRL.

Now let us go down stairs.

END OF VOL. I.

