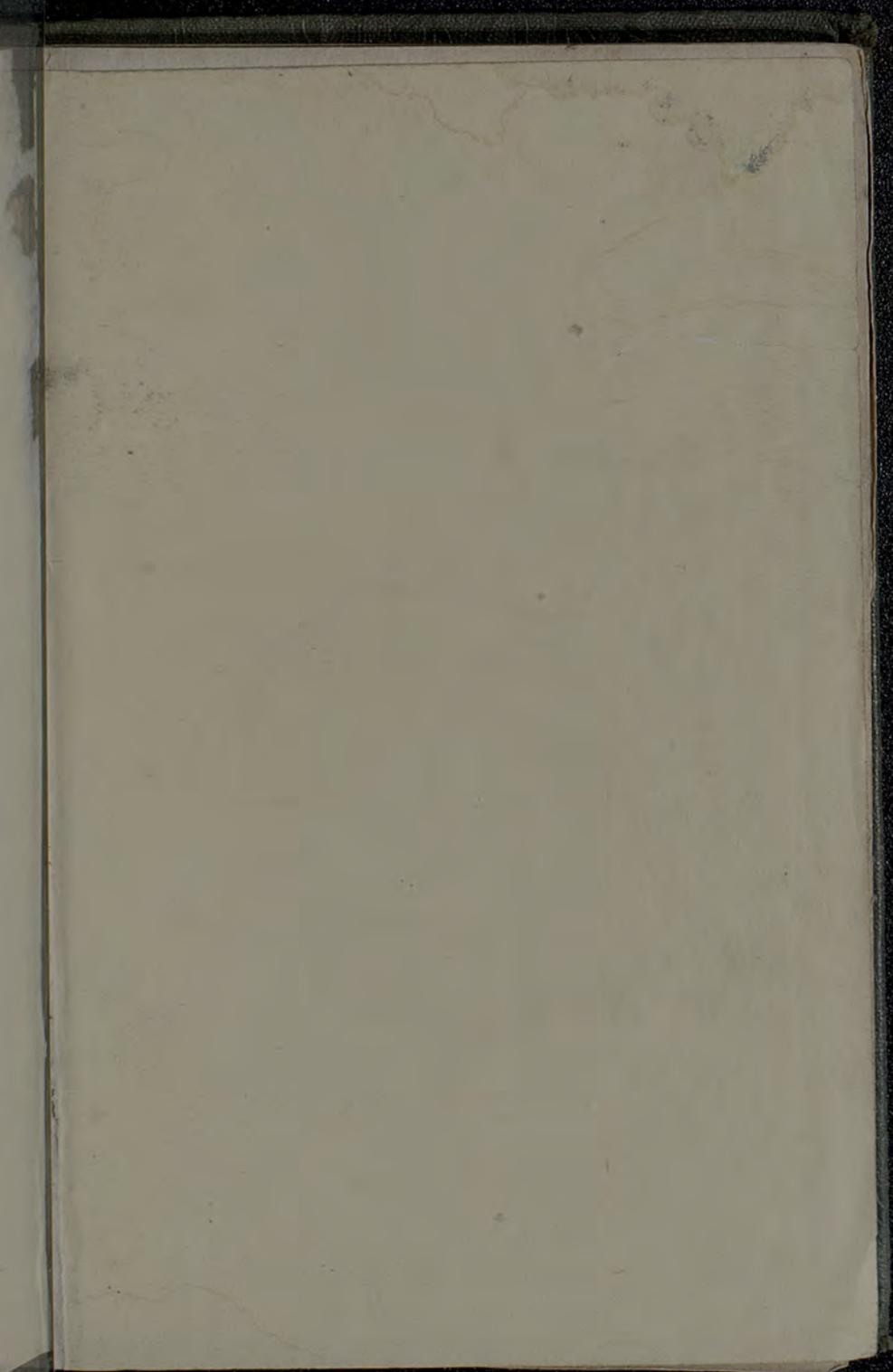
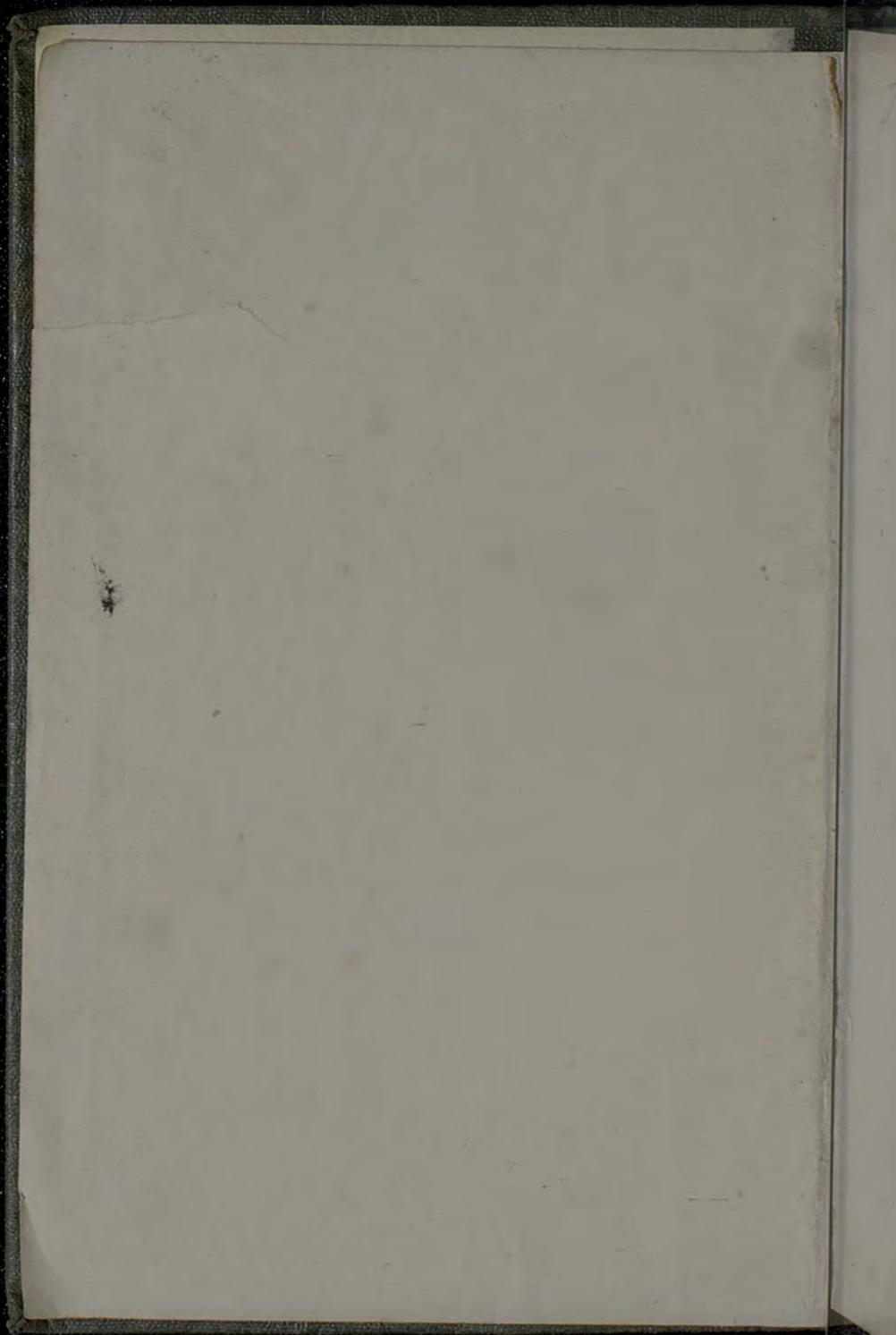


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LITTLE LUCY
1835



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Park - Fairy the Invisible.

LITTLE LUCY,

THE INVALID;

OR,

NURSERY DIALOGUES.

LONDON:

DARTON AND HARVEY,

GRACECHURCH STREET.

1835.

LONDON:
JOSEPH RICKERBY, PRINTER,
SHERBOURN LANE.

PREFACE.

MANY words are not wanting to preface so humble a performance as this little book, which aims only at affording amusement to children of an early age. The author is willing to hope, from her own recent recollection of the taste of persons at that period of life, that the form of Dialogue, though not very usual in such works, will not make it displeasing to them, if she has succeeded in the endeavour to render the story interesting, and the language familiar.

To call attention to the principles it has been her wish to instil, is unnecessary; since, if they are not apparent to the young reader, her attempt must have failed so entirely, as to be undeserving of any notice whatever.

PREFACE

The author of this work has endeavored to present a history of the United States, from the first settlement to the present time. It is intended as a companion to the author's former work, and is designed to be a complete and accurate history of the country, from the first discovery to the present time. It is intended to be a complete and accurate history of the country, from the first discovery to the present time.

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NURSERY DIALOGUES.

THE GARDEN.

LUCY. Not go out at all, nurse!

NURSE. I am afraid we must not think of it to-day, my dear: you know Dr. Ryder told your mamma, that one damp day might bring back all your pain, and make you as ill as you were a month ago.

LUCY. But the rain is quite over now; and I am sure the sun will be out soon: only look at the sky!

NURSE. Yes, but only look at the ground; see how wet the walks are, and what heavy drops hang on the trees.

LUCY. That is the very reason I long so much to be out. Nothing is so pleasant as going out after a shower; the grass looks so fresh and green, and the flowers smell so sweet. The lilac looks as if it had blown a great deal in this last half-hour. Do, pray, at least, my good nurse, open the window.

NURSE. No, Miss Lucy; you know I would oblige you in any thing proper, but I must not venture to do that.

LUCY. (Throwing herself back in her chair.) Oh, I am so tired of sitting here, tired of every thing!

But, after all, I do not care about going out: it is very little pleasure now; for papa never takes me into the shady walk, or the filbert-tree walk, or the shrubberies, where I want most to go. He keeps up and down always just where the sun shines. Since I cannot run about as I used to do, there really is no good in the garden.

NURSE. You did not think so three days ago. Last Monday, when I went to fetch your bonnet, how eager you were! you seemed to long to be out of doors.

LUCY. So I did then, because I did not know how tiresome it would be to be carried about like a baby. Papa is very kind though, to take so much trouble for me; but then, when it is

just the very time I wish most to be out, to be told I must stay in all day—it is so provoking! Indeed, nurse, you never can imagine how disagreeable it all is. I do think when I was most ill, and could hardly lift my head from the pillow, I did not feel so dull as now this minute.

NURSE. Indeed, my dear, I am very sorry for you.

LUCY. Yes, I know you are sorry for me; but you cannot tell what I feel: nobody can, unless they have been shut up in the same way themselves.

NURSE. I cannot say I was ever shut up in this way, but I have known something very like it.

LUCY. Why, did not I hear you tell Mrs. Davis the other day, that

you had never been ill in your life?

NURSE. I have had very good health to be thankful for, all my life, my dear, and have always had the use of my limbs, as I hope you will again, one of these days; but yet there was a time when I could not make much use of them either.

LUCY. I do not understand you at all. Always well, and able to walk and run, and did not do so! why nurse what could have hindered you; you were not in prison surely?

NURSE. (Smiling.) No, not in prison.

LUCY. Do not you remember telling me about a pretty place where you lived, when you were my age; and how you used to milk

the cow, and gather sticks in the wood, and a great many other pleasant things? I liked it very much; but I was so ill then, I forget it all: do tell it to me over again. I want to know every thing that happened to you when you were a little child, and then I shall find out what you meant just now.

NURSE. That pretty place was the cottage in which I was born. It stood alone, close by a little wood where I used to gather sticks, as I told you, for our fire; and a very nice amusement it is for children in a cold day: they run about, looking every where, till they make themselves quite warm before they get their fire.

LUCY. Yes, I always thought it

looked pretty to see the fagots tied up; and sometimes William and I play at being wood-cutters in the garden: I mean, we used to do so before I was ill. But I want to know, nurse, whether you lived there all the time you were a little girl, with your father and mother.

NURSE. My father was dead before I could remember him. It was the cottage the 'squire of the parish had given my grandfather to live in, for having been his game-keeper when he was a young man; and so my mother, my brother, and I lived with him till he died.

LUCY. Was he a cross old man, like Mr. Haines, on the common; or was he kind and fond of you?

NURSE. He was not at all cross,

and very fond of us both. When he was at work in the wood, cutting down timber—for he was strong and hearty, and liked to work, though he was growing old—we used to carry him his dinner in a basket, and then all sit down together on the trunk of a tree; and he would tell us stories of all the things he had seen in his life, which amused us as much as some of my old histories do you.

LUCY. Then they must have been very nice ones. But what did your mother do all the time?

NURSE. She staid at home, and kept the cottage nice and neat, and washed the frocks for the little boys and girls at the Hall, and their mamma's fine caps and handker-

chiefs ; for she was the nicest ironer in the parish, only she was not strong enough for hard work ; she could not do much.

LUCY. Did you ever stay with her, and see her do it ?

NURSE. Sometimes I staid to help her, as I called it, and left Harry to carry the dinner to my grandfather.

LUCY. How much did you help her ?

NURSE. About as much, I believe, as a little girl you know helped me yesterday, when she poured the tea over the table instead of into my canister. No ; poor Harry and I were rather too fond of play, like some other boys and girls I have seen, to be useful at that time. We

began, however, to be a little more steady at last: he would trudge away with the light basket of linen, beside my mother; and I began to be tidy and neat about the cottage, when my poor grandfather died, and then a sad change came to us all. He was ill a long time; and my mother's time was so taken up in nursing him, she could earn nothing, and was forced to part with our nice cow for money to live upon. At last, when he was gone, she found all the furniture would do little more than pay the doctor's bill, and buy us decent clothes. The cottage, too, was not ours now; and the 'squire's new tenant came to say, that we must turn out in a week after the funeral. Harry and I were crying

sadly for the loss of our kind grandfather, when my mother came and made us cry still more, by telling us this bad news : and when she told Harry he was to go to sea with a cousin of ours, I thought my heart would break.

LUCY. Was he sorry to go away?

NURSE. He was sorry to leave us ; but he liked better to go to sea than any where else, as he could not live with his mother.

LUCY. But why could not he?

NURSE. Because my mother could not keep us with her : she was going into service.

LUCY. I wonder she did that. I should have managed much better, I think. I would have taken a nice clean little shop, like Mrs. Matthews',

and sold tea, and coffee, and sugar, and all those sort of things which she sells; and you two should have weighed them out, and tied them up in parcels, and done almost every thing for me. Would not that have been a good way? Or, I would have set up baking; there I am sure you would have been useful, you are so clever in making nice cakes and bread.

NURSE. But I was not very clever *then*, my dear; I knew no more about baking than you do. All I know I learnt many years after this. Besides, setting up even a little shop in a village takes money, and my mother had none; but she had such a good character, and nursed so well, that an old lady who

had known her long before, offered her high wages to come and wait upon her. What troubled her most was, to know what to do with me: she was very unhappy about it; but at last a strange woman came, and told her, that she might think herself lucky, for that I was to be bound apprentice to ——

LUCY. Bound apprentice! Oh, nurse, do you really mean the reason you could not run about was, because you were tied fast?

NURSE. (Laughing.) I thought I should play you a trick there. I was sure you would cry out when I came to that part of my story. No, my being bound apprentice only meant that I was to serve the same person for seven years, and not

to be paid any money, only my food, and clothing, and lodging found me.

LUCY. That was not very agreeable; but it would have been horrible to have been really tied. I would rather stay in-doors all my life, than be really fastened so that I could not move my limbs.

NURSE. Well, now it was all settled: poor Harry was off to sea, and my mother and I next day left our nice cottage, in Farmer Tread-away's market-cart. We were very dull all the way, and I could not speak for tears, nor look about me at all. I thought the ride very long, and began to be very tired: at last we came near a great town——

LUCY. Larger than R——?

NURSE. Aye, three times as

large; and while I was wondering to see so many houses stand so thick together, the cart stopped at the end of a lane; my mother jumped up and gave me a kiss, then took her box under her arm, and was out of sight in a moment. It was all done so quick I had no time to speak; and the farmer whipping up his horse, we were soon in the midst of the town. I was quite frightened to see such a strange place, so full of people; and crept almost to the bottom of the cart to hide myself, and would not look at the gay shops all lighted up, but cried and begged to be taken to my mother; but the farmer only told me to be a good girl, and cheer up, and not be so tiresome; and kept driving on till we

were in a little, narrow, dark street, and I was lifted out of the cart by a tall woman. When we were in the house, and I saw her face, then I felt at once I should no more dare to cry before her than to look at the parish-clerk, when he lifted his cane above his desk to threaten the noisy boys. She had a very red face, and the look of her eyes made me think she was apt to be angry; and I soon found she was, and then every body was afraid of her. She saw I looked tired, and soon sent me to bed; which I was very glad of, because then I might cry without fear. I thought I never should get to sleep, but I did at last, and awakened with such a strange feeling of being alone.

LUCY. Now, indeed, I see people

may know what others feel; for though I never slept out of papa's house, I seem to feel exactly how dismal you were.

NURSE. Yes, Miss Lucy, now came MY time of being shut up: and to me, who had been used ever since I was born to be out in all weathers, it was a great hardship to be kept at work all day, in a little dark room at the top of a house, in a dull street.

LUCY But do you mean, you never went out at all?

NURSE. For a long time, never, except on Sundays; and then I was tired with the long way we had to go to get into the fields; and I could not run about as I had been used to do, for this great change soon made

me feel not so strong as usual; and, besides, fretting alone will make people ill, and I was always fretting and wishing my mother would come, and that she would take me home with her. I dared not say so before any one, for I quite feared the strict looks of my mistress, and there was nobody I liked much.

LUCY. What, were they all cross?

NURSE. I do not think they would seem so now, but then I was a discontented, peevish little girl, very awkward and unwilling to work, and gave them all a great deal more trouble than help. There were three workwomen, and two daughters of my mistress, but no children, so I had no companion.

LUCY. Pray, nurse, what sort of work had you to do?

NURSE. I had to learn to make gowns; but it was a great while before I was very handy at it. My mistress was the first dressmaker in N——; and though she lived in a narrow street, all the ladies in the town gave their custom to her, and she got a great deal of money.

LUCY. How soon did your mother come to see you, nurse? I should have gone the very next day, if I had been her.

NURSE. So she would if she could have done it, I dare say; but the old lady she lived with was very selfish, and would hardly part with her for an hour, for fear of wanting

her attendance. At last, one evening, when I had been there about three weeks, she came, to my great joy. I forgot all fear of my mistress, and clung to her, begging her not to go away, or to take me with her. This distressed her very much, for my having been taken into the house was done as a great favour——

LUCY. A favour! to be kept hard at work all day by a cross woman.

NURSE. I must say, I did not then think it was any favour; but my mother knew it was a great thing for me to learn a good way of getting my bread so soon; and she was terribly afraid of my offending my mistress, besides being grieved to find

how unhappy I was. She said every thing she could to comfort me, but nothing but going away would content me. When she was gone I was almost in a fit with crying; but a good shake brought me to myself at last, and I ceased sobbing, though I felt now more miserable than before. Before I saw my mother I fancied I should get away; now I thought I never should, all my life long. Thinking always in this sad manner, and longing for times that were past, made me a very sickly looking child to what I had been used to be, and made my poor mother's heart ache, I am sure, when she came next. But now I had begun to think, like a silly child as I was, that I was very hardly treated

to be brought here ; so I did not run to meet her, and only put up my face to kiss her, without speaking a word.

LUCY. What, nurse, were *you* ever sullen ?

NURSE. Yes, indeed, I was sullen ; being unhappy had quite altered my temper, and I did not feel for my kind mother at all ; I thought only of myself. However, when she was gone, I soon felt how wrong I had been ; and looking out after her, I saw how sad she looked. Then I forgot every thing but her, and was so sorry for my behaviour, that if I had not been afraid of the strange streets, I should have ran after her to beg her pardon. From that time I kept my thoughts to myself, and

took care not to be sullen when she came : so I thought I was the most unhappy little girl in the world, but a very good one. Well, to make an end of my story, one cold winter's day, when the snow lay deep on the ground, and it was getting so dark I could only see to work at the window, I heard a dismal sound of singing in the street ; and there I saw a whole family of children, all in rags, and shivering with bare feet, and scarcely a hat amongst them, trying to sing a Christmas-carol, while their teeth chattered with cold. On the steps sat their mother, who looked as wretched as themselves, and could hardly make her tattered cloak cover her poor baby and herself. These miserable creatures

made me think, at last, that I was not near so unhappy as I thought myself. When I recollected the comforts of food, clothing, fire, and shelter, I perceived I should have missed them very much if I had been deprived of them, though before this I had reckoned them for nothing. I had a good mother, too, in a decent way of life, who taught me how to be like her; and I had not to wander about begging with any persons who came in my way, bad or good; and even the working all day, which I thought the greatest hardship that could be, seemed a great deal better than being obliged to sing all day long, whether I liked it or not. So, in short, this evening did me so much good, that I left off being dis-

contented, and thinking about what I could not have. I cheered myself, too, with the thought that I might go away in time, though it would be a great while first. My mother seemed so glad to see me look more cheerful, that it made me take still more pains to go on well. I tried in earnest to improve in what I had to do; and the workwomen, finding I gave them less trouble, and was more civil and obliging, soon grew very fond of me, and the house seemed more like home.

LUCY. But did the very cross woman, your mistress, ever grow good-tempered and kind?

NURSE. No, she never altered much, and I was always rather

afraid of her; but as I grew older I found she had some excuses for her bad humour, which made me pity her: she had an idle husband, who wasted his time and money in drinking, and some of her children were undutiful to her.

LUCY. Poor woman! she deserved to be pitied indeed. But still I do not see why other people's behaving ill should make her cross to *you*, when you did nothing to offend her.

NURSE. Pray, was it Kitty's fault just now that your brother was gone out?

LUCY. No, to be sure; and I was not really angry with her, though I spoke in *THAT* tone, I only

thought it was very unkind in him, and that vexed me.

NURSE. Then you see, when people are vexed with one person, they are apt to seem angry with another.

LUCY. Yes, nurse ; but they ought not to be so ; and you shall see the next time I am offended I will take care to be angry only with the RIGHT person. But go on now, for I want to hear what happened when you were grown so very good : I suppose a rich lady found you out, and took you to live with her ; for that is the way in which stories often end.

NURSE. Yes, that often happens in stories, but not very often in real life, I believe ; at least it did not

happen to me. I served out my time, and learnt my business so well that I could easily have got my bread by it; but I wished to live in the country again. And so, when I was sixteen, my mother got me a very good place just by her, with a friend of her mistress. I had to wait upon three nice young ladies; and the pleasant walks I had with them made up for the time I had been kept in town.

LUCY. You might walk, to be sure; but, nurse, you could not run as you had been used to do.

NURSE. Not quite so well as at nine years old; but I enjoyed myself very much. We were out, whenever it was fine, a great part of the day; and sometimes rode in a little pony-

chaise, and sometimes went on a piece of water near the house. But nothing made me so happy as seeing my mother so often; for my good mistress, knowing she could seldom come to me, was always sending letters and messages to the old lady she lived with; and though it was not my proper place, she always gave them to me to carry.

LUCY. I wonder—I wonder very much what sort of person this kind lady was. Is she alive still?

NURSE. Yes; and I hope will be many years yet, for her life is a blessing to many people.

LUCY. But she is not very young now, I suppose.

NURSE. Not young, certainly; but not very old.

LUCY. Does she stoop? Is her hair grey?

NURSE. She does not stoop much; her hair is grey, but it looks always so neat——

LUCY. Grandmamma! I was sure of it from the first: no wonder you liked her! But tell me which you liked best, mamma or my aunts?

NURSE. I liked both your aunts very much; they were both very good; but your mamma was the youngest—only six years old—and I never saw so sweet a child.

LUCY. Just a year younger than I am. Am I at all like her?

NURSE. When you look very good-tempered, I always think you are; but when a cross face comes—

LUCY. Then, I suppose, I am not: you need not talk any more about that, if you please, for I know I ought never to be out of humour; only sometimes how can I help it?

NURSE. Your three uncles were schoolboys, and very rude and teasing often; but I do not think I heard as many complaints in a month as I do in an hour now.

LUCY. But, nurse, every body says, you should make allowances for my being ill.

NURSE. Well, and so I do; but I remember before you were ill——

LUCY. Now, good nurse, do not remember any more of those things. I am sure I always forgive William very soon when he has made me angry. Just now I intended to have

complained of his going out as soon as he came in ; but I have altered my mind already, and mean to say nothing about it. But I do still think, though, it was very unkind in him to go out this morning, such a long time, without telling me of it ; and to Springwell too, which he knows is the very place I was promised to go to all last summer. What are you listening to, nurse ?

NURSE. Was not that a gate shutting ?

LUCY. Yes, the green gate. Here he comes at last, over the grass. But look, look, nurse, what an immense branch of hawthorn he is carrying ! and cowslips too ! I never saw so many.

NURSE. So now I may tell the

secret at once. He has been out all the morning, gathering these flowers for a little girl who thought he was very unkind to leave her.

LUCY. For me! On purpose for me! Oh, how sorry I am I complained of him, though he did not hear it! Pray, nurse, do not tell him.

NURSE. No, indeed, my dear, I will not, for both your sakes; for I hope you will spend a very happy evening in making your garland. Only I hope you see now, that it is not so easy to know the right person to be angry with.

LUCY. Oh, yes, nurse! I am ashamed that I made that foolish speech; but I shall not know how to make a garland by myself, now I have these nice flowers.

NURSE. Why, then, I suppose I must see what I can do to help you, and put on my bonnet, and fetch some sticks out of the garden fit to make it.

LUCY. Thank you, thank you. Pray make haste, and bring some more flowers out of the garden, as many as are blown; and then, nurse, to-morrow we can dress up Caroline very fine, and send her to dance to papa and mamma, to surprise them before the children come with the real garland. How happy we shall be making it! It is very odd I never remembered that to-morrow is May-day.

THE PARK.

LUCY. I wonder how William said his Latin lesson this morning; not very well, I should think.

WILLIAM. And I wonder, for my part, what makes Lucy wonder about it.

LUCY. Because when I have any thing to learn, I always find I must look at my book.

WILLIAM. Ha! I understand you now. So you really imagined I was learning my lesson at three o'clock in the day! If I had not said it

hours before that, do you think papa would have taken me with him ?

LUCY. I thought it was odd, to be sure ; but still I could not tell what other book it could be, because you always say you hate reading in the middle of the day.

WILLIAM. So I do, in the general way, except when it is raining. I only like it when I can do nothing else ; when the candles are lighted, and it is too late to be out of doors. But to-day I was so tired with my long walk, and so hot, that I thought I should like reading Sandford and Merton under the laburnum better than any thing else.

LUCY. How I longed to be there too. I am afraid it will be very long

time before I shall sit on the lawn, or in the garden at all.

WILLIAM. No, it will not be long, I dare say; and then you shall choose where all the benches shall stand all the summer; and I will move them whenever you please, and play at the Fairy Ardenell, and every game you like best.

LUCY. Thank you. Well, I will not think any more about myself now, for fear I should grow impatient. Tell me what part you were reading.

WILLIAM. Why, I cannot say I read much; for, as you saw, I did not look much at the book, for it put me in mind of the grand things I had been seeing——

LUCY. Grand things! what do

you mean? Nurse said you were only gone to the warren.

WILLIAM. So we were; but she did not know where we went first. Papa had a note to leave at the park; so I had a fine treat, and saw a great deal of it.

LUCY. A treat, indeed! Whenever I go by the gate I always put my head forwards and peep as far as I can, but I never could see far.

WILLIAM. No; because the trees stand so thick, and the road winds so that you cannot at all see the house till you are a great way in the park.

LUCY. What sort of house is it?

WILLIAM. Very large and very handsome; all built of stone, with a

great——portico, I think papa called it; and fine steps leading up to it. But I thought more of the park. Oh, Lucy! you have no idea how beautiful it is, and how large: what we see of it is nothing; papa says it is six miles round.

LUCY. Six miles!

WILLIAM. Yes, indeed; it reaches all the way to Farley, and to Stoke, and to Crosley.

LUCY. What an immense place!

WILLIAM. Papa says it is not the largest park in England, though: he told me of several that are much greater, but I do not think there can be finer trees anywhere. He showed me such an oak! such an enormous trunk! and so very old, and yet not decayed! Then there are such

beautiful clumps of beech : and at a distance I saw hills covered with trees to the very top ; and a great, broad piece of water that looked much grander than our river, though papa says it is artificial. But what I admired most was the herds of deer—some standing among the trees, some lying down on the grass : what pretty creatures they are with their fine speckled coats !

LUCY. Did they come very near you ?

WILLIAM. No ; indeed they start up and run away at every noise they hear : they are very shy animals.

LUCY. So much the better ; I should like the park much more without them.

WILLIAM. You are such a cow-

ard! what harm could they do you?

LUCY. I know they could kill me, if they pleased, with their great frightful horns; and so I would rather be out of their way. I often think how dreadful it would be if they were to leap over the fence, and come running over the common into our garden.

WILLIAM. As to that you may make yourself easy, for they cannot do it. There is a particular kind of paling round parks, on purpose to prevent their straying. Papa showed it to me this very day.

LUCY. I am very glad to hear it: but I see no use in keeping such creatures.

WILLIAM. There is very great

use in them. Their flesh, you know, is thought very good, (though when I tasted it I thought I liked mutton better,) and hart's-horn is useful too: but, besides, parks would not look half so well without them, they are such great places if there were nothing living to be seen, they would be like deserts.

LUCY. Well, then, why not have a flock of sheep?

WILLIAM. Sheep, indeed! a fine park yours would be.

LUCY. You need not laugh, for I can tell you mamma is as fond of them as I am. Last winter, one morning when she came down to breakfast, I heard her say to papa, "How much a few sheep would improve the landscape just now."

Those were her very words. And when she showed me the pretty drawing she is doing, of Hazleberry Hill, she said, she should put in a few sheep, because they look well on the brow of a hill.

WILLIAM. They are all very well in their proper places; but nobody ever heard of them in a park, I should think; it would be turning it into a farm. But I saw some animals, neither sheep nor deer, but so pretty and so gentle that I do not think even you could have been afraid of them—a pair of little ponies drawing a little tiny phaeton, driven by a smart postillion, in a very gay livery.

LUCY. I dare say, William, it was little Lady Caroline's carriage,

that Mrs. Parker was talking of one day.

WILLIAM. Yes, no doubt it was, for there she sat in it, with a lady beside her; her governess I believe.

LUCY. How delightful! to have a carriage of her own at seven years old. Did not she look very happy?

WILLIAM. Happy enough, I dare say; but I did not see that she looked very different from other people.

LUCY. But was not she dressed very fine?

WILLIAM. She might be, perhaps; but you know I could not look much at her; it would have been rude. Her bonnet seemed to me to be a good deal like yours.

LUCY. It must have been better I think, though ; for every thing she has is much finer. When I was ill, and poor Nancy Davis burnt herself so badly, I sent Kitty to take her a basket of my old toys, which mamma told me I might give her. But Kitty told me, when she came back, that she had got a great many of Lady Caroline's dolls, and baby-houses, and playthings ; and they were all so good and handsome,—better than most of my new ones,—though they were quite done with. I was vexed then that I had sent mine ; but nurse said I had done very right to send what I could, and that perhaps some of them might please Nancy better than the others. But when I heard of it I wished to be her.

WILLIAM. Wished to be Nancy Davis ?

LUCY. No, William, Lady Caroline I mean ; and now I wish it more than ever. I suppose she never asks for any thing without having it, let it cost what it may : nobody ever says " I cannot afford it" to her, I dare say, as mamma so often does to us.

WILLIAM. Not very often, no doubt, unless she asks for things very wonderful indeed.

LUCY. And then, what is still better, the having just her own way, as I suppose she has ; the doing nothing but what she likes, that is better than money and every thing else. But, ah ! William, I had forgotten one thing entirely : she

has *not* her own way in every thing ; for I remember hearing Miss Ashby tell mamma, that she was learning almost all day long, when she was in town ; with masters for all kind of things, more than I can remember ; and here she does a great many more lessons than I should like.

WILLIAM. For your comfort, Lucy, I can tell you, that mamma always says, she never intends to keep you to lessons all day long, even when you are grown quite a great girl ; and that now she thinks an hour or two quite enough ; and that she should not wish you to learn every thing in the world, even if you could.

LUCY. That is very kind of mamma, indeed ; for I cannot help

thinking, such a very great deal of learning would quite tire me. But I suppose they do not give poor Lady Caroline any choice; so, after all, I would rather not be her: but her mamma, Lady Allington, William, she has *really* her own way, and gives her orders about every thing, does not she?

WILLIAM. To be sure; she is the mistress of the whole house and park: it all belongs to her, just as this house belongs to mamma.

LUCY. Then, Lady Allington is the very person I should like to be: and, William, you would like to be her husband, Lord Allington, should not you?

WILLIAM. I am not certain; I rather think I should.

LUCY. Well, just let us fancy that we are an earl and countess; I know mamma told me they are; and see what we should like best to have with our great fortune. In the first place, we should want a most beautiful park.

WILLIAM. We could not have one more beautiful than Allington, I am sure.

LUCY. Could not we have one larger?

WILLIAM. Now, Lucy, you are growing quite covetous. Just now, you could hardly believe it was six miles round; now, already, you do not think that large enough.

LUCY. Oh, yes! I do, only I thought I might as well have the very best that could be found in

England. Then, as to the house, I am sure I do not know what it would be like exactly; but it should be immensely large, with rooms too many to count; and I should go running all over it, and look into every one of them.

WILLIAM. Indeed you would not, if you were a real countess; you would not know half of them: you would have to sit in state in your drawing-rooms; and, if you wanted any thing your servants would bring it you. I find you do not at all understand how to be very grand and rich. Now hear me, if you please. I should have the finest horses in England; I should care most about that.

LUCY. Well, that would suit *my*

taste; for I should have a most elegant carriage.

WILLIAM. One carriage would not be enough, you should have all kinds of them; and I perceive you do not know what I mean by horses: I do not mean carriage-horses only, but hunters, and riding-horses, and racers, perhaps.

LUCY. Well, I am sure I should make no objection. But what would be the best kind of furniture to have—rosewood, like the drawing-room, or mahogany, as it is at the vicarage?

WILLIAM. You ask such odd questions, I cannot tell how to answer you: all I know is, that in such a fine house you must have all sorts of furniture; and that it must all be done in the grandest style. That is

what people say when they have been seeing fine houses.

LUCY. Oh! now I recollect one thing—I would certainly have a cabinet like aunt Fanny's.

WILLIAM. An old cabinet like that, indeed!

LUCY. How often you do repeat INDEED, William; almost at every word I say.

WILLIAM. Because I am surprised to find you have so little notion of being grand. Why, when mamma took me to Mrs. Fanshaw's, I saw cabinets ten times handsomer than that dark old one which I have seen till I am tired of it; and Mrs. Fanshaw is not a countess.

LUCY. Perhaps you might; but grandmamma herself told me it was

very handsome, and very curious ; and it cost a great deal of money too, when it was new.

WILLIAM. However, Lucy, I advise you not to choose any more what you would have, for you will only make blunders ; say you would have the most handsome furniture possible ; that takes in every thing. Girls are always so slow in learning about the value of things, and what they cost. Cousin Alice told me, last time she was here, that she was going to buy an urn for her papa ; and when I asked her how much money she had, she showed me half-a-crown. I could not make her believe that it was not worth a great deal more than a sovereign, because it was so much larger.

LUCY. I know a great deal better than that, however; and boys do sometimes make mistakes about money also. What do you think of your asking mamma to let you buy Fairfield Place for grandmamma, and all you had was five shillings.

WILLIAM. But that is long ago: I have quite forgotten it.

LUCY. It is a good many years ago; but you were not so very much younger than Alice and I. You forget you are three years older than either of us.

WILLIAM. Well, but Lucy, I have never told you the end of my thoughts. After all, I begin to doubt whether I should like to be very rich, and have every thing done for me. I think I like best to do

some things myself. I like working in my garden much better than letting Ralph do it for me; though I cannot make it look quite as well.

LUCY. So do I. Oh! I would never let my gardener rake my flower-beds, or weed them, or water them: I can do all that myself; and I should be quite sorry to find it done by any one else.

WILLIAM. But, Lucy, you *must* let people do it, if you are to be a countess, or even a great lady in any way. It would never do, when your visitors came to see you in their fine carriages, for you to be found in your shabby old bonnet, working hard in your garden. You might walk about it, indeed, and go into the green-houses and talk to the garden-

ers about your flowers and shrubs ; but you must leave the work to them.

LUCY. But I cannot talk much about flowers ; I only know the names of a few : and I should be tired of my garden, if I had nothing to do but to look at it.

WILLIAM. That is the very thing I thought of. And then, Lucy, no games, no play ; none of your nice rides in my wheelbarrow : how should you like that ?

LUCY. Not at all, even if I had ever so many carriages ; for though I like riding so much, yet you know it is not a play ; it is a real amusement for grown up people.

WILLIAM. Yes ; and when I came to compare their amusements

with ours, I really thought I should be sorry to change. Besides, we must do many things we should not like, as well as give up what we do like. We must visit a great deal, and see a great deal more company than papa and mamma do; and you would have to dress much oftener than you do now, and have a great many new gowns.

LUCY. Then I am almost sure I would rather remain as I am; for I hate having my frocks tried on. There is only one reason which makes me think I had better be rich, if I could. When Miss Ashby saw me yesterday, she said to mamma, "You mean to take her to Brighton, I suppose: nothing will do her so much good as sea-air, after such an

illness." And she told us of a little niece of hers, who had been quite cured at the sea-side, in a month, after as bad a fever as mine. But when I asked mamma, as soon as she was gone, whether I should go to the sea, she said, "No, my dear, there is no chance of it." To be sure she did say, that she hoped I should soon be made well at home ; but it will not be so quickly, perhaps.

WILLIAM. Perhaps it will : Dr. Ryder is so clever, every body says ; and mamma understands nursing so well ; so do not look so grave. Certainly, if people could not be made well without being rich, it would be a great misfortune ; for you know how many poor persons there are,

quite poor, who" never can afford to go to the sea when they are ill.

LUCY. Well, I hope I shall be one of those who grow well at home, since I cannot go to the sea-side, which I have always longed to do. Do not you think, William, the best way would be, (since we should not like quite to give up being *ourselves*,) to be able to have every thing we want, just as we are. For my part, I often wish for a great many things that would be quite fit for me, if I could get them; and they would make me quite contented, I really think, without being a countess.

WILLIAM. But mamma says, being contented is being satisfied with what we have. I think if she had heard our wishes she would

think us rather foolish, and perhaps wrong.

LUCY. No, William, I am sure she would not ; for she says, people may make a good use of the greatest fortunes ; and that the more good we do, the happier we shall be ; therefore, it must be wise and right to wish for money, because we can do so much good with it. I know she cannot give away near as much as she wishes to do ; and often, when any poor people come to ask for milk, or wine, or clothes, she sits considering and thinking what she can give ; and is always sorry that she has not more for them. Now, if I were rich, there should not be one poor person near me : I would give away quantities of money, and clothes, all quite

good and new ; not like those which mamma makes up, though she does them so nicely, but such as would last a long time : and if any of the villagers could not pay their bills, like poor Mrs. Heyward, I would pay them directly, and take care that every body that was ill had plenty of money for doctors and physic, and all they wanted. I would send all round the country, and make the beggars come into my park, and every one should have food, and be made quite happy.

WILLIAM. How odd it would look, to see Allington Park full of beggars !

LUCY. Never mind that : think of the pleasure of the poor creatures, and how glad I should be. No ; I

am quite sure it must be right to wish to be rich, because those who are not cannot do much good, if they wish it ever so much.

WILLIAM. *I* am not sure about that, though. I have not done telling you about what I thought, Lucy; and, indeed, I was called to dinner before I had made up my mind to be rich or not.

LUCY. Tell me by and by, then, if you please; for I hear nurse coming up stairs with the tea-things, and I am so hungry, I cannot stay to talk any more now. Here she is! and has made us one of those nice cakes we like so much—the good woman!

THE COMMON.

LUCY. Do you remember, William, the name of that amusing book which mamma read to us last winter, when papa was so long in London, which, she said, was written by a French lady?

WILLIAM. The Tales of the Castle, you mean.

LUCY. Yes, that was the name. The history of Cæsar, and Caroline, and Pulcheria, in their old castle; which I thought I should have liked so much, especially if mamma and

grandmamma would have told us long stories every evening.

WILLIAM. Mamma did what was just as good, when she read them to us. Telling stories or reading them makes no difference that I see, provided they are entertaining. I liked that book very much; and I had laid a plan all ready in my head, to have made sledges of our little chairs, like theirs, and to have had fine fun on the pond in the garden, if the ice would but have lasted a few days longer. But, unluckily, just then the thaw came, and we never had any more frost, so I was obliged to put off all my schemes till next winter.

LUCY. But it was not only the winter that I liked, you know; there was spring, when they worked in

their gardens, just as we do, only they had a kind of well, which we have not—I wish we had; and then they took nice walks in the country, and played at prison-bars, (I wonder what sort of game that is!) and helped a farmer in his vineyard, and had plenty of grapes—earned them, indeed. But there was one very curious part: do not you remember their looking through a great telescope, and seeing all that was going on in a gentleman's court-yard, a long way off, and finding out how good his daughter was, entirely by that?

WILLIAM. Now, that was the very part I did not like; it seemed to me to be mean to watch people at home in that manner, when they

could not possibly think any one could see them so far off; and I rather believe mamma agreed with me. I know, at least, she always tells me never to be inquisitive and prying, because I should not like to be watched always myself.

LUCY. But this was only once, William; and they saw nothing but goodness: and, surely, there could be no harm? However, if it was not quite right, I do think it must have been very agreeable; and I should like extremely to have a telescope at this very window, that I might make out every person who passes along the common, and guess where they are going, and where they are coming from.

WILLIAM. Really, Lucy, I am

afraid you will grow as curious as some old ladies grandmamma talks of, who are so busy in looking after their neighbours' concerns, that they have no time to mind their own ; and spend almost the whole day in looking out of window. You must take care, or you certainly will become very idle.

LUCY. Indeed I am not idle, William, nor growing idle neither : I have begun my lessons again this week, and do more of them every day ; and mamma says she does not find me much gone back. I said my vocabulary to-day, without missing a word ; and both my sums were right. And when I have said my lessons, and worked for my doll, and dressed her, and Caroline's too,

twice over, I know there is nothing foolish in looking out of window ; for mamma always says, any amusement that is not mischievous is very well sometimes.

WILLIAM. Well, but supposing you are doing the wisest thing in the world, what use would it be to set up a telescope to look at three people in a morning ? Ever since I have been here, not a soul has gone by but Pope, the carpenter, John Davis, and Mrs. Heyward, the basket-maker ; and I could see all of them plain enough, with only my own eyes.

LUCY. Because you know them all so very well : Pope with his basket of tools ; John Davis with his odd walk ; and old Mrs. Hey-

ward, who is almost bent double, poor creature! how could you mistake them?

WILLIAM. And if I had not known them, why should I have wished to have made them out plainly, as you say: I care nothing for seeing people I do not know.

LUCY. But nurse knows every body about the village, and round the village, that is good enough to be known; and when I ask her questions, she often has nice long stories to tell me of them, and their families. Only last week she told me so many, when Farmer Gibbon's daughter was married, and he asked all the neighbours to a dance: we watched them all going to the lane; and nurse made out a great many of

them, all dressed so smart, in their new bonnets and gowns ; if I could have seen them nearer I should have liked it.

WILLIAM. Come, there is a sight at last ! Poor old Haines come out of his tumble-down cottage, and standing at his gate ; he seldom does that now.

LUCY. No, not for a long time : he has had such a fit of the rheumatism, he has hardly been able to stir ; and his being so cross frightened all his neighbours away ; and I do not know what he would have done, if it had not been for one very good woman, who came to him every day, and nursed him, he says, as if she had been his daughter. He told nurse himself, that he was such a

snappish old fellow, that he believed every one was afraid of him, but this one kind woman, who is so patient, she can bear any thing.

WILLIAM. He is very right about his temper, I am sure ; and she must be very good-humoured to put up with it, if he is no relation to her.

LUCY. That he certainly is not ; she knew very little of him till he was ill, and came to him quite out of pity, because she saw nobody else would.

WILLIAM. He is too poor to have paid her any money, I should think.

LUCY. She would not have taken any, if he could ; she nurses all the poor people in the parish for nothing.

WILLIAM For nothing ! Then

how does she manage to live, I wonder!

LUCY. That is a secret. I am not going to tell you her name; you must try to find it out for yourself. Think of all the old women you think most agreeable.

WILLIAM. To tell you the truth, I do not know one that looks very pleasant.

LUCY. Oh, William, you mistake! You forget the old woman at the turnpike on R—— road.

WILLIAM. That is not in the parish. I may guess on for ever, if you do not tell me where to stop.

LUCY. That is true; so, to save trouble, I will tell you just as much as this, that this good old woman does live in our parish.

WILLIAM. In the village, or out of it?

LUCY. That I shall not say.

WILLIAM. Let me see; Mrs. Davis never looks out of temper, I think. Oh, yes! she does though, on washing days; and pushes poor Nancy and Tom about all day. I have seen that very often.

LUCY. But washing is such hard work, poor woman! I dare say she cannot help being a little cross sometimes. It is not fair, William, to think, because people look a little angry sometimes, that they are really always ill-tempered.

WILLIAM. Ha! ha! Miss Lucy! I know why you are so very kind and considerate there; but I will not say any more about it now; we will

go on to our good-tempered-looking old women. I begin to doubt. I used to think Mrs. Ratcliffe very kind to the poor blacksmith's children at the next door: she gave them once a whole basket of cherries, when she was gathering them: that seemed very kind; and I liked her for it, until one evening, as mamma and I were walking by her cottage, we heard her scolding her old deaf husband, so loud that we could have heard every word she said, if we had listened, though there was all the garden between us. Now, if she was so angry with her own husband, only for being deaf and stupid, as she called him, I am sure she never would have gone to nurse old Haines.

LUCY. Mrs. Wheeler always courtesies and smiles when mamma speaks to her ; but then, in the hay-field, I once saw her give Sally such a blow ! Aunt Eliza said, she was too old to be corrected in that manner ; she is so tall, she looks quite like a woman.

WILLIAM. This is nonsense really, Lucy. Where is the use of your guessing, when you know all the time who the person is, and could tell in a moment, if you chose.

LUCY. That I could ; but I do not choose. I wanted to puzzle you finely—and so I have ; you are a long way from the truth, indeed. I do not believe you will guess at all : so I shall go on to tell the whole

history—that is, all nurse has told me. You must know, this good woman was once quite comfortable; not very rich, but she had every thing she wanted, and lived in a pretty little town, near nurse's old village. But, somehow or other, I cannot understand exactly, a man, whom she thought her best friend, had got all her money; and he lost it all for her, and she was quite ruined. However, she was kind enough to forgive him, though he had done her so much harm, and was sorry for him, for he had quite ruined himself too at the same time; and when he had lost all his friends, and was very miserable, she took more notice of him than any one else, and gave him a great deal of help, poor

as she was, as long as he lived.
Was not that goodness?

WILLIAM. Yes, indeed. Few people would be so good, I think: I almost doubt if I should.

LUCY. I hope I should, if I were to be so unfortunate; but it is not very likely I shall.

WILLIAM. You! you who have no money to lose but two shillings! It makes me laugh to think of it!

LUCY. But when I grow up I *may* be rich; not that I expect it: and, indeed, it must be much better never to have money, than to lose it all, like this poor woman. How she lived until she came here, I do not know, but I believe she was obliged to work very hard.

WILLIAM. How long has she

been here; since we were born, or before it?

LUCY. O! a great many years, I believe.

WILLIAM. Still, I do not understand how she can live, if she is always nursing her neighbours for nothing: she must want time to work for herself.

LUCY. I know, by your cunning look, that you thought I should let you know then; and, indeed, I was just going to say something which would have helped you to the truth. But I have not told you half the kind things nurse knows she has done. That poor little lame boy, who used to look so sad, sitting at his window half the day, just by the green, he never would have got as

well as he is now, but for this good woman; for when the doctor said his foot must be rubbed a great many hours every day, his mother said she had no time to do it, and he must take his chance: but this kind woman came and rubbed, rubbed every day, for a long time; and it did him so much good, that now you see he can walk a great deal better; and perhaps, in time, he may grow quite well. And all the time, to amuse him, she told him stories, and sung droll songs to him; he has learnt a great many himself. All this is certainly true, for he told it to nurse.

WILLIAM. Very kind. But, Lucy, pray do find some sort of name for this friend of yours, since you will

not tell her real one : it tires me to hear you call her the good woman, and the kind woman, every minute. Let her be Mrs. Worthy or Mrs. Bountiful at once, like the ladies in some of your old books.

LUCY. I am sure she does deserve to be called worthy and bountiful better than any woman in the parish, except mamma and nurse. Only think of her contriving, poor as she is, almost to keep the tailor's children, when they had lost their mother, and their father was always at the ale-house : she managed always to have a loaf for them, (nurse says, when at home they would have been almost left to starve,) and took care of them too, and kept them out of mischief and

bad company, until their uncle and aunt came and took them away. But what surprised me a great deal more was, her teaching widow Simmons's little girls to read and work, because they were too poor to go to school; and she taught them so nicely, that they got very good places in R——; and their mother is almost ready to cry when she talks of it. I heard her myself tell the story.

WILLIAM. Well, I must say, like you, this does appear to me the best thing you have told me; because, I should think, she must have disliked it very much.

LUCY. Disliked it! Surely she must: and Mary Simmons was very peevish then, though she is good-tempered now; and Jane was

stupid, and very slow in learning. But she never thinks any thing of trouble, when she can do any one a service; and will help some to work, and some to nurse, and set their cottages so neatly in order. Fanny White, who is so tidy, says she learnt it all from *her*; and that, when on Sunday evenings she wished to take a walk in the fields, this good neighbour would always come in and sit with old Mrs. White, and read the Bible to her.

WILLIAM. Fanny White's neighbour! Perhaps that will help me! I am determined I will find her out, if I go and stare at every old woman in Barnham.

LUCY. I dare say. I would lay any wager you never would look at

the right woman. It is the very last person in the whole village—in the whole parish—you would think of.

WILLIAM. Ay! what? you do not mean Mrs. Gough, at the almshouse—old Dame Gruff, as I call her?

LUCY. As you call her; but as nobody else would think of calling her: there is nobody less gruff than she is. I wonder what could have made you give her such a name!

WILLIAM. Why, then, as you have told me so much good of her, I will tell you the reason I took a dislike to her. One sharp windy day, the autumn before last, I was walking with aunt Eliza through the village; and when we came to the

stile just by the alms-houses, she insisted upon crossing into the field, because it was the nearest way to the moor. I said, it was not; and wanted her to go my way, down by the church; and whilst we were standing disputing about it, an old woman put her head out of the window, and said, "You are very obstinate, young gentleman." I was very much surprised at being spoken to in that manner; and when she went on to say that my aunt was right, I took quite a dislike to her, which has lasted ever since. One thing was, the wind had blown her hair about her face, and made her sharp nose very red, so that she did look ill-tempered then; and afterwards I always turned away my head

whenever she came near me, so that really I could not know that she did not look cross: and who would have thought that any but a good-tempered-looking woman would have done all these kind actions?

LUCY. But people's looking cross is not always a sign that they are so; mamma often tells me so; and she says, William, that you have a very foolish habit of taking dislikes for nothing. So now you have heard what a mistake you made about good Mrs. Gough, you will leave it off, I suppose?

WILLIAM. And you, I suppose, will not think any more, that only very rich people can do very kind actions, and help their neighbours. That was the very idea I was going

to try to cure you of, the day before yesterday, when you were in such a hurry for tea. It was the last thing that came into my head, when I was choosing whether I would be rich or not, that poor people must have more pleasure in what they can do to help each other, than gentlemen and ladies have, because they have more difficulty in doing it; for certainly it does make the pleasure much greater, when there is a great deal of trouble in doing it, than when it is very easy to us: I know it by what I have felt myself, in a hundred cases.

LUCY. I never did any body any good that I remember; and I am afraid I cannot, as long as I am a little girl. I wish I was grown up,

and very poor, that I might be as kind as Mrs. Gough.

WILLIAM. I see no great sense in that wish: at any rate, wishing will not make you grow, I suppose.

THE POULTRY-YARD.

LUCY. Ah! troublesome, mischievous hen! There you are again in my poor garden! How is my mignonette ever to come up, whilst you are scratching the mould about all day? That is right, Caroline! After her!—run!—run!—Never mind her fluttering and screaming. She is fairly gone at last; for this time at least. Now see, Mrs. Mischief, if I give you one grain of barley, if I can help it: I will give it all to William's quiet guinea-hen, who never goes any

where, but in her own proper place, with her pretty little brood. Now for a good scramble! How they all run as soon as I hold up the bag!

MAMMA. Talking to yourself, Lucy?

LUCY. Oh, dear mamma! how you made me start! you came in so quietly! No, I was talking to the poultry, for I am feeding them. Do you know, mamma, nurse has made me a little bag, just like Susan's, only not so large, and filled it with barley for me; so I make it my business to feed them twice a day; and I call them together, as Susan does; and in two days they have learnt to come the very moment I throw a grain. Is not that quick?

MAMMA. All animals are quick,

my dear, in learning their times of feeding; I have seldom seen any boys or girls forget their breakfast or dinner. I only hope your kindness will not prove hurtful to your charge; for you know they had always plenty of food before you undertook this office.

LUCY. Oh, no fear, mamma! what I throw to them is not enough to be too much; only it amuses me to see how they run, and fly, and peck, and fight with each other for it. It looks silly, do not you think, to see them make so much of a trifle, just as if they had never been fed all day; and this is only a sort of play-feeding.

MAMMA. Unless I have strangely mistaken, I think I have seen some

thing like this too, among creatures a little larger than hens and chickens.

LUCY. You put me in mind of Æsop's fables, mamma; whenever we have read a pretty story, we find that there is something wise to be learnt from it, which we should never have thought of. My poultry would not have put me in mind of myself if I had fed them all my life.

MAMMA. Probably not, Lucy. It is not children, generally, who make useful applications of what entertains them; but we older and graver people are glad to take the advantage of a hint, even from birds and beasts, for their instruction. Cannot the eagerness of these little animals after a trifle, show how foolish it is in children to contend about things

of no more importance than a few grains of barley—a word sometimes ?

LUCY. I dare say, mamma, nurse has told you of our dispute yesterday evening. We were both a little angry at last, to be sure ; but I do think William was most to blame at first.

MAMMA. No doubt you do, my dear ; and William, perhaps, would say that you were most to blame, first and last.

LUCY. Mamma, he found fault with me for nothing—only for wishing I was a woman. He says, I am always wishing it, and that it is nonsense ; and I know that I never thought about it till this week, and that my reasons for wishing it are not at all silly.

MAMMA. Let me guess them, if I can. You wish to be a woman that you may be taller, and learn no lessons, and go out as I do.

LUCY. What a good guesser you are, mamma! Those are some of my reasons, certainly. I am very curious to know whether I shall be tall, and I should like to live as you do: but yet, the first thing that made me wish to be grown up was wiser, I think, than either of these reasons. William and I have been talking a great deal about being rich or poor; and we both thought, at last, that it would be best to be whichever could do most good; but I find, whilst I am a little girl, I can be of no use—only a trouble to other people. Now, if I was but a woman, if I were as

rich as Lady Allington or as poor as Mrs. Gough, I might do good to every one; and it is that which makes me most in a hurry to grow up.

MAMMA. There is a good deal of mistake, my dear, in all these wishes of yours, wise as they seem to you. When you are grown up (the time will come, Lucy, whether you are in a hurry or not) you will find that no people, rich or poor, can do good to every body. The number of people with whom any can have much to do is small; and it is not upon their number, but upon our own behaviour to them, that our happiness depends. We should try as earnestly to do good to two persons as to a hundred; and if we succeed and have done all in our power, we shall be good and

happy. What do you mean by doing good?

LUCY. Why, mamma, that depends upon who I am; that was what made me doubt whether to be as rich as Lady Allington, that I might give away a great deal of money, or as poor as Mrs. Gough, and spend all my time in nursing.

MAMMA. But why would you give away money, or spend your time in nursing?

LUCY. Why, to make people happy, mamma.

MAMMA. Then, Lucy, I am happy to tell you that you can have your wish, without being a woman, or very rich, or very poor. Your papa and I, your brothers and sister, your kind nurse, and the rest of your

friends, are not every body certainly; but amongst us we make a good many people; and we all like to be made happy, as well as the rest of the world. We are none of us very ill, happily; but many slight illnesses may occur, to give you an opportunity to show the care and attention you would bestow if it were necessary. You cannot help us with money, indeed; but there are many services daily to be rendered, in which money is not required, for which all may find time and opportunity, if they desire it: a good-tempered, obliging, amiable child may contribute as much to the happiness of a family, as any one person can.

LUCY. Do you think, mamma, that mine is a very bad temper?

MAMMA. Not very bad now ; but fretfulness and irritability, if not early checked, will not fail to make a very bad temper in time : and you will find, Lucy, when you are old enough to observe the behaviour of others, that many, who make it the business of their lives to do good, spoil all the happiness they wish to create, by yielding to habits of ill-humour. Perhaps, however, you are hardly old enough to understand me yet.

LUCY. Indeed I am, mamma ; you shall see that I am, by my trying to cure my peevish temper. I often wish to do so, but somehow, I have so many things to cure, that whilst I am thinking of one I forget another.

MAMMA. Think of that first, my dear, and many other little defects will be cured at the same time. If you resolve to receive reproof silently, and with good temper, you will find that the advice given to you will make a deeper impression on your mind, than when listened to with impatience and ill-will; and being satisfied with yourself, you will be better disposed to profit by it. I must go now.

LUCY. Must you, mamma? I wish you could stay a little longer, I want to say several more things to you.

MAMMA. But I expect some visitors this morning, Lucy; and I think I heard a carriage coming over the common. Nurse will be

here presently ; and with all these books, and dolls, and cradles, you will hardly want company till then.

LUCY. But, mamma, it was about these very dolls that I was going to speak to you. I was dressing Caroline's this morning very carefully : I had put on my own Fanny's best frock and cap, with these pretty pink ribbons, when, happening to look up, I saw all my nice clean clothes, that nurse had washed on purpose for me, lying scattered about the floor ; that troublesome child had pulled them all out of my chest-of-drawers, whilst I was taking all the pains I could to please her ; and it vexed me so much, that I told her I would not dress her doll for a week to come, if she begged ever so

hard. But when she did not cry, as I thought she would, but only folded up the things, as well as she could, looking very much disappointed, I was sorry for what I had said; and I wish to know, whether it would be wrong to alter my mind.

MAMMA. I think it would not be well to do it, Lucy; or Caroline will learn to think she need not mind any threatened punishments. You will not be quite so hasty next time.

LUCY. But I may give her my own doll—one of my dolls ready dressed;—and I will, and tell her it is because she took her punishment so well. There is no harm in that, mamma?

MAMMA. No, my dear. I am glad to see you are so desirous to

make amends for being a little too strict. Now, good-bye, and do not forget my advice upon temper.

LUCY. Oh, no, mamma! I remember it very well.

WILLIAM. What do you do here, Lucy? This is not your place.

LUCY. Yes, William, it is my place, when I like it best. I am tired of always looking at the garden and the common; and besides, nurse has made me this little bag, on purpose to feed the poultry. See how far I can throw the barley, sitting so high!

WILLIAM. A great way, indeed! but however, once for all, you must

keep to the other window: you are not to come here, I say!

LUCY. *You say!* What right—I mean, William, why may I not sit here, if I like it: what harm can I do?

WILLIAM. That is my affair. When I tell you not to come, you may be sure I have a good reason.

LUCY. I should like to know this good reason, though.

WILLIAM. But you will not; you cannot for a whole fortnight. Come, come, be off with all this litter—I am in haste.

LUCY. But I cannot be in haste, William; you know I cannot; and it is very unkind to put me in mind of it.

WILLIAM. I did not mean to put

you in mind of it. I did not mean to vex you ; only, Lucy, I really am in a great hurry ; and it is of consequence to me that you should move away.

LUCY. And how soon may I come back ?

WILLIAM. Not for a full fortnight : not till I tell you, if you wish to please me.

LUCY. I do wish to please you always ; but I like to please myself too.

WILLIAM. Then stay where you are : I have nothing more to say.
(*Runs out.*)

LUCY. Nurse, nurse, do come here, come and listen to me, pray ?

NURSE. What is the matter, my dear.

LUCY. Why, William insists that I must move away from this window, and give up feeding the poultry; and all for a whole fortnight. Is it not hard?

NURSE. For what reason, pray?

LUCY. Oh, for none at all! for no reason, at least, that he chose to tell me. Just one of his whims. I dare say he does it on purpose to show his power; he is growing quite a tyrant over me.

NURSE. He does grow very fond of giving orders, certainly.

LUCY. But he has no right to give them; and I do not see why I should mind them. Papa is always telling him he is not to domineer over me and Caroline.

NURSE. No; certainly he is not,

LUCY. But he does, you see : he is sure to have his own way at last. I have a very great mind to send— Is mamma alone now ?

NURSE. Yes.

LUCY. Well, do be so good as to go to her; then, and tell her about it : I am sure she will not approve of his behaviour. Do go, nurse, before he comes back.

NURSE. I will go, my dear, presently.

LUCY. (*To herself.*) I do not think mamma could think me wrong ; she does not wish William to do just as he pleases. I wonder what can be his reason ? He might as well have told me at once, and then I should not mind doing as he likes. Speaking in that rude way is so dis-

agreeable I never can bear it. If he would but be more civil, and not command so——To be sure, I should be sorry if it really was of consequence, as he said, to disappoint him ; I am always sorry to be disappointed myself. Perhaps mamma will think me silly, after all, to send to her about which end of the room I sit at : she will call it a trifle, though I do not think it is quite a trifle either. I should be ashamed of that. And now I think this is just exactly the sort of dispute she objects to. She told me to mind my temper. I promised I would, and I will : I will send no message to her ; I will give up the point, and surprise William, and please him too ! Nurse, I have quite altered my mind ; I will move

to the other end of the room ; and be sure not to place my chair at this window until William makes no more objection to it.

THE POULTRY-YARD,

CONTINUED.

LUCY. Never mind your work, nurse; answer my question, pray. Would it be very selfish to ask him not to go?

NURSE. Hardly so bad as that, perhaps.

LUCY. But would it be at all selfish? Consider, he will have some treats if he stays. I should not think of objecting, if it was not my birthday, you know; and mamma will find out something pleasant for us, I

am sure, though we cannot have our tent and be as merry as we were last year. We shall have a holiday in the first place, certainly; and the paint-box; and dine with papa and mamma; and breakfast too, perhaps: and at night mamma will either read us one of those amusing books, which she keeps on purpose for indulgences, or tell us a story, or show the magic-lantern.

NURSE. All those things are fit for winter-time; one does not think so much of them in May.

LUCY. I never knew you so unkind, nurse, in my life; to try to make me discontented with my own birth-day! That is hard, indeed! And if *I* can have no amusement then, is it not very selfish in him

to go and divert himself at aunt River's pretty house, where I never was but once in my life, and leave me here all alone. I wonder you can think of such a thing! I *will* ask him, I am determined, now—directly—not to go; and tell him how dull I shall be if he does. Now I shall see if he really loves me.

NURSE. And now he will see if you really love him.

LUCY. That I do with all my heart. I am sure I would give him any thing I have that he liked.

NURSE. But would you deprive him of a great pleasure? is that loving your brother?

LUCY. He may go some other time—any day but my birth-day.

NURSE. But your aunt is going abroad for three years.

LUCY. (*After a pause.*) After all, I doubt if he will like to go; for the last time he was there he broke cousin Laura's pretty glass dog, which she was so fond of: he knocked it off the mantel-piece in playing at blindman's-buff; and he was so vexed, that he said he must buy her another; it quite spoiled the evening. But he has spent all his money, and cannot buy one now, even if there was one to be had in R——. Do you think there is, nurse?

NURSE. No, indeed; I am sure there is not such a thing to be had.

LUCY. Then I am quite safe, and I need not ask him not to go,

for I am sure he will not like it : he cannot bear to break his promises. He quite forgot this, I know, or he would not have bought his last knife, or Caroline's needle-book, or my pretty little writing-box. And then Laura is so troublesome, about wanting presents ; she will tease him all day for what he has brought her ; so he will much rather be at home, I think. Here he comes up the back-stairs ; but I will not say any thing about it now, nor you, nurse, will you ?

NURSE. Not a word of it, be sure.

WILLIAM. So, Miss Lucy, you have taken up your quarters again, I see, the very moment the law was ended. You may stay, however, if

you do not look out any more till you hear me clap my hands—so.

LUCY. I do not think I could hear you if the window was shut; the geese make such a cackling.

WILLIAM. Well, then, three whistles—three very loud whistles on the end of my long whip; you could hear that.

LUCY. Oh, I should know the sound of that whistle any where; I do hate it so.

WILLIAM. That will do, then; that shall be my signal. Do not look till then. Mind, nurse, not to let her, will you?

LUCY. Nurse need not mind; I will not look; though I cannot guess in the least why I may not. Look, I have turned my back

to the window. Now I can see nothing, even if I would.

WILLIAM. And now, pray tell me, did you find any mighty change this morning since the last fortnight?

LUCY. No change at all; I was quite disappointed! only the bed by the tool-house dug up, and the old beehive taken away. You never could have made me keep away for a fortnight, and give up feeding the poultry, for such things as those.

WILLIAM. Did I ever say I did?

LUCY. Then, why *did* you do so?

WILLIAM. That is a downright question indeed, Lucy; but it will not be answered just yet. Wait a little longer, and you will know all.

LUCY. Will it concern me—myself?

WILLIAM. Wait, I say, and do not ask any more questions. It is twelve o'clock, and I must be gone. (*Goes out.*)

LUCY. He will not say that it concerns me; but I think—I very much think—it does. If it does, it will please me too, I am sure; for he looks so gay and so busy. Nurse, it has come into my head that he may go to my aunt's on Thursday if he likes, as, perhaps, he will: for though he has no glass dog, nor any thing else to give Laura—and he will not go without I dare say—yet there is my china cup, which she admired so much, I would not give it to her when she begged so much for

it, because I do not like that way of hers, of wanting every thing she sees ; but I will give it to William to be his present, if he pleases : he shall not stay with *me*, unless he really likes it *best*. After all, do not you think he will? You know we always like to keep our birth-day at home. And though aunt River's house is so much larger than ours, I like this as well ; and the garden, though it is so much larger, is not half so pretty to play in as our own ; not so full of nice hiding places in the shady walks. There is the swing to be sure ; but papa talks of putting up one here in the little orchard. I am sure William may be very happy here, if he will, let their party be ever so large. But I am

quite determined now not to ask him to stay, he shall do as——Hark! hark! was not that the whistle?—another!—another! Now I may look. See! see, nurse! the doors of the old barn are opening! Wide! wider!—what *can* be coming? Oh, what a beautiful little carriage! large enough to hold me and Caroline! and there stands William behind it! and there is papa! William! William! do come here!—do come up to me!—Is it meant for me?

WILLIAM. (*Running in.*) Meant for you, Lucy! Yes, to be sure; for whom should it be meant? This is your own carriage, and I am to be your horse, and draw you with us to all our nice walks until you can

walk as well as you used to do ; and to aunt River's on Thursday, to keep your birth-day.

LUCY. Aunt River's ! Am *I* to go there ?

WILLIAM. Yes, indeed ; if you mean I should go—or mamma—or any of us. How could we keep your birth-day without you ?

LUCY. How I was mistaken ! But, William, did you make this beautiful carriage all yourself ?

WILLIAM. No ; I did as much as I could to it ; and papa helped too ; but Pope made most of it, and showed us how to set to work, and painted it, and finished it up. How do you like it, Lucy ; is it to your taste ?

LUCY. Like it ! I never saw one

half so pretty before : and now I can go to all my favourite walks directly, without waiting until I am able to walk again.

WILLIAM, Yes ; and Dr. Ryder says that riding about in this manner may do you almost as much good as being at the sea-side. We may be out half the day, if we like it, now the fine summer-weather is coming again.

LUCY. Oh ! how delightful it will be ! But, William, is not my carriage rather heavy ? Will it not be too much for you to draw with me in it ?

WILLIAM. You put me in mind of the fly on the bull's horn : I shall hardly know when you are in or out of it ; besides, here is nurse will help

me sometimes, and Kitty too, I dare say.

LUCY. Oh, yes! nurse will not let you be tired, I know. What pleasant rides we shall have! for I am sure I may take Caroline sometimes too, she is such a very little thing; and she likes riding too. We shall look as grand almost as Lady Caroline in her pony phaeton.

WILLIAM. If I could change myself into two pretty ponies, you might. However, Lucy, it is well I saw that carriage, for it was *that*, and your wishing to go to the sea, that first put the plan into my head. How hard I have worked this last fortnight; and what a fright I was in, when I found you at this window. I thought you would have made out

the whole secret at once; and at that time I was not at all sure that I could manage it, Pope was so busy; and I should have disappointed you as well as myself.

LUCY. How very glad I am that I did as you asked me! I think I always shall for the time to come: and now I think of it, nurse, will you be so good as to give me the box which holds *all* my china? I will show William what I mean to do directly: I hope he will like my plan.

THE END.

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 I am very much obliged to you
 for the letter which you have
 just received. I am very glad
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