



Nancy  
Hanks  
Lincoln  
Public  
Library





B -

QV EL



FRONTISPIECE.



*"My dear Dorothy do pray  
try to amuse me." &c.*



NURSERY DIALOGUES; 2

OR,

*CONVERSATIONS*

BETWEEN

NURSE DOROTHY AND LITTLE EMMA.

INTERSPERSED WITH

*Delightful Songs,*

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY THAT GOOD OLD LADY.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS,

CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

---

1816.



NURSERY DIARIES

1850

CONVERSATIONS

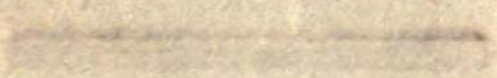
WITH

MRS. DOROTHY AND LITTLE EMMA

IN THE

WINTER

OF THE YEAR 1850



H. Bryer, Printer,  
Bridge-street, Blackfriars, London.



# NURSERY DIALOGUES,

&c.

---

NURSE DOROTHY, AND EMMA.

---

EMMA.

My dear, dear, Dorothy, do pray try to amuse me with something or other ; I shall certainly be naughty all day, if you do not sing me a little



song, or tell me one of your pretty stories.

## NURSE.

And my dear, dear, Miss Emma, whilst you are naughty, I will neither sing you a song, nor tell you a story; I keep my songs and my stories to please and reward good little girls, who are obedient to their parents, kind to their servants, and charitable to the poor.

I shall not bestow them on naughty ones you may be certain, I am not so silly;—no



one has more pleasure than nurse Dorothy in pleasing and entertaining her dear little Emma when she is good, but when she is not so, she feels no inclination to trouble herself about her.

EMMA.

Why pray now Nurse, what have I done to day to make you angry?—I have read my lesson, repeated my spelling, and hemmed a great piece of my Doll's handkerchief,—I think I have been pretty good!



## NURSE.

*Pretty good* is not enough, you must be *very good*, and that you are not; did I not see you pinching the cat's tail, and did you not continue to do it instead of attending to me when I told you how cruel you were? Was I not obliged to take Pinkey from you and put her out of the room? and now Miss Emma will you be so good as to recollect what followed?—You cried like a baby, and when your cousin Edward came up, as you could



not hide your tears, you begged me to say you had hurt your finger.

EMMA.

Because I was ashamed, Nurse. I knew very well how he would laugh at me for crying.

NURSE.

But you were not ashamed to try to make me guilty of telling a falsehood? I think that was being very naughty, besides which you have been



cruel and disobedient, and yet you think yourself *pretty good*,—and even now, at this very moment, whilst I am telling you of your faults, you are tearing off the hair from your pretty new Doll.

EMMA.

Oh dear! I am very sorry, indeed I am, but see, I have done in an instant—do not call me disobedient any more, pray do not, dear Nurse.—I really did not think on what I was about,—but Dorothy I cannot



have hurt the Doll, she has no feeling, though pussy has, and if so, what harm was there in pulling off her hair?—

**NURSE.**

Your Doll undoubtedly cannot feel, because it is made of wood, but do you see no naughtiness in destroying a pretty new Doll, which had just been given to you? What would your Aunt say if she were to see it so disfigured and shabby! You will have no more presents if you treat them in this way.



EMMA.

But you know I am not very fond of dolls, or any other toys, so I am not much obliged to my Aunt for it. I like much better to read stories about good children and naughty children, or to hear you tell them ;—so I need not care about the Doll's hair.

NURSE.

Your not caring about it, my dear, does not take from



your Aunt's kindness in giving you so pretty a present. When you have any thing given to you, you should not value it by your liking or disliking it, but for the kind intention of the person who gave it to you.

EMMA.

I do not know what you mean.

NURSE.

Why suppose a friend were to send me some mulberries,—I never eat them, but I should



feel myself as much obliged by her intention of giving me pleasure as if I liked them beyond any other fruit.

EMMA.

Very true, Dorothy, I ought to thank my Aunt, as much as if I were very fond of dolls, I hope she will never see how I have treated her present, for she must think me very ungrateful.—I shall grow quite good in time, and to-morrow I am determined to deserve a song.



EMMA.

Now Nurse ! the breakfast is taken away, and I have got my work-basket by my side ; we will sing songs and tell stories all day.—You said last night that you knew a song about Kitty Bairdie's Cow, do pray let me hear it.

NURSE.

You shall hear it, my love, because you have been very good, and did not make Mary



stand an hour by your bed side with your clothes in her hand, before you would get up, as *some* little girls do, *now and then*.

EMMA.

I know who you mean,—but I will never do it again, you may depend upon it.

NURSE.

I hope I may venture to depend upon what you say, and if you continue to deserve it









*"And then she made it dance  
a jig."*



I shall be always happy to give you pleasure, for I cannot have a greater than when I see you good.

SONG.

KITTY Bairdie had a Cow,  
It slept beside the Barley Mow,  
And she had milk and cream enow,  
Dance Kitty Bairdie!

Kitty Bairdie kept her Hen,  
In a Goose's dirty pen,  
And it was stole by little Ben,  
Careless Kitty Bairdie.

Kitty Bairdie had a Pig,  
She fed it well till it grew big,  
And then she made it dance a jig,  
Foolish Kitty Bairdie.



Kitty Bairdie had a Cat,  
 She gave it meat to make it fat,  
 And let it sleep in Willy's hat,  
 Clever Kitty Bairdie!

Kitty Bairdie had a Dog,  
 As big as farmer Howell's hog,  
 But it was lost out in the fog,  
 Poor Kitty Bairdie.

Kitty Bairdie had a Jay,  
 Which slept by night and sang by day,  
 But died upon the first of May,  
 Oh! Kitty Bairdie.

EMMA.

Oh! what a pretty song!  
 thank you my dear Dorothy,  
 —but poor Kitty! I dare say



she cried when her Jay died ; I am sure I should if I were to lose my pretty Goldfinch, that sings to me every morning, to let me know that it is time to get up.—I wish now that you have nothing else to do, you would sing me another song.

NURSE.

You make me think of a little boy I once knew who was as greedy as you are, but his greediness was of another kind, for he was so fond of eating, that if you gave him a cake he



was sure to ask you for another. At dinner he always wanted to eat of every dish at table, and pointed with his finger, (which is very rude.) calling as loud as he could, “Mamma, give me some of that! Mamma, give me some of this!”—until at length his Mamma grew quite tired of his naughty tricks, and sent him to dine in the Nursery, where never seeing more than one dish he had nothing to teaze his Maid about, but was glad to eat what she helped him to, or go without.



EMMA.

But I do not do so.

NURSE.

No, my dear, I do not accuse you of a fault so very disgusting, I should be more vexed than I can tell you, if I saw you over anxious about eating. What I meant was that you are greedy about songs and stories.



EMMA.

But that is not half so naughty.

NURSE.

No, certainly it is not; but you are sometimes a little teasing, and not easily satisfied, just like the little boy I have been telling you of.

EMMA.

You make me laugh, Nurse!



I do not want to eat your songs  
or your stories, how then can  
you call me greedy.

NURSE.

Did you never see a child  
greedy of toys?

EMMA.

Oh! dear, yes, that naughty  
little Amelia, when Mamma  
brought a basket full from  
T—— to divide between us,  
did nothing but snatch and try



to hide some of them that she might have more than I had. Mamma was so much displeas- ed at her greediness, that she said, she would not ask her here to play with me again.

NURSE.

You perceive then that eat- ing is not the only thing that shows a greedy disposition.

---

NURSE.

Come hither, Miss Emma;



I will tell you a little history about a dog. It happened when I was present, and——

EMMA.

Was it a little dog?

NURSE.

No, it was a very large Newfoundland dog, and he was called Miquelon which is the name of a small Island near the place he was brought from. The accident I am going to re-



count to you, happened at Grandville, in France, where I spent some time when I was a young woman.

EMMA.

Before I was born?

NURSE.

Yes, long before, or your Mamma either.—A woman was one evening walking on the Pier with her child; she held him fast by the hand, but









"he darted forward with so much haste to look over the Pier that he fell into the Sea."



the boy was naughty, and thought he could take care of himself, so he broke from her so suddenly that she had no power to stop him, and he darted forward to look over the Pier in such haste, that he fell over it headlong into the sea.

EMMA.

Oh! poor little boy! he will surely be drowned, and though he was naughty, I shall always be sorry for him.



NURSE.

Reflect a moment on what his mother felt when she saw him struggling with the waves, and concluded that, although there were many people present at the time, her little darling must be swallowed up before any boat could reach him.

EMMA.

Tell me quickly, dear Nurse, what became of him, was he saved? I have hardly patience



to wait for the end of your story.

NURSE.

Then do not interrupt me, and you shall hear.—Miquelon and his Master (with whom I was well acquainted) were walking on the Pier when the boy fell over, he spoke but one word to him, and in an instant the animal plunged into the sea.

The Mother stood by wringing her hands, and crying and screaming to every one near, to save her child. Miquelon's



Master begged her to be quiet, and said, he would be answerable that his dog would bring him safe to the beach.—To that place all present immediately crowded, that they might be ready to receive him, if the gentleman's words were verified. You will readily believe that the poor Mother was amongst those who first arrived at the spot, and I will leave you to judge of her joy when she saw Miquelon swimming towards the shore with her child, whose jacket he held between his teeth. Such was her anxiety and impatience that (scarcely



knowing what she did) she would have run into the sea to meet them, if she had not been prevented by those who were near her.—The wind was high and the sea rough; sometimes for an instant they lost sight of the boy and his deliverer, but they re-appeared, and at length happily reached the shore.

The little fellow soon recovered and the mother, the moment her spirits were a little composed; after offering up her unfeigned thanks to that Being who had permitted her child to be so miraculously restored



to her, determined to reward Miquelon.

EMMA.

How glad I am for the poor mother,—but what could she do for that dear dog?—she could not give him money, nor pretty toys, nor sweet-meats!

NURSE.

Miquelon would not have thanked her for either, but he was very well rewarded, for



she prepared a good dinner for him every day, and he never failed at a certain hour to go to her door, where the little boy whose life he had saved, was always ready to let him in; and waited upon him with as much care as if he had been the greatest gentleman in the town.

EMMA.

And was, I dare say, better pleased when he saw his deliverer coming than he would have been to see any gentleman or lady either: but Nurse,



I hope he became very good after such an escape.

NURSE.

Yes, yes, he now found that he was not too old to be guided and directed by his mother, and that if he had not been disobedient, he would not have fallen into the sea; he therefore became very obedient, not only to her, but to other persons who were so kind as to give him good advice, and every morning and evening when he said his prayers he did not for-



get to thank God for having sent Miquelon to his assistance; and prayed, that as his life had been spared, at that time he might live to be a man, and be a help and comfort to his mother in her old age.

---

EMMA.

What is the matter Dorothy? where are you running so fast?

She is gone and I will fold up her works for her, it looks so untidy!—Oh! here she comes where have you been? and why did you run so fast;



I did not think you had been so nimble.

NURSE.

Did not you hear your Mamma call me?—she never gives *me* unnecessary trouble, and I did not wish to make her wait, but went to her as fast as my old legs would carry me,—bless me! child what have you been doing! I was half an hour whipping the border of my cap, and you have pulled it out quite straight and broke the thread, so I have it all to



do again. I wish you would never touch my work.

EMMA.

It looked so untidy, Nurse! I did not mean to do mischief, but I was all the time thinking of that dear Miquelon, and I want you to tell me how he knew when his dinner was ready.

NURSE.

He did not know at first, for the little boy was obliged to



fetch him, but as it was always at the same hour, he very soon learnt to go without being called. Dogs are very sagacious animals, and soon learn to go and come at stated times, either for their food or to accompany those they are fond of.—My brother, who is Clerk of the Parish of B——, had a favourite dog which followed him wherever he went, even to Church, and there he lay down at his feet, and never moved till the service ended. My brother however thought there was an impropriety in allowing him to go to Church, and



therefore locked him up that he might not follow him, and by this means Trim was kept at home two Sundays, but on the third he was not to be found when they wanted to confine him.—My brother went to Church at the usual hour, and there to his great surprise he found his faithful companion in his old place, which (not chusing to be locked up) he had taken possession of the moment he heard the bells.

EMMA.

What a clever dog! I dare



say he never did any thing wrong.

NURSE.

Yes he did, for my little girl was so fond of him, and made so much of him, that he was always jumping up to her; and with all his cleverness could not find out when his feet were dirty, so that he made her frocks in such a condition sometimes, that I was quite angry with her; and so was her Uncle for teaching him naughty tricks .

As I know you are very



fond of dogs I will tell you another little story.

When I was in France, I was one day walking in the country, and had gone about half a mile from the Town.

EMMA.

Was it Grandville where Miquelon lived?

NURSE.

No, it was very far from Grandville, in another part of France.



I saw two shepherd boys sitting on the grass, amusing themselves with their dog, their sheep were feeding around, and there was a little wooden hut on wheels near them, into which they could creep and shelter themselves in bad weather.

Whilst I was talking to the boys, the dog started up suddenly from the grass, and set off full gallop towards the town; his motion was so quick that he almost threw me down, and as I was very desirous to know what had occasioned it, I asked the little shepherds whether



38





"Oh, no! he is not angry he is  
gone to dinner," &c.



they had done any thing to affront their dog, that had made him leave them in such haste.

‘ Oh, no,’ answered one of them, ‘ he is not angry, he is gone to dinner: did not you hear the chimes, and the town clock strike twelve? Well, the instant Medor hears that, he is off like an arrow to my father’s house, to get his dinner, and when he has done he will return hither to help us to take care of our sheep, and to drive them into the fold at night.’

EMMA.

How I should like to have



seen the little shepherds and their dog, and their wooden house. Why have we no such things hereabout?

NURSE.

Because my dear there are no wolves in England, and our sheep are in perfect safety both day and night.

EMMA.

There never can be wolves here, for Papa says England is



an island surrounded by the sea, and they cannot swim so far as from France to England you know.

## NURSE.

There were wolves however in this country in old times, but they were all destroyed in the reign of King Edgar, so that neither our sheep or ourselves have any thing to fear from them.

---

  
EMMA.

Now Dorothy I have fairly



## NURSERY DIALOGUES.

caught you! What are you humming there to yourself about a goose?

NURSE.

I was trying to recollect an old song on purpose to amuse you, and you shall hear it now if you will come and sit down by me.

EMMA.

I shall be delighted to hear it, for I have long been wishing



for a song, but you have told me so many pretty stories lately, that I did not like to ask you, lest you should say I am like the greedy boy, as you did some days ago. Is the song about a dog?

NURSE.

It is not my love, it is about an old woman riding to market: I am going to begin.

DAME Margery was riding to Barn-  
staple Fair,  
But the wonderful thing was how she'd  
get there,



For her horse had four legs, two ears,  
and a mouth,  
And when he went northward his tail  
was due south.

She trotted along without dread or fear,  
With her bonnet of velvet and mantle  
so queer,  
A goose in a frail by her side she con-  
fin'd,  
And all her stale eggs in a basket be-  
hind.

The weather was warm, the frail close  
as a hive,  
And poor Goosy Gander was roasting  
alive;  
So he bustled and work'd till he got out  
his head,  
And scream'd at his dame till she  
wish'd he were dead.



42





"Dame Margery was riding to  
Barnstaple Fair."



Mrs. Margery felt for none but herself,  
 And her sal volatile was at home on the  
 shelf;

So to save her old head, and free it  
 from pain,

She up with her stick and knock'd out  
 his brain.

Poor Madge arriv'd safely at Barnstaple  
 Fair,

But she wish'd in her heart she had  
 never gone there;

For no one would purchase a goose  
 without brain,

Nor buy her stale eggs—so she rode  
 home again.

Old John was enrag'd—his dame made  
 an excuse,

But he said she had little more brain  
 than her goose;



And the next time she went to the market or fair,  
He'd ride there behind her to make the folk stare.

EMMA.

That is a funny song indeed! but what a very foolish old woman to kill her goose! And why do they tell us that when her horse went northward his tail was south, every child knows the south is opposite to the north; Papa taught me that long ago: they might as well say that when one of his ears was west the other was east.



NURSE.

But, my dear, you should recollect that such songs are only intended to make you laugh, and not for your information or instruction.

EMMA.

I cannot think what is become of my little pussey! she has not been here since—oh! I do not know what day.

NURSE.

Then I will tell you Miss Emma, she left you the day



you pinched her tail, and has very wisely avoided your company ever since. No animal will love a person who ill uses him, but always shows affection for those who feed and fondle him.

I will tell you a little story which I read some time ago in one of the newspapers. It is about a cat, and will show you that cats may be accustomed to feed at stated hours as well as dogs. This little Tabby was very pretty and very good, for she kept the house free from mice, and she did not dirty her feet as dog Trim did, so she



jumped upon her mistress's lap whenever she pleased. The lady she lived with kept a boarding school, and whenever Miss Puss heard the dinner bell, as she was always fed from her mistress's table, had she been in the garret she would have scampered down in a moment, and have placed herself at her side.

EMMA.

What a cunning cat, I wish I could teach Pinkey to come and dine with me.



NURSE.

You will never do that by pinching her tail.

EMMA.

Dear, dear nurse! pray say no more about that. I know it was very naughty and very cruel, and I cannot think how I happened to do such a thing, for I love my cat and my dog very much indeed, and you never shall see me do any thing to hurt either of them again, you may depend upon it.



NURSE.

I hope I never shall; but I must go on with my story.

One day, by some accident or other, poor Puss was shut up in a servant's room, when to her great dismay and vexation, she heard the dinner bell and found herself a prisoner.

She scratched the door and bustled about as much as she could, but no one heard her; and her mistress having some new pupils to whom she wished particularly to attend, did not notice the absence of her favourite, so there she stayed till



the bell ceased, and the dinner was quite ended. At length, by chance, a little girl, wanting something in the room, opened the door, and the cat hastened to the dining room; but, alas! the dinner was gone, and the cloth removed!!

Now, my dear Emma, hear what this cunning little cat did in order to get some dinner: Away she went to the outside of the kitchen door, where she had seen the servants ring the bell, and making a sudden spring seized the rope, which with her weight hanging to it, began directly to ring, and



when the family, wondering what it could be, ran out to look at the bell, you may judge of their astonishment at seeing that it was only Miss Puss giving them a hint that she wanted her dinner.

EMMA.

What a wonderful story! can it be true that a cat should have done such a thing?

NURSE.

What I told you of Miquelon and the shepherds' dog, I



saw, *this* story I only read ; but, as I told you before, it was in a newspaper, and assured to be a fact.

EMMA.

Well then, she was certainly a very clever cat, and deserved a good dinner : I dare say her mistress was fonder of her than ever after such a contrivance. My dear Dorothy when will you sing me another song?

NURSE.

I will endeavour to recollect



one against to-morrow, it is too late now, for you must get ready to go out with your Mamma; the carriage will be at the door in half an hour, and you must not make her wait.

EMMA.

I have one favour to ask of you before I go.

NURSE.

What is it, my love?



EMMA.

Will you try to get Pinkey up stairs and give her some milk, and keep her here till I return that I may make friends with her; I am so sorry that I hurt her: but perhaps if I feed her and treat her kindly in future, she may forget it. If she is of an unforgiving temper, *she* will be naughty, and I shall not love her.

---

NURSE.

I hope you had a pleasant drive, my love, and that you



were pleased with the garden  
your Mamma took you to see.

EMMA.

I was very much pleased  
indeed with the garden, and  
Mrs. Barnet gave me some  
fruit and some beautiful flowers.  
I should have been quite de-  
lighted with my little jaunt,  
but we met with two of the  
most disagreeable children I  
ever saw.

NURSE.

Who were they? and what



did they do to take from your satisfaction.

EMMA.

Oh! they were Mrs. Barnet's children, a boy and a girl, both so rude that you would have been frightened to see them. The wind happening to blow up my tippet, Master Barnet put a handful of gravel down my back, and his sister pushed me fairly into a gooseberry bush, and then they both dragged me out, and tore my frock so much, that I am sure it can never be mended.



60





*"A little maid am I,  
I spin the finest yarn." p. 61.*



Mamma saw how uneasy I was, and took leave of Mrs. Barnet directly, glad enough to get into the carriage and come home.

## NURSE.

And I dare say you will be in no hurry to pay them another visit, notwithstanding the fine garden, the fruit, and the flowers; so it is always with rude children, they are troublesome and disagreeable, and no one likes to be in their company.



EMMA.

Well never mind them, but sing me the little song you promised me, and that will put them quite out of my thoughts.

NURSE.

There will be no harm in remembering them, my dear, that you may avoid every thing you saw wrong in their behaviour, and endeavour to be as unlike them as possible, by which means you will make yourself loved, and your company wished for.



Now for my song—it is very short, and will not tire your patience.

A little maid am I,  
I spin the finest yarn,  
I wear a golden chain,  
And a bracelet on my arm.

George will marry me  
When he comes home from sea ;  
When the corn is growing ripe,  
And the frogs begin to pipe.

When the broad wheel'd waggon creaks,  
And the apples lie in heaps ;  
When Ned and Nanny come from  
France,  
And the fools have learn'd to dance.



EMMA.

Thank you Dorothy, that is a very pretty song, and I wish there were twenty verses more. "A little maid am I."—Oh! do teach me the tune, I shall be so much obliged to you.

DOROTHY.

That I will endeavour to do some other time. I must now go to your Mamma, who has just sent for me; but my stories, songs, and tunes, will always be at the service of my dear little Emma.

FINIS.









Nancy  
Hanks  
Lincoln  
Public  
Library