

PLAYHOURS IN LONDON

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649395354

Playhours in London by L. J. S.

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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IN LONDON**



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By L. J. S.

LONDON :

J. & C. MOZLEY, 6, PATERNOSTER ROW ;

MASTERS & SON, 78, NEW BOND STREET.

1866.

LONDON:
R. CLAY, SON, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS,
BUNGAY STREET, IPSWICH.



TO

MY GODSON AND HIS SISTERS

WITH THE LOVING WISH

THAT IT MAY HELP TO AMUSE THEIR PLAYHOURS

I DEDICATE

MY OWN HAPPY REMEMBRANCES.

PLAYHOURS IN LONDON.

'I MEAN to be dressed first,' said Edgar Bruce, as he leaped out of his small iron bedstead one frosty December morning and began to draw on his socks in a vigorous manner.

'Oh, it is *so* cold!' said a small voice from another bed; and little pale-faced Johnny lifted up his head, and gazed admiringly at his brother's bravery.

'Yes, but you do not feel the cold half so much if you bustle about; come, shall I help you?' and Edgar sprang across the room, and half pulled, half dragged, Johnny on to the floor. Poor Johnny looked half inclined to cry at this rough proceeding; but he was a good-tempered little fellow, so he only said, 'Oh, dear, I wish I was dressed and down by the fire. Oh, dear,

dear! but there is washing first: and the water is so cold.'

'Come, young gentlemen, are you ready for me?' said the bright gentle voice of their kind nurse as she entered the room; 'Miss Agnes is nearly dressed already. I cannot think what makes you all so active this morning.—Here, Master Johnny, let me help you first; Master Edgar must begin to do for himself, now he is so soon going to school.'

'We want to try which can get down first, because there is always a jolly fire in the dining-room of a morning now; and before Papa and Mamma come down to breakfast we sit in front of it and choose caves,' said Edgar.

'Choose caves? What do you mean?'

'Why, Nurse, don't you know there are great bright hollows in the fire, and the one who gets down first has the best, and then we—well, I don't quite know what we do do,—tell stories about it, I think? at any rate I like to have the best.'

'It is a good thing to have something to turn Master Johnny out so quick. Where is my dear little Master Harold? pretending to be asleep is he, the little rogue;' and Nurse went to another crib, and lifted out a little rosy boy of four years old.

'Oh, Nana, I asleep,' said Harold, putting his