

RECOLLECTIONS OF AUTON HOUSE

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649440238

Recollections of Auton House by C. Auton

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

C. AUTON

**RECOLLECTIONS
OF AUTON HOUSE**

RECOLLECTIONS OF AUTON HOUSE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY
C. AUTON.
(AUGUSTUS HOPPIN.)



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO MY NEPHEWS

FRANK AND JOE.



PREFACE.

THESE reminiscences are written to satisfy the Auton who composed them, and to amuse the Autons who may read them. Grown-up people never cease to be young. They are only old boys with hats and whiskers, and old girls with frizettes and eye-glasses, that's all. There are many Auton houses in the land, and lots of Auton children wandering over it, but the original Auton House is gone forever, and we can only catch the echo of its revelry in our ear, and detect a smack of its good cheer lingering on our tongue.

As an old-fashioned dish, now and then, is not unpalatable, so perhaps a few chapters of reminiscences may be tolerated, provided they do not overtax our patience by their platitudes.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
CHAPTER FIRST.	
AUTON-BABYHOOD	9
CHAPTER SECOND.	
AUTON NURSERY.—"AUNT MOODY"—"DEBORAH"	15
CHAPTER THIRD.	
AUTON NURSERY.—THE ARK AND THE JOLLY-BOAT	27
CHAPTER FOURTH.	
MR. AND MRS. JOHN HONZY	36
CHAPTER FIFTH.	
ROOMS IN AUTON HOUSE	41
CHAPTER SIXTH.	
THE MIDDLE CHAMBER	48
CHAPTER SEVENTH.	
WORK AND PLAY	60
CHAPTER EIGHTH.	
OUR MOTHER AUTON	66

CHAPTER NINTH.		PAGE
AUTON PECULIARITIES		73
CHAPTER TENTH.		
AUTON KITCHEN		76
CHAPTER ELEVENTH.		
CHRISTMAS AT AUTON HOUSE		86
CHAPTER TWELFTH.		
FATHER AUTON		90
POSTSCRIPT		97

RECOLLECTIONS OF AUTON HOUSE.

CHAPTER FIRST.

AUTON - BABYHOOD.



Y name is C. Auton, a boy-baby. They blew in my face to keep me alive. My parents had so many children that my advent troubled nobody but my mother and Doctor Posset.

I struggled with existence in the usual senseless manner. The first liquid I ever swallowed was a spoonful of tepid sugar-and-water.

I lay on Miss Betsey Arnold's lap for hours, so poor and weak as hardly to be able to keep together. The whole lookout of life was sad and unnatural. I had no idea I should be such a fool, and was ashamed to be unable to hold up my head. I found, also, to my chagrin, that Miss Betsey's supporting hand behind my ears was necessary to keep me from tumbling together into a little heap. My eyes got constantly crossed looking at Miss Betsey's gold spectacles, and I was continually trying to see how wide I could stretch my mouth, and what new grimaces I could make at invisible people.

When I did this in my sleep Miss Betsey said it was the wind in my stomach. My poor little knees were dreadfully red and mottled, and when I lay on my back they came way up over my head.

I made frequent attempts to stick my finger through that soft spot between the sutures on the top of my cranium. People who saw my little finger-nail pronounced it the smallest on record. When Miss Betsey and I were alone I inspected my digits to discover what there was so "awful cunning" about them. When the parson came to see me nurse asked him if I was not a "beauty." The conscientious man, I am told, got over the difficulty by saying, "Well, he *is* a baby." When I was sufficiently cohesive to bear pinning, I passed my time driveling over Miss Betsey's finger, and repeating the inane expression "a-goo!"

Grown folks know little about the real trouble of "being dressed." Prinking for balls and dressing for dinners is nothing to the matutinal lavations of babyhood. It is the bore of infancy. Miss Betsey was a "cleaner" in every sense of the word; and when she once "put her hand to the plow" she went straight through, regardless of screams, and kicking the air, and loss of breath.

Almost the first thing Miss Betsey did to me, after supporting my neck in the bath-tub to prevent my head from bobbing under the water, was to let me drip on the blanket. Then she rubbed my back into a bright ruby-color, and "adjusted" the apology for a shirt over that hunchy strip of wrinkled flannel which pinched my sides underneath. This ruffled "apology" was three or four times too wide for its length. Miss Betsey first folded it in a broad plait in front, while I lay on my back; then, after I had been flopped over on my face across her knees, like a batch of dough, she took another broad plait in the rear. To keep this skimpy thing in