

A young girl with curly brown hair is hanging from a blue rope on a wooden playground structure. She is looking down and to the left. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with green foliage and a body of water.

***AUNT
FANNY***

***MORE MITTENS;
WITH THE DOLL'S
WEDDING AND
OTHER STORIES***

Aunt Fanny

More Mittens; with The Doll's Wedding and Other Stories

Being the third book of the series

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A LETTER

FROM AUNT FANNY.

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MY DARLING CHILDREN:

I wrote these stories, as I have already told you, some years ago, and took a great deal of pains with them. I called them "Life Among the Children;" when, lo and behold! somebody else had written a book with the very same name, but very different stories, and I never knew one word about it.

You may believe how sorry I was to take this pretty title when it belonged to another; and I was very thankful that I could get at the printer and have it changed.

What do you think of "The Doll's Wedding" for a name? I like it very much, because "Lily," whose dolls were married, is one of my particular pets; and what I have related, took place precisely as you read it. Lily is a funny darling; she had a "doll's regatta" once, and I do believe, in my next book, I will tell you all about it.

Meanwhile, if you will only laugh and grow fat as Lily does, and above all, try to be good and lovely as Maggie the Child Heroine is, I will write stories to interest you until my fingers feel as if they were all thumbs; for that is just how they *do* feel when they are very tired.

I wish I knew you all. I believe about three hundred children call me "Aunt Fanny" now, but I have room in my heart for *ever, ever* so many more. You see I have a patent

elastic heart; and when you would think it was so crowded that a small doll could not squeeze in, if you only try, you would find there was plenty of room for *one more*, and that one would be you.

I wish good Mr. Somebody would make a telescope on purpose for me, powerful enough to see all the darling children at once. Fancy how perfectly delightful to see every little innocent child in the world with one eye!

Oh! that thought has quite upset me, laughing and thinking about it. So many little smiling faces at once—a great deal better than staring at the man in the moon, who has no expression at all worth talking about.

When I get it I will invite you all to come and take a peep at yourselves.

Good-by! I blow you a hundred kisses; and I hope the breeze is fair, so you will get them all safe and warm from your loving

AUNT FANNY.

THE DOLL'S WEDDING.

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ONE day, Alice came home from school, and opening her drawer, to put away her things, she saw a letter lying on the very top of a pile of pantalets.

"Why, who can this be for?" said she, in a tone of delighted surprise. "Is it for me, mamma?"

"Yes," said her mother, "and it is sealed up so tight, that I expect it is of the greatest importance; perhaps from the President of the United States, requesting you to come to Washington immediately, to dine with him."

"Dear me, how delightful!" exclaimed Alice. "I like getting a letter, it's so very *oldy*, you know—just like grown people; did you pay the postman?" and in her impatience and excitement, she tore the envelope all to pieces. "Now read it, mamma, please," and then she began to jump up and down, and ended by turning a summerset on the bed.

Her mother laughed, and said: "If that is the way you are going to behave, when you go to see the President, I think he will be slightly astonished; but let us see, first, if he wrote it," and she read thus:—

"DEAR ALICE—

"My doll is to be married on next Friday, at two o'clock; and I should be very happy to see you, and as many dolls as you can bring.

"Yours, truly,

LILY.

"WEDNESDAY, Oct. 20th, 1858."

"Isn't it too nice!" cried Alice, with a joyful little scream. "A wedding!" and she bounced into a rocking-chair, and nearly tipped over backwards. "Dear me! what a *leany*-back chair! I very nearly upset. I'll take Anna with me; but she must have a new dress immediately—and a hoop petticoat; and, oh, mamma! her hands are all to pieces; the cotton is sticking out in every direction; can't you buy her a new pair?

these old brown ones will never do to go to a wedding. Oh, dear! I am so glad," she continued, clapping her hands, "I won't have any trouble with her hair, because it is made of china, and I need not put it up in curl-papers, as I did that poor old thing's in the corner, staring at me so crossly, just because I cut her nose off: she can't go to the wedding; she would frighten the bride into fits."

And now Alice ran off, and coaxed her sister, who was the very best sister in the whole world, or any where else, to make Anna a dress, grand enough for the occasion; and, thereupon, commenced a great rummaging in the rag-bag, and among their mother's stock of old ribbons; and in a short time Anna was made to look perfectly beautiful. The hoop petticoat gave her an appearance extremely like a balloon; and she had to sit down very carefully, to prevent it from going up in the air, and almost over her head.

When Friday came, it rained; and Alice's sister very kindly went to see if the wedding would come off, rain or shine. She came back with the information, that it would not take place if it rained; the ceremony would be postponed to the first fair day—a mode of proceeding rather unusual, but, I think, very sensible; and, I have no doubt, that *real live* people would be very glad to do the same; for some find it difficult to feel very happy when the rain is pouring down from the great black clouds.

Alice waited impatiently until Saturday. At first it was cloudy; but towards twelve o'clock the sun shone bright and warm, and Alice and her doll were soon dressed; the first, all smiles, doing every thing with a hop, skip and jump; while Miss Anna, whose heart, if she had any, was as hard, no

doubt, as her china head, kept the same prinking smile on her face, as she was violently twisted and twitched about, and pins run into her in all directions; not to speak of her being thrown so hastily on the bed, while Alice was having her bonnet tied and her gloves put on, that she fell over on the top of her head, and remained in this painful position a quarter of an hour.

And now, all was ready, and kissing every body, even the cat, for "good-bye," Alice set out, with her sister and Miss Anna, for the scene of the festivities.

When they arrived, they found they were the very first, and were received with great ceremony by Lily.

"Dear me, Alice," she said, "we were obliged to have the ceremony yesterday, for so many little girls came we did not like to disappoint them; but there is to be a reception to-day."

"A reception! what's that?" said Alice.

"Why, the bride will see all her friends. I will tell you about the ceremony that took place yesterday, then you will know every thing. Shall I?"

"Oh, do!" cried Alice; "have it over again, can't you?"

"Oh, no! that would not do," said Lily. "Well, we put the bride and groom in the middle-room, leaning against the door; and, as the minister could not stand up alone, I tied him fast to a chair; he did not speak loud: so it was a kind of tableau."

"Oh!" said Alice, "what's that?"

"Why, like a picture, my dear;" said Lily, who was two years older than Alice, and of course knew a great deal more. She made all her explanations with sweetness and

good-nature. She did not say, "Pooh! don't you know that?—what a goose!" as some children do. She had been taught true politeness by her dear mother, and every one who knew Lily loved her dearly.

"Just think, Alice," said Lily, "when the doors were opened, every body burst out laughing at the groom. Now, please don't you make a face or laugh;" and Lily opened the door leading into the reception-room, and Alice and her sister burst out laughing, too,—they could not help it; for—though the bride was a splendid lady, with a tarlatan dress and thread-lace veil—the groom—who was no less than the Count de Morny—was a knit-worsted doll, most dismal to behold. His brown-worsted wig not being finished on the top, he had to keep his cap on before all the ladies. His eyes were made of steel beads, sewed close together; one was perfect, but half of the beads had dropped out of the other, making him look as if he were winking at the company. He wore white-worsted mittens, black pantaloons, and a fiery red jacket. His nose was made by sewing the middle of his face into a hard knot, and it was a nose of a shape never before seen on this earth: and, altogether, the poor Count de Morny looked very much like a monkey with the toothache; and must have known it, for he hung his head as if he were ashamed of himself.

And now Lily set up the count and his bride on the sofa, with the minister on her other side—all, in great state and dignity, ready to receive the company.

They arrived very fast; and, before long, fourteen little girls, and three little boys—the only live gentlemen of the party,—and about twenty dolls were assembled.

When they were ushered into the reception-room, and saw the comical-looking groom, there was such a peal of merry, childish laughter that you would have thought the room was full of singing-birds—such little rollicking trills and carols, it was perfectly delightful to hear them. But Lily, with a very solemn and grave air, said, "Ladies, the groom is not of a very *prippersessing* appearance, but (as Mr. Curtis told me to say) he has a great deal of money."

This made the children laugh more than ever. What did they know or care about money? You might as well have talked Latin to those innocent little ones, as to try to make them believe that any body was any better for the money they had. No! that sort of belief is for "children of a larger growth."

And now Lily took up each little girl, in turn, and introduced her and her dolls to the bride. When Alice went, she did not know exactly what to say; but she recollected what the gentlemen on last New Year's day said to her mother, and she thought that would do nicely; so, dropping a pretty little courtesy, she pressed the white-kid hand of the bride, and, as a blush mantled in her cheek, she said, "How do you do? I wish you many happy returns of the season!" by which Alice meant, I suppose, that she ought to be married every year. At any rate, it was thought a very fine speech, and was imitated and repeated several times.

I must describe Rosalie's doll. Remember, dear little reader, this is all true. Well, Rosalie had a beautiful doll, dressed in a white tarlatan, covered all over with spangles, and trimmed with scarlet. She had an elegant bouquet of flowers on the waist, called a *corsage*, and the most

splendid cut-glass diamonds on her wrists and shoulders. Rosalie's doll was decidedly the belle of the party.

There was a little girl present that was in what Lily called "a peck of troubles," for she had had no idea that it was to be such a grand affair, and she had brought her doll in a plain, white dress, rather tumbled, and, what was worse, barefooted. Just to think—a lady at a party without stockings or shoes! If she had been alive, instead of being made of china, I am sure she would have fainted.

When Lily saw Bertha's distress, she said, "I will lend your doll a pair of shoes, and she can be a lady from the other side of the Mississippi, where they are not so particular;" and little Bertha's face brightened into happiness again.



Lily handing Bertha
her Doll, after lending the Shoes.

Jessie, a sweet little blue-eyed fairy, with quiet, gentle manners, brought two beautiful dolls, dressed in white, trimmed with black velvet. The children all kissed the dolls,

they thought them "so sweet;" but Lily's mother kissed Jessie, and I think she had the best of it.

Ellie had a dolly that ought to have married the Kentucky giant, for she was so big she had to have a whole chair to herself. The dear little girl was so anxious to have her appear to advantage that, before she came to the party, she went with her brother into the garden, and, after a grand consultation, they picked two immense dahlias, which she insisted should be pinned on dolly's shoulders, and her mother had great difficulty in persuading her that dolly looked much handsomer without them.

Hugh, a dear little boy with very bright eyes, brought a boy-doll, which he called Mr. Brown.

There was one *live* doll at the party. She was not quite as high as Ellie's doll, and such a sweet little blue-eyed creature, with such soft, curling hair that, if she had not been jumping and laughing nearly all the time, you would really have taken her for a beautiful wax doll. Her name was little "Mary," and she was about two years old.

I wish you could have heard little Mary sing "Where is my little Kitty gone," sitting in a tiny chair with her little doll in her arms, bobbing it up and down in her lap to keep time. Her sweet little baby voice was like a robin's note; and I, for one, would not have lost that dear little song for all the Italian operas from here to China.

There were a great many other pretty children, and splendid dolls that I have no time to describe; and the bride and groom sat on the sofa and stared at them all, as if they never meant to look at any thing else.