

**RECOLLECTIONS OF
CHILDHOOD; OR SALLY,
THE FAITHFUL NURSE**

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Recollections of Childhood; Or Sally, the Faithful Nurse by Martha Pearce Rouch

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MARTHA PEARCE ROUCH

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SALLY'S COTTAGE.

Wood. John Gandy.

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
CHILDHOOD;

OR,
SALLY, THE FAITHFUL NURSE.

BY
PRIMOGENITA,

ONE OF THE CONTRIBUTORS TO THE "PENNY SUNDAY READER."

"From grave to gay, from lively to tears."

LONDON:
HATCHARD AND SON, PICCADILLY; SEELEY, FLEET STREET;
RIVINGTONS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

CANTERBURY:
WARD, MELBURY LANE.

BRISTOL:
LIGHT AND RIDLER, AND CHILCOTT.

1840.

756.

TO THE
DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

WHOSE HOURS OF SUFFERING WERE SOMETIMES BEGGLED
BY THE RELATION OF THE SIMPLE EVENTS DETAILED IN THE
following pages,

THEY ARE DEDICATED,
WITH A THANKFUL HEART, AND WITH EARNEST PRAYERS FOR
HER PRESENT AND EVERLASTING WELFARE,

BY
THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

A very simple introduction may possibly suffice for a very simple volume. I have aimed at nothing more than an innocently entertaining book for children. Will it be objected that there are many such already? I know there are,—hundreds, perhaps thousands—but mine is a new one. It occurred to me some time since, to have the care of a dear little girl, during a tedious illness; and a new book was a great prize to us. There were times too, when none of our many books would do, and then I leaned over her, and in a low voice told her many of the simple events recorded here. Should my book prove entertaining to any dear sick child, its end will be answered. If I could have written what children call "a Sunday Book," I should have felt myself on higher ground, and perhaps should have been more useful, but I have done that which I felt most equal to. Is any further apology required? I was *tempted* to write,—rather an uncommon thing in these days. Other reasons I have none. My tale as to its main incidents is a true one; its very simplicity proves it, and I am in reality what my signature bespeaks me,

PRIMOGENITA.

May, 1840.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD;

OR

SALLY, THE FAITHFUL NURSE.

We hear much of the ingratitude of servants,—their independent spirit, and the little hope of their becoming attached to the families with whom they dwell; and there may perhaps be much ground for such assertions: the spirit of the age no doubt has its influence in the kitchen, and the servants hall; and the cheapness of articles of luxury and taste, makes our female servants (in towns at least) very fine ladies. Our parlour maids, and this is fact, have their rose-wood work boxes, and their albums; and our cooks draw on their lace gloves, encircle their necks with a boa, and step forth, in general appearance at least, little inferior to their mistresses. Alas! Alas! the day of black worsted stockings and checked aprons is nearly gone;—yet notwithstanding, I do believe there remain many attached and faithful servants,—*servants* still—doing their duty humbly and heartily, in that state of life in which it has pleased God to place them. And besides this, I do believe many a family has its SALLY,—the friend of

forty years, who having lived long in their regular and quiet household, having taken one little one after another from a month old, having tended those children in sickness, and played with them in health, has so fixed on them *her* affections, and so established herself in *theirs*, that a tie has been formed between them not to be loosened as long as they continue here. One such instance at least I know, and *our* Sally's history, though a simple one, has the charm of truth.

"You will get all ready for your master, he will come home on Friday evening." So ended a letter to Sally, when she was the only inmate of a small parsonage in a very retired village. I could shew you my kind reader a sketch of that village: its grey tower, the dashing waters of its rustic mill, its precipitous bank crowned with a row of pretty cottages, and its willow pond. We have pointed to one and another among the more imposing of those humble dwellings, and have asked, "Was that the house?"—No Miss, no,—Sally has said—"Master has'nt drawn it, but it must be there, near the church, among the trees." There it was, and there perchance it still is, but I cannot describe it, because though it was my childish boast that I was the only one who had been at H—, my triumph was often repressed by the rejoinder, "Ah! but you were only six months old, so you cannot remember it! No, I cannot remember it, nor can I tell you exactly how its inmates looked, but fancy loves to be busy here. Sally's master came, young, lively, intelligent, with a sparkling eye, and a deep toned silvery voice, and a kind and courteous word for all, and a heart warm in *his* master's cause. But I cannot trust myself here, and besides, it is Sally's story

I am telling. She was young *then*, slight and active, neat, I am sure she was, in her person, and in all with which she had to do,—and for her costume, if you are young, my reader, I can remember in that, some things you never heard of. Her brown hair was long, even in front, but combed smooth, and then ingeniously turned back in a sort of large flat loop upon her forehead, the whole surmounted by the neat crimped border of her thick muslin cap; her gown of dark print was open in front, and curiously looped back, disclosing a glossy stuff petticoat, and the sleeves of this gown extending only to the elbow, were so tight, that I well remember as a child, watching with interest the daily operation of binding a broad ribbon round the arm, to be again dexterously withdrawn when the gown sleeve had been pulled over it. With this style of gown an apron was indispensable,—mostly of check, but on very special occasions, of stout Irish;—tight round her throat Sally then wore a narrow black ribbon, and years afterwards when the fashion, for such I suppose it was, no longer prevailed, there remained where the ribbon had been, a streak of white, telling that that throat had been fairer once. Years after this she asked her kind *mistress's leave* to buy a white dimity petticoat, and two pair of cotton stockings. Altogether, Sally was the very pattern of a trim and useful servant.

Well, Sally got all ready for her master. She was of a humble and rather anxious turn of mind, and it was not without some trepidation that she fulfilled her three-fold office of housekeeper, cook, and waiting maid. In after times she used often to amuse us by recounting some of her mistakes.