

June 24<sup>th</sup> 1846. Dear Friend,

I cannot tell exactly when I began to write this little book - but it must have been, I think, in 1835-6. My twins lived and died in February 1834. I was so weak for half a year after that time that I could scarcely sit up on my couch to take my meals. As soon as I began to rise up a little from this prostration, which commenced above a year before, I tried to employ myself in teaching Herbert, & one of my methods of teaching appears in the Pretty Lessons, which was only a handful out of a heap of lesson-promises of my writing. When these were printed I began to think of writing a little fantastic story for Herbert's amusement - without any thought of its being published. The commencement was admired by older heads, and I was induced to carry it on as far as Fancy led. Shut out as I was from the