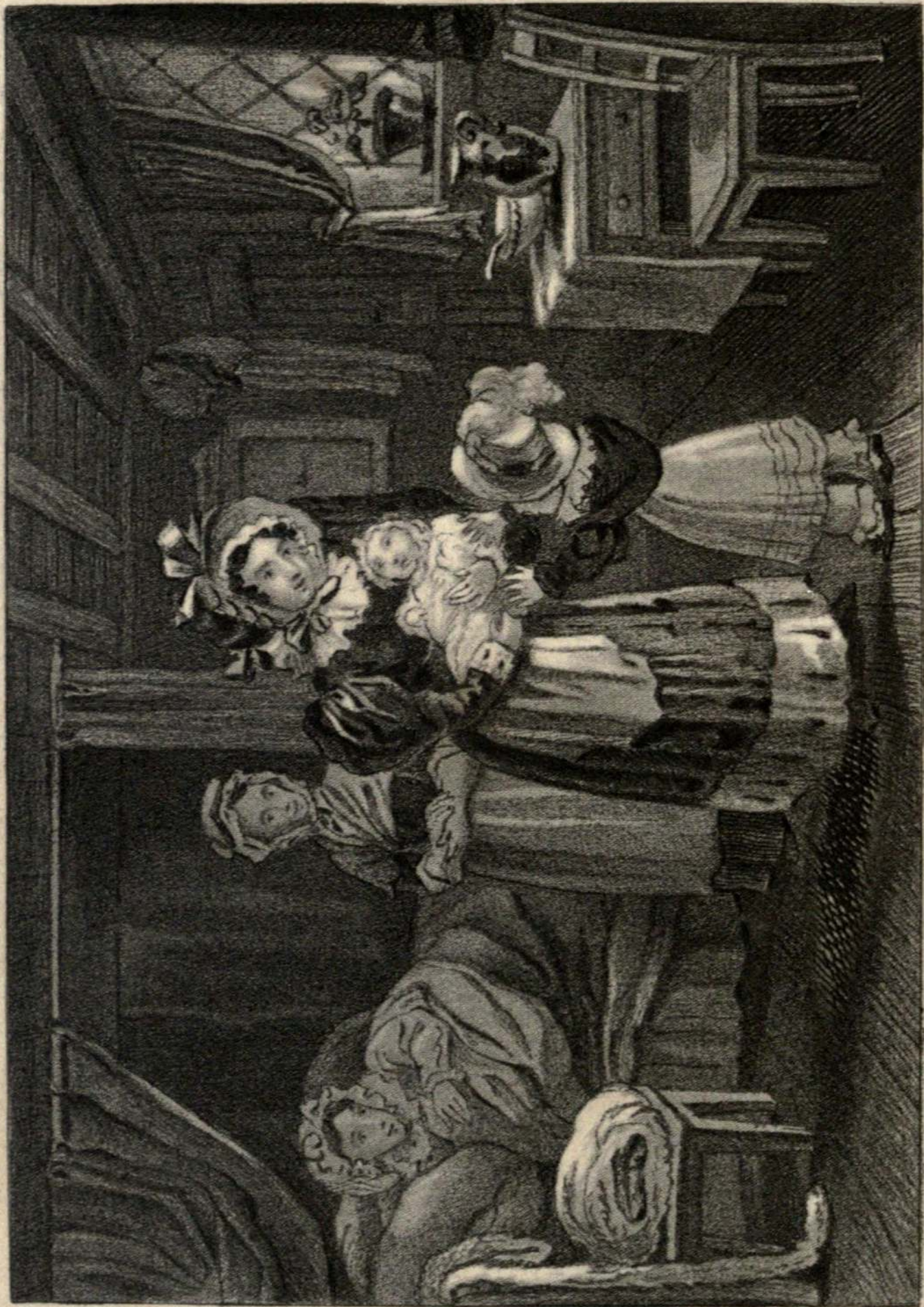




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The Surprise.

THE
LIVE DOLL,
OR
ELLEN'S NEW YEARS
Gift.



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LONDON,
William Darton & Son,
Holborn Hill.



THE LIVE DOLL;

OR

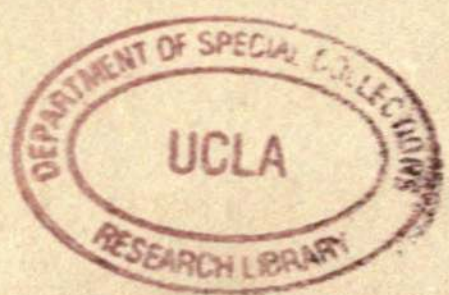
ELLEN'S NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE THREE BIRTHDAYS,"
"BABY TALES," &c.

LONDON:
WILLIAM DARTON AND SON,
HOLBORN HILL.

THE LIVE DOLL

TURNER NEW JEWELRY GIFT



PROPERTY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

TURNER NEW JEWELRY GIFT
1937

THE LIVE DOLL.



CHAPTER I.

THE WISH.

“OH, if I had but a live doll,” cried little Ellen, “how happy I should be!”

“And is that what has employed your little thoughts so long?” said her mother, laughing. “I have been watching you as you sat in the corner there with your doll, for half an hour; and you have neither moved nor spoken, but remained with your eyes fixed upon your doll, as she lay on your lap.”

“In one of my reveries, as papa

says. Well now, I will tell you all I have been thinking of. Suppose there was such a thing to be bought as a live doll, just the size of my large doll, but one that could eat and move, and laugh and sleep. It seems so foolish, mamma, to dress, and nurse, and hush to sleep, a piece of wood or wax. If I tell this doll of mine the prettiest stories in the world, she never looks pleased ; if I scold her she never cries ; if I hush her to sleep, her eyes are as wide open as ever ; if I offer her the nicest cake, she keeps her mouth close shut. Oh, I am sure it must be foolish to like such a play-thing as this !”

“ But, my dear, you might find some inconveniences in your live doll, to balance all these advantages : if it must eat, its food would cost money,

which you might not like to pay ; if it could laugh, probably too it could cry, which you would not like to hear ; if it could sleep, perhaps, however, it might not choose to sleep as much as you would have it : sometimes you do not touch your doll for many days ; I do not know what would become of a live doll in such a case.”

“ Oh, but mamma, the reason I get tired of my doll, is because of its being so dull and stupid ; I should never get tired of a live doll ; it would only be like a real baby, and I, its mamma, you know : I am sure you were never tired of me, mamma, when I was a baby.”

“ Do not be too sure of that, my dear.”

“ Oh, mamma ! Well, but then you do not love babies so well as I

do, and as for its crying, if I knew it could cry, it would be a double pleasure to me, to keep it quiet. Then, as for food, I would spend every farthing I have — my whole allowance — sixpence a week, to buy it food.”

“It must be a *doll* indeed, my Ellen, and very different from a real baby, if sixpence a week would provide it with food. Again, you are not over fond of work, Ellen : a live doll would employ a great deal of your time in making and repairing its clothes ; then I suppose it would grow larger and larger ; and how much trouble to alter and lengthen them, as you see I have to do to yours.”

“Come, mamma, I am sure I can answer that objection ; it was one of the very things I was thinking of : what is the use of my employing my-

self in making so many clothes for my doll, she never wears them out ; and why should I put a tuck into her frocks, as I see you do to mine ? she never outgrows them !”

“ But this live doll, if she grew so much, would not, I should suppose, always be a baby. In a year or two I fear, she would no longer answer your purpose as a doll.”

“ All the better, mamma. When I grew too old to play with a doll, she would be old enough to be a nice companion to me. I should teach her every thing you and my masters teach me : I should try to be good in order to shew her a good example, and I should never want amusements or toys of any other kind again. So now, mamma, I have answered all your objections, and are you not convinced,

that a live doll would be the most delightful of all playthings?"

CHAPTER II.

THE SURPRISE.

ABOUT two months after this conversation, Mrs. Harrington asked Ellen one morning—it was a New Year's day—whether she was inclined for a walk. The little hat and tippet were soon put on, and she skipped away in high glee, sometimes before, sometimes behind, sometimes chatting to her mother. As they entered a little village a mile from their own house, Mrs. Harrington asked Ellen whether she recollected the conversation they had about a live doll, and

whether she still entertained a wish for such a plaything.

“ Oh, yes, mamma,” said the little girl, I am always thinking of it.”

“ Well, my dear, I have procured you one.”

“ Mamma ! oh, you are joking. I know there is no such thing.”

“ You shall see. I assure you I am quite in earnest.”

Ellen was dumb with astonishment. A live doll ! the object of all her fondest wishes, of all her little castles in the air !

Mrs. Harrington tapped at the door of a little cottage : it was opened by an old woman, who, with a smile, welcomed her visitors, and led them in silence into an inner room. This room was darkened, but there was sufficient light for Ellen to see a bed, and a

young woman lying in it, whose countenance she thought she recollected.

Mrs. Harrington approached the bed, and the woman put into her arms, an infant which was lying by her side.

“ Ellen,” said Mrs. Harrington, “ you wish for a live doll : this good woman is willing to give you her baby, if you would like to be its mamma : she has lost her husband, and is unable to provide for it. You are willing, Mrs. Smith, to part with your little girl to my daughter ? ”

“ If Miss will be so kind as to take charge of her,” said the good woman.

As she spoke, Mrs. Harrington laid the child in Ellen’s arms, and led her to the window where she might see its little features.

Ellen contemplated its innocent and beautiful form in silence. Hitherto,

the pleasures only of a mother had employed her little thoughts; now the reflection of the many duties of a parent crowded upon her mind, and as she beheld the helpless state of the child whose destiny seemed to be placed in her hands, the tears ran down her cheeks. Her mother beheld with delight and emotion the workings of her daughter's mind, and interpreting for her the undefined feelings of her breast, "You think it would be undertaking too great a charge?" said she.

"Yes, dear mamma, how can I,—I a child myself—" and her tears prevented her saying more.

"This timidity, my dear child, which is a proof that you have a true sense of the great duties you will undertake, is our best security that you

will fulfil them well. I must also represent to you, that the infant for some months to come, will remain with its mother, who suckles it, and whose constant care is necessary while it is so young, to preserve its health and life: it will, however, be daily brought to you during your play-hours, and the making of its little wardrobe will from this time devolve upon you. As soon as the child can run alone, she will live entirely with you, and then your important duties will commence, but then you will be a twelvemonth older, and you will always have the advantage of my assistance and advice, in the management of your doll's health and improvement."

Ellen's fears and scruples vanished as her mother spoke, and with child-

like transition passing at once from tears to an excess of joy, she began to examine with curiosity and admiration the features and limbs of her new plaything. “If it would but open its eyes, but then it would cry to see a stranger nursing it! What fat, round, soft cheeks! What creases of fat in its little neck! What nice fingers — but the nails! Oh, what sweet little nails! Well, miss, you hold out your hands on purpose to have them admired. Dear mamma, do just let me see if she has any hair. Oh, what fine, white curly hair.—I should like of all things to see the feet, but they are so packed up in flannel, that it is impossible to get at them.” New exclamations of delight when Mrs. Harrington liberated the feet! — “How white! How delicate! Mamma, mamma, do but

look : if she is not stretching every single toe ! As she opens her eyes, she looks at me ! Mamma, I do think she likes me : she never attempts to cry. I am your mamma, you dear thing ; will you love me, and mind what I say ?”

The good woman was so much amused by Ellen's exclamations and remarks, that Mrs. Harrington feared it might be too much for her spirits, and promising to see her again in a day or two, she took a hasty leave.

CHAP. III.

THE EXPLANATION.

WHEN Ellen found herself alone with her mother, she could scarcely utter

her words quickly enough for all the enquiries she had to make.

“ But mamma, how shall I buy food for my live doll? You laughed at the thought of my sixpence a week; and how were you able to persuade the woman to give her child away? Will she never take her from me? How did you know she had a baby? What will papa say when he hears of it?”

“ I will endeavour to satisfy you upon all these points. Do you recollect the accident which happened last summer while papa was having the little observatory on prospect-room built on the top of our house?”

“ Yes, mamma, one of the workmen was killed by falling from a high ladder. Oh, how sorry poor papa was!”

“ Yes, he suffered greatly; for though he was not at all to blame, he

could not bear the thought that a fellow-creature should have lost his life in administering to a whim of his : he said to me, that he wished to do something for the widow. On my side, I have regretted ever since your brother went to school, your having no companion in your play-hours ; and when you expressed your wish for a live doll, it occurred to me, that if the widow of the poor bricklayer, who was expecting to lie-in, should have a healthy child and a girl, you should, if you continued to desire such a plaything, bring it up as your own. Your father is willing to let the little girl live with us, and will allow you a sufficient increase of pocket-money to supply it with clothes. Thus *he* will have the satisfaction of being useful to the widow, who is delighted at the

idea of having her child so well provided for, and *I* shall have procured you the companion I desired for you, and the plaything for which you are yourself so anxious. I did not tell you my project, till I had seen the infant, as I would not have had you associate with a sickly or deformed child ; had it proved so, or had it been a boy, your father would have provided for it by other means. But I never saw a finer or lovelier baby. From this moment I wish you to consider her as your child, only take care that I may not have to complain of your neglecting any studies for her sake ; on the contrary, you must strive with increased diligence to improve both your mind and character, that you may be the more capable of forming hers, by the time she will require your instructions.

CHAP. IV.

THE YOUNG NURSE.

FROM this moment a total revolution took place in Ellen's thoughts and conduct. Her playthings were neglected, and had not her mother reminded her that they might hereafter be useful to the live doll herself, they would all have been given away to the first child that wanted them. Not a farthing was spent in gingerbread or sweetmeats, or even story-books. Not only was she more anxious than ever to advance in all her studies, but she took her utmost pains, thoroughly to understand every thing she learned, as her mother frequently assured her, that we can never teach any thing,





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THE YOUNG NURSE.

which we do not ourselves entirely comprehend. This habit of making every thing enter her understanding, instead of learning by rote, was of the greatest service to her.

Ellen, for the first month after she was introduced to her new plaything, daily visited her at the cottage, but after that time, the child was strong enough to be brought to her, and the three hours which she spent at the Grove, seemed as it were, to form the whole life of Ellen. She soon learned to know her young mamma, and would not remain even in her mother's arms, from the moment that Ellen appeared. She laughed, she crowed, her feet and arms were all in motion; she appeared, from the time that Ellen took her on her knee, to have acquired new spirits and animation, and a hundred pretty

and interesting tricks were soon taught her by Ellen's lively and persevering attention.

Sometimes, when the evening happened to be very wet or cold, Mrs. Harrington accommodated both the mother and child at the Grove, and then Ellen had the supreme delight of undressing her doll, and laying her in bed, and of washing and dressing her on the following morning. In this business she soon grew so expert, that a succession of bad evenings having once kept them three nights running, the child, when her mother began, after their return on the fourth evening, to undress her, appeared restless and dissatisfied, and seemed to miss the gentle hand of her young nurse.

CHAP. V.

NEW PLEASURES.

WHAT joy to Ellen, when Mrs. Harrington expressed an opinion that it was time for the live doll to be short-coated! How delightful the thought of seeing always the little feet! And then the pleasure of making her some coloured frocks, a kind of work in which Ellen had never yet been indulged! Oh! novelty! The man of taste reckons thee as one of the sources of *his* pleasures, but thou art the very *idol* of childhood!

Ellen was indeed right in saying she should never be tired of a live doll; the real mother might well be allowed to be proud of so fine a child—

might well be supposed to be watchful for each new proof of its advancement in strength and intellect; but Ellen seemed beforehand with her, even in these points. It was Ellen who first discovered that Fanny had cut a tooth; it was Ellen's ears which were first saluted by her lips, with the fond appellative, mam-ma. And as the child advanced in speaking, she added of her own accord, the appropriate epithet *little*, always calling Ellen, little mamma, while she distinguished Mrs. Harrington as *large mamma*, and was taught to call her own parent, mother.

But there was one thing for which Ellen longed more earnestly than even for her doll's improvement in talking. She had never forgotten her mother's promise, that, when the child



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RUNNING ALONE.



could run alone, she should live entirely at the Grove; and all Mrs. Harrington's arguments were scarcely sufficient to prevent her putting her doll beyond her strength in this particular. A great timidity was, however, a characteristic of this gentle child from her earliest infancy, and this, perhaps, as much as Mrs. Harrington's cautions, saved her from the danger she might otherwise have run, from her too impatient little mamma. She was now fourteen months old, and (as Ellen told every one who came to the house) could say twenty-three words, yet nothing could induce her to take one step by herself. Ellen was quite in despair, when, one day, as Fanny was standing against a chair, something which lay upon another, took her fancy, and forgetting her usual caution, she set off, and

safely reached the other end of the room. Ellen, enraptured, would have caught her in her arms, but Mrs. Harrington motioned to her to contain herself: the child, in a moment, ran back to the first chair, then again to the other, and Fanny, having given this proof of her qualifications, became an inmate of Mrs. Harrington's house, and the bedfellow of her young mamma.

CHAP. VI.

THE BEAVER HAT.

“MAMMA, I am going to buy my doll such a beautiful white beaver hat and feathers! She wants a new hat, you know, and I have not spent any



THE BEAVER HAT.

of my last month's money, so that when papa gives me my fifteen shillings next Monday, I shall have exactly one pound ten, which a white beaver hat and feathers will cost."

"Will it be quite prudent to spend all your money at once in that way? We are now at the end of August, and by the time another month is past, the evenings will begin to be very cold, and doll will want a little cloth coat."

"But in another month I shall have more money, mamma."

"Not enough to purchase a coat, and new flannels, and worsted socks, all of which she may want by that time."

"But must she not have a hat, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, but a straw hat

would be cheaper, lighter, and wear much longer."

"But she would look so very pretty in a white beaver hat."

"Now, my dear child, what has set your head running in this way, upon a white beaver hat?"

"Why, mamma, while Woodman was waiting to dress you this morning, she called me to the window to see Lady Temple's little baby, who was at the carriage window. She had on such a beautiful white beaver hat and feathers, and Woodman told me she had seen just such a one in a shop-window at St. Albans, and that the price of it was one pound ten; so I have set my heart upon buying it for little Fanny — do let me, mamma."

"My dear child, I wish to advise,

but not to control you in the disposal of your money. I do not see that little Lady Harriet's having an expensive hat, is any reason for your buying such a one for your doll, particularly as her father is a man of immense fortune, while the sum appropriated for little Fanny's dress, is not sufficient to justify any extravagance."

"Extravagance! Oh, mamma, and last week you were praising me for being so economical!"

"But, my dear, if you are only economical one month, in order to be the more extravagant the next, I leave you to judge whether I shall be able to praise you again for this quality."

Ellen was silent, convinced, and almost determined to give up the point; but the sight, next day, of Lady Harriet and her hat, as they

again passed in the carriage, put to flight all her prudent resolves, and she begged her mother to let them walk in the evening to St. Albans, *just to see the hat* Woodman had described.

Mrs. Harrington was well aware that, the first step being taken, the rest would follow; but she hoped that this one pound ten would purchase her daughter a useful piece of experience. They went, therefore, accompanied by little Fanny and the servant who waited upon the two children. The hat was admired, tried on, and purchased, and indeed nothing could become the blooming complexion, blue eyes, and dimpled cheeks of the live doll, more than a white beaver hat: never had she been so much admired, as she was whenever

she had it on ; but Ellen was by nature *nice* almost to a fault, and she soon began to remark with vexation, the daily accession of dust which sullied its delicate texture : a sudden fog, too, which rose one evening while they were at some distance from home, took all the curl out of the feathers ; they were obliged to be taken out, and the hat was disfigured for ever. On that very evening, how gladly would Ellen have had her doll protected by a coat from the damp air ! The winter set in early, and with severity, and Ellen begged her mamma to look out a large shawl, in which they had been accustomed to wrap the child the preceding season. This indeed kept her warm, but it was a constant source of discomfort to Ellen, that Fanny was obliged to be carried

about in this dress, instead of now and then running a short distance, hand in hand with her little mamma.

CHAP. VII.

SELF-CONTROL.

ONE summer's evening when Fanny was between two and three years old, the children had been together for several hours in their favorite summer-house, when Ellen suddenly came running to her mother, who was at work in the parlour, and hiding her face in her lap, burst into a violent flood of tears.

“ Oh, mamma, mamma! my doll is so cross, I can bear it no longer. I have given her all the playthings I

could find, I have shewn her all my picture-books, I have done every thing I could think of to make her happy; still she will not play at all, and keeps fretting so! Indeed, mamma, I have not done one unkind thing to her, I have borne it all without speaking cross to her, but I can bear it no longer."

"But perhaps the dear child is not well," said Mrs. Harrington, rising hastily: "indeed I have observed a weight about her eyes for a day or two past."

"But if she is ill," said Ellen, as they went down the garden, "why did she not tell me so?"

"A child of that age, my dear, is not able to understand, much less describe to others its own feelings."

They found the child standing crying amidst a heap of playthings.

Mrs. Harrington sat down and took her on her knee.

“Dear baby, how hot your forehead is!” And as she spoke, she laid the little head upon her bosom. The child, who was suffering from violent headache, was relieved the moment she found a rest : she closed her eyes, and fell asleep.

“Oh, mamma, that was what she wanted ; but I could not tell she was ill, could I, mamma ? Oh, how glad I am that I was not unkind to her ! I could have struck her, mamma, I was so provoked that she would not be pleased, when I did all I could to amuse her. If I had, if I had even said one cross word to her, how miserable I should be now !”

“ Yes, my dear child, you have in these reflections, the reward of your self-control !”

“ You do not think she is very ill, mamma ?”

“ She is very feverish, her little back burns like fire, and I do not like this frequent cough. I must have Dr. B. immediately, and till he comes, my love, I fear you must not again see your doll ; she may be sickening for some infectious disorder.”

This prohibition was a sad addition to Ellen's grief, and the measles next day making their appearance, upon the little sufferer, the young mamma, who had never had that disease, was sent to her aunt's till the child recovered, which, however, she did in a very short time.

What joy, when Ellen was allowed

once more to embrace her live doll! But how could she have borne to see her, if she had had to reflect upon herself for having given way to temper with a child who was suffering from the approach of a painful, and often dangerous distemper.

CHAP. VIII.

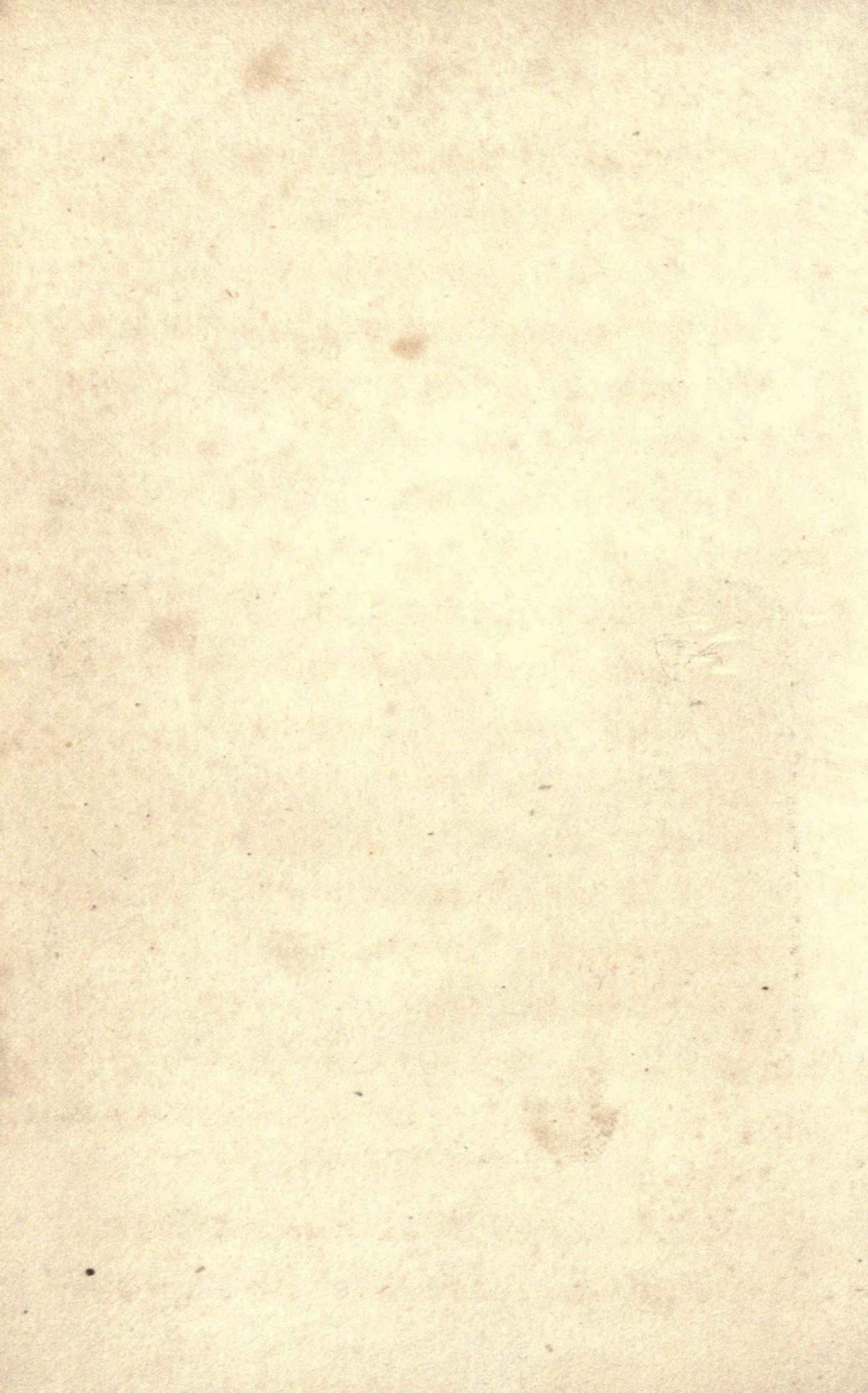
THE ALPHABET.

“MAMMA, you know, you said I might begin now to teach my doll her letters.”

“Yes, my dear.”

“So, mamma, I am going to teach her two every day. I began yesterday, and you cannot think how soon





she learned them. May she shew them to you?"

"Yes, certainly."

Ellen scattered several alphabets of letters printed on ivory counters, upon the table.

"Come here, dear Fanny. Find mamma, *A*."

The child looked out *B*.

"Not *B*, dear child, *A*."

The child now fixed upon *A*.

"Good girl; now find *B*."

She shewed *A*.

"Oh, Fanny! *B*, I said."

She now picked out *B*.

"There, mamma; you see she knows those two letters from all the others; but she *will* confuse them with each other."

"That is because you taught her two at a time, my love: if you only

shewed her one letter each day, I think you would not find this inconvenience."

"But then, mamma, she would never get through the whole alphabet."

"Never, my dear! how many letters are there in the alphabet?"

"Twenty-six, mamma."

"And if she learned one every day, Sundays excepted, how many would she learn in a week?"

"Six, mamma."

"Then how long would it take her to learn the whole alphabet?"

"Four weeks and two days, mamma."

"I should be quite satisfied to teach any child of three years old the whole alphabet in a month."

"But then, mamma, I did so wish that she should know all her letters

before papa returns from the country ; he would be so pleased ! And if she were to learn two every day, she would, for he is to be gone more than a fortnight.”

“ Your motive was good, but you see, experience shews you that there is an inconvenience in teaching two letters at a time, which you did not foresee ; so you must be content that papa, on his return, shall find but half an alphabet learned.”

“ I do not like to give it up,” said Ellen, musing. — “ Mamma,” cried she, “ could I not teach her one letter in the morning, and another in the evening ?”

“ My dear child, one lesson a day is quite enough for such an infant.”

“ How vexatious ! when I had so

set my heart upon seeing papa's surprise."

"What was your chief motive, Ellen, for teaching your doll her letters: her improvement, or papa's praises?"

"Both, mamma, both."

"No, both could not be *chief*."

"Well then, mamma, I think, her improvement, for certainly I thought first, and most of that."

"Be content, my dear, to act upon this one good motive. You wish to teach your doll her letters: take the surest means to obtain this end. Many grown people, my Ellen, fall into the error which has misled you in this instance. They sacrifice the real interests and improvement of their children to obtain the praises of the world, who generally judge only by outward

appearances. They have them superficially taught, or perhaps ruin their health by forcing too much study upon them, merely that they may early shine and be admired.”

“But papa is not the world: surely I may do all I can to obtain his praises?”

“You may, my dear, for he will not give them undeservedly. For instance, had you by too much confining Fanny to her alphabet, deprived her little countenance of one smile, or rendered study for ever disagreeable to her, do you think you would have obtained these wished-for praises?”

“No, mamma, but how hard it is, that when both my wishes were good, I should not be able to obtain them both.”

“ Say, rather, ‘ How unreasonable I was to form wishes incompatible with each other.’ ”

“ Oh, mamma, mamma, that is a word I shall never learn to use.”

“ The other day, Ellen, you were translating to me the fable of the Sportsman and his Dog. Do you recollect it ?”

“ Yes, mamma. The sportsman saw a snipe, and immediately after a brace of partridges, and endeavouring to aim at them all, he missed them all. Ah, I see, I see! You mean, that by trying for these two things, I should both have missed papa’s praise, and teaching my doll her letters.”

“ Yes, my dear, that is to say, your wishes were incompatible, or inconsistent with each other.”

“ To be sure, mamma; had this sportsman been wise, he would have aimed at whichever he thought the finer bird; but how shall I choose between two good motives?”

“ In a case like that before us, my love, the primary motive, that of teaching your doll the alphabet, should have been acted upon, in preference to the secondary motive, that of surprising your father; but in all cases where good and evil are concerned, you have a never-failing guide in your own conscience: of two motives you must choose the BETTER ONE.”

CHAP. IX.

PASSION.

“I HOPE you had a pleasant day at your aunt’s yesterday,” said Mrs. Harrington to her daughter, as they sat at work one morning.

“No, indeed, mamma, I was very unhappy; I was very naughty, very passionate. At dinner-time they gave my doll soup, fish, meat, pie, and I know not what besides. I dare say she was very hungry, mamma, for we had waited a long time for our dinner, and she kept eating and eating, till I was afraid she would be ill; so at last I said to my aunt, who was going to help her to some eel-pie—may she

have a little piece more chicken instead?' Charles, who sat next me, said, a little bit will not hurt her, Ellen; and Mary said, sure cousin, mamma knows best what she may eat. So I said no more, mamma, but could hardly help crying."

"My sister was much to blame," said Mrs. Harrington.

"Stay, mamma, stay: it was I; after dinner there was a great deal of fruit, and I thought they gave Fanny too much, but I said nothing, till some one handed her a large peach, which was the last upon the table: I thought it would hurt her, and besides I did not like to see such a little girl take it, as some grown person might have wished it; so I said: 'Do not take it love,' and she put down her hand directly, which she had reached out for

it. I heard Miss M. whisper to cousin Mary: she only wants it herself, and immediately Mary took up the basket, and handed it across the table to me. Oh, mamma, I was so angry! I took the peach, and threw it at Mary's head. The ladies and gentlemen clapped their hands, and cried 'Bravo!—A girl of spirit!' 'It serves you right, Mary,' said my uncle; 'how dare you insult your cousin in that manner:' but I, mamma, to have shewn my dear doll such an example, and then to think that she should hear me praised for it! Oh, I have not been happy since!"

"I am sorry, indeed, my child, that you should have given way to anger in such a manner, though I must own that you had great provocation. I will not say more upon the subject,

for I see that your own reflections have sufficiently punished you. I will but make two remarks to you upon this occurrence: you find, by your present regrets, that no circumstances can justify us to our own minds for doing wrong, however they may justify us in the eyes of other people; you see, too, how dangerous it must be to set too great a value upon the applauses of the world, since they may be obtained so unjustly."

CHAP. X.

THE PERPLEXITY.

ELLEN one day entered hastily her mother's dressing-room, and while her eyes flashed indignation, she cried: "Mamma, mamma, Fanny's mother

is a very bad woman — she is teaching my doll to tell lies !”

“ Avoid these strong expressions, my dear girl. Calm yourself, and tell me what you mean.”

“ Three or four weeks ago, mamma, when Mrs. Smith came to see Fanny, she brought her some sweet things : I do not know what they are called, but I have seen such in little shops, in glasses. I said to her : ‘ Do not bring Fanny those things again ; mamma says they are unwholesome.’ She answered, ‘ I will not bring them again, Miss, if you do not like her to eat them.’ Still, I thought she did not look pleased ; but you were out that day, mamma, and when you came home, I forgot to tell you about it. Mrs. Smith has been here this morning, you know, and just now, when I

took hold of Fanny's hand, it felt quite sticky : I said, ' What have you been eating ? ' she answered, ' Nothing, little mamma ; ' but she coloured, and then said : ' mother told me not to tell. ' Now, mamma, what is the use of all the pains I take to make my doll good and sincere, if her mother does these things ? ' Tears of vexation ran down Ellen's cheeks as she spoke.

" I am very much concerned indeed to hear this," said Mrs. Harrington.

" She must be a very wicked woman, mamma."

" No, my dear, we will not say that ; she wishes to please her child, and this is the best means that has occurred to her of doing so."

" But to tell her to deny the thing that was true : was not that teaching her to tell lies ? "

“Certainly, and very wrong; still as she is an ignorant woman, and has probably never reflected upon the importance of *habits* in forming the character, I should rather attribute her conduct to her ignorance, than to an intention of corrupting the morals of her own child, and I should rather pity her, than call her a wicked or a bad woman; let us not judge more harshly of each other, my Ellen, than God judges of us, and the motive is every thing with him.”

“But you will not allow Mrs. Smith to do this again, mamma.”

“No, certainly.”

“Then what will you do: will *you* forbid her to do it?”

“I fear that might increase the evil. She would perhaps only tell the child to be more careful in future:

thus she would also teach her to be *sly*."

"Then will you tell Fanny not to take sweet things from her mother."

"We should be sorry to tell a child that she must not do as her mother bids her; and again, the temptation might prove too strong for her to resist it, and then we should be the cause of her *disobeying* us."

"Then we must always watch them when they are together."

"My simple Ellen would be but a poor watch for a person who wished to deceive."

"Then she must not come."

"But have we a right to deprive a mother of the pleasure of seeing her child?"

"Then what shall be done mamma?" said Ellen, impatiently.

“ Indeed, my dear, at this moment I do not know.”

“ Not know, mamma ! Do *you* not know ? And who *can* know if *you* do not ?”

“ I said, I did not know at this moment ; but I must reflect upon the circumstance, and I may perhaps be able to devise some plan to remedy the evil.”

“ After all, mamma,” said Ellen after a pause, “ perhaps it will not happen again : let us think no more about it.”

“ Dear Ellen, there I see your impatient little spirit : because I cannot in one moment decide what is to be done, you would have the point at once given up.”

“ Well, mamma, I cannot bear to leave a thing unsettled.”

“ But do, my dear child, reflect, whether you ought not to endeavour to command a feeling which now in this instance would lead you to let an evil, that may seriously injure the morals of the child in whom you are so interested, continue, rather than wait in suspense till I can devise a means of remedying it.”

“ But I do not see, mamma, why you should be better able to think of a plan to-morrow, than to-day.”

“ It is not to be expected that a child like you *should* be able to conceive all the resources that the mind discovers by means of reflection; but at least you must learn to curb this hasty temper, and till you can reflect yourself, be content to await the result of the thoughts of other people.”

And indeed it was an evil, which,

for the sake both of her daughter and the little Fanny, called for Mrs. Harrington's best consideration, and difficult she found it to devise a plan for separating the mother and child, without hurting the feelings of the one, or injuring the interests of the other. Accident, however, which often befriends us, when our reflections, and even exertions are unavailing, came to her assistance in this perplexity. A particular friend of hers in London, wrote to beg her to send her from the country, a clever young woman as lady's maid, offering for any one whom she could fully recommend, a very liberal salary. Mrs. Smith, who since the death of her husband had supported herself by washing, had several times been laid up with the fatigue of this laborious occupation. Mrs. Harring-

ton thought that the good woman's mistaken notions of education could not be of consequence to a lady who had no children, and she offered the situation to Mrs. Smith, who, knowing in what good hands she should leave her child, joyfully accepted the proposal, and was soon settled entirely to her satisfaction.

“However, mamma,” said Ellen, “this was not entirely the result of your reflections.”

“True, my dear; but will you give me no credit for taking advantage of circumstances, and bending them to my wishes?”

CHAP. XI.

THE BROTHER.

“ I HAVE good news for Ellen,” said Mrs. Harrington, entering with a letter in her hand.

Ellen started from her seat.

“ Clarence is coming home,”

Ellen sat down again.

“ Why Ellen, I expected to see some of your *ecstacies*.”

“ No, mamma, he will tease my live doll ; he will hurt her, and spoil all her playthings. I do not want him at all.”

“ I should be sorry indeed, if his boyish pranks, which I know have often tormented you very much, should

have really lessened your affection for him."

"Oh, mamma, I love and admire my brother very much. I remember how candidly he used to own his faults to you : how generously he bore my uncle's anger, though he knew it was Charles that had spoiled the poney ; how kindly he forgave me for breaking his microscope ; and how sensibly he used to talk to you and papa of things which I did not understand. Oh, I should rejoice to see him, if it were not for my doll."

"But since you remember so many of his good qualities, pray let me hear what are the faults or habits you seem so to dread."

"Why, mamma, he would give me me a pinch just to see how I could bear pain ; he would pull any play-

thing of mine to pieces directly, if he wanted to see how it was made, or if he happened to want any part of it for his turning machinery, as he used to call it; then he would drag me into the garden, and make me be his horse; and then his botanizing! last year—nothing but botanizing! I must go out with him every morning before breakfast, and help him to pick all kinds of plants, scratching my hands with briars, wetting my feet in the marshes; and then all my books were spoiled with dead leaves, and all my drawers filled with earwigs.”

“ Well, my dear, I can venture to promise you for your comfort, that the rage for botany will not have lived a twelvemonth. Depend upon it, we shall hear no more of botanizing.”

“ Oh, there will be something else.

Once it was the microscope, and all my little china cups and saucers were filled with water and leaves, that he might see the different animalculæ which belonged to each plant. Some were broken, some were lost, and he would never suffer me to touch them till he went to school."

"These are heavy charges indeed; but as for little Fanny, she was here when he was last at home, and I do not recollect hearing any complaints."

"She was almost a baby then, you know, mamma, and he took very little notice of her; but now that she walks out with us without a servant, and that she can understand what is said to her, and play as well as any of us, I know he will delight in tormenting her."

"However," said Mrs. Harrington,

“let us not anticipate evil; he is a twelvemonth older, and perhaps we shall find him a twelvemonth wiser.”

CHAP. XII.

THE STINGING-NETTLES.

CLARANCE arrived, and Ellen reproached herself for the injustice she had been guilty of towards him, for he took a *liking* to the live doll. He made chairs, and tables, and bedsteads for her baby-house; he put her little garden in order, and loaded her with flowers whenever they walked out. He would sit for hours with Fanny on his knee, amusing her with stories; and as he was some years older than

Ellen, he was more aware than she was, of the sort of anecdotes which would interest the child, and the kind of language which would be intelligible to her. Beauty and innocence well may find their way to the heart even of a boy.

Clarence, however, was but a boy. One evening they all set out for a walk; Ellen and Fanny, hand in hand, walked their mother's pace, while Clarence bounded over the fences, leaped the ditches, and sought the difficulties which boys delight to conquer.

Suddenly he ran back to his party, and seizing Fanny by the arm, he said,

“Run up that bank, you little thing, and you will see something so pretty!”

The child complied; but before she had half reached the top of the bank, she turned round, crying out, evidently in great pain, “ Oh, something hurts, something hurts my legs !”

Mrs. Harrington and Ellen hastened to her, and found her in the midst of a bed of stinging-nettles, her little legs covered with white lumps. Clarence stood laughing, and enjoying his sister's distress.

“ Clarence Harrington,” said his mother, in great displeasure, as she carried the child towards a cottage at the end of the field, “ is it possible that you could wilfully put an innocent child to so much suffering ?”

“ Oh, mamma, it was so droll to see her standing on the bank, with her naked legs, and nettles before, and nettles behind !”

“ If I did not know you to be thoughtless and mischievous, Clarry, I should suspect from this one instance that you had a bad heart.”

“ Dear mother! why now you shall see me take a whole handful,” and as he spoke, he clenched three or four nettle-plants in his hand.

“ You know perfectly well, sir, that what you induced the dear child to do, is quite a different thing. See how she has drawn the blood with her nails, and look how her legs even to the knees are swelled and inflamed !”

They arrived at the cottage, and an application of sweet-oil soon allayed both the pain and irritation. Clarence stood by, and his silence proved the inward workings of his better nature, but pride for a time was triumphant,

and one who observed less than his mother, might have thought him sulky.

At last he said : “ Ellen,—mother, forgive me ; I am sorry I hurt you, you little dear,” and as the innocent child put up her mouth to kiss him, his mother saw him brush away a tear.

“ If you are sorry, my dear boy,” said Mrs. Harrington, who did not wish the punishment to exceed the offence, “ let us think no more about it. Only let this be a warning to you, never to indulge in the cruel amusement of giving pain.”

The good woman of the cottage undertook to carry home the little girl, lest walking should still farther inflame her legs, and Ellen was too

anxious about her doll to wish to pursue her walk : they therefore all returned towards home.

CHAP. XIII.

COURAGE AND FORTITUDE.

“ BUT, Clarry,” said Ellen—and they were the first words she had uttered since the misfortune ; for, equally grieved for her favorite, and fearful of increasing her mother’s displeasure, against her brother, she had stifled her feelings till the reconciliation was completed—

“ But, Clarry, how was it that you did not sting your hands ?”

Mrs. Harrington explained, that from the singular structure of the nettle, a sudden compression prevents the poisonous liquid, from issuing out of its cell or bag.

“How very curious,” said Ellen.

“Try yourself, sister,” said Clarence, pointing to the bank.

“No, I thank you,” said Ellen, drawing back : “I am afraid.”

“Afraid ! What a coward you are, Ellen !”

“I do not think it is cowardly to wish to avoid giving myself unnecessary pain ; do you, mamma ?”

“No, my dear, it is only prudent.”

“Why now, mother, I dare say you would have laughed at *me*, for being afraid of doing anything which another had done, merely from the fear of a little pain.”

“Very likely I might: in many respects, you will find me treat you and your sister differently. One great object of education ought to be, that of exercising young people in those qualities which promise to be the most useful to them when grown up. Courage is one of the first qualities requisite for forming the manly character. Men have often, not only to brave danger, but even to seek it. Their success in life, the opinion which the world will form of them, and consequently great part of their happiness, may depend upon the degree in which they possess this quality. It ought, therefore, to be encouraged from the earliest infancy of the future man. We women, on the contrary, destined by nature for a more retired life, are seldom called

upon for exertions of active *courage*. A more passive quality called *fortitude*, which enables us to bear with firmness, and without repining, the many evils of life, is the virtue which, of all others, perhaps, ought most carefully to be cultivated in us."

"But, how can Ellen even learn fortitude, if she keeps out of the way of all pain?"

"Alas! my dear boy, there is no fear but the natural course of events will furnish us with sufficient exercise for our patience and fortitude. Even now your sister is giving proof that she possesses this quality. In endeavouring to keep the nettles from Fanny's legs, till I could lift her from the bank, she stung her arms in several places: have you heard her complain?"

“No,” said Clarence, embracing his sister, “she *has* fortitude and affection too, for I know *why* she did not complain: she would not add to your displeasure against me. I recollect too, how much better she bore pain and confinement than I did, when the careless servant, a long time ago, overturned the boiling-kettle, and scalded our feet.”

“Yet, even then, Clarry,” said Ellen, “you had more courage than I; for mamma could not persuade me for a long time, to let my stocking be taken off, but you said: well, if it must be done, here goes, and you drew yours off with your own hands.”

“I am glad it is so settled between us,” said Clarence, laughing. “We men have the active voice, *to do*, and leave you the passive one, *to suffer*.”

CHAP. XIV.

THE CURLY HAIR.

“WHAT is the reason, Ellen, that for some days past your doll’s hair has looked so ill: you used to take so much pleasure in combing it, and twisting the golden curls round your finger. How is it that you have so neglected it lately?”

“Mamma, I—I—I do not want my doll to look pretty.”

“My dear child, what can be passing in your little mind? You, who used to be so proud of the beauty of your doll!”

“ Yes, mamma ; but I see nobody will love *me*, if she is so pretty.”

“ Tell me, my sweet child, who or what can have put these thoughts into your mind. Do not be afraid, but tell me all you feel, and all you think. It was something that happened at your aunt's, the other day.”

“ Yes, mamma.”

“ I have seen ever since that you had something upon your spirits, but I waited in the hope that you would speak of it to me, as you did once before.”

“ Mamma, I know not how it is ; I have done nothing wrong now that I know of, yet I am more ashamed to tell you my thoughts now, than I was to tell you my bad conduct then.”

“ I can believe and account for that, my dear, but whatever may be your dislike to tell me, or to examine your

feelings, your future happiness depends upon your doing it : you must put yourself to that pain, if you desire to be good and happy."

" I will try to tell you, dear mamma. There was a great party at my aunt's, and when we went into the drawing-room, the gentlemen and ladies said, ' So this is the live doll, and this is the doll's mamma,' and then shook hands with me, and kissed my doll, and stroked her curly hair, and praised her blue eyes and her rosy cheeks, and I was quite pleased that they liked her. But presently I heard a lady say to my aunt ; the little mamma is pretty too, and my aunt said ; Yes, interesting ; but not to be compared with the other child : and another lady said ; Oh, dear, No : no one can look at her while the little one

is by. Dear mamma, all on a sudden I felt as if I wished that you had never given me a live doll. I felt that she would take every one's love away from me, and all day it seemed to me, that no one spoke to me, while they kissed and played with Fanny, and praised every word she said. Ever since, I have been unhappy. Is it my fault if I am not so pretty as she is? Why then should she be caressed, and I neglected?"

“ My dear child, be thankful that you have had resolution to own to me a feeling, the most dangerous for your peace, that could have entered your mind. The baleful passion of envy would else have taken root in your breast, my Ellen; it would have made you most wretched, most miserable; it would have made you hate — yes,

hate, the innocent child, for whose happiness you are responsible.”

“ Oh, mamma, can I be so wicked ? ”

“ No, my dear child, let me reconcile you to yourself. Bad feelings may enter into every mind, but never will they rest in one, which has strength and nobleness enough to define and avow them. You did not know before then, Ellen, that your doll was prettier than yourself.”

“ Dear mamma, I had never thought about it.”

“ No, because you had never heard a comparison made between you : you had considered your doll as your own, as your property, and you were flattered by the praises bestowed upon her, as you would have been, if they had praised your Indian cabinet, or your new book.”

“ Yes, dear mamma.”

“ Continue in the same mode of thinking, my dear child, for it is the true one. The virtues and acquirements of Fanny, and every charm which neatness, cleanliness, and attention to manners can give, will be your work, and you may fairly pride yourself upon them. None but silly people, people whose good opinion you must not be over-anxious to preserve, will love or admire any one merely for possessing a pretty face, or will make a comparison between you and your doll, any more than they would between you and me. If either of these ladies had said that I was handsomer than you, it surely would not have given you this unpleasant feeling towards me ?”

“ Oh, no, mamma.”

“Nor, if they had praised any particular quality in me?”

“No, mamma, I should only have wished to imitate you, and acquire that quality; but you know I might wish and wish, and I could never make myself pretty: this is what makes me more unhappy than anything, to think that one person should be more beloved than another, for a thing which they have no merit in at all: it is very unjust.”

“True; and it is also true, that none but those unthinking persons, whom I have often told you, you must now and then meet with in the world, are so unjust as to love or value any one merely for personal beauty. There is, however, something so engaging in a beautiful countenance, that the wisest of us are apt to feel an involun-

tary interest in those who possess it, and you ought to rejoice that your little favorite enjoys this advantage. For you, my Ellen, fear not, but the frankness and intelligence of your countenance will be a passport to the good opinion of all sensible persons. Seek to be esteemed for your own good qualities, and let your doll be beloved for hers. While I love you both, and know not which is the more estimable of you, I think you as different in character as two little persons can be. She is the most timid, the meekest, the gentlest of all creatures: you are spirited, frank, and energetic. Between such qualities no proper comparison can be made; but by associating together, I hope each of you will improve the other. You will learn to imitate her gentle-

ness of manner, and she will acquire energy of character from her lively mamma. Dear Ellen, have I reconciled you to yourself, and can you love your live doll again?"

"Yes, dear mamma, I will love her twenty times more than ever, to recompence her for having for a moment been unjust to her."

CHAP. XV.

THE WORLD.

"I WONDER very much, mother," said Clarence, who had been studying in a corner, but who had listened with great attention and approbation to his sister's candid confession: "I wonder

very much, that you allow Ellen to go to my aunt's ; she is sure to be made uncomfortable there."

" I have been thinking of it myself, Clarence, and if your sister is willing, for the sake of avoiding these discomforts, to renounce the pleasure she may now and then enjoy there, I will refuse for her any future invitation."

" I have often heard you say, mother, that my cousins are ill-educated, and that you think my aunt is not very choice in the selection of her friends and acquaintance ; why then have you ever suffered Ellen to visit there ?"

" If your sister, my dear, were to remain all her life in my house, with no other companions than your father and myself, I should wish to keep her from the very knowledge of evil ; but since this is not the case, since she

must hereafter mix with a world, where she will inevitably find the thoughtless, the unamiable, and even the wicked, I think it right now and then, to let her see such characters, that she may learn to bear with them, and to avoid their errors."

"Still I cannot think that it is good for her to hear such remarks as those of my aunt and her friends."

"In this instance, certainly, the trial was too great for her: it gave rise to feelings in her breast, to which I could have wished a child of mine to be forever a stranger; but I could not have supposed that your aunt would have been so thoughtless: all I foresaw was, that it might be useful to Ellen to sometimes witness the ill consequences of children's not being early taught to command themselves, and

to mix now and then with that kind of society of which the world is formed.”

“ And could she not learn these things as well, by your describing them to her ?”

“ No : it is the order of nature that we should *buy* our experience, and so important have we thought it for you, my son, early to learn to mix with the bad, without being contaminated by their example, to stem the torrent of public opinion, to be careful in forming friendships, and stedfast in adhering to an honourable line of conduct, that we placed you, even at nine years of age, in a little world — a public school. A public school calls forth and exercises all the virtues which are important to the man : there are temptations to resist, prejudices to

combat, a character to form ; and believe me, my dear boy, the line of conduct which you adopt while at school, you will probably pursue hereafter, upon the great theatre of the world. When your father heard of your withstanding the earnest solicitations of your companions, to join them in robbing Lord P.'s orchard, he said to me, ' Our Clarence has a noble soul ; he will never be persuaded to do an act in itself dishonourable.' When he was told of your apologising to young Simpson, because you felt yourself in the wrong, though the day before you had fought a great boy who had insulted you, he said, ' Clarence is not a coward ; he will know how to defend his honour, but he will never be a hot-headed duellist.' I could mention many other advantages

of a school education, particularly its operating as a preventive of that timidity and false shame, which are generally felt by young men of retired habits on their first entering into life, and which, from the general character of society, constitute a greater bar to a man's advancement and happiness, than any qualities not affecting the moral character ought to be."

"And would not all these advantages apply equally to Ellen, mamma?"

"I think not, my dear. Women, who in their future lives are less exposed than men, have less need in their youth of such exercises as I have been describing, and I have therefore thought that I might, without endangering Ellen's welfare or happiness, have the pleasure of keeping her al-

ways with me, her education furnishing me with employment, and her company reconciling me to the frequent absences of your father on business."

"But, mamma," said Ellen, who was delighted to find that she began to understand the conversations of her mother and brother, "*must* Clarence be so exposed when he grows up? Why could he not always live here quietly with us?"

"My dear, he *must* have a profession, and in order to pursue it, he *must* be separated, at least for a time, from all who could guide or protect him. Let us consider a little. Suppose he should wish to enter the army or navy: half the world might then separate us; and what a school of vice and folly would he enter! Should

either of the learned professions be his choice, then he must go to college, becoming in one moment his own master, and launching instantly into an ocean of pleasures, dangers, and temptations! Should he decide for a commercial life, the dangers of a great city are perhaps greater than any that I have yet mentioned."

"You, my Ellen, have not all that I have described to dread. It is to be hoped that you will never find yourself without a protector and guide: still there are dangers which an occasional intercourse with the world, while you are a child, may teach you to avoid, when a woman."

"Mamma," said Ellen, "I wish that I could always be a child, or always be with you, that I might not have to resist this bad world."

“And I,” said Clarence, “I wish that I was already a man, that I might have it to resist, and to conquer.”

CHAP. XVI.

CHEMISTRY.

As Mrs. Harrington had predicted, botany had had its day: the microscope too was laid aside; but, as Ellen had foreseen, they were replaced by a new pursuit. Chemistry was now the rage: Clarence was mad after experiments.

Mrs. Harrington was excessively vexed at this new fancy of her son's. Besides that it was dangerous to himself, she had a womanish dread of gun-

powder, and fulminating balls ; and she was in terror lest Fanny should get at any of his burning or poisonous liquids. Still she was very anxious not to impose too many restraints upon her son, particularly in his amusements. She wished him to learn to govern himself, which those never do, who are held by others with too tight a rein. She reflected how many boys, naturally well disposed, have, by unnecessary restraints, been driven to open rebellion ; above all, she hoped that, by allowing him for a time to enjoy in full liberty his new hobby, it would the sooner wear itself out.

The children were strictly forbidden to enter the kitchen, where alone there was a fire at this time of the year ; but at Clarence's earnest entreaty,

Mrs. Harrington now and then had one lighted for him, in a room which had been Fanny's nursery, but was now the general play-room. Here, surrounded by retorts and crucibles, acids and alkalis, metals and gases, Clarence was in his glory, and thought not how often his poor mother started in real terror or astonishment, at the thick smoke, horrid smell, or sudden explosion which he was so delighted at having occasioned.

He had burned a new coat so that it was impossible for him again to wear it; he had set the chimney on fire, and broken various panes of glass, and Mrs. Harrington began to think that it was time to put an end to this expensive and dangerous amusement; but she waited to consult with his father upon it. One day, contrary to

his usual custom of employing the little girls in the more humble departments of his occupation, such as mixing his ingredients, washing his glasses, &c., he would not suffer them to enter the room where he was at work. This prohibition only heightened Ellen's curiosity to see what he was about ; and at last, as if tired of her importunities, he opened the door. Ellen ran to the table, but he cried out to Fanny, "See, Fanny, see ; you are going to tread upon a spider : throw it out of window, will you, love?" The child stooped, but the moment she pressed the pretended spider, it shivered into atoms, with an explosion, louder certainly than Clarence had foreseen. The fearful child spoke not, screamed not, but turned very

pale, and fainted in Ellen's arms, who was just in time to catch her.

“She is dead, she is dead!” cried Ellen, in excessive terror, and Mrs. Harrington who was soon brought up stairs by her cries, had more difficulty in calming her daughter's spirits, than in recovering the child, who, with the assistance of cold water and air, soon opened her eyes.

But where was Clarence? He had disappeared, and no one could give any information respecting him. Mrs. Harrington thought that he must have run to the village for the apothecary, but a man who chanced to be painting the gate, was sure he had not passed that way.

At length, after an hour's search, he was found in an agony of tears, sitting

behind the door of a little tool-house in the garden.

“Clarence,” said his mother, “do not think that I am going to upbraid you : you would be unworthy of my regard, if your conscience did not suggest to you more than all I could say ; you, who, for a moment’s gratification, and that a cruel one, have risked the life of this dear child. But how could you have the added cruelty to *leave* a child in such a state : why did you not assist in supporting and recovering her ? But you were anxious to hide yourself and your regrets from every eye. You, who are so fearless of danger, so careless of unmerited reproach, you hid yourself from the light of the sun, when you were ashamed of your own conduct.—‘ Thus

conscience does make cowards of us all.' ”

CHAP. XVII.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

OUR history draws nigh to a conclusion. And why, for Fanny is yet but six years old! You expected, my young readers, to follow her through the course of her education, to see her an accomplished girl, and then an amiable woman. So we hope, so we expect for ourselves and for our friends. Vain hopes, presumptuous expectations, which a breath of air may destroy!

Mrs. Harrington had promised that when Fanny had entered her seventh year, she should begin to take regular

lessons of all Ellen's masters, and both Ellen and the live doll looked forward with more than usual impatience to the approaching birth-day. It happened about this time, that Mrs. Smith, who had conducted herself very much to her mistress's satisfaction, obtained leave to visit, for a few weeks, her friends in the country. She was delighted with the growth and improvement of her little daughter, and so proud of shewing her to her friends, that she would go no where without her. It was in vain that Mrs. Harrington represented, that the child had not been accustomed to much fatigue, to being out in a hot sun, or in the night air: the mother was sure it could not hurt her, and she was taken to every acquaintance and every relation of her mother's, in St. Albans, and

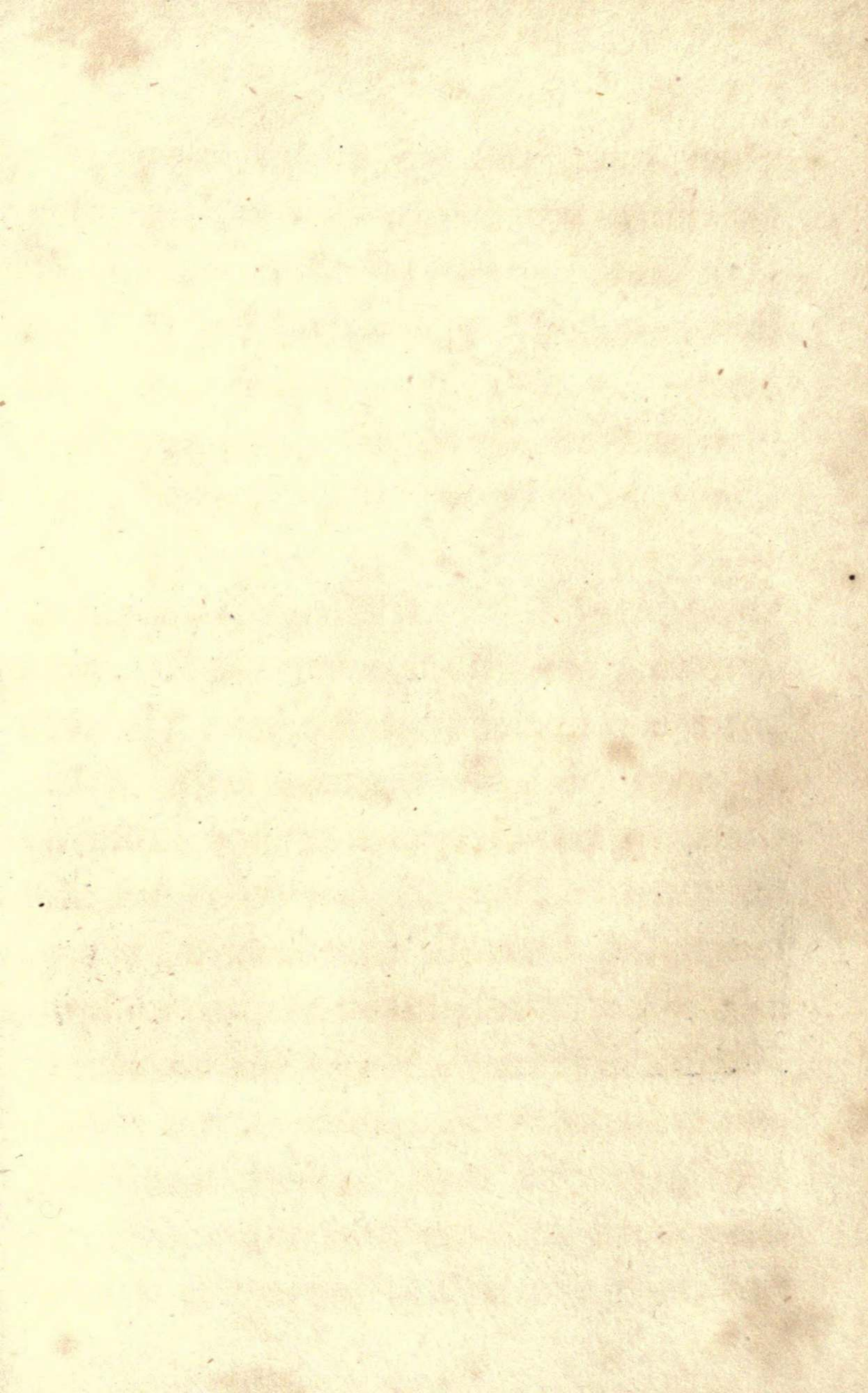
within six miles around it : the consequence was, that she caught cold and contracted a violent cough. In this state the imprudent mother insisted upon taking her to a Fair at about four miles distance : — the air, she said, would do her good, and the scene would amuse her ; and she could carry her home. She *did* carry her home, but it was through a heavy rain, and she was herself uneasy at the heat of the child's skin, and at the oppression which she seemed to have upon her chest.

CHAP. XVIII.

What should we hope or look for then,
From creatures earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

Mrs. Harrington was more uneasy than she chose to express. The child passed a restless night, and appeared so ill in the morning, that Mrs. Harrington sent for the apothecary: he was of opinion that there was a considerable degree of inflammation on the lungs, and ordered leeches, blisters, and a warm bath. Mrs. Harrington, greatly alarmed, sent instantly for Dr. B., the first physician at St. Albans. He approved of all that had

been done, but spoke in so vague a manner, when questioned by Mrs. Harrington, as to whether he thought the dear child in any danger, that her mind was full of apprehension. Towards evening, every bad symptom increased; Fanny's head wandered, and it was with difficulty that she was kept in bed. It was a great consolation to poor Ellen, that as this was not a communicative disease, she was allowed to pass a great part of her time, in the chamber of her suffering favorite. Mrs. Harrington did not leave the bedside till towards morning, when the child sank into a slumber of several hours. On awaking, she was perfectly sensible, and seeing Ellen, who had just been admitted, she said: "Dear little mamma, do not cry: I shall get better, or I shall





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THE DEATH-BED.

go and be an angel in heaven; but, if God pleases to let me live, I would rather stay with you, and love you more and more every day." Ellen, while her tears flowed faster, felt sure that as her doll knew her, and could speak to her, she must be better. Fanny's mother, and the servant who was in attendance, were delighted to hear the dear child speak sensibly again. Mrs. Harrington, though there were symptoms which she did not understand or like, could not help indulging the same hopes; but the physician, as soon as he saw her, destroyed them all, and did not attempt to conceal from Mrs. Harrington, and the mother, that a mortification had taken place, and that a few hours must terminate their suspense fatally. Bark, port-wine, and even brandy were admi-

nistered, in the faint hope of stopping the progress of the mortification; but in the afternoon, the little cherub entered a world better suited to her lovely spirit.

CHAP. XIX.

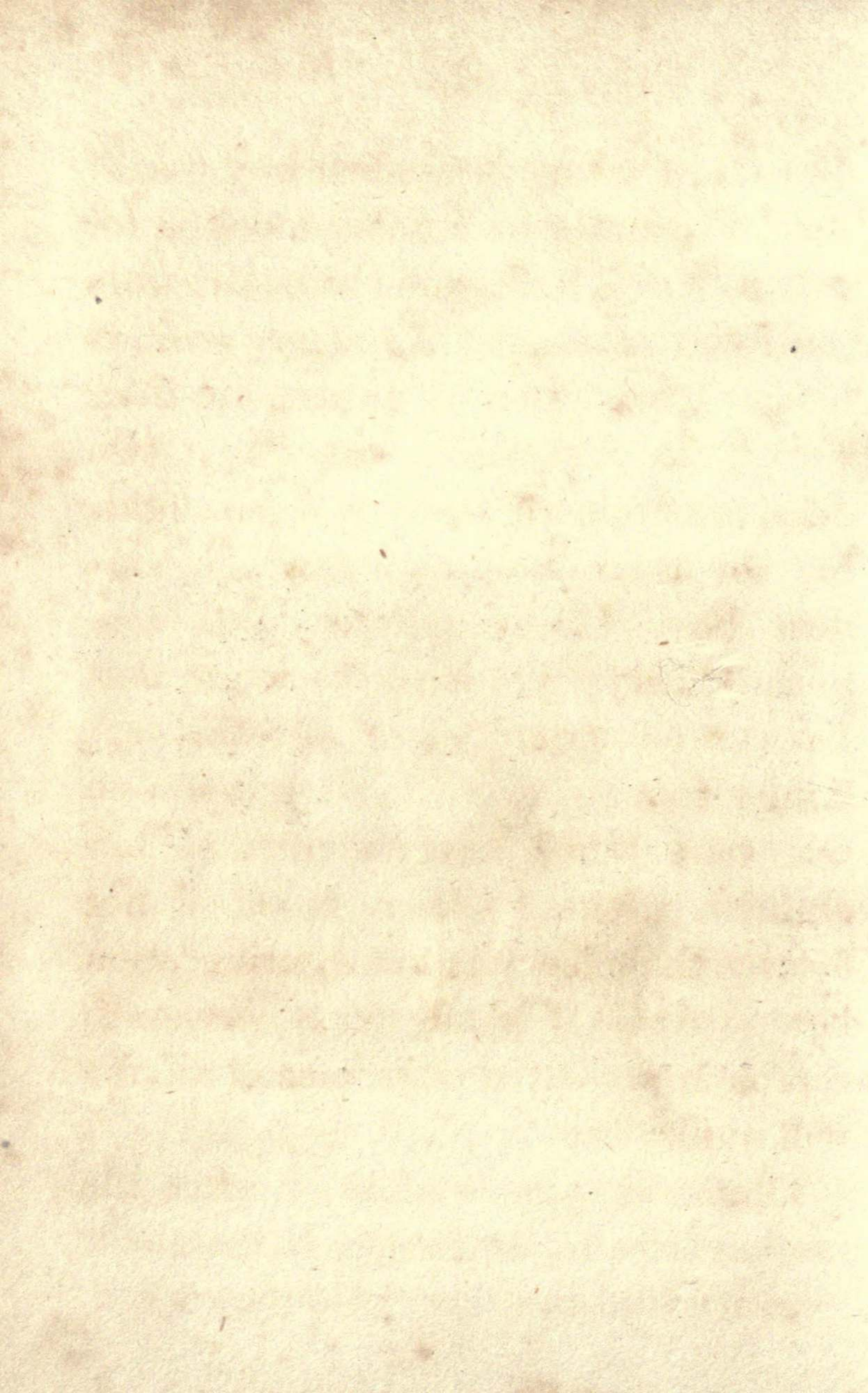
THE REGRETS.

MR. Harrington was greatly affected to see the distress of his wife, on this sad occasion, and anxious to save her the melancholy office of communicating to Ellen the termination of all her hopes and childish pleasures, he led his daughter into his study, and sent Clarence down into the parlour to endeavour to console his mother.



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THE REGRET.



“ Oh, Clarence, my dear boy,” said she, “ I cannot bear this unlooked for affliction ! I have suffered before from the hand of death : I lost my parents just as I was able to appreciate their worth, to feel their loss : my two dear, affectionate brothers fell in fighting for their country : one son, one dear boy, I lost before you were born, Clarry ; yet it seems to me that I never felt grief before, for this calamity touches my Ellen’s happiness. Oh, that I had never yielded to her childish wishes ! How could I not foresee the misery it would bring upon her ! Alas ! I shall never cease to reproach myself as the cause of all she will suffer.”

Clarence, who had ever seen his mother so calm, so gentle, so resigned, in every trial that had fallen upon her,

was quite overcome by the sight of her present grief, and unable to utter a word ; but he took down from the bookcase a little book, (it was *Rasselas*) and put it into her hand, at the same time pointing to the following passage — the answer of Imlac to Nekeyah's self-reproaches on the loss of Pekuah : “ Great princess, do not reproach yourself for your virtue, or consider that as blameable by which evil has accidentally been caused. This, at least, is the present reward of virtuous conduct, that no unfortunate consequence can oblige us to repent it.”

“ Thank you, my dear son,” said Mrs. Harrington, I hold myself re-proved. True, indeed, what I did was from the best motive. I thought to secure to your sister a plaything

for her early days, a companion for her youth, and a friend for her riper years. The Almighty has decreed otherwise, and, doubtless, for the wisest purposes, has subjected my Ellen, even at the early age of fourteen, to a trial, which many of us may pass a long life without undergoing. But at least, let me not shew her the example of an ungoverned sorrow. Read the Bible, dear Clarence, and read to me."

CHAP. XXI.

CONCLUSION.

THE grief of Ellen was at first so violent, that her friends feared for her health and reason. She earnestly entreated to be allowed to see her favourite once more, but Mrs. Harrington, fearful lest the first sight of death, and that in the altered features of one she had loved so well, might make too deep an impression on the tender mind of her daughter, promised, if she would relinquish this request, that she should follow the remains of her darling to their last repose. Mrs. Harrington wisely judged, that this

scene, however distressing, would carry its consolation with it, and Ellen, most anxious to perform this last duty, acquiesced in her mother's wishes. She and her brother, as chief mourners, with the mother, Mr. Harrington, and several of his friends, followed the regretted infant to the grave.

Here Ellen received a lesson, which in the course of her future life was never forgotten: she saw, that neither youth nor beauty, nor even goodness, can save from the hand of the great destroyer; she reflected how erroneously we act, when we set our hearts too intensely upon an object of which a few hours may deprive us: she considered that nothing can be truly valuable in this life, but as it tends to prepare us for a better—for that bless-

ed world where we shall meet again our departed friends, to be separated from them no more.

The following day Ellen accompanied her parents to the sea-side, where they hoped that the change of air and scene might re-establish their daughter's health and spirits. Time, the consolations of religion, and the discourses of her good mother, by degrees restored the mind of Ellen to its wonted cheerfulness ; but she ever retained a tender remembrance of her departed favourite, while the experience she had acquired by means of her doll, the reflections which the wish to educate her well had excited, and the great exertions which, for the sake of example, she had made to conquer her own faults, were of lasting benefit to her ; and even when she became a

woman, when she was married and had a family of her own, she never could speak without tears, of her *first child*, her *Live Doll*.





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