

**THE BUNDLE OF  
STICKS; OR,  
LOVE AND HATE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649406173

The Bundle of Sticks; Or, Love and Hate by Mary Kirby & Elizabeth Kirby

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**MARY KIRBY & ELIZABETH KIRBY**

**THE BUNDLE OF  
STICKS; OR,  
LOVE AND HATE**



THE  
BUNDLE OF STICKS;  
OR,  
*Love and Hate.*



LILLA VISITING MARIAN.

THE  
BUNDLE OF STICKS;

OR,

Love and Hate.



BY

MARY & ELIZABETH KIRBY,

AUTHORS OF "THE DOMESTIC BIAS," "THE WALKING HERB," "JULIA MARPLE," "PLAINS  
OF THE LAND AND WATER," "SONNETS FROM THE CLASSICS," "LOVE IS ALWAYS  
RIGHT," "THE CHILD'S LEGENDS OF ST. VALENTINE," ETC.

"Domestic bias, that like a harmless dove,  
(Honour and sweet endearment keeping guard,)  
Can centre in a little quiet nest  
All that desire would fly for through the earth;  
That can, the world eluding, be itself  
A world enjoy'd, that wants no witnesses  
But its own sharers, and approving Heaven;  
That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,  
Smiles though 'tis looking only at the sky."

LONDON:  
G. ROUTLEDGE & CO. FARRINGDON STREET;  
NEW YORK: 19, BEEKMAN STREET.

1858.

249. C. 112.

## THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

---

### CHAPTER I.

It was a regular old-fashioned winter. When the snow kept falling noiselessly down, day after day, and night after night, until it had blocked up the roads, shut country people into their houses, and made it difficult for the inhabitants of the town of Linford to get out of doors at all. Men of business, it is true, pretended to make light of it, and sallied forth every morning, just as usual; but even they did not much like to face the bitter wind that turned so sharp round the corners of the streets, and were glad enough when evening came, and they could lock up their desks and counting-houses, and bask in the genial warmth of their own firesides.

Evening was the most comfortable time just then. The morning was so bleak, and chill, and pitiless! It was so dreary to look out upon the snow heaped up in the streets, and to hear nothing but the scraping of the spades as men shovelled it away,—so unpleasant the thought of having to go through it, and to see every one looking so pinched and so blue, from the milk-boy, who swings his arms backwards and forwards, and stamps his feet on the ground, in the



vain hope of warming them, to the rich man who rolls along in his carriage, and is not much less in danger of freezing.

But evening comes at last, and there is some chance of comfort then ; when the shops and warehouses are all shut up,—when the milk-boy has finished his rounds and gone home to warm himself, and the rich man is sitting down to his dinner,—when the fire is made to burn so brightly, and the easy chair is set ready for papa, and the shutters are closed, and the curtains are drawn, and children's faces look bright and happy in the firelight. And when at last his well-known knock is heard, there is a clamour of voices, and a rush of little feet, and even Baby toddles along, and tries to get the first kiss, be it as cold as it may.

Papa is a happy man, when he has got rid of his wrappers, and has nothing to do but to enjoy his own fireside, and hear all the wonderful sayings and doings of the day : how one has finished her sampler, and another has been sliding on the pond ; how Baby has been sitting at the dinner-table for the first time, and his little pet, who looks so demure, has been into the school-room, and made a beginning of her A, B, and C.

These things, and many more quite as important, make papa forget the cold and the discomforts of the day, and that to-morrow morning he shall have to sally forth again into the snow, and hear the scraping of the spades, and see the frost upon the window-pane as hard as ever.

But in the house into which we are going to peep, nothing of this kind happens. The evening has come, the curtains are drawn ; there are cheerful voices, and children's

faces look bright and happy in the firelight; but no one listens for papa, or expects to hear his knock, and his easy chair is not brought forward from its place. The little group are orphans. Mr. Woodford, their papa, died not long ago, and he has left them in charge of his friend and neighbour, Mr. Harland, who is a rich manufacturer, and has it in his power to do them a great deal of good.

Let us take a glance at them, as they gather round the fire this winter's night.

Marian, the eldest girl, that quiet, matronly little thing, is only fifteen; but she has the heart of a woman for all that: strong in her resolve to do what is right, and yet full of patience and tenderness to the younger ones, Carry and Richard, who never remember what it was to have a mother. In the eyes of Carry and Richard, Marian is all perfection. Whatever she says, and whatever she does, is right, must be right, and cannot be altered for the better. She has had the care of them ever since she was a child herself; played with them, told them stories, and heard them say their prayers night and morning. And young and slight as she is, she keeps the house, manages the domestic affairs, and even cross old Sally in the kitchen holds her in reverence.

Philip, the eldest boy, is just eighteen. He is a fine-looking fellow, full of fire and spirit, but with the same large loving heart as Marian. He only wishes he were quite grown up, that he might provide for his sisters and his little brother, and make a smooth path for them in the world. His very soul is knit to Marian; and as for Carry and Richard, he does not think any children in the world are to be found like them. He is never tired of making

dolls' houses for Carry, and would willingly snip up all the paper in the house into little men and women to please her. As to conjuring tricks, and tricks of every kind, no one can beat him, and he has been the life and soul of the play-room through this long and tedious winter.

Carry is a little black-eyed thing, with cheeks like a peach, and a quantity of curls, not always in the neatest order, thanks to her brother Philip. She is a famous hand at play, and knows every game that can be thought of; she is besides a dear lover of story-books, and will sit and listen to them by the hour together.

Richard is a delicate child about ten years old, and has Carry's black eyes without her rosy cheeks. He is very thoughtful for his age, and has a great desire to know about everything. He is not so lively, or so fond of play, as Carry; his voice is often missed for a long time together, and then he is found poring over a book in a corner.

To-night the conversation turns upon a very interesting topic—what is to be done with Philip? There are two or three things in prospect for him, but nothing can be decided upon until Mr. Harland's next visit.

The whole family stand in great dread of Mr. Harland. He looks so stern, and his face has such deep lines in it, and never brightens up, as their papa's used to do the minute he came in. And then he is always in a hurry, and treads so heavily, and wears such creaking boots, and has a disagreeable way of saying "Pshaw!" to everything that is suggested. Nobody likes to see him sit down in papa's own easy chair, with his rugged brow, and keen unfeeling eyes, in the place of that loving countenance which was wont to smile upon them, and to make them happy.