

But, dear Jane, I expect never to get another pair of shoes that will have such a charm, or give me poetry of thought, that will make me sing and dance, or dream of a sweet future, unless I find a pair that has the magic, and produces the same result as did Cinderella's glass slipper.

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 LETTER VI.

ELLISBURGH, N. Y.

DEAR JANE: Don't you remember when we were little play girls, how we would build a board play-house, with the help of our brothers, who always drove the props in the earth and lifted the heavy boards, while we would get every thing ready to keep house with our broken furniture, and then take supper on something eatable, if we had it; if not, "make believe"—then leave our play-house for home, just time enough before dark, so the bears wouldn't catch us? O! the bears! How in the morning, at the break of day, we would run towards it, and begin to look where it stood, as soon as we started from the house; but as we could not see it from the spot we did last night, fearful apprehensions darted through the mind—then leap after leap to it. Oh dear! O me!—the winds had blown it all down, or some big ox had tried to get himself through the door for a bit of supper he smelt, that we happened to leave! How, with the whole face bathed in tears, half-blinded, and sobbing, as if the heart would break, we picked up the scattered fabric; and, as the tears ceased, we called the old beast bitter names, and wished hard things for him, as if he were more to blame than the wind, that had done the same thing often, and we didn't