

**THE ORPHAN'S HOME MITTENS;
AND GEORGE'S ACCOUNT OF
THE BATTLE OF ROANOKE
ISLAND BEING THE SIXTH AND
LAST BOOK OF THE SERIES**

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The Orphan's Home Mittens; And George's Account of the Battle of Roanoke Island Being the Sixth and Last Book of the Series by Francis Elizabeth Barrow

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FRANCIS ELIZABETH BARROW

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Tent where George went to Church.

THE
ORPHAN'S HOME MITTENS;
AND
GEORGE'S ACCOUNT OF THE
BATTLE OF ROANOKE ISLAND.

BEING
THE SIXTH AND LAST BOOK OF THE SERIES.

Francis Elizabeth Berrow (Hoard)

BY

AUNT FANNY *[pseud.]*

AUTHOR OF THE SIX NIGHTCAP BOOKS, ETC.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
443 & 445 BROADWAY,
LONDON: 16 LITTLE BRITAIN.

1868.

R. B. P.

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK
TO MY DEAR LITTLE
LIZZIE WAINWRIGHT,
THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF
A FAITHFUL AND VALIANT SOLDIER OF CHRIST,
THE DAUGHTER OF
A LOYAL AND BRAVE NAVAL OFFICER,
AND THE NIECE OF
A FRIEND I RESPECT AND LOVE.

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THE ORPHAN'S HOME.

It was now the second week in January, 1862. One evening, Aunt Fanny came to see the children. In an instant, she was surrounded, and hugged, and squeezed, and kissed, till she was certain they had loved a pound or two off her weight; but then they put it on again before she left, by making her laugh so at their capers and talk, that she said she thought she could feel the fat growing; so that made it all square and comfortable.

"I read such a charming little poem in the 'Independent' some weeks ago," said Aunt Fanny.

"Tell it to us! we want to hear it!" cried the children.

"How do you suppose I can remember seven long verses? I do recollect one or two, but that is because I suspect the writer had you children in his eye when he wrote them.

"Oh, Aunt Fanny!" said little Willie, in a reproachful tone, "we didn't get into the poor man's eye. You ought to be ashamed to tell such a story!"

Such shouts of laughter greeted this speech, that an old lady next door, hearing them through the walls, and thinking they were cheers, put on her spectacles, and hobbled to the window, expecting to see a torchlight procession—but poor little Willie, after wondering a moment, with his mouth wide open, what it all meant, rushed up to his mother, and hiding his face in her lap, began to cry.

"Never mind, dear," she said, kissing him; "Aunt Fanny meant that the man was *thinking* about you when he wrote

the poetry. Of course, she knows my little Willie wouldn't poke through anybody's eye, to see what he had behind it. Aunt Fanny made use of what is called a 'figure of speech.' Don't cry any more."

Then all the children coaxed him, and kissed him, and made the kitten Mary O'Reilly kiss him, at which he burst out laughing, and felt quite happy again.

The crochet needles twinkled and twitched faster than ever, as Aunt Fanny repeated these lines :

"Knit—knit—knit—

If you've patriot blood in your veins!

Knit—knit—knit—

For our boys on Southern plains.

Our boys on Southern hills,

Our boys on Southern vales,

By the woods and streams of Dixie's Land,

Are feeling the wintry gales.

"Knit—knit—knit—

The socks, and mittens, and gloves!

VL.—1*